O'DONOVAN'S BRONZE MEDALLION OF MADAME BLAVATSKY.

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OLD DIARY LEAVES

THE TRUE STORY OF

THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY

BY

HENRY STEEL OLCOTT

PRESIDENT-FOUNDER OF THE SOCIETY

"'T is strange—but true; for truth is always strange;
Stranger than fiction."

BYRON.

NEW YORK AND LONDON
G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS
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FOREWORD.

IN the history of public bodies, the chapter which relates the origin and vicissitudes of the Theosophical Society should be unique. Whether viewed from the friendly or the unfriendly standpoint, it is equally strange that such a body should have come into existence when it did, and that it has not only been able to withstand the shocks it has had, but actually to have grown stronger proportionately with the bitter unfairness of its adversaries. One class of critics say that this fact strikingly proves a recrudescence of human credulity, and a religious unrest which is preliminary to a final subsidence upon Western conservative lines. The other see in the progress of the movement the sign of a world-wide acceptance of Eastern philosophical ideas, which must work for the reinvigoration and incalculable broadening of the spiritual sympathies of mankind. The patent, the undeniable fact is, that up to the close of the year 1894, as the result of but nineteen years of activity, charters had been granted for 394 branches of the Society, in almost all parts of the habitable globe; and that those issued in that latest year outnumbered the

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yearly average since the foundation, in 1875, by 29.9 per cent. Statistically viewed, the relentless and unfair attack which the Society for Psychical Research and the Scottish Missionaries delivered against it in 1884, and which it was hoped would destroy it, merely resulted in very largely augmenting its prosperity and usefulness. The latest assault—that through the *Westminster Gazette*—must inevitably have the same ending. The simple reason is that, however thoroughly the private faults and shortcomings of its individual leaders may be exposed, the excellence of the Society's ideas is not impugned in the least. To kill the Theosophical Society, it is first necessary to prove its declared objects hostile to the public welfare, the teachings of its spokesmen pernicious and demoralising. It being impossible to do either the one or the other, the world takes the Society as a great fact, a distinct individuality, which is neither to be condemned nor applauded because of the merit or demerit of its representative personalities. This truth begins to force itself upon outsiders. One of the ablest among contemporary journalists, Mr. W. T. Stead, said in *Borderland*, in the course of a digest of these "Old Diary Leaves" as they originally appeared in the *Theosophist*, that nobody now cares whether the Coulomb and S. P. R. charges of trickery against Madame Blavatsky were true or false; her worst enemies being unable to deny her the credit of having affected modern philosophical thought to an extraordinary degree by popularising certain noble Eastern ideas. The same

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holds with respect to her many colleagues, who, like herself, have spread these ancient teachings through the medium of the Theosophical Society. This wonderful organisation, which grew out of a commonplace parlour gathering in a New York house, in the year 1875, has already made for itself such a record that it must be included in any veracious history of our times. Its development having gone on by virtue of an inherent force, rather than as the result of astute foresight and management; and having been so closely—for some years almost exclusively, connected with the personal efforts of its two founders, Madame Blavatsky and myself, it will perhaps help the future historian if the survivor sets down truthfully and succinctly the necessary facts. The series of chapters which now compose this book was begun nearly three years ago in the *Theosophist* magazine, and a second series, devoted to the history of the Society after the transfer to India, is now in progress. The controlling impulse to prepare these papers was a desire to combat a growing tendency within the Society to deify Mme. Blavatsky, and to give her commonest literary productions a quasi-inspirational character. Her transparent faults were being blindly ignored, and the pinchbeck screen of pretended authority drawn between her actions and legitimate criticism. Those who had least of her actual confidence, and hence knew least of her private character, were the greatest offenders in this direction. It was but too evident that unless I spoke out what I alone knew, the true history of our movement

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could never be written, nor the actual merit of my wonderful colleague become known. In these pages I have, therefore, told the truth about her and about the beginnings of the Society—truth which nobody can gainsay. Placing as little value upon the praise as upon the blame of third parties, and having all my life been accustomed to act according to what I have regarded as duty, I have not shrunk from facing the witless pleasantries of those who regard me as a dupe, a liar, or a traitor. The absolute unimportance of others' opinions as a factor in promoting individual development is so plain to my mind, that I have pursued my present task to its completion, despite the fact that some of my most influential colleagues have, from what I consider mistaken loyalty to "H. P. B.," secretly tried to destroy my influence, ruin my reputation, reduce the circulation of my magazine, and prevent the publication of my book. Confidential warnings have been circulated against me, and the current numbers of the *Theosophist* have been removed from Branch reading-room tables. This is child's play: the truth never yet harmed a good cause, nor has moral cowardice ever helped a bad one.

Mrs. Oliphant in her *Literary History of England*, (iii., 263,) says of Benthan just what may be said of H. P. B: "It is evident that he had an instinct like that of the Ancient Mariner, for the men who were born to hear and understand him, and great readiness in adopting into his affections every new notability whom he approved of, . . . he received an amount of service and devo-

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tion, which few of the greatest of mankind have gained from their fellow-creatures."

Where was there a human being of such a mixture as this mysterious, this fascinating, this light-bringing H. P. B.? Where can we find a personality so remarkable and so dramatic; one which so clearly presented at its opposite sides the divine and the human? Karma forbid that I should do her a feather-weight of injustice, but if there ever existed a person in history who was a greater conglomeration of good and bad, light and shadow, wisdom and indiscretion, spiritual insight and lack of common sense, I cannot recall the name, the circumstances or the epoch. To have known her was a liberal education, to have worked with her and enjoyed her intimacy, an experience of the most precious kind. She was too great an occultist for us to measure her moral stature. She compelled us to love her, however much we might know her faults; to forgive her, however much she might have broken her promises and destroyed our first belief in her infallibility. And the secret of this potent spell was her undeniable spiritual powers, her evident devotion to the Masters whom she depicted as almost supernatural personages, and her zeal for the spiritual uplifting of humanity by the power of the Eastern Wisdom. Shall we ever see her like again? Shall we see herself again within our time under some other guise? Time will show.

H. S. OLCOTT.

"GULISTAN."
Ootacamund, 1895.

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OLD DIARY LEAVES.

CHAPTER I.

FIRST MEETING OF THE FOUNDERS.

SINCE I am to tell the story of the birth and progress of the Theosophical Society, I must begin at the beginning, and tell how its two founders first met. It was a very prosaic incident: I said "*Permettez moi, Madame*," and gave her a light for her cigarette; our acquaintance began in smoke, but it stirred up a great and permanent fire. The circumstances which brought us together were peculiar, as I shall presently explain. The facts have been partly published before.

One day, in the month of July, 1874, I was sitting in my law-office thinking over a heavy case in which I had been retained by the Corporation of the City of New York, when it occurred to me that for years I had paid no attention to the Spiritualist movement. I do not

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know what association of ideas made my mind pass from the mechanical construction of water-metres to Modern Spiritualism, but, at all events, I went around the corner to a dealer's and bought a copy of the *Banner of Light*. In it I read an account of certain incredible phenomena, *viz.*, the solidification of phantom forms, which were said to be occurring at a farm-house in the township of Chittenden, in the State of Vermont, several hundred miles distant from New York. I saw at once that, if it were true that visitors could see, even touch and converse with, deceased relatives who had found means to reconstruct their bodies and clothing so as to be temporarily solid, visible, and tangible, this was the most important fact in modern physical science. I determined to go and see for myself. I did so, found the story true, stopped three or four days, and then returned to New York. I wrote an account of my observations to the *New York Sun*, which was copied pretty much throughout the whole world, so grave and interesting were the facts. A proposal was then made to me by the Editor of the *New York Daily Graphic* to return to Chittenden in its interest, accompanied by an artist to sketch under my orders, and to make a thorough investigation of the affair. The matter so deeply interested me that I made the necessary disposition of office engagements, and on September 17th was back at the "Eddy Homestead," as it was called from the name of the family who owned and occupied it. I stopped in that house of mystery, surrounded by phantoms and having daily ex-

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periences of a most extraordinary character, for about twelve weeks—if my memory serves me. Meanwhile, twice a week there appeared in the *Daily Graphic* my letters about the "Eddy ghosts," each one illustrated with sketches of spectres actually seen by the artist, Mr. Kappes, and myself, as well as by every one of the persons—sometimes as many as forty—present in the "séance-room."* It was the publication of these letters which drew Madame Blavatsky to Chittenden, and so brought us together.

I remember our first day's acquaintance as if it were yesterday; besides which, I have recorded the main facts in my book (*People from the Other World*, pp. 293 *et seq*). It was a sunny day and even the gloomy old farm-house looked cheerful. It stands amid a lovely landscape, in a valley bounded by grassy slopes that rise into mountains covered to their very crests with leafy groves. This was the time of the "Indian Summer," when the whole country is covered with a faint bluish haze, like that which has given the "Nilgiri" mountains their name, and the foliage of the beeches, elms, and maples, touched by early frosts, has been turned from green into a mottling of gold and crimson that gives the landscape the appearance of being hung all over with royal tapestries. One must go to America to see this autumnal splendour in its full perfection.

* In *People from the Other World* I have described all these phenomena and the tests against fraud which I invented and employed.

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The dinner hour at Eddy's was noon, and it was from the entrance door of the bare and comfortless dining-room that Kappes and I first saw H. P. B. She had arrived shortly before noon with a French Canadian lady, and they were at table as we entered. My eye was first attracted by a scarlet Garibaldian shirt the former wore, as in vivid contrast with the dull colours around. Her hair was then a thick blond mop, worn shorter than the shoulders, and it stood out from her head, silken-soft and crinkled to the roots, like the fleece of a Cotswold ewe. This and the red shirt were what struck my attention before I took in the picture of her features. It was a massive Calmuck face, contrasting in its suggestion of power, culture, and imperiousness, as strangely with the commonplace visages about the room as her red garment did with the grey and white tones of the walls and woodwork and the dull costumes of the rest of the guests. All sorts of cranky people were continually coming and going at Eddy's to see the mediumistic phenomena, and it only struck me on seeing this eccentric lady that this was but one more of the sort. Pausing on the door-sill, I whispered to Kappes, "Good gracious! look at *that* specimen, will you." I went straight across and took a seat opposite her to indulge my favourite habit of character-study.* The two ladies con-

* In a chain-shot hit at an American vituperator, she draws the following amusing portrait of herself: "An old woman—whether forty, fifty, sixty, or ninety years old, it matters not; an old woman whose Kalmuco-Buddhisto-Tartaric features, even in youth, never made her appear pretty; a woman, whose ungainly garb, uncouth

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versed in French, making remarks of no consequence, but I saw at once from her accent and fluency of speech that, if not a Parisian, she must at least be a finished French scholar. Dinner over, the two went outside the house and Madame Blavatsky rolled herself a cigarette, for which I gave her a light as a pretext to enter into conversation. My remark having been made in French, we fell at once into talk in that language. She asked me how long I had been there and what I thought of the phenomena; saying that she herself was greatly interested in such things, and had been drawn to Chittenden by reading the letters in the *Daily Graphic*: the public were growing so interested in these that it was sometimes impossible to find a copy of the paper on the book-stalls an hour after publication, and she had paid a dollar for a copy of the last issue. "I hesitated before coming here," she said, "because I was afraid of meeting that Colonel Olcott." "Why should you be afraid of him, Madame?" I rejoined. "Oh! because I fear he might write about me in his paper." I told her that she might make herself perfectly easy on that score, for I felt quite sure Col. Olcott would not mention her in his letters unless she wished it. And I introduced myself. We became friends at once. Each of us felt as if we were of the same social world, cosmopolitans, free-thinkers, and in closer touch than with the rest of the company, intel-

manners, and masculine habits are enough to frighten any bustled and corseted fine lady of fashionable society out of her wits." [*Vide* her letter "The Knout" to the *R. P. Journal* of March 16, 1878.]

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ligent and very worthy as some of them were. It was the voice of common sympathy with the higher occult side of man and nature; the attraction of soul to soul, not that of sex to sex. Neither then, at the commencement, nor ever afterwards had either of us the sense of the other being of the opposite sex. We were simply chums; so regarded each other, so called each other. Some base people from time to time, dared to suggest that a closer tie bound us together, as they had that that poor, malformed, persecuted H. P. B. had been the mistress of various other men, but no pure person could hold to such an opinion after passing any time in her company, and seeing how her every look, word, and action proclaimed her sexlessness.*

Strolling along with my new acquaintance, we talked together about the Eddy phenomena and those of other lands. I found she had been a great traveller and seen many occult things and adepts in occult science, but at first she did not give me any hint as to the existence of the Himalayan Sages or of her own powers. She spoke of the materialistic tendency of American Spiritualism, which was a sort of debauch of phenomena accompanied by comparative indifference to philosophy. Her manner was gracious and captivating, her criticisms upon men and things original and witty. She

* I hold to this same view despite the pretended confessions of early misconduct, contained in certain letters of hers to a Russian gentleman and recently published in a work entitled *A Modern Priestess of Isis*. In short, I believe my estimate of her sexual purity to be true and her pretended revelations false—mere bravado.

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was particularly interested in drawing me out as to my own ideas about spiritual things and expressed pleasure in finding that I had instinctively thought along the occult lines which she herself had pursued. It was not as an Eastern mystic, but rather as a refined Spiritualist that she talked. For my part I knew nothing then, or next to nothing, about Eastern philosophy, and at first she kept silent on that subject.

The séances of William Eddy, the chief medium of the family, were held every evening in a large upstairs hall, in a wing of the house, over the dining-room and kitchen. He and a brother, Horatio, were hard-working farmers; Horatio attending to the out-door duties, and William, since visitors came pouring in upon them from all parts of the United States, doing the cooking for the household. They were poor, ill-educated, and prejudiced—sometimes surly to their unbidden guests. At the farther end of the séance-hall the deep chimney from the kitchen below passed through to the roof. Between it and the north wall was a narrow closet of the same width as the depth of the chimney, 2 feet 7 inches, in which William Eddy would seat himself to wait for the phenomena. He had no seeming control over them, but merely sat and waited for them to sporadically occur. A blanket being hung across the doorway, the closet would be in perfect darkness. Shortly after William had entered the cabinet, the blanket would be pulled

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aside and forth would step some figure of a dead man, woman or child—an animate statue so to say—temporarily solid and substantial, but the next minute resolved back into nothingness or invisibility. They would occasionally dissolve away while in full view of the spectators.

Up to the time of H. P. B.'s appearance on the scene, the figures which had shown themselves were either Red Indians, or Americans or Europeans akin to visitors. But on the first evening of her stay spooks of other nationalities came before us. There was a Georgian servant boy from the Caucasus; a Mussulman merchant from Tiflis; a Russian peasant girl, and others. Another evening there appeared a Kourdish cavalier armed with scimitar, pistols, and lance; a hideously ugly and devilish-looking negro sorcerer from Africa, wearing a coronet composed of four horns of the oryx with bells at their tips, attached to an embroidered, highly coloured fillet which was tied around his head; and a European gentleman wearing the cross and collar of St. Anne, who was recognised by Madame Blavatsky as her uncle. The advent of such figures in the séance-room of those poor, almost illiterate Vermont farmers, who had neither the money to buy theatrical properties, the experience to employ such if they had had them, nor the room where they could have availed of them, was to every eye-witness a convincing proof that the apparitions were genuine. At the same time they show that a strange attraction to call out these images

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from what Asiatics call the Kama-loka attended Madame Blavatsky. It was long afterwards that I was informed that she had evoked them by her own developed and masterful power. She even affirms the fact in a written note, in our *T. S. Scrap-book*, Vol. I., appended to a cutting from the (London) *Spiritualist* of January, 1875.

While she was at Chittenden she told me many incidents of her past life, among others, her having been present as a volunteer, with a number of other European ladies, with Garibaldi at the bloody battle of Mentana. In proof of her story she showed me where her left arm had been broken in two places by a saber-stroke, and made me feel in her right shoulder a musket-bullet, still imbedded in the muscle, and another in her leg. She also showed me a scar just below the heart where she had been stabbed with a stiletto. This wound reopened a little while she was at Chittenden, and it was to consult me about it that she was led to show it to me. She told me many curious tales of peril and adventure, among them the story of the phantom African sorcerer with the oryx-horn coronet, whom she had seen in life doing phenomena in Upper Egypt, many years before.

H. P. B. tried her best to make me suspect the value of William Eddy's phenomena as proofs of the intelligent control of a medium by spirits; telling me that, if genuine, they must be the double of the medium escaping from his body and clothing itself with other appearances; but I did not believe her. I contended

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that the forms were of too great diversities of height, bulk, and appearance to be a masquerade of William Eddy; they must be what they seemed, *viz.*, the spirits of the dead. Our disputes were quite warm on occasions, for at that time I had not gone deep enough into the question of the plastic nature of the human Double to see the force of her hints, while of the Eastern theory of Maya I did not know its least iota. The result, however, was, as she told me, to convince her of my disposition to accept nothing on trust and to cling pertinaciously to such facts as I had, or thought I had acquired. We became greater friends day by day, and by the time she was ready to leave Chittenden she had accepted from me the nick-name "Jack," and so signed herself in her letters to me from New York. When we parted it was as good friends likely to continue the acquaintance thus pleasantly begun.

In November, 1874, when my researches were finished, I returned to New York and called upon her at her lodgings at 16 Irving Place, where she gave me some séances of table-tipping and rapping, spelling out messages of sorts, principally from an invisible intelligence calling itself "John King." This pseudonym is one that has been familiar to frequenters of mediumistic séances these forty years past, all over the world. It was first heard of in 1850, in the "spirit room" of Jonathan Koons, of Ohio, where it pretended to be a ruler of a tribe or tribes of spirits. Later on, it said it was the earth-haunting soul of Sir

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Henry Morgan, the famous buccaneer, and as such it introduced itself to me. It showed its face and turban-wrapped head to me at Philadelphia, during the course of my investigations of the Holmes mediums, in association with the late respected Robert Dale Owen, General F. J. Lippitt and Madame Blavatsky (*vide People from the Other World*, Part II.), and both spoke and wrote to me, the latter frequently. It had a quaint handwriting, and used queer old English expressions. I thought it a veritable John King then, for its personality had been as convincingly proved to me, I fancied, as anybody could have asked. But now, after seeing what H. P. B. could do in the way of producing *mayavic* (*i. e.*, hypnotic) illusions and in the control of elementals, I am persuaded that "John King" was a humbugging elemental, worked by her like a marionette and used as a help towards my education. Understand me, the phenomena were real, but they were done by no disincarnate *human* spirit. Since writing the above, in fact, I have found the proof, in her own handwriting, pasted in our *Scrapbook*, Vol. I.

She kept up the illusion for months—just how many I cannot recollect at this distance of time—and I saw numbers of phenomena done as alleged by John King—as, for example, the whole remarkable series at the Philadelphia residence of the Holmeses and that of H. P. B. herself, above referred to. He was first, John King, an independent

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personality, then John King, messenger and servant —never the equal—of living adepts, and finally an elemental pure and simple, employed by H. P. B. and a certain other expert in the doing of wonders.

It is useless to deny that, throughout the early part of her American residence, she called herself a spiritualist and warmly defended Spiritualism and its mediums from their sciolistic and other bitter traducers. Her letters and articles in various American and English journals contain many evidences of her occupying that position. Among other examples, I will simply quote the following:

"As it is, I have only done my duty; first, towards Spiritualism, that I have defended as well as I could from the attacks of imposture under the too transparent mask of science; then towards two helpless, slandered mediums. . . . But I am obliged to confess that I really do not believe in having done any good—to Spiritualism itself. . . . It is with a profound sadness in my heart that I acknowledge this fact, for I begin to think there is no help for it. For over fifteen years have I fought my battle for the blessed truth; have travelled and preached it—though I never was born for a lecturer —from the snow-covered tops of the Caucasian Mountains, as well as from the sandy valleys of the Nile. I have proved the truth of it practically and by persuasion. For the sake of Spiritualism I have left my home, an easy life amongst a civilised society, and have become a wanderer upon the face of the earth. I had already seen

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my hopes realised, beyond my most sanguine expectations, when my unlucky star brought me to America. Knowing this country to be the cradle of Modern Spiritualism, I came over here from France with feelings not unlike those of a Mohammedan approaching the birthplace of his Prophet," etc., etc. (Letter of H. P. B. to the *Spiritualist* of December 13, 1874.)

The two "helpless mediums" alluded to were the Holmeses, of whose moral quality I have always had the poorest opinion. Yet, *in H. P. B.'s presence* I witnessed, under my own test conditions, along with the late Robert Dale Owen and General Lippitt, a series of most convincing and satisfactory mediumistic phenomena. I half suspected then that the power that produced them came from *H. P. B.*, and that if the Holmeses alone had been concerned, I should either have seen tricks or nothing. Now, in hunting over the old scrap-books, I find in H. P. B.'s MSS. the following memorandum, which she evidently meant to be published after her death :

"IMPORTANT NOTE.

"Yes, I am sorry to say that I *had* to identify myself, during that shameful exposure of the Holmes mediums, with the Spiritualists. I had to save the situation, for *I was sent from Paris to America on purpose to prove the phenomena and their reality, and show the fallacy of the spiritualistic theory of spirits.* But how could I do it best? I did not want people at large to know that I could *produce the same things* AT WILL. I had received

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orders to the contrary, and yet I had to keep alive the reality, the genuineness and *possibility* of such phenomena, in the hearts of those who from Materialists had turned Spiritualists, but now, owing to the exposure of several mediums, fell back again, returned to their scepticism. This is why, selecting a few of the faithful, I went to the Holmeses, and, helped by M. and his *power*, brought out the faces of John King and Katie King from the Astral Light, produced the phenomena of materialisation, and allowed the spiritualists at large to believe it was done through the medium of Mrs. Holmes. She was terribly frightened herself, for she knew that *this once* the apparition was real. Did I do wrong? The world is not prepared yet to understand the philosophy of Occult Science; let them first assure themselves that there are beings in an invisible world, whether 'Spirits' of the dead or elementals; and that there are hidden powers in man which are capable of making a *god* of him on earth.

"When I am dead and gone people will, perhaps, appreciate my disinterested motives. I have pledged my word to help people on to *Truth* while living, and I will keep my word. Let them abuse and revile me; let some call me a medium and a Spiritualist, others an impostor. The day will come when posterity will learn to know me better. Oh, poor, foolish, credulous, wicked world!"

The whole thing is here made plain: the Spiritualism

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she was sent to America to profess and ultimately bring to replace the cruder Western mediumism, was Eastern Spiritualism, or Brahma Vidya. The West not being prepared to accept it, her first assigned work was to defend the real phenomena of the " circle " from that prejudiced and militant enemy of spiritual belief—materialistic, sciolistic, physical science, with its votaries and leaders. The one necessary thing for the age was to check materialistic scepticism and strengthen the spiritual basis of the religious yearning. Therefore, the battle being joined, she took her stand beside the American Spiritualists, and for the moment made common cause with them. Yes, posterity *will* do her justice.

I wish I could recall to memory the first phenomenon done by her confessedly as by an exercise of her own will power, but I cannot. It must have been just after she began writing *Isis Unveiled* and possibly it was the following : After leaving 16 Irving Place and making a visit to friends in the country, she occupied rooms for a time in another house in Irving Place, a few doors from the Lotos Club and on the same side of the street. It was there that, later, the informal gathering of friends was held at which I proposed the formation of what afterwards became the Theosophical Society. Among her callers was an Italian artist, a Signor B., formerly a Carbonaro. I was sitting alone with her in her drawing-room when he made his first visit. They talked of Italian affairs, and he suddenly pronounced the name of

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one of the greatest of the Adepts. She started as if she had received an electric shock ; looked him straight in the eyes, and said (in Italian) "What is it ? I am ready." He passed it off carelessly, but thenceforward the talk was all about Magic, Magicians, and Adepts. Signor B. went and opened one of the French windows, made some beckoning passes towards the outer air, and presently a pure white butterfly came into the room and went flying about near the ceiling. H. P. B. laughed in a cheerful way and said : "That is pretty, but I can also do it !" She, too, opened the window, made similar beckoning passes, and presently a second white butterfly came fluttering in. It mounted to the ceiling, chased the other around the room, played with it now and then, with it flew to a corner, and, presto ! both disappeared at once while we were looking at them. "What does that mean ?" I asked. "Only this, that Signor B. can make an elemental turn itself into a butterfly, and so can I." The insects were not real but illusionary ones.

I recall other instances of her control of elementals or, as Hindus would term it, Yakshini Vidya. An early one is the following : On a cold winter's night, when several inches of snow lay upon the ground, she and I were working upon her book until a late hour at her rooms in Thirty-fourth Street. I had eaten some saltish food for dinner, and at about 1 A.M., feeling very thirsty, said to her : "Would it not be nice to have some hothouse grapes ?" "So it would," she replied, "let us have some." "But the shops have been closed for hours, and

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we can buy none," I said. "No matter, we shall have them, all the same," was her reply. "But how?" "I will show you, if you will just turn down that gas-light on the table in front of us." I turned the cock unintentionally so far around as to extinguish the light. "You need not have done that," she said. "I only wanted you to make the light dim. However, light it again quickly." A box of matches lay just at hand, and in a moment I had relit the lamp. "See!" she exclaimed, pointing to a hanging book-shelf on the wall before us. To my amazement there hung from the knobs at the two ends of one of the shelves two large bunches of ripe black Hamburgh grapes, which we proceeded to eat. To my question as to the agency employed, she said it was done by certain elementals under her control, and twice later on, when we were living in the so-called "Lamasery," she repeated the phenomenon of bringing fruits for our refreshment while at work on *Isis*.

Little by little, H. P. B. let me know of the existence of Eastern adepts and their powers, and gave me by a multitude of phenomena the proofs of her own control over the occult forces of nature. At first, as I have remarked, she ascribed them to "John King," and it was through his alleged friendliness that I first came into personal correspondence with the Masters. Many of their letters I have preserved, with my own endorsement of the dates of their reception. For years, and until shortly before I left New York for India, I was connected in pupilage with the African section of the

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Occult Brotherhood; but, later, when a certain wonderful psycho-physiological change happened to H. P. B. that I am not at liberty to speak about, and that nobody has up to the present suspected, although enjoying her intimacy and full confidence, as they fancy, I was transferred to the Indian section and a different group of Masters. For, it may be stated, there is and ever was but one altruistic alliance, or fraternity, of these Elder Brothers of humanity, the world over; but it is divided into sections according to the needs of the human race in its successive stages of evolution. In one age the focal centre of this world-helping force will be in one place, in another elsewhere. Unseen, unsuspected as the vivifying spiritual currents of the Akash, yet as indispensable for the spiritual welfare of mankind, their combined divine energy is maintained from age to age and forever refreshes the pilgrim of Earth, who struggles on towards the Divine Reality. The sceptic denies the existence of these adepts because he has not seen or talked with them, nor read in history of their visible intermeddling in national events. But their being has been known to thousands of self-illuminate mystics and philanthropists in succeeding generations, whose purified souls have lifted them up out of the muck of physical into the brightness of spiritual consciousness; and at many epochs they have come into personal relations with the persons who are devoting or inclined to devote themselves to altruistic labour for bringing about the brotherhood of mankind. Some of this class, very humble

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and apparently very unworthy—like us leaders of the Theosophical Society movement—have been blessed with their sympathy and partaken of their instruction. Some, like Damodar and H. P. B., have first seen them in visions while young; some have encountered them under strange guises in most unlikely places; I was introduced to them by H. P. B. through the agency that my previous experiences would make most comprehensible, a pretended medium-overshadowing "spirit." John King brought four of the Masters to my attention, of whom one was a Copt, one a representative of the Neo Platonist Alexandrian school, one—a very high one, a Master of the Masters, so to say—a Venetian, and one an English philosopher, gone from men's sight, yet not dead. The first of these became my first Guru, and a stern disciplinarian he was, indeed, a man of splendid masculinity of character.

In time I came to know from themselves that H. P. B. was a faithful servant of theirs, though her peculiar temperament and idiosyncracies made her too antipathetic to some of them to permit of their working with her. This will not seem strange if one remembers that each individual man, whether adept or laic, has evolved along a particular ray of the Logos, and is in spiritual sympathy with his associate souls of that ray, and may be in antagonism, on this physical plane, with entities of another ray when clothed in flesh. This is probably the *ultima ratio* of what is called magnetic, auric, or psychical sympathy and antipathy. Whatever the reason may be

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some of the Masters could not and did not work with H. P. B. Several did, among them some whose names have never as yet been given out, but whom I had much intercourse with in those early years of the Theosophical Society movement.

Among other things about herself H. P. B. told me, when I had got along far enough to know of the Brotherhood and her relation with it, that she had come to Paris the previous year (1873) intending to settle down for some time under the protection of a relative of hers, residing in the Rue de l'Université, but one day received from the "Brothers" a peremptory order to go to New York to await further orders.

The next day she had sailed with little more than money enough to pay her passage. She wrote to her father for funds to be sent her in care of the Russian Consul in New York, but this could not arrive for some time, and as the Consul refused her a loan, she had to set to work to earn her daily bread. She told me she had taken lodgings in one of the poorest quarters in New York—Madison Street—and supported herself by making cravats or artificial flowers—I forget which now—for a kind-hearted Hebrew shop-keeper. She always spoke to me with gratitude about this little man. As yet she had received no intimation as to the future, it was a sealed book. But the following year, in October, 1874, she was ordered to go to Chittenden and find the man who, as it turned out, was to be her future colleague in a great work—myself.

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Her intimate friends will recollect her telling this story about her sudden departure under orders from Paris to New York. Mr. Sinnett mentions it in his *Incidents in the Life of Madame Blavatsky* (page 175), and it has been elsewhere published. But these acquaintances had it from her later on, and her enemies may say it was an afterthought of hers, a falsehood concocted to fit in with a little farce she subsequently invented. Accident, however,—if it be an accident—has just now, while I am writing these pages, brought me a valuable bit of corroborative proof. We have had staying at Adyar an American lady, Miss Anna Ballard, a veteran journalist, a life member of the New York Press Club, who, in the course of professional duty, met H. P. B. in the first week after her arrival at New York. In the course of conversation, amid a variety of less important facts, Miss Ballard casually mentioned to me two, that I at once begged her to put in writing, *viz.*: that H. P. B., whom she found living in a squalid lodging-house, said that she had suddenly and unexpectedly left Paris at one day's notice, and, secondly, that she had visited Tibet. Here is Miss Ballard's own version of the affair:

"ADYAR, 17th January, 1892.

"DEAR COL. OLCOTT:—My acquaintanceship with Mme. Blavatsky dates even further back than you suppose. I met her in July, 1873, at New York, not more than a week after she landed. I was then a reporter on the staff of the *New York Sun*, and had been detailed to

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write an article upon a Russian subject. In the course of my search after facts the arrival of this Russian lady was reported to me by a friend, and I called upon her; thus beginning an acquaintance that lasted several years. At our first interview she told me she had had no idea of leaving Paris for America until the very evening before she sailed, but why she came or who hurried her off she did not say. I remember perfectly well her saying with an air of exultation, 'I have been in Tibet.' Why she should think that a great matter, more remarkable than any other of the travels in Egypt, India, and other countries she told me about, I could not make out, but she said it with special emphasis and animation. I now know, of course, what it means. ANNA BALLARD."

Unless prepared to concede to H. P. B. the power of foreseeing that I should be getting this written statement from Miss Ballard in India, nineteen years later, the fair-minded reader will admit that the statements she made to her first friend in New York, in 1873, strongly corroborate the assertions she has ever since made to a large number of people about the two most important incidents in the history of her connection with the Theosophical movement, (*a*) her preparation in Tibet, and (*b*) her journey to America in search of the person whose Karma linked him to her as the co-agent to set this social wave in motion.

She made an abortive attempt to found a sort of Spiritual Society at Cairo, in 1871 [*vide* Peebles' *Around the*

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World, p. 215, and Sinnett's *Incidents in the Life of Mme. Blavatsky*, p. 158], upon a basis of phenomena. Not having the right persons to organise and direct it, it was a lamentable fiasco and brought upon her much ridicule. Yet the magical phenomena she wrought with the help of the self-same Copt and another adept whom I subsequently came into relations with, were most startling.* It was apparently a reckless waste of psychic

*See an article in *Frank Leslie's Popular Magazine* for February 1892, illustrated by mendacious engravings, yet containing a few facts along with much falsehood. The author, Dr. A. L. Rawson, mentions the Cairo failure of the "attempt to form a society for occult research," and says that "Paulos Metamon, a celebrated Coptic magician, who had several very curious books full of astrological formulas, magical incantations and horoscopes which he delighted in showing his visitors, *after a proper introduction*" advised delay. Dr. Rawson says that she (H. P. B.) had told the Countess Kazinoff "that she had solved at least one of the mysteries of Egypt, and proved it by letting a live serpent loose from a bag she had concealed in the folds of her dress." From an eye-witness I had it that while H.P.B. was in Cairo the most extraordinary phenomena would occur in any room she might be sitting in; for example, the table lamp would quit its place on one table and pass through the air to another, just as if carried in some one's hand; this same mysterious Copt would suddenly vanish from the sofa where he was sitting, and many such marvels. Miracles no longer, since we have had the scientists prove to us the possibility of inhibition of the senses of sight, hearing, touch, and smell by mere hypnotic suggestion. Undoubtedly this inhibition was provoked in the company present, who were made to see the Copt vanish, and the lamp moving through space, but not the person whose hand was carrying it. It was what H. P. B. called a "psychological trick," yet all the same a fact and one of moment to science. Scientists attest the fact of inhibition yet confess ignorance as to its rationale. "How"—say Drs. Binet and Féré, in their celebrated work *Le Magnetisme Animal*—"has the experimentalist produced this curious phenomenon? We know nothing about it. We only grasp

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energy, and indicated anything but either personal infallibility or divine guidance. I could never understand it. And as regards the Theosophical Society every circumstance tends to show that it has been a gradual evolution, controlled by circumstances and the resultant of opposite forces, now running into smooth, now into rough grooves, and prosperous or checked proportionately with the wisdom or unwisdom of its management. The general direction has always been kept, its guiding motive ever identical, but its programme has been variously modified, enlarged, and improved as our knowledge increased and experience from time to time suggested. All things show me that the movement as such was planned out beforehand by the watching Sages, but all details were left for us to conquer as best we might. If we had failed, others would have had the chance that fell to our Karma, as I fell heir to the wasted chances of her Cairo group of 1871. Speaking of growth of knowledge, I can look back and trace a constant enlargement of my own

the external fact, to know that when one affirms to a sensitive subject that an object present does not exist, this suggestion has the effect, direct or indirect, to dig in the brain of the hypnotic an anesthesia corresponding to the designated object. But what happens between the verbal affirmation, which is the means, and the systematised anesthesia, which is the end? . . . Here the laws of association, which are so great a help in solving psychological problems, abandon us completely." Poor beginners! They do not see that the inhibition is *upon the astral man*, and Eastern magicians excel them in "psychological tricks" simply because they know more about psychology, and can reach the Watcher who peers out upon the foolish world of illusion through the windows of the body: the telephonic nerves being inhibited, the telegraphic wires are cut, and no message passes in.

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ideas, deeper perception of truth, and capacity to assimilate and impart ideas. My published articles and letters between 1875 and 1878 prove this distinctly. When I was a child (in Occultism) I spoke as a child; often dogmatically, after the fashion of comparative tyros.

I never heard anything from H. P. B. in the early days to make me think that she had the least intimation, until sent to Chittenden to me, about any future relationship between us in work, nor even then that the Theosophical Society was to be. We have it on her own authority, as quoted above, that she was sent from Paris to New York in the interest of Spiritualism, in the best sense of that word, and before we met she had attended séances and consorted with mediums, but never came under public notice. In May, 1875, I was engaged in trying to organise at New York with her concurrence a private investigating committee under the title of the "Miracle Club." In the *Scrap-book* (Vol. I.) she writes about it:

"An attempt in consequence of orders received from T* B* (a Master) through P. (an Elemental) personating John King. Ordered to begin telling the public the truth about the phenomena and their mediums. And now my martyrdom will begin! I shall have all the Spiritualists against me, in addition to the Christians and the Sceptics. Thy will, oh M., be done. H. P. B."

The plan was to keep closed doors to all save the members of the Club, who were forbidden to divulge even the place of meeting. "All the manifestations, in-

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cluding materialisations, to occur in the light, and without a cabinet." [*Spiritual Scientist*, May 19, 1876.] Taking H. P. B.'s remark above, as written, it looks as though there would have been no Theosophical Society—it looks so, I say—if her intended medium for the Miracle Club had not utterly failed us and so precluded my completing the organisation.

I notice in Mr. Sinnett's book the coincidence that she arrived at New York on the 7th of July, 1873–that is to say on the *seventh* day of the *seventh* month of her forty-second year (6x7), and that our meeting was postponed until I should have attained my forty-second year. And, to anticipate, it must also be remarked that she died in the seventh month of the seventeenth year of our Theosophical relationship. Add to this the further fact, recently published by me in the *Theosophist*, that Mrs. Annie Besant came to H. P. B. as an applicant for membership in the seventh month of the seventeenth year after her final withdrawal from the Christian communion, and we have here a pretty set of coincidences to bear in mind.

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CHAPTER II.

MADAME BLAVATSKY IN AMERICA.

I HAVE found a letter to myself from an older acquaintance of Madame Blavatsky's than even Miss Ballard, the existence of which I had forgotten. The last-named lady met her at New York within the first week after her arrival from France, but Dr. Marquette knew her in Paris, before she started on that long and brilliant career which led, *per aspera ad astra*, to end at the Woking crematory for the moment, in 1891, and then keep on and ever onward. The innuendoes about her having led a wild life at the French capital in 1873, are answered by this frank statement of an educated lady physician, whom I personally knew at New York, but who, I understand, is now deceased. She says :

"NEW YORK, December 26, 1875.

"DEAR SIR :

"In reply to your inquiries, I have to say that I made Madame Blavatsky's acquaintance in Paris in the year 1873. She was living in the Rue du Palais, in an apart-

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ment* with her brother, M. Hahn, and his intimate friend M. Lequeux. I was with her almost daily, and, in fact, spent a good part of my time with her when I was not in the hospitals or attending the lectures. I am, therefore, able to state from positive knowledge, what her behaviour was. It gives me great pleasure to say that that behaviour was *unexceptionable*, and such as to entitle her to every respect. She passed her time in painting and writing, seldom going out of her room. She had few acquaintances, but among the number were M. and Mme. Leymarie. Mme. Blavatsky I esteem as one of the most estimable and interesting ladies I ever met, and since my return from France, our acquaintance and friendship have been renewed.

"Yours respectfully,

(Sd.) "L. M. MARQUETTE, M.D."

In the preceding chapter it was mentioned that she had left Paris for New York, by order of the Masters, on a day's notice, and with barely enough money to pay her way out. I recall a circumstance of the journey which, as she told it, brings into high relief one trait of her many-angled character—her impulsive generosity. She had bought a first-class ticket from Havre to New York, and had gone to the quay to either see or embark on the steamer, when her attention was attracted by a peasant woman, sitting on the ground with a child or

* An "*appartement*" does not mean, as with us, a single chamber, but a suite of rooms, comprising reception, dining and bed-rooms, with a kitchen and servants' quarters.—O.

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two beside her, and weeping bitterly. Drawing near, H. P. B. found she was from Germany on her way to America to rejoin her husband, but a swindling emigrant runner at Hamburgh had sold her bogus steamer tickets, and there she was, penniless and helpless : the steamship company could do nothing, of course, and she had neither relative nor acquaintance in Havre. The heart of our kind H. P. B. was so touched that she said : "No matter, good woman, I will see if something cannot be done." She first vainly tried her powers of persuasion (and objurgation) upon the blameless agent of the company, and then, as a last expedient—her own funds being insufficient for the purpose — had her saloon ticket changed for a steerage berth for herself, and for the difference got steerage tickets for the poor woman and her children ! Many "proper" and "respectable" people have often expressed horror at H. P. B.'s coarse eccentricities, including profanity, yet I think that a generous deed like this would cause whole pages of recorded solecisms in society manners to be washed away from the Book of Human Accounts ! If any doubt it, let them try the steerage of an emigrant ship.

We have seen how Miss Ballard found H. P. B. living in a wretched tenement-house in an East-end New York street, pending the arrival of money from home, and honestly supporting herself by sewing cravats. This was in July, 1873. In the following October her ever-indulgent, forbearing, and beloved father, died, and, on the 29th of the month, she received a cable dispatch from

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Stavropol, from her sister "Elise," conveying the news and informing her as to the amount of her heritage: adding that a draft for 1000 roubles had been sent her. [I have the original dispatch before me as I write.] In due course of post she received all the money, and then shifted her quarters to better neighbourhoods in New York city—Union Square, East Sixteenth St., Irving Place, etc., and it was in the last-named I found her domiciled upon returning from the Eddy Homestead. Her money did not stay with her long, however, for, as it is recorded in Mr. Sinnett's book, while she could endure with perfect patience the miseries of poverty if compelled, no sooner did money fall into her lap than she seemed to be unhappy unless she was throwing it away with both hands in the most imprudent fashion. A document in my possession illustrates this so well that I must quote from it. It is an agreement entitled "Articles of co-partnership entered into this twenty-second day of June, in the year One thousand eight hundred and seventy-four, by and between C.....G....., party of the first part and Helen Blavatsky, party of the second part, to wit:" Clause 1 recites that the co-partnership is "for the purpose of working the land and farm at N——, in the County of ——, Long Island," the property of C. G.; Clause 2 says, "the said co-partnership shall commence on the first day of July, 1874, and shall continue for the period of three years." Clause 3 states that C. G. puts the use of the farm into the co-partnership as an off-set against the sum of one thousand dollars paid in

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by H. P. B. By Clause 4 "all proceeds for crops, poultry, produce, and other products raised on the said farm shall be divided equally, and all expenses" equally shared. Clause 5, and last, reserves the title of the land to C. G. The document is duly signed and sealed by the parties, witnessed and recorded.

What anybody might have expected happened: H. P. B. went to live on the farm; got no profits, had a row, acquired debts and a neat little lawsuit which friends helped her to settle long afterward. That was the last of her bucolic dream of profits from sales of garden-truck, poultry, eggs, etc.: three months later she met me in the Vermont ghostland, and the wheels of our war chariot began rumbling prophetically through the lowest levels of the Akash!

In November, 1874, signing her letter "Jack the Pappoose," she wrote to ask me to get her an engagement to write weird stories for a certain journal, as she would soon be "hard up," and gave me a rollicking account of her family pedigree and connexions on both sides; talking like a democrat, yet showing but too plainly that she felt that she, if any one, had reason to be proud of her lineage. She writes me how the *Daily Graphic* people had interviewed her about her travels and asked for her portrait. Considering how many thousand copies of her likeness have since been circulated, the world over, it will amuse if I quote a sentence or two about this first experience of the sort:

"Don't you know, the fellows of the *Graphic* bored

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my life out of me to give them my portrait? Mr. F. was sent to get me into conversation after I came out [for the Eddys, she means], and wanted them to insert my article against . . . Beard. I suppose they wanted to create a sensation and so got hold of my beautiful nostrils and splendid mouth . . . I told them that nature has endowed and gifted me with a potato nose, but I did not mean to allow them to make fun of it, vegetable though it is. They very seriously denied the fact, and so made me laugh, and you know '*celui qui rit est desarmé*.'"

A well-known physician of New York, a Dr. Beard, attracted to Chittenden by my *Graphic* letters, had come out with a bombastic and foolish explanation of the Eddy ghosts as mere trickery, and she had flayed him alive in a reply, dated October 27th and published in the *Graphic* of October 30th. Her letter was so brave and sparkling a defence of the Eddy mediums, and her testimony as to the seven "spirit-forms" she herself had recognised so convincing, that she at once came into the blaze of a publicity which never afterwards left her. This was the first time her name had been heard of in America in connection with psychological mysteries, my own mention in the *Graphic*, of her arrival at Chittenden appearing, if I am not mistaken, a little later. However, be that as it may, her tilt with Dr. Beard was the primary cause of her notoriety.

She carried a tone of breeziness, defiant brusqueness, and *camaraderie* throughout all her talk and writing in

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those days, fascinating everybody by her bright wit, her contempt for social hypocrisies, and all "caddishness," and astounding them with her psychical powers. The erudition of *Isis Unveiled* had not yet overshadowed her, but she constantly drew upon a memory stored with a wealth of recollections of personal perils and adventures, and of knowledge of occult science, not merely unparalleled but not even approached by any other person who had ever appeared in America, so far as I have heard. She was a totally different personage then from what she was later on, when people saw her settled down to the serious life-work for which her whole past had been a preparatory school. Yes, the H. P. B. I am now writing about, in whose intimate comradeship I lived, with whom I was on terms of perfect personal equality, who overflowed with exuberant spirits and enjoyed nothing more than a comic song or story, was not the H. P. B. of India or London, nor recognisable in the mental colossus of the latter days. She changed in many things, yet in one thing she never improved, *viz.*, the choice of friends and confidants. It almost seems as though she were always dealing with *inner selves* of men and women, and had been blind to the weakness or corruption of their visible, bodily shells. Just as she flung her money to every specious wretch who came and lied to her, so she made close friends of the passing hour with people the most unworthy. She trusted one after another, and, for the time being, there seemed nobody like them in her eyes; but usually the morrow brought disillusion and disgust,

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without the prudence to avoid doing it all over again. I mentioned above the attempt to form a Miracle Club, for the study of practical psychology. The intended medium belonged to a most respectable family, and talked so honestly that we thought we had secured a prize. He proved to be penniless, and as H. P. B. in his hour of greatest need had no money to spare, she pawned her long gold chain and gave him the proceeds. That wretch not only failed utterly as a medium, but was also reported to us as having spread calumnies against the one who had done him kindness. And such was her experience to the end of her life; the ingratitude and cruel malice of the Coulombs being but one of a long series of sorrows.

The subsequent history of that gold chain is interesting. It was, of course, redeemed from pawn, and, later, she wore it in Bombay and Madras. When, in the Ninth Annual Convention of the Society, held at Adyar, a subscription was started to create the Permanent Fund, H. P. B. put her chain up at private auction, and it was bought by Mr. E. D. Ezekiel, and the money handed over to the Treasurer of the T. S. for the Fund in question.

Before my series of Chittenden letters to the *Daily Graphic* was finished, I had arranged for their publication in book form at Hartford, Conn., and about the same time H. P. B. removed to Philadelphia. A blight fell upon Spiritualism in those days, in consequence of Mr. Dale Owen's public denunciation of the Holmes

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mediums as cheats. The journals of that movement lost heavily in subscribers, the most popular books lay unsold on the publishers' shelves. My own publishers were so alarmed that I arranged, through Mr. Owen, with Mrs. Holmes for a course of test-séances under my own conditions, and went there and carried out my plan, with the colleagues before mentioned. Thence I proceeded to Havana, N. Y., and saw the truly marvellous mediumistic phenomena of Mrs. Compton. Both sets of experiences were embodied in my book, and it was published.

H. P. B. was still at Philadelphia, so I accepted her urgent invitation to come and take a few days' holiday after my long term of work. Expecting to be absent from New York only two or three days, I left no instructions at my office or club about forwarding my letters, but, finding upon arrival that she was not likely to let me go so soon, I went on the second day to the General Post-Office, gave the address of my lodgings, and asked that any letters coming for me might be delivered there by carrier. I expected none, but fancied that the people in my office, not hearing from me, might address me at the Philadelphia Post-Office on the chance of my getting their letter. Then happened something that astonished me—knowing so little as I did of the psychical resources of H. P. B. and her Masters—and which even now, despite so long an experience of phenonena, remains a world-wonder. To understand what follows, let the reader examine any letter he has re-

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ceived by post, and he will find two office stamps upon it; the one on the face, that of the office at which it was posted, the one on the back, that of the office to which it was addressed; if it has been sent on after him from the latter office, it will at least bear those two stamps, and, in addition, those of any series of post-offices to which it was re-addressed until it finally reached his hand. Now, on the evening of the very day on which I had left my address at the Philadelphia General Post-Office, the local postman brought me letters coming from widely distant places—one, I think, from South America, or at any rate, some foreign country—addressed to me at New York, bearing the stamps of the respective offices of posting, *but not that of the New York Post-Office.* Despite all post-office rules and customs, they had come straight to me to Philadelphia without passing through the New-York Post Office at all. *And nobody in New York knew my Philadelphia address*, for I did not myself know what it would be when I left home. I took these letters myself from the postman's hand, being just on the point of going out for a walk when he arrived. So the letters were not tampered with by H. P. B. *Upon opening them, I found inside each, something written in the same handwriting as that in letters I had received in New York from the Masters, the writing having been made either in the margins or any other blank space left by the writers.* The things written were, either some comments upon the character or motives of the writers, or matter of general purport as regards my occult studies. These

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FAC-SIMILE OF THE COVER OF A LETTER PHENOMENALLY DELIVERED.

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were the precursors of a whole series of those phenomenal surprises during the fortnight or so that I spent in Philadelphia. I had many, and no letter of the lot bore the New York stamp, although all were addressed to me at my office in that city.

The accompanying fac-simile of one of the covers—a letter from Prof. J. R. Buchanan—will show that although addressed to me at New York, it was delivered by the Philadelphia carrier without having been re-addressed to that city. The house number—H. P. B.'s residence—was written in the City Delivery Department of the Philadelphia Post-Office. The New York stamp is not on the back.

When we come to analyse the psychical phenomena of or connected with Mme. Blavatsky, we find that they may be classified as follows :

1. Those whose production requires a knowledge of the ultimate properties of matter, of the cohesive force which agglomerates the atoms ; especially a knowledge of Akash, its composition, contents, and potentialities.

2. Those which relate to the powers of the elementals when made subservient to human will.

3. Those where hypnotic suggestion through the medium of thought-transference creates illusive sensations of sight, sound, and touch.

4. Those which involve the art of making objective images, pictorial or scriptory—which are first purposely created in the adept-operator's mind ; for instance, the precipitation of a picture or writing upon paper or other

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material surface, or of a letter, image, or other mark upon the human skin.

5. Those pertaining to thought-reading and retrospective and prospective clairvoyance.

6. Those of the intercourse at will between her mind and the minds of other living persons equally or more perfectly gifted, psychically, than herself. Or, sometimes, the subordination of her will and whole personality to the will of another entity.

7. Those, of the highest class, where by spiritual insight, or intuition, or inspiration—as indifferently called; there being no real difference in the condition, but only in names—she reached the amassed stores of human knowledge laid up in the registry of the Astral Light.

Recalling my observations for the past twenty years as well as I can, I think that all the tales I have ever told or shall henceforth tell, will drop into one or other of these classes.

The sceptic will certainly say that my groups are arbitrary and my hypotheses fanciful. He will ask me to prove that there are elemental spirits ; that there is such a thing as clairvoyance ; that material objects called for can be brought from a distance ; that anybody really knows the nature of the attraction of cohesion, etc. I shall, for my sole answer, tell what I and others have seen, and then challenge the doubter to find in nature any thinkable laws, outside those above enumerated, which explain the facts—the hard undeniable facts. If the theory of miracle, or diabolism, be propounded, then I shall be

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dumb, for that cuts off argument. I do not pretend to be able to explain the rationale of all of H. P. B.'s phenomena, for to do that one would need to be as well informed as herself; which I never pretended to be.

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CHAPTER III.

PHILADELPHIA PHENOMENA.

AN experiment, made by H. P. B., with myself as a passive agent, shortly after my coming to her house in Philadelphia, narrows the phenomena of letter-transport, with precipitation of writing inside sealed covers, to very close limits. The facts were these : she was tipping tables for me, with and without the contact between her hands and the table ; making loud and tiny raps—sometimes while holding her hand six inches above the wood, and sometimes while resting her hand upon mine as it lay flat upon the table ; and spelling out messages to me from the pretended John King which, as rapped out by the alphabet, I recorded on scraps of paper that were subsequently torn up and thrown away. At last some of these messages relating to third parties seemed worth keeping, so one day, on my way home, I bought a reporter's note-book, and, on getting to the house, showed it to her and explained its intended use. She was seated at the time and I

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standing. Without touching the book or making any mystical pass or sign, she told me to put it in my bosom. I did so, and after a moment's pause she bade me take it out and look within. This is what I found: inside the first cover, written and drawn on the white lining paper in lead pencil:—

"JOHN KING,
HENRY DE MORGAN,

his book.

4th of the Fourth month in A.D. 1875."

Underneath this, the drawing of a Rosicrucian jewel; over the arch of the jewelled crown, the word FATE; beneath which is her name, "Helen," followed by what looks, after the rubbing of these seventeen years, like 99, something smudged out, and then a simple +. At the narrowest point, where the head of the compasses enters the crown, are the initials I. S. F.; beneath that a monogram, blending the capital letters A, T, D, and R, the T much larger than the others. At one foot of the compasses is my name, at the other the name of another man, a resident of Philadelphia; and along the segment of the arch connecting the two points of the pair of compasses run the words "Ways of Providence." I have the book on my table as I write, and my description is taken from the drawing itself. One striking feature of this example of psycho-dynamics is the fact that no one but myself had touched the book

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after it was purchased: I had had it in my pocket until it was shown to H. P. B., from the distance of two or three feet, had myself held it in my bosom, removed it a moment later when bidden, and the precipitation of the lead-pencil writing and drawing had been done while the book was inside my waistcoat. Now the writing inside the cover of my notebook is very peculiar; the e's being all like the Greek *epsilon*, and the n's something like the Greek *pi*: it is a quaint and quite individual handwriting, not like H. P. B.'s, but identical with that in all the written messages I had from first to last from "John King." H. P. B. having, then, the power of precipitation, must have transferred from her mind to the paper the images of words traced in this special style of script; or, if not she, but some other expert in this art did it, then that other person must have done it in that same way—*i. e.*, have first pictured to himself mentally the images of those words and that drawing, and then precipitated; that is, made them visible on the paper, as though written with a lead pencil. After seventeen years this psychograph remains legible, and some—not all—of the characters have the shine of plumbago: those that have not seem as though the lines had been sunken into the fabric of the paper. I have records of precipitations made in crayon, water colors, blue, red, and green pencils, ink and gold paint, as well as the formation of solid substances, but one scientific principle un-

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derlies them all, *viz.*, the objectivation of images, previously "visualised," or formed in the mind of the expert, by the employment of cosmic force and the diffused matter of space. The imagination is the creative hidden deity; force and matter its working tools.

The days and evenings of my Philadelphia visit were symposia of occult reading, teaching, and phenomena. Among H. P. B.'s most pleasant and sympathetic friends were Mr. and Mrs. Amer, and Messrs. M. D. Evans and J. Pusey, in whose presence a variety of phenomena were wrought. I remember, among others, that one afternoon she caused a photograph on the wall to suddenly disappear from its frame and give place to a sketch portrait of John King while a person present was actually looking at it. By degrees my mind was taking in the Eastern theories of spirit and spirits, of matter and materialism. Without being asked by H. P. B. to give up the spiritualistic hypothesis, I was made to see and to feel that, as a true science, Spiritualism could only be said to exist in the East, and its only proficients were pupils and teachers of the Oriental schools of occultism. With the sincerest desire to be fair to the Spiritualists, I must say that up to the present moment no scientific theory of mediumistic phenomena that covers the ground and is generally accepted among them, has been put forward, nor have I seen convincing proof that among Western adherents to

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the movement there has been discovered a system by which spirits may be evoked or physical phenomena compelled at will. Not a medium that I have ever met or heard of possesses a mantram or Vidya (scientific method) for those purposes, such as are common and have been known for ages in all Eastern countries. See, for example, the article "An Evocation by Sorcery," in the *Theosophist* for May, 1892. Thus for instance, while I and H. P. B.'s other friends were made to believe the John King (almost daily) phenomena were done by a disembodied man, once the famed buccaneer, Sir H. Morgan, and that she was serving him as medium, or, at least, contented helper, H. P. B. did things which implied a knowledge of magic. Let me give a homely example while at the same time remarking that great scientific inductions have been reached by the chance observation of equally commonplace facts—*e. g.*, the falling of an apple, the jumping of the lid of a boiling kettle. One day, bethinking me that a sufficiency of towels was but too evidently lacking in her house, I bought some and brought them home with me in a parcel. We cut them apart, and she was for putting them into immediate use without hemming, but, as I protested against such bad housekeeping, she good-naturedly set to plying her needle. She had hardly commenced when she gave an angry kick beneath the work-table at which she sat, and said, "Get out, you fool!" "What is the matter?" I asked.

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"Oh," she replied, "it is only a little beast of an elemental that pulled my dress and wants something to do." "Capital!" I said; "here is just the thing; make it hem these towels. Why should you bother about them, and you such an atrocious needlewoman as that very hem proves you to be?" She laughed, and abused me for my uncomplimentary speech, but at first would not gratify the poor little bond-slave under the table that was ready to play the kindly leprachaun if given the chance. I, however, persuaded her at last: she told me to lock up the towels, the needles and thread, in a bookcase with glass doors lined with thick green silk, that stood at the farther side of the room. I did so and resumed my seat near her, and we fell to talking on the inexhaustible and unique theme that occupied our thoughts—occult science. After perhaps a quarter of an hour or twenty minutes, I heard a little squeaky sound, like a mouse's pipe, beneath the table, whereupon H. P. B. told me that "that nuisance" had finished the towels. So I unlocked the bookcase door, and found the dozen towels were actually hemmed, though after a clumsy fashion that would disgrace the youngest child in an infant-school sewing-class. Hemmed they were, beyond the possibility of doubt, and inside a locked bookcase which H. P. B. never approached while the thing was going on. The time was about 4 P.M., and, of course, it was broad daylight. We were the only persons in the room, and no third person entered it until all was finished.

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Her house in Philadelphia was built on the usual local plan, with a front building and a wing at the back which contained the dining-room below and sitting or bedrooms above. H. P. B.'s bedroom was the front one on the first floor (the second, it is called in America) of the main building; at the turn of the staircase was the sitting-room where the towels were hemmed, and from its open door one could look straight along the passage into H. P. B.'s room if her door also stood open. She had been sitting in the former apartment conversing with me, but left to get something from her bedroom. I saw her mount the few steps to her floor, enter her room and leave the door open. Time passed, but she did not return. I waited and waited until, fearing she might have fainted, I called her name. There was no reply, so now, being a little anxious and knowing she could not be engaged privately, since the door had not been closed, I went there, called again, and looked in; she was not visible, though I even opened the closet and looked under the bed. She had vanished, without the chance of having walked out in the normal way, for, save the door giving upon the landing, there was no other means of exit; the room was a *cul de sac*. I was a cool one about phenomena after my long course of experiences, but this puzzled and worried me. I went back to the sitting-room, lit a pipe, and tried to puzzle out the mystery. This was in 1875, it must be remembered, many years before the Salpétrière school's experiments in hypnotism had been vulgarised, so it never occurred to

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me that I was the subject of a neat experiment in mental suggestion, and that H. P. B. had simply inhibited my organs of sight from perceiving her presence, perhaps within two paces of me in the room. After awhile she calmly came out of her room into the passage and returned to the sitting-room to me. When I asked where she had been, she laughed and said she had had some occult business to attend to, and had made herself invisible. But how, she would not explain. She played me and others the same trick at other times, before and after our going to India, but even the latest instance happened long before the easy hypnotic solution of the problem would have occurred to me. As explained in the first chapter of this series, the superior neatness of Oriental over Western hypnotic suggestion is that in such cases as this, the inhibitory effect upon the subject's perceptive organs results from mental, not spoken, command or suggestion. The subject is not put on his guard to resist the illusion, and it is done before he has the least suspicion that any experiment is being made at his expense.

Since I took no measurement at the time, I must concede that the following also may have been a case of suggested illusion. H. P. B. was wearing her hair at that time in a bushy mop, without comb or pins or twists, and in length it might have been about to the lobes of her ears. I came home to tiffin one day, and, her bedroom door standing open as usual, stopped for a minute's chat, before mounting to my own room on the floor

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above. She was standing near one of the windows, and her head being in high light, I noticed particularly the mass of her hair and its tousled appearance. I also observed the shine of the daylight upon the glossy, pale grey paper with which the ceiling was covered. After a few words together I ran up stairs, but had not been there a minute before I heard her calling me to come down. I did so at once, saw her standing in the same place, but her hair was now so much longer that it almost touched her shoulders. She said nothing about that, but pointed to the ceiling over her head and said : " Here is something that John has drawn for you." My recollection is now very dim as to what it was, but, as I remember it, it was a huge sketch of a man's head, with some writing or symbols near it ; all done in lead-pencil, at the spot where I had noticed the blank surface to be when I passed up stairs. I then took hold of her lengthened hair, and asked her, laughing, where she bought her pommade, as it was certainly very efficacious if it could cause hair to grow two inches within three minutes. She made some merry rejoinder, and said I should not meddle with things that were of no consequence ; such freaks of nature sometimes happened to her ; it was not to see that she had called me, but only to show me what John King had done on the ceiling. Considering the time that had elapsed from my leaving to my re-entering the room, and the fact that the ceiling was too high for her to reach, even by standing on a chair or table, my present inference is that the drawing was done in one of two ways, *viz.*,

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either by herself at her leisure, while I was out, by mounting upon a step-ladder, and inhibiting me from seeing the work until she chose; or by the process of instantaneous precipitation while I was ascending and descending one short flight of stairs. That it was not visible to me when I was first in the room, I can positively aver, and if the reader chooses to speculate as to the rationale of the matter, he must take my statement as made for what it is worth. What makes me suspect that the apparent lengthening of H. P. B.'s hair was illusory, is the fact that, try as I may, I cannot remember whether it continued to seem long or apparently resumed its previous length that day or the next. People in India, and others subsequently, in Europe, saw her hair twisted up into a knot and confined by a comb, but it was years after we met before she would let it grow long enough for that purpose; I am not sure that it was not when we went to visit the Sinnetts at Simla; so I am probably right in suspecting that the apparent sudden lengthening was a Maya done by way of a joke. But very, very strange things happened with her hair on several occasions, to be hereafter narrated. And strangest of all, was that which happened to my beard one night, as we shall see in good time. Speaking of her jokes, it may be said that, throughout all our years of intimacy, she wasted enough psychic force on useless phenomena to have sufficed to convince the whole Royal Society if it had been judiciously employed. I have heard her ring astral bells that were drowned in the

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noise of conversation, make raps that nobody heard save myself, and do other phenomena that passed unnoticed, but which would have greatly strengthened her credit as a thaumaturgist if she had but chosen the favourable moment and given the right chances for observation. However, all that is past and gone, and my task is to record, as remembered, the psychical experiments which satisfied my critical reason as to the reality of the science of Eastern Magic. In doing which, shall I not be acting as a true friend to H. P. B., whose character has been vilified and whose occult powers denied because she fed rogues at her table and warmed traitors in her bosom? These days and events of which I write were in the pre-*Coulombian* era, when real adepts taught eager pupils and genuine phenomena happened. And they were days when I knew my colleague as a human being, before she had been half-deified by friends who had known nothing of her human failings, hence of her humanity. As I shall present her, the now fading ideal image of the writer of *Isis* and the *S. D.*, will become clothed in flesh and blood ; a real (masculinised) woman ; living like other people when awake, but going into another world and dealing with nobler people, when asleep or in waking clairvoyance ; a personality inhabiting an enfeebled female body, " in which . . . a vital cyclone is raging much of the time "—to quote the words of a Master. So fitful, so capricious, so unreliable, so exacting, so tempestuous as to call for heroic forbearance and self-control if one would live and work with her in an

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unselfish spirit. These phenomena of hers that I saw, the manifold proofs she gave of the existence behind her of teachers whose feet she felt she was scarce worthy to dust, and the later *epistasis*, when the turbulent and exasperating woman became a writing and teaching sage and a benefactress to the soul-seeker ;—all these, and the books she left behind her, combine to prove her exceptional greatness and make her eccentricities forgotten, even by those to whom they caused most mental suffering. In showing us the Path, she laid us all under such a weight of obligation that it is impossible to harbour any feeling save gratitude for her.

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CHAPTER IV.

MADAME BLAVATSKY'S SECOND MARRIAGE.

IN giving anything like a consecutive account of early Theosophic days—by which term I mean to include all days of intercourse between H. P. B. and myself, so far as I can recall them—I must briefly allude to the cases of precipitation of manuscript by her which are mentioned in my *People from the Other World* (pp. 455-6-7 and 8). Ostensibly, as above stated, they were given me by John King, of Kamaloca, whilom buccaneer, knighted by His Britannic Majesty Charles II., but now apparently a mere pseudonym of H. P. B.'s elementals. At a séance at her hotel in Philadelphia, on the evening of January 6, 1875, the alleged J. K. doing phenomena, I said: "If you are in reality a spirit, as you pretend, give me some exhibition of your power. Make me, for example, a copy of the last note from E. W. to Mr. Owen that I have in the portfolio in my pocket." No notice was taken of the request that evening, but on the next but one after it, while H. P. B. was writing and I reading at the same table, loud raps sounded, and, upon

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my calling the English alphabet, spelt out, "Hand me your dictionary under the table, will you?" The only dictionary there, was a Russian-English one of H. P. B.'s, which was handed (not dropped, but *handed*, as if to a something or invisible somebody down there, that could take the bulky volume) beneath as requested. The raps then called for a mucilage bottle, and then for a pen-knife. These also having been passed under the table, there was momentary silence, after which was rapped the word "Look!" We took up the book, knife, and bottle, and upon a fly-leaf of the dictionary I found a precipitated copy of the note in question. The call for the knife was explained to me thus: a certain infinitesimal quantity of the metal composing the blades was disintegrated from the mass and used in precipitation of the black writing from the state of metallic vapour. The gum-arabic lent some of its particles—also vaporised for the purpose—as a cohesive aid in the experiment. The portfolio containing the duplicated note had been in my pocket continuously since my coming to Philadelphia, until half an hour prior to the experiment, when I had laid it on the mantel-shelf, and had had it in full view whenever I raised my eyes from my book. H. P. B. was all the time within two feet of me, at her table writing, and no person save ourselves was or had been in the room since I laid it upon the shelf. Upon comparing the original writing and the duplicate, by superposition, it was evident that they were not fac-similes, which made it the more interesting.

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The next evening, H. P. B. and I being again alone, the raps called for a piece of Bristol-board drawing-paper to be handed beneath the table. Showing me first that both sides were blank, my colleague passed it down to "John King," whereupon the raps bade me look at my watch and note how long the experiment would require. With my watch in hand, I glanced under the table-cloth and satisfied myself that there was but the one sheet of paper there which I had handled the moment before. At the end of just thirty seconds the raps spelt out "Done." I looked at the paper and felt disappointed upon seeing that the exposed surface was as blank as before, but upon the under face, the one next the carpet, was found a second and even better copy of the original E. W. letter. This time the portfolio containing the letter was in the inside breast-pocket of my coat, where it had been continuously since the previous evening's experiment in precipitation. A Mr. B——, who entered the room at this moment, assisted me in making a very careful scrutiny of the documents, placing one over the other as I had already done, and becoming, like myself, entirely convinced of the genuineness of the phenomenon. I may say, in parenthesis, that this gentleman received in his carpet-bag while travelling by railway train, a letter from "John King" conveying instructions as to something of a personal nature. He told me the story himself, showed me the letter, and stated upon honour, that it had come into his bag while in a train and miles distant from Philadelphia and H. P. B.

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This incident recalls similar experiences of my own while travelling by train, in France, with Babu Mohini M. Chatterji, and in Germany with Dr. Huebbe Schleiden, both in the year 1884.

The mention of this gentleman (Mr. B.) reminds me of the duty I owe to the memory of H. P. B. to state her exact relations with him. It has been insinuated that they were not altogether creditable, and that there was a mystery concealed which would not bear probing. This is of a piece with the multitudinous cruel reports that were spread about her. She is dead and gone now from the world's sight and beyond the reach of the slanderer, but, judging from my own feelings, I am sure that all who love her memory will be glad to know the facts from one of the half dozen who are able to give them. They are these: One of my Chittenden letters in the *Daily Graphic* aroused the interest of this Mr. B.—a Russian subject—and led him to write me from Philadelphia expressing his strong desire to meet my colleague and talk over Spiritualism. No objections being made by her, he came over to New York towards the end of 1875, and they met. It turned out that he fell at once into a state of profound admiration, which he expressed verbally, and later, by letter, to her and to me. She persistently rebuffed him when she saw that he was matrimonially inclined, and grew very angry at his persistence. The only effect was to deepen his devotion, and he finally threatened to take his life unless she would accept his hand. Meanwhile, before this crisis

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arrived, she had gone to Philadelphia, put up at the same hotel, and received his daily visits. He declared that he would ask nothing but the privilege of watching over her, that his feeling was one of unselfish adoration for her intellectual grandeur, and that he would make no claim to any of the privileges of wedded life. He so besieged her that—in what seemed to me a freak of madness—she finally consented to take him at his word and be nominally his wife; but with the stipulation that she should retain her own name, and be as free and independent of all disciplinary restraint as she then was. So they were lawfully married by a most respectable Unitarian clergyman of Philadelphia, and set up their *lares* and *penates* in a small house in Sansom Street, where they entertained me as guest on my second visit to that city—after my book was finished and brought out. The ceremony took place, in fact, while I was stopping in the house, although I was not present as a witness. But I saw them when they returned from the clergyman's residence after the celebration of the rite.

When I privately expressed to her my amazement at what I conceived to be her act of folly in marrying a man younger than herself, and inexpressibly her inferior in mental capacity; one, moreover, who could never be even an agreeable companion to her, and with very little means—his mercantile business not being as yet established—she said it was a misfortune that she could not escape. Her fate and his were temporarily linked to-

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gether by an inexorable Karma, and the union was to her in the nature of a punishment for her awful pride and combativeness, which impeded her spiritual evolution, while no lasting harm would result to the young man. The inevitable result was that this ill-starred couple dwelt together but a few months. The husband forgot his vows of unselfishness, and, to her ineffable disgust, became an importunate lover. She fell dangerously ill in June from a bruise on one knee caused by a fall the previous winter in New York upon the stone flagging of a sidewalk, which ended in violent inflammation of the periosteum and partial mortification of the leg; and as soon as she got better (which she did in one night, by one of her quasi-miraculous cures, after an eminent surgeon had declared that she would die unless the leg was instantly amputated), she left him and would not go back. When, after many months of separation, he saw her determination unchangeable, and that his business, through his mismanagement, was going to the dogs, he engaged counsel and sued for a divorce on the ground of desertion. The summonses were served upon her in New York, Mr. Judge acted as her counsel, and on the 25th May, 1878, the divorce was granted. The original documents have ever since been in my custody. That is the whole story, and it will be seen that it shows no criminality nor illegality on her part, nor any evidence that she derived the slightest worldly advantage from the marriage beyond a very modest maintenance, without a single luxury, for a few months.

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Before dismissing Mr. B. from the scene, I might mention a variant of her precipitation phenomena which I personally witnessed. He talked continually of a deceased grandmother, whom he professed to have loved very dearly, and begged H. P. B. to get him, if possible, her portrait, the family having none. Wearied by his importunities, she, one day when we three were together, took a sheet of writing-paper, went to the window, held it against the glass with the palms of her two hands, and in a couple of minutes handed him the paper, upon which I saw the portrait, in black and white, of a queer little old woman, with a dark complexion, black hair, many wrinkles, and a large wart on her nose! Mr. B. enthusiastically declared the likeness to be perfect.

Her time during this period was fully engrossed with writing for the public press, upon Western Spiritualism at first, and later upon that of the East. Her "first occult shot," as she terms it in a note to the cutting pasted into our scrap-book, will be found in the (Boston) *Spiritual Scientist*, vol. i., July 15, 1875, comment upon which will be made in the next chapter.

The publication of my book led to important results; among others, to interminable discussions in the American and English organs of Spiritualism and in the secular press, in which both H. P. B. and I engaged, and to the formation of lasting friendships with several most excellent correspondents, with whom we threshed out the whole subject of Eastern and Western occultism. Al-

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most immediately we found ourselves addressed by enquirers in both hemispheres and attacked or defended by opponents and sympathisers. The well-known Hon. Alexandre Aksakof, Russian Imperial Privy Councillor and a fervid Spiritualist, engaged H. P. B. to translate my book into Russian, offering to bring it out at his own expense. She complied, and shortly there appeared in St. Petersburgh a very kind and appreciative pamphlet by Professor N. A. Wagner, of the Imperial University, in which he (himself a scientific authority of the first rank) was good enough to say that in conducting my researches I "had complied with all the requirements of cautious scientific enquiry"; a testimonial of which I naturally felt very proud. Mr. Crookes, F. R. S., and Mr. Alfred R. Wallace, F. R. S., of England, and M. Camille Flammarion of France, the world-famous astronomer, were also very kind and sympathetic in their expressions. Some months later, Mr. C. C. Massey, of London, came over to America expressly to verify, by personal observation on the spot, the accuracy of my account of the Eddy phenomena. We saw much of each other, and were so mutually satisfied that a close, almost brotherly friendship sprang up between us; one that has lasted to this day unbroken and unclouded even by a single misunderstanding. I had already been brought into the most sympathetic relations with the late Hon. R. D. Owen and Mr. Epes Sargent, of Boston. The latter gentleman and scholar had been the channel for my gaining both a precious correspondent and the dearest of friends, in the

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late Mr. W. Stainton Moses,* M.A. (Oxon), teacher of Classics and English, in University College, London, and the most honoured and brilliant writer among British Spiritualists. A copy of my book was sent him and reviewed in the *Psychological Magazine* or *Human Nature* —I forget which—and little by little we drifted into an almost weekly interchange of letters for several years. His first one, now before me, is dated April 27, 1875, and is devoted to discussion of the conditions and results of "circle" mediumistic phenomena. He draws my attention to a fact, sneered at by Professor Tyndall in his well-known letter to the old London Dialectical Society, yet only too palpable to all experienced enquirers into this class of natural phenomena, *viz.*, that "as a matter of fact certain people by their mere presence do seriously interfere with, and by their mere contiguity paralyse the phenomena: and that from no fault of their own, nor from any mental attitude (as want of faith, etc.), but from the atmosphere which surrounds them. The more sensitive the medium the more perceptible this is." Mr. Stainton Moses continues: "There are many personal friends of mine in whose presence phenomena with me cease, to my great chagrin, nor have I the least power to alter the result." Alluding to the phenomenon of the apparent de-materialisation of the medium (*e. g.*, the case of Mrs. Compton, as described in my book), he declares it to be most astounding of all, and says he cannot ac-

* Moses is not the real name but Moseyn or Mostyn, as he told me. The other is a corruption.

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count for it, though he believes "it is not unknown to the Oriental Magicians." What I have said in a previous chapter as regards the power of deluding the sight by the now scientific process of hypnotic inhibition of the nerves, solves this mystery and does away with a lot of superstitious beliefs and alleged diabolism. It was worth all the trouble of writing that book to have made two such life-long friends as Stainton Moses and Massey: but it did much more, it changed my life and made an epoch. While Mr. Massey was in America we together visited several mediums, and he was one of those who joined H. P. B. and myself in forming the Theosophical Society toward the close of that year (1875). I introduced him to H. P. B. and he frequently visited her rooms, became her close friend and constant correspondent until the intimacy was broken, several years later, by a circumstance known as the "Kiddle incident." When he returned to London I gave him an introductory letter to Mr. Stainton Moses, and thus began that intimacy between us three which has only been interrupted by the death of "M. A. Oxon."

Mention has been made of one Signor B——. an Italian artist possessed of occult powers, who visited H. P. B. in New York. I witnessed, one autumn evening, in 1875, just after the T. S. was formed, the extraordinary phenomenon of rain-making effected by him by—as he said—the control of spirits of the air. The moon was at the full and not a cloud floated in the clear blue sky. He called H. P. B. and myself out upon the balcony of

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her back drawing-room, and, bidding me keep perfectly silent and cool, whatever might happen, he drew from the breast of his coat and held up towards the moon a pasteboard card, perhaps 6 × 10 inches in size, upon one face of which were painted in water-colors a number of squares, each containing a strange mathematical figure, but which he would not let me handle or examine. I stood close behind him, and could feel his body stiffen as though it were responding to an intense concentration of will. Presently he pointed at the moon and we saw dense black vapours, like thunder-clouds, or, I should rather say, like the tumbling mass of black smoke that streams away to leeward from the funnel of a moving steamer, pouring out of the shining eastern rim of the brilliant satellite, and floating away towards the horizon. Involuntarily I uttered an exclamation, but the sorcerer gripped my arm with a clutch of steel and motioned me to be silent. More and more rapidly the black pall of cloud rushed out, and longer and longer it stretched away towards the distance, like a monstrous jetty plume. It spread into a fan-shape and soon other dark rain-clouds appeared in the sky, now here, now there, and formed into masses rolling, drifting, and scudding exactly like a natural water metre. Rapidly the heavens became overcast, the moon disappeared from view, and a shower of rain-drops drove us into the house. There was no thunder or lightning, no wind, just simply a smart shower, produced within the space of a quarter-hour by this man of mystery. When we came into the

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light of the chandelier, I saw that his face had that look of iron firmness and that clenching of the teeth that one sees on the faces of comrades in battle. And truly for good reason, for he had just been battling against and conquering the unseen hosts of the elements, a thing that brings out every spark of virile force in man. Signor B. did not linger with us but hastily took his leave, and, as the hour was late, I followed his example within the next few minutes. The pavement was wet with rain, the air damp and cool. My rooms were but a few steps off, and I had barely reached them and settled myself for a smoke when the bell rang, and, upon opening the front door, upon the threshold I found Signor B., pale and partly exhausted. He excused himself for troubling me but asked for a glass of water. I made him enter, and after he had drunk the water and rested awhile, we went to conversing about occult subjects and kept it up for a long time. I found him ready to talk about art, literature or science, but extremely reticent about occult science and his personal experience in psychical development. He explained, however, that all the races of elemental spirits are controllable by man when his innate divine potencies are developed : his will then becoming an irrestible force before which all inferior, that is every elemental force, whether organised as entities or brute, blind cosmic agents, are compelled to yield. I had seen no black smoke actually pouring out of the moon, that was a simple illusion produced by the concentration of his thought upon her surface, but I had certainly seen

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clouds form out of the moonlit sky and rain fall, and he commended the fact to me for reflection. But now he gave me a bit of advice which fairly astonished me. I had seen him on the best of terms with H. P. B., talking in the most friendly and unreserved way about Italy, Garibaldi, Mazzini, the Carbonari, the Eastern and Western adepts, etc., and matching phenomena, like the trick of the white butterflies, and I certainly had reason to be amazed when, putting on an air of mystery, he warned me to break off my intimacy with her. He said she was a very wicked and dangerous woman, and would bring some terrible calamity upon me if I allowed myself to fall under her malign spell. This—he said—he was ordered by the great Master, whose name I had heard him pronounce to H P. B., to tell me. I looked at the man to see if I could detect the concealed meaning of this preposterous speech, and finally said: "Well, Signor, I know that the Personage you mention exists; I have every reason, after seeing your phenomena, to suspect that you have relations with him or with the Brotherhood; I am ready, even to the sacrifice of my life, to obey his behests; and now I demand that you give me a certain sign by which I shall know, positively and without room for the least doubt, that Madame Blavatsky is the devil you depict, and that the Master's will is that my acquaintance with her shall cease." The Italian hesitated, stammered out something incoherent, and turned the conversation. Though he could draw inky clouds out of the moon, he could not throw black doubt into my heart about my

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friend and guide through the mazy intricacies of occult science. The next time I saw H. P. B. I told her about B.'s warning, whereupon she smiled, said I had nicely passed through that little test, and wrote a note to Signor B. to "forget the way to her door." Which he did.

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CHAPTER V.

SPIRITUALISM.

OUT of the sea of controversy into which H. P. B. and I were plunged by my *Graphic* letters and my book; Mr. Owen's article on Katie King and his interleaved disclaimer, in the January (1875) *Atlantic Monthly;* General Lippitt's contributions to the *Galaxy* (December, 1874) and the *Banner of Light;* the attacks upon and defences of the Holmes mediums; and the universal discussion of Spiritualism in the American and European press,—were churned certain precious things: among them, the forcing of Eastern occult ideas upon Western attention, and the birth of the Theosophical Society.

To refute the mendacious stories of Mahatma meddlings and attendant phenomena, and show the natural stages by which the Society came into being, we must glance at the earlier letters written to the press by its two actual pioneers and parents (of which I have an incom-

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plete set of copies). The details may be dry, but they are important as historical data.

As already explained, the self-advertising attack of the late Dr. George M. Beard—an electropathic physician of New York city—upon the Eddys, and his wild and false assertion that he could imitate the form-apparitions with "three dollars' worth of drapery," lashed H. P. B. into a Berserker writing-rage and made her send the *Graphic* that caustic reply, covering a bet of $500 that he could not make good his boast, which first acquainted the American public with her existence and name. Naturally, people took sides; the friends of Spiritualism and the mediums siding with H. P. B., while the opponents, especially the materialistically inclined scientists, ranged themselves in the cohort of Dr. Beard's supporters. The one who profited by the dispute was Beard, whose *ruse*—worthy of Pears, Beecham, or Siegel—advertised him and his electricity beyond his expectations. Profiting by the chance, he gave a thoroughly well advertised lecture on this subject, and another, if I remember aright, upon Mesmerism and Thought-reading, at the New York Academy of Music. The *Banner of Light*, the *R. P. Journal* and other papers, commenting upon H. P. B.'s anti-Beard letter, she replied, and so, very speedily found herself with her hands full of controversy. As I said before, she took up the position of an out-and-out Spiritualist, who not only believed but *knew* that the powers behind the mediums, which wrote, produced physical phenomena, talked in air-formed voices,

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and even showed their entire forms and disconnected faces, hands, feet or other members, were the earth-haunting spirits of the dead; neither more nor less. In a previous chapter I quoted passages from her published letters and articles going to prove this, and in her very first letter to me, written from New York within a week after she left me at Chittenden (October, 1864) addressing me as "Dear Friend" and signing herself "Jack," and in her second one, dated six days later and signed "Jack Blavatsky," she entreats me not to praise the mediumistic musical performance of one Jesse Sheppard, whose pretence to having sung before the Czar, and other boasts she had discovered to be absolutely false; as such a course on my part would "injure Spiritualism more than anything else in the world." * "I speak to you," she tells me, "as a true friend to yourself and (as a) Spiritualist anxious to save Spiritualism from a danger." In the same letter, referring to a promise given her by "Mayflower" and "George Dix," two of the alleged spirit-controls of Horatio Eddy, that they would help her by influencing the judge before whom was pending her lawsuit to recover the money put into the Long Island

* Led by his unlucky star, Sheppard—she writes—had brought her a lot of his St. Petersburgh credentials, in Russian, to translate. Among them she found a Police license to sing at the Salle Koch, a low lager-bier saloon and dance hall, resorted to by dissipated characters of both sexes, and a music-master's bills for 32 roubles, for teaching him certain Russian songs—which we heard him sing at Eddy's, *in a dark séance when he was ostensibly under the control of Grisi and Lablache!* I give the facts on her authority without prejudice.

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market-garden copartnership—she says: "Mayflower was right, Judge —— came in with another decision in my favour." Did she believe, then, that medium-controlling spirits could and would influence justices? If not, what does her language imply? Either she was a Spiritualist, or so represented herself for the time being, with the ulterior design of gradually shifting Spiritualists from the Western to the Eastern platform of belief in regard to the mediumistic phenomena. In her anti-Beard letter (*N. Y. Daily Graphic*, Nov. 13, 1874), she says—speaking of the incident of the bringing to her by the "spirits" of Horatio Eddy, of a decoration-buckle that had been buried with her father's body, at Stavropol—"I deem it my duty as a Spiritualist to," etc., etc. Later on, she told me that the outburst of mediumistic phenomena had been caused by the Brotherhood of Adepts as an evolutionary agency, and I embodied this idea in a phrase in my book (*P.O.W.*, p. 454, top), suggesting the thinkable hypothesis that such might be the fact. But then, in that case, the spiritualistic outbreak could not be regarded as absolutely maleficent, as some Theosophical extremists have depicted it; for it is inconceivable—at least to me, who knew them—that those Elder Brothers of Humanity would ever employ, even for the good of the race, an agency in itself absolutely bad. The Jesuit motto, *Finis coronat opus*, is *not* written on the temple walls of the Fraternity.

In the same number of the *Daily Graphic* to which she contributed her anti-Beard letter, was published her bi-

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ography, from notes furnished by herself. She says, "In 1858, I returned to Paris and made the acquaintance of Daniel Home, the Spiritualist . . . Home converted me to Spiritualism . . . After this I went to Russia. I converted my father to Spiritualism." In an article defending the Holmes mediums from the treacherous attack of their ex-partner and show-manager, Dr. Child, she speaks of Spiritualism as "*our* belief" and "*our* cause"; and again, "the whole belief of *us* Spiritualists"; still further, "if we Spiritualists are to be laughed at, and scoffed, and ridiculed, and sneered at, we ought to know at least the reason why." Certainly; and some of her surviving colleagues might profitably keep it in mind. In the *Spiritual Scientist* of March 8, 1875, she says that a certain thing would "go towards showing that, notwithstanding the divine truth of our faith (Spiritualism) and the teachings of our invisible guardians (the spirits of the circles), some Spiritualists have not profited by them, to learn impartiality and justice."

This was both courageous and magnanimous on her part; thoroughly characteristic of the way in which she flung herself in the fore-front of battle for any cause that she took up. Her sympathies for liberty and free-thought led her to follow, with several other ladies, the victory-bringing flag of Garibaldi, the Liberator, and to plunge into the thick of the carnage at Mentana; and so now, when she saw the Spiritual Idea battling against Materialistic Science, no fear of contamination by contact with fraudulent mediums, evil spirits, or cliques of

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Spiritualists who preached and practised free-love and the breaking of healthy social bonds, made her hesitate for one moment about taking her stand on the side of Spiritualism. Her policy may be condemned by some, her language—as seen in the few specimens, out of many, above quoted—be regarded as a full endorsement of the very Spiritualism she afterwards so mercilessly criticised ; but to judge her fairly, one must try and put himself beside her under the then existing conditions ; he must try to realise how much she knew, both in theory and practise, about psychical phenomena that the world need to know before casting itself into the lethal stream of Materialism. Many of us would have used much more guarded language, and thus avoided leaving behind us such a tangle of contradictions and confusion ; but then she was exceptional in every respect—in mental and psychical powers, in temperament and in method of controversy. One object of this narrative is to show that, with all human frailties and eccentricities that may be ascribed to her, she was a great, high-towering personage, who did a great altruistic work for the world, and was rewarded with savage ingratitude and blinded depreciation.

Her instructions to me about the existence of the elemental spirit world went on—as before noted—apace with our private intercourse with (alleged) rapping spirits, and so, long before I had adopted the Eastern theory of Pisachas and Bhûtas,called by us elementaries,*

*In point of fact, both of us used to call the spirits of the elements "elementaries," thus causing much confusion, but when *Isis* was

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I had come to distinguish the two unlike classes of phenomena-working agents, the sub-human nature-spirits, and the earth-bound, ex-human elementaries. Towards the close of the winter season of 1874–5, while at Hartford seeing my book through the press, but too late to re-write it, I had the rare chance of consulting the superb collection of books on the occult sciences in the Watkinson Library of Reference, made for it by Dr. H. C. Trumbull, the erudite Librarian. I was thus pretty well prepared to understand H. P. B.'s verbal explanations, and her many surprising psychical phenomena in illustration of them. This course of preparatory reading, lectures, and phenomena also stood me in good stead when she addressed herself to the laborious task of writing *Isis Unveiled*, and enlisted me as her helper.

It was in the first quarter of the year 1875, that we became interested in the *Spiritual Scientist*, a small but bright and independent journal, published and edited in Boston, by Mr. E. Gerry Brown. The crying need of the hour was a paper which, while recognised as an organ of Spiritualism, could be induced to help in bringing Spiritualists to scrutinise more closely the behaviour and pretended psychical gifts of their mediums, and to patiently listen to the theories of spirit being and intercourse with the living. The older journals of that class were, what might be termed too orthodox, while Mr.

being written, I suggested that we should employ the distinctive terms "elemental" and "elementary" in the connections they have ever since had. It is too late to change them now, else I should do it.

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Brown's specialty seemed to be to win his way by fearless criticism of abuses. Our relations with him were brought about by a letter to him (*Spi. Sci.*, March 8, 1875), and within the next month he had been taken under the favour of the powers behind H. P. B. In the number of the journal in question for April 17th, appeared a very notable circular headed "Important to Spiritualists." The importance of it to Mr. Gerry Brown was in the promise (fairly redeemed) * it embodied of literary and pecuniary help to be given him, while to the public which concerned itself in the question of Spiritualism, it held out the profitable idea that the paper would be used as the organ of the new movement for placing American Spiritualism on a more philosophical and intellectual basis. The circular stated that the leading Spiritualist papers were "compelled to devote most of their space to communications of a trivial and purely personal character, interesting only to the friends of the spirits sending them . . ." and to beginners. The London *Spiritualist* and Paris *Revue Spirite* were cited as "examples of the kind of paper that should have been established in this country (U. S. A.) long ago—papers which devote more space to the discussion of principles, the teaching of philosophy, and the display of conservative critical ability, than to the mere publication of

* Professor Buchanan, Epes Sargent, Charles Sotheran and other known writers, not to mention our two selves, began contributing to his columns, and H.P.B. and I gave him several hundred dollars towards current expenses. The latter form of help was acknowledged in his "leader" of June 1, 1875, entitled "Rock Bottom."

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the thousand-and-one minor occurrences of . . . circles." The third paragraph read as follows :

" It is the standing reproach of American Spiritualism that it teaches so few things worthy of a thoughtful man's attention : that so few of its phenomena occur under conditions satisfactory to men of scientific training ; that the propagation of its doctrines is in the hands of so many ignorant, if not positively vicious, persons ; and that it offers, in exchange for the orderly arrangements of prevailing religious creeds, nothing but an undigested system of present and future moral and social relations and accountability." *

I wrote every word of this circular myself, alone corrected the printer's proofs, and paid for the printing. That is to say, nobody dictated a word that I should say, nor interpolated any words or sentences, nor con-

* I was then and have since often been reproached by Spiritualists for the severity of my strictures upon the prevalent large admixture of immoral views and behaviour among mediums and whole groups of pretended Spiritualists, but I never wrote more caustic things about them than are to be found in the newspaper articles and books of leading writers among themselves. To say nothing of the sweeping and savage depreciation of the whole company of his brother mediums and psychics, by that peacock medium, Home, Mrs. Hardinge Britten says (*Nineteenth Century Miracles*, p. 426), that her spirit guides had told her that "the worst foes of Spiritualism would be of its own household, and the cruellest stabs directed against it would be dealt by the hands of Spiritualists themselves." In another place she says: "and thus this great cause, like many another of the world's purest Messiahs, has been lifted up on the cross of martyrdom between the thieves of licentiousness and cupidity" ; if it had not died out, "it is not for lack of every available effort on the part of humanity to sap its integrity by internal corrup-

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trolled my action in any visible way. I wrote it to carry out the expressed wishes of the Masters that we— H. P. B. and I— should help the Editor of the *Scientist* at what was to him, a difficult crisis, and used my best judgment as to the language most suitable for the purpose. When the circular was in type at the printer's and I had corrected the proofs, and changed the arrangement of the matter into its final paragraphs, I enquired of H. P. B. (by letter) if she thought I had better issue it anonymously or append my name. She replied that it was the wish of the Masters that it should be signed thus : "*For the Committee of Seven*, BROTHERHOOD OF LUXOR." And so it was signed and published. She subsequently explained that our work, and much more of the same kind, was being supervised by a Committee of seven Adepts belonging to the Egyptian

tion, as well as by external antagonism. . . ." Free-love "had expanded from an incipient germ to the full maturity of a widespread movement. . . . The monstrous flow of licentious doctrine, often illustrated by monstrous licentiousness of life and conduct, which for a certain period of time spread like an evil contagion throughout the United States, . . . cast a most unjust and ruinous ill-odour over the reputation and belief of tens of thousands of innocent persons," etc. I never wrote anything as strong as that; though even Mrs. Britten has not exaggerated the unsavoury condition of affairs produced by the unrestricted encouragement of intercourse between the living and the dead. To regulate this intercourse, to announce its perils, and to show what was true spiritualism, and how man can develop true spirituality, was plainly H. P. B.'s design and her motive for declaring herself a Spiritualist. This will be evident, I think, to those who follow her course throughout to the day of her death.

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group of the Universal Mystic Brotherhood.* Up to this time she had not even seen the circular, but now I took one to her myself and she began to read it attentively. Presently she laughed, and told me to read the acrostic made by the initials of the six paragraphs. To my amazement, I found that they spelt the name under which I knew the (Egyptian) adept under whose orders I was then studying and working. Later, I received a certificate, written in gold ink, on a thick green paper, to the effect that I was attached to this "Observatory," and that three (named) Masters had me under scrutiny. This title, Brotherhood of Luxor, was pilfered by the schemers who started, several years later, the gudgeon-trap called "The H. B. of L." The existence of the real Lodge is mentioned in Kenneth Mackenzie's *Royal Masonic Cyclopædia* (p. 461).

Nothing in my early occult experience during this H. P. B. epoch, made a deeper impression on my mind than the above acrostic. It proved to me that space was no bar to the transmission of thought-suggestions from the teacher's to the pupil's brain; and it supported the theory that, in the doing of world-work, the agent may often be actually led by overseeing directors to do things which they choose to have done, without his being at all conscious that his mind is not functioning under the sole impulse of its controlling Ego. Applying this

* It has been already explained that I first worked under the Egyptian part of the African section and later under the Indian section.

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not unreasonable or unscientific theory to the whole history of the Theosophical Society, who can say in what proportion of cases any of us has been unconsciously doing what had to be done, but might not have been done if no external influence had given us the push? And how many of the wretched mistakes, missteps, and injurious eccentricities that have occurred, or been shown, by either of us, were due to our just being left to follow our own wrong impulses, the result of our temperaments, ignorance, moral weakness or bigoted prejudices? People often wonder why the various scandals, such as the Coulomb and lesser ones which we have had to suffer from, were not foreseen and prevented by the Masters; why H. P. B. was not forewarned of what traitors would do; and why, in the seemingly most serious crisis, no help came, no spiritual guide appeared. Of course, such questions imply the absurdity that Mahatmas, who implicilty believe in and govern their own actions by the strict rules of Karma, would take us, like so many puppets on wires, or so many poodles being taught tricks, and put us through set motions, to the meddling with our Karma, and the consequent interference with our rights. What the evolution of society needs at a particular juncture is, perhaps, that a certain person should do, write, or say a certain thing which, once done, brings after it a whole train of consequences. If that necessary thing involves no Karmic wrong to the individual, the mental impulse to do it may be given him, and so the sequences of cause

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and effect be begotten. The destinies of Europe, for example, are under the control of three or four men, who might meet together in a boating party and in the same boat. If some certain trifle should occur, then such a kingdom would ultimately be destroyed, such a dynasty develop into a scourge of the race, or such an era of peace and progress be entered upon. If either the one or the other be demanded at that juncture by the interests of all mankind, and *no other means are available* for precipitating the crisis, then I could conceive it as lawful for the mental suggestion to be made from without: or, take a simpler case, which is also historical. A point had been reached in the progress of Egyptology where the world needed a better clue than it had for reading the hieroglyphics: in the literature of that ancient civilisation lay great and precious truths—truths, the time to republish which had arrived. All other means failing, an Arab labourer is simply moved to dig at a certain spot, or break open a certain sarcophagus; he finds an engraved stone or an inscribed papyrus; which he sells to Mr. Grey, at Thebes, in 1820, or to Signor Casati, at Karnak or Luxor; who, in turn, transmit it to Champollion, or Young, or Ebers; who find the missing clue, and with it decipher very important old writings. It is the helping, not the fratricidal, hand that these hidden benefactors of ours hold out to humanity. Or, to cite a case much nearer home: I am moved to buy a paper on a certain day; I read a certain thing in it; which prompts me to take a natural step;

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which, later, brings H. P. B. and myself together; which, after a while, evolves the Theosophical Society and its consequences. For taking the initial step, I reap no merit; but if the effect is a good one, and I merge myself into it, and work for it with unselfish fervour, then I *do* share in the *whole* benefit that that effect imparts to humanity. I saw some poor people at Galle, once, reaching up their hands to touch the baskets of food which richer neighbours had procured for and were bearing on their heads to a company of Buddhist monks. Upon inquiry I was told that, by feeling a true sympathy for the deed of charity, they partook of the merit it involved. It meant more than a long sermon to me, and I embodied the idea in my *Buddhist Catechism.*

I found among my papers last week an old letter from the Hon. Alexander Aksakoff, of St. Petersburgh, which though probably not one of those which were so phenomenally abstracted from the mailbags en route to New York and delivered to me in Philadelphia, since it is dated in St. Petersburgh the 4-16th April, 1875, and must have reached me after my visit to H. P. B. was finished, contains a lead-pencil postscript on the fourth page in the quaint handwriting of "John King." He tells me that my correspondent "is a truly good man and a learned one, too"—facts which are now acknowledged universally. Having lost or given away the envelope, I cannot fix the exact date of the letter's arrival. In it, M. Aksakoff informs me that, after reading my *Graphic* letters and noting their effect in the

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two hemispheres, he is convinced of the absolute necessity for an exhaustive inquiry into the phenomena, by the best men of science. He asks me if I cannot organise such a committee, and tells me what has been done in Russia. There are four professors of eminence, in as many different Universities, who have, in committee, gone thoroughly into the matter and satisfied themselves of the reality of the phenomena; if I choose, these scientific gentlemen will send me a joint appeal to their American colleagues, to do as they have done, and thus settle, once and for all, the most important problem that man has to solve for his own sake and for the welfare of the race. Of course, this was exactly the motive which had prompted my undertaking the Eddy researches, but I found the obstacles presented, in the ignorant and brutish obstinacy of the mediums and their whole corps of "guides," insurmountable, and recorded the fact in my book. I was a little amused to read, in a Postscript written two days later than his letter, that M. Aksakoff, who had meanwhile finished reading H. P. B.'s Russian translation of my book, said it was plain that an orderly scientific search with such people as mediums was impossible, and begged me to consider his plan as cancelled. The matter did not drop there, however, for our correspondence was kept up, and resulted in H. P. B. and I being asked to serve as a committee to select a trustworthy medium to be sent over to St. Petersburgh, for trial and testing by a Special Committee of Professors of the St. Petersburgh Imperial University. We

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accepted the commission, and our joint card announcing the fact to the public appeared in the *Spiritual Scientist* of July 8, 1875—as far as I can make out from the confused way in which the newspaper-cuttings are pasted in our Scrap-Book, Vol. I. At all events, in the journal of that day was published a translation of Mr. Aksakoff's letter to H. P. B. broaching the subject, thus :

"My prayer to you and Col. Olcott is as follows : Will you be so kind as to translate into English the enclosed 'Appeal to Mediums' . . . consult together and report to us [the Imperial Society of Experimentalists in Physics] whom, of American mediums we had better invite to St. Petersburgh in the best interests of the Cause? For our first experiments we should prefer having mediums for simple but strong physical manifestations *in the light.* Use all your influence to get us good mediums, begin the work at once and advise me without loss of time. Bear in mind that money is no object with us," etc.

Naturally enough this letter drew out a good many applications, and we personally tested the mediumship of several of the parties, seeing some extremely surprising phenomena, and some really beautiful. Its appearance was seized upon by certain impudent impostors to give a public show of pretended mediumship at the Boston Theatre, on a Sunday evening in the same July, advertising themselves as engaged to go to Russia. We exposed and repudiated them in a card sent, July 19, 1875, to all the Boston papers.

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CHAPTER VI.

ORIENTAL DISAPPROBATION.

BY common consent the Western public have assumed that professional mediums, whose food and lodging depend upon their constant ability to produce psychical phenomena when patrons come to see the same, are greatly tempted in emergencies to supplement real ones with fraudulent imitations. Poor, almost without an exception ; often invalids, yet obliged to support children and perhaps lazy or disabled husbands ; their incomes extremely precarious, at best, because the mediumistic state depends upon psycho-physiological as well as atmospheric conditions beyond their control, it is not strange that, under the pressure of quarter-day or some other dire necessity, their moral sense should become blunted. Naturally they yield to the temptation flung at them by credulous visitors, who, apparently, ask nothing better than to pay to be duped. At any rate, that is how professional mediums have explained it to me. They have told me their miserable life-histories, how the fatal gift of mediumship embittered their child-

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hood, made them shunned and persecuted by their schoolmates, sought after and run down by the curious, caused them to be used as a drawing sensation by travelling showmen, to the profit of their own parents (*vide* the tragical story of the Eddy children as told by them to me, in *P. O. W.*, chapter II.), and developed the seeds of hysteria, phthisis, or scrofula, to the ruin of their health. Mrs. Hardinge Britten, than whom nobody has known more of mediums and mediumship, told me in New York, in 1875, that she had seldom or ever known a medium who was not of a scrofulous or phthisical temperament, and medical observation shows, I believe, that derangements of the reproductive organs are quite common among them. Genuine mediumship, promiscuously practised, is, I fear, a serious physical danger, to say nothing as regards its effect morally. Every physician tells us that to sleep in an ill-ventilated room in company with a mixed company of persons, some perhaps diseased, is most dangerous and may prove fatal. But this risk is nothing as compared with that run by the poor public medium, who has to tolerate the presence and be soaked in the magnetic aura of all comers, be they morally or physically diseased or healthy: gross, sensual, irreligious, unspiritual, brutish in habitual thought, word, or deed, or the opposite. Alas! poor things, theirs is a psychical prostitution. Thrice happy such as can develop and practise their psychical gifts in the pure surroundings of a select and superior company: so were Temple seeresses guarded in the ancient times.

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The above remarks are pertinent to the line of inquiry that H. P. B. and I had undertaken, at M. Aksakoff's request, on behalf of the St. Petersburgh scientific committee. While we realised that we should have to choose among professionals, it not being likely that any private medium would consent to the publicity and annoyance of such an ordeal, we determined that we should be thoroughly satisfied of the real and reasonably available psychical powers of the male or female medium we should ultimately recommend. M. Aksakoff's desire that preference should be given to those whose phenomena could be shown "in the light," was most reasonable, for thus the chance of successful trickery is minimised; yet there were then—and are now, for that matter—few mediums who could count upon anything of a very striking character happening at their séances by daylight. Our choice would have been narrowed down to two or three like C. H. Foster, or Dr. Slade, who were equally indifferent whether they sat by day or night since their successes in giving "tests of spirit identity" were tolerably certain. We decided, therefore, to find a good medium at any rate, whether he or she came quite up to M. Aksakoff's ideal or not. Our inquiries extended over several months, to the May of 1876, if I am not mistaken, and as I may as well finish with this episode, now that it is taken up, even though it breaks in upon the chronological sequence of events in T. S. history, I shall recall the successive stages of the St. Petersburgh mediumistic inquiry as best I can.

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In the summer of 1875, a woman named Youngs was practising mediumship for a livelihood at New York. She was, as I dimly recall her, a largely built person, of obstreperous manners and strong physical as well as psychical powers. Her tone of bullying towards her "guides in Spirit Land" was in amusing contrast with the honeyed accents commonly used by most mediums towards the invisibles. "Now, then, spirits," she would say, "don't be lazy; hurry up; what are you about? Move the piano, or do this or that. Come, we are all waiting!" *And do it they did*, as though obedient to her will. Her chief phenomenon was the causing of the spirits to raise a full-sized, heavy piano and making it tilt forward and backward in time to her playing of airs upon it. I heard of her and thought I would get H. P. B. to go with me and see what she could do. She consented, so I put into my pocket three things, to be used as new tests of her mediumship, a raw egg and two English walnuts, the experimental value of which will be presently seen. Fortunately I am not obliged to rely wholly upon memory, since I find a cutting from the New York *Sun* of September 4, 1875, giving an accurate account of the séance and of my tests. Fifteen persons were present. The *Sun* reporter says:

"The performance began with the lifting of the piano by invisible powers, three times for 'yes' and once for 'no,' in answer to questions put by Mrs. Youngs, she resting her hands lightly on top of the music-rack. She then sat down and played various airs, and the instru-

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ment rose and fell and beat the time. She then went to one end of the piano and called up Colonel Olcott, and as many more of the others as chose to make the experiment, and, causing each to place his left hand underneath the case, laid one of her hands lightly under it, whereupon, at her demand, the end of the heavy instrument [He says elsewhere that he, the reporter, 'could not lift one end of it,' so great was its weight] was lifted off the floor without the slightest effort on her part. The Colonel here asked to be permitted to make a single test which should not injure the medium at all. Mrs. Youngs consenting, he produced a hen's egg from a box, and asked her to hold it in her hand against the under side of the piano, and then request the spirits to raise it. The medium said that, in the course of her mediumship, such a test had never been suggested, and she could not say it would be successful, but she would try. She took the egg and held it as desired, and then rapping upon the case with her other hand, asked the spirits to see what they could do. Instantly the piano rose as before, and was held for a moment suspended in the air. The novel and striking experiment was a complete success.

"Mrs. Youngs then asked as many of the heaviest persons in the room as could sit on the instrument to mount it, and the invitation being accepted by seven ladies and gentlemen, she played a march, and the instrument, persons and all, were lifted easily. Colonel Olcott now produced a couple of English walnuts, and asked the spirits to crack the shells under the piano legs without

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crushing the kernels, the idea being to show that some power beyond the one woman herself, and a power governed by intelligence, was exerting itself. The spirits were willing, but as the piano legs rested upon rolling casters the test was abandoned. He then asked to be permitted to hold an egg in his own hand against the under side of the piano, and have Mrs. Youngs lay her hand beneath and against his, so that he might have a perfect demonstration of the fact that no muscular force whatever was being exerted by her. This test was also agreed to and immediately tried. The piano rose the same as before. The manifestations of the evening were then brought to a close with the *lifting of the instrument without the medium's hands touching it at all.*"

This was certainly a very striking manifestation of psycho-dynamical power. Not only was a seven-and-a-half-octave piano, too heavy for one man to lift endwise, raised without the least expenditure of muscular force by the medium or any other living person present, and in a fully lighted room, but *an intelligent comprehension of requests and compliance with them* was demonstrated. Let us admit that the medium's intelligence was alone in play, still we have the problem of how she could transform her thought, first into will and then into active force. The final test of making her lay her hand beneath mine, which held the egg, and then cause the ponderous instrument to rise as lightly as a feather, contrary to the law of gravity, was to me, as well as to H. P. B., conclusive proof of her mediumistic gift, and we made

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her a conditional offer to recommend her to M. Aksakoff. The condition was that she should subject herself to a series of harmless yet convincing tests, the successful passing of which would warrant us in thoroughly endorsing her. She, however, declined the offer on account of the long voyage and her unwillingness to leave her country to go among foreigners. I do not know what became of her, but I heard that she adopted my egg test as her stock demonstration of her true mediumship. There was very little spirituality about it, but a good deal of revolutionising physics, that I thought might stagger Professor Mendeleyeff and his brother scientists.

A very much prettier and more poetical phase of mediumship was that of Mrs. Mary Baker Thayer, of Boston, Mass., to the examination of whose phenomena I devoted some five weeks of the same summer season. She is, or was, what is called a "flower medium," *viz.*, a pyschic in whose presence rain showers of flowers, growing bushes, vines and grasses, and leaves and branches freshly torn from trees, perhaps of a kind that are exotics and to be found only in hot-houses in that cold country. When I knew her she was a middle-aged woman of winsome manners, very obliging as to tests, and always cheerful and friendly. Like many other public mediums, however, she drank to some extent; she said—and I can quite believe it—to make up for the terrible drain of the phenomena upon her nervous power. That she was a real medium I am fully convinced, but that

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she also supplemented by trickery her genuine phenomena, I also *know*. I know, because I caught her at it one evening in the year 1878, shortly before our leaving for India, when she was trying to convince me of her ability to "pass matter through matter," in imitation of Professor Zöllner's celebrated experiments at Leipzig with the help of the medium Slade. I was very sorry that she tried the game with me, for until then I had had nothing but good to say of her. It is sad, I repeat, to know that these poor mediumistic martyrs to human selfishness and inquisitiveness are so often, not to say invariably, driven by necessity to practising on credulity for the lack of reasonable maintenance and surveillance, by properly constituted spiritualistic societies and committees, in command of adequate funds for the purpose. I have always pitied rather than blamed the wretched mediums, while laying the responsibility upon the Spiritualists as a body, where it solely belongs. Let those who think differently try starvation and selfish neglect for a while, and see if they will then be so quick to condemn tricking psychics.

A long summarised report of my Thayer investigations —in part of which H. P. B. assisted—appeared in the New York *Sun* of August 18, 1875, and was extensively copied throughout America and Europe, and translated into various languages.

The method of procedure at Mrs. Thayer's séances was this : The company being assembled, some respectable visitor agreeable to all was asked to examine the

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room and furniture, to fasten and, if he liked, seal the windows, lock the doors and take charge of the keys. The medium would also, if asked (provided that she meditated no trickery), suffer her dress to be searched for hidden flowers or other objects. She permitted me to do this whenever I liked, and willingly suffered me to tie and seal her up in a bag, a test I first employed with Mrs. Holmes. All present would then seat themselves about a large dining-table, join hands (the medium as well as the rest), the lights would be put out, and in perfect darkness phenomena would be waited for. After some delay one could hear a pattering on the bare table-top, the air would be filled with fragrance, and Mrs. Thayer would call for a light. Upon the room being illuminated, the surface of the table would be seen, sometimes, quite covered with flowers and plants, and sometimes they would be found thrust into the dress of the sitters or into their hair. Occasionally butterflies would come, or a rush of flying birds would be heard overhead and there might be a dove, a canary, a linnet, or some other bird, fluttering to the four corners of the room; or a gold-fish would be flopping about on the table, wet, as if just taken from the water. Sometimes people present would cry out in pleased wonder on finding between their hands some flower or plant they had mentally asked might be brought them. One evening I saw in front of a Scottish gentleman a full-grown heather plant of his native country, roots and all, and with the soil clinging to them as if it had just been uprooted. There were even

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three angle worms wriggling in the dirt. It was quite a common thing for smilax and other vines, seemingly just torn from their pots or beds, and with the soil amidst their roots, to be brought : I had them myself. But I had a better thing than that. One afternoon, I visited Forest Hills Cemetery, situate in a suburb of Boston, and, passing through the green-houses, my attention was struck by a curious plant with long, narrow leaves, striped with white and pale green, known in botany as the *Dracæna Regina*. With my blue pencil I drew underneath one of the leaves the six-pointed star and mentally asked the spirits to bring it to me in Mrs. Thayer's next circle, on the following evening. On that occasion I sat beside her and held her hands to make sure of her good faith. In the dark, I felt some cool and moist object drop upon one of my hands which, when the room was again lit up, proved to be my marked *Dracæna* leaf ! To make assurance doubly sure, I revisited the green-house and found that my leaf had actually been detached from the stalk and the one I had in my pocket fitted the fracture ! A number of similar facts, which I lack space to even cursorily mention, convinced me that Mrs. Thayer was a real psychic ; there was, moreover, a certain physiological phenomenon which not only strengthened my belief, but cast much light upon the whole problem of mediumship. Holding both her hands in mine, I noticed that just at the moment when the falling plants began to patter on the table, she would shudder as if chilly, sigh, and her hands instantly turned deathly

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cold, as though a flush of iced water had suddenly run through her veins. The next moment the hands would resume the normal temperature of health. I challenge all the doubting scientists in the world to imitate this phenomenon *in themselves*. It seems indicative of a total change of "vital polarity," in the making of phenomena, to use a necessary expression. When H. P. B. evoked the full-length spirit-form out of Mrs. Holmes's cabinet (*P. O. W.*, 477) she clutched my hand convulsively and her hand grew icy cold; the hand of Signor B., the Italian sorcerer was like ice after his rain-compelling phenomenon; and the passage of the hysteriac into the cataleptic trance and other deeper stages of physical unconsciousness, is attended with abnormal lowering of bodily temperature. Dr. A. Moll says (*Hypnotism*, 113) that the "particularly surprising" experiments of Kraft-Ebing prove that "we must assume an astonishing capacity for regulating the temperature of the body" by hypnotic suggestion. It is fair to infer, therefore, that such a very marked change in animal heat as we have seen occurring in Mrs. Thayer and others at the moment when psychical phenomena are happening, indicates *bona fides*—the pathological change could not be simulated. Not to dwell too long on this medium's case, highly interesting though it is, I will merely mention that at one of her public séances I counted and identified eighty-four species of plants; at another, given under my own test-conditions, saw birds appear, caught and *kept* them; at another, at a private

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house and in broad daylight, saw flowers and a branch torn from a tree in the compound, brought ; and at still another, in the same friend's house—where H. P. B. and I were both guests, she having come there from Philadelphia and I from New York, to follow out these investigations for M. Aksakoff—saw big stones and a quaint old table-knife of an ancient pattern, dropped on the table. But one particular rose given me by Mrs. Thayer's benevolent Pushpa Yakshini (See Art. "Fire Elementals," *Theosophist*, vol. xii., 259) was the vehicle for a phenomenon by H. P. B. that excelled all that I had ever seen a medium do.

Our kind hostess, Mrs. Charles Houghton, wife of a well-known lawyer of Boston, living in the suburb of Roxbury, drove into town with me one evening to attend Mrs. Thayer's public séance. H. P. B. declined to go, so we left her talking with Mr. Houghton in the drawing-room. The carriage had been ordered to come for us at a certain hour, but the séance had proved a short one and all the assistants had left save Mrs. Houghton, another lady, and myself. As we had nothing better to occupy ourselves with, I asked Mrs. Thayer to give us three a private séance, to which she obligingly agreed. So we took places at the table. I held the medium's two hands and placed a foot upon her two feet, one of the ladies fastened the doors and saw that the windows were secure, and the other took charge of the light. This being extinguished, we waited in darkness for some time, but there was no sound of plant-dropping. Presently we

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heard the carriage drive up to the door, and at the same moment I felt a cool, moist flower lightly dropped, as though it might have been a snow-flake, upon the back of my hand. I said nothing until the candle was lighted, and even then continued holding Mrs. Thayer's hands, and called the ladies' attention to the fact. The flower on my hand was a lovely, half-opened double moss-rose bud, glistening with drops of dew. The medium, starting as though some one had addressed her from behind, said : "The spirits say, Colonel, that that is a present for Madame Blavatsky." I thereupon handed it to Mrs. Houghton, and she gave it over to H. P. B. on reaching home, where we found her smoking cigarettes and still talking with our host. Mrs. Houghton left the room to go and lay off her bonnet and wrap, and I seated myself with the others. H. P. B. was holding the rose in her hand, smelling its fragrance and with a peculiar far-away look in her face, that her intimates always associated with the doing of her phenomena. Her reverie was interrupted by Mr. Houghton's saying, "What an exquisite flower, Madame ; will you kindly let me see it ?" She handed it to him with the same dreamy look and as if mechanically. He sniffed its odour, but suddenly exclaimed : "How heavy it is ! I never saw a flower like this. See, its weight actually makes it bend over towards the stalk !" "What are you talking about ?" I remarked, "There is nothing unusual about it ; certainly there was not a while ago when it fell on my hand. Let me see it." I took it from him with my left hand, and

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lo! it weighed certainly very heavy. "Take care; don't break it!" exclaimed H. P. B. Tenderly I lifted the bud with the thumb and finger of my right hand and looked at it. Nothing visible to the eye accounted for the phenomenal weight. But presently there sparkled a pin-point of yellow light in its very heart, and before I could take a second look, a heavy plain gold ring leaped out, as though impelled by an interior spring, and fell on the floor between my feet. The rose instantly resumed its natural erect position and its unusual weight had gone. Mr. Houghton and I, both lawyers, moved by the professional instinct of caution, then carefully examined the flower, but detected not the slightest sign of its petals having been tampered with; they were so closely packed and overlaid that there was no possibility of forcing the ring under cover without mutilating the bud. And, in fact, how could H. P. B. have played the trick, right before our two pairs of eyes, in the full glare of three gas-jets, and while holding the rose in her right hand for not above a couple of minutes before she gave it to Mr. Houghton? Well, certainly, there is an explanation possible in Occult Science: the matter in the gold ring and that in the rose petals could have been raised from the third to the fourth dimension, and restored back to the third at the instant when the ring leaped out of the flower. And that, doubtless, is what did happen; and open-minded physicists should kindly note the fact that matter may have weight without physical bulk, as this charming experiment proves. The ring

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has been found to weigh a half ounce. I am wearing it at this moment. It was not a creation out of nothing, only an *apport;* it belonged to H. P. B., I think, and it is "hall-marked," or otherwise stamped to indicate its quality. It was a great ring for phenomena, certainly, to judge from what happened to it a year and a half later. The Theosophical Society was a year old then, and H. P. B. and I were living in two apartment suites in the same house. One evening my married sister, Mrs. W. H. Mitchell,* came with her husband to visit H. P. B. and myself, and, in the course of conversation, asked me to see the ring and bade me tell its history. She looked at it and put it on her finger while I was talking, after which she held it towards H. P. B. in the palm of

A FLOWER-BORN GOLD RING.

her left hand for her to take it. But H. P. B. leaving it lying as it was without touching it, closed my sister's fingers on it, held the hand for a moment, then let go, and told my sister to look at it. It was no longer a plain gold ring, for we found three small diamonds imbedded in the metal, "gipsy" fashion, and set so as to form a triangle. How was it done? The least miraculous theory is that H. P. B. had had a jeweller insert the diamonds previously, and concealed them from us

* If any one chooses to ask her she will corroborate my narrative, no doubt. Her address is Orange, New Jersey, U. S. A.

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by inhibiting our sense of perception until the spell was removed at the moment my sister's hand opened. As a hypnotic experiment this is perfectly comprehensible; I have seen such things done and can do them myself. One can not only cover a little diamond with the mask of invisibility, but a man, a roomful of people, a house, a tree, rock, road, mountain—anything, in short: hypnotic suggestion includes seemingly limitless possibilities. Well, let this particular experiment be explained as it may, it was a very perfect success.

To return to Mrs. Thayer: we were so pleased with her phase of mediumship that we offered her the chance to go to Russia, but, like Mrs. Youngs and for the same reasons, she declined. Similar offers were conditionally made to Mrs. Huntoon, a sister of the Eddys, and to Mrs. Andrews and Dr. Slade, but all declined. So the affair dragged on until the Winter of 1875, by which time the Theosophical Society had come into existence; M. Aksakoff's committee had broken the original compact framed to secure a thorough investigation of the phenomena, and, with Prof. Mendeleyeff, an iron-clad materialist, at their head, had published a condemnatory report, framed on baseless conjecture, not on evidence; whereupon M. Aksakoff, with noble unselfishness and from sheer love of the truth, had determined to carry out the original programme at his own cost and risk. He writes to the London *Spiritualist* about that time:

"When I resolved to search after mediums to visit St. Petersburgh, . . . I decided upon a line of action

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which I communicated to Colonel Olcott, whom I deputed to select mediums in America. I told him that I wanted our committee to have the means of proving the abnormal movement of solid objects in the light without contact with any living person. I further wished to find mediums who could get the movement of solid objects in the dark behind curtains, while they were seated in front thereof in full view of the sitters," etc.

This will give my Indian readers an idea of the extraordinary physical phenomena which were going on at the time in the Western countries. In the East, similar displacements of solid things, such as household furniture, cooking utensils, articles of clothing, etc., are occasionally heard of, but always with horror, and the eye-witnesses have scarcely ever dreamt of making them the subjects of scientific research : on the contrary, they are looked upon as misfortunes, the work of evil spirits, often of earth-bound souls of near relatives and intimate friends, and their greatest desire is to abate them as unqualified nuisances. I only repeat what has often been explained before by all theosophical writers, in saying that intercourse between the living and their deceased friends and connections is, to the Asiatic, an abhorrent proof that the dead are not happily dissevered from earthly concerns, and thus are hampered in their normal evolution towards the condition of pure spirit. The West, as a whole, despite its religious creed, is grossly materialistic, imagining the future life as but an extension of this in time,—and in space too, if one comes to consider its

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physical conceptions of heaven and hell—and can only grasp the actuality of post-mortem conscious existence through such concrete physical phenomena as M. Aksakoff enumerates, and the many others which astonish the visitors to mediums.* The East, on the other hand, is spiritual and philosophical in its conceptions, and phenomena of the above kind are to Asiatics but evidences of the possession of a low order of psychical powers by those who show them. The incident of my flower-born ring, of Mrs. Thayer's showers of plants, flowers, and birds, and of Mrs. Youngs's lifting of pianos on eggs, strike the Western materialist's imagination, not as horrors but simply as interesting lies, too scientifically revolutionary to be true, yet vastly important if so. I suppose I must have heard a hundred times if once, in India, that it was a great pity that H. P. B. showed phenomena, for it went to prove that she had not reached a high stage of Yoga. True, the Yogi is warned by Patanjali, as the contemporary *bhikshus* were by Gautama Buddha, to beware of vainly showing their wonders when they found the *Siddhis* had developed themselves in the course of their psychical evolution. Yet the Buddha himself sometimes displayed his transcendent powers of this kind, but improved the occasion

* In drafting the much-discussed "Third Object" of the Theosophical Society, at New York, my mind was influenced by the knowledge of this fact, and, at the same time, by my ignorance of the full scope of Oriental Science. Had I known what evils were to come upon us through the pretended development of psychical powers, I should have worded it otherwise.

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to preach the noble doctrines of his Arya Dharma, and spur his hearers to the noblest efforts to spiritualise, after de-brutifying themselves. And so with most other religious teachers. Did not H. P. B. adopt the like policy? Did she not, even while doing her wonders, warn us all that they were a very subordinate and insignificant part of Theosophy—some, mere hypnotic suggestions, others physical marvels in the handling of matter and force, by knowledge of their secrets and an acquired control over the elemental races concerned with cosmic phenomena? Nobody can deny this; nobody can truthfully aver that she did not invariably teach that the psychical experiment has the same relation to spiritual philosophy that the chemical experiment has to the science of chemistry. She, no doubt, erred in wasting power to astonish unimportant observers, that could have been far more profitably employed in breaching the walls of incredulous and despotic Western science: yet she did thereby convince some who were thus influenced to do good work for this great movement of ours; and some of the most tireless of that class among us came into Eastern out of Western Spiritualism over the bridge of psychical phenomena. For my part, I can say, that the great range of marvels of educated will-potency which she showed me, made it easy for me to understand the Oriental theories of spiritual science. My greatest sorrow is that others, especially those of my Eastern colleagues whose minds were thoroughly prepared, did not have the same chance.

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CHAPTER VII.

DR. SLADE.

OUR search for mediums resulted in our selection of Dr. Henry Slade for the St. Petersburgh test. Mr. Aksakoff sent me $1,000 in gold for his expenses, and in due course he departed on his mission. But, through greediness, or vanity, perhaps, certainly most unadvisably, he stopped in London, gave séances, created a great public excitement, and was arrested on the complaint of Professor Lankester and Dr. Donkin on the pretence of trickery. C. C. Massey was his counsel, and saved him on a technical point, on appeal. Slade subsequently gave at Leipzig the famous tests by which Professor Zöllner proved his theory of the Fourth Dimension, and visited The Hague and other places before going to St. Petersburgh. Before we sent him abroad he submitted his mediumistic powers to the scrutiny of a special committee of the Theosophical Society, which with one dissentient, who made a most unfair minority report, certified to Mr. Aksakoff its belief in his genuine-

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ness. A most instructive account, showing long and intimate familiarity with his powers, was supplied by his former business partner, Mr. James Simmons, to the issue of the *Theosophist* for November, 1893.

I had quite forgotten until I came to write the present chapter, at what period in the year 1875 the Eastern theory of sub-human and earth-bound spirits was brought to public attention, but I now find in our Scrap Books that the term "Elementary Spirits" was first used by myself in a letter to the *Spiritual Scientist* of June 3, 1875, reference being made to the sub-human spirits of the elements, or what we now call, "the elementals." It was but a bare reference, without the giving of any explanatory details, and intended as a caution to Spiritualists against swallowing, as they had been doing previously, without proper sifting and analysis, the messages of real or pretended mediums as trustworthy communications from departed spirits. The publication of the "Luxor" circular (in the *Spiritual Scientist*, April 17, 1875), provoked some private correspondence and public comment, the most important example of the latter being a scholarly and interesting article by a young barrister named Failes, writing under the pseudonym of "Hiraf," which appeared in the *Spiritual Scientist* for 1875, p. 202, and was continued in the next week's issue. It is full of theosophical ideas interpreted in terms of Rosicrucianism and under that title. The writer presents the Eastern philosophy of Unity and Evolution; and shows how it anticipated by many centuries the modern theories

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of force-correlation and conservation of energy. Its major importance, however, was the fact that it drew from H. P. B. a reply, which, in our Scrap-book, she calls "My first occult shot," and which, in fact, laid open the whole field of thought since ploughed up by the members, friends, and adversaries of the Theosophical Society.

In tracing up H. P. B.'s literary history from that point until the close of her life, one important fact should be borne in mind by such as are willing to do her simple justice. She was not a "learned" woman, in the literary sense, when she came to America. When, long after *Isis Unveiled* was begun, I inquired of her ever-beloved aunt Mdlle. N. A. Fadeyef, where her niece had acquired all this varied knowledge of recondite philosophies, metaphysics, and sciences, this prodigiously intuitive comprehension of ethnical evolution, the migrations of ideas, the occult forces of nature, etc., she wrote me frankly that up to their last meeting, some four or five years previously, Helena had "not even thought of such things in her dreams," that her education had been simply that of any young lady of good family. She had learnt, besides her native Russian, French, a little English, a smattering of Italian, and music: she was astounded at my accounts of her erudition, and could only attribute it to the same sort of inspiration as had been enjoyed by the Apostles, who, on the Day of Pentecost, spoke in strange tongues of which they had previously been ignorant. She added that from her childhood

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her niece had been a medium, more extraordinary for psychical power and variety of phenomena than any of whom she had read in the whole course of a lifelong study of the subject.* I had a better chance than any of her friends to know what were her actual literary attainments, having helped her in her correspondence and labours of authorship and corrected almost every page of her MSS. for years: besides which I had her confidence in a greater degree, from 1874 to 1885, than any other person. I can affirm, then, that in those early days she was not, in her normal state, a learned woman, and was never an accurate writer. This is *à propos* of her reply to "Hiraf," in which she went into particulars about Occultism and explained the nature of elementary spirits. A learned but blindly vindictive critic of hers, stigmatises this article as "simply a rehash of the writings upon Magic of Eliphas Levi, and Des Mousseaux, and Hargrave Jennings' "Rosicrucians." In it, he says, "the Madame (*sic*) disclaims any authority as a teacher, calling herself 'poor, ignorant me,' and states that she desired simply to tell a little of the little she picked up in her long travels in the East. The statement that she derived any of this article from 'the East' is untrue; the whole of it was taken from European books."

And whence did their authors get their knowledge, unless from other authors? And whence these authors? From the East, always from the East: not one of those mentioned was a practical occultist, an adept in practi-

* Letter dated Odessa, 8/20 May, 1877.

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cal psychology ; not even Eliphas Levi, save to the minor extent of being able (taking himself as the authority) to evoke spirits by the formularies of Ceremonial Magic. He was too much addicted to the pleasures of the table to be anything higher in Magic. Des Mousseaux was simply a most industrious and successful compiler for the Jesuits and Theatins, whose complimentary certificates he publishes in his works ; and as for the late Mr. Hargrave Jennings, we all knew him for an estimable little gentleman, a London *littérateur*, with a book knowledge of occult subjects and not conspicuously accurate in his deductions. Whether H. P. B. did or did not acquire her practical psychical knowledge or powers in the East, it is undeniable that she *had* them, could practise them whenever she liked, and that her explanations of them were identical with those which are given in the teachings of every Eastern school of Occult Science. I, personally, can further testify that she was in relations with Eastern adepts, and that not only she, but even I, was visited by them, conversed with them and was taught by them, before leaving America and after reaching India. To her, the books of Levi, Des Mousseaux, and all other modern and ancient writers were simply the toolboxes from which she could take the tools she needed in building the Western structure for the habitation of Eastern ideas : from one she could take one fact, from another, another. She found them but imperfect tools, at best, for those who knew, concealed, and those who did not, twisted and mutilated or misrepresented their

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facts. The Rosicrucian, Hermetic and Theosophical Western writers, producing their books in epochs of religious ignorance and cruel bigotry, wrote, so to say, with the headsman's axe suspended over their necks, or the executioner's fagots laid under their chairs, and hid their divine knowledge under quaint symbols and misleading metaphors. The world lacked an interpreter, and H. P. B. came to supply the need. Having the clues to the labyrinth in her own trained consciousness and full practical experience, she led the way, torch in hand, and bade the morally brave to follow her.* An American critic said of *Isis* that she quoted indiscriminately from the classical authors and from the current newspapers of the day; and he was right, for it mattered not what author or paragraphist she quoted from so long as his writing suggested an idea illustrative of her present theme. This answer to "Hiraf" was the first of her esoteric writings, as her answer to Dr. Beard was the first of her defences of mediumistic Spiritualism. The history of Literature furnishes no more surprising spectacle than that of this fashionably under-educated Russian noblewoman writing English at times like an Englishman; French so pure that French authors have told me her articles would serve as models of style in French schools; and Russian so enticingly brilliant as to make the conductor of the most impor-

* I say this with a reservation as to the actual degree of her own independent agency in the affair, about which I do not feel willing to dogmatise.

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tant of their reviews actually beseech her to write constantly for it, on terms as high as they gave Tourguénief. She was not always at those high-water marks, however; sometimes she wrote such bad English that her MSS. had to be almost re-written. Nor, as said, was she an orderly or accurate writer; her mind seemed to rush ahead at such a pace, and streams of thought came pouring from both sides in such force that confusion and want of method were the result in her writing. She laughed once, but confessed the justness of the comparison, when I told her that her mind was like Dickens's image of Mugby Junction, with its ceaseless trains screaming in and screaming out, backing and shunting, and from morning to night keeping up a bewildering confusion. But beginning with the "Hiraf" article, and coming down to the last line she wrote for type, one thing must honestly be said—her writing was always full of thought-suggestion, brilliant and virile in style, while her keen sense of humour often seasoned her most ponderous essays with mirth-provoking ideas. To the methodical scholar she was exasperating, yet never dull or uninteresting. Later on, I shall have occasion to speak of the phenomenal changes in her literary and conversational moods and styles. I have said, and shall always reiterate, that I learnt more from her than from any schoolmaster, professor, or author I ever had to do with. Her psychical greatness, however, so overmatched her early education and mental discipline that the critics who knew her only in literature have done

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her bitter and savage injustice. X. B. Saintine writes, in *Picciola*, that the penalty of greatness is isolation; her case proves the aphorism: she dwelt on spiritual heights whither only the eagles of mankind soar. Most of her adversaries have only seen the mud on her shoes; and, verily, sometimes she wiped them even on her friends who could not mount on wings as strong as her own.

The "Hiraf" letter has another historical value in that she therein proclaims unequivocally "from personal knowledge" the existencc of regular schools of occult training "in India, Asia Minor, *and other countries*." "As in the primitive days of Socrates and other sages of antiquity," she says, "so now, those who are willing to learn the Great Truth will ever find *the chance* if they only 'try' to meet some one to lead them to the door of 'one who knows when and how.'" She corrects "Hiraf's" too sweeping generalisation of calling all occultists Rosicrucians; telling him that that fraternity was but one of many occult sects or groups. She now openly styles herself "a follower of Eastern Spiritualism," and foresees the time when American Spiritualism will "become a science and a thing of mathematical certitude." Again, reverting to the question of adepts, she says the real Kabbala, of which the Jewish version is but a fragment, is in possession of "but a few Oriental philosophers; where they are, who they are, is more than is given me to reveal. Perhaps I do not know it myself and have only dreamed it. Thousands will say it is all imagination: so be it. Time will show. The only

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thing I *can* say is that such a body exists, and that the location of their Brotherhoods will never be revealed to other countries until the day when Humanity shall awake, . . . Until then, the speculative theory of their existence will be supported by what people erroneously believed to be *supernal* facts." Her article conveys the warning that it is waste of time to seek to become a practical Kabbalist (or Rosicrucian, if you will) by acquiring a book knowledge of occult literature; it is as foolish, she says, "as to try to thread the famous labyrinth without the clue, or to open the ingenious locks of the mediæval ages without having possession of the keys." She defines the difference between White and Black Magic and warns against the latter. Finally, she says: "But say what you (the 'very orthodox priests and clergymen of various creeds and denominations, you who are so intolerant towards Spiritualism,' [mark what meaning her context gives the term now] 'the purest of the Children of Ancient Magic,') will, you cannot help that which was, is, and ever will be, namely, the direct communication between the two worlds. We term this intercourse modern Spiritualism with the same force and logic, as when we say the 'New World,' in speaking of America."

I am sure all earnest members of the Theosophical Society will be glad to know that as early as July, 1875, H. P. B. affirmed the existence of the Eastern Adepts, of the mystic Brotherhood, of the stores of divine knowledge in their keeping, and of her personal connec-

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tion with them. She reaffirms this in a letter to the *Spi. Sci* (p. 64, but of what month of 1875 I cannot tell, as she has not dated the cutting in our Scrap-book; but she writes from Ithaca whither she went to visit Professor and Mrs. Corson, of Cornell University, in August or early September), and puts forth the important idea that "Spiritualism, in the hands of an adept, becomes Magic, for he is learned in the art of blending together the laws of the Universe, without breaking any of them and thereby violating Nature. In the hands of an inexperienced medium, Spiritualism becomes UNCONSCIOUS SORCERY; for . . . he opens, unknown to himself, a door of communication between the two worlds, through which emerge the blind forces of Nature lurking in the astral Light, as well as good and bad spirits."

The occult Idea was now fairly launched, and our published writings and private correspondence henceforth teemed with such allusions. My first extended contribution on those lines was a letter entitled "The Immortal Life," dated August 23, 1875, and published in the *New York Tribune* of the 30th of that month. I state in it that I had believed in the mediumistic phenomena for about a quarter of a century, but had discredited the assumed identification of the intelligences behind them. I affirm my belief in the reality of ancient occult science, and the fact that I had unexpectedly "been brought into contact with living persons who do, and had in my presence done the very marvels that Paracelsus, Albertus, and Apollonius are credited with."

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In saying this, I had in mind not only H. P. B.'s multifarious phenomena, not only the beginnings of my intercourse with the Mahâtmas, but also the disclosure to my own eyes, in my own bedroom, in a house where H. P. B. did *not* live, and when she was *not* present, of the spirits of the elements, by a stranger whom I casually met in New York, one day shortly before penning the letter.

The stranger came by appointment to my chambers. We opened the folding doors which separated the sitting from the small bedroom, sat on chairs facing the wide doorway, and by a wonderful process of Máya (I now suppose) I saw the bedroom converted, as it were, into a cube of empty space. The furniture had disappeared from my view, and there appeared alternately vivid scenes of water, cloudy atmosphere, subterranean caves, and an active volcano; each of the elements teeming with beings, and shapes, and faces, of which I caught more or less transient glimpses. Some of the forms were lovely, some malignant and fierce, some terrible. They would float into view as gently as bubbles on a smooth stream, or dart across the scene and disappear, or play and gambol together in flame or flood. Anon, a misshapen monster, as horrid to see as the pictures in Barrett's *Magus*, would glare at me and plunge forward, as though it wished to seize me as the wounded tiger does its victim, yet fading out on reaching the boundary of the cube of visualised *ákásh*, where the two rooms joined. It was trying to one's nerves, but after my experiences

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at Eddy's I managed not to "weaken." My stranger friend declared himself satisfied with the result of the psychical test, and, on leaving, said we might meet again. But until now we have not. He seemed a fair-skinned Asiatic, but I could not exactly detect his nationality, though I then fancied him a Hindu. He talked English as fluently as myself.

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CHAPTER VIII.

THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY PROPOSED.

WE may now take up the story of the formation of the Theosophical Society and show what led up to it, who were the people who formed it, and how its aims and objects were defined. For this, let it be remembered, is a complete history of the Society's beginnings, not a mere record of personal recollections of H. P. B.

The way had been prepared for the organisation of such a society by the active discussion, first, of Spiritualism and afterwards of some portions of Eastern spiritualistic ideas. This had been going on since my *N. Y Sun* report on the Eddys appeared, in August of the previous year (1874), and had been tenfold intensified since H. P. B. and I met at Chittenden, and used the press for the exposition of our heterodox views. Her piquant published letters, the stories that were afloat about her magical powers, and our several affirmations of the existence of non-human races of spiritual beings,

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drew into our acquaintanceship numbers of bright, clever people of occult leanings. Among these were scientific men, philologists, authors, antiquarians, broad-minded clergymen, lawyers, and doctors, some very well known Spiritualists, and one or two gentlemen journalists attached to metropolitan papers, only too eager to make good "copy" out of the business. It was an audacious thing, certainly, to stand, defiant of public prejudice, and assert the scientific legitimacy of ancient Magic in this age of scientific scepticism. Its very boldness compelled public attention, and the inevitable result was that, in time, those whom the discussion had drawn together in sympathy should group themselves together as a society for occult research. The attempt of May, 1875, to form such a nucleus in a "Miracle Club" having failed, for the reason stated in Chapter I., the next opportunity presented itself when Mr. Felt lectured privately to a few friends of ours, in H. P. B.'s rooms at 46 Irving Place, New York, on the 7th of September of the same year. This time there was no failure: the tiny seed of what was to be a world-covering banyan tree was planted in fertile soil and germinated. I regret to say that, to my knowledge, no official memorandum exists of the persons actually present on that particular evening, though one of them, the Reverend J. H. Wiggin, an Unitarian clergyman, published in *The Liberal Christian* of Sept. 4th, a notice of a similar gathering during the previous week, at which the fact of Mr. Felt's promised lecture was, I think, announced for the evening of the

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7th. He names H. P. B., myself, Signor Bruzzesi, a New Jersey judge and his wife, and Mr. Charles Sotheran (who had procured for him from H. P. B. an invitation to be present). He expresses his wonder at the range and depth of the conversation, remarking:

"It would be discourteous to detail the minutiæ of a friendly conversation where there was no desire for publicity nor any magic display, or offer notions about it. The phallic element in religions; recent wonders among the mediums; history; the souls of flowers; Italian character; the strangeness of travel; chemistry; poetry; Nature's trinity; Romanism; gravitation; the Carbonari; jugglery; Crookes's new discoveries about the force of light; the literature of Magic—were among the topics of animated discussion lasting until after midnight. If Madame Blavatsky can indeed bring order out of the chaos of modern spiritism she will do the world a service."

On the evening of September 7th, Mr. Felt gave his lecture on "The Lost Canon of Proportion of the Egyptians." He was a remarkably clever draughtsman, and had prepared a number of exquisite drawings to illustrate his theory that the canon of architectural proportion, employed by the Egyptians, as well as by the great architects of Greece, was actually preserved in the temple hieroglyphics of the Land of Khemi. His contention was that, by following certain definite clues one could inscribe what he called the "Star of Perfection" upon a certain temple wall, within which the whole

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secret of the geometrical problem of proportion would be read ; and that the hieroglyphs outside the inscribed figure were but mere blinds to deceive the profane curiosity-seeker ; for, read consecutively with those within the geometrical figure, they either made undecipherable nonsense or ran into some quite trivial narrative.

This diagram consists of a circle with a square within and without, containing a common triangle, two Egyptian triangles and a pentagon. He applies it to the pictures, statues, doors, hieroglyphs, pyramids, planes, tombs and buildings of Ancient Egypt, and shows that they agree so perfectly with its proportions that they must have been made by its rule. He applies the same canon of proportion to the masterpieces of Greek art and finds that they were, or might have been, carved without models by this rule. It is, in fact, the true canon of Nature's architecture. The late Dr. Seth Pancoast, M.D., of Philadelphia, a most erudite Kabbalist, being present, categorically questioned Mr. Felt as to whether he could practically prove his perfect knowledge of the occult powers possessed by the true ancient magician ; among others, the evocation of spirits from the spatial deep. Mr. Felt replied as categorically that he had done and could do that with his chemical circle. "He could call into sight hundreds of shadowy forms resembling the human, but he had seen no signs of intelligence in these apparitions." I take these details from a contemporary cutting that I find in its proper place in our Scrap-book I., but to which the name of the

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paper is not attached. It looks as if it had been cut from Mr. Wiggin's paper, *The Liberal Christian.*

Felt's theory and drawings were so captivating that J. W. Bouton, the publisher of symbological books, had contracted with him to bring out his work in 1000 pages folio, with numberless illustrations, and had advanced a large sum for copper plates, graving tools, presses, etc., etc. But having to deal with a genius burdened with a large family and exasperatingly unpunctual, the thing dragged along until he lost all patience, and the final result was, I believe, a rupture between them and the grand work was never published.

Mr. Felt told us in his lecture that, while making his Egyptological studies, he had discovered that the old Egyptian priests were adepts in magical science, had the power to evoke and employ the spirits of the elements, and had left the formularies on record; he had deciphered and put them to the test, and had succeeded in evoking the elementals. He was willing to aid some persons of the right sort to test the system for themselves, and would exhibit the nature-spirits to us all in the course of a series of lectures, for which we were to pay him. Of course we passed an informal vote of hearty thanks for his highly interesting lecture, and an animated discussion followed. In the course of this, the idea occurred to me that it would be a good thing to form a society to pursue and promote such occult research, and, after turning it over in my mind, I wrote on a scrap of paper the following:

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" Would it not be a good thing to form a Society for this kind of study ? "

—and gave it to Mr. Judge, at the moment standing between me and H. P. B., sitting opposite, to pass over to her. She read it and nodded assent. Thereupon I rose and, with some prefatory remarks, broached the subject. It pleased the company and when Mr. Felt, replying to a question to that effect, said he would be willing to teach us how to evoke and control the elementals, it was unanimously agreed that the society should be formed. Upon motion of Mr. Judge, I was elected Chairman, and upon my motion Mr. Judge was elected Secretary of the meeting. The hour being late, an adjournment was had to the following evening, when formal action should be taken. Those present were requested to bring sympathisers who would like to join the proposed society.

As above stated, no official record by the Secretary of the attendance at this first meeting survives, but Mrs. Britten quotes, in her *Nineteenth Century Miracles*, (p. 296), a report which was published in a New York daily and copied into the *Spiritual Scientist*, and from her book I take the following extracts :

" One movement of great importance has just been inaugurated in New York, under the lead of Colonel Henry S. Olcott, in the organization of a society, to be known as the Theosophical Society. The suggestion was entirely unpremeditated, and was made on the evening of the 7th inst. in the parlors of Madame Blavatsky,

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where a company of seventeen ladies and gentlemen had assembled to meet Mr. George Henry Felt, whose discovery of the geometrical figures of the Egyptian Cabbala may be regarded as among the most surprising feats of the human intellect. The company included several persons of great learning and some of wide personal influence. The Managing Editors of two religious papers; the co-editors of two literary magazines; an Oxford LL.D.; a venerable Jewish scholar and traveller of repute; an editorial writer of one of the New York morning dailies; the President of the New York Society of Spiritualists; Mr. C. C. Massey, an English visitor [barrister-at-law]; Mrs. Emma Hardinge Britten and Dr. Britten; two New York lawyers besides Colonel Olcott; a partner in a Philadelphia publishing house; a well-known physician; and, most notable of all, Madame Blavatsky herself, comprised Mr. Felt's audience. . . . During a convenient pause in the conversation, Colonel Olcott rose, and after briefly sketching the present condition of the spiritualistic movement; the attitude of its antagonists, the Materialists; the irrepressible conflict between science and the religious sectaries; the philosophical character of the ancient theosophies and their sufficiency to reconcile all existing antagonism; and the apparently sublime achievement of Mr. Felt, in extracting the key to the architecture of Nature from the scanty fragments of ancient lore left us by the devastating hands of the Moslem and Christian fanatics of the early centuries, he proposed to form a nucleus around

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which might gather all the enlightened and brave souls who are willing to work together for the collection and diffusion of knowledge. His plan was to organise a society of Occultists and begin at once to collect a library ; and to diffuse information concerning those secret laws of Nature which were so familiar to the Chaldeans and Egyptains, but are totally unknown by our modern world of science."

This being from an outside source and published within a few days of the meeting, is even more welcome than if official, as it shows conclusively what I had in mind when proposing the formation of our Society. It was to be a body for the collection and diffusion of knowledge ; for occult research, and the study and dissemination of ancient philosophical and theosophical ideas : one of the first steps was to collect a library. The idea of Universal Brotherhood was not there, because the proposal for the Society sprang spontaneously out of the present topic of discussion. It was a plain, business-like affair, unaccompanied by phenomena or any unusual incident. Lastly, it was free of the least sectarian character and unquestionably antimaterialistic. The little group of founders were all of European blood, with no strong natural antagonism as to religions, and caste distinctions were to them non-existent. The Brotherhood plank in the Society's future platform was, therefore, not thought of: later on, however, when our sphere of influence extended so as to bring us into relations with Asiatics and their religions and

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social systems, it became a necessity, and, in fact, the corner-stone of our edifice. The Thesophical Society was an evolution, not—on the visible plane,—a planned creation.

I have an official report of the meeting of September 8th, signed by myself, as Chairman, and W. Q. Judge, as Secretary, which I will quote from our Minute Book:

"In consequence of a proposal of Col. Henry S. Olcott, that a Society be formed for the study and elucidation of Occultism, the Cabbala, etc., the ladies and gentlemen then and there present, resolved themselves into a meeting, and, upon motion of Mr. William Q. Judge, it was

"*Resolved*, That Col. H. S. Olcott take the chair. Upon motion it was also

"*Resolved*, That Mr. W. Q. Judge act as Secretary. The chair then called for the names of the persons present, who would agree to found and belong to a Society such as had been mentioned. The following persons handed their names to the Secretary:

"Col. Olcott, Mme. H. P. Blavatsky, Chas. Sotheran, Dr. Chas. E. Simmons, H. D. Monachesi, C. C. Massey, of London, W. L. Alden, G. H. Felt, D. E. de Lara, Dr. W. Britten, Mrs. E. H. Britten, Henry J. Newton, John Storer Cobb, J. Hyslop, W. Q. Judge, H. M. Stevens (all present save one).

"Upon motion of Herbert D. Monachesi, it was

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"*Resolved*, That a committee of three be appointed by the chair to draft a constitution and by-laws, and to report the same at the next meeting. Upon motion, it was

"*Resolved*, That the chair be added to the Committee.

"The chair then appointed Messrs. H. J. Newton, H. M. Stevens, and C. Sotheran to be such Committee.

"Upon motion, it was

"*Resolved*, That we now adjourn until Monday, September 13th, at the same place, at 8 P.M."

The Society, then, had sixteen *formers*—to use the most apposite term—not founders; for the stable founding was a result of hard work and self-sacrifice, of years, and during a part of that time H. P. B. and I worked quite alone in the trenches, laying the strong foundation. Our colleagues either went out entirely, or became listless, or were prevented by force of circumstances from devoting their time and efforts to the work. But I must not anticipate.

When this portion of my narrative appeared in the *Theosophist* (November, 1892), sketches were given of several of the officers of the Society, to which the interested reader is referred; the superabundance of material for the present volume compelling me to condense so far as practicable. I shall, however, preserve my note on Mr. Alden for the sake of the story of one of his occult experiences.

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Mr. W. L. Alden, now so well known in London literary circles, was then an editorial writer on the *N. Y. Times*, of great repute for his caustic and humoristic criticisms upon current topics. I met him in Paris recently, after many years of separation, and learnt that he had been holding an important consular appointment under the American Government. He had an amusing adventure in New York, I recollect, at about the beginning of our acquaintance. He was then an editorial contributor to the *N. Y. Daily Graphic*, and I was writing for the paper my Chittenden letters. A host of eccentric people were attracted to the editorial rooms to ask idle questions, and they bored the editor, Mr. Croly, so much that at last he published a cartoon, representing himself standing at bay, with a revolver and huge pair of shears, to defend himself against an irruption of, "long-haired men and crop-haired women" Spiritualists. But one morning there came an aged man in Eastern garb, who carried a strange-looking, evidently very old book under his arm. Saluting the editorial staff with grave courtesy, he began talking about my letters, and about Western and Eastern Spiritualism. All left their writing-tables and clustered about him. When he spoke of Magic he turned quietly towards Alden, whose occult tastes nobody had until then suspected, and said: "Do you believe there is truth in Magic, Sir?" Taken aback, Alden replied: "Well, I have read *Zanoni* and think there may be something in it." By request, the stranger showed his queer book to the

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editors. It proved to be a treatise upon Magic, written in Arabic or some other Eastern tongue, with numerous illustrations interspersed with the text. All were very much interested, Alden especially, who, at parting, asked the old gentleman if he might have some further talk with him. The latter smilingly assented, and gave him an address at which to call. When Alden went there, however, *it proved to be a Roman Catholic image and book-shop;* my friend found himself tricked, and ever after, for months, fruitlessly kept a sharp eye upon the people he met, in the hope that he might once more see the mysterious Asiatic. I was told by Mr. Croly that the man never revisited the *Graphic* office; it was as if the earth had swallowed him. This unexpected appearance and sudden disappearance of mysterious people who bring rare books to the right man, or who impart useful hints that put him on the right path through the swamp of difficulties through which he is bravely floundering towards the truth, is not an uncommon experience. Many a case of the kind has been recorded in religious history. Sometimes the visit is made during the waking hours, sometimes in visions of the night. The revelations sometimes come in "flashes" —flashes of the *buddhi* in upon the *mânas*—begetting great discoveries in science; as the idea of the spectroscope flashed in upon the mind of Fraunhöfer, that of the nature of lightning upon Franklin's, that of the telephone upon that of Edison, and that of ten thousand other great facts or laws upon other minds open to sug-

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gestion. It would be deemed exaggeration to say that *every* aspirant to arcane knowledge has his chance to get it, once in his lifetime, yet it is true, I believe, that the percentage of those who have is a hundredfold greater than people imagine. It is the individual's misfortune if, through ignorant misconceptions as to how such a messenger should look, or with what phenomenal portents his message should be delivered, he "entertains an angel unawares" or elbows him in the street without feeling even a tremor to divert his attention from a passing cab. I speak of that which I know.

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CHAPTER IX.

FORMATION OF THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY.

AT the adjourned meeting, on the evening of September 18th, 1875, Mr. Felt continued from the previous meeting, September 8th, the interesting description of his discoveries, which he illustrated by a number of colored diagrams. Some persons present thought they saw light quivering over the geometrical figures, but I incline to the belief that this was due to auto-suggestion, in part, and partly to what Felt said about their magical properties.* Certainly, I saw noth-

* The following important draft of a letter signed by Mr. Felt was found by me a short time after this chapter was written. I cannot remember whether the letter was sent for publication or not, but incline to the latter opinion. The importance of the document lies in the fact that in it, Mr. Felt unreservedly affirms the existence of elemental spirits, his acquired control over them, their effect upon animals and their relations with humanity. I think the statements as to the influence of the Egyptian geometrical drawings upon Mr. Felt's hearers exaggerated. The would-be teachers who did not come to learn, as Mr. Felt describes them, were the Spiritualist members whose orthodoxy was unshakable.

NEW YORK, June 19, 1878.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE "LONDON SPIRITUALIST."

My attention has but just now been called to certain articles, published in your city, and one of them in your paper, which reflect upon

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ing of an occult nature nor did the others present, save a very inconsiderable minority. The lecture finished, the order of the day was taken up; I acting as Chair-

statements made by friends of mine, respecting the "Theosophical Society" and myself. One or more of the writers question whether such a person as myself actually exists, or is but "the creation of the brains of Mme. Blavatsky and others." Having very little in common with the public which supports your paper, I seldom see it, and would perhaps never have known of these statements, if they had not been pointed out to me. I am engaged in mathematical pursuits, and take little or no interest in anything that cannot be exactly demonstrated, for which reason Spiritualists and myself have very few bonds of sympathy. I have so little faith in their so-called manifestations that I have long since given up trying to keep track of them.

The Theosophical Society was started under the mistaken impression that a fraternity of that kind could be run on the modern mutual admiration plan for the benefit of the newspapers, but very soon everything was in confusion. There were no degrees of membership nor grades, but all were equal. Most members apparently came to teach, rather than to learn, and their views were thoroughly ventilated on the street corners. The propriety of making different degrees was at once apparent to the real Theosophists, and the absolute necessity of forming the Society into a secret body. This reorganization into a secret society, embracing different degrees, having been accomplished, all statements of what has transpired since the members were so bound in secrecy, are of course to be viewed with suspicion, as, even if such statements were true, things may have been done in the presence of the *illuminati*, of which many ex-members and novitiates had no knowledge. Of my own acts in and out of the society, before this bond of secrecy, I am at liberty to speak, but of my doings or the doing of others since that time, I have no right to give evidence. Mr. Olcott's statement about my experiments with elemental or elementary spirits, in his inaugural address, was made without consultation with me or my consent, and was not known to me until too long after its appearance for me to protest. Although substantially true, I looked upon it as premature, and as something that should have been kept within the knowledge of the Society.

That these so-called elementals or intermediates, or elementary or

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man, and Mr. C. Sotheran as Secretary. The Minute Book says :

"The Committee on Preamble and By-laws reported

original spirits were creatures that actually existed, I was convinced through my investigations in Egyptian archæology. While working at drawings of several Egyptian Zodiacs, in the endeavour to arrive at their mathematical correspondences, I had noticed that very curious and unaccountable effects were sometimes produced. My family observed that at certain times a pet terrier dog and a Maltese cat, which had been brought up together and were in the habit of frequenting my study and sleeping on the foot of my bed, were acting very strangely, and at last called my attention to it. I then noticed that when I commenced certain investigations the cat would first appear to be uneasy and the dog for a short time would try to quiet him, but shortly the dog would also seem to be in dread of something happening. It was as though the perceptions of the cat were more acute, and they would both then insist on being let out of the room, trying to get out themselves, by running against the glass windows. Being released they would stop outside and mew and bark as though calling to me to come out. This behaviour was repeated until I was forced to the conclusion at last that they were susceptible to influences not perceptible to me.

I supposed at first that the hideous representations on the Zodiacs, etc., were "vain imaginations of a distempered brain," but afterwards thought that they were conventional representations of natural objects. After studying these effects on the animals, I reflected that as the spectrum gives rays, which though to our unaided sight invisible, had been declared by eminent scientists to be capable of supporting another creation than the one to us objective, and that this creation would probably also be invisible (Zöllner's theory), this phenomenon was one of its manifestations. As these invisible rays could be made apparent by chemical means, and as invisible chemical images could be reproduced, I commenced a series of experiments to see if this invisible creation or the influences exerted by it would be thereby affected. I then began to understand and appreciate many things in my Egyptian researches that had been incomprehensible before. As a result I have become satisfied that these Zodiacal and other drawings are representations of types in this invisible creation

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progress, and Mr. De Lara read a paper which he had been requested to write for the Committee.

"At the suggestion of the Committee it was, upon motion.

delineated in a more or less precise manner, and interspersed with images of natural objects more or less conventionally drawn. I discovered that these appearances were intelligences, and that while some seemed to be malevolent and dreaded by the animals, others on the contrary were not obnoxious to them, but on the contrary they seemed to like them and to be satisfied when they were about.

I was led to believe that they formed a series of creatures in a system of evolution running from inanimate nature through the animal kingdom to man, its highest development; that there were intelligences capable of being more or less perfectly controlled, as man was more or less thoroughly acquainted with them, as he was able to impress them as being higher or lower in the scale of creation, or as he was more or less in harmony with nature or nature's works. Recent researches showing that plants possess senses in greater or less perfection, having convinced me that this system can be still further extended. Purity of mind and body, I found to be very powerful, and smoking and chewing tobacco and other filthy habits, I observed to be especially distasteful to them.

I satisfied myself that the Egyptians had used these appearances in their initiations; in fact, I think I have established this beyond question. My original idea was to introduce into the Masonic fraternity a form of initiations such as prevailed among the ancient Egyptians, and tried to do so, but finding that only men pure in mind and body could control these appearances, I decided that I would have to find others than my whisky-soaked and tobacco-sodden countrymen, living in an atmosphere of fraud and trickery, to act in that direction. I found that when these appearances, or elementals could not be kept in perfect control, they grew malicious, and despising men whom their cunning taught them must be debased, they became dangerous, and capable of inflicting damage and harm.

With one of the members of the Society, a legal gentleman of a mathematical turn of mind, I accomplished the following, after the manner of Cornelius Agrippa, who claimed for himself and Trithemus, that "at a great distance, it is possible without any doubt to influence

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"*Resolved*, That the name of the Society be 'The Theosophical Society.'

"The chair appointed the Rev. Mr. Wiggin and Mr. Sotheran a Committee to select suitable meeting rooms;

another person spiritually, even when their position and the distance is unknown." *De Occulta Phil.—lib.* III., p. 3. Several times, just before meeting me, he observed a bright light; and at last came to connect this light with my coming and questioned me about it. I told him to notice the hour and minute at which these lights would be seen, and when I met him afterwards I would tell him the exact time. I did this 30 or 40 times before his naturally sceptical mind was thoroughly convinced. These lights appeared to him at different times of the day, wherever he happened to be, in New York or Brooklyn, and we arranged that, in each case, about two hours from that time I should meet at his office.

These phenomena differ essentially from any mesmeric, magnetic, or so-called spiritual manifestations that I am acquainted with, and are not referable thereto; this gentleman has never been influenced by me in either of these ways.

Once he came to my house, in the suburbs of this city, and examined some Kabbalistic drawings upon which I was working, with one of which he was much impressed. After leaving he saw, in bright day-light, in the cars, an appearance of a curious kind of animal, of which he then made a sketch from memory. He was so impressed with the circumstance and the vividness of the apparition, that he went at once to one of the *illuminati* of the Society, and showed his drawing. He was informed that though apparently an ideal figure, it was really a so-called elemental spirit which was represented by the Egyptians as next in the order of progression to a certain reptile, which was the figure he had seen at my house, and that it was employed by the Egyptians in making their Zodiacs, at initiations, etc., etc. He then returned to me, and without comment I showed him a drawing of the very figure seen by him, whereupon he told me that he had seen it and under what circumstances and produced his sketch. He was then convinced that I foresaw that he would see this appearance after having been impressed by my Kabbalistic drawing.

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and then several new members were nominated and, upon motion, it was

"*Resolved*, That these persons be added to the list of founders."

These phenomena are clearly not referable to any familiar form of manifestations.

At one of my lectures before the Theosophical Society, at which all degrees of members were present, lights were seen by the *illuminati* passing to and from one of my drawings, although they stood in the glare of several gas lights, a dark cloud was observed to settle upon it by others, and other phenomena, such as the apparent change of the Zodiacal figures into other forms or elemental representations, were observed.

Certain members of lower degree were impressed with a feeling of dread, as though something awful were about to happen; most of the probationers were rendered uncomfortable or uneasy; some became hypercritical and abusive; several of the novitiates left the room; and Mme. Blavatsky, who had seen unpleasant effects follow somewhat similar phenomena in the East, requested me to turn the drawings and change the subject. If there had previously been any doubt, the absolute necessity of forming the society into degrees was then apparent, and I have never since met others than the *illuminati* of the society, with similar manifestations.

The unfriendly tone of the article above referred to was entirely uncalled for, and there was no boasting on the part of any of the members in their remarks. Being a secret society we could not in any manner retaliate until permission to do so was given. Having now received permission, I here publicly state that I have lately performed what I agreed to do, and, unless the Council forbids, I hereby give permission to such of the *illuminati* as have seen it, to come forward, if they choose and bear evidence of the fact.

I do not know if you will think this worth the space it will occupy in your columns, but think that it is but just, after keeping an absolute silence for more than two years, I should now be heard in this matter. Modern Spiritualism need not weep with Alexander, for there is another world for it to discover and conquer.

GEORGE H. FELT.

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"After which the meeting adjourned, subject to the call of the chair. The report is signed by me as Chairman and by Dr. John Storer Cobb, for C. Sotheran, Secretary."

The choice of a name for the Society was, of course, a question for grave discussion in Committee. Several were suggested, among them, if I recollect aright, the Egyptological, the Hermetic, the Rosicrucian, etc., but none seemed just the thing. At last, in turning over the leaves of the Dictionary, one of us came across the word "Theosophy," whereupon, after discussion, we unanimously agreed that that was the best of all; since it both expressed the esoteric truth we wished to reach and covered the ground of Felt's methods of occult scientific research. Some stupid story has gone about that, while the Committee were sitting, a strange Hindu walked into the room, threw a sealed packet upon the table and walked out again, or vanished, or something of the sort; the packet, when opened, being found to contain a complete draft of a Constitution and By-laws for the Society, which we at once adopted. This is sheer nonsense; nothing whatever of the sort occurred. Several similarly absurd yarns have been set afloat about us from time to time; some of them very funny, some weird, some too childishly improbable to be worth even reading, but all misleading. An old journalist myself, I cared too little for such *canards* to take the least notice of them. While they create temporary confusion and misconceptions, in the long run they do no harm.

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As regards the drafting of the original By-laws, we took much pains and drew up as good a set as any society could desire. The Rules of various corporate bodies were examined, but those of the American Geographical and Statistical Society and the American Institute were thought by us to be as good models as any to follow. All preliminaries being settled, we obtained permission from Mrs. Britten that the next meeting should be held at her private residence (no hall having as yet .been taken), and I issued (on post-cards) the following notice :

The Theosophical Society.

NEW YORK, *October* 13, 1875.

The Committee on By-Laws having completed its work, a meeting of the Theosophical Society will be held at the private residence, No. 206 West 38th St., on Saturday, October 16, 1875, at 8 p. m., to organize and elect officers. If Mr. Felt should be in town, he will continue his intensely interesting account of his Egyptological discoveries. Under the By-Laws proposed, new members cannot be elected until after thirty days' consideration of their application. A full attendance at this preliminary meeting is, therefore, desirable.

The undersigned issues this call in compliance with the order adopted by the meeting of September 13th ultimo.

(*Signed*) HENRY S. OLCOTT, *President, pro. tem.*

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The copy of the original post-card sent by post by Sotheran to H. P. B. I have, framed, at "Gulistan," and my own copy is also in my possession.

Our Minute Book records the following persons as present at this meeting in question :

"Mme. Blavatsky, Mrs. E. H. Britten, Henry S. Olcott, Henry J. Newton, Chas. Sotheran, W. Q. Judge, J. Hyslop, Dr. Atkinson, Dr. H. Carlos, Dr. Simmons, Tudor Horton, Dr. Britten, C. C. Massey, John Storer Cobb, W. L. Alden, Edwin S. Ralphs, Herbert D. Monachesi, and Francisco Agromonte.

"On behalf of the Committee on Preamble and By-Laws, the Preamble was read by the chair, and the By-Laws by Mr. Chas. Sotheran."

Mr. Massey was then introduced by the chair and made some remarks; after which he was obliged to hurry away to the steamer on which he was to sail for England.

Discussions ensued and various motions were made on the adoption of the By-Laws; the final result being that the draft submitted by the Committee was laid on the table and order printed. The meeting then adjourned. H. S. Olcott was Chairman and J. S. Cobb Secretary of the meeting.

The next preliminary meeting was held at the same place on the 30th October. The Committee on rooms having reported, Mott Memorial Hall, 64 Madison Avenue (a few doors only from our recently purchased

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New York Headquarters), was selected as the Society's meeting-place. The By-Laws were read, discussed and finally adopted, but with the proviso that the Preamble should be revised by H. S. Olcott, C. Sotheran and J. S. Cobb, and then published as the Preamble of the Society.

Voting for officers was next proceeded with; and Tudor Horton and Dr. W. H. Atkinson being appointed tellers of the Election, the result was announced by Mr. Horton as follows:

President, HENRY S. OLCOTT; *Vice-Presidents*, DR. S. PANCOAST and G. H. FELT; *Corresponding Secretary*, MME. H. P. BLAVATSKY; *Recording Secretary*, JOHN STORER COBB; *Treasurer*, HENRY J. NEWTON; *Librarian*, CHARLES SOTHERAN; *Councillors*, REV. J. H. WIGGIN, R. B. WESTBROOK, LL.D., MRS. EMMA HARDINGE BRITTEN, C. E. SIMMONS, M.D., and HERBERT D. MONACHESI; *Counsel to the Society*, WILLIAM Q. JUDGE.

The meeting then adjourned over to the 17th November, 1875, when the perfected Preamble would be reported, the President Elect deliver his Inaugural Address, and the Society be thus fully constituted.

On the evening designated, the Society met in its own hired room; the minutes of the previous meeting were read and approved; the President's Inaugural Address was delivered and ordered printed; upon Mr. Newton's motion, thanks were voted to the President; and the Society, now constitutionally organised, adjourned over to the 15th December.

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Thus the Theosophical Society, first conceived of on the 8th September and constitutionally perfected on the 17th November, 1875, after a gestatory period of seventy days, came into being and started on its marvellous career of altruistic endeavour *per angusta ad augusta*. Inadvertently, in our first published document, the *Preamble and By-Laws of The Theosophical Society*, the 30th October was given as the date of organisation, whereas, as seen above, it should properly have been November 17, 1875.

The foregoing narrative of the origin and birth of the Society is very prosaic and lacks all the sensational and imaginative features which have sometimes been ascribed to the event. It has, however, the merit of being historically exact; for, as I am writing history and not romance, I have stuck to the evidences of our certificated records and can prove every point. With an exaggeration of supposed loyalty which has bred injustice, as bigotry invariably does, many persons have been repeating to the echo the incorrect statement that H. P. B., and she alone, founded the Theosophical Society; what her colleagues did was less than nothing. The fact is that she herself vigorously repudiated the idea when put forward by Mr. J. L. O'Sullivan, in 1878. She says—answering a caustic critic:

"With crushing irony he speaks of us as 'our teachers.' Now I remember having distinctly stated in a previous letter that we [she and I] have *not* offered ourselves as teachers, but, on the contrary, decline any such office—

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whatever may be the superlative panegyric of my esteemed friend, Mr. O'Sullivan, who not only sees in me a 'Buddhist priestess' (!) but, *without a shadow of warrant of fact, credits me with the foundation of the Theosophical Society and its Branches.*" [Letter of H. P. Blavatsky, in the *Spiritualist* of March 22, 1878.]

H. P. B. was quite wonderful enough as she actually was without the fulsome praise that has been lavished upon her; and the attempt to read into every word and action an occult value will only recoil upon its authors, by the inflexible general law of action and reaction observable in Nature. Her devotees ignore the fact, that the more previsionary power and infallible insight they ascribe to her, the more mercilessly will men hold her accountable for her every action, her mistakes in judgment, inaccuracies in statement, and other foibles which, in an ordinary—*i. e.*, an uninspired person, are often only mildly blamed because recognised as proofs of human infirmity. It is a most unfriendly act to try to make her a being above humanity, without a weakness, spot, or blemish, for her written public record, let alone her private correspondences, proves the thing impossible.

Though my Inaugural Address was applauded by my audience, and Mr. Newton, the orthodox Spiritualist, joined with Mr. Thomas Freethinker, and the Rev. Mr. Westbrook, to get a vote that it be printed and stereotyped—a good proof that they did not think its views and tone unreasonable—yet it reads a bit foolish after seventeen years of hard experience. A good deal of its

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forecast of results has been verified, much of it falsified. What we counted on as its sound experimental basis, *viz.*, Felt's demonstration of the existence of the Elemental races, proved a complete and mortifying disappointment. Whatever he may have done by himself in that direction, he showed us nothing, not even the tip end of the tail of the tiniest Nature-spirit. He left us to be mocked by the Spiritualist and every other class of sceptic. He was a man of extraordinary acquirements, and had made what seemed a remarkable discovery. So probable, indeed, did it appear that—as I have above stated—Mr. Bouton, an experienced merchant, risked a very heavy sum on the speculation of getting out his book. For my part, I believe he had done what he claimed, and that, if he had but systematically followed up his beginnings, his name would have been among the most renowned of our epoch. Having so often seen H. P. B. employ the Elementals to do phenomena, Signor B. do the same on several occasions, and my mysterious strangers show me them in my own rooms, what was easier than for me to believe that Felt could do likewise; especially when H. P. B. assured me that he could? So, with the temerity of a born pioneer and the zeal of a congenital optimist and enthusiast, I gave rein to my imagination and depicted, in my Address, what was likely to result if Felt's promise was made good. Luckily for me, I put in the "if"; and it might have been better if it had been printed thus—IF. On the plea of his pecuniary necessities, he got out of

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Treasurer Newton $100 to defray the costs of the promised experiments, but brought us no Elementals. In the Council meeting of March 29, 1876, a letter from him was read, in which he stated that "he was prepared to fulfil his promise to lecture before the Society upon the Kabbalah, and giving an outline of the different departments into which he would divide his subject."

Whereupon, Mr. Monachesi moved a Resolution, which was passed, that

"The Secretary be intrusted to have printed and circulated among the Fellows of the Society, either the letter of V. P. Felt, or a syllabus which Fellow Felt and himself would prepare." [Extract, "Minutes of the T. S.," p. 15.]

The circular was issued, and helped somewhat to lessen the feeling of resentment that prevailed against Mr. Felt for his breach of promise. He actually delivered his second lecture on the 21st June, but then he again failed us, and I find that, in the Council meeting on the 11th October, on Treasurer Newton's motion, a Resolution was adopted, instructing Mr. Judge, the Society's Counsel, to demand that he should fulfil his legal obligation at an early date. But he never did. Finally, he went out of the Society; and, it having thus been proved that nothing was to be expected of him a number of persons also vanished from the Society, and left us others, who were not mere sensation-seekers, to toil on as best we might.

And it *was* toil, as all who were at all active in those

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days, very well recollect. Our object was to learn, experimentally, whatever was possible about the constitution of man, his intelligence, and his place in nature. Especially Mind, active as WILL, was a great problem for us. The Eastern magus uses it, the Western mesmerist and psychopath employ it ; one man developes it, and becomes a hero, another paralyses it, and becomes a spirit medium. To its resistless sway the beings of all kingdoms and various planes of matter are obedient, and when imagination is simultaneously active, it *creates*, by giving objectivity to just-formed mind-images. So, though Felt had defaulted, and we could count on no sailing on smooth tides, yet we had still many fields left for research, and we explored them a little. The old records show that we tested mediums, tried experiments in psychometry, thought-reading and mesmerism, and wrote and listened to papers. But we made slow progress, for, though we all, by tacit consent, put the best face upon it, every one of us was secretly discouraged by Felt's fiasco, and there seemed no chance of finding a substitute : the rain-maker, Signor B., had been driven away by H. P. B., after his futile attempt to create a breach between her and myself ; my swarthy, elemental-summoning visitor did not show his face again ; and H. P. B., upon whose help everybody had—as we thought—not unreasonably counted, refused to do the slightest phenomenon at our meetings. So the membership dwindled by degrees, until, at the end of a year or so, there survived the following : the form of a good

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organisation, sound and strong in its platform ; a clangorous notoriety ; a few, more or less indolent, members ; and an indestructible focus of vitality in the quenchless enthusiasm of the two friends, the Russian woman and American man, who were in deadly earnest ; who never for a moment harboured a doubt as to the existence of their Masters, the excellence of their delegated work, or the ultimate complete success that would crown it. Judge was a loyal friend and willing helper, but he was so very much our junior that we could not regard him as an equal third party. He was more like the youngest son in a family. Many an evening after we had established our residential Headquarters, when our visitors had gone and H. P. B. and I stopped in the Library-room for a parting-smoke and chat, have we laughed to think how few we could count upon to stand by us through everything. The fair speeches and smiles of the evening's guests would be recalled, and the selfishness they often meant to mask detected. The one thing we felt more and more as time went on was, that we two could absolutely depend upon each other for Theosophy, though the sky itself should crack ; beyond that, all depended upon circumstances. We used to speak of ourselves as the Theosophical Twins, and sometimes as a trinity ; the chandelier hanging overhead making the third of the party ! Frequent allusions to both these pleasantries occur in our Theosophical correspondence ; and on the day when she and I were leaving our dismantled apartments in New York, to go aboard the

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steamer that was to take us towards India, the last thing we did was to say, with mock seriousness, "Farewell, old Chandelier; silent, light-giving, unchanging friend and confidant!"

The enemy have sometimes said that when we sailed away from America we left no Theosophical Society behind us; and to a certain extent that was true, for, owing to several causes, it did nothing to speak of during the next six years. The social nucleus—always the most powerful factor in movements of this kind—had been broken up; nobody was able to form a new one; another H. P. B. could not be created: and Mr. Judge, the then only potential future leader and organiser, was called away to Spanish countries by professional business, as above remarked.

It must be said, in justice to Mr. Judge, General Doubleday, and their associates in the original Theosophical Society, whom we left in charge on leaving for India, that the suspended animation was for two or three years mainly due to my own fault. There had been some talk of converting the Society into a high Masonic degree, and the project had been favourably viewed by some influential Masons. I shall have to recur to this subject later on. For the present it suffices to say that I was asked to draft an appropriate form of ritual, and when we left America this was one of the first things I was to do after reaching India. But instead of the quiet and leisure anticipated, we were instantly plunged into a confusion of daily work and

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excitement; I was forced on the lecturing platform; we made long journeys through India; the *Theosophist* was founded, and it was simply impossible to give any attention to the ritual; though I have several letters from General Doubleday and Judge complaining that it was not sent them, and saying they could do nothing without it. Moreover, our wider experience convinced us of the impracticability of the plan: our activity had taken a much wider extension, and our work a more serious and independent character. So, finally, I decided not to follow up the scheme. But by this time Judge had gone abroad and the others did nothing.

In a letter dated New York, October 17, 1879,—a year after our departure—Mr. Judge writes: "We have taken in but few members and decided to wait for the ritual before taking in more, as that would make a serious change." For us two, however, there had been twelve months of heavy work. General Doubleday writes to the same effect under date of September 1, 1879, saying: "With regard to the T. S. in the United States we have been in *statu quo*, waiting for the promised ritual." On the 23d of June, 1880, he asks: "Why do you not send us that ritual?" And Mr. Judge, on April 10, 1880, tells me, "Everything here lags. No ritual yet. Why?" November 7, 1881, Judge being absent in South America, his brother, whom he had left in charge of T. S. affairs, writes me that nothing is doing, and that "the Society will not start working until W. Q. J., General Doubleday, and I [he] can find time

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and means to start it"; both of which were lacking. Finally—as it is useless to follow up the matter further—on January 7, 1882, Judge writes: "The Society is dormant, doing absolutely nothing. Your explanation about the ritual is satisfactory."

Yet throughout all these years, Mr. Judge's letters to H. P. B., myself, and Damodar show that his zeal for Theosophy and all mysticism was unquenchable. His greatest desire was that a day might come when he should be free to devote all his time and energies to the work of the Society. But as the clover seed, imbedded in the soil twenty feet below the surface, germinates when the well-diggers bring it up above ground, so the seed we planted in the American mind, between the years 1874 and 1878, fructified in its due time; and Judge was the husbandman predestined to reap our harvest. Thus, always, Karma evolves its pioneers, sowers, and reapers. The viability of our Society was proximately in us two founders, but ultimately in its basic idea and the transmitters, the August Ones, who taught us and shed into our hearts and minds the light of their benevolent goodwill. As both of us realised this, and as we were both permitted to work for it and with them, there was a closer bond between us two than any that the common social relationships could have forged. It made us put up with each other's weaknesses and bear all the grievous frictions incident to the collaboration of two such contrasting personalities. As for myself, it made me put behind me as things of no value all worldly ties, ambi-

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tions, and desires. Truly, from the bottom of my heart, I felt, and feel, that it is better to be a door-keeper, or even something more menial than that, in the house of the "Lord on High," than to dwell in any silken pavilion the selfish world could give me for the asking. So felt H. P. B., whose tireless enthusiasm for our work was a never-failing wellspring of encouragement to every one coming in contact with her. Feeling thus, and ready, as we were, to make every sacrifice for our cause, the extinction of the Theosophical Society was simply impossible.

Many things of interest to Theosophists are recorded in the early Society records. At the Council meeting of January 12, 1876, it was resolved, upon the motion of J. S. Cobb, "that William Q. Judge, Counsel to the Society, be invited to assist in the deliberations of the Council, at its meetings." At the same meeting, the withdrawal of Mr. Sotheran from the Society was noted and Mr. H. J. Newton appointed to fill the vacancy; and the Council ordered the Recording Secretary to lay before the Society, at its next regular meeting, the following Resolution, as upon the recommendation of the Council, for adoption:

"That in future this Society adopt the principle of secrecy in connection with its proceedings and transactions, and that a Committee be appointed to draw up and report upon the details necessary to give effect to such a change."

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So that, after an experience of barely three months—I had thought it was much longer—we were obliged in self-defence to become a secret body. At the Council meeting of March 8, 1876, on motion of H. B. Blavatsky, it was

"*Resolved*, That the Society adopt one or more signs of recognition, to be used among the Fellows of the Society, or for admissions to the meetings."

A Committee of three, of whom H. P. B. was one, was appointed by me to invent and recommend signs. The appropriate seal of the Society was partly designed after a very mystical one that a friend of H. P. B.'s had composed for her, to use on her letter-paper, and it was beautifully engraved for us by Mr. Tudor Harton. A little later Mr. Judge and I, with the concurrence of others, sketched a badge of membership, consisting of a serpent coiled about an Egyptian Tau. I had two made, for H. P. B. and myself, but we subsequently gave them away to friends. Quite recently, this very pretty and appropriate symbol has been revived in America.

But what little secrecy there ever was in the Society—as little, or even less than that so carefully guarded by the Tyler of a Masonic Lodge—has virtually passed away, after its brief period of use in our early days. In 1889, it was made the chief feature in the Esoteric Society which I chartered for H. P. B., and, I regret to say, has caused us much harm with much good.

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CHAPTER X.

BARON DE PALM.

THE evolution of the Society up to its perfected organisation having been traced, we may now give attention to special incidents which occupied the attention of its founders and more or less affected its interests. If the details of early T. S. history were known to the majority of its members this historical retrospect might be left to some less busy person than myself to compile. In point of fact, however, no other living person knows them all so well as I ; no one save H. P. B., and I assumed all the responsibilities, took all the hard knocks, organised all the successes : so, perforce, I must play the historian. If I do not, the truth will never be made known. The special incident to be dealt with in the present chapter is the story of Baron de Palm's connection with our Society, his antecedents, death, will, and funeral ; his cremation will require a separate chapter. This is not Theosophy, but I am not writing Theosophy ; it is history, one of several affairs which were

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mixed up in our Society's concerns, and which greatly occupied the time and thoughts of my colleague and myself. These affairs threw upon me, as President, in particular, very grave responsibilities. When I say that I carried through the De Palm funeral obsequies with the conviction that it would cost me a professional connection worth some £2,000 a year, my meaning will appear. The thing apprehended did happen, because I mortally offended the gentleman—a bigoted Christian—who controlled the matter in question, and who influenced its transfer to another friend of his. Of course, I should do it over again, and I only mention the circumstance to show that it cost something to be a worker with the Masters in those early days.

Joseph Henry Louis Charles, Baron de Palm, Grand Cross Commander of the Order of the Holy Sepulchre and Knight of various other orders, was born at Augsburg, May 10, 1809, in an ancient baronial family of Bavaria. Late in life he emigrated to America, lived a number of years in the Western States, and about December, 1875, came to me in New York with an introductory letter from the late Col. Bundy, editor of the *Religio Philosophical Journal*, commending him to my courtesy. Finding him a man of engaging manners, evidently familiar with the best society, and professing much interest in Spiritualism and a wish to learn something about our Oriental theories, I made him welcome, and at his request introduced him to H. P. B. The acquaintance was kept up, the Baron joined our Society,

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and, a vacancy occurring soon after by the resignation of the Rev. J. H. Wiggin, he was elected a Member of Council on the 29th March, 1876. As he complained of feeble health, and of having no one in New York who cared whether he lived or died in the wretched boarding-house where he was put up, I invited him to come and occupy a room in my "apartment," looked after his comfort, and called in a physician to prescribe for him. Symptoms of pneumonia and nephritis showing themselves and the medical attendant pronouncing him in danger, he got me to send him Mr. Judge, the Society's Standing Counsel, and executed a will devising certain parcels of real estate at Chicago to two lady friends, making me residuary legatee, and appointing Mr. Newton, Treasurer of the T. S., and myself his executors, with full powers. Under medical advice and at his own earnest request, he was removed to the Roosevelt Hospital on Friday evening, May 19th, (1876), and died the next morning. The result of an autopsy was to show that he had for years been suffering from a complication of diseases of the lungs, kidneys, and other organs ; a medical certificate that he had died of nephritis was given and filed, as prescribed by law, in the Health Bureau, and the body was conveyed to the receiving-vault of the Lutheran Cemetery pending the completion of arrangements for interment.

In religion Baron de Palm was a Voltairean with a gloss of Spiritualism. He particularly asked that no clergyman or priest should officiate at his funeral, but

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that I should perform the last offices in a fashion that would illustrate the Eastern notions of death and immortality. The recent agitation of the subject of cremation in Great Britain and America, caused by the incineration of the body of the first Lady Dilke, the scientific experiments of Sir Henry Thompson (*vide* his published essay *The Treatment of the Body after Death*, London, 1874), and the sensational articles and pamphlets of Rev. H. R. Haweis upon the unspeakable horrors of the burial-grounds of London, led me to ask him how he would wish me to dispose of his remains. He asked for my opinion upon the relative superiority of the two modes of sepulture, concurred in my preference for cremation, expressed a horror of burial, some lady he had once known having been buried alive, and bade me do as I found most advisable. A dilettante sort of body calling itself the New York Cremation Society, had been formed in April, 1874, and I had enrolled myself as a member, and been elected a member of the Legal Advice Committee; but beyond passing resolutions and issuing pamphlets the members had done nothing to prove the faith that was in them. Here, at last, was the chance of having a body to burn, and thus inaugurating the very needed reform. I offered it to the Society in question and it was accepted. The weather being warm for the season, urgent haste was called for, and up to the evening before the day appointed for the public funeral of the Baron, it was understood that after the ceremonies I was to deliver

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over the body to the Society's agents for cremation. Meanwhile H. P. B. and the rest of us bestirred ourselves to organise an impressive "Pagan funeral"—as the press chose to call it—compose a litany, devise a ceremonial, write a couple of Orphic hymns for the occasion, and get them set to appropriate music. On the Saturday evening mentioned above we were rehearsing our programme for the last time when a note was brought me from the Secretary of the N. Y. Cremation Society, to say that they would have to give up the cremation because of the great noise that the papers had made about the funeral and their attacks upon the Theosophical Society. In other words, these respectable moral cowards dared not face the ridicule and animosity which had been excited against us innovators. The quandary we were in did not last longer than a half hour, for I finally offered to take the whole responsibility upon myself, and pledged my word that the body should be burnt if I had even to do it myself. The promise was fulfilled in due time, as the sequel will show.

Through the obliging courtesy of the Rev. O. B. Frothingham, whose congregation were worshipping in the great hall of the Masonic Temple, at the corner of Twenty-third Street and Sixth Avenue, New York City, we were enabled to hold the Baron's obsequies in that vast apartment. An hour before the appointed time the street was crowded by an eager, even somewhat obstreperous multitude, and a strong body of police had

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to be sent for to prevent the doors being forced. We had issued two kinds of admission tickets, both of triangular shape, one a black card printed in silver, for reserved seats, the other a drab one printed in black, for general admission; and the police were instructed to admit nobody without one or the other kind. But an American or British mob is hard to restrain, and there was such a rush when the doors were opened that the 1500 holders of tickets had to find seats as best they could. The great hall, which holds 2000 people, was crowded in every corner, the very passages and lobbies were blocked, and from the buzz of conversation and uneasiness prevailing it was easy to see that the multitude had come to gratify its curiosity, certainly not to evince either respect for the dead or sympathy with the Theosophical Society. It was just in that uncertain mood when the least unexpected and sensational incident might transform it into the wild beast that an excited crowd becomes at times. Through the whole of the previous week the leading papers had been lashing public curiosity into a frenzy, and one of the wittiest burlesques I ever read, that appeared in the *World* upon our anticipated ceremonial and public procession, set all New York laughing. For the benefit of our Theosophical grand-children I will quote the following fragment:

"'All right,' said the Colonel; 'go ahead and make out your programme, but leave everybody out but the members of the society, for the Masons wont have anything to do with it.'

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"Two hours were then spent in making out an order of march and a programme of exercises after the procession reaches the Temple, and the following is the result. The procession will move in the following order:

"Colonel Olcott as high priest, wearing a leopard skin and carrying a roll of papyrus (brown card-board).

"Mr. Cobb as sacred scribe, with style and tablet.

"Egyptian mummy-case, borne upon a sledge drawn by four oxen. (Also a slave bearing a pot of lubricating oil.)

"Mme. Blavatsky as chief mourner and also bearer of the sistrum. (She will wear a long linen garment extending to the feet, and a girdle about the waist.)

"Colored boy carrying three Abyssinian geese (Philadelphia chickens) to place upon the bier.

"Vice-President Felt, with the eye of Osiris painted on his left breast, and carrying an asp (bought at a toy store on Eighth avenue).

"Dr. Pancoast, singing an ancient Theban dirge:

> "'Isis and Nepthys, beginning and end;
> One more victim to Amenti we send.
> Pay we the fare, and let us not tarry,
> Cross the Styx by the Roosevelt Street ferry.'"

"Slaves in mourning gowns, carrying the offerings and libations, to consist of early potatoes, asparagus, roast beef, French pancakes, bock-beer, and New Jersey cider.

"Treasurer Newton, as chief of the musicians, playing the double pipe.

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"Other musicians performing on eight-stringed harps, tom-toms, etc.

"Boys carrying a large lotus (sun-flower).

"Librarian Fassit, who will alternate with music by repeating the lines beginning :

> "'Here Horus comes, I see the boat,
> Friends, stay your flowing tears ;
> The soul of man goes through a goat
> In just 3,000 years.'

"At the Temple the ceremony will be short and simple. The oxen will be left standing on the sidewalk, with a boy near by to prevent them goring the passers-by. Besides the Theurgic hymn, printed above in full, the Coptic national anthem will be sung, translated and adapted to the occasion as follows :

> "Sitting Cynocephalus, up in a tree,
> I see you, and you see me.
> River full of crocodile, see his long snout !
> Hoist up the shadoof and pull him right out."

With this sort of thing going on for days together in advance, it may be imagined in what sort of dangerous mood was the crowded audience, only a handful of whom were members of the T. S. and most of whom were positively prejudiced against it. All went peacefully enough, however, until an excited Methodist, a relative of an F. T. S. who was assisting me in the ceremony, rising and wildly gesticulating, shouted "That 's a lie !" just when I had pronounced the words "There is but one first cause, uncreated—." Instantly the audience sprang to their feet and some turned towards the door,

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as people will in such crises, not knowing whether the confused shout may not mean an alarm of fire: some of the rougher sort mounted the chairs, and, looking towards the stage, seemed ready to take part in fighting or skirmishing in case such should break out. It was one of those moments when the turn of events depends upon the speaker. As it happened, I had once seen the great Abolitionist orator, Wendell Philips, by imperturbable coolness quell a mob who were hooting and catcalling him, and as the memory flashed within me I adopted his tactics. Stepping quietly forward, I laid my left hand upon the Baron's coffin, faced the audience, stood motionless and said nothing. In an instant there was a dead silence of expectancy; whereupon, slowly raising my right hand, I said very slowly and solemnly: "We are in the presence of death!" and then waited. The psychological effect was very interesting and amusing to me, who have for so many years been a student of crowds. The excitement was quelled like magic, and then in the same voice as before, and without the appearance of even having been interrupted, I finished the sentence of the litany—"eternal, infinite, unknown."

The two Orphic hymns that we compiled for the occasion were sung by a volunteer choir of the New Yorker Sængerbund and the organ accompaniment was the music of an Italian Mass, 300 years old; "and,"—says the *Sun's* report—"as it swelled and then died softly away in the half gloom of the crowded but hushed room, with the symbolic fire flickering (on the triangular altar) and

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the ancient knightly decorations flashing on the coffin, the effect was very impressive."

After the singing of the first Orphic hymn, an invocation, or *mantram*, was made to "the Soul of the World, whose breath gives and withdraws the form of everything." "The universe," it went on to say, "is thy utterance and revelation. Thou, before whom the light of being is a shadow which changes and a vapor that passes away; thou breathest forth, and the endless spaces are peopled; thou drawest breath and all that went forth from thee returns again." Good Vedântism this and good Theosophy! The same thought ran throughout all the parts of the service—the hymns, invocation, litany, and my discourse. In the latter I gave such particulars about Baron de Palm as I had got from himself (and very misleading they were afterwards proved to be when I heard from the family solicitor). I explained the character and objects of the T. S.* and my view of the complete inefficacy of death-bed repentance for the forgiveness of sins. I am glad to see upon reading the newspaper reports after the lapse of many years that I preached the doctrine of Karma, pure and simple. There was an out-

* "This Society," I said, "was neither a religious nor a charitable but a scientific body. Its object was to enquire, not to teach, and its members comprised men of various creeds and beliefs. 'Theology' meant the revealed will of God, 'Theosophy' the direct knowledge of 'God.' The one asked us to believe what some one else had seen and heard, the other told us to see and hear for ourourselves. Theosophy taught that by cultivation of his powers a man may be inwardly illumined and get thereby a knowledge of his God-like faculties."

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burst of applause and hisses when I said that the Society "considered the ruffian who stood under the gallows a ruffian still though twenty prayers might have been uttered over him." I immediately commanded silence and continued my remarks,—reported thus :

"He then went on to say that Theosophy could not conceive of bad going unpunished or good remaining unrewarded. I believe a man to be a responsible being, and it was a religion not of professions but of practices. It was utterly opposed to sensuousness and taught the subordination of the body to the spirit. There, in that coffin, lay (the body of) a Theosophist. Should his future be pronounced one of unalloyed happiness without respect to the course of his past life? No, but as he had acted so should he suffer or rejoice. If he had been a sensualist, a usurer, or a corrupter, then the divine first (and only) cause could not forgive him the least of his offences, for that would be to plunge the universe into chaos. There must be compensation, equilibrium, justice."

After the singing of the second Orphic hymn, Mrs. E. Hardinge Britten, the Spiritualist orator, addressed the audience for about ten minutes, in the capacity of a speaking medium, concluding with a strongly emotional apostrophe to the deceased Baron, bidding him farewell, declaring that he had "passed the golden gates wherein (*sic*) sorrow entereth not," and strewing his bier with flowers, "as symbols of full-blown life!" This closed the proceedings and the huge audience quietly dispersed.

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The body of the deceased was given in charge of Mr. Buckhorst, the Society's undertaker, to be lodged in a receiving vault until I could arrange for its cremation. I was obliged to devise a better method of preserving it than the weak process of embalming that had been employed at the Hospital, which proved its inefficacy even within the fortnight. It gave me much anxiety, and no end of enquiry and research was involved, but I solved the difficulty at last by packing the cadaver in desiccated clay impregnated with the carbolic and other vapors of distilled coal tar. Decomposition had actually begun when the antiseptic was applied in the first week of June, but when we examined the corpse in the following December before removal for cremation, it was found completely mummified, all liquids absorbed and all decay arrested. It could have been kept thus, I am convinced, for many years, perhaps for a century, and I recommend the process as superior to any other cheap method of embalming that has ever come under my notice.

H. P. B. had no official part in the public celebration of the De Palm obsequies, but made herself heard all the same. She sat with the non-officiating members of the Society among the audience, and when the excited Methodist interrupted our litany and a policeman was getting him in hand to escort him out of doors, she stood up and called out, " He 's a bigot, that 's what he is ! " and set everybody around her laughing, in which she soon heartily joined. The members who took part in the ceremony were Messrs. Judge, Cobb, Thomas,

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Monachesi, Oliver, and three or four more whose names I cannot recall.

The Council of the T. S., at its meeting of June 14th, and the Society, in its session of 21st June (1876), passed Resolutions ratifying and confirming all that the officers had done in connection with the De Palm autopsy, obsequies, and enbalming. A Resolution was also adopted to the effect that,

"The President and Treasurer of this Society, who are the executors under the last will and testament of our late fellow be, and hereby are, authorised and empowered to do in the name of this Society any and all further acts, which they may deem necessary to complete the disposal of the remains of our late fellow, according to his expressed wishes and direction."

The Baron's funeral being over, the next thing was to see what his estate was likely to realise for the Society (for although all was left to me individually there was an understanding between us that I should be free to hand over everything to the T. S). Mr. Newton and I obtained probate of the will, and Mr. Judge was instructed to make the necessary inquiries. Our first shock came when we opened his trunk at the hospital: it contained two of my own shirts, *from which the stitched name-mark had been picked out.* This looked very cloudy indeed, a bad beginning towards the supposed great bequest. There were also in the trunk a small bronze bust of a crying baby, some photographs and

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letters of actresses and prima donnas, some unreceipted bills, some gilt and enamelled duplicates of his orders of nobility, a flat, velvet-lined case containing the certificates of his birth, his passports and the several diplomatic and court appointments he had held, the draft of a former will, now cancelled, and a meagre lot of clothing. Beyond this, nothing; no money or jewelry, no documents, no manuscripts, no books, no evidences of a literary taste or habits. I give these details—in which Mr. Newton and Mr. Judge and others will corroborate me—for an excellent reason, to be presently stated.

The old will described him as Seignior of the castles of Old and New Wartensee, on Lake Constance, and his papers showed him to be the presumed owner of 20,000 acres of land in Wisconsin, forty town lots in Chicago, and some seven or eight mining properties in Western States. Upon the low estimate that the farming land was worth $5 per acre, the rumour spread that I had inherited at least £20,000, to say nothing of the two Swiss castles, the town lots, and the gold and silver mining claims. It ran through the whole American press, editorials were written upon it, and I received a shoal of letters, congratulatory and begging, from known and unknown persons in various countries. Mr. Judge communicated with the lady legatees, with public officials at home and abroad, and with a representative of the Baron's family. This took several months, but the final result was this: the ladies would not take the Chicago lots for a gift, the Wisconsin land had been sold

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for taxes years before, the mining shares were good only for papering walls, and the Swiss castles proved castles in the air ; the whole estate would not yield even enough to reimburse Mr. Newton and myself for the moderate costs of the probate and funeral! The Baron was a broken-down noble, without means, credit, or expectations ; a type of a large class who fly to republican America as a last resource when Europe will no longer support them. Their good breeding and their titles of nobility gain them an entrance into American society, sometimes chances of lucrative posts, oftener rich wives. I never knew exactly what our friend had been doing in the West, but through importunate creditors who turned up, I found out that he had at any rate been concerned in unprofitable attempts to form industrial companies of sorts.

Neither then nor since have I discovered one grain of proof that Baron de Palm had either literary talent, erudition, or scholastic tastes. His conversation with H. P. B. and myself was mainly upon superficial matters, the topics which interest society people. Even in Spiritualism he did not seem to have been a deep thinker, rather an interested observer of mediums and phenomena. He told us much about his experiences in diplomatic circles, and ascribed his present straitened circumstances (as regards the possession of ready cash) to his futile attempts, when an attaché, to vie with rich English diplomats in showy living and fashionable indulgences. He read little and wrote nothing : as I

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had ample opportunity of observing, since he was living with me as my guest.

It would be painful for me to dwell upon these personalities but for the necessity of my showing the man's character, and leaving my readers to judge for themselves whether he was fit to be a teacher or mentor to a person like the author of *Isis Unveiled* and *The Secret Doctrine*. For that is the disputed point. With an inconceivable malignity certain unprincipled foes of hers have spread the calumny that her *Isis Unveiled* is "nothing but a compilation from the manuscripts of Baron de Palm, and without acknowledgment." This will be found in a mendacious letter of Dr. Elliott Coues in the *New York Sun* of July 20, 1890, which the Editor of that influential paper more recently, in the most honorable spirit of justice, expressed regret for having published and declared unsupported by evidence. The falsehood has been circulated, as I am informed, by Mrs. Emma Hardinge Britten, by a learned calumniator in *The Carrier Dove*, and by other hostile newspaper writers: it has, moreover, been given a certain permanency of publication by an expelled French F. T. S., one Dr. G. Encausse (known by the pseudonym of *Papus*) in his work *Traité Methodique de Science Occulte*, which was reviewed in the *Theosophist* for August, 1892.

To those who knew H. P. B.'s mode of life while writing her book, who were acquainted with Baron de Palm at the West and in New York, and who were associated with him during his brief connection with the T. S., the above candid and easily proven details about his person-

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ality, habits, and acquirements will suffice. For others, I reluctantly append the scathing letter which Herr Consul Obermayer, of Augsburg, Bavaria, sent Mr. Judge in response to his official and professional enquiry as to M. de Palm's supposed European properties, and which has been translated for this publication from the original in my possession. From its date, the reader will see that we did not receive it, and consequently did not know the truth about the Baron's European antecedents, until a full year after his death, and five months after the world-famous cremation of his remains :

"CONSULATE OF THE ARGENTINE REPUBLIC,
AUGSBURG, *May* 16, 1877.

No. 1130.

TO WILLIAM Q. JUDGE,
Attorney and Counsellor at Law,
71 *Broadway, New York.*

"From your letter of the 7th ult., I gather that Baron Josef Heinrich Ludwig von Palm died in New York in the month of May, 1876.

"The undersigned, Consul Max Obermayer (late United States Consul at Augsburg from 1866 to 1873), happens by chance to be in a position to give you the information desired regarding the deceased in a thoroughly exhaustive manner, and is very willing to do so.

"Baron von Palm was in his youth an officer in the Bavarian army, but was forced on account of his many shady transactions and debts to leave the service. He then betook himself to other parts of Germany, but could not remain long anywhere, because his great friv-

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olity, his love of good living and his debaucheries constantly led him to incur fresh debts and involve himself in shady transactions; so that he was even condemned by the courts and sent to jail.

"After it became impossible for him to remain longer in Germany, he went to Switzerland to enter on a new course of swindling, and he actually succeeded, by false promises and misrepresentations, in persuading the owner of Schloss (Castle) 'Wartensee' to sell him that property, which he forthwith occupied. His stay there, however, was short; not only was he unable to raise the purchase money, but he could not even pay the taxes, and in consequence the property was sold for the account of the creditors and Palm fled to America.

"Whether or not he supported himself in America by frauds is not known here.

"Of property in Europe he possesses not *one cent's* worth; all that may be found among his effects to that purport is *a pure swindle.*

"The only property on which he had any claim whatever, before he went to America, was a share in the Knebelisher inheritance in Trieste. When he left he had already taken much trouble to obtain immediate payment of this amount, but in vain.

"Towards the end of the year 1869, Palm addressed himself to the undersigned in his then capacity of United States Consul, with the request to arrange for the payment to him of his share in the Knebelisher estate mentioned above.

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"This request was at once complied with, and, as appears from the enclosed copy of his receipt, the sum of 1,068 Thalers 4/6 = $3247.53 was placed at Palm's disposal by a consular letter of Jan. 21, 1870, and he availed himself thereof through the banking house of Greenbaum Bros. & Co., as appears from his letter to the consulate of Feb. 14, 1870.

"I can only repeat that Palm possessed in Europe neither a single dollar in money, nor a single foot of ground, and that everything which may be found among his papers to the contrary is based solely upon fraudulent representation.

"Palm's only known relatives are the two Baronesses Von T—— domiciled in Augsburg, both families in every way most respectable, and to whom Palm in the last year of his residence in Europe caused much scandal and annoyance.

"The above gives all that is to be known about the deceased Palm in the most exhaustive manner, and probably more even than you may have expected.

. . . . . .

(Signed) MAX OBERMAYER.

Consul Argentine Republic."

My compliments to M. Papus, Mrs. Britten and her "party." *Palmam qui meruit, ferat!*

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CHAPTER XI.

THE FIRST CREMATION IN AMERICA.

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

The cremation took place December 6, 1876, at the small inland town of Washington, Washington County, Pennsylvania, more than six months after the body had been packed in carbolised dried clay at New York. It is very easy now to cremate a body, either in America or England, for efficient crematories are available and cremation societies exist, but then it was quite another thing. When I pledged myself to dispose of the Baron's remains as he wished, there were no facilities, no precedents in my country to follow, unless I wished to adopt the Eastern method of open-air burning, which had

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been once employed, and which, in the then state of public prejudice and the probable refusal of the Sanitary Board to issue a permit, would have been very difficult, not to say dangerous. My only practicable policy was to wait until the chance offered itself. In the year 1816, a Mr. Henry Laurens, a wealthy gentleman of South Carolina, ordered his executors to burn his corpse and compelled his family to acquiesce by the testamentary proviso that they should not inherit his estate unless his wishes were strictly carried out. Accordingly, his body was burnt on his own plantation in the Eastern fashion, on a funeral pyre and in the open air; his family and near relations being present. One other case of the kind is recorded, that of a Mr. Berry, the pyre being used in this instance also, if my memory serves me. But there had been no case of the disposal of human remains in a retort or crematorium constructed for the purpose, and so, as above said, I had no choice but to wait patiently the turn of events. I was not kept long in suspense, for one morning in July or August it was announced in the papers that Dr. F. Julius Le Moyne, an eccentric but very philanthropic physician of Western Pennsylvania, had begun erecting a crematorium for the burning of his own body. I immediately opened correspondence with him, with the result that (Letter of August 16, 1876) he consented that if he should survive the completion of his building, the Baron's corpse should be the first one disposed of. At the time of the funeral the possibility of there being a subsequent cremation

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was not publicly announced but only whispered about; now, however, it was openly declared, my purpose being to give the authorities fair warning, so that if any legal obstacle existed it might be brought to view. Mr. F. C. Bowman, Counsellor at Law (Barrister), and I were elected a legal Advisory Committee of the original N. Y. Cremation Society, to carefully examine the statutes and report whether or not a person had the right of choosing the way in which to dispose of his body. We found nothing to indicate the contrary; and, in fact, common sense itself would show that if a man has absolute ownership of anything belonging to him it must be of his physical body, and that he is free to say how it shall be disposed of after his death, provided that he chooses no method imperilling the rights or welfare of others. Under my private agreement with the N. Y. Cremation Society, and hence long before Dr. Le Moyne's crematorium was ready, we made formal application to the Brooklyn Board of Health for a permit of removal for cremation, and the Board took counsel's opinion.* It agreed with Mr. Bowman's and mine, and an ap-

* Following is the text of the note in question:

NEW YORK CITY, June 5, 1876.

GENTLEMEN:

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

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

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plication, couched in officially prescribed terms, being made later when the crematorium was finished, the permit was duly granted. Thus the first important point was made, and no legal impediment existing, the advocates of cremation had only to meet theological, economic, scientific, and sentimental objections. Dr. Le Moyne and I agreed upon the plan of arranging for a public meeting with addresses from representative men, to take place immediately after the cremation, and for an evening meeting to discuss the merits and demerits of this mode of sepulture. We agreed that each public speaker should confine himself to a special branch of the subject, to avoid repetitions while covering the entire ground.

Owing to the neutral character of the T. S. upon all questions involving different religious opinions, it had been decided that my co-executor and I should carry out this affair in our personal capacities. It was also decided that there should be no further religious ceremonies. Both Dr. Le Moyne and I being strong advocates for cremation, we were fully convinced that the public interest demanded the giving of wide publicity to this event and the invitation of men of science and officers of Boards of Health, to be present and carefully scrutinise the process of reduction of the body by fire. "I agree with you," writes the good old Doctor, "that the addresses are to be confined to the subject of cremation without branching out on other topics, however proper and right they might be in themselves and in their own

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place. I have never intended or expected that our programme should include any kind of religious service, but should be a strictly scientific and sanitary experiment, looking to a reform in the disposition of a body." The American press, which had made fun of the T. S. for having too much religious ceremony at the Baron's funeral, now abused us for having none at all at his cremation. However, we cared nothing for that, the praise and the blame of the ignorant being equally valueless. Dr. Le Moyne and I wished to settle the following points: (*a*) Whether cremation was a really scientific method of sepulture; (*b*) Whether it was cheaper than burial; (*c*) Whether it offered any repugnant features; (*d*) How long it would take to incinerate a human body. In pursuance of the policy of bold publicity, Mr. Newton and I, as executors, and Dr. Le Moyne, as owner of the crematory, addressed the following invitation to Boards of Health, individual scientists, selected principals and professors of colleges, clergymen and editors:

NEW YORK, November, 1876.

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

JOSEPH HENRY LOUIS, BARON de PALM,

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

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

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

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

Washington is a town in Washington County, in the State of Pennsylvania, twenty-five miles West of Pittsburgh, on the Chartiers Valley R. R., and about midway between the cities of Pittsburgh and Wheeling. Trains leave Pittsburgh and Wheeling for Washington at 9

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o'clock A.M., and at 5 o'clock P.M., every day except Sunday. The running time is about two hours.

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

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

Address, Box 4335, N. Y. City.

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

Address, Washington, Washington Co., Pa.

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

It was a great responsibility to take upon ourselves, for, if anything went wrong with Dr. Le Moyne's furnace, there would have been a tremendous clamour against us for exposing a human body to the chance of irrever-

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ential scientific maltreatment.* However, the object in view being so thoroughly humanitarian, we carried the affair through without flinching. To guard as far as possible against accident, the good Doctor first tested the furnace on a sheep's carcase and, in a letter dated October 26, 1876, he reports to me that it had been "a complete success. A carcase weighing 164 lbs. had been cremated in six hours and it could have been done in less time." He then had made a skeleton crate, or bier, composed of flat and round half-inch bars, the whole weighing about 40 lbs., in which to lay the corpse for putting it into the retort; and asked me to buy, if possible, a sheet of asbestos cloth to lay over it as a sort of fire-resisting shroud. This was not procurable at the time and I had to devise a substitute. Upon my arrival at the place, one peep into the heated retort showed me that any ordinary cerement about the corpse would be instantaneously consumed and the body be uncovered, so I soaked a bed-sheet with a saturated solution of alum and ventured that. It proved to be perfectly efficacious, and, I believe, has now come into general use.

I need not go into many details about the cremation, since they can all be found in the file of any American

* There was one risk to be provided against, viz., the possibility of the corpse being carbonised in the still air of an incandescent clay retort heated up to a temperature of 1500° to 2000°. To obviate this, Dr. Le Moyne, against the protest of his contractor, drilled an air-hole in the iron door of the retort and fitted to it a revolving flap which permitted of the hole being opened or closed at pleasure. In the sheep-cremation experiment this proved so thoroughly efficacious that the contractor was converted to the Doctor's views.

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journal for the month of December, 1876 : still, considering the historical interest which attaches to this first scientific cremation in the United States, a condensed narrative embodying the main facts had better be given by its responsible manager.

The Le Moyne crematorium is (for it still exists), in a small, one-storied brick structure divided into two rooms ; the one to the left on entering, a reception-room, the other containing the furnace and retort. Exclusive of the value of the land, it cost Dr. Le Moyne about $1700, or say £340. Everything was very plain, repulsively so, one might say : there was no ornamentation within or without—just simply a practical corpse-incinerator, as unæsthetic as a bake-oven. Yet results have shown that it is thoroughly practical and can do its intended work as well as if its walls had been of sculptured marble, its partitions of ornately carved wood, and its doors and furnace poems in modelled bronze. Dr. Le Moyne wrote me that his aim was to give the poor a method of sepulture that would be far cheaper than burial, and offer more safeguards against those violations of graves and those tragedies of premature burial which are unavoidable in the case of the prevailing fashion of sepulture. The theft of the corpses of the late Lord Crawford and Balcarres, of Scotland, and Mr. A. T. Stewart, of New York, not to mention the thousands of body-snatchings for dissectors, prove the reality of the former, while the alleged cutting up of poor Irving Bishop while entranced, and the instances where, upon re-opening a coffin, the

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body has been found turned and with the flesh of its arms gnawed by the hapless victim in his agony of starvation and suffocation, give a fearful weight to the last-named suggestion. The pecuniary and sanitary ends in view were attained with the Le Moyne furnace, for even this first cremation in America cost us only about ten dollars, and proved that a body could be disposed of without unpleasant concomitants.

Mr. Newton and I reached Washington, Pa., on the 5th December, 1876, with the Baron's remains enclosed in two envelopes—the coffin and an outer case of wood. Dr. Le Moyne and others met us at the station, and the corpse was taken in a hearse to the crematorium, where it lay until the next morning in charge of an attendant, the fireman who stoked the furnace. The fire (of coke) had been lighted at 2 A.M. that day and the retort was already at a dazzling white heat—"hot enough" the stoker said "to melt iron." The mechanical construction of the apparatus was simplicity itself. An arched retort of fire-clay, 8 ft. long by 3 ft. broad and the same in height, for receiving the corpse, was surrounded by a fire-flue communicating with a furnace beneath the retort; which had a tall chimney for making a draft and carrying off the smoke. An opening from the retort into the surrounding hot-air flue allowed the escape into it of the gases and other volatile products of cremation, where they were effectually consumed. A large iron door luted with fire-clay around the frame, was fitted into the front of the retort, and the swinging flap, above

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described, not only permitted of the introduction of cold air and the making of a slight draught through the retort at will, but also served as a peep-hole through which glimpses could be had of the progress of the cremation from time to time. As the corpse lay upon an open iron crate, swathed in its alum-saturated sheet, in a fire-clay box which effectually separated it from the furnace-fire beneath, it will be seen that there could be none of that horror of roasting human flesh and bursting entrails which makes one shudder at an open-air pyre-burning, while, as all the lighter products of cremation, the gaseous and watery components of a body, were burnt up in the heat-flue that encircled the white-hot retort, there was none of that unpleasant odour that sometimes sickens one who drives past an Indian burning-ghât. The corpse simply dries into nothing save the ashes of its skeleton. When the retort was opened, the morning after De Palm's cremation, there was nothing left of the once tall, stout body save a trail of white powder and some fragments of osseous articulations; the whole weighing but some 6 lbs.*

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

"There is nothing surer than that in the not far distant future the cremation of dead bodies will be in universal vogue. It is now ascertained that earth-worms convey microbes of disease from cemeteries, and distribute them at their own sweet will. We have never yet been able to comprehend how about thirty thousand putrefying bodies in an acre or two of ground can be anything less than an un-

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

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

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tragedy occurred which changed their plans : the Brooklyn Theatre caught fire the same evening and some two hundred people were burnt alive. Thus, the greater cremation weakened the public interest in the lesser one.

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

" When all was ready the body was quietly and reverently slid into the retort. There were no religious services, no addresses, no music, no climax, such as would have thrown great solemnity over the occasion. There was not one iota of ceremony. Everything was as business-like as possible. At 8.20 o'clock Dr. Le Moyne, Col. Olcott, Mr. Newton, and Dr. Asdale quietly took their stations on either side of the body, and raising the cradle from the catafalque bore it at once to the crematory retort, and slid it in with its unearthy burden head foremost.

" As the end of the cradle reached the further and hottest end of the furnace, the evergreens round the head burst into a blaze and were quickly consumed, but the flowers and evergreens on the other part of the body

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

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remained untouched. The flames formed, as it were, a crown of glory for the dead man."

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

"By this time the retort presented the appearance of a radiant solar disk of a very warm rather than brilliant color, and though every flower and evergreen was reduced to a red-hot ash condition, they retained their individual forms, the pointed branches of the evergreens arching over the body. At the same time I could see that the winding-sheet still enfolded the corpse, showing that the solution of alum had fully answered its purpose. This answers one of the avowed objections to cremation —the possibility of indecent exposure of the body. Half an hour later it was plainly evident that the sheet was charred. Around the head the material was blackened

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and ragged. This was easily accounted for. It appears that in saturating the sheet with the solution of alum, Col. Olcott began at the feet, and that by the time he reached the head the supply was exhausted. All were, however, rejoiced to see that the heat was increasing rapidly."

A REMARKABLE SCENE.

"Just at this time a remarkable muscular action of the corpse, almost amounting to a phenomenon, occurred. The left hand, which had been lying by the side of the body, was gradually raised, and three of the fingers pointed upward. Although a little startling at the moment, this action was of course the mere result of intense burning heat producing muscular contraction. At 9.25 o'clock Dr. Otterson tested the draught in the retort by placing a piece of tissue paper over the peephole, some one having suggested that there was not a sufficient amount of oxygen in the retort to produce the necessary combustion. It was found that the draught was ample. At this time the left hand began to fall back slowly into its normal position, while a luminous rose-colored light surrounded the remains, and a slight aromatic odor found its way through the vent-hole of the furnace. An hour later the body presented the appearance of absolute incandescence. It looked red hot. This was the result of the extra firing, the heat of the furnace now being far more unpleasant than it was before, with the mouth of the retort wide open."

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CURIOUS EFFECTS NOTICED.

"As the retort became hotter the rosy mist I have spoken of assumed a golden tinge, and a very curious effect was noticed in the feet. The soles of the feet were, of course, fully exposed to any one looking through the peep-hole. They gradually assumed a certain transparency, similar in character to the appearance of the hand when the fingers are held between the eye and a brilliant light, but very much more luminous. At 10.40 o'clock Dr. Le Moyne, Col. Olcott, William Harding, and the health officers present entered the furnace-room and held a consultation with closed doors. On re-appearing they announced that the cremation of the body was practically complete. Any one looking into the retort at this moment would think it ought to have been.

"The fiery ordeal through which Shadrach, Meshach, and Abed-nego passed on account of Nebuchadnezzar's golden image must have been a trifling experience compared with what the body of the Baron de Palm had gone through. Some experiments with sheep were made by Dr. Le Moyne when the furnace was completed, but Mr. Dye, the builder of the furnace, says the body was more thoroughly cremated at the end of two hours and forty minutes than the sheep were in five or six hours. About this time I noticed that the body was beginning to subside, that, though incandescent to a degree, it was nevertheless a mere structure of powdery ashes, which the lungs of a child might blow away. The red-hot

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filmy shroud still covered the remains, and the twigs of evergreens still remained standing, though they had sunk with the subsidence of the body. The feet too had fallen, and all was rapidly becoming one glowing mass of a white light and an intense heat. . . . At 11.12 o'clock Dr. Folsom, Secretary of the Massachusetts Board of Health, made a careful examination, so far as possible, of the retort and its contents. His announcement that 'Incineration is complete beyond all question' was received with universal gratification. The last vestige of the form of a body had disappeared in the general mass."

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

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

On the afternoon of the same day, at the public meeting at the Town Hall, Dr. King, of Pittsburgh discoursed upon the deleterious and poisonous effects of crowded

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graveyards; Dr. Le Moyne upon the scriptural and practical issues of cremation; President Hays showed its unobjectionable character from the Biblical aspect; Mr. Crumrine expounded its legality; and I contributed a historical retrospect of the subject in ancient and modern times.

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

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

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

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CHAPTER XII.

PUTATIVE AUTHOR OF "ART MAGIC."

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

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

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The coincidence consisted in the fact that the book and our Society simultaneously affirmed the dignity of ancient Occult Science, the existence of Adepts, the reality of, and contrast between, White and Black Magic, the existence of the Astral Light, the swarming of Elemental races in the regions of air, earth, etc., the existence of relations between them and ourselves, and the practicability of bringing them under subjection by certain methods long known and tested. It was, so to say, an attack from two sides simultaneously upon the entrenched camp of Western ignorance and prejudice.

Mrs. Britten affirmed that *Art Magic* had been written by an Adept of her acquaintance, "a life-long and highly honoured friend,"* whom she had first met in Europe, and for whom she was but acting as "Translator" and "Secretary." His name, she said, was Louis, and he was a Chevalier. A piquant Prospectus, calculated to switch the most jaded curiosity to the buying-point, was issued, and the bibliophile's cupidity excited by the announcement that the Author would only permit five hundred copies to be printed, and even then should reserve the right of refusing to sell to those whom he might find undeserving!† This right he seems to

* *Nineteenth Century Miracles*, p. 437.

† "To prevent his recondite work from falling into the hands of such heterogeneous readers, as he felt confident would misunderstand or perhaps pervert its aims to evil uses." (*Nineteenth Century Miracles*, p. 437.) And in a letter to myself, of September 20, 1875, about her copy of *Cornelius Agrippa* that I wished to borrow, she calls Louis "The Author of the *book of books* (italics hers), just advertised in the *Banner*," and says, "This man would far sooner burn his book and die amidst its ashes than spare it even to a favoured 500."

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have exercised, since, in another published letter to "The Slanderers of *Art Magic*,"—whom she calls "little pugs"—she tells us that "some twenty names have been struck off by the Author." The fact that some persons, more cavilling than well-informed, had hinted that her book had been hatched in the Theosophical Society, provoked her wrath to such a degree that, with a goodly show of capitals and italics, she warns all these "whisperers who dare not openly confront us," that she and her husband "had laid the case before an eminent New York legal gentleman," who had instructed them "to say publicly that, free as this country may be to do what each one pleases (*sic*), it is not free enough to allow the circulation of injurious libels"—and that they "had instructed him to proceed immediately against any one who hereafter shall assert, publicly or privately, that the work I have undertaken—namely, to become Secretary to the publication of *Art Magic*, or Mundane, Sub-Mundane and Super-Mundane Spiritualism—has anything to do with Col. Olcott, Madame Blavatsky, the New York Theosophic Society, or any thing or person belonging to either those persons or that Society" (*vide* her letter in *Banner of Light*, of about December, 1875; the cutting in our Scrap-Book being undated, I cannot be more exact).

This clattering of pans was kept up so persistently—she and her husband actually being all the while executive members of the Theosophical Society—that, despite the fancy price put upon the book—$5 for a volume of

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467 pages, in pica type heavily leaded, or scarcely as much matter as is contained in a 7*s.* 6*d.* volume of the London publishers—her list was soon filled up. I, myself, paid her $10 for two copies, but the one now before me is inscribed, in Mrs. Britten's handwriting, "To Madame Blavatsky, in token of esteem from the Editor [herself] and the Author [?]." The Prospectus stated that, after the edition of 500 copies was run off, the "plates" were to be destroyed. The imprint shows the book to have been "Published by the Author, at New York, America," but it was copyrighted by William Britten, Mrs. Britten's husband, in the year 1876, in due form. The printers were Messrs. Wheat and Cornett, 8 Spruce St., N. Y.

I have given the above details for the following reasons: 1. The book marks a literary epoch in American literature and thought; 2. I suspect that good faith was not kept with the subscribers, myself included; since the work—for which we paid an extravagant price—was printed from type forms, not plates, and Mr. Wheat himself told me that his firm had printed, by Mr. or Mrs. Britten's orders, 1500 instead of 500 copies—the truth of which assertion his account-books should show. I only repeat what her printer told me, and give it for what it may be worth; 3. Because these and other circumstances, among others the internal evidence of the matter and execution of the work, make me doubt the story of the alleged adept authorship. Unquestionably there are fine, even brilliant, passages in it, and a deal

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that is both instructive and valuable. As a neophyte in this branch of literature, I was, at the time, deeply impressed with it, and so wrote to Mrs. Britten ; but the effect of these upon me was afterwards marred by my discovery of the unacknowledged use of text and illustrations from Barrett, Pietro de Abano, Jennings, Layard, and even (see plates facing pp. 193 and 219) from *Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper* * ; also by the unspiritual personification of God, "the eternal, uncreated, self-existent, and infinite realm of spirit" (p. 31), as a *globe*, that is to say, a limited sphere or central sun related to the universe as our sun is to our solar system ; by much bad spelling and grammar ; by such mistakes as the making of "Chrishna and Buddha Sakia" heroes of an episode identical with that told of Jesus, *viz.*, a

* The book-reviewer of *Woodhull and Claflin's Weekly*, a New York journal of the day, in noticing the appearance of *Art Magic* uses very severe language in regard to the reputed Author, whom he identifies, whether justly or unjustly, I cannot say, with Mrs. Britten. The book, he says, "is simply a rehash of books accessible to any student of even limited means, and (which) can be readily found in almost any book-store, or on the shelves of any public library. Ennemoser's *History of Magic*, Howitt's *Supernatural*, Salverte's *Philosophy of Magic*, Hargrave Jennings's *Rosicrucians*, Barrett's *Magus*, Agrippa's *Occult Philosophy*, and a few others are the real sources of this wretched compilation, which is full of bad grammar and worse assumptions. We unhesitatingly assert that there is not a single important statement in the book which cannot be discovered in already-printed books." This is exaggerated censure, for the book does contain passages worthy of Bulwer-Lytton ; in fact, one would say they were written by him ; and while the forced loans of illustrations and matter from the authors cited are palpable, there is much sound occult doctrine sententiously put, to reward the patient reader.

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"flight and concealment in Egypt and their return to work miracles," etc.; * also by the declaration, which contradicts every canon of Occult Science ever taught in any school, that for becoming a Magican, or Adept, the "first great pre-requisite is a prophetic or naturally *mediumistic organisation*" (p 160); and that the sitting in "circles," mutual mesmerism, the cultivation of intercourse with spirits of the dead, and the acceptance of spirit guides and controls, are substantial and lawful aids to the development of Adept powers. Whatever Adept may have written this book, most assuredly it became in the pro-

* But I really must quote, for the edification of the High Priest H. Sumangala, and other unenlightened Buddhist scholars, the whole passage: "The births of these Avatars through the motherhood of a pure Virgin, their lives in infancy threatened by a vengeful king, their flight and concealment in Egypt, their return to work miracles, save, heal and redeem the world, suffer persecution, a violent death, a descent into Hell, and a re-appearance as a new-born Saviour, are all items of the Sun God's history, which have already been recited, etc. etc." (*Op. cit.*, p. 60). Fancy Buddha Gautama concealed in Egypt, suffering a violent death, and then descending into Hell! And this *Art Magic* is claimed to be the work of an Adept, who had studied in the East, and been initiated in its mystical lore! An Adept, moreover, who, when cholera was raging in London, "adjourned to an observatory"—in London—where he and "a select party—all distinguished for their scientific attainments," made "observations through an immense telescope, constructed under the direction of Lord Rosse" (*Ghost Land*, p. 134, by the same Author); which telescope happens to have never been nearer London than its site at Birr Castle near Parsons Town, Kings County, Ireland! The fact is that the Author of this book seems to have borrowed his (or her) alleged facts—even to the misspelling of the names of Krishna and Sakya Muni—from Chapter I. of Kersey Graves's veracious work, *The World's Sixteen Crucified Saviours*, which H. P. B. satirised so merrily in *Isis Unveiled*.

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cess of "editing" and "translating" a panegyric upon mediumship, and upon those phases of it which Mrs. Britten's mediumistic history seems to illustrate. One has but to compare it with *Isis Unveiled*, to see the vast difference in favour of the latter as a trustworthy elucidation of the nature, history, and scientific conditions of magic and magicans, of both the Right and Left Hand paths. To affirm that mediumship and adeptship are compatible, and that any Adept would permit himself to be guided or commanded by departed spirits, is an absurdity only equal to that of saying that the North and South Poles are in contact. I remember very well pointing this out to Mrs. Britten upon first reading her book, and that her explanation was not at all convincing. She makes one statement, however, which Spiritualists often deny, but which is doubtless true, nevertheless:

"It is also a significant fact, and one which should commend itself to the attention alike of the physiologist and psychologist, that persons afflicted with scrofula and glandular enlargements, often seem to supply the pabulum which enables spirits to produce manifestations of physical power. Frail, delicate women—persons, too, whose natures are refined, innocent, and pure, but whose glandular system has been attacked by the demon of scrofula, have frequently been found susceptible of becoming the most remarkable instruments for physical demonstrations by spirits."

The author had seen astounding phenomena exhibited

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by "rugged country girls and stout men of Ireland and North Germany," but careful scrutiny would often reveal in the mediums a tendency to epilepsy, chorea, and functual derangements of the pelvic viscera.

"It is a fact, which we may try to mask, or the acknowledgment of which we [Adepts?] may indignantly protest against, that the existence of remarkable medium powers augurs a want of balance in the system, etc."

Yet (p. 161), we are told that, "To be an 'Adept' was to be able to practise magic, and to do this was either to be a natural prophet [or medium, as above declared], cultured to the strength of a magician, or an individual who had acquired this prophetic [mediumistic?] power and magical strength through discipline." And this *soi-disant* Adept, says (p. 228) that if "the magic of the Orient combine with the magnetic spontaneity of Western Spiritism, we may have a religion, whose foundations laid in science and stretching away to the heavens in inspiration, will revolutionise the opinions of ages and establish on earth the reign of the true Spiritual Kingdom."

But this will suffice to show what manner of Adept is the reported Author of *Art Magic*, and what weight should be given to Mrs. Britten's current sarcasms and pifflings against H. P. B., her teachings, and the pretensions of the Theosophical Society which she helped us found. In the early days, she declared her acquaintanceship with us "a great privilege," her membership something to be proud of, and her office in the T. S.

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"a mark of distinction" [Letter on "The Slanderers of *Art Magic*" in *Spiritual Scientist*]; and, as late as the year 1881 or 1882, she calls herself, in a letter introducing Professor J. Smyth, of Sydney, to H. P. B., her unchanged friend, for whom she ever feels "the old time affection"; yet she has been anything but that of later years; and it is her attitude towards Theosophy which has created the necessity for my recording these several reminiscences, both in the interest of history, and for the profit of her friends and herself.

The author, we are told, had had "more than forty years" of occult experience (p. 166), after having "learned the truth" of magical science; so that he might reasonably be taken as at least fifty or sixty years of age when *Art Magic* was published; yet, from an alleged portrait of him, obligingly sent me by Mrs. Britten from Boston to New York, in 1876, for examination,* he seems a young man of about twenty-five. Moreover, all those years of profound study ought to have made his face embody the acquired masculine majesty one finds in the countenance of a true Yogi or Mahatma; whereas in this portrait, of a pretty man with mutton-chop whiskers, the face has the vapid weakness of a "sick sensitive," of a fashionable lady-killer, or, as many say who have seen it, that of a wax figure such as the Parisian barber sets in his shop window to display his wigs and whiskers upon. One who has ever

* Her conditions were that I was to show it only to those living in our house and then return it to her.

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been face to face with a real Adept, would be forced by this effeminate dawdler's countenance to suspect that either Mrs. Britten had, *faute de mieux*, shown a bogus portrait of the real author, or that the book was written by no "Chevalier Louis" at all.

The portrait is far less interesting in itself than in its relation to a remarkable phenomenon, which H. P. B. did upon the provocation of a French lady, a Spiritualist, then a guest at our New York Headquarters. Her name was Mlle. Pauline Liebert, and her place of residence at Leavenworth, in Kansas, a distant Western State. H. P. B. had known her in former years at Paris, where she took the deepest interest in "spirit photography." She believed herself to be under the spiritual guardianship of Napoleon Bonaparte, and that she possessed the power of conferring upon a photographer the mediumistic faculty of taking the portraits of the spirit-friends of living sitters! When she read in the papers H. P. B.'s first letters about Dr. Beard and the phenomena of the Eddy family, she wrote to her and told about the wonderful success she had had in Kansas, St. Louis, and elsewhere among the photographers, in getting spirit portraits. Mr. H. J. Newton, the Treasurer of the T. S., was a distinguished and scientific amateur photographer, and had fitted up a very excellent experimental gallery in his own house. Upon hearing from me about Mlle. Liebert's pretensions, he asked us to invite her to pay us a visit and give him sittings, with a view to testing her claims in the interest of science. H. P. B. complied,

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and the eccentric lady came to New York at our expense, and was our guest during several months. The erudite calumniator of the *Carrier Dove*, whom I have above mentioned in another connection, published (*C. D.*, vol. viii., 298) an alleged assertion of Mlle. Liebert to himself, that H. P. B.'s phenomena were tricks to delude me along with others, that her pictures were bought or prepared in advance and foisted on us as instantaneous productions, etc., etc.; in short, a tissue of falsehoods. He parades her as an intelligent person, but the fact is that she was credulity personified, so far as her spiritualistic photographs were concerned. Upon her arrival at New York, she began a course of photographic sittings at Mr. Newton's house, confidently prognosticating that she should enable him to get genuine spirit portraits. Mr. Newton patiently went on with the trial, until, with the fiftieth sitting, and no result, his patience gave way and he stopped. Mlle. Liebert tried to account for her failure by saying that the "magnetism" of Mr. Newton's private gallery was not congenial to the spirits; notwithstanding the fact that he was the foremost Spiritualist of New York City, the president of the largest society of the kind. With Mr. Newton's obliging help, I then arranged for a fresh series of trials in the photographic gallery of Bellevue Hospital, the manager of which, Mr. Mason, was a man of scientific training, a member of the Photographic Section of the American Institute, and anxious to test Mlle. Liebert's pretensions in a sympathetic spirit. His success was no

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better than Mr. Newton's, despite seventy-five careful trials under the French lady's prescribed precautions against failure. All these weeks and months that the two series of experiments were going on, Mlle. Liebert lived with us, and almost every evening she used to bring out and lovingly con over a handful of so-called spirit photographs that she had collected in divers places. The ignominious collapse of her hopes as to the test trials in progress seemed to make her dote upon what the poor deluded creature regarded as past successes, and it was an amusing study to watch her face while handling her thumb-worn *pièces de conviction.* H. P. B. had naturally but small pity for intellectual weaklings, especially little for the stubborn dupes of mediumistic trickery, and she often poured out the vials of her wrath upon the—as she called her—purblind old maid. One cold evening (Dec. 1, 1875), after a fresh day of failures at Mr. Mason's laboratory, Mlle. Liebert was, as usual, shuffling over her grimy photographs, sighing and arching her eyebrows into a despairing expression, when H. P. B. burst out: "Why will you persist in this folly? Can't you see that all those photographs in your hand were swindles on you by photographers who did them to rob you of your money? You have had every possible chance now to prove your pretended power,—more than one hundred chances have been given you, and you have not been able to do the least thing. Where is your pretended guide, Napoleon, and the other sweet angels of Summerland; why don't

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they come and help you? Pshaw! it makes me sick to see such credulity. Now see here: I can make a 'spirit picture' whenever I like and—of anybody I like. You don't believe it, eh? Well, I shall prove it on the spot!" She hunted up a piece of card-board, cut it to the size of a cabinet photograph, and then asked Mlle. Liebert whose portrait she wished. "Do you want me to make your Napoleon?" she asked. "No," said Mlle. L., "please make for me the picture of that beautiful M. Louis." H. P. B. burst into a scornful laugh, because, by Mrs. Britten's request, I had returned to her through the post the Louis portrait three days previously, and it being by that time in Boston, 250 miles away, the trap set by the French lady was but too evident. "Ah!" said H. P. B., "you thought you could catch me, but now see!" She laid the prepared card on the table before Mlle. Liebert and myself, rubbed the palm of her hand over it three or four times, turned it over, and lo! on the under side we saw (as we then thought) a fac-simile of the Louis portrait. In a cloudy background at both sides of the face were grinning elemental sprites, and above the head a shadowy hand with the index-finger pointing downward. I never saw amazement more strongly depicted on a human face than it was upon Mlle. Liebert's at that moment. She gazed in positive terror at the mysterious card, and presently burst into tears and hurried out of the room with it in her hand, while H. P. B. and I went into fits of laughter. After a half hour she returned, gave me

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the picture, and on retiring for the night I placed it as a book-mark in a volume I was reading in my own apartment. On the back I noted the date and the names of the three witnesses. The next morning I found that the picture had quite faded out, all save the name "Louis," written at the bottom in imitation of the original: the writing, a precipitation made simultaneously with the portrait and the elves in the background. That was a curious fact—that one part of a precipitated picture should remain visible, while all the rest had disappeared, and I cannot explain it. I locked it up in my drawer, and Mr. Judge, dropping in a day or two later, or, perhaps, the same evening, I told him the story and showed him the defaced card; whereupon he asked H. P. B. to cause the portrait to re-appear and to "fix" it. It needed but a moment for to lay the card again face down upon the table, cover it with her hand, and reproduce the picture as it had been. He took it by her permission, and kept it until we met him at Paris in 1884, when—as he had fortunately brought it with him—I begged it of him for the Adyar Library. From Paris I crossed over to London, and, going one evening to dine with my friend Stainton Moses, he showed me his collection of mediumistic curios, *among others, the very original of the Louis picture, which I had returned to Mrs. Britten by post from New York to Boston in 1876!* On the back was written "M. A. Oxon, March 1, 1877, from the Author of *Art Magic*, and *Ghostland*." The next day I brought and showed Stainton Moses the H. P. B copy, and he kindly gave

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ORIGINAL OF THE PRETENDED PORTRAIT OF "CHEVALIER LOUIS."

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DUPLICATE OF THE PRETENDED PORTRAIT OF "CHEVALIER LOUIS," PHENOMENALLY PRODUCED.

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me the original. Thus, after the lapse of eight years, both came back to my hand. Upon comparing them, we found so many differences as to show conclusively that the one was not a duplicate of the other. To begin with the faces look in opposite directions, as though the one were the enlarged and somewhat deranged reflection of the other in a mirror. When I asked H. P. B. the reason for this, she said that all things on the objective plane have their images reversed in the astral light, and that she simply transferred to paper the astral reflection of the Louis picture *as she saw it:* the minuteness of its accuracy would depend upon the exactness of her clairvoyant perception. Applying this test to these two pictures, we find that there are material differences in horizontal and vertical measurements throughout, as well as in the curl of the hair and beard and the outlines of the dress: the "Louis" signatures also vary in all details while preserving a general resemblance. When the copy was precipitated, the tint was infused into the surface of the whole card as a sort of pigmentous blur, just as the background still remains, and H. P. B. touched up some of the main lines with a lead-pencil; to the artistic improvement of the picture, but to its detriment as an exhibit of occult photography.

I am fortunately able to cite an account, hitherto unpublished, by Mrs. Britten herself, of the incidents connected with the taking of the portrait. It is given in a letter to Lady Caithness, Duchesse de Pomar, who copied it out at my request:

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"I now enclose you a faint shadow of our 'archimagus.' I deeply regret my inability to send you anything better, for, indeed, his face is wonderfully beautiful. He has raven hair, superb eyes, a very fine complexion, and the sweetest smile imaginable—you may judge therefore what a poor representation this picture forms of him. It only resembles him as he lay fainting in the carriage* when we left the photographer's. There was a very curious incident about this picture. When the negative was finished, I insisted on the photographer making me a proof, then and there, in order that I might judge of its resemblance; that proof I took away with us, requesting my friend, who is a fine artist, to make me an enlarged crayon sketch for myself,—this he agreed to do. I wondered why the photographer did not send me any more pictures, and waited for many days for them. I knew it only represented my poor sufferer as he then was, not as he generally appears, still he entreated me to send it as it was for his *Madonna*—as he calls you—because he had made such a great exertion to have it taken, and only for you. Still he did not come. The photographer might have been prevented from executing the pictures, I thought, by bad weather. At last I called on him—when, with a strange and singular air of reluctance, he acknowledged that almost immediately after we had left, the picture on the negative FADED ENTIRELY OUT, leaving only some very faint indications or marks, which looked like Cabalistic characters. He was very angry

* A fainting adept would indeed be a novelty in the East!

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about it, complained that these spiritualists were always playing tricks when they came for pictures, and he could not bear to have anything to do with them. I demanded to see the negative which he reluctantly showed me. He then, at my request, developed the plate [Note above that it had already been developed and printed from—H. S. O.], but the figures or signs are so faint that they are scarcely perceptible. He added, in a frightened way, that he 'did not want the gentleman to come again, for he did n't think he was a mortal man anyway.'

"I was terribly disappointed, but had no resource but submission. I had half resolved to have my miniature copied, when I received from Cuba, where Louis went first, the chalk-drawing he has made from the proof. He added to it a statement that the proof he took with him *has most strangely faded out*, leaving nothing but a faint indication of some Cabalistic signs too faint to make out.

"Is not that very strange? Determined not to be balked, I have had the chalk-drawing photographed, and though it is somewhat inferior in softness to the proof, it is an equally good resemblance of our invalid. What momentous times we are living in!"

Momentous, indeed, when Adepts of forty years' experience are made to look like a school-girl's hero, and photographic negatives are twice developed, each time giving a different print!

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CHAPTER XIII.

"ISIS UNVEILED."

OF the writing of *Isis Unveiled*, let us see what reminiscences memory can bring out of the dark-room where her imperishable negatives are kept.

If any book could ever have been said to make an epoch, this one could. Its effects have been as important in one way as those of Darwin's first great work have been in another: both were tidal waves in modern thought, and each tended to sweep away theological crudities and replace the belief in miracle with the belief in natural law. And yet nothing could have been more commonplace and unostentatious than the beginning of *Isis*. One day in the Summer of 1875. H. P. B. showed me some sheets of manuscript which she had written, and said: "I wrote this last night 'by order,' but what the deuce it is to be I don't know. Perhaps it is for a newspaper article, perhaps for a book, perhaps for nothing: anyhow, I did as I was ordered." And she put it away in a drawer, and nothing more was said about it for

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some time. But in the month of September—if my memory serves—she went to Syracuse (N. Y.), on a visit to her new friends, Professor and Mrs. Corson, of Cornell University, and the work went on. She wrote me that it was to be a book on the history and philosophy of the Eastern Schools and their relations with those of our own times. She said she was writing about things she had never studied and making quotations from books she had never read in all her life: that, to test her accuracy, Prof. Corson had compared her quotations with classical works in the University Library, and had found her to be right. Upon her return to town, she was not very industrious in this affair, but wrote only spasmodically, and the same may be said as to the epoch of her Philadelphia residence, but a month or two after the formation of the Theosophical Society, she and I took two suites of rooms at 433 West 34th St., she on the first and I on the second floor, and thenceforward the writing of *Isis* went on without break or interruption until its completion in the year 1877. In her whole life she had not done a tithe of such literary labour, yet I never knew even a managing daily journalist who could be compared with her for dogged endurance or tireless working capacity. From morning till night she would be at her desk, and it was seldom that either of us got to bed before 2 o'clock A.M. During the daytime I had my professional duties to attend to, but always, after an early dinner we would settle down together to our big writing-table and work, as if for dear life, until bodily

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fatigue would compel us to stop. What an experience! The education of an ordinary life-time of reading and thinking was, for me, crowded and compressed into this period of less than two years. I did not merely serve her as an amanuensis or a proof-reader, but she made me a collaborator; she caused me to utilise—it almost seemed—everything I had ever read or thought, and stimulated my brain to think out new problems that she put me in respect to occultism and metaphysics, which my education had not led me up to, and which I only came to grasp as my intuition developed under this forcing process. She worked on no fixed plan, but ideas came streaming through her mind like a perennial spring which is ever overflowing its brim. Now she would be writing upon Brahma, anon upon Babinet's electrical "meteor-cat"; one moment she would be reverentially quoting from Porphyrios, the next from a daily newspaper or some modern pamphlet that I had just brought home; she would be adoring the perfections of the ideal Adept, but diverge for an instant to thwack Professor Tyndall or some other pet aversion of hers, with her critical cudgel. Higgledy-piggledy it came, in a ceaseless rivulet, each paragraph complete in itself and capable of being excised without harm to its predecessor or successor. Even as it stands now, and after all its numerous re-castings, an examination of the wondrous book will show this to be the case.

If she had no plan, despite all her knowledge, does not that go to prove that the work was not of her own

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conception; that she was but the channel through which this tide of fresh, vital essence was being poured into the stagnant pool of modern spiritual thought? As a part of my educational training she would ask me to write something about some special subject, perhaps suggesting the salient points that should be brought in, perhaps just leaving me to do the best I could with my own intuitions. When I had finished, if it did not suit her, she would usually resort to strong language, and call me some of the pet names that are apt to provoke the homicidal impulse; but if I prepared to tear up my unlucky composition, she would snatch it from me and lay it by for subsequent use elsewhere, after a bit of trimming, and I would try again. Her own manuscript was often a sight to behold; cut and patched, re-cut and re-pasted, until if one held a page of it to the light, it would be seen to consist of, perhaps, six, or eight, or ten slips cut from other pages, pasted together, and the text joined by interlined words or sentences. She became so dexterous in this work that she used often to humorously vaunt her skill to friends who might be present. Our books of reference sometimes suffered in the process, for her pasting was frequently done on their open pages, and volumes are not wanting in the Adyar Headquarters and London libraries which bear the marks to this day.

From the date of her first appearance in the *Daily Graphic*, in 1874, throughout her American career, she was besieged by visitors, and if among them there

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chanced to be any who had some special knowledge of any particular thing cognate to her field of work, she invariably drew him out, and, if possible, got him to write down his views or reminiscences for insertion in her book. Among examples of this sort are Mr. O'Sullivan's account of a magical séance in Paris, Mr. Rawson's interesting sketch of the secret initiations of the Lebanon Druses, Dr. Alexander Wilder's numerous notes and text paragraphs in the Introduction and throughout both volumes, and others which add so much to the value and interest of the work. I have known a Jewish Rabbi pass hours and whole evenings in her company, discussing the Kabballa, and have heard him say to her that, although he had studied the secret science of his religion for thirty years, she had taught him things he had not even dreamed of, and thrown a clear light upon passages which not even his best teachers had understood. Whence did she get this knowledge? That she had it, was unmistakable; whence did she get it? Not from her governesses in Russia; not from any source known to her family or most intimate friends; not on the steamships or railways she had been haunting in her world-rambles since her fifteenth year; not in any college or university, for she never matriculated at either; not in the huge libraries of the world. To judge from her conversation and habits before she took up this monster literary task, she had not learnt it at all, whether from one source or another; but when she needed it she had it, and in her better moments of in-

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spiration—if the term be admissible—she astonished the most erudite by her learning quite as much as she dazzled all present by her eloquence and delighted them by her wit and humorous raillery.

One might fancy, upon seeing the numerous quotations in *Isis Unveiled* that she had written it in an alcove of the British Museum or of the Astor Library in New York. The fact is, however, that our whole working library scarcely comprised one hundred books of reference. Now and again single volumes would be brought her by Mr. Sotheran, Mr. Marble or other friends, and, latterly, she borrowed a few of Mr. Bouton. Of some books she made great use—for example, King's *Gnostics;* Jennings' *Rosicrucians;* Dunlop's *Sod* and *Spirit History of Man;* Moor's *Hindu Pantheon;* Des Mousseaux's furious attacks on Magic, Mesmerism, Spiritualism, etc., all of which he denounced as the Devil; Eliphas Lévi's various works; Jacolliot's twenty-seven volumes; Max Müller's, Huxley's, Tyndall's, Herbert Spencer's works, and those of many other authors of greater or less repute: yet not to exceed the hundred, I should say. Then what books *did* she consult, and what library had she access to? Mr. W. H. Burr asked Dr. Wilder in an open letter to the *Truth-seeker* whether the rumour was true that *he* had written *Isis* for H. P. B.; to which our beloved old friend would truthfully reply that it was a false rumour, and that he had done as much for H. P. B. as I have above stated, had given her much excellent advice, and had, for a consideration, prepared the very

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copious Index of some fifty pages, from advanced plate-proofs sent him for the purpose. That is all. And equally baseless is the oft-repeated tale that I wrote the book and she touched it up: it was quite the other way about. I corrected every page of her manuscript several times, and every page of the proofs; wrote many paragraphs for her, often merely embodying her ideas that she could not then (some fifteen years before her death and anterior to almost her whole career as a writer of English literature) frame to her liking in English; helped her to find out quotations, and did other purely auxiliary work: the book is hers alone, so far as personalities on this plane of manifestation are concerned, and she must take all the praise and the blame that it deserves. She made the epoch with her book, and, in making it, made me—her pupil and auxiliary—as fit as I may have been found to do Theosophical work during these past twenty years. Then, whence did H. P. B. draw the materials which compose *Isis*, and which cannot be traced to accessible literary sources of quotation? *From the Astral Light*, and, by her soul-senses, from her Teachers—the "Brothers," "Adepts," "Sages," "Masters," as they have been variously called. How do I know it? By working two years with her on *Isis* and many more years on other literary work.

To watch her at work was a rare and never-to-be-forgotten experience. We sat at opposite sides of one big table usually, and I could see her every movement. Her pen would be flying over the page, when she would

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suddenly stop, look out into space with the vacant eye of the clairvoyant seer, shorten her vision as though to look at something held invisibly in the air before her, and begin copying on her paper what she saw. The quotation finished, her eyes would resume their natural expression, and she would go on writing until again stopped by a similar interruption. I remember well two instances when I, also, was able to see and even handle books from whose astral duplicates she had copied quotations into her manuscript, and which she was obliged to "materialise" for me, to refer to when reading the proofs, as I refused to pass the pages for the "strike-off" unless my doubts as to the accuracy of her copy were satisfactory. One of these was a French work on physiology and psychology; the other, also by a French author, upon some branch of neurology. The first was in two volumes, bound in half calf, the other in pamphlet wrapper. It was when we were living at 302 West 47th street—the once-famous "Lamasery," and the executive headquarters of the Theosophical Society. I said: "I cannot pass this quotation, for I am sure it cannot read as you have it." She said: "Oh don't bother; it 's right; let it pass." I refused, until finally she said: "Well, keep still a minute and I 'll try to get it." The far-away look came into her eyes, and presently she pointed to a far corner of the room, to an *étagère* on which were kept some curios, and in a hollow voice said: "There!" and then came to herself again. "There, there; go look for it over there!" I went,

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and found the two volumes wanted, which, to my knowledge, had not been in the house until that very moment. I compared the text with H. P. B.'s quotation, showed her that I was right in my suspicions as to the error, made the proof correction and then, at her request, returned the two volumes to the place on the *étagère* from which I had taken them. I resumed my seat and work, and when, after awhile, I looked again in that direction, the books had disappeared! After my telling this (absolutely true) story, ignorant sceptics are free to doubt my sanity; I hope it may do them good. The same thing happened in the case of the *apport* of the other book, but this one remained, and is in our possession at the present time.

The "copy" turned off by H. P. B. presented the most marked dissemblances at different times. While the handwriting bore one peculiar character throughout, so that one familiar with her writing would always be able to detect any given page as H. P. B.'s, yet, when examined carefully, one discovered at least three or four variations of the one style, and each of these persistent for pages together, when it would give place to some other of the caligraphic variants. That is to say, there would not often—never, as I now remember—be more than two of the styles on the same page, and even two only when the style which had been running through the work of, perhaps, a whole evening or half an evening, would suddenly give place to one of the other styles which would, in its turn, run through the rest of an

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evening, or the next whole evening, or the morning's "copy." One of these H. P. B. handwritings was very small, but plain; one bold and free; another plain, of medium size, and very legible; and one scratchy and hard to read, with its queer, foreign-shaped a's and x's and e's. There was also the greatest possible difference in the English of these various styles. Sometimes I would have to make several corrections in each line, while at others I could pass many pages with scarcely a fault of idiom or spelling to correct. Most perfect of all were the manuscripts which were written for her while she was sleeping. The beginning of the chapter on the civilisation of Ancient Egypt (vol. i., chap. xiv.,) is an illustration. We had stopped work the evening before at about 2 A.M. as usual, both too tired to stop for our usual smoke and chat before parting; she almost fell asleep in her chair while I was bidding her good-night, so I hurried off to my bedroom. The next morning, when I came down after my breakfast, she showed me a pile of at least thirty or forty pages of beautifully written H. P. B. manuscript, which, she said, she had had written for her by——well, a Master, whose name has never yet been degraded like some others. It was perfect in every respect, and went to the printers without revision.

Now it was a curious fact that each change in the H. P. B. manuscript would be preceded, either by her leaving the room for a moment or two, or by her going off into the trance or abstracted state, when her lifeless

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eyes would be looking beyond me into space, as it were, and returning to the normal waking state almost immediately. And there would also be a distinct change of personality, or rather personal peculiarities, in gait, vocal expression, vivacity of manner, and, above all, in temper. The reader of her *Caves and Jungles of Hindustan* remembers how the whirling pythoness would rush out from time to time and return under the control, as alleged, of a different goddess? It was just like that —bar the sorcery and the vertiginous dancing—with H. P. B.: she would leave the room one person and anon return to it another. Not another as to visible change of physical body, but another as to tricks of motion, speech, and manners; with different mental brightness, different views of things, different command of English orthography, idiom, and grammar, and different—very, *very* different command over her temper; which, at its sunniest, was almost angelic, at its worst, the opposite. Sometimes my most stupid incapacity to frame in writing the ideas she wished me to put would be passed over with benevolent patience; at others, for perhaps the slightest of errors, she would seem ready to explode with rage and annihilate me on the spot! These accesses of violence were, no doubt, at times, explicable by her state of health, and hence quite normal; but this theory would not, in the least, suffice to account for some of her tantrums. Sinnett admirably describes her in a private letter as a mystic combination of a goddess and a Tartar, and in noticing her behaviour in these

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different moods, says :* "She certainly had none of the superficial attributes one might have expected in a spiritual teacher; and how she could, at the same time, be philosopher enough to have given up the world for the sake of spiritual advancement, and yet be capable of going into frenzies of passion about trivial annoyances, was a profound mystery to us for a long while, etc." Yet, upon the theory that when her body was occupied by a sage it would be forced to act with a sage's tranquillity, and when not, not, the puzzle is solved. Her ever-beloved aunt, Mme. N. A. F., who loved her, and whom she loved passionately to her dying day, wrote Mr. Sinnett that her strange excitability of temperament, still one of her most marked characteristics, was already manifest in her earliest youth. Even then she was liable to ungovernable fits of passion, and showed a deep-rooted disposition to rebel against every kind of authority or control. ". . . The slightest contradiction brought on an outburst of passion, often a fit of convulsions." She has herself described in a family letter (*Op. cit.*, p. 205) her psychical experience while writing her book :

"When I wrote *Isis* I wrote it so easily, that it was certainly no labour, but a real pleasure. Why should I be praised for it? Whenever I am *told* to write, I sit down and obey, and then I can write easily upon almost anything—metaphysics, psychology, philosophy, ancient religions, zoölogy, natural sciences, or what not. I never

* *Incidents in the Life of Madame Blavatsky*, p. 224.

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put myself the question : '*Can* I write on this subject ?' . . . or, 'am I equal to the task ?' but I simply sit down and *write*. Why ? Because *somebody who knows all* dictates to me. My *Master*, and occasionally others whom I knew on my travels years ago. Please do not imagine I have lost my senses. I have hinted to you before now about them . . . and I tell you candidly, that whenever I write upon a subject I know little or nothing of, I address myself to *them*, and one of them inspires me, *i. e.*, he allows me to simply copy what I write from manuscripts, and even printed matter that pass before my eyes, in the air, during which process I have never been *unconscious* one single instant."

She once wrote her sister Vera about the same subject—the manner of her writing :

" You may disbelieve me, but I tell you that in saying this I speak but the truth ; I am solely occupied, not with writing *Isis*, but with Isis herself. I live in a kind of permanent enchantment, a life of visions and sights, with open eyes, and no chance whatever to deceive my senses ! I sit and watch the fair goddess constantly. And as she displays before me the secret meaning of her long-lost *secrets*, and the veil becoming with every hour thinner and more transparent, gradually falls off before my eyes, I hold my breath and can hardly trust to my senses ! . . . For several years, in order not to forget what I have learned elsewhere, I have been made to have permanently before my eyes all that I need to see. Thus, night and day, the images of the past are ever

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marshalled before my inner eye. Slowly, and gliding silently like images in an enchanted panorama, centuries after centuries appear before me . . . and I am made to connect these epochs with certain historical events, and I *know* there can be no mistake. Races and nations, countries and cities, emerge during some former century, then fade out and disappear during some other one, the precise date of which I am then told by . . . Hoary antiquity gives room to historical periods; myths are explained by real events and personages who have really existed; and every important, and often unimportant event, every revolution, a new leaf turned in the book of life of nations—with its incipient course and subsequent natural results—remains photographed in my mind as though impressed in indelible colours. . . . When I think and watch my thoughts, they appear to me as though they were like those little bits of wood of various shapes and colours, in the game known as the *casse-tête:* I pick them up one by one, and try to make them fit each other, first taking one, then putting it aside until I find its match, and finally there always comes out in the end something geometrically correct . . . *I certainly refuse point-blank to attribute it to my own knowledge or memory*, for I could never arrive alone at either such premises or conclusions. . . I tell you seriously *I am helped.* And he who helps me is my GURU." (*Op. cit.*, 207).

She tells her aunt that during her Master's absence on some other occupation,—

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"He awakens in me, his substitute in knowledge . . . At such times it is no more *I* who write, but my inner Ego, my '*luminous-self*,' who thinks and writes for me. Only see . . . you who know me. When was I ever so learned as to write such things? Whence was all this knowledge?"

Readers, whose taste leads them to probe such unique psychical problems as this to the bottom, should not fail to compare the above explanations that she gives of her states of consciousness, with a series of letters to her family that was begun in the *Path* magazine (N. Y. 144 Madison Ave.) for December, 1894. In those she plainly admits that her body was occupied at such times, and the literary work done by foreign entities who taught me through her lips and gave out knowledge of which she herself did not possess even a glimmering in her normal state.

Taken literally, as it reads, this explanation is hardly satisfactory; for, if the disjointed thought-bits of her psychical *casse-tête* always fitted together so as to make her puzzle-map strictly geometrical, then her literary work should be free from errors, and her materials run together into an orderly scheme of logical and literary sequence. Needless to say, the opposite is the case; and that, even as *Isis Unveiled* came off the press of Trow, after Bouton had spent above $600 for the corrections and alterations that she had made in galley, page, and electroplate proofs,* it was, and to this day is, without a

* He writes me, May 17th, 1887, "the alterations have already cost $280.80, and at that rate, by the time the book appears it will be handicapped with such fearful expense that each copy of the first 1000

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definite literary plan. Volume I. professes to be confined to questions of Science, Volume II. to those of Religion, yet there are many portions in each volume that belong in the other ; and Miss Kislingbury, who sketched out the Table of Contents of Vol. II. on the evening when I was sketching out that of Vol. I., can testify to the difficulty we had in tracing the features of a plan for each of our respective volumes.

Then, again, when the publisher peremptorily refused to put any more capital into the venture, we had prepared almost enough additional MS. to make a third volume, and this was ruthlessly destroyed before we left America; H. P. B. not dreaming that she should ever want to utilise it in India, and the *Theosophist*, *Secret Doctrine*, and her other subsequent literary productions, not even being thought of. How often she and I mingled our regrets that all that valuable material had been so thoughtlessly wasted !

We had laboured at the book for several months and had turned out 870-odd pages of manuscript when, one evening, she put me the question whether, to oblige ——(our "*Pâramaguru*"), I would consent to begin all over again ! I well remember the shock it gave me to

will cost a great deal more than we shall get for it, a very discouraging state of affairs to begin with. The cost of composition of the first volume alone (with stereotyping) amounts to $1,359.69, and this for one volume alone, mind you, *without paper, press work or binding !* Yours truly, J. W. Bouton." Not only did she make endless corrections in the types, but even after the plates were cast, she had them cut to transpose the old matter and insert new things that occurred to her or that she had come across in her reading.

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think that all those weeks of hard labour, of psychical thunder-storms and head-splitting archæological conundrums, were to count—as I, in my blind-puppy ignorance, imagined—for nothing. However, as my love and reverence and gratitude to this Master, and all the Masters, for giving me the privilege of sharing in their work was without limits, I consented, and at it we went again. Well for me, was it, that I did; for, having proved my steadfastness of purpose and my loyalty to H. P. B., I got ample spiritual reward. Principles were explained to me, multifarious illustrations given in the way of psychical phenomena, I was helped to make experiments for myself, was made to know and to profit by acquaintance with various Adepts, and, generally, to fit myself—so far as my ingrained stubbornness and practical worldly self-sufficiency would permit—for the then unsuspected future of public work that has since become a matter of history. People have often thought it very strange, in fact incomprehensible, that, of all those who have helped in this Theosophical movement, often at the heaviest self-sacrifice, I should have been the only one so favoured with personal experiences of and with the Mahátmas that the fact of their existence is a matter of as actual knowledge as the existence of my own relatives or intimate friends. I cannot account for it myself. I know what I know, but not why many of my colleagues do not know as much. As it stands, many people have told me that they pin their faith in the Mahátmas upon my unchanging and unimpeached personal testimony, which

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supplements the statements of H. P. B. Probably I was so blessed because I had to launch the ship "Theosophy" with H. P. B. for H. P. B.'s Masters, and to steer it through many maelstroms and cyclones, when nothing short of actual knowledge of the sound basis of our movement would have influenced me to stick to my post.

Let us next attempt to analyse the mental state of H. P. B. while writing her book, and see if any known hypothesis will give us the clue to those marked differences in personality, handwriting, and mentality above mentioned. The task is one of so delicate and complicated a nature that I doubt if such a psychical problem, save Shakespeare's, has ever been presented before ; and I think that, after reading what I have to say, my fellow-students in Theosophy and Occult Science will concur in this opinion.

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CHAPTER XIV.

DIFFERENT HYPOTHESES.

WHILE I may well despair of proving the exact degree in which the complex personality, H. P. B., may be said to have written *Isis Unveiled*, yet I think it clear and beyond dispute that she digested and assimilated all the material, making it her own and fitting it into her book like bits of stone into a mosaic. As Prof. Wilder recently wrote me: "Few books are absolutely original. That these volumes were in her peculiar style is as plain as can well be. People only demand that Mr. Henry Ward Beecher's principle be applied: 'When I eat chicken, I do not become chicken; the chicken becomes me!'"

Nothing would be easier than to shirk the whole inquiry, and chime in with those who simply declare H. P. B. to have been, so to say, divinely inspired, and guiltless of errors, contradictions, exaggerations, or limitations; but I cannot do this, having so well known her, and the truth only will serve me. As for shrinking from the closest inquiry into her occult and mental gifts, it is

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not to be thought of. I, certainly, am not going to shut my eyes to facts, and thus abandon her and her work to those who would rejoice in destroying the pedestal upon which we ought to place her, and degrading her into the dangerous impostor which the leaders of the S. P. R. tried to show her to be. The very question of the alleged resemblances between her own handwriting and that of a Master—one of the counts in their indictment—properly comes within the lines of our present discussion of the MS. of *Isis Unveiled*.

One cannot fail to see, after reflection, that as regards the case in point, at least these several hypotheses must be considered:

1. Was the book written by H. P. B. entirely as an independent, conscientious amanuensis, from the dictation of a Master?

2. Or wholly or in part by her Higher Self while controlling her physical organism?

3. Or as a medium obsessed by other living persons?

4. Or partly under any two or more of these three conditions?

5. Or as an ordinary spiritual medium, controlled by intelligences disincarnate?

6. Or was it written by several alternately latent and active personalities of herself?

7. Or simply by her as the uninspired, uncontrolled and not obsessed Russian lady, H. P. B., in the usual state of waking consciousness, and differing in no way from any author doing a work of this class?

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Let us begin with the last alternative. We shall discover very readily and unmistakably that H. P. B.'s education and training were quite incongruous with the idea that she was erudite, philosophical, or in the least degree, a book-worm. The memoirs of her life, as communicated by her family to Mr. Sinnett, her biographer, and to myself, * show that she was a rebellious pupil with no love of serious literature, no attraction for learned people, no tendency to haunting libraries : the terror of her governesses, the despair of her relatives, a passionate rebel against all restraint of custom or conventionality. Her early years were passed in the company of "hunchback goblins" and sprites, with whom she spent days and weeks together, and in playing disagreeable tricks upon, and clairvoyantly telling disagreeable secrets to, people. The only literature she loved was the folk-lore of Russia, and at no period of her life before she began to write *Isis*, not even during the year she lived in New York before being sent to hunt me up, did the family or any of her friends or acquaintances hear of her displaying bookish habits or tastes. Miss Ballard and other ladies who knew her in her several New York lodging-houses, and were familiar with her habits and mode of life, never knew her to have visited the Astor, the Society, the Mechanics', the Historical, the American Institute, the Brooklyn, or the Mercantile library : no one has ever come forward to recognise her as a frequenter of those alcoves of printed

* Cf. Chapter VII.

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thought. She belonged to no scientific or otherwise learned society in any part of the world; she had published no book. She hunted up thaumaturgists in savage and semi-civilised countries, not to read their (non-existent) books, but to learn practical psychology. In short, she was not a literary person up to the time of writing *Isis*. This fact was equally clear to each of her New York intimates as it was to myself; and the opinion is confirmed by herself in the last *Lucifer* article, "My Books," that she wrote before her death.* In it she says that the following facts are "undeniable and not to be gainsaid:

"(1). When I came to America in 1873, I had not spoken English—which I had learned in my childhood colloquially—for over thirty years. I could understand when I read it, but could hardly speak the language.

"(2). I had never been at any College, and what I knew I had taught myself; I have never pretended to any scholarship in the sense of modern research; I had then hardly read any scientific European works, knew little of Western philosophy and sciences. The little which I had studied and learned of these disgusted me with its materialism, its limitations, narrow cut-and-dried spirit of dogmatism and air of superiority over the philosophies and sciences of antiquity.

"(3). Until 1874, I had never written one word in

* The article in question is very inaccurate, as was shown in this chapter as originally published in the *Theosophist*, May, 1893. Space does not permit its repetition here.

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English, nor had I published any work in any language. Therefore :-

"(4) I had not the least idea of literary rules. The art of writing books, of preparing them for print and publication, reading and correcting proofs, were so many close secrets to me.

"(5) When I started to write that which developed later into *Isis Unveiled*, I had no more idea than the man in the moon what would come of it. I had no plan ; did not know whether it would be an essay, a pamphlet, a book or an article. I knew that *I had to write it*, that was all. I began the work before I knew Colonel Olcott well, and some months before the formation of the Theosophical Society."

The last sentence is misleading, for she did not begin it until we were well acquainted and in fact, were close friends. In fact, the whole article ought to have been entirely re-written if it was to have been her last.

The endless substitutions of new for old "copy" and transportations from one Chapter or one Volume to another, in *Isis Unveiled*, were confined to such portions of the work as, I should say, were done in her normal condition—if any such there was—and suggested the painful struggles of a "green hand" over a gigantic literary task. Unfamiliar with grammatical English and literary methods, and with her mind absolutely untrained for such sustained desk-work, yet endowed with a courage without bounds and a power of continuous mental concentration that has scarcely been

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equalled, she floundered on through weeks and months towards her goal, the fulfilment of her Master's orders. This literary feat of hers surpasses all her phenomena.

The glaring contrasts between the jumbled and the almost perfect portions of her MS. quite clearly prove that the same intelligence was not at work throughout: and the variations in handwriting, in mental method, in literary facility, and in personal idiosyncracies, bear out this idea. At this distance of time and with her MS. destroyed, it is impossible for me to say which of her shifting personalities is mainly responsible for her alleged unacknowledged use of quotations. Whatever came into my hands that seemed as if taken from another author I, of course, would put between inverted commas, and it is quite possible that their blending with some of her own original ideas is chargeable to me; the passages in question reading as if somebody's else. When she wrote other people's words into her current argument without break of the continuity, then, naturally enough—unless the passages were from books I had read, and that were familiar to me—I would go on correcting it as H. P. B.'s own "copy." I have said above that I got my occult education in the compilation of *Isis* and in H. P. B.'s teaching and experiments; I must now add that my previous literary life had taken me into other and much more practical fields of study than the literature which is synthesised in *Isis*, *viz.*, Agricultural Chemistry and Scientific Agriculture generally. So that she might have given me "copy" entirely made

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up of passages borrowed from Orientalists, Philologists, and Eastern Sages, without my being able to detect the fact. Personally I have never had plagiarisms in *Isis* pointed out to me, whether verbally or otherwise, nor do I know there are such ; but if there are, two things are possible,(*a*) that the borrowing was done by the untrained, inexperienced literary beginner, H. P. B., who was ignorant of the literary sin she committed, or (*b*) that the passages had been so worked into the copy as not to draw my editorial attention to their incongruity with what preceded and succeeded them. Or—a third alternative—might it be that, while writing she was always half on this plane of consciousness, half on the other ; and that she read her quotations clairvoyantly in the *Astral Light* and used them as they came *à propos*, without really knowing who were the authors or what the titles of their books ? Surely her Eastern acquaintances will be prepared to think that a plausible theory, for if ever anyone lived in two worlds habitually, it was she. Often—as above stated—I have seen her in the very act of copying extracts out of phantom books, invisible to my senses, yet most undeniably visible to her.

Now let us consider the next hypothesis, the 6th, *viz.*, that the book was written by several different H. P. B. personalities, or several personal strata of her consciousness capable of coming *seriatim* into activity out of latency. Upon this point the researches of our contemporaries are not yet so far advanced as to unable us to dogmatise. In his *Incidents in the Life of Mme. Blavatsky*

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(p. 147), Mr. Sinnett quotes a written description of hers of a "double life" she led throughout a certain "mild fever," which was yet a wasting illness, that she had when a young lady in Mingrelia:

"Whenever I was called by name, I opened my eyes upon hearing it, and was myself, my own personality in every particular. As soon as I was left alone, however, I relapsed into my usual, half-dreamy condition, and became *somebody else* (who, namely, Mme. B. will not tell). . . . . In cases when I was interrupted, when in my other *self*, by the sound of my present name being pronounced, and while I was conversing in my dream-life, —say at half a sentence either spoken by me or those who were with my second *me* at the time,—and opened my eyes to answer the call, I used to answer very rationally, and understood all, for I was never delirious. But no sooner had I closed my eyes again than the sentence which had been interrupted was completed by my other *self*, continued from the word, or even the half word it had stopped at. When awake, and *myself*, I remembered well *who I was* in my second capacity, and what I had been and was doing. When *somebody else*, *i. e.*, the personage I had become, I know I had no idea of who was H. P. Blavatsky! I was in another far-off country, a totally different individuality from myself, and had no connection with my actual life."

In view of what has since been seen, some might say that the only H. P. B. was the conscious entity which inhabited her physical body, and that the "somebody

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else" was not H. P. B., but another incarnate entity, having an inexplicable connection with H. P. B.'s body and H. P. B. True, there are cases known where certain tastes and talents have been shown by the second self which were foreign to the normal self. Prof. Barrett, for instance, tells of a vicar's son in the North of London who, after a serious illness, became two distinct personalities. The abnormal self "did not know his parents, he had no memory of the past, he called himself by another name, and, what is still more remarkable, he developed musical talent, of which *he had never shown a trace.*" So there are many cases where the second self, replacing the normal self, calls itself by a different name and has a special memory of its own experiences. In the well-known case of Lurancy Vennum, her body was completely obsessed by the disincarnate soul of another girl named Mary Roff, who had died twelve years before. Under this obsession her personality changed entirely; she remembered all that had ever happened to Mary Roff prior to her decease, but her own parents, connexions, and friends became total strangers. The obsession lasted nearly four months.* The body occupied seemed to Mary Roff "so natural that she could hardly feel it was not her original body born nearly thirty years ago." The Editor of the *Watseka Wonder* pamphlet copies from *Harper's Magazine* for May, 1860, the Rev. Dr. W. S. Plummer's account of

* See The *Watseka Wonder*. To be had of the Manager, *Theosophist* Office.

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a certain Mary Reynolds' double personality which lasted, with intervals of relapse to the normal state, from her eighteenth to her sixty-first year. During the last quarter century of her life, she *remained wholly in her second abnormal condition :* the normal self, that was the conscious owner of that body, had been wiped out, as it were. But, observe the strange fact that all she knew in the second self had been taught her in that state. She began that second life at eighteen (of the body's life) oblivious of Mary Reynolds, of all she had known or suffered ; her second state was precisely that of a new-born infant. " All the past that remained to her, was the faculty of pronouncing a few words : until she was taught their significance, they were unmeaning sounds to her."—(*Watseka Wonder*, p. 42.)

In the *Incidents, etc.* (p. 146), is an explanation of the way in which H. P. B. would give the Gooriel and Mingrelian nobility, who came to consult her, answers to their questions about their private affairs. She would simply, while in full consciousness, clairvoyantly see their thoughts " as they evolved out of their heads in spiral luminous smoke, sometimes in jets of what might be taken for some radiant material, and settled in distinct pictures and images around them." The following is especially suggestive :

" Often such thoughts and answers to them *would find themselves impressed in her own brain, couched in words and sentences in the same way as original thoughts do.* But, so far as we are all able to understand, the former visions

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were always more trustworthy, as they are independent and distinct from the seer's own impressions, belonging to pure clairvoyance, not 'thought transference,' which is a process always liable to get mixed up with one's own more vivid mental impressions."

This seems to throw light upon the present problem, and to suggest that it is thinkable that H. P. B., while quite normal as to waking consciousness, saw clairvoyantly, or by thought-absorption—a better word than thought-transference in this connection—the stored-up wisdom of the branch of literature she was examining, and so took it into her own brain as to lose the idea that it was not original with herself. Practical Eastern psychologists will not regard this hypothesis so unreasonable as others may. True, after all, it is but a hypothesis, and her enemies will simply call her a cribber, a plagiarist. With the ignorant, insult is the line of least resistance.

The supporters of this theory should, however, recollect that H. P. B.'s most ardent and passionate wish was to gather together as many corroborations as possible, from all ancient and modern sources of the theosophical teachings she was giving out ; and her interest all lay on the side of quoting respectable authorities, not in plagiarising from their works for her own greater glory.

I have read a good deal and known something about this question of multiple personality in man, but I do not remember a case where the awakened latent personalities, or second personality, was able to quote from books

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or talk languages with which the normal waking self had never had any connection. I know a scientific man in England who had quite forgotten his mother-tongue from having lived abroad from his eleventh year without speaking or even hearing it spoken, until his twenty-ninth year, when he began to re-learn it with the help of grammar and dictionary, yet while he was thus struggling through the rudiments of the language, spoke it correctly in his sleep. But the knowledge had in his case simply sunk into the realm of "sub-liminal" consciousness, *i. e.*, latent memory. And there is the familiar case of the illiterate house or kitchen-maid, who was overheard reciting in her somnambulic state Hebrew phrases and verses which—as afterwards proven—she heard declaimed by a former master, years before. But who brings forward proof that H. P. B. had ever in her life studied the authors quoted in *Isis Unveiled?* If she did not consciously plagiarise them, and had never read them, how could they have come to her on the theory that the book was written by an H. P. B. II. or H. P. B. III.? My readers in Western lands will have seen the unique case of Madame B., a French hysteriac and patient of Professor Janet, reported and commented upon by Prof. Richet, the eminent hypnotist. The case is quoted by Mr. Stead in his "Real Ghost Stories" number of the *Review of Reviews*, for Christmas, 1891. In her case the two personalities—we are told—"not only exist side by side, but in the case of the subconscious self, knowingly co-exist, while over or beneath both

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there is a third personality which is aware of both the other two, and apparently superior to both. . . Mme. B. can be put to sleep at almost any distance, and when hypnotised completely changes her character. There are two well-defined personalities in her, and a third of a more mysterious nature than either of the two first. The normal waking state of the woman is called Léonie I., the hypnotic state Léonie II. The third occult unconscious personality of the lowest depth is called Léonie III. Léonie I. is a 'serious and somewhat melancholy woman, calm and slow, very gentle and extremely timid.' Léonie II. is the opposite—'gay, noisy, and restless to an insupportable degree : she continues good-natured, but she has acquired a singular tendency to irony and bitter jests. In this state, she does not recognise her identity with her working self. "That good woman is not I," she says : "She is too stupid."' 'Léonie II. gets control of Léonie I.'s hand when she is in an abstracted mood ; her face calm, her eyes looking into space with a certain fixity,' but not 'cataleptic, for she was humming a rustic tune ; her right hand wrote quickly, and, as it were, surreptitiously.' When recalled to herself and the writing shown her, 'of the letter which she was writing she knew nothing whatever.' When Léonie I. (the waking self) was effaced and Léonie II., the second self, was aroused in the hypnotic condition, and rattling on with her usual volubility and obstreperousness, she suddenly showed signs of terror ; hearing a voice as if from another part of the room,

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which scolded her and said : ' Enough, enough, be quiet, you are a nuisance.' This was a third personality, which awakened and took full possession of the patient's organism when she had been plunged into a deeper stage of lethargy. She unhesitatingly confessed that it was she who had spoken the words heard by Léonie II., and that she did it because she saw that the Professor was being annoyed by her babble. The imaginary voice which so terrified Léonie II. because it seemed supernatural, proceeded "—says Mr. Stead—" from a profound stratum of consciousness in the same individual."

Our present purpose being only to superficially examine the subject of multiple personality in connection with the hypothesis that H. P. B. might have had no other aid in writing *Isis* than her own several personalities, we need not go deeper into a problem to sound which one must turn to the Hindu philosophical and mystical authorities. The ancient theory is that the "KNOWER" is capable of seeing and knowing all when he has been disburthened of the last veil of the physical consciousness. And this knowledge comes to one progressively as the fleshly veils are raised. In common, I suppose, with most extemporaneous public speakers, I have by long practice acquired, in some degree, the habit of triplex mental action. When lecturing in India extemporaneously, in English, and being interpreted, sentence by sentence into some other tongue, I find one part of my mind following the translator and trying to guess from the behaviour of the audience, often aided by

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the hearing of familiar words, whether my thoughts are being correctly rendered ; at the same time, another part of my mind will be observing individuals and making mental comments upon their peculiarities or capabilities —sometimes I may even address side remarks to some acquaintance sitting near me on the platform ; the two mental activities are distinct and independent. The instant my interpreter has uttered his last word, I catch up the thread of my argument and proceed through another sentence. Simultaneously with the progress of these two functions, I have a third consciousness, as of an observant third, and higher self, which notes the other two trains of thought, yet without becoming entangled with them. This represents, of course, a rudimentary stage of psychical development, the higher degrees of which are indicated in some of the aspects of H. P. B.'s spiritual endowments ; yet even so much experience as this helps one to comprehend the problem of her mental phenomena : it is a feeble, yet sure, sign that the Knower can observe and know.

If I were a Mussulman, I should probably affirm with Mahommed himself, that the writing of the Koran in such classical Arabic by so uneducated a man as himself was the greatest of psychical miracles, a proof that his spiritual Ego had burst through trammels of flesh and drawn knowledge directly from its heavenly source. If H. P. B. had been an ascetic, mistress of her physical self and her waking brain, able to write pure English without having acquired it, and to have formed and

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fashioned her book after a consistent plan, instead of messing up her materials as she did, I might believe the same thing of her, and ascribe that wonder-book of entrancing interest to her own developed individuality. As it is, I cannot ; and I must pass on to discuss our other theories.

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CHAPTER XV.

APPARENT POSSESSION BY FOREIGN ENTITIES.

OUR next question is, did she write *Isis* in the capacity of an ordinary spiritual medium, *i. e.*, under the control of spirits of the dead? I answer, Assuredly not. If she did, then the power controlling her organism worked differently from any that is recorded in books or that I, personally, ever saw operating during the many years in which I was interested in that movement. I have known mediums of all sorts—speaking, trance, writing, phenomena-making, medical, clairvoyant, and materialising; have seen them at work, attended their séances and observed the signs of their obsession and possession. H. P. B.'s case resembled none of them. Nearly all they did she could do; but at her own will and pleasure, by day or by night, without forming "circles," choosing the witnesses, or imposing the usual conditions. Then, again, I had ocular proof that at least some of those who worked with us were living men, from having seen them in the flesh in In-

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dia after having seen them in the astral body in America and Europe; from having touched and talked with them. Instead of telling me that they were spirits, they told me they were as much alive as myself, and that each of them had his own peculiarities and capabilities; in short, his complete individuality. They told me that what they had attained to, I should, one day, myself acquire; how soon, would depend entirely upon myself; and that I might anticipate nothing whatever from favour; but, like them, must gain every step, every inch of progress by my own exertions.

One of the greatest of them, the Master of the two Masters about whom the public has heard a few facts and circulated much foul abuse, wrote me on June 22, 1875: "The time is come to let you know who I am. I am not a disembodied spirit, Brother, I am a living man; gifted with such powers by our Lodge as are in store for yourself some day. I cannot be with you otherwise than in spirit, for thousands of miles separate us at present. Be patient and of good cheer, untiring labourer of the sacred Brotherhood! Work on and toil too for yourself, for self-reliance is the most powerful factor of success. Help your needy brother and you shall be helped yourself in virtue of the never-failing and ever active Law of Compensation": the law of Karma, in short, which, as the reader perceives, was taught me from almost the beginning of my intercourse with H. P. B. and the Masters.

And yet, despite the above, I was made to believe

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that we worked in collaboration with at least one disincarnate entity—the pure soul of one of the wisest philosophers of modern times, one who was an ornament to our race, a glory to his country. He was a great Platonist, and I was told that, so absorbed was he in his life-study, he had become earth-bound, *i. e.*, he could not snap the ties which held him to the Earth, but sat in an astral library of his own mental creation, plunged in his philosophical reflections, oblivious to the lapse of time, and anxious to promote the turning of men's minds towards the solid philosophical basis of true religion. His desire did not draw him to taking a new birth among us, but made him seek out those who, like our Masters and their agents, wished to work for the spread of truth and the overthrow of superstition. I was told that he was so pure and so unselfish that all the Masters held him in profound respect, and, being forbidden to meddle with his Karma, they could only leave him to work his way out of his (Kámalokaic) illusions, and pass on to the goal of formless being and absolute spirituality according to the natural order of Evolution. His mind had been so intensely employed in purely intellectual speculation that his spirituality had been temporarily stifled. Meanwhile there he was, willing and eager to work with H. P. B. on this epoch-making book, towards the philosophical portion of which he contributed much. He did not materialise and sit with us, nor obsess H. P. B., medium-fashion; he would simply talk with her psychically, by the hour together, dictating copy, telling her what refer-

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ences to hunt up, answering my questions about details, instructing me as to principles, and, in fact, playing the part of a third person in our literary symposium. He gave me his portrait once—a rough sketch in colored crayons on flimsy paper—and sometimes would drop me a brief note about some personal matter, but from first to last his relation to us both was that of a mild, kind, extremely learned teacher and elder friend. He never dropped a word to indicate that he thought himself aught but a living man, and, in fact, I was told that he did not realise that he had died out of the body. Of the lapse of time, he seemed to have so little perception that, I remember, H. P. B. and I laughed, one morning at 2.30 A.M., when, after an unusually hard night's work, while we were taking a parting smoke, he quietly asked H. P. B. "Are you ready to begin?"; under the impression that we were at the beginning instead of the end of the evening! And I also recollect how she said: "For Heaven's sake don't laugh deep in your thought, else the 'old gentleman' will surely hear you and feel hurt!" That gave me an idea: to laugh superficially is ordinary laughter, but to laugh deeply is to shift your merriment to the plane of psychic perception! So emotions may, like beauty, be *sometimes* but skin-deep. Sins, also: think of that!

Except in the case of this old Platonist, I never had, with or without H. P. B.'s help, consciously to do with another disincarnate entity during the progress of our work; unless Paracelsus may be called one, about which,

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in common with the Alsatians, I have grave doubts. I remember that one evening, at about twilight, while we lived in West Thirty-fourth Street, we had been talking about the greatness of Paracelsus and the ignominious treatment he had had to endure during his life and after his apparent death. H. P. B. and I were standing in the passage between the front and back rooms, when her manner and voice suddenly changed, she took my hand as if to express friendship, and asked, "Will you have Theophrastus for a friend, Henry?" I murmured a reply, when the strange mood passed away, H. P. B. was herself again, and we applied ourselves to our work. That evening I wrote the paragraphs about him that now stand on p. 500 of Vol. II. of *Isis*. As for his being dead, the odds are always against any given Adept's having actually died when to ordinary men he seemed to. With his knowledge of the science of mâyâvic illusion, even his seeming corpse screwed into a coffin and laid away in a tomb, would not be sufficient proof that he was really dead. Barring accidents, which may happen to him as well as to a common man if he be off his guard, an Adept chooses his own place to die in, and his body is so disposed of as to leave no trace behind. For example, what became of the gifted, the noble-souled Count St. Germain, the "adventurer" and "spy" of the encyclopædias, who dazzled the courts of Europe a century ago, moved in the highest and the most erudite circles, was admitted to the intimacy of Louis XV., built hospitals and otherwise lavished vast sums in charities, took nothing

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for even the greatest personal services, retired to Holstein, and—disappeared as mysteriously as he had appeared?* *Après nous le Deluge,* said the King's mistress; after St. Germain came the French Revolution and the upheaval of mankind.

Rejecting the idea that H. P. B. wrote *Isis* as an ordinary spirit medium "under control," we have seen, however, that some portions of it were actually written to a

* No one ever knew his origin or his real name. The Maréchale de Belle Isle, who met him in Germany, induced him to come to Paris. He had a noble personal appearance and polished address, "considerable erudition and a wonderful memory, spoke English, German, Spanish, and Portuguese to perfection, and French with a slight Piedmontese accent. . . . He occupied for many years a remarkable social position at the French Court. . . . He was in the habit of telling the credulous that he had lived 350 years, *and some old men, who pretended to have known him in their youth, declared that in 60 or 70 years his appearance had in no wise changed.* Frederic the Great, having asked Voltaire for some particulars respecting this mysterious person, was told that he was 'a man who never dies and who knows everything.'" No one knowing his motives or the sources of his wealth, they settled it to their own satisfaction in the same way as that which Hodgson, the spy of the S. P. R., resorted to in the case of H. P. B. to explain her presence in India; he was alleged "to have been employed during the greater part of his life as a spy at the courts at which he resided" (*Am. Cyc.*, Ed. 1868, vol. xiv., pp. 266–7). But, all the same, no evidence whatever to support this calumny has ever been forthcoming. The *Encyclopædia Britannica* takes the same view of St. Germain, and the *Dictionnaire Universel d'Histoire et de Geographie* echoing the falsehood, says that "this will account for his riches and the mystery with which he enwrapped himself!" If Mme. de Fadeef—H. P. B.'s aunt—could only be induced to translate and publish certain documents in her famous library, the world would have a nearer approach to a true history of the pre-Revolutionary European mission of this Eastern Adept than has until now been available.

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spirit's dictation : a most extraordinary and exceptional entity, yet still a man out of the physical body. The method of work with him as above described tallies closely with that she described in a family letter, when explaining how she wrote her book without any previous training for such work.

"Whenever I am *told* to write, I sit down and obey, and then I can write easily upon almost anything—metaphysics, psychology, philosophy, ancient religions, zoölogy, natural sciences, or what not. . . . Why? Because *somebody who knows all* dictates to me. *My Masters*, and occasionally *others whom I knew on my travels years ago.*" (*Incidents*, page 205.)

This is exactly what happened between her and the old Platonist, but he was not her "Master," nor could she have met him on her travels on this physical plane, since he died before she was born—this time. Then arises the question whether the Platonist was really a spirit disincarnate, or an Adept who had lived in that philosopher's body and seemed to, but really did not, die out of it on September 1, 1687. It is certainly a difficult problem to solve. Considering that the ordinary concomitants of spirit-possession and spirit-intercourse were wanting, and that H. P. B. served the Platonist in the most matter-of-fact way as amanuensis, their relation differing in nothing from that of any Private Secretary with his employer, save that the latter was invisible to me but visible to her, it does look more as if we were dealing with a living than with a disincarnate person.

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He seemed not quite a "Brother"—as we used to call the Adepts then—yet more that than anything else; and as far as the literary work itself was concerned, it went on exactly as the other parts of it did when the dictator, or writer, as the case might be, was professedly a Master (Cf. Theory 1). The dictator or *writer*, I say, and this requires some explanation.

It is stated above that the H. P. B. manuscript varied at times, and that there were several variants of the one prevailing script; also that each change in the writing was accompanied by a marked alteration in the manner, motions, expression, and literary capacity of H. P. B. When she was left to her own devices, it was often not difficult to know it, for then the untrained literary apprentice became manifest and the cutting and pasting began; then the copy that was turned over to me for revision was terribly faulty, and after having been converted into a great smudge of interlineations, erasures, orthographic corrections and substitutions, would end in being dictated by me to her to re-write (Cf. Theory 7). Now often things were, after a while, said to me that would be more than hints that other intelligences than H. P. B.'s were at times using her body as a writing machine: it was never expressly said, for example, "I am so and so," or "Now this is A or B." It did not need that after we "twins" had been working together long enough for me to become familiar with her every peculiarity of speech, moods, and impulses. The change was as plain as day, and by and by after she had been

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out of the room and returned, a brief study of her features and actions enabled me to say to myself, "This is ——, or ——, or, ——" and presently my suspicion would be confirmed by what happened. One of these *Alter Egos* of hers, one whom I have since personally met, wears a full beard and long moustache that are twisted, Rajput fashion, into his side whiskers. He has the habit of constantly pulling at his moustache when deeply pondering: he does it mechanically and unconsciously. Well, there were times when H. P. B.'s personality had melted away and she was "*Somebody else*," when I would sit and watch her hand as if pulling at and twisting a moustache that certainly was not growing visibly on H. P. B.'s upper lip, and the far-away look would be in the eyes, until presently resuming attention of passing things, the moustached Somebody would look up, catch me watching him, hastily remove the hand from the face, and go on with the work of writing. Then there was another Somebody, who disliked English so much that he never willingly talked with me in anything but French: he had a fine artistic talent and a passionate fondness for mechanical invention. Another one would now and then sit there, scrawling something with a pencil and reeling off for me dozens of poetical stanzas which embodied, now sublime, now humorous ideas. So each of the several Somebodies had his peculiarities distinctly marked, as recognisable as those of any of our ordinary acquaintances or friends. One was jovial, fond of good stories and witty to a degree; another, all

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dignity, reserve, and erudition. One would be calm, patient, and benevolently helpful, another testy and sometimes exasperating. One Somebody would always be willing to emphasise his philosophical or scientific explanations of the subjects I was to write upon, by doing phenomena for my edification, while to another Somebody I dared not even mention them. I got an awful rebuke one evening. I had brought home a while before two nice, soft pencils, just the thing for our desk work, and had given one to H. P. B. and kept one myself. She had the very bad habit of borrowing penknives, pencils, rubber, and other articles of stationery and forgetting to return them : once put into her drawer or writing-desk, there they would stay, no matter how much of a protest you might make over it. On this particular evening, the artistic Somebody was sketching a navvy's face on a sheet of common paper and chatting with me about something, when he asked me to lend him another pencil. The thought flashed into my mind, "If I once lend this nice pencil it will go into her drawer and I shall have none for my own use." I did not say this, I only thought it, but the Somebody gave me a mildly sarcastic look, reached out to the pen-tray between us, laid his pencil in it, handled it with his fingers of that hand for a moment, and lo ! a dozen pencils of the identical make and quality ! He said not a word, did not even give me a look, but the blood rushed to my temples and I felt more humble than I ever did in my life. All the same, I scarcely think I deserved the

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rebuke, considering what a stationery-*annexer* H. P. B. was!

Now when either of these Somebodies was "on guard," as I used to term it, the H. P. B. manuscript would present the identical peculiarities that it had on the last occasion when he had taken his turn at the literary work. He would, by preference, write about the class of subjects that were to his taste, and instead of H. P. B. playing the part of an amanuensis, she would then have become for the time being that other person (Cf. Theory 3). If you had given me in those days any page of *Isis* manuscript, I could almost certainly have told you by which Somebody it had been written. Where, then, was H. P. B.'s self at those times of replacement? Ah, that is the question; and that is one of the mysteries which are not given to the first comer.* As I understood it, she herself had loaned her body as one might one's type-writer, and had gone off on other occult business that she could transact in her astral body; a certain group of Adepts occupying and manœuvring the body by turns. When they knew that I could distinguish between them, so as to even have invented a name for each by which H. P. B. and I might designate them in our conversation in their absence, they would frequently give me a grave bow or a friendly farewell nod when about to leave the room and give place to the next relief-

* Nearly two years after the above was published H. P. B. explained to her relatives (cf. *Path* articles above cited) the secret; she was not in her body, but seemingly near it, with full consciousness watching its manipulation by third parties.

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guard. And they would sometimes talk to me of each other as friends do about absent third parties, by which means I came to know bits of their several personal histories; and would also speak about the absent H. P. B., distinguishing her from the physical body they had borrowed from her. One Mahâtma, writing me about some occult business, speaks of it—the H. P. B. body—as "the old appearance"; again, in 1876, he writes about "it and the Brother inside it"; another Master asks me—*à propos* of a terrific fit of anger to which I had (unintentionally) provoked H. P. B.—"Do you want to kill the body?"; and the same one, in a note of 1875, speaks of "those who represent us in the *shell*"—the underscoring of the word being his. Can any one understand my feelings upon discovering on a certain evening that I had unsuspiciously greeted the staid philosopher described in the next few sentences of the main-text, with an hilarious levity that quite upset his usual calm? Fancying that I was addressing only my "chum" H. P. B., I said: "Well, Old Horse, let us get to work!" The next minute I was blushing for shame, for the blended expression of surprise and startled dignity that came into the face, showed me with whom I had to deal. It was as bad a *gaucherie* as that committed by good old Peter Cooper at the New York Academy Ball to the Heir Apparent, when he slapped him on the shoulder and said: "Well, Wales, what do you think of this?" This was the one of them for whom I had the most filial reverence. It was not alone for his profound

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learning, lofty character and dignified demeanour, but also for his really paternal kindness and patience. It seemed as if he alone had read to the bottom of my heart, and wished to bring out every little spiritual germ that lay there as a latent potentiality. He was—I was told—a South Indian personage of long spiritual experience, a Teacher of Teachers; still living among men ostensibly as a landed proprietor, yet known for what he was by nobody around him. Oh, the evenings of high thinking I passed with him; how shall I ever compare with them any other experiences of my life! Most vividly of all I remember one evening when, by half hints more than anything else, he awakened my intuition so that it grasped the theory of the relationship of cosmic cycles with fixed points in stellar constellations, the attractive centre shifting from point to point in an orderly sequence. Recall your sensations the first time you ever looked through a large telescope at the starry heavens—the awe, the wonder, the instant mental expansion experienced in looking from the familiar and, by comparison, commonplace Earth to the measureless depths of space and the countless starry worlds that bestrew the azure infinity. That was a faint approach to my feeling at the moment when that majestic concept of cosmic order rushed into my consciousness; so overpowering was it, I actually gasped for breath. If there had previously been the least lingering hereditary leaning towards the geocentric theory, upon which men have built their paltry theologies, it was then swept away

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like a dried leaf before the hurricane. I was borne into a higher plane of thought, I was a free man.

It was this Master who dictated to H. P. B. the Replies to an English F. T. S. on questions suggested by a reading of "Esoteric Buddhism," which was published in the *Theosophist* for September, October, and November, 1883. It was at Ootacamund, at the house of Maj.-Gen. Morgan, when, shivering with the cold, and her lower limbs swaddled in rugs, she sat writing them. One morning I was in her room reading a book, when she turned her head and said: "I 'll be hanged if I ever heard of the Iaphygians. Did you ever read of such a tribe, Olcott?" I said I had not, why did she ask? "Well," she replied, "the old gentleman tells me to write it down, but I 'm afraid there is some mistake; what do you say?" I answered that if the Master in question gave her the name, she should write it without fear as he was always right. And she did. This is an example of multitudinous cases where she wrote from dictation things quite outside her personal knowledge. She never studied Hindî, nor, normally, could she speak or write it; yet I have a Hindî note in Devanâgari characters that I saw her write and hand to Swami Dayánand Saraswati at the Vizianagram garden-house at Benares, where we were guests in 1880. The Swami read it, wrote and signed his answer on the same sheet, and H. P. B. left it on the table, from which I took it.

But I wish to say again, as distinctly as possible, that, not even from the wisest and noblest of these H. P. B.

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Somebodies did I ever get the least encouragement to either regard them as infallible, omniscient, or omnipotent. There was never the least show of a wish on their part that I should worship them, mention them with bated breath, or regard as inspired what they either wrote with H. P. B.'s body, or dictated to her as their amanuensis. I was made simply to look upon them as men, my fellow-mortals; wiser, truly, infinitely more advanced than I, but only because of their having preceeded me in the normal path of human evolution. Slavishness and indiscriminate adulation they loathed, telling me that they were usually but the cloaks to selfishness, conceit, and moral limpness. Their candid opinions were frequently vouchsafed to me after the departure of some of these flattering visitors, and it would have sent any of my readers into a fit of laughter if they had been there one evening after a gushing lady had bade us good-night. Before leaving she petted H. P. B., sat on the arm of her chair, patted her hand and kissed her on the cheek; I standing near by and seeing the blank despair depicted in the (male) Somebody's face. I conducted the lady to the door, returned to the room, and almost exploded with merriment when the ascetic Somebody—a sexless *sadhoo* if there ever was one—turned his mournful eyes at me and in an accent of indescribable melancholy said, "She KISSED me!" It was too much; I had to sit down.

I have remarked above that the dictation and literary collaboration between the old Platonist and H. P. B.

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was identical with that between her and the actual Adepts; and that, as he delighted in one branch of work, so each of the others had their individual preferences. But there was the difference that while they at times would dictate to her and at others occupy her body and write through it as if it were their own (just as the spirit of Mary Roff utilised the body of Lurancy Vennum and felt it as natural as if she had been born in it), the Platonist never obsessed her: he only used her as his amanuensis. Then, again, I have spoken of the part of the *Isis* writing that was done by H. P. B. *in propriâ personâ*, which was inferior to that done for her by the Somebodies. This is perfectly comprehensible, for how could H. P. B., who had had no previous knowledge of this sort, write correctly about the multifarious subjects treated in her book? In her (seemingly) normal state, she would read a book, mark the portions that struck her, write about them, make mistakes, correct them, discuss them with me, set me to writing, help my intuitions, get friends to supply materials, and go on thus as best she might, so long as there were none of the teachers within call of her psychic appeals. And they were not with us always, by any means. She did a vast deal of splendid writing, for she was endowed with marvellous natural literary capacity; she was never dull or uninteresting, and, as I have elsewhere noted, she was equally brilliant in three languages when the full power was upon her. She writes her Aunt that when her Master was busy elsewhere he left his substitute with her, and

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then it was her " Luminous Self," her Augoeides, which thought and wrote for her (Cf. Theory 2). About this, I cannot venture an opinion, for I never observed her in this state : I only knew her in three capacities, *viz.*, her proper H. P. B. self ; with her body possessed or overshadowed by the Masters ; and as an amanuensis taking down from dictation. It may be that her Augoeides, taking possession of her physical brain, gave me the impression that it was one of the Masters that was at work : I cannot say. But what she omits telling her Aunt is that there were many, many times, when she was neither possessed, controlled nor dictated to by any superior intelligence, but was simply and palpably H. P. B., our familiar and beloved friend, latterly our teacher ; who was trying as well as she could to carry out the object of her literary mission. Yet, despite the mixed agencies at work in producing *Isis*, there is an expression of individuality running throughout it and her other works—something peculiar to herself. Epes Sargent and other American literati expressed to me their wonder at the grasp she showed of our language, and one gentleman went to the length of publishing the opinion that we had no living author who could excel her in writing English. This, of course, is vague exaggeration, but happily her style has been made the subject of a close comparison with those of others by a philologist of scientific training.

In his work on the *Origin, Progress, and Destiny of the English Language and Literature*, the learned author, Dr. John A. Weisse, publishes a number of analytical

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tables which show the sources of the words used by English writers of renown. In the following excerpts will be seen the derivations of the English of *Isis Unveiled* in comparison with those of the words employed by some other authors. Dr. Weisse says the book is "a thesaurus of new phases and facts, so sprightfully related that even the uninitiated may read them with interest." Following is the analysis :

Which Author and Work Analysed.	Greco-Latin Words.	Gotho-German-ic Words	Celtic Words.	Semitic Words.
Robert Burton, A.D. 1621, *Anatomy of Melancholy*....	54	46	0	0
John Bunyan, 1682, *Pilgrim's Progress*.....	31	68	1	0
Sir Thomas Browne, 1682, *Hydriotaphia*	51	47	2	0
Sam. Johnson, 1784, (1780?) *Lives of the English Poets*.	47	51	2	0
R. C. Trench, *On the Study of Words*.....	30	68	2	0
George P. Marsh, *Lectures on the English Language*, p. 133	58	41	1	0
S. A. Allibone, 1872, *Crit. Dict. Eng. Literature, etc.*.	53	46	1	0
Darwin, *Origin of Species*...	53	46	1	0
H. P. Blavatsky, *Isis Unveiled*	46	51	1	2
Her Majesty the Queen, *Leaves of our Jour. Highlands*.....	36	63	0	1

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It seems, therefore, that the English of Madame Blavatsky is practically identical with that of Dr. Samuel Johnson, which one might say is as nearly classically perfect as one could ask. The same test applied to her French writings would, doubtless, prove her to be as facile in the use of that beautiful language as the greatest of modern French authors.

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CHAPTER XVI.

DEFINITION OF TERMS.

THEN how are we to regard the authorship of *Isis Unveiled*, and how H. P. B.? As to the former, it is unquestionably a collaborated work, the production of several distinct writers and not that of H. P. B. alone. My personal observations upon this point are fully borne out by what she herself admits in her explanatory letters to her family, as quoted by Mr. Sinnett, for she says that all the portions which deal with subjects previously unfamiliar to her were either dictated to her by some master or written by her higher self through the brain and hand of her physical body. The question is highly complex, and the exact truth will never be known as to the share which each of the participants had in it. The personality of H. P. B. was the mould in which all the matter was cast, and which, therefore, controlled its form, colouring, and expression, so to say, by its own idiosyncracies, mental as well as physical. For, just as the

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successive occupiers of the H. P. B. body only modified its habitual handwriting, but did not write their own,* so in using the H. P. B. brain, they were forced to allow it to colour their thoughts and arrange their words after a fixed personal fashion peculiar to it. Like as the daylight passing through cathedral windows becomes coloured to the tints of the stained glass, so the thoughts transmitted by them through H. P. B.'s peculiar brain would have to be modified into the literary style and habits of expression to which it had been by her developed. And even common sense teaches us that the closer the natural identity between the possessing intelligence and the in-

* A very curious fact is to be noticed in this connection, viz., that the "Mahátmá M.'s" handwriting, which was so carefully scrutinised by the S. P. R., their experts and agents, and said to resemble that of H. P. B., was a coarse, rough script, something like a collection of chopped roots and brush-wood, while the handwriting of the same personage in the *Isis* MS. and in the notes he wrote me was totally different. It was a small, fine script, such as a lady might have written, and while generally resembling H. P. B.'s own handwriting, yet differing from it so as to present an appearance of distinct individuality, which enabled me to recognise it as that personage's MS. whenever I saw it. I do not pretend to account for this fact, I only state it as something which must be recorded. It should be considered hereafter by whatever psychological experimentalist may be studying the general phenomenon of psychic writing through mediums, or intermediaries of a similar kind, whether by precipitation, control of the hand, or occupancy of the body. I think that such an inquiry will result in proving that such writing, when as closely analysed as were the alleged Mahátmá's writings by the S. P. R., *always* resembles that of the intermediary to a greater or lesser extent, and without carrying the implication of bad faith on his or her part. Ignorance, or wilful disregard of this fact, caused the S. P. R.'s indictment against H. P. B. to lose almost all its point. The late W. Stainton Moses, M.A. (Oxon.), quotes in his work on *Psychography*, p. 125,

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tellectual and moral personality controlled, the easier should be the control, the more fluent the composition, the less involved the style. In point of fact what I noticed was this, that at times when the physical H. P. B. was in a state of supreme irascibility, the body was rarely occupied save by the Master whose own pupil and spiritual ward she was, and whose iron will was even stronger than her own; the gentler philosophers keeping aloof. Naturally, I asked why a permanent control was not put upon her fiery temper, and why she should not always be modified into the quiet, self-centred sage that she became under certain obsessions. The answer was that

from a letter to him from Mr. W. H. Harrison, formerly editor of *The Spiritualist*, and a very experienced observer of psychical phenomena, the following remarks about the messages through Dr. Slade: "I noticed that they were nearly always in the handwriting of the medium; and this, which, to an ignorant person, would have been indicative of imposture, was in favour of the genuineness of the phenomena to an expert. On leaving the room after the séance, I had a short talk with Mr. Simmons, and without telling him what I knew, but merely to test his integrity, I asked whether the handwriting on the slates bore any resemblance to that of Dr. Slade. Without hesitation, he replied that there was usually a strong resemblance. This shows the truthfulness and absence of exaggeration incidental to the statements of Mr. Simmons." Mr. Harrison adds that "before Dr. Slade came to London, years of observation at numerous séances had proved to me that the materialised hands common at séances were most frequently the duplicates of those of the medium, and produced nearly the same handwriting." And yet, in the presence of Slade, and another psychic, named Watkins, alleged "spirit messages" were written in some twenty different languages, none of which were known to the mediums nor written by them in the usual way of writing, but all either by precipitation or the manipulation of a crumb of pencil or crayon laid on a slate, which their hands did not touch.

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such a course would inevitably lead to her death from apoplexy; the body was vitalised by a fiery and imperious spirit, one which had from childhood brooked no restraint, and if vent were not allowed for the excessive corporeal energy, the result must be fatal. I was told to look into the history of her kinsfolk, the Russian Dolgoroukis, and I would understand what was meant. I did so and found that this princely and warlike family, tracing back to Rurik (ninth century A.D.), had been always distinguished by extreme courage, a daring equal to every emergency, a passionate love of personal independence, and a fearlessness of consequences in the carrying out of its wishes. Prince Yakob, a Senator of Peter the Great, was a type of the family character. Disliking an imperial ukase, he tore it to pieces in full council of the Senate, and when the Tsar threatened to kill him, he replied: "You have but to imitate Alexander, and you will find a Clitus in me." (*Am. Encyc.*, *VI.*, 551.) This was H. P. B.'s own character to the life, and she more than once told me that she would not be controlled by any power on earth or out of it. The only persons she actually reverenced were the Masters, yet even towards them, she was occasionally so combative that, as above said, in certain of her moods the gentler ones could not, or did not approach her. To get herself into the frame of mind when she could have open intercourse with them had—as she had pathetically assured me—cost her years of the most desperate self-restraint. I doubt if any person

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had ever entered the Path against greater obstacles or with more self-suppression.

Of course, a brain so liable to disturbance was not the best adapted to the supremely delicate business of the mission she had taken upon herself; but the Masters told me it was far and away the best now available, and they must get all they could out of it. She was to them loyalty and devotion personified, and ready to dare and suffer all for the sake of the Cause. Gifted beyond all other persons of her generation with innate psychical powers, and fired with an enthusiasm that ran into fanaticism, she supplied the element of fixity of purpose, which, conjoined with a phenomenal degree of bodily endurance, made her a most powerful, if not a very docile and equable agent. With less turbulence of spirit she would, probably, have turned out less faulty literary work, but instead of lasting seventeen years under the strain, she would, doubtless, have faded out of the body ten years earlier and her later writings have been lost to the world.

The fact that the psychic's personality distinctly modifies the extraneous writing that is done through her agency or intermediation, gives us, it seems to me, a test by which to judge of the genuineness of any communications alleged to have come from Mahátmás "M." or "K. H." since H. P. B.'s death. While she was alive their communications always, wherever received or by whomsoever apparently written, resembled her own handwriting to some extent. This is as true of the

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letters which I phenomenally received on a steamer on the high seas and in railway carriages, as of those which dropped out of space, or otherwise phenomenally reached the hands of Mr. Sinnett, Mr. Hume, and other favoured correspondents of our Eastern teachers. For, wherever she might be, she was the vortex-ring through which they had to work with us in the evolution of our galaxy out of the nebula of modern thought. It did not matter at all whether she were with them in Tibet, or with me in New York, or with Mr. Sinnett at Simla: their co-operative affinity was psychical, hence as unaffected as thought itself, by questions of time and space. We have seen in the phenomenon of letters which were arrested in postal transit, written in, and made to reach me at Philadelphia instead of New York, a striking illustration of this principle in psycho-dynamics (Cf. Chapter II.). Bearing this in mind, the important deduction follows that the probabilities are as an hundred to one that any written communication alleged to be from either of the Masters and received since H. P. B.'s death *is open to suspicion if the handwriting is the same as it used to be before that event.* * Grant the premise, and the conclusion is inevitable. If all Mahátmá MSS. in her time had to, and did, resemble in some degree her

* This Chapter was originally published in July, 1893. My deduction has been objected to by some for whose judgment I have great respect. It may be that I am wrong, but at least I can say that I have seen no proofs to the contrary, even up to the present time (August, 1895). The specimens of Mahátmá writing that have come to my notice since 1891 are, I fear, fraudulent imitations.

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own handwriting because they were transmitted through her psychical agency, then, of course, none coming to us since May, 1891, should resemble it or would be at all likely to, her agency having ceased and her modifying action upon it having been destroyed. Such writings should now resemble the manuscript of the new agent or agents. Of course, I pre-suppose that the evidence for the genuineness of the writing is satisfactory, as it was in the case of H. P. B., whose transmitted communications were often done by precipitation in one's presence, or made to come inside sealed covers, *which she had not handled*, or dropped out of space before one's eyes, or were otherwise phenomenally produced. The precipitated writings of Slade, Watkins, and various other mediums come under the same category. Neither a resemblance of a Master's handwriting, nor the fact that there was more or less likeness to that of the supposed intermediary, would be the least evidence, *primâ facie*, of genuineness; quite the contrary. Unless every reasonable suspicion of bad faith had been eliminated, the mystical message would not be worth the paper it was written upon, nor the time required to read it. Even when the genuineness is beyond doubt, psychical messages are often commonplace and absolutely valueless, save as psychical facts. I, for one, can say that since 1853, when I first knew of these phenomena, I never attached the least importance to any psychical teaching on account of its reputed authorship, its only value being its subject-matter. I strongly advise all my readers

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to follow the same rule if they would be on the safe side: better far an enlightened scepticism than the most lauded credulity. For remember that probably no one has ever received a line in English from a Master in his own normal handwriting and written by him in the usual way, unless possibly we except the note which K. H. formed in my own hand when he visited me in his physical body, one night in my tent at Lahore, in 1883. I should not care to dogmatise even about that, as I did not see him write it, and he may have created the letter then and there through the H. P. B. aura that went everywhere with me. Besides K. H. and the old Platonist above mentioned, none of the Masters had learnt to write English, and when they did write it, they had to resort to the same abnormal method as that used by H. P. B. at Benares to write the Hindî note, in Devanâgari characters, to Swami Dayánand Saraswati, above alluded to. In this connection the two completely dissimilar handwritings of Mahátmá M. in the *Isis* MSS. of 1875–7 and the Indian letters to sundry persons after 1879, must be kept in mind. When H. P. B. wrote to the Masters or they to her, on business that was not to be communicated to third parties, it was in an archaic language, said to be "Senzar," which resembles Tibetan, and which she wrote as fluently as she did Russian, French, or English. In fact, I have preserved a note I received from one of the Masters while in New York, along the top of which is written, in pure Tibetan characters in a sort of gold ink, the word "Sems *d*pa*h*." I had

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shown it to no one all these years, until quite recently at Calcutta, when Pandit Sarat Chandra Das, C. I. E., the Tibetan explorer and scholar, translated it for me as meaning "Of powerful heart"—an honorific title given in Tibet to a Bodhisattva.

There was another and supreme reason why the Masters dare not control and compel H. P. B.'s innate character to be softened and refined into the higher ideal of a benevolent and gentle Sage independently of her own volition. To do so would have been an unlawful interference with her personal Karma—as I may now express it. Like every other human being, she represented, as she then was, a certain personal equation, the fruit of a certain evolutionary progress of her entity. It was its Karma to have been born this time in just such a tumultuous female body and to have the chances thus offered to gain spiritual progress by a life-long combat against its hereditary passions. To have interfered with that by benumbing the violent temper and suppressing the other personal defects of character, would have been a grievous wrong to her without hastening her evolution one whit: it would have been something like the keeping of a hypnotic sensitive perpetually under the hypnotiser's will, or an invalid permanently stupefied by a narcotic. There were intervals when her body was not occupied by the writing Mahátmás, nor her mind absorbed in taking down what was dictated to her: at least I assume it to be so, although I have sometimes been even tempted to suspect that none of us, her colleagues, ever knew the

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normal H. P. B. at all, but that we just dealt with an artificially animated body, a sort of perpetual psychical mystery, from which the proper *jîva* was killed out at the battle of Mentana, when she received those five wounds and was picked out of a ditch for dead. There is nothing intrinsically impossible in this theory, since we have the historical fact that the normal personality of the girl Mary Reynolds was thrust aside or obliterated for the space of forty-two years, while her body was occupied, energised and controlled by another personality, which had no knowledge of the eighteen years' experiences and reminiscences of the normal self prior to this replacement. As regards H. P. B., I do not assert but only theorise, for I dare not say positively who this marvel of a woman, or, as M. de Buffon would have classified her, this *homo duplex*, was. She was such a bundle of contradictions, so utterly incapable of being classified like any of us common folk, that as a conscientious man I shrink from anything like dogmatic assertion. Whatever she may have said to myself or anybody else, counts with me for very, very little, for having lived and travelled with her so long, and been present at so very many of her interviews with third parties, I have heard her tell the most conflicting stories about herself. To have been open and communicative would have been to betray the residences and personalities of her Teachers to that multitude of self-seekers whose egotistic importunities have ever driven the would-be Yogi to the seclusion of the cave or forest. She chose as the easiest way out of

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the difficulty to contradict herself and throw the minds of her friends into confusion. How easy it would have been for her, for example, to have told Mr. Sinnett that, when trying to enter Tibet in 1854, *vid* Bhutan or Nepál, she was turned back by Capt. (now Maj.-Genl.) Murray, the military commandant of that part of the frontier, and kept in his house in his wife's company a whole month. Yet she never did, nor did any of her friends ever hear of the circumstance until Mr. Edge and I got the story from Major-General Murray himself, on the 3rd March last, in the train between Nalhati and Calcutta, and I had printed it. So as to her age, she told all sorts of stories, making herself twenty, forty, even sixty and seventy years older than she really was. We have in our scrap-books certain of these tales, reported by successive interviewers and correspondents to their journals, after personal interviews with her, and on sundry occasions when I was present myself.* She said to me in excuse that the Somebodies inside her body at these various times were of these various ages, and hence no real falsehood was told, although the auditor saw only the H. P. B. shell and thought what was said referred only to that!

*Cf. an interviewer's report in the *Hartford Daily Times*, December 2, 1878. She had been making herself out a sort of Methusaleh, and the correspondent writes: "Very, very old? Impossible. And yet she declares it is so; sometimes indignantly, sometimes with a certain pride, sometimes with indifference or impatience. 'I came of a very long-lived race. All my people grow to be very old. . . . You doubt my age? I can show you my passports, my documents, my letters for years back. I can prove it by a thousand things.'" It

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I have used the word "obsession" above, but am well aware of its wretched insufficiency in this case. Both "obsession" and "possession" have been made to signify the troubling of a living person by evil spirits or demons: an obsessed person is one vexed or besieged, a possessed person one who is possessed, controlled, overshadowed, or occupied by them. Yet what other term is available in English? Why did not the early Fathers invent a more decent word to signify the possession, control, occupancy, or overshadowing of a person by good spirits than that of "filling," or even let obsession and possession stand for that also? "And they were all *filled* with the Holy Ghost, and began to speak with other tongues, as the spirit gave them utterance." But this will not help us unless we ignore the circumstance that H. P. B.'s body became, at times, occupied by other entities—how far let the following anecdote suggest. She and I were in our literary workroom in New York one summer day after dinner. It was early twilight, and the gas had not been lighted. She sat over by the South front window, I stood on the rug before the mantle-piece, thinking. I heard her say

was a large way she had of knocking the numerals about! Like that of the Sikh Akali (*vide* Mr. Maclagan's Punjab Census Report of 1891) who "dreams of armies and thinks in lakhs;"—(a lakh is 100,000). "If he wishes to imply that five Akalis are present, he will say that five lakhs are before you."

The *Phrenological Journal* for March, 1878, contains her portrait and character-sketch. The writer says: "In the course of her long life—for she is upward of eighty years old—etc." I myself heard her tell this yarn to the writer of the article.

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"Look and learn"; and glancing that way, saw a mist rising from her head and shoulders. Presently it defined itself into the likeness of one of the Mahátmás, the one who, later, gave me the historical turban, but the astral double of which he now wore on his mist-born head. Absorbed in watching the phenomenon, I stood silent and motionless. The shadowy shape only formed for itself the upper half of the torso, and then faded away and was gone; whether re-absorbed into H. P. B.'s body or not, I do not know. She sat statue-like for two or three minutes, after which she sighed, came to herself, and asked me if I had seen anything. When I asked her to explain the phenomenon she refused, saying that it was for me to develop my intuition so as to understand the phenomena of the world I lived in. All she could do was to help in showing me things and let me make what I could of them.

Numerous witnesses can testify to another phenomenon which may or may not go towards proving that other entities were sometimes occupying the H. P. B. body. On five different occasions—once to please Miss Emily Kislingbury, and once my sister, Mrs. Mitchell, I remember—she gathered up a lock of her fine, wavy auburn hair, and either pulled it out by the roots or cut it off with scissors, and gave it to one of us. But the lock would be *coarse, jet black, straight* and without the least curliness or waviness in it; in other words, Hindu or other Asiatic human hair, and not in the least like her own flossy, baby-like, light-brown locks. My Diary for

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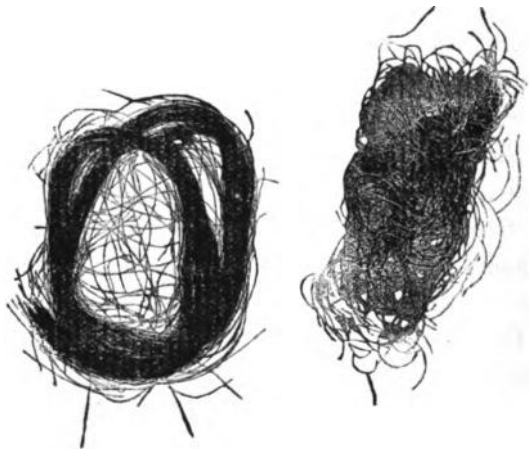
1878 shows that other two occasions were on July 9th, when she did the thing for Hon. J. L. O'Sullivan, ex-U. S. Minister to Portugal, and on November 19th, when she did it for Miss Rosa Bates in the presence of six other witnesses besides Miss Bates and H. P. B. and myself. The enemy may suggest that this was but a trick of simple



TWO LOCKS OF HAIR CUT BY AUTHOR FROM H. P. B.'S HEAD ON THE SAME EVENING.

"palming," but that is met by the statement that in the case of the lock given to Miss Kislingbury or my sister—I forget which—the recipient was allowed to take the scissors and cut out the lock herself. I have two locks taken from her head, both black as jet and far coarser than hers, but one distinctly coarser than the other. The former is Egyptian, and the latter Hindu hair.

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What better explanation of this phenomenon is there than that of supposing that the men to whom these black locks had belonged were actually occupying the mâyâvic H. P. B. body when they were removed from the head? But to return to our philological difficulty.

The word *epistasis* will not do for us; for that means "inspection, superintendence, command, management," which does not cover the case. Epiphany is not much better, *epiphaneia* being a shining upon, manifestation, etc., etc. We have no word; yet one is greatly needed at this stage of our psychical research, and for it we must go to the East.

This occupancy by living persons of another living person's body, though so outside our Western experience that we have no word for it is, like all else in psychological science, known and defined in India. *A'ves'a* (pronounced Ahveysha) is the act of possessing, *i. e.*, entering and controlling, a human body belonging to a living being (*jîva*). It is of two kinds: when the Adept's own *ams'a* (*sûkshma s'arîra*), or astral body, is withdrawn from his own physical body and introduced into the other person's body, it is then called *svarûpâves'a;* but when by his mere *sankalpa* (will-power) he influences, broods over, or controls that other person's (*jîva*) body to do that which would otherwise be beyond its power, *e. g.*, to speak an unlearnt foreign tongue, to understand unfamiliar branches of knowledge, to instantly disappear from the sight of bystanders, to transform itself into a terrifying shape, as of a serpent or a ferocious animal,

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etc., then the thing is called *saktyâves'a*. This gives us all we need, and so, as we took "Epiphany" from the Greek, why should we not all agree to adopt the easy word *A'ves'a* from the Sanskrit, since it is ready to our hand and means the very thing that we, toddling babes in the nursery of adeptship, must have to get on with in our studies? It applies only to the psychical commerce between two living persons or to the overshadowing and inspiration of a living person by a superior spiritual entity, and must not be degraded to signify the occupancy of a medium's body or its control for the production of phenomena, by a dead man's soul. That is called *grâhana*, and the elementary (dead man's soul) *grâham* (pronounced grah-hum). The same word is used to express the occupancy of a living body by an elemental, or Nature-spirit. Such occupancy may be (*a*) spontaneous, *i. e.*, effected by the attraction of the elemental towards a psychic; or (*b*) compulsory, *i. e.*, compelled by the will of a sorcerer or magician who has learnt the formulas for subjecting an elemental or elementary to his control. I got in Japan a photograph of a bronze group representing Ko-bo-dai-shi, the alleged Adept founder of the Shingon sect, with two little elementals crouched at his feet and awaiting his pleasure. A monk of the Yama-busi sect—that of the wonder-workers of Japan—gave me a scroll wall-painting of the Founder of his sect with attendant elemental servants. This picture now hangs in H. P. B.'s old room in London. She, herself, had also such servants obedient to her.

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There is an old and amusing Indian story of how King Vikramádityá conquered the obstinacy of the Princess Pés'ámadandé who had made a vow to keep silent and marry nobody who could not compel her to answer his questions. The mighty king magician got astride his favourite elementary—not elemental—the Brahmarákshás Bhetála, and made him transport him into the very chamber of the lady. Finding that she would not answer him in the natural way, he made Bhetála obsess all her ladies-in-waiting and set them to praising him, telling him a story, and reproaching their mistress for her silence. Thereupon she sent them out of the room. The Princess then drew a curtain between herself and the king, but the spirit was made to enter the curtain and set it talking. The Princess pushed the curtain aside; whereupon her petticoat took up the conversation, and she cast that aside. Then the robe was made to speak, then the undergarment, then the four legs of her *charpai* or lounge; but the stubborn damsel held her tongue. Finally Bhetála was made to show (materialise) himself as a parrot, was caught by the Princess's order and given to her, and it straightway went on to tell a story about the Princess being obsesssed by S'ani, the god of Ill Luck. This was too much for her; she flung herself at Vikram's feet, confessed herself vanquished, and as he did not want her for wife, was given by him in marriage to a suitable Prince. The story is given in *Pés'ámadandé Kathai*, a Tamil story book.

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The weighty subject of A'ves'a is treated of in the *Laghu Sabdârtha Sarvasva* of Mahámahopádhyáya Paravastu Vencatarungáchárya, Vol. I., p. 316, art. *Avatâra*. All intelligent Western readers of theosophical literature have heard of the Hindu theory of Avatárs—the Avatárs of Vishnu, the visible manifestations of the protecting care of God over erring mankind, the proofs of his desire to keep them walking in the path of religious aspiration. Avatâras are of two kinds: *Prâdurbhâva* and *A'ves'a*. The act of assuming a body which is not presided over, or rather animated by, a jîva, is called Prádurbháva, of which Râma and Krishna are cited as examples. What A'ves'a is, has been shown above. We find in *Pâncharâtra Pâdmasamhitâ Charyâpada*, Chapter XXIV., verses 131–140, full instructions for performing the A'ves'a:

"I now tell thee, O Lotus-born, the method by which to enter another's body (*Pindam*). . . . The corpse to be occupied should be fresh, pure, of middle age, endued with all good qualities and free from the awful diseases resulting from sin (*viz.*, syphilis, leprosy, etc.) The body should be that of a Brahmin or even of a Kshatriya. It should be laid out in some secluded place (where there is no risk of interruption during the ceremonial process), with its face turned towards the sky and its legs straightened out. Beside its legs, shouldst thou seat thyself in *Yogâsana* (a posture of yoga), but previously, O four-faced one, shouldst thou with fixed and mental concentration, have long exercised this yoga

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power. The jîva is located in the *nâbhichakra* (solar plexus), is of itself radiant as the sun and of the form of hamsa (a bird)* and it moves along the Idâ and Pingala nâdis (two alleged channels of psychic circulation). Having been concentrated as hamsa (by yoga), it will pass out through the nostrils, and, like a bird, dart through space. Thou shouldst accustom thyself to this exercise, sending out the Prâna to the height of a palm-tree, and causing it to travel a mile, or five miles or more, and then re-attracting it into thy body, which it must re-enter as it left it, through the nostrils, and restore it to its natural centre in the nâbhichakra. This must be practised daily until perfection be reached."

Then, having acquired the requisite skill, the Yogi may attempt the experiment of psychical transfer and, seated as above described, he will be able to withdraw his *Prâna-jîva* from his own body, and introduce it into the chosen corpse, by the path of the nostrils, until it reaches the empty solar-plexus, there establishes its residence, reanimates the deceased person, and causes him to be seen as though "risen from the dead."

* Hamsa is "Soham" inverted, which means "That I am," referring to Parabrahm. Thus Parabrahm = Jîvâtma = Soham = Hamsa. But at the same time Hamsa being also the name of a divine bird supposed to possess the power of separating milk from water, it is made to esoterically represent A'tmâ. This is what is meant by the text "of the form of the bird Hamsa." Hamsa is that "silvery spark in the brain," that starry spark which is "not the soul, but the halo around the soul," so vividly described by Bulwer Lytton in the XXXI. chapter of *A Strange Story*.

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The story of the resuscitation of the body of the deceased Rajah Amaraka of Amritapura by the Sage S'ankaráchárya, given by Mádhava, one of his biographers, has been very widely read. A *résumé* of it will be found in the article "Life of S'ankaráchárya, etc.," contributed by Mr. (later Justice) K. T. Telang, on page 69 of the number of the *Theosophist* for January, 1880. The Sage had pledged himself, if granted one month's respite, to answer questions propounded to him by the wife of Sage Mándana Misra upon the science of Love, with which he, a celibate from childhood, was totally unacquainted. Journeying with his disciples, he reached the vicinity of Amritapura and saw the Rajah's corpse lying at the foot of a tree, surrounded by mourners. This was his chance to acquire the desired knowledge practically, so leaving his body to the care of his disciples, he withdrew from it his *prána-jíva*, entered the body of the King, and amid the tumultuous joy of his subjects over the supposed resuscitation, went to the capital and for some months lived the usual Zenana life of a sovereign ruler, and finally answered the questions about love.* The details need not be given here, my object being merely to use the incident in connection with the problem of H. P. B., as an illustration of the recognised power of A'ves'a possessed by a Yogi. Mádhaváchárya's *S'ankaravijdya* thus describes it :

"Withdrawing the (Prána) *Vdyu* from the extremities of the toes and emerging through the *brahmarándhra*, the

* *Vide* "Káma Sutra."

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knower of Yoga (S'ankara) entered, and, by slow degrees, occupied the whole body of the dead (King) down to its very feet."

By an interesting coincidence, I had just read this passage when a certain circumstance flashed into my memory, and I turned over my old New York files of letters and memoranda until I had found the following. It occurs in some notes I made at the time, of a conversation between myself and one of the Mahátmás, a Hungarian by birth, who, on that evening, occupied H. P. B.'s body:

"He shades his eyes and turns down the gas in the standing burner on the table. Ask him why. Says that light is a physical force, and entering the eye of an unoccupied body, encounters—*i. e.*, strikes against, the astral soul of the temporary occupant, gives it a shock and such a push that the occupant might be pushed out. Paralysis of the occupied body is even possible. Extreme caution must be used in entering a body, and one cannot thoroughly fit oneself to it throughout until the automatic movements of the circulation, breathing, etc., adjust themselves to the automatism of the occupier's own body—with which, however far distant, his projected astral body is most intimately related. I then lit a burner of the chandelier overhead, but the occupier at once held a newspaper so as to shade the crown of the head from the light. Surprised, I asked for an explanation, and was told that it was even more dangerous to have a strong top light strike upon the crown of the head than to have light shine into the eyes."

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I knew nothing then about the six vital centres (*shat chakramas*) of the body; nor was I aware that the most important of them, the *brahmarândhra*, was under the parietal bones; nor that it is the custom in India to break the skull of the burning corpse at that place to facilitate the withdrawal of the astral body of the deceased: moreover, I had not then read the story of S'ankarâchârya's leaving his own body and entering that of the deceased Rajah by that path of the soul. I simply saw what the Mahâtmâ did, and wondered over his explanation; but now, in the fulness of time, the mystery is cleared up and the cases of New York and Amritapura are mutually related. By the light of the latter and the teachings of Aryan occult science, one can more readily comprehend the mystery of the former. Whereas before all was dark, and we had not even a name at our disposal to explain the fact, we can now see that it is possible for any one versed in Yoga to occupy the body of another living person, when the astral body of its owner has been withdrawn and the empty house is placed at the disposal of visiting friends. The bearing which this matter has upon the problem of H. P. B. is most evident; as I shall try to show in the next chapter.

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CHAPTER XVII.

RE-INCARNATION.

THE first effect of proving the collaborate nature of *Isis Unveiled*, is to confirm our critical view of its registered author: she remains a mental prodigy, yet drops out of the literary class which includes such giants of acquired knowledge as Aristotle, Longinus, Buddaghosha, Hiouen Thsang, Alberuni, Mádhaváchárya, Nasireddin—the Persian philosopher and cyclopædist—and in modern times, Leibnitz, Voltaire, Spencer, etc. The justness of her self-estimate is shown, and, without, ranking as erudite, she becomes an almost unique problem among Western people. If the theory of Bacon's authorship of Shakespeare's plays be disproved, then Shakespeare's production of them, when his vagabond disposition and commonplace character are taken into account, rather supports than contradicts the theory that, like H. P. B., he was but an agent of greater, unseen, living intellects, who controlled his body and used it to write things far beyond his normal capacity. The comparison is to his advantage, because we find in his works

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a far deeper aquaintance with human nature and wider grasp of intuitive knowledge than in hers. His natural mind (or that which was drawn from) seems to have contained from the beginning all that he would ever be obliged to utilise; whereas she appears to have been the subject of a distinct mental evolution. Take, for instance, her teachings on Re-incarnation, the strong foundation-stone of the ancient occult philosophy, which was affirmed in the *Secret Doctrine* and her other later writings. When we worked on *Isis* it was neither taught us by the Mahátmás, nor supported by her in literary controversies or private discussions of those earlier days. She held to, and defended, the theory that human souls, after death, passed on by a course of purificatory evolution to other and more spiritualised planets. I have notes of a conversation between a Mahátmá and myself in which this same theory is affirmed. And this puzzles me most of all; for, while it is quite conceivable that, either through imperfect cerebro-psychic training, or otherwise, she, the pupil and psychic agent, might not have known the solid philosophical basis of the Re-incarnation theory, I can scarcely see how the like ignorance could extend to the Adept and Teacher. Is it possible that Re-incarnation was not taught this Adept by *his* Master, and that he, as well as H. P. B., had to learn it subsequently? There are said to be sixty-three stages of Adeptship, and it is not impossible. There are, among them, I was told, men who are great natural psychics yet almost illiterate; and at least one who, like Buddha's

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favourite, Ananda, possesses no *Siddhis*, yet is so intuitional as to be able to understand all esoteric writings at sight. My notes report the Teacher as telling me that "Souls go hence after death to other planets. Souls that are to be born on this Earth are waiting in other invisible planets." These two statements agree with the latest teachings of H. P. B., the planets in question at either end of the soul's earthly habitation being members of our "chain of globes." But there is left a vast hiatus between the two extremes, that we now understand to be filled with the multitudinous evolutionary re-births of the travelling entity. Let the note stand as it is, but H. P. B., in *Isis* (Vol. I., p. 351) says most unequivocally.

"We will now present a few fragments of this mysterious doctrine of Re-incarnation—as distinct from transmigration—*which we have from an authority*. Re-incarnation, *i. e.*, the appearance of the same individual, or rather of his astral monad, twice on the same planet, *is not a rule in nature; it is an exception*, like the teratological phenomenon of a two-headed infant."

The cause of it, when it does occur is, she says, that the design of nature to produce a perfect human being has been interfered with, and therefore she must make another attempt. Such exceptional interferences, H. P. B. explains, are the cases of abortion, of infants dying before a certain age, and of congenital and incurable idiocy. In such cases, the higher principles have not been able to unite themselves with the lower, and hence a perfect being has not been born. But—

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"If reason has been so far developed as to become active and discriminative, *there is no Re-incarnation on this Earth*, for the three parts of the triune man have been united together, and he is capable of running the race. But when the new being has not passed beyond the condition of monad, or when, as in the idiot, the trinity has not been completed, the immortal spark which illuminates it has to re-enter on the earthly plane, as it was frustrated in its first attempt. Otherwise, the mortal or astral, and the immortal, or divine, souls could not progress in unison and pass onward to *the sphere above*."

The italics are mine, and thus I was taught. My present belief is that of the Hindus and Buddhists. She told Mr. Walter R. Old—who is my informant—that she was not taught the doctrine of Re-incarnation until 1879—when we were in India. I willingly accept that statement, both because it tallies with our beliefs and writings in New York, and, because, if she knew it when we were writing *Isis*, there was no earthly reason why she should have misled me or others, even if she had so desired, which I do not believe.

She and I believed, and taught orally as well as wrote that man is a trinity of physical body, astral body (soul—the Greek *psuché*), and divine spirit. This will be found set forth in the first official communication made by us to the European reading public. It was an article entitled "The Views of the Theosophists," and appeared in the *Spiritualist* for December 7, 1877. In it, speaking for our whole party, I say :

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"We believe that the man of flesh dies, decays, and goes to the crucible of evolution, to be worked over and over again; that the astral man (or *double*, or soul), freed from physical imprisonment, is followed by the consequences of his earthly deeds, thoughts and desires. He either becomes purged of the last traces of earthly grossness, and, finally, after an incalculable lapse of time, is joined to his divine spirit, and lives forever as an entity, or, having been completely debased on earth, he sinks deeper into matter and is annihilated."

I go on to say that "the man of pure life and spirituality of aspiration would be drawn towards a more spiritual realm than this earth of ours and repelled by its influence"; while, on the other hand, the vicious and thoroughly depraved person would have lost his spirit during life, be reduced to a duality instead of a trinity at the hour of death, and, upon passing out of the physical body, become disintegrated; its grosser matter going into the ground and its finer turning into a *bhût*, or "elementary," "wandering in and about the habitations of men, obsessing sensitives to glut vicariously its depraved appetites, until its life is burnt out by their very intensity and dissolution comes to crown the dreadful career."

This was the sum and substance of our teaching at that time about the nature and destiny of man, and shows how infinitely far away from believing in Re-incarnation H. P. B. and I were then. If any one should be disposed to say that this letter of mine in the *Spiritualist* represents only my personal views, and that neither the

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Masters nor H. P. B. are responsible for my crudities, I shall just refer them to the issue of the *Spiritualist* for February 8, 1878,* where appears a letter from H. P. B. herself upon the general subject of my letter; which had aroused a most animated discussion between the chief exponents of British Spiritualism on the one side, and C. C. Massey, John Storer Cobb, Prof. Alex. Wilder, Miss Kislingbury, Dr. C. Carter Blake, Gerald Massey and myself, on the other, and been called by M. A. (Oxon.) "a Theosophical rock hurled by the vigorous arm of the P. T. S. and creating a huge splash" in the unhealthy pool of trans-Atlantic Spiritualism. H. P. B.'s clarion, as usual, waked the echoes. She calls herself "the unattractive old party *superficially known* as H. P. Blavatsky"—a most significant phrase; says that "the Colonel corresponds directly with Hindu scholars, and has from them a good deal more than he can get from so clumsy a preceptor as myself;" and that she thinks I have "thrown out some hints worthy of the thoughtful consideration of the unprejudiced." A second letter from me in answer to M. A. (Oxon.) appeared in February, and a very long, very powerful, and very explicit one from H. P. B., of date N. Y., January 14, 1878, *did* appear in the *Spiritualist* of February 8, of the same year. This whole letter is well worth reading. In it she says, *à propos* of the necessity that an Ego which has failed to unite itself with the physico-psychical duality of

* Apparently the wrong date has been pasted above the cutting in our scrap-book. I think it must have been February 1.

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a child who prematurely dies, should re-incarnate—"Man's cycle is not complete until he becomes individually immortal. No one stage of probation and experience can be skipped over. He must be a man before he can become a spirit. A dead child is a failure of nature —he must live again ; and the same *psuché* re-enters the physical plane through another birth. *Such cases, together with those of congenital idiots are, as stated in "Isis Unveiled," the only instances of human re-incarnation.*" Can anything be plainer?

Our party left New York for India on Dec. 17, 1878, and a few days previously H. P. B. wrote to the *Revue Spirite*, of Paris, an article which appeared in that magazine, Jan. 1, 1879 ; it was in answer to sundry critics. She now describes man as four-principled, a "tetraktis" or quaternary. I translate :

"Yes, 'for the Theosophists of New York, man is a trinity, and not a duality.' He is, however, more than that : for, by adding the physical body, man is a *Tetraktis*, or quaternary. But, however supported in this particular doctrine we may be by the greatest philosophers of ancient Greece, it is neither to Pythagoras, to Plato, nor, furthermore, to the celebrated *Theodidaktoi* of the school of Alexandria, that we owe it. We shall speak further on of our Masters."

After citing passages from various ancient authorities in support of the views presented, she says : "our Masters [meaning those from whom we learnt the doctrine] are Patanjali, Kapila, Kanada, all the systems and

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schools of A'ryavârta which served as inexhaustible mines for the Greek philosophers, from Pythagoras to Plato." Not all the Indian schools, certainly, for among them the old sects of Charvakas and Brihâspatis denied the survival of man after death, and were almost exact prototypes of our modern Materialists. It is also to be noted that Patanjali, Kapila, and the other Masters she names, taught that Re-incarnation is the rule in Nature, while she and I declared it to be the exception.

Ultimately, the doctrine of Re-incarnation was fully accepted and expounded, both in its exoteric sense and esoterically. Not publicly taught so early as 1879, however, for it is not to be found in the first two volumes of the *Theosophist*, but only appears in the third, and then in connection with the *Fragments of Occult Truth*, a series of essays, chiefly by Mr. A. P. Sinnett, and based upon instructions given him by the Masters and by H. P. B. In its plain exoteric, or orthodox form, I had got it in Ceylon and embodied it in the *Buddhist Catechism*, of which the first edition, after passing through the ordeal of critical examination by the High Priest Sumángala Thero, appeared in July, 1881. The *Catechism*, of course, was only a synopsis of the doctrines of Southern Buddhism, not a proclamation of personal beliefs. The exposition of the Re-incarnation theory was rather meagre in the first edition; but it was given at much greater length in the revised edition of 1882, where I defined the relation of the re-incarnated being of this birth to that of the preceding ones, and answered the question why we have no memory of experiences in

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prior incarnations. A conversation with Sumángala Thero upon the morality of the theory of Karma, led me to frame the note defining the difference between Personality and Individuality, between physical memory, or the recollection of things which pertain to the ordinary waking consciousness, and spiritual memory, which has to do with the experiences of the Higher Self and its Individuality. The distinction had not previously been made, but it was at once accepted and has been propagated by all our chief Theosophical writers since that time. H. P. B. adopted it, and has introduced it in her *Key to Theosophy* (pp. 134 and 130), with enlargements and illustrations. These are historical facts, and their bearing upon the present discussion is evident.

H. P. B.'s first published declaration that Re-incarnation was an element in Theosophical belief occurs in the leading article of the first number ever issued of the *Theosophist* (*What is Theosophy?* Vol. I., p. 3, October, 1879). It was but a bare allusion to the subject and nothing more.

"Theosophy," she says, "believes also in *Anastasis*, or continued existence, and in transmigration (evolution), or a series of changes in the soul, which can be defended and explained on strict philosophical principles; and only by making a distinction between *Paramátmá* (transcendental, supreme soul) and *Jívátmá* (animal, or conscious soul), of the Vedântins."* This is

* *Anastasis* does not mean Re-incarnation, but a raising from the dead of the same person; and *Jívátmá* is not the animal soul—as even all younger Theosophists are aware.

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extremely vague, and does little towards solving the difficulty. In a foot-note to this passage, however, she promises a series of articles on *The World's Great Theosophists*, in which, says she, "we intend showing that from Pythagoras, who got his wisdom in India, down to our best known modern philosophers and Theosophists —David Hume and Shelley, the English poet, and the spiritists of France, included—many believed and yet believe in metempsychosis, or Re-incarnation of the soul, etc." But she does not clearly say what is her own belief. The promised series of articles most unfortunately never appeared, though it may have been the germ of her idea to devote one of the new volumes of *The Secret Doctrine* to an account of the Great Adepts.

Mr. Sinnett's famous series of essays entitled *Fragments of Occult Truth* was begun by H. P. B. in No. 1, of Vol. III., of the *Theosophist*, as an answer to Mr. Terry, of Melbourne, who had taken exception to the anti-spiritualistic views of Theosophists. In the first *Fragment*, she reiterates the teaching of New York, that the soul at death passes into another world, "the so-called world of effects (in reality, a state and not a place), and there, purified of much of its material taints, evolves out of itself a new Ego, to be re-born (after a brief period of freedom and enjoyment) *in the next higher world of causes, an objective world similar to this present globe of ours*, but higher in the spiritual scale, where matter and material tendencies play a far less

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important part than here." Re-incarnation is herein postulated, but not on this globe nor by the same Ego, but by another one which generates out of our present one in an interplanetary state. In *Fragment No. 3* (*Theosophist* for Sept., 1882), the new Ego is said after passing its normal time—according to its merit, which agrees with the doctrine taught by S'rî Krishna, in the *Bhagavadgîta*—in a state of felicity (Devachan) either to pass on to the "next superior planet," or return for re-birth on this globe "if it has not completed its appointed tale of earth-lives." Previously to this there had been nothing published about an appointed number of Re-incarnations, either on this globe or others, but only the outlines sketched of a psychic pilgrimage, or evolutionary progress from star to star, of a Divine Self which clothed itself with a new soul-body in each palingenesis.

In 1880, we two visited Simla, and Mr. A. O. Hume enjoyed the good fortune, which had previously fallen to Mr. Sinnett's lot, of getting into correspondence with our Mahátmás. H. P. B. revisited Simla without me in 1881, and the two friends above-named received in due time from the Masters the Re-incarnation theory. Mr. Sinnett expounded it in *Fragment No. 4* (*Theosophist*, Vol. IV., No. 1, October, 1882), where he laid the basis of the doctrine of terrestrial Re-incarnations in a series of major and minor, or root and sub-races, and the extension of the process to the other planets of a chain to which the Earth belongs. Mr. Hume did the same in

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his *Hints on Esoteric Theosophy* (Calcutta, August, 1882), where he synthetically says that "man has many complete rounds to make of the entire cycle (chain, he means) of the planets. And in each planet, in each round, he has many lives to live. At a certain stage of his evolution, when certain portions of his less material elements are fully developed, he becomes morally responsible." (Op. cit., p. 52.)

Thus, six years after the date of my New York conversation with the Mahátmá, the fundamental and necessary idea of Re-incarnation was launched on the sea of modern Western thought from the congenial land of its primeval birth.

I have been obliged to trace its evolution within our lines at the risk of a small digression, as it was necessary for the future welfare of the Society to show the apparent baselessness of the theory that our present grand block of teaching had been in H. P. B.'s possession from the beginning. That theory I consider pernicious and without foundation. If I am wrong, I shall be most happy to be corrected. To admit it would involve the necessity of conceding that she had knowingly and wilfully lent herself to deception and the teaching of untruth in *Isis*, and later. I believe that she wrote then as she did later, exactly according to her lights, and that she was just as sincere in denying Re-incarnation in 1876-'78 as she was in affirming it after 1882. Why she and I were permitted to put the mis-statement into *Isis*, and, especially, why it was made to me by the Mahátmá,

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I cannot explain, unless I was the victim of glamour in believing that I talked with a Master on the evening in question. So let it pass. The Masters could give H. P. B. whatever they chose by dictation, they could write it themselves with her hand by occupying her physical body, and they could enable me to write by giving me hints and outlines and then helping my intuitions. Yet, notwithstanding all this, they certainly did not teach us what we now accept as the truth about Re-incarnation; nor bid us keep silent about it; nor resort to any vague generalities capable of being now twisted into an apparent agreement with our present views; nor interpose to prevent us from writing and teaching the heretical and unscientific idea that, save in certain few cases, the human entity was not, and could not, be re-incarnated on one and the same planet.*

To return to the matter of the occupancy (*dves'a*) of H. P. B.'s body. There was one collateral proof continually thrusting itself upon one's notice, if one but paid attention to it. Let us say that the Master A or B had been "on guard" an hour or more, had been working on *Isis*, alone or jointly with me, and was at a given moment saying something to me or, if third parties were present, to one of them. Suddenly she (he?) stops speaking, rises and leaves the room, excusing herself for

* Some valued friends have tried to persuade me to omit all the foregoing argument about the genesis of the Re-incarnation idea within our movement, but I cannot see it as my duty to do so. I will no more suppress important facts than I will make false statements.

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a moment on some pretext to strangers. She presently returns, looks around as any new arrival would upon entering a room where there was company, makes herself a fresh cigarette, and says something which has not the least reference to what had been talked about when she left the room. Some one present, wishing to keep her to the point, asks her kindly to explain. She shows embarrassment and inability to pick up the thread ; perhaps expresses an opinion flatly contradicting what she had just affirmed, and when taken to task, becomes vexed and says strong things ; or, when told that she had said so-and-so, appears to take an introspective glance and says, "Oh yes: excuse me," and goes on with her subject. She was sometimes as quick as lightning in these changes, and I myself, forgetting her multiplex personality, have often been very irritated for her seeming inability to keep to the same opinion, and her bold denial that she had not said what she had certainly said plainly enough, the moment before. In due time, it was explained to me that it takes time, after entering another's living body, to link on one's own consciousness with the brain memory of the preceding occupier, and that if one tries to continue a conversation before this adjustment is complete, just such mistakes as the above may occur. This accords with what the Mahátmá told me in New York about occupancy, and with the description of the way in which, we were told in *Shankaravijâya*,* Shankara

* In a recent Calcutta lecture on "The Kinship between Hinduism and Buddhism" I show that the best Orientalists regard *Shanka-*

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entered the defunct Rajah Amaraká's body: "entered and *by slow degrees occupied* the whole body of the dead down to its very feet." The explanation of the gradual blending of the two *jívas* in one steady heart and other bodily automatism (Cf. XVI.) extends to the matter of the two consciousnesses, and until this is perfected, there must be just such a confusion of ideas, assertions, and recollections as I have above described, and as the majority of H. P. B.'s visitors must have been puzzled by. Sometimes, when we were alone, has either the departing Somebody said: "I must put this into the brain so that my successor may find it there," or the incoming Somebody after greeting me with a friendly word, asked me what was the subject of discussion before the "change."

I have noted above how various Mahátmás, in writing to me about H. P. B. and her body, spoke of the latter as a shell occupied by one of themselves. In my Diary of 1878, I find entered under date of October 12, and in the H. P. B. manuscript of Mahátmá "M," the following: "H. P. B. talked with W. alone until 2 after midnight. He confessed he saw *three* DISTINCT individualities in her. He *knows* it. Does not wish to say so to Olcott for fear H. S. O. will make fun of him! ! !" The underscorings and points of exclamation are copied literally. The "W." mentioned was Mr. Wimbridge, who was then our guest. To account for an entry made

ravijdya as an old spurious work. I quote it now merely for the sake of the description of the *dves'a* process.

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by another person in my private Diary, I must explain that when I left New York on professional business, which I had to do several times in that year, the daily record was written up by "H. P. B.," the noun of multitude. In the entry of the following day (Oct. 13) the same hand, after specifying the seven visitors who called that evening, writes of one of them: "Dr. Pike, looking at H. P. B. several times, started and said that no one in the world impressed him so much. Once he sees in H. P. B. a girl of 16, at another an old woman of 100, and again a man with a beard! !" On Oct. 22, the same hand writes: "H. P. B. left them [our visitors of that evening] in the dining-room and retired with H. S. O. to the library to write letters. N—— [a certain Mahátmá] left watch and in came S—— [another adept]; the latter with orders from ∴ to complete all by the first day of December" [for our departure for India]. On November 9, in another modified H. P. B. script, is written: "Body sick and no hot-water to bathe it. Nice caboose." November 12, in the "M" script: "H. P. B. played a trick on me by suddenly *fainting*, to the great dismay of Bates and Wim. Used the greatest will-power to put up the body on its legs." November 14, in same handwriting: "N—— decamped and M. walked in [from and into the H. P. B. body is meant]. Came with definite orders from ∴. *Have to go* at the latest from 15 to 20 Dec. [to India]." November 29, another Mahátmá writes that he had "answered the Russian Aunt"—*i. e.*, the beloved aunt of H. P. B.

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Finally, not to dwell upon one subject too long, on Nov. 30, a third Mahátmá writes: "Belle Mitchell came at 12 and took away the S—— [Mahátmá M.] for a walk and drive. Went to Macy's. Had to materialise rupees. H. P. B. came home at 4, etc." I have also various letters from the Mahátmás alluding to H. P. B. in her own individual capacity, sometimes speaking very frankly about her peculiarities, good and bad, and was once sent, by the Masters, *with written instructions*, on a confidential mission to another city to bring about certain events necessary for her spiritual evolution. I have the document still. One quite long letter that I received in 1879, while in Rajputana, most strangely alters her sex, speaks of her in the male gender, and confounds her with Mahátmá M.—known as our Guru. It says—about a first draft of the letter itself which had been written but not sent me: "Owing to certain expressions therein, the letter was stopped on its way by order of our Brother H. P. B. As you are not under my direct guidance but his (hers), we have naught to say, either of us; etc." And again: "Our Brother H. P. B. rightly remarked at Jeypore that, etc." It is a noble communication throughout, and if it were pertinent to our present theme, I should feel tempted to publish it, so as to show the high quality of the correspondence that for years went on between my blessed Teachers and myself. It was in this particular letter that I was told, in answer to my expressed desire to retire from the world and go and live with them, that, "The only means available and

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at hand for you to reach us, is *through the Theosophical Society*," which I was abjured to consolidate, push forward and build up; I must learn to be unselfish. My correspondent adds: "None of us live for ourselves, we all live for humanity." This was the spirit of all my instructions, this is the idea inculcated throughout *Isis Unveiled*. Let the literary faults of that book be what they may; let its author be charged with plagiarism or not; the sum and substance of its argument is that man is of a complex nature, animal at one extreme, divine at the other; and that the only real and perfect existence, the only one that is free from illusions, pain and sorrow, because in it, their cause—Ignorance—does not exist, is that of the spirit, the Highest Self. The book incites to pure and high living, to expansion of mind and universality of tenderness and sympathy; it shows there is a Path upwards, and that it is accessible to the wise who are brave; it traces all modern knowledge and speculation to archaic sources; and, affirming the past and present existence of Adepts and of occult science, affords us a stimulus to work and an ideal to work up to.

Upon its appearance the book made such a sensation that the first edition was exhausted within ten days.*

* The *American Bookseller* (October, 1877), says: "The sale . . . is unprecedented for a work of its kind, the entire edition having been exhausted within ten days of the date of publication. In 1783, Godfrey Higgins published his *Anacalypsis*, a work of similar character, and although only 200 copies were printed, at the death of the author, a number of years after, many copies remained unsold, and were disposed of in bulk by his executors to a London bookseller. The work is now exceedingly rare and readily brings $100 per

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The critics, on the whole, dealt kindly with it. Dr. Shelton Mackenzie, one of the most capable ones of the day, writes that "it is one of the most remarkable works for originality of thought, thoroughness of research, depth of philosophic exposition, and variety and extent of learning that has appeared for very many years" (*Phila. Press*, October 9, 1887). The literary critic of the *N. Y. Herald* (Sep. 30, 1877), says that independent minds "will welcome the new publication as a most valuable contribution to philosophical literature," and that it "will supplement the *Anacalypsis* of Godfrey Higgins. There is a great resemblance between the works. . . . With its striking peculiarities, its audacity, its versatility and the prodigious variety of subjects which it notices and handles, it is one of the remarkable productions of the century." Dr. G. Bloede, an erudite German scholar, says that, "under all considerations, it will range among the most important contributions to the literature of the modern science of the spirit, and be worth the attention of every thinking student of this."

copy. The world has grown older since the days of Higgins, and Madame Blavatsky's book is of greater interest; but still the demand for it is quite remarkable, and far beyond the expectations of its publishers." Perfectly true; and so surprised and pleased was Mr. Bouton, that on Sunday, Feb. 10, 1878, in my presence, he offered her $5,000 as copyright on an edition of a book in one volume, if she would write it, which should a little more unveil *Isis*. He intended to print only 100 copies and make the price $100 per copy. Though she needed money badly enough, she refused the offer on the ground that she was not permitted at that time to divulge any more arcane secrets than she had done in *Isis*. Mr. Bouton is still living and can corroborate this statement.

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Some of the notices were flippant and prejudiced enough to make it clear that the critics had not read the book. For instance, the *Springfield Republican* said it was "a large dish of hash"; The *N. Y. Sun* classifies it with the similar works of past times as "discarded rubbish"; the Editor of the *N. Y. Times* wrote to Mr. Bouton that he was sorry they could not touch *Isis Unveiled*, as they "have a holy horror of Mme. Blavatsky and her letters"; the *N. Y. Tribune* says her learning is "crude and undigested" and "her incoherent account of Brahmanism and Buddhism, suggests a hint of the presumption rather than the information of the writer." And so on and so forth. The weighty fact, however, is that the book has become a classic—as Mr. Quaritch prophesied to Mr. Bouton that it would;* has gone through a number of editions; and now, after the lapse of seventeen years, is in demand all over the world. When it was ready for publication I, of course, did what I could to bring it to the notice of my personal acquaintance; and I remember shortly afterwards meeting one of them—a leading legal functionary—in the street, and having him shake his fist at me in a friendly way, and say, "I have a crow to pick with you." "And why?" I asked. "Why? Because you made me buy *Isis Un-*

* Mr. Quaritch writes to Mr. Bouton from London, December 27, 1877, in a letter which the latter kindly gave us as an encouraging forecast: "The book will evidently make its way in England and become a classic. I am very glad to be the English agent." And, I may add, we were more glad that he should be; knowing his reputation for indomitable energy and high-mindedness.

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veiled, and I found it so fascinating that my law cases are getting into arrears, and I have been sitting up nearly the whole of the past two nights to read it. Not only that, but she makes me feel what a lot of commonplace men we are in comparison with those Eastern mystics and philosophers she writes so charmingly about." The first money received for a copy of *Isis* was sent me by a lady of Styria with her order ; we kept it " for luck," and it now hangs, framed, on the walls of the *Theosophist* office at Adyar.

The truest thing ever said about *Isis* was the expression of an American author that it is " a book with a revolution in it."

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CHAPTER XVIII.

EARLY DAYS OF THE SOCIETY.

AMONG the public events which contributed to give notoriety to our Society in its early days, was the rescue of a party of pauper Arabs from threatened starvation, and their shipment to Tunis. It was theosophical only in the limited sense of being humanitarian, hence an act of altruism ; and all altruistic endeavours are essentially theosophical. Moreover, in this case, the element of religion was a factor. The story, in brief, is as follows :

One Sunday morning, in July, 1876, H. P. B. and I, being alone in the "Lamasery," read in the morning papers that a party of nine ship-wrecked Mussulman Arabs had been landed from the schooner *Kate Foster*, just arrived from Trinidad. They were penniless and friendless, could not speak a word of English, and had wandered about the streets for two days without food, until the secretary of the Turkish Consul gave them some loaves of bread, and, by order of His Honor the Mayor of New York, temporary shelter had been given

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them at Bellevue Hospital. Unfortunately for them, certain New Regulations about emigrants had been adopted in the March preceding by the Commissioners of Public Charities and the Emigration Board, which made both those public bodies powerless to deal with cases like the present. The papers stated that the Arabs had brought no documents with them to prove their nationality, and thereby fix upon some foreign Consul the responsibility for their custody and relief; in vain they had been taken to the consuls of Turkey and France; and, unless private relief were forthcoming, a bitter prospect was before them. How well I remember the scene when we had read the narrative! H. P. B. and I stood shoulder-to-shoulder, looking out of the south front window, each deploring the lot of the poor cast-aways. The fact which appealed strongest to our feelings was that they were Mussulmans—Heathen, whose religion placed them outside the bounds of ready sympathy in a community of Christians, who, to say nothing about popular prejudice, had too frequent appeals to relieve the wants of their co-religionists. These unfortunates had a right, then, to the kind offices of fellow Heathen like ourselves, and then and there it was decided that I should go to work. The result was that I succeeded, under the favour of the Mayor of New York, in collecting some $2000, with which their necessities were supplied, and they were sent to Tunis under charge of a member of our Society. All the details will be found in the *Theosophist* for September, 1893.

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As said in a previous chapter, among the most delightful reminiscences of those early theosophic years is our correspondence with thoughtful, cultured persons of both sexes, of whom two are most lovingly remembered. They are Charles Carleton Massey and William Stainton Moseyn (or, as corrupted, Moses). The general topic of our correspondence was mentioned above (Cf. Chapter IV.), and the names of these two loyal friends can never pass out of my memory. We, of course, represented the conservative party of Oriental Occultism; Stainton Moseyn (Moses) was a progressive, truth-seeking, highly-educated Spiritualist, taking him all-in-all the ablest man among them; and Massey was between the two extremes, a candid and convinced investigator of the phenomena, with a deeply metaphysical mental bias, ready to meet half-way any new facts or ideas we might put forward. The interchange of letters—some so long as to be rather essays—continued between us four during several years, and our discussions covered a very wide range of interesting, important, even vital questions relating to psychological subjects. The one most thoroughly threshed out was, I fancy, that of the Elemental Spirits, their place in nature, and their relations with humanity. I had lightly touched upon this question in our first European manifesto above alluded to, but it was now gone into in all its chief bearings. I deeply regret that those in charge of Stainton Moseyn's papers, have not yet sent me those which might have helped me in my present work, as I might have made it

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much more interesting by comparing H. P. B.'s and my letters with the replies of our friends, which I have preserved. S. M. had gone into the investigation of mediumistic phenomena with the sole purpose of satisfying himself whether they were real or not, but shortly found himself a medium despite himself, and the subject of phenomena of the most extraordinary kind. By night and by day, whether alone or in company, they would occur, and soon all the scientific and philosophical ideas he had brought away from Oxford, were scattered to the four winds, and he had to accept new theories of matter and force, man and nature. His revered friend and benefactress, Mrs. Speer, gave in *Light*, weekly reports of the séances held by S. M. at Dr. Speer's house, and, I venture to say, a more interesting record of mediumship has never been written, for, in past ages or the present, there has hardly ever been a more gifted medium than my heart-brother, now dead and gone. His pre-eminence consisted in the surprising variety of his phenomena, which were both physical and psychical and all highly instructive, added to his trained mental endowments, which reflected themselves in the quality of the psychically transmitted intelligence, and his dogged determination to believe nothing taught him by the alleged spirits which he could not perfectly understand. The major part of these teachings he received by automatic writing through his own hand, just as Mr. Stead seems now to be getting his own spirit-teachings from *Julia*; he might give his whole attention to reading a book or conversation, but

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his disengaged hand would go on writing and writing by the half-hour together, and when he turned his eyes upon the pages thus covered, he would find original thoughts, conveying new ideas foreign to his own beliefs, or successfully answering his questions previously put, perhaps, on another occasion. He was always convinced, and vehemently so declared in his letters to us, that the intelligence controlling his hand was not his own ; neither his waking or latent consciousness, but just simply a spirit or spirits ; he claimed to know them perfectly by sight (clairvoyant), speech (clairaudient), and writing, as unmistakably as he knew any living person. We, on the other hand, urged that the question was not yet proven, and that there was at least an even chance that his "Imperator," or chief spirit-teacher, was his latent self, and that his circle phenomena were produced by Elementals coming for the time being under the dominion of his own masterful will. It appeared upon comparing notes that several of his most striking mediumistic phenomena were almost identical with those with which H. P. B. was edifying us in New York, and, since hers were admittedly produced by her subject Elementals, I could not see why his might not be also. Among these were the ringing of sweet "fairy bells" in the air ; the production of delicious scents in the air and as exudations from the psychic's body, which, with H. P. B., bedewed the palms of her hands, and in S. M.'s case the scalp of his head ; lights floating through the air ; precipitations of writing on surfaces beyond the operator's reach ; *ap-*

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ports of gems and other objects; air-born music; the possession by each of gems which changed colour and grew dull or black when the possessor fell ill; the disintegration of crayons or leads to be used in precipitated writings; identical Oriental perfumes perceived when certain invisible intelligences versed in occult science were present; Oxon's perceiving in the astral light glowing points of coloured light arranged in a triangle so as to form the mystic symbol of the Eastern Lodge of our Mahátmás; and, finally, the power of leaving the physical body in the "double," retaining consciousness and resuming bodily occupancy at the end of the soul-flight. So close a resemblance in experiences would naturally create a strong mutual interest between the two great psychics, and naturally enough S. M. was most eager to profit by any instructions or hints that H. P. B. could give him as to how he might improve his knowledge of the other world and gain that complete control over his psychical nature which the completed training for adeptship implies. What effect our interchange of views had upon S. M.'s mind and the teachings of "Imperator" to the Speer circle, will be considered in the next chapter. I shall also have something to say with respect to the view taken by educated Hindus as to the danger and puerility of psychical phenomena, whether produced by mediums or *mántrikas*—possessors of charms of power.

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CHAPTER XIX.

CONFLICTING VIEWS.

THE poles are scarcely farther apart than the views of Western Spiritualists and Asiatics with respect to communion with the dead. The former encourage it, often try to develop mediumship in themselves or their family members to enjoy it, support many journals and publish many books to tell about and discuss their phenomena, and cite the latter as proofs of the scientific basis of the doctrine of a future life. Asiatics, on the contrary, discourage these necromantic dabblings as soul-debaucheries, and affirm that they work incalculable evil both upon the dead and the living; obstructing the normal evolution of man's spirit and delaying the acquirement of *gnandm*, the highest knowledge. In Europe and America one often meets around the séance-table the noblest, purest, most learned, as well as their opposites; in the East, the mediums and sorcerers are patronised only by Pariahs and other degraded castes, as a general rule. At the West, in these

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latter days, families usually feel glad rather than sorry if a medium is discovered in their household, whereas in India it is thought a disgrace, a calamity, something to deplore and to abate as soon as possible.

The Hindu, the Buddhist, the Zoroastrian, the Mussulman, are of one mind in the above respect, all being influenced by ancestral tradition as well as by their sacred writings. Dealings with the dead are not alone discountenanced, but also the exhibition of one's own psychical powers, whether congenital or developed later by ascetic training. The Indian Brahmin would, therefore, look with disfavour both upon the phenomena of M. A. Oxon, the medium, and those of H. P. B., the educated thaumaturgist. Not caring for the problems of Western psychology as intellectual stimuli, and having forms of religion which start with the basic hypothesis of spirit, they place but a minimum stress upon the psychic phenomena as proofs of immortality, loathe the obsessed medium as spiritually impure, and hold in diminished respect those who, possessing *siddhis*, vulgarise them by display. The development of a long list of *siddhis* occurs naturally and spontaneously in the progress of Yogic training, of which only eight, *Anima*, *Mahima*, *Laghima*, etc.,—the Ashta Siddhis, in short—relate to the higher spiritual state ; the other eighteen or more pertain to the astral plane and our relations to it and to the plane of this life. Black magicians and beginners have to do with these ; the progressed Adepts of White Magic with the nobler group. It is to be ob-

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served, then, that while H. P. B.'s phenomena commanded the adoring wonder of her Western pupils and other intimate friends, and caused the malignant scepticism of her opponents, they actually lowered her in the opinion of the orthodox pundits and ascetics of India and Ceylon, as marking an inferior spiritual evolution. With them, there was no question of the possible genuineness of the marvels, for all such are recognised and catalogued in their Scriptures; the mental aura of a Lankester would asphyxiate them. At the same time, while the display of psychical phenomena in public or before the vulgar is condemned, the knowledge that a religious teacher possesses them adds to his sancity, as being signs of his interior development; but the rule is that they are not to be shown by a teacher even to his pupils before they have become so versed in spiritual philosophy as to be able to understand them.

In the *Kullavagga*, v., 8, I., is related the story of the sandalwood bowl of the Setthi of Rágagaha. He had had a bowl carved out of a block of sandalwood, and lifted it high up into the air on the top of a bamboo tied to a succession of other bamboos, and then offered it as a gift to any Sramaña or Brahman possessed of psychical powers (*Iddhi*) who could levitate himself and get it down. A renowned monk named Pi*nd*ala Bháradvaga accepted the challenge, rose into the air and brought down the bowl, after going "thrice round Rágagaha in the air." The onlookers, a great concourse, fell to shouting and doing him reverence, which

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noise coming to the ears of the Buddha, he convened a private meeting of his disciples and rebuked Pindala.

"This is improper," said he. "Not according to rule, unsuitable, unworthy of a Sramaña, unbecoming, and ought not to be done. . . . Just like a woman who displays herself for the sake of a miserable piece of money, have you, for the sake of a miserable wooden pot displayed before the laity the superhuman quality of your miraculous power of Iddhi. This will not conduce either to the conversion of the unconverted, or to the increase of the converted; but rather to those who have not been converted remaining unconverted, and to the turning back of those who have been converted." He then made this imperative rule: "You are not, O Bhikkus, to display *before the laity* the superhuman power of Iddhi." (*Vide Sacred Books of the East*, Vol. xx., p. 79.)

In *Kullavagga*, vii., 4, 7, Devadutta is said to have "come to a stop on his way (to Arahatship), because he had already attained to some lesser thing" (pothugganiká iddhi, or psychical powers)—and *being satisfied that he had reached the summit of development.*

In Dr. Rájendralála Mitra's note to Aphorism xxviii., of Patanjali's Yoga Sutras, speaking about the developed psychical powers (*siddhis*), he says:

"The perfections described are of the world, worldly, required for worldly purposes, but useless for higher meditation, having isolation for its aim. Nor are they simply useless, but positively obstructive, for they interfere with the even tenor of calm meditation."

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It is not widely understood that the developed psychical powers, covering the whole range of sublimated degrees of sight, hearing, touch, taste, smell, intuition (prophetic, retrospective, and contemporary), etc., bear to the awakened individuality a relation similar to that which the ordinary five senses do to the physical self, or personality. Just as one must learn to restrain one's perceptions of external things through the avenues of sense, to concentrate one's whole thought upon some deep problem of science or philosophy, so must the would-be *gnáni*, or sage, control the activity of his developed clairvoyance, clairaudience, etc., if he would not have his object defeated by the wandering of his thought into the bypaths they open up. I have never seen this point clearly stated before, yet it is most important to bear in mind. Through ignorance of this rule Swedenborg, Davis, the Catholic Saints and religious visionaries of all other sects have, as it were, staggered, clairvoyantly drunk, through the picture-galleries of the Astral Light; seeing some things that were and creating others that were not until they begot them; then giving out mangled prophecies, imagined revelations, bad counsel, false science, and misleading theology.

Asiatics throng to a possessor or reputed possessor of siddhis from the most selfish motives—to get sons from barren wives; cures for diseases, often the fruit of vice; recover lost valuables; influence the minds of masters to favour them; and to learn the future. They call this

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"asking the blessings of the Máhátma," but no one is deceived by the euphuism in the least, and in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, the begging hypocrite is dismissed unsatisfied. Even I, in my humble experience, came to know the meanness of this class, for out of the thousands of clamorous sick persons that I healed or relieved in my experimental researches of 1881, I doubt if one hundred were really grateful; and before the year was up, I had practically learnt how a Yogi must feel about exhibiting his psychical powers. Truly, indeed, does the Sage declare in *Suta Samhita* that the true Guru is not he who teaches one the physical sciences, who confers worldly pleasures, who trains one's powers until he may reach the gandharvas or develop the siddhis, for all these are sources of trouble and sorrow: the real Teacher and Master is he who imparts the knowledge of Brahman. This is taught likewise in Chandogya, Brahadaranya, and other Upanishads, where it is said that while the Yogi can by will-power make or destroy worlds, call to him pitris, gandharvas, and other spiritual beings, enjoy the power of Ishwara in unalloyed sathwa, yet he should avoid all these vanities as tending to foster the sense of separateness and as being hostile to the acquisition of true *gnánam*. As for voluntarily consorting with the denizens of the astral spheres, invoking their favours and submitting to their behests, no right-minded, well-informed Asiatic would even dream of it. Sri Krishna sums it up most concisely in that famous verse of the *Gita* (Ch. IX.): "Those who worship

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(invoke, make *pujá* to) the Devatas (higher elementals) go to them (after death); those who worship the Pitris, go to the Pitris. The worshippers of the Bhútas (here defined by S'ankara as the lowest nature-spirits; but the word is also a synonym of Pisachas, meaning the souls of the dead or astral shells) go to the Bhútas. Only my worshippers (*i. e.*, the devotees of *gnánam*, the highest spiritual knowledge), come to me." To repeat, then H. P. B. would be respected as possessing *siddhis*, but blamed for showing phenomena; while M. A. Oxon would be looked down upon as the medium of Pisachas and Bhútas, gifted as he may have been in mind, highly educated as the University may have made him, pure and unselfish as may have been his motives.

So much for the Asiatic view of our case. As for myself, I was through-and-through a Westerner in my way of looking at the wonders of H. P. B. and Stainton Moseyn. They were to me supremely important as psychical indications and as scientific problems. While I could not solve the riddle of her complex entity, I was convinced that the forces in and behind H. P. B. and her phenomena were skilfully handled by living persons who knew Psychology as a science, and by its practice had gained power over the elemental races. In Stainton Moseyn's case there was an equal obscurity. His rooted idea was that his teachers, "Imperator," "Kabbila" [Kapila?], "Mentor," "Magus," "Sade" [Sadi?], *et al*, were all disincarnate human spirits; some very ancient, some less so, but all wise and beneficent. They not only

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permitted but insisted that he should use his reason and work his own way upward; and with tireless patience answered his questions, solved his doubts, helped to develop his spiritual insight, aided him to project his astral body, and, by multifarious marvels, proved the nature of matter and force and the possibility of controlling natural phenomena: moreover, they taught him that a system of impartation of knowledge by teacher to pupil existed throughout the Cosmos, in ordinated stages of mental and spiritual development: like the classes in a school or college. In all these respects his teachings were identical with my own; and he never could convince me that, if not the same group, at least the same kind of Masters were occupying themselves in forming these two reformatory and evolutionary centres of New York and London. What a noble soul animated his body; how pure a heart, how high an aim, how deep a devotion to truth! At once a scholar, a gentleman, a clear thinker and writer, he became the most eminent of all the leaders of the Spiritualist party; or, at least so it seems to me, and I have had the personal friendship of Davis, Sargent, Owen, and many others. Before commencing this present chapter I have read and studied some seventy of his delightful letters to H. P. B. and myself—representing an interchange of above two hundred epistles; I have also consulted Mrs. Speer's "Records," and they have re-awakened the charm of our early intercourse. His close relation with us and the way in which our psychical experiences were interwoven,

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make it necessary that I should give more than a merely cursory glimpse of the man; and the best way to show what he was in thought, mind, and aspiration, will be to publish in this connection some portions of an autobiographical narrative contained in one of his letters to me. It is dated from University College, London, 29th April, 1876, and reads as follows:

"My life has been cut up into 'junks'—generally of about five years' duration—and the discipline of each is peculiar; but all tends to the same. Illness in some form pervades all, and I seldom am left at one form of work more than five or seven years. I inherited good property: but it was taken from me. I lost it all in one day by an incursion of the sea. I was doing well at College—a likely First and Fellowship to follow. Ten days before examination I broke down from overwork, and was not able to read or even write a letter for two years, or rather I was obliged to defer work for my degree for two years, and then to take an ordinary one. During that two years I went all over Europe, and learned more really than I should have got from books. But it was a wreck of life's prospects.

"Then I had my five years, or six rather, at Theological work. I had a name in the Church, and was counted a preacher who would make a reputation, and get on. I was thoroughly orthodox, a more or less intelligent theologian who had really studied *all round*, and who had a knack of argument. I went to a wild country district,

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partly by doctor's advice, to have benefit by sea air and solitude to recruit my health shattered at Oxford, and then I read omnivorously, and worked hard. My people would do anything for me. I could lead them anywhere, and I got a reputation in Parish and Pulpit. I overdid myself again, and felt that I must get off the excessive work (30 square miles of district to work is no joke : and all in my hands). I came to the West of England, and was appointed to a grand position in the Diocese of Sarum—a sort of select preacher. I acted twice, and irreparably broke down. Doctors could make nothing of me. They said I was overwrought : that I must rest, etc. I did rest, and got no better. Physically I was not exactly ill, but I dare not try to do anything in public.

"Then I fell ill again, this time with a fever : and in a place where no good doctor was to be had. A visitor tended me—my life was barely snatched out of the fire, and he became my fast friend—Dr. Speer. I came to London, and he asked me to live in his house and coach his boy. My property was gone, my position, my health. He took me in and I lived with him. But I could do nothing in public. He could not understand it. I could not explain it : *but it was an awful, ever-present fact.* I felt my old life was done. Yet I had no doubts as to the faith I had always held, not one—not a bit of one.

"But by degrees I found the old landmarks getting fainter : the bread grew stale. Then one day a man broke down here [at the London Univ.] and the authorities wanted somebody to carry on lectures on Philology.

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Few could do it, for the thing requires preparation. I heard and offered. I have a way of pigeon-holing knowledge till it is wanted, and I had read Philology at Oxford. So I took up the thread, and they finally gave me a permanent appointment.

"Another change, you see. I could lecture well enough, but could not do my old clerical work. When friends found me at work again, they said, now you 'll take a Church in London, or So and So will be delighted to have you preach for him : but I simply *could not.* Yet I never write a lecture, and can go a session through without a note.

"Queer, Eh ?

"Well, Mrs. Speer fell ill with some serious ailment, and got hold of one of Dale Owen's books. As soon as she got down stairs she set at me. I pished and pshawed, but agreed to look into the thing. I went to Burns, got all I could, went to Herne and Williams, and in two months was in the thick of physical mediumship, such as is hardly credible. Our phenomena were far ahead of anything I have seen elsewhere. It went on for four years, and now it is dying out, and I am going into another phase—and there have been plenty more that I have passed over. Indeed, I have said too much of self. But you may as well know what sort of man I am.

"At the present I have lost all sectarian faith, *i. e.*, all distinctive dogmatism. You will see in *Spirit Teachings* how I fought for it. Now I have lost the body, and kept the spirit. I no longer count myself a member of any

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Church, but I have got all the good I could out of them all. I am a free man: with such knowledge as Theological systems can give. I have thrown the husks away. And now, as soon as I have been sufficiently purified, I humbly hope to be allowed to enter within the veil, hoping there to repeat a process which, with some modifications, will be unceasing. Endless progress, perpetual purification, the lifting of veil after veil until—Eh? where have I got to? God bless you.

"Your friend and brother,

"M. A. Oxon."

At this stage had he arrived when we were brought together; thenceforth to keep in perfect sympathy and lovingly work together along parallel lines: our aspirations the same, our views not radically divergent. Often and often does he in his letters bemoan the fact that we were not living in the same city, where we might continually exchange ideas. Several chapters were devoted in the *Theosophist* to the subject of Stainton Moseyn's mediumship and the resemblance between his phenomena and H. P. B.'s, which may be read with profit.

Our Western friends will be interested in knowing that the Hindu who would enter upon a course of meditation, *i. e.*, of concentration of all one's mental faculties upon spiritual problems, has a triple system to observe. There is, first of all, to make the *Sthalla S'uddhi*, or ceremony, with the object of purifying the ground upon which he is to sit: cutting himself off from astral connection with

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the astral body of the earth and with the elementals which inhabit it [*Vide Isis*, I., 379]. This isolation is helped by first purifying the ground by washing, and by the person sitting upon a spread of Kusa grass, one of the group of vegetables whose aura resists bad and attracts good elementals. In this category are also included the Neem (Margosa), Tulsi (sacred to Vishnu), and Bilwa (sacred to Shiva). Among trees infested with bad influences and which the "adversaries" of Imperator are believed to frequent, are the Tamarind and the Banyan: they also infest old wells, long-empty houses, cremation-grounds, cemeteries, battle-grounds, slaughtering places, sites of murders and all other places where blood has been spilt: this is the Hindu belief, and in this connection see *Isis*, Chaps. XII. and XIII., Vol. I. The ground having been purified and the operator isolated from terrene bad influences, he next makes the *Bhúta S'uddhi*, a recitation of verses having power to keep off the "adversaries" dwelling in the atmosphere, including both elementals and elementaries; assisting the operation by making circular (mesmeric) passes around his head with his hand. He thus creates a psychical barrier or wall about him. After having very carefully performed these two indispensable preliminaries—never to be forgotten or perfunctorily done—he then proceeds with the *A'tma S'uddhi*, or recitation of mantrams which assist in purifying his body and mind and in preparing the way for the awakening of the spiritual faculties, the absorption called "meditation," whose aim is the attainment of *gnánam*, knowledge. A pure spot,

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pure air, the absence of unclean persons, *i. e.*, the unwashed, the immoral, the unspiritually-minded, the overfed, the unsympathetic—are all indispensable for the seeker after divine truth.

Imperator's admonitions to the Speer circle and, in fact, those which have been given to all really choice circles of spiritualistic investigators in all parts of the world, substantially accord with the Eastern rules. In short, the closer these precautions have been observed, the higher and nobler have been the teachings received. The revolting scenes and disgusting language and instructions which have attended so many séances where unprotected and unpurified mediums have given their services to mixed gatherings of foul and pure inquirers, are traceable to neglect of these protective conditions. Gradually, things have been changing for the better within these past seventeen years; physical mediums and physical phenomena are slowly beginning to give place to the higher forms of mediumship and manifestations.

The views of Imperator about the evils of mixed circles were reflected in Stainton Moseyn's published writings, and, if possible, more strongly in his private correspondence. He fully comprehended that the experiences of centuries must have taught the Asiatics this verity, that pure spiritual aura can no more be passed untainted through a vile medium and incongruous circle, than the water of a mountain spring be made to run pure through a foul filter. Hence their strict and stern rules for the isolation of the postulant for knowledge

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from all corrupting influences, and for the thorough purification of his own self. When one sees the blind ignorance and rash confidence with which Western people go themselves and take their sensitive children into the sin-sodden aura of many a séance room, one can feel how thoroughly just is the stricture of M. A. Oxon's chief guide, about the surprising fatuity shown with respect to dealings with the spirits of the departed. The most "orthodox" of the Spiritualist writers are now only, after forty-odd years' experience with mediumistic phenomena, partly realising this truth. Yet these same persons, yielding to a rooted hatred of Theosophy—which they excuse on the score of their detestation of H. P. B.—will not hearken to the voice of the ancients nor take the precautions which experience dictates against the perils of the open circle and the public medium. The improvement above noticed is due rather to the general interest created by our literature, and its reflex action upon mediums and circles, than to the direct influence of editors, speakers, and writers. Let us hope that before long the views of the Theosophists respecting elementals and elementaries will be accorded the full attention they merit.

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CHAPTER XX.

CONFLICTING VIEWS (*Continued*).

I SAT in the verandah at "Gulistan," my mountain cottage; one morning, looking northward above the sea of clouds that hid the Mysore plains from view. Presently, the vaporous ocean dissolved away, and the eye could distinctly see the Bilgirirangam Hills, seventy miles off: with a good glass the details could be easily made out. By association of ideas, the problem of the connection between Stainton Moses* and our two selves —H. P. B. and I—came to my mind. As I turned over the facts of our intercourse one by one, the confusing clouds of subsequent events rolled away, and in the distant past the glass of memory brought out his relationship to us and our Sages more distinctly than ever before. It is now clear to me that one directing Intelligence, pursuing a wide-reaching plan covering all nations and peoples, and acting through many agents besides ourselves, had in hand his development and mine,

* I use the distorted name under protest.

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his body of psychical proofs and those given me by and through H. P. B. Who "Imperator," its agent, was, I know not—I do not even know who H. P. B. really was—but I have always been inclined to believe that he was either S. M.'s own Higher Self or an adept; and that "Magus" and others of S. M.'s *band* were adepts likewise. I had my *band* also—though not of "spirit controls." S. M. had an Arabian teacher, so had I; he an Italian philosopher, so had I; he had Egyptians, I had a Copt; he had a "Prudens," "versed in Alexandrian and Indian lore," so had I—several; he had Dr. Dee, an English mystic, I also had one—the one previously spoken of as "the Platonist"; and between his phenomena and H. P. B.'s there was a striking resemblance. Until Mrs. Speer's *Records* were published all these particulars were not known to me, but now everything is plain. No wonder that S. M. and I were so drawn together; it was inevitable. That he felt it too, his whole correspondence proves. He sums it up in these few words, in his letter of Jan. 24, 1876: "My strongest attraction lies to you two; and I would give anything to be able to come to you"—in the Double, he means. The saddening thing to me is that he could not have known his "band" for what they were—or what I think they were, if you like. Supposing my surmise to be correct, the obstacle was his peculiar mental bias. His intellectual history resembles Mrs. Besant's in certain respects: each fought desperately for old ideas and changed them only under the com-

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pulsion of cumulative proofs; each sought only truth, and each stood bravely for it. How pathetic the story of Mrs. Besant's struggle against reason in the interest of her old faith, and her final brave yielding to logic! So, the reader of Stainton Moses' published and unpublished personal narrative must see that Imperator and his colleagues had to contend against a combative incredulity in the mental man that would not loose its hold upon the medium's mind, until it had been swept out, so to say, by a tornado of psychical demonstrations.* He was, by temperament, a conscientious mule; but once brought to accept the new philosophy, he was courage and loyalty personified, a lion for fighting and bravery. The first portrait that he sent me represents him as a thin-faced curate, seemingly as mild as milk; and no one could have guessed that that inoffensive parson was destined to become a chief leader of the party of spiritualistic free-thinkers. So necessary is trained clairvoyance to show us what our neighbour is behind his *máyá*.

It will be objected to my hypothesis about Imperator that he declared himself a spirit; and so he was as regards S. M., whether he still had connection with a physical body or not. Must not babes be fed with milk? See how ardently H. P. B. professed herself a Spiritualist in her first letters to the papers and her first interviews with reporters. See her at Philadelphia,

* Among many corroborative passages, see what Imperator says in Mrs. Speer's Record, XX.: *Light*, July 30, 1892.

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doing phenomena in the Holmes séances, and allowing Gen. Lippitt, Mr. Owen, and myself to believe they were attributable to the mediumship of Mrs. Holmes whom, in our Scrap-Book, she brands as a common cheat. Was not I at first made to believe that I was dealing with disincarnate spirits; and was not a stalking-horse put forward to rap and write, and produce materialised forms for me, under the pseudonym of John King? That this delusion was shortly dropped and the truth told me, I attribute to the fact of my chronic indifference to theologies and to the identity of personalities behind the phenomena. My record is clear in this respect, as I had committed my opinions to print as far back as 1853.*

My bias of mind then was identical with my present one: which explains the fact why, with all my affection for H. P. B. and my reverence for our Masters—in neither of which do any of her disciples surpass me—I continually protest against the assertion that a fact or teaching is one whit better or weightier when associated with H. P. B. or one of our Masters or their chelas. No religion, philosophy, or expounder thereof is higher, greater, or more authoritative than Truth: for Truth and God are identical. Having no sectarian barriers to be pulled down, I was soon disabused about my teaching intelligences: whereas S. M. was obstinacy incarnate,

* *Vide* the old *Spiritual Telegraph* journal, S. B. Britten Editor, for 1853: articles of mine signed with my own name and the pseudonym "Amherst."

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and it is the greatest of wonders to me that his "band" were so patient, kind, and tolerant of what must have seemed to them the whimsies of a spoilt child. His health, never very robust, broke down from overwork, as he tells us, before the commencement of his mediumship; but we also see that the powers which were already shaping his destiny caused him to break down whenever there was a good chance of his reverting to ministerial work. He was compelled to keep out of it, whether he would or not.

. . . . . .

In view of all the above (*i. e.*, the facts and arguments given in the original version of this and the preceding chapter), am I far wrong in suspecting a close connection between the Intelligence behind Stainton Moses and that behind H. P. B.? He writes me, December 31, 1876: "I do not know whether I rightly conjecture from Imperator this morning that she (H. P. B.) is about me, working about me, I mean,—for my good or enlightenment in some way. It is no use asking her; but *I believe she is.*" October 10, 1876, he writes me that he had had

"A splendid and perfectly complete 'vision'—or, as I prefer to call it, interview with Isis.* It was late, or rather near midnight—I have an accurate memo. at home—when I suddenly saw Isis in my sitting-room

* One of several nicknames H. P. B.'s intimate friends used to give her; others being "Sphinx," "Popess," and the "Old Lady."

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looking through the open door into my study, where C. C. M. was sitting and where I stood. I cried out and rushed into the next room, followed by M. He saw *nil*. I saw Isis as plain as possible, and talked with her for some time. I noticed my first *rush* into the room had the effect of 'dissipating' the form, but it soon reappeared and went into my study, where M. says I seemed to pass into a sort of 'trance' or abnormal state of some kind, and went through pantomimic gestures of masonic import."

Since copying this out, I find, endorsed in my handwriting on the back of a letter of M. A. Oxon's, the following: "If between now and the 15th instant M. A. O. does not see H. P. B., she will not visit him any more. (Sgd.) H. S. O." And that very night he did see her, as described above. A year before (October 16, 1875), he thanks H. P. B. for her letter, and says it "throws a flood of light, not only on the phenomena of Spiritualism at large, but on many hints made to me which were not before clear." In short, she had helped him to understand his own spirit-teachings. Here is a beautiful passage from his letter of Oct. 7, 1876:

"One thing alone fills my eye—the search for Truth. I don't look for anything else; and though I may turn aside to examine what claims to be Truth, I soon leave the sham and return to the straight road. Life seems to me given for that alone, and all else is subordinate to that end. The present sphere of existence seems to

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be only a means to that end, and when it has served its purpose, it will give place to one adapted to secure progress. Whether I live, I live for Truth: if I die, when I die, I die to pursue it better."

There is a true man's heart opened out to the sunlight. He remarks farther on:

"It is because I dimly see—and far more because he (Imperator) tells me that in Occultism I shall find a phase of Truth not yet known to me, that I look to it and you (H. P. B.). Probably the time will never come during my stay on earth when I shall have penetrated the veil, probably my life will be spent in searching for Truth, through means of which you are to me the present exponent."

As regards "Magus," I have some very interesting data, and have come to a much clearer opinion than I have as to Imperator. I am almost certain that he is a living adept; not only that, but one that had to do with us. In March, 1876, I sent S. M. a bit of cotton wool or muslin impregnated with a liquid perfume which H. P. B. could cause to exude from the palm of her hand at will, asking him if he recognised it. On the 23d of that month, he replies:

"That sandalwood scent is so familiar to me. One of the most persistent phenomena in our circle was the production of scent, either in a liquid form, or in that of a scent-laden breeze. The scent we always called

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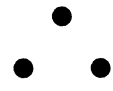
'The Spirit Scent' was this; and we always had it under the best conditions. This for the past two years. My friends always knew when our best séances would be by the prevalence of that perfume in my atmosphere. The house where we used to meet would be redolent of it for days; and Dr. Speer's house in the Isle of Wight, when I was staying there, got so permeated with it that when it was reopened again six months after, the perfume was as strong as ever. What a marvellous power is it that these Brothers wield . . . I stayed in my rooms all day trying to ease my racking cough. . . . At midnight I had a more than ordinarily severe fit of coughing. When it was over, I saw by my bedside, distant about two yards, and at the height about 5 ft. 6 in. from the floor, three



small phosphorescent balls of light about the size of a small orange. They were arranged thus and formed an equilateral triangle, the base of which would measure 18 in. First I thought it was an optical delusion caused by my violent cough. I fixed my gaze on them, and they remained quiet, glowing with a steady phosphorescent light which cast no gleam beyond itself. Satisfied that the phenomenon was objective, I reached a match-box and struck a match. I could not see the balls through the match-light; but when the match went out they came again into view just as before. I repeated the match-striking six times (seven in all) when they paled, and gradually went out. It is the symbol that J. K. put at the back of your portrait. [While in transit through the

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post from me to him—O.] Was it he again? It was not any of my own people, I believe."

As I have elsewhere explained, the three luminous spheres form the special symbol of the Lodge of our Adepts; and better proof of their proximity to Stainton Moses no one of us who have been their pupils would desire. He, too, says:

"Certainly all doubt as to the Brotherhood and their work is gone. I have no shred remaining. I believe, simply, and I labour so far as in me lies to fit myself for such work as they may design me for."

"Do you know anything of my friend Magus?"—he writes in another letter. "He is powerful, and is working on me *occultly*." In another one—May 18, 1877—he says to H. P. B.:

"Some of your friends have paid me a visit of late rather often, if I may judge by the atmosphere of sandalwood—the Lodge scent, O. calls it—which pervades my rooms and myself. I taste it, I exhale it, everything belonging to me smells of it, and there has recurred the old and inexplicable phenomenon which I have not seen for many months—more than a year—and *which used to obtain with me in respect of other odours.* From a well-defined spot just round the crown of the head [over the Brahmarândhra?—O.], quite small (the size of a half-crown piece), exudes a most powerful odour. It is now,

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this Lodge scent, so strong as to be almost unbearable. It used to be rose, or indeed that of any fresh flower in my neighbourhood. . . . A friend gave me a Gardinia the other evening at a party. In a few minutes it gave an overpowering odour of the Lodge perfume, turned a mahogany-brown before our eyes, till the whole flower was of that colour, and it now remains dead and saturated with the odour. . . . I feel myself in a transition state, and wait what turns up. 'Magus' seems the presiding genius in many ways now."

Not at all strange, one would say, with S. M. saturated and all but stifled with the Lodge's scented atmosphere! It is a most persistent odour. In 1877, I sent him a lock of H. P. B.'s natural hair, and with it a lock of the Hindu jet-black that I have spoken of above as having been cut from her head when she was the subject of an A'ves'am. I cut this lock myself to send S. M. He acknowledged its receipt in his letter to H. P. B. of March 25, 1877. Wishing to photograph the different kinds of hair for an illustration for this book, to show the actual contrasts in fibre and color, I asked C. C. M. to return these two specimens to me out of S. M.'s collection, and quite recently they reached my hand. The Lodge scent lingers still in the black tress after the lapse of sixteen years. Readers of Church history will recall the fact that in mediæval times this odoriferous phenomenon was frequently observed among really pious and ascetic monks, nuns, and other recluses

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of the cloister, the cave, and the desert. It was then called "the odour of Sanctity"; although this was a misnomer, for otherwise all saintly personages would have smelt sweet, whereas we know too well that it was more often the opposite! Sometimes from the mouth of an ecstatic, while lying in her trance, would trickle a sweet and fragrant liquor—the nectar of the Greek gods; and in the case of Marie Ange it was caught and preserved in bottles. Des Mousseaux,* the demonophobe, ascribes this product of psychical chemistry to the Devil. Poor fanatic!

* *Hauts Phénomènes de la Magie*, p. 377.

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CHAPTER XXI.

NEW YORK HEADQUARTERS.

THE early story of the Theosophical Society is almost told. Little remains for me but to complete my first series of reminiscences, with some sketches of our social life in New York, up to the time of our embarkation for India.

From the close of 1876 to that of 1878, the Theosophical Society as a body was comparatively inactive: its By-laws became a dead letter, its meetings almost ceased. Its few public appearances have been described above, and the signs of its growing influence are found in the increase of the Founders' home and foreign correspondence, their controversial articles in the press, the establishment of Branch societies at London and Corfu, and the opening up of relations with sympathisers in India and Ceylon.

The influential Spiritualists who joined us at first had all withdrawn; our meetings in a hired room—the Mott Memorial Hall, in Madison Avenue, New York—were

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discontinued; the fees formerly exacted upon entrance of members were abolished, and the Society's maintenance devolved entirely upon us two. Yet the idea was never more vigorous, nor the movement more full of vitality, than when it was divested of its external corporateness, and its spirit was compressed into our brains, hearts, and souls. Our Headquarters' life was ideal throughout those closing years. United in devotion to a common cause, in daily intercourse with our Masters, absorbed in altruistic thoughts, dreams, and deeds, we two existed in that roaring metropolis as untouched by its selfish rivalries and ignoble ambitions as though we occupied a cabin by the seaside, or a cave in the primeval forest. I am not exaggerating when I say that a more unworldly tone would not be found in any other home in New York. The social distinctions of our visitors were left outside our threshold; and rich or poor, Christian, Jew, or Infidel, learned or unlearned, our visitors received the same hearty welcome and patient attention to their questions upon religious and other subjects. H. P. B. was born so great an aristocrat as to be at ease in the highest society, and so thorough a democratic altruist as to give cordial hospitality to the humblest caller.

One of the best read of our guests in Greek philosophy was a working house-painter, and I well remember how gladly H. P. B. and I signed his application-form as his sponsors and welcomed him into membership. Without a single exception those who published accounts of their

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visits to "The Lamasery"—as we humorously called our humble suite of rooms—declared that their experience had been novel and out of the usual course. Most of them wrote about H. P. B. in terms of exaggerated praise or wonder. In appearance there was not a shade of the ascetic about her: she neither meditated in seclusion, practised austerities in regimen, denied herself to the frivolous and worldly-minded, nor selected her company. Her door was open to all, even to those whom she knew meant to write about her with pens over which she could have no control. Often they lampooned her, but if the articles were witty, she used to enjoy them with me to the fullest extent.

Among our constant visitors was Mr. Curtis, one of the cleverest reporters on the New York press, and later, a member of our Society. He made yards of good "copy" out of the Lamasery, sometimes sober, sometimes farcical, but always bright and smart. He led us into a nice trap one evening: taking us off to a circus where, he said, two Egyptian jugglers were exhibiting certain marvels that might be ascribed to a knowledge of sorcery, but which, at any rate, he wished us to see and pronounce upon as experts in the uncanny. We listened to the voice of the syren and went. The show proved to be common-place and the Egyptians *bonâ-fide* Frenchmen, with whom we had a long talk in the Manager's office between "acts." They had not even seen an Egyptian magician of the real sort described by Mr. Lane in his well-known work. On leaving the place I condoled

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with Curtis on the barrenness of his experiment, but he sent us into fits of laughter by replying that, on the contrary, he now had a free hand and could supply all needed facts to make a sensational article. He did. The next day's *World* contained an account headed "Theosophs at the Circus," in which our stale talk with the two Frenchmen was converted into a highly mystical interview, accompanied by no end of weird phenomena, of spectral apparitions, *apports*, and disappearances; the whole description proving, if not the reporter's veracity, at least, his fertile fancy. Another time he brought us a paper giving an account of the night-walking of the ghost of a defunct night-watchman, along the wharves of a certain district on the East side of the city, and begged us to go and see the phantom: the police, he said, were all agog, and the inspector of that district had made all preparations to have it seized that night. Forgetting our circus experience, again we accepted. It was a rather bleak starlit night, and we sat for hours well wrapped, on a pile of lumber, by the river side, beguiling the time with smoking and chaff with a score of newspaper reporters detailed to describe the events of the night. But "Old Shep" did not manifest his disreputable *eidôlon* that time, and in due course we returned to our Lamasery vexed at the waste of a whole evening. The next day's papers, to our ineffable disgust, paraded us as a couple of crack-brained persons who had expected the impossible, and half conveying the idea that we had kept "Old Shep" away to cheat

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the reporters of their lawful prey! We even got into the illustrated papers, and I have preserved in our Scrap-Book a picture representing us two, and the worshipful company of reporters as "Members of the Theosophical Society watching for Old Shep's ghost." Fortunately, the portraits of H. P. B. and myself looked no more like us than like the Man in the Moon.

One evening Curtis was present when the Countess Paschkoff was relating an adventure she had with H. P. B. in the Libanus, she speaking in French and I translating into English. The tale was so weird and interesting that he asked permission to print it, and this being granted, it duly appeared in his paper. As it exemplifies the theory of the latency in the A'kâs'a of pictures of human events and the power of calling them out which may be attained, I will quote a portion of it in this place, leaving the responsibility for the facts with the fair narrator:

"The Countess Paschkoff spoke again, and again Colonel Olcott translated for the reporter. . . . I was once travelling between Baalbec and the river Orontes, and in the desert I saw a caravan. It was Mme. Blavatsky's. We camped together. There was a great monument standing there near the village of El Marsum. It was between the Libanus and the Anti-Libanus. On the monument were inscriptions that no one could ever read. Mme. Blavatsky could do strange things with the spirits, as I knew, and I asked her to find out what the

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monument was. We waited until night. She drew a circle and we went in it. We built a fire and put much incense on it. Then she said many spells. Then we put on more incense. Then she pointed with her wand at the monument and we saw a great ball of white flame on it. There was a sycamore tree near by; we saw many little flames on it. The jackals came and howled in the darkness a little way off. We put on more incense. Then Mme. Blavatsky commanded the spirit to appear of the person to whom the monument was reared. Soon a cloud of vapour arose and obscured the little moonlight there was. We put on more incense. The cloud took the indistinct shape of an old man with a beard, and a voice came, as it seemed, from a great distance, through the image. He said the monument was once the altar of a temple that had long disappeared. It was reared to a god that had long since gone to another world. "Who are you?" asked Mme. Blavatsky. "I am Hiero, one of the priests of the temple," said the voice. Then Mme. Blavatsky ordered him to show us the place as it was when the temple stood. He bowed, and for one instant we had a glimpse of the temple and of a vast city filling the plain as far as the eye could reach. Then it was gone, and the image faded away."*

About the end of 1877, or beginning of 1878, we were visited by the Hon. John L. O'Sullivan, an American

* *N. Y. World* of 21st of April, 1878, article entitled "Ghost Stories Galore."

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diplomat and an ardent Spiritualist, who was passing through New York on his way from London to San Francisco. He was kindly received by H. P. B. and stoutly defended his beliefs against her attacks. Some instructive phenomena were done for him, which he subsequently described in the *Spiritualist* for February 8, 1878, in the following terms:

"She had been toying with an oriental chaplet, in a lacquer cup or bowl, the aromatic wooden beads of which, strung together, were of about the size of a large marble, and copiously carved all round. A gentleman present took the chaplet in his hands, admired the beads, and asked if she would not give him one of them. 'Oh, I hardly like to break it,' she observed. But she took it presently, and resumed her playing with it in the lacquer bowl. My eyes were fixed upon them, under the full blaze of a large lamp just above her table. It soon became manifest that they were growing in number under her fingers as she handled them, till the bowl became nearly full. She presently lifted out of it the chaplet, leaving a considerable number of loose beads, of which she said he might take what he wanted. I have ever since regretted that I had not the presence of mind, or the venturesomeness, to ask for some for myself. I am sure she would have given them freely, for she is all kindness, as well as, apparently, a woman of all knowledge. My presumption about the beads thus created under our eyes was that they were '*apports*,' brought in by spirits, in compliance with her wish or will. I believe (though

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not quite certain) that her idea, and Olcott's is that these phenomena are produced in some way by a great brother '*adept*' in Thibet—the same one from whose old spinnet I was made to hear in the air overhead (as I have before mentioned, and as many other friends had done before) the faint but clear tinkling music which I was told came, borne on a current of 'astral fluid,' from Thibet; to which home of her heart Madame Blavatsky said she was going back (never again to leave it), after she should have completed her mission, task, and business which was chiefly that of publishing her book.

"Another case of fabrication of material objects out of apparently nothing. Coming in late one afternoon to her little parlour, where she usually spent seventeen hours out of the twenty-four at her writing-table, I found Colonel Olcott with her, occupied in correcting her earlier proof-sheets. I had by this time become somewhat intimate with her and Olcott, for both of whom I shall always retain a strong attachment as well as profound respect. He told me how there had taken place that afternoon one of those '*little incidents*' (as he calls them) which were of constant occurrence there. There had been a group of visitors, and an animated discussion on the comparative civilisation of the ancient Orient and the modern West.

"The subject came up of the tissues fabricated in the one and the other. Madame Blavatsky is an enthusiast on the Orient side of this dispute. She suddenly put her hand to her neck and drew forth from her ample

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bosom (from beneath the old dressing-gown, which is the only garb in which I have seen her), a handkerchief of silk crape, with a striped border, very like what is called 'carton crape,' and asked whether occidental looms produced anything superior to that. They assured me (and I have ample warrant for believing them) that it had not been there before that moment. It was in smooth, fresh folds, and the conversation had arisen accidentally. I admired it, recognised in time the peculiar sickly sweet and pungent odour which attends all these '*apports*' from Far Cathay (including the beads above mentioned), and observed the peculiar signature on one edge of the handkerchief, which I had seen on various objects, and which I was told was the name (in pre-Sanskrit characters) of a great brother 'Adept' in Thibet to whom, by the way, she says she is very far inferior. When we were afterwards summoned to their very simple repast (to which had been added a hospitable bottle of wine for me, though they never touch it), she remarked to Olcott: 'Give me that handkerchief.' He gave it to her, out of the sheet of letter-paper in which he had carefully folded it in its smooth unruffled condition. She at once made a careless twist of it and tied it round her neck. When we returned from the dining-room to her warmer snuggery of a parlour, she took it off and threw it on the table by her side. I remarked, 'You treat it in a very unceremonious fashion. Will you give that one to me?' —'Oh, certainly if you would like to have it'; and she tossed it over to me. I smoothed out its creases as well

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as I could, again wrapped it in a sheet of paper, and put it in my breast pocket. Later on, as I was taking my departure, and we were all on foot: she said: 'Oh, just give me that handkerchief for a moment.' Of course I obeyed. She turned her back to me for an instant or two, and then, turning again to me, she held out two handkerchiefs, one in each hand, saying: 'Take which ever you please; I thought that perhaps you might prefer this one (handing me the new one) since you have seen it come.' Of course I did so, and after travelling about fifteen miles by rail that night, I gave it to the lady best entitled to receive a favour thus conferred upon me by another lady, which latter lady, by the way, claims to be a septuagenarian, though looking only about forty. When I left America, a few days afterwards, the handkerchief had not yet melted away, nor wafted back to Thibet, on a 'current of astral fluid,' I should add that the second handkerchief was a perfect fac-simile of the first, down to every detail of the name in ancient oriental characters; which, by the way, was evidently written or painted in some black pigment or ink, not stamped mechanically."

My recollection of the handkerchief incident differs slightly from Mr. O'Sullivan's narrative. The original specimen was made out of nothing—to use the faulty common expression, for something never was nor could be made out of nothing, theologists to the contrary notwithstanding—during a conversation between H. P. B. and our friend Monsieur Herrisse of the Haytian Lega-

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tion. He had said that a relative of his had brought back from China some fine crape handkerchiefs which Western looms had not yet equalled. She thereupon produced a handkerchief of the same description and asked M. Herrisse if that was what he meant, to which he assented. I took possession of it, and, at the interview with Mr. O'Sullivan, mentioned the incident and showed him the article, whereupon he asked H. P. B. to give it him. She did so, and when I humorously said she had no right to give away my property without my consent, she said I was not to mind, as she would give me another. At that moment we were called to dinner and were moving towards the door, when she bade Mr. O'Sullivan lend her the handkerchief for a moment. Standing as we were together, she turned her back for an instant, wheeled back again with a duplicate handkerchief in each hand, one of which she gave Mr. O'Sullivan, the other myself. Returning from the dining-room and resuming our former seats, she felt a cold draft from the partly opened window behind her chair and asked me for something to put on her neck. I gave her my magic handkerchief, which she loosely put about her neck and went on talking. Observing that the ends were not long enough to be properly twisted, I got a pin and wanted her to let me fasten them; but she exclaimed, "Bother you and your pins; here take back your handkerchief!" at the same time jerking it from her neck and throwing it at me. At the same instant we saw a second copy of the original still about her

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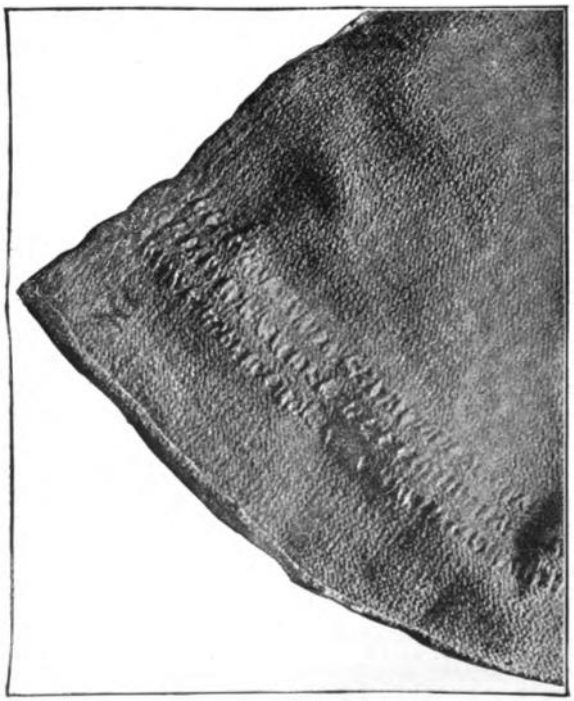

A CORNER OF A CRÊPE HANDKERCHIEF.

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neck, and O' Sullivan starting forward and reaching out his hand, said : " That one—please give me that one, for I saw it formed under my own eyes ! " She good-naturedly gave it him, and the one he had was restored to her and the conversation proceeded. The original one made in Herrisse's presence I have still in my possession, the second one my sister has.

I have thought it worth while to tell this story and others still to come, to show the nature of proofs she constantly afforded us of her wonder-working power in those early New York days, before there were missionaries encamped across her path, and it was worth their while to invent, purchase, or honestly come by evidence or enlist witnesses to cast doubt upon her personal character. If nothing else had subsequently been given me, those early phenomena would have fixed forever my belief in her possession of certain of the *Siddhis*, and made me very wary about discrediting her teachings on the psycho-dynamical laws behind them. It was not at long intervals, but frequently, that her friends and other visitors had this cumulative evidence that the psychically-endowed child of Sarotow had grown into the mysterious woman of 1875, without losing one of the supernormal faculties of her youth, but, on the contrary, had expanded and infinitely strengthened and augmented them. These incidents gave to her *salon* a fascinating attractiveness that was offered by no other in New York. Her personality, not the Theosophical Society, was the magnet of attraction, and she revelled in the excitement of the *en-*

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tourage. So miscellaneous was it, such a mixture of music, metaphysics, Orientalism, and local gossip, that I cannot give a better idea of it than by saying it was like the contents of *Isis Unveiled*, than which no literary product is a greater conglomerate.

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CHAPTER XXII.

VARIOUS PHENOMENA DESCRIBED.

ALTHOUGH sad experience has taught us that psychical phenomena are weak things to build a great spiritual movement upon, yet they have a distinct value in their proper place when strictly controlled. That place is within the limits of the third of the Declared Objects of our Society. They have a paramount importance as elementary proofs of the power of the trained human will over the brute forces of nature. In this respect they bear upon the problem of the intelligence behind mediumistic phenomena. I think that the early phenomena of H. P. B. dealt a distinct blow at the theory, until then generally held, that the messages received through mediums must of necessity be from the dead. For here were things done in the absence of presumably necessary conditions, sometimes apparently in defiance of them. The records of them now survive only in clippings from contemporary newspapers, and in the memory of witnesses who have not yet put their experiences into print, but who, being still alive, are able to

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corroborate or correct my stories of phenomena that we saw together in her presence.

While highly suggestive in themselves, H. P. B.'s wonders were not usually led up to in conversation. When we were alone, she might produce some phenomenon to illustrate a teaching; or they might happen as if in answer to a query arising in my own mind as to the agency of some particular force in a given physical operation. Usually they were made, as it were, on the spur of the moment and independently of any prefatory suggestion by anybody present. Let me give an instance or two out of many that might be cited, to make my meaning clear.

One day an English Spiritualist and his friend called, and with the former his little son, a lad of 10 or 12 years. The boy amused himself for awhile by going about the room, rummaging among our books, examining our curios, trying the piano, and indulging in other freaks of curiosity. He then began fretting to go, pulling his father's sleeve and trying to make him break off a very interesting conversation with H. P. B. The father could not stop his importunities and was about to leave, when H. P. B. said: "Oh, don't mind him, he merely wants something to amuse him; let me see if I can find him a toy." Thereupon she rose from her chair, reached her hand around one of the sliding doors just behind her, and *pulled out a large toy sheep mounted on wheels*, which, to my positive knowledge, had not been there the moment before!

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On a Christmas eve my sister came down from her flat, on the floor above the "Lamasery," to ask us to step up and see the Christmas-tree she had prepared for her children—then asleep in their beds. We looked the presents all over, and H. P. B. expressed her regret that she had not had any money to buy something for the tree herself. She asked my sister what one of the lads, a favourite of hers, would like, and being told a loud whistle, said: "Well, wait a minute." Taking her bunch of keys from her pocket, she clutched three of them together in one hand, and a moment later showed us a large iron whistle hanging in their stead on the key-ring. To make it she had used up the iron of the three keys and had to get duplicates made the next day by a locksmith. Again. For a year or so after we took up housekeeping at the "Lamasery," my family silver was used for the table, but at last it had to be sent away, and H. P. B. helped me to pack it up. That day after dinner, when we were to have coffee, we noticed that there were no sugar tongs, and in handing her the sugar basin I put in it a teaspoon instead. She asked where were our sugar tongs, and upon my replying that we had packed it up to send away with the other silver, she said: "Well, we must have another one, must n't we?" and, reaching her hand down beside her chair, brought up a nondescript tongs, the like of which one would scarcely find in a jeweller's shop. It had the legs much longer than usual, and the two claws slit like the prongs of a pickle-fork; while inside the shoulder of one of the legs

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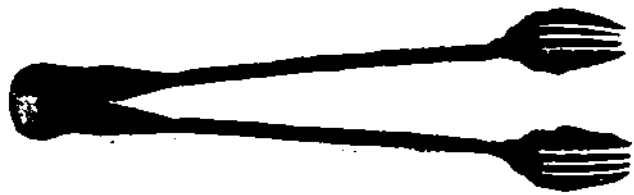
was engraved the cryptograph of Máhátma "M." I have the curio now at Adyar.

An important law is illustrated here. To create anything objective out of the diffused matter of space, the first step is to *think* of the desired object—its form, pattern, colour, material, weight, and other characteristics: the picture of it must be sharp and distinct as to every detail; the next step is to put the trained Will in action, employ one's knowledge of the laws of matter and the process of its conglomeration, and compel the elemental spirits to form and fashion what one wishes made. If



HYBRID SUGAR-TONGS PHENOMENALLY PRODUCED.

the operator fails in either of these details, his results will be imperfect. In this case before us it is evident that H. P. B. had confused in her memory the two different shapes of sugar-tongs and a pickle-fork and combined them together into this nondescript or hybrid table implement. Of course, the result was to give stronger proof of the genuineness of her phenomenon than if she had made perfect sugar-tongs: for such may be bought in shops anywhere.

One evening, when our writing-room was full of visitors, she and I sitting at opposite sides of the room, she

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motioned to me to lend her a large signet *intaglio* that I was wearing that evening as a scarf-ring. She took it between her closed hands, without saying anything to anybody or attracting any one's attention save mine, and rubbed the hands together for a minute or two, when I presently heard the clink of metal upon metal. Catching my eye, she smiled, and, opening her hands, showed me my ring and along with it another, equally large but of a different pattern: the seal-tablet also being of dark green bloodstone, whereas mine was of red carnelian. That ring she wore until her death, and it is now worn by Mrs. Annie Besant and is familiar to thousands. The stone was broken on our voyage out to India, and if I remember aright, the present one was engraved and set at Bombay. Here, again, not a word of the passing conversation led up to the phenomenon; on the contrary, nobody save myself knew of its occurring until afterwards.

Another instance. I had to go to Albany as special counsel to the Mutual Life Insurance Company of New York, to argue in Committee of the Legislature against a bill then under consideration. H. P. B. profited by the chance of an escort to go with me and make a long-promised visit to Dr. and Mrs. Ditson, of Albany. She was an unpractical creature as to common affairs, and a good deal dependent upon the kind offices of friends, for her packings and unpackings of trunks, among other things. Her former friend, Dr. L. M. Marquette, on this occasion packed the Gladstone bag she was to take, and it lay open in her room at the moment when the

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carriage drove up to take us to the Albany train. The bag was very full, and I had to repack some of the things on top and employ some strength to close the bag and lock it. I then carried it myself to the carriage, from the carriage to the railway carriage, and our train sped on its way. My reason for mentioning these details will presently be seen. Half way to Albany, a large bottle of sticky cough-medicine in her pocket got broken and made a mess of her tobacco, cigarette-papers, handkerchief, and the other contents of the pocket. This necessitated the re-opening of the bag and the taking out of a lot of things, to search for other smoking materials, etc. I did this myself, re-packed, closed, and re-locked the bag, and on reaching Albany I again carried it to the carriage and, at Dr. Ditson's house, took it up a flight of stairs and set it down on the landing outside the drawing-room door. The hostess at once began an animated conversation with H. P. B., whom she was seeing for the first time. Mrs. Ditson's little daughter was in the room and made friends with H. P. B., standing at her knee and petting her hand. The mysterious lady in question did not too highly appreciate this interruption of her talk with the mother, and finally said: "There, there, my child, keep quiet a few moments and I 'll give you a nice present." "Where is it? Please give it me now," the child replied. I, believing that the alleged present was still in some Albany toy-shop from which I should be asked to presently fetch it, maliciously whispered the little one to ask Madame where she was hiding

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the present, and she did. H. P. B. said: "Now don't bother, my dear, I have it in my bag." That was enough for me: I asked her for her keys, went outside and opened the bag and—found packed most artistically among the clothing, and right before one's eyes upon the bag being opened, a harmonicon, or glass piano, of say 15 in. × 4 in. in size, with its cork mallet lying beside it! Now, H. P. B. did not pack her bag at New York; had not handled it up to that moment; I had closed and locked it before starting, reopened, unpacked, re-packed, and re-locked it midway on the journey; and besides that bag, H. P. B. had no other luggage. Whence the harmonicon came, and how in the world it could have been packed into a bag that was previously full to bursting, I do not know. Perhaps some S. P. R. will suggest that the engine-driver of the train had been bribed and rendered invisible by H. P. B., had opened the bag on the floor at my feet by a ghostly picklock, and had made room for the musical toy by throwing some of H. P. B.'s clothes out of the car-window! Or—perhaps it was a genuine phenomenon and she was not an absolute trickster, after all. If Dr. Marquette still lives, she can testify to seeing us and our luggage aboard the train; and if Dr. Ditson is alive, he can affirm that he took us and the veritable Gladstone bag from the station at Albany to his house. My part, to tell the story as truthfully as I can, and leave it on record as an instance of the way in which my dear old colleague sometimes did a wonder merely to gratify a child, who had

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not the least idea of the importance of what had occurred.

In my friend, Dr. Upham's *History of Salem Witchcraft*, he tells us that in the case of one of the poor victims of that terrible, fanatical persecution of 1695, it was brought against her as proof of her compact with Satan, that she had walked with spotless skirts through mud and rain to a certain meeting. Upon which, the learned author suggests that the probability rather is that the accused was a tidy woman and so could keep her garments unspotted along the muddy road. Throughout his book he takes up the attitude of incredulity as to any spiritual agency having been at work behind the phenomena of obsession, without, it must be confessed, making good his case. Once, H. P. B. and I being in Boston, on a very rainy and muddy day, she walked through the streets in a pelting rain and reached her lodgings without a drop of rain or splash of mud soiling her dress; and once, I remember, we had been talking on the balcony outside her drawing-room window in Irving Place, New York, and being driven indoors by a heavy rain which lasted through the greater part of the night, I carelessly left outside a handsome velvet or brocade-covered chair. In the morning, when I called as usual on H. P. B. before going to my office, I recollected the chair and went and brought it in, expecting to find it sodden and spoilt by the rain. It was as dry as possible, on the contrary; why or how I cannot explain.

Mr. O'Sullivan's story of the duplicated China crape

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handkerchiefs in the preceding chapter will be fresh in the reader's memory. I saw her do a notable thing one evening for Wong Chin Fu, a Chinese lecturer, since well known in the United States. We three were chatting about the pictures of his country as lacking the elements of perspective, whereupon he said how admirable were the figure-paintings of their artists, how rich in colour and bold in drawing. H. P. B. concurred and, in the most casual way, as it seemed, opened the drawer where she kept her writing-paper, and drew forth a finely-executed painting of a Chinese lady dressed in full Court robes. I am sure as I can be that it was not there before, but as Wong Chin Fu was not specially interested in the occult science which for us had so great a charm, I made no remark. Our visitor took the picture in his hand, looked at it, remarked upon its beauty, but said: "This is not Chinese, Madam; it has no Chinese writing in the corner. It is probably Japanese." H. P. B. looked at me with an amused expression, returned the picture to the drawer, shut it for a moment, and then re-opening it, drew forth a second picture of a Chinese lady, but wearing different coloured robes, and handed it to Wong Chin Fu. This he recognised as unmistakably from his country, for it bore Chinese lettering in the left-hand lower corner, and he at once read it!

Here is an incident by which certain information about three members of my family was phenomenally communicated to me. H. P. B. and I were alone in the

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house, conversing about these persons, when a crash was suddenly heard in the next room. I hurried in there to ascertain the cause, and found that the photographic portrait of one of them, which stood on the mantel-shelf, had been turned face inward towards the wall, the large water-colour portrait of another had been pulled from the nail and lay on the floor with the glass smashed, and the photo of the third stood on the mantel-shelf undisturbed. My questions were answered. An incorrect and fabulous version of this story having been circulated, I give the facts exactly as they occurred. Not a person save us two was in the flat at the time, and nobody save myself was interested in the questions at issue.

What a strange woman she was, and what a great variety in her psychical phenomena! We have seen her duplicating tissues, let me recall incidents where letters were doubled. I received one day a letter from a certain person who had done me a great wrong, and read it aloud to H. P. B. "We must have a copy of that," she exclaimed, and, taking the sheet of note-paper from me, held it daintily by one corner and actually peeled off a duplicate, paper and all, before my very eyes! It was as though she had split the sheet between its two surfaces. Another example, perhaps even more interesting, is the following: Under date of December 22, 1887, Stainton Moses wrote her a five-paged letter of a rather controversial, or, at any rate, critical, character. The paper was of square, full letter size, and bore the embossed heading "University College, London," and

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Dec 22, 1877.

University College.
London.

My dear Sphinx,

Lying, as I sadly fear, under the ban of your wrath, I sit down with some awe to write to the Cooperative Society that are running the Blavatsky machine. If I err it is thro' ignorance. Lighten my darkness! If I fail to understand the complicated problems with which you puzzle me, remember that I am no metaphysician, not even a mathematician, but only a plain logician. I puzzled out the particular problem you set me last time you deigned to address me, and I verily believe (this I should be sorry to assert on oh a paradox positively) that I have succeeded in understanding you! I seem to see that you mean me to gather that I have not been in correspondence with you — H.P.B. — but with a Brother who has used the B. shell as a vehicle of his communications for my benefit that I shall meet him in the future, but 'know him not'? & that as to 'the Blavatsky' I shall never know anything more than

ORIGINAL LETTER FROM M. A. OXON.

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Dec 22. 1877

My dear Sphinx,

Lying, as I sadly fear under the ban of your wrath, I sit down with some awe to write to the Cooperative Society that are running the Blavatsky machine. If I err it is from ignorance. Lighten my darkness! If I fail to understand the complicated problems with which you puzzle me, remember that I am no metaphysician, not even a mathematician, but only a plain logician. I puzzle out the particular problem you set me last time you deigned to address me, and I verily believe (else I should be sorry to assert such a paradox positively) that I have succeeded in understanding you! It seems to me that you mean me to gather that I have not been in correspondence with the you — H.P.B. — but with a Brother who has taken the B. shell as a vehicle of his lucubrations for my benefit; that I shall meet him in the future, but "know him not"; & that as to "the Blavatsky" I shall never know any thing more than

COPY OF LETTER FROM M. A. OXON, PHENOMENALLY PRODUCED BY MADAME BLAVATSKY.

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near the left-hand upper corner his monogram,—a W and M interlaced and crossed by the name "STAINTON" in small capitals. She said we must have a duplicate of this too, so I took from the desk five half-sheets of foreign letter-paper of the same size as Oxon's and gave her them. She laid them against the five pages of his letter, and then placed the whole in a drawer of the desk just in front of me as I sat. We went on with our conversation for some time, until she said she thought the copy was made and I had better look and see if that were so. I opened the drawer, took out the papers, and found that one page of each of my five pieces had received from the page with which it was in contact the impression of that page. So nearly alike were the original and copies that I thought them—as the reader recollects I did the copy of the Britten-Louis portrait—exact duplicates. I had been thinking so all these subsequent sixteen years, but since I hunted up the documents for description in this chapter, I see that this is not the case. The writings are almost duplicates, yet not quite so. They are rather like two original writings by the same hand. If H. P. B. had had time to prepare this surprise for me, the explanation of forgery would suffice to cover the case; but she had not. The whole thing occurred as described, and I submit that it has an unquestionable evidential value as to the problem of her possessing psychical powers. I have tried the test of placing one page over the other to see how the letters and marks correspond. I find they do not, and that is

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proof, at any rate, that the transfer was not made by the absorption of the ink by the blank sheet from the other; moreover, the inks are different, and Oxon's is not copying-ink. The time occupied by the whole phenomenon might have been five or ten minutes, and the papers lay the whole time in the drawer in front of my breast, so there was no trick of taking it out and substituting other sheets for the blank ones I had just then handed her. Let it pass to the credit of her good name, and help to make the case which her friends would offset against the intemperate slanders circulated against her by her enemies.

Mr. Sinnett prints in his *Incidents in the Life of Madame Blavatsky* (p. 199), a story given him by Mr. Judge about the production by her of some water colours for him to use in making an Egyptian drawing. I was present at the time and will add my testimony to his as an eye-witness. It happened one afternoon at the "Lamasery." Judge was sketching for her—I think—the figure of a god forming man on a potter's wheel, but for lack of colours could not finish it. H. P. B. asked him which shades he needed, and on being told, stepped over to the cottage piano just behind Judge's chair, and facing towards the corner made by the end of the piano and the wall, held her dress as an apron to receive something. She presently poured from the dress upon the table before Judge thirteen bottles of Winsor and Newton's dry colours, among which were those he had asked for. A little while after he said he would like some gold

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paint, whereupon she told him to fetch a saucer from the dining-room, which he did. She then asked him to hand her the brass door-key and, holding the two under the edge of the table, rubbed the key smartly upon the bottom of the saucer. In another moment she brought them into view again, and the flat part of the saucer bottom was found covered with a layer of gold-paint of the purest quality. To my question as to the function of the door-key in the experiment, she said that the soul of the metal was needed as a nucleus in which to collect together from the *âkâśa* the atoms of any other metal she meant to precipitate. For the same reason she had needed my signet ring as a help to form the other one that she made for her own use on the occasion above described. Is no hint given here of the principal at work when the alleged transmutation of metals is accomplished by the alchemist? Is, I say, for it is pretended that this art is known to various living fakirs and sanyâsis of modern India. And, moreover, do not the discoveries of Prof. Crookes as to the genesis of the elements* bring us to a point where, if science is to advance and not retrogress, she must move on to the Aryan hypothesis of Purusha and Prakriti? And does not this latter theory show us the possibility of shifting the elements of one metal into fresh combinations which would result in the development of another metal by employing the irresistible power of the Will? To do this by physical

* *Vis.*, that the atom is not a unity, but a composite of the world-stuff of space, resulting from the play of electricity.

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methods means—as Professor Crookes says—the carrying back of the elements of a given metal to that extreme point where they might be shunted off on the line which would develop and bring into aggregation the elements of the other desired metal ; a thing not yet reached by physical science, even by employing the enormous resources of electricity. But what is so monstrously difficult for the chemist and electrician, who depends entirely upon the help of brute forces, may be quite easy to the Adept, whose active agent is the power of spirit, which he has learnt to bring into function : the power, in fact, which builds the Cosmos.

Between the point at which Crookes stood on the evening of January 15, 1891, when he delivered his Inaugural Address, as President of the Institution of Electrical Engineers, and made the brilliant experiments which proved the truth of his immortal hypothesis, and that occupied by European science only a quarter century before, there is a distance immeasurably greater than there is between it and the Gupta Vidyâ of our Aryan ancestors. Crookes, hero-like, while recognising the obstacles ahead and noting that "a formidable amount of hard work remains to be completed," is not in the least degree discouraged. "As for myself," he says,* "I hold the firm conviction that unflagging research will be rewarded by an insight into natural mysteries, such as now can scarcely be conceived. Difficulties, said a keen old statesman, are *things to be overcome ;*

* *Vide Jour. Inst. Elec. Engineers*, No. Vol. XX., p. 49.

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and to my thinking Science should disdain the notion of finality."

To have got so far as that is the harbinger of the brighter day, when men of science will see that their inductive method multiplies an hundredfold the difficulties of learning "natural mysteries"; that the key to all mysteries is the knowledge of spirit; and that the way to that knowledge leads, not through the laboratory fire, but through that fiercer flame which is fed by egoism, kept alight by the fuel of passion and fanned by the blast of desires.

When spirit is once more recognised as the supreme factor in the genesis of the elements and the building of the Cosmos, psychical phenomena like those of our lamented H. P. B. will acquire transcendent importance as elementary scientific facts, and no longer be looked on by one party as tricks of conjuring, by the other as miracles for the surfeiting of the *gobe-mouches*.

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CHAPTER XXIII.

PRECIPITATION OF PICTURES.

READERS of Lane's *Modern Egyptians*, will recall the story of a young man who, upon visiting a certain wonder-working sheikh, obtained some marvellous proofs of his occult powers. His father, then at a distant place, being somewhat ailing, the son asked that he might have news of his condition. The sheikh consenting, told him to write the father a note of enquiry; which was done, handed him by the anxious son, and by the sheikh placed under the back-pillow against which he was leaning. Presently, the sheikh drew from the same place a letter answering the young man's enquiries. It was written by the father's own hand, and, if my memory serves—for I am trusting to recollection only—stamped with his seal. At his request, also, coffee was served to the company in the father's own cups (*fingán*), which he had every reason to believe had been at the moment of asking in the paternal house in that far-off village. H. P. B. gave me one evening, with-

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out fuss or parade, a fact of the first of these two orders. I wished to hear from a certain Adept upon a certain subject. She bade me write my questions, put them in a sealed envelope, and place the letter where I could watch it for the time being. This was even better than the Egyptian sheikh incident, for in that case the letter was hidden from the enquirer by the back-pillow. As I was sitting at the moment before the grate, I put my letter behind the clock on the mantel, leaving just one edge of the envelope projecting far enough for me to see it. My colleague and I went on talking about a variety of things for perhaps an hour, when she said my answer had come. I drew out the letter, found my own envelope with its seal unbroken, inside it my own letter, and inside that the answer in the Adept's familiar manuscript, written upon a sheet of green paper of peculiar make, the like of which—I have every reason to believe —was not in the house. We were in New York, the Adept in Asia. This phenomenon was, I submit, of a class to which the theory of trickery could not apply, and therefore has much weight. There is just one explanation possible—a very lame one—besides that which I conceive to be the true theory. Granting H. P. B. to be possessed of extraordinary hypnotic power, she might have instantaneously benumbed my waking faculties, so as to prevent my seeing her rise from her chair, take my letter from behind the clock, steam the gum, open the cover, read my letter, write the reply in forged handwriting, replace the contents of the envelope, refasten

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it, place it back again on the mantel-shelf, and then restore me to the waking state without leaving in my memory the least trace of my experiences! But I had and still preserve a perfect consciousness of having carried on the hour's conversation, of her moving about hither and thither, of her making and smoking a number of cigarettes, of my filling, smoking, and refilling my pipe, and, generally, doing what any waking person might do when his senses were alert as to a psychical phenomenon then in progress. If some forty years of familiarity with hypnotic and mesmeric phenomena and their laws go for anything, then I can positively declare that I was fully conscious of what was going on, and that I have accurately stated the facts. Perhaps even twice forty years' experience on the plane of physical Máyá would not qualify one to grasp the possibilities in Oriental hypnotic science. Perhaps I am no more capable than the tyro of knowing what really passed between the times of writing my note and getting the answer. That is quite possible. But in such case what infinitesimally little weight should be given to the aspersions of H. P. B.'s several hostile critics, learned and lay, who have judged her an unmitigated trickster, without having had even a fourth of my own familiarity with the laws of psychical phenomena! In the (London) *Spiritualist* for January 28, 1876, I described this incident with other psychical matters, and the reader is referred to my letter for the particulars.

I am not aware of there being a special class of hir-

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sute phenomena, but if there is, then the following incident may be included in it, along with that of the sudden elongation of H. B. P.'s hair at Philadelphia, described in one of my earlier chapters. After having shaved my chin for many years I began to grow a full beard, under medical advice, as a protection to a naturally delicate throat, and at the time I speak of, it was about four inches long. One morning, when making my toilet after my bath, I discovered a tangle of long hair under my chin next the throat. Not knowing what to make of it, I very carefully undid the mass at the expense of almost an hour's trouble, and found, to my great amazement, that I had a lock of beard, fourteen inches long, coming down as far as the pit of the stomach! Whence or why it had come no reading or experience helped me to guess; but there it was, a palpable fact and permanent phenomenon. Upon my showing it to H. P. B., she said it had been purposely done by our Guru while I slept, and advised me to take care of it as it would serve me as a reservoir of his helpful aura. I showed it to many friends, but none could venture any better theory to account for it, while all agreed that I ought not to cut it back to its former length. So I used to tuck it away inside my collar to hide it, and did so for years, until the rest of the beard had grown to match it. This accounts for the "Rishi beard," so often mentioned in friendly allusions to my personal appearance, and explains why I have not yielded to my long-felt wish to clip it into a more convenient and less conspicuous

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shape. Whatever the fact may be called, it assuredly is not a Máyá, but a very real and tangible verity.

In the department of "precipitation"* of writings and pictures, H. P. B. was exceptionally strong, as will have been inferred from all that has preceded. It was one of M. A. Oxon's strong points likewise. On an evening of 1875 I sat at the house of the President of the Photographic Section of the American Institute, Mr. H. J. Newton, with a private medium named Cozine, to witness his slate-writings, which were far more wonderful than Dr. Slade's. The communications came upon the slate in bright blue and red colours; no pencil or crayon was used in the experiment, and I myself held one end of the slate. Upon mentioning this to H. P. B., she said: "I think I could do that; at any rate, I will try." So I went out and bought a slate and brought it home; she took it, without crayons or pencil, into a small, pitch-dark closet bed-room and lay upon the couch, while I went out, closed the door, and waited outside. After a very few minutes she reappeared with the slate in her hand, her forehead damp with perspiration, and she seeming very tired. "By Jove!" she exclaimed, "that took it out of me, but I 've done it; see!" On the slate was writing in red and blue crayons, in handwritings not her own. M. A. Oxon once wrote me an account of a similar experience of his own, save that in his case Imperator was the agent and he the

* A term, originally of my own invention, which seems to convey best of all an idea of the method employed.

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passive medium, which is quite another affair. At his request Imperator wrote messages to him in various coloured inks, one after the other, inside the pocket-book he had in the breast pocket of his coat at the time. Imperator being still the *x* of Oxon's psychic life, perhaps it was the ethereal body of my friend which precipitated the coloured writings to appease the clamorous scepticism of his physical brain-consciousness, in which case his phenomenon and H. P. B.'s would be somewhat akin.

Elsewhere I have mentioned H. P. B.'s having done for me a precipitated picture on satin, which showed me the stage that Oxon had reached in his attempt to gain the power of projecting his Double by force of concentrated will-power. I had better now give the details :

One evening, in the autumn of 1876, she and I were working, as usual, upon *Isis*, at opposite sides of our writing-table, and dropped into a discussion of the principles involved in the conscious projection of the Double. Through lack of early familiarity with those subjects, she was not good then at explaining scientific matters, and I found it difficult to grasp her meaning. Her fiery temperament made her prone to abuse me for an idiot in such cases, and this time she did not spare her expressions of impatience at my alleged obtuseness. Finally, she did the very best thing by offering to show me in a picture how Oxon's evolution was proceeding, and at once made good her promise. Rising from the table, she went and opened a drawer from which she

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took a small roll of white satin—the remnant, I believe, of a piece she had had given her at Philadelphia—and laying it on the table before me, proceeded to cut off a piece of the size she wanted; after which she returned the roll to its place and sat down. She laid the piece of satin, face down, before her, almost covered it with a sheet of clean blotting-paper, and rested her elbows on it while she rolled for herself and lighted a fresh cigarette. Presently she asked me to fetch her a glass of water. I said I would, but first put her some question which involved an answer and some delay. Meanwhile I kept my eye upon an exposed edge of the satin, determined not to lose sight of it. Soon noticing that I made no sign of moving, she asked me if I did not mean to fetch her the water. I said: "Oh, certainly." "Then what do you wait for?" she asked. "I only wait to see what you are about to do with that satin," I replied. She gave me one angry glance, as though seeing that I did not mean to trust her alone with the satin, and then brought down her clenched fist upon the blotting-paper, saying: "I shall have it now—this minute!" Then, raising the paper and *turning over the satin*, she tossed it over to me. Imagine, if you can, my surprise! On the sheeny side I found a picture, in colours, of a most extraordinary character.* There was an excellent portrait, of the head only, of Stainton

* The photo-engraving process not having as yet advanced to the point of photographing in colours, our cut but very poorly represents the original picture on satin.

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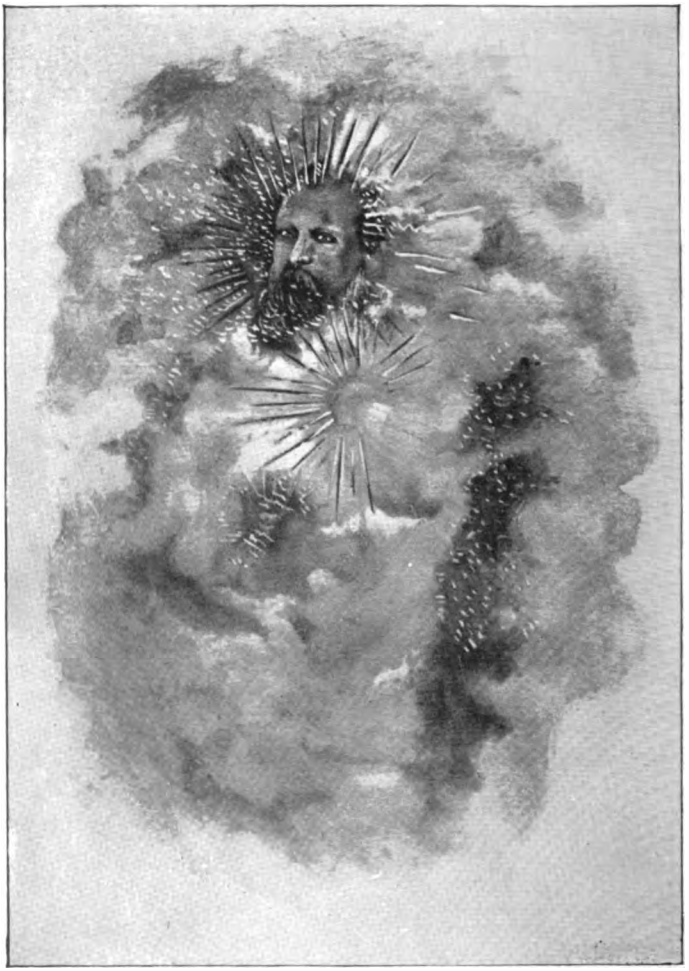

PICTURE ON SATIN REPRESENTING THE PARTIAL EVOLUTION OF THE DOUBLE.

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PORTRAIT OF M. A. OXON WHICH THE SATIN PICTURE RESEMBLES.

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Moses as he looked at that age, the almost duplicate of one of his photographs that hung "above the line" on the wall of the room, over the mantel-shelf. From the crown of the head shot out spikes of golden flame; at the places of the heart and the solar plexus were red and golden fires, as it might be bursting forth from little craters; the head and the place of the thorax were involved in rolling clouds of pure blue aura, bespeckled throughout with flecks of gold; and the lower half of the space where the body should be was enwrapped in similarly rolling clouds of pinkish and greyish vapour, that is, of auras of a meaner quality than the superior cumuli.

At that stage of my occult education I had heard nothing about the six *chakrams*, or psychical evolutionary centres in the human body, which are mentioned in Yoga S'ástras, and are familiar to every student of Patanjali. I therefore did not grasp the significance of the two flaming vortices over the cardiac and umbilical regions; but my later acquaintance with the subject gives this satin picture an enhanced value, as showing that the practical occultist who made it apparently knew that, in the process of disentangling the astral from the physical body, the will must be focussed in succession at the several nerve-centres, and the disengagement completed at each in turn before moving on to the next centre in the order of sequence. I take the picture to mean that Stainton Moses' experiment was being conducted as an intellectual rather than as a spiritual pro-

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cess, wherefore he had completely formed and got ready for projection his head, while the other parts of his astral body were in a state of nebulous disturbance, but had not yet settled into the stage of *rûpa*, or form. The blue clouds would represent the pure but not most luminous quality of the human aura—described as shining, or radiant ; a silvery nimbus. The flecks of gold, however, that are seen floating in the blue, typify sparks of the spirit, the "silvery spark in the brain," that Bulwer so beautifully describes in his *Strange Story ;* while the greyish and pinkish vapours of the inferior portions show the auras of our animalistic, corporeal qualities. This grey becomes darker and darker as a man's animalism preponderates over his intellect, his moral and spiritual qualities, until in the wholly depraved, as the clairvoyants tell us, it is inky black. The aura of adeptship is described as a blended tint of silver and gold, as some of my readers, I am sure, must know from personal observation, and as the poets and painters of all ages have depicted in their sublimer flights of spiritual perception. This Téjas or soul-light, shines out through the mystic's face, lighting it up with a glow which, once seen, can never thereafter be mistaken. It is the "shining countenance" of the Biblical angels, the "glory of the Lord," the light that beamed in the face of Moses when descending from the Mount with such splendour that men could not bear to look upon his countenance ; a radiance that even transfigures the wearer's robes into "shining garments." The Hebrews call it *shekinah*, and

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I once heard the term used by some Bagdad Jews to describe the face of a spiritual-minded visitor on that occasion. So, too, the word "shining" is applied similarly by various other nations; the pure spirits and pure men glow with the white light, the vicious and evil ones are veiled in blackness.

In the case of another precipitated portrait, made by H. P. B., there was no aura shown: I refer to that of an Indian yogi, which is described in Sinnett's *Occult World* and *Incidents in the Life of Mme. Blavatsky;* the documents respecting which were originally published in the *Spiritualist* shortly after the occurrence of the incident. It happened in this wise: On my way home to "The Lamasery" one day, I stopped at the Lotos Club and got some of the club note-paper and envelopes to use at home as occasion might require. It was late when I reached the house, and H. P. B. was at the dinner table already, with Mr. Judge and Dr. Marquette as guests. I laid the package of stationery on my desk in the writing-room (between which and the dining-room there was a dead wall, by the way), made a hurried toilet, and went to my seat at the table. At the close of the dinner we had drifted into talk about precipitations, and Judge asked H. P. B. if she would not make somebody's portrait for us. As we were moving towards the writing-room, she asked him whose portrait he wished made, and he chose that of this particular yogi, whom we knew by name as one held in great respect by the Masters. She crossed to my table, took a sheet of my crested club-

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paper, tore it in halves, kept the half which had no imprint, and laid it down on her own blotting-paper. She then scraped perhaps a grain of the plumago of a Faber lead pencil on it, and then rubbed the surface for a minute or so with a circular motion of the palm of her right hand; after which she handed us the result. On the paper had come the desired portrait and, setting wholly aside the question of its phenomenal character, it is an artistic production of power and genius. Le Clear, the noted American portrait painter, declared it unique, distinctly an "individual" in the technical sense; one that no living artist within his knowledge could have produced. The yogi is depicted in *Samâdhi*, the head drawn partly aside, the eyes profoundly introspective and dead to external things, the body seemingly that of an absent tenant. There is a beard and hair of moderate length, the latter drawn with such skill that one sees through the upstanding locks, as it were—an effect obtained in good photographs, but hard to imitate with pencil or crayon. The portrait is in a medium not easy to distinguish: it might be black crayon, without stumping, or black lead; but there is neither dust nor gloss on the surface to indicate which, nor any marks of the stump or the point used: hold the paper horizontally towards the light and you might fancy the pigment was below the surface, combined with the fibres. This incomparable picture was subjected in India later to the outrage of being rubbed with india-rubber to satisfy the curiosity of one of our Indian members, who had borrowed it as a special favour

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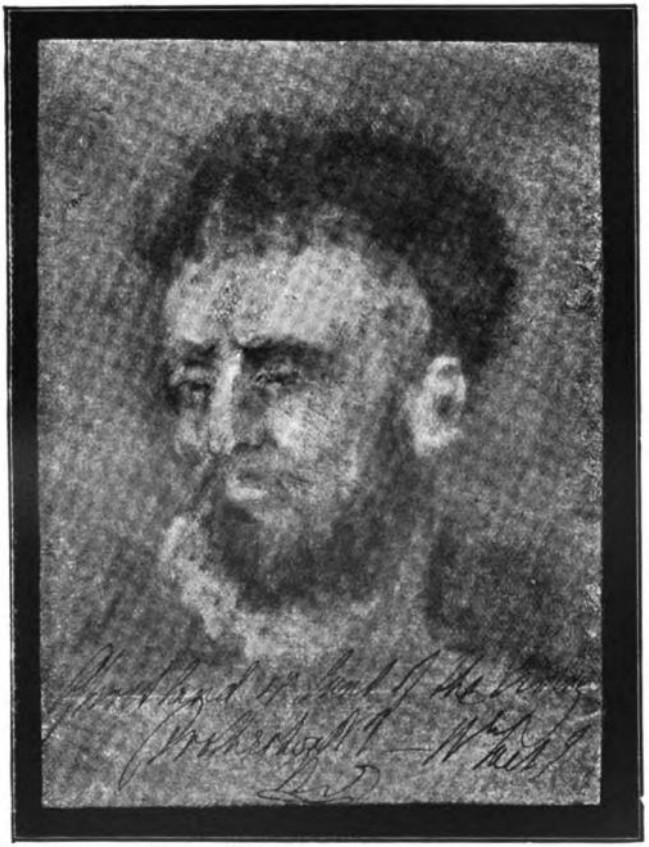

PHENOMENALLY PRODUCED PORTRAIT OF AN INDIAN YOGI.

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"to show his mother," and who wished to see if the pigment was really on or under the surface! The effect of his vandal-like experiment is now seen in the obliteration of a part of the beard, and my sorrow over the disaster is not in the least mitigated by the knowledge that it was not due to malice but to ignorance and the spirit of childish curiosity. The yogi's name was always pronounced by H. P. B. "Tiraválá," but since coming to live in Madras Presidency, I can very well imagine that she meant Tiruvalluvar, and that the portrait, now hanging in the Picture Annex of the Adyar Library, is really that of the revered philosopher of ancient Mylapur, the friend and teacher of the poor Pariahs. As to the question whether he is still in the body or not I can venture no assertion, but from what H. P. B. used to say about him I always inferred that he was. And yet to all save Hindus that would seem incredible, since he is said to have written his immortal "Kural" something like a thousand years ago! He is classed in Southern India as one of the Siddhas, and like the other seventeen, is said to be still living in the Tirupati and Nilgiri Hills; keeping watch and ward over the Hindu religion. Themselves unseen, these Great Souls help, by their potent will-power, its friends and promoters and all lovers of mankind. May their benediction be with us!

In recalling the incidents for the present narrative, I note the fact that no aura or spiritual glow is depicted around the yogi's head, although H. P. B.'s account of him confirms that of his Indian admirers, that he was

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a person of the highest spirituality of aspiration and purest character.

The same remark applies to the first portrait of my Guru, the one done in black and white crayons at New York by M. Harrisse: there is no nimbus. In this case at least, I can testify to the likeness, along with others who have had the happiness of seeing him. Its production was, like that done in oils at London in 1884 by Herr Schmiechen, an example of thought-transference. I think I have never published the facts before, but in any case they should have a place in this historical retrospect.

One naturally likes to possess the portrait of a distant correspondent with whom one has had important relations; how much more, then, that of a spiritual teacher, the beginning of relations with whom has substituted a nobler for a commonplace ideal of life in one's consciousness. I most earnestly wished to be able to have in my room at least the likeness of my reverend teacher, if I might not see him in life; had long importuned H. P. B. to procure it for me; and had been promised it at a favourable time. In this case my colleague was not permitted to precipitate it for me, but a simpler yet most instructive method was resorted to: a non-medium and non-occultist was made to draw it for me without knowing what he was doing. M. Harrisse, our French friend, was a bit of an artist, and one evening when the conversation turned upon India and Rajput bravery, H. P. B. whispered to me that she would try to get him to

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draw our Master's portrait if I could supply the materials. There were none in the house, but I went to a shop close by and purchased a sheet of suitable paper and black and white crayons. The shopkeeper did up the parcel, handed it me across the counter, took the *half-dollar coin* I gave him, and I left the shop. On reaching home I unrolled my parcel and, as I finished doing it, the sum of half a dollar, *in two silver pieces of a quarter-dollar each* dropped on the floor! The Master, it will be seen, meant to give me his portrait without cost to myself. Harrisse was then asked by H. P. B. to draw us the head of a Hindu chieftain, as he should conceive one might look. He said he had no clear idea in his mind to go upon, and wanted to sketch us something else; but to gratify my importunity went to drawing a Hindu head. H. P. B. motioned me to remain quiet at the other side of the room, and herself went and sat down near the artist and quietly smoked. From time to time she went softly behind him as if to watch the progress of his work, but did not speak until it was finished, say an hour later. I thankfully received it, had it framed, and hung it in my little bed-room. But a strange thing had happened. After we gave the picture a last glance as it lay before the artist, and while H. P. B. was taking it from him and handing it to me, the cryptograph signature of my Guru came upon the paper; thus affixing, as it were, his imprimatur upon, and largely enhancing the value of his gift. But at that time I did not know if it resembled the Guru or not, as I had not yet seen him. When I did,

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later on, I found it a true likeness and, moreover, was presented by him with the turban which the amateur artist had drawn in the picture as his head-covering. Here was a genuine case of thought-transference, the transfer of the likeness of an absent person to the brain-consciousness of a perfect stranger. Was it or was it not passed through the thought of H. P. B.? I think so. I think it was effected in the identical way in which the thought-images of geometrical and other figures were transferred to third parties in the convincing experiments recorded by the S. P. R. in its earlier published reports. With the difference, however, that H. P. B.'s own memory supplied the portrait to be transferred to Harrisse's mind, and her trained occult powers enabled her to effect the transfer direct, viz., without an intermediary; that is to say, without the necessity of having the drawing first made on a card, for her to visualise it in her own mind and then pass it on to the recipient brain. The painting by Schmiechen, of the magnificent portraits in oils of the same and another Master, which now hang in the Adyar Library, was an even more interesting circumstance, for the likenesses are so perfect and so striking as to seem endowed with life. Their eyes speak to one and search one to the bottom of his heart; their glance follows one everywhere as he moves about; their lips seem about to utter, as one may deserve, words of kindness or of reproach. They are an inspiration rather than an illustration of thought-transference. The artist has made two or three copies of them, but

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not one has the soul in it that is in the originals. They were not done in the divine mood of inspiration, and the Masters' will-power is not focussed in them. The originals are the palladium of our headquarters; the copies, like images seen in a mirror, possess the details of form and colour, but are devoid of the energising spirit.

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CHAPTER XXIV.

PROJECTION OF THE DOUBLE.

ALL theories and speculations upon the duplex corporeity of man, *i. e.*, of his possession of an astral, or phantasmal, body as well as a physical body, only lead up to the point where one demands proof before going further. It is so incredible to the materialistic mind as transcending common experience, that it is most likely to be pushed aside as a dream than accepted as even a working hypothesis. This, in fact, has been its handling by the average scientist, and when a braver investigator than the ordinary affirms it as his belief, he risks that reputation for cold caution which is presumed, with laughable inconsistency nevertheless, to be the mark of the true scientific discoverer. Yet many books as precise and suggestive as D'Assier's* have been published at different times, chief among them being the *Phantasms of the Living*, by Messrs. Gurney, Myers, and Podmore, and present a solid front of facts

* *Posthumous Humanity: a Study of Phantoms.*

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impossible to deny, however difficult to believe. The case seems now to have been amply proved by the compilation of several thousand observed phenomena of this class; and the time seems to have come when the metaphysician who ignores them has no right to claim to be regarded as a trustworthy teacher of men. Yet, while the reason may be convinced by this array of facts, the real existence of the astral body, and the possibility of its separation from the physical "sheath" during life can only be known in one of two ways—by one's seeing the astral body of another person, or by projecting one's own and viewing one's physical body *ab extrâ*. With either of these experiences, one can say he KNOWS; with both, his knowledge becomes absolute and unshakable. I have had both. I take the witness-stand, and testify to the truth for the helping of my fellow-workers. I pass over with a bare mention the incidents of my seeing H. P. B. in her astral body in a New York street, while her physical body was in Philadelphia; of my seeing similarly a friend who was then in body in a Southern State, several hundred miles away; of seeing in an American railway train and on an American steamboat, a certain adept then physically in Asia; of receiving from the hand of another, at Jummu, a telegram sent me there by H. P. B. from Madras, and delivered to me by the adept under the guise of the Kashmiri telegraph-peon, whose appearance he borrowed momentarily for the purpose, and dissolved a moment later in full moonlight when I stepped to the door to

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watch him ; of being saluted on Worli Bridge, Bombay, by another of these majestic men on another tropical evening as H. P. B., Damodar, and I sat in our phaeton enjoying the heat lightning and the cooling breeze off the sea ; of seeing him moving towards us from a little distance, advance to the very carriage side, lay his hand on H. P. B.'s, walk fifty yards away, and suddenly disappear from our sight on the causeway, bare of trees, shrubs, or other places of concealment, in the full sheen of the lightning : I pass these and other such experiences, and come to the one which of all was the most momentous in its consequences upon the course of my life. The story has been told before, but it had its place in the present retrospect, for it was the chief among the causes of my abandonment of the world and my coming out to my Indian home. Hence it was one of the chief factors in the upbuilding of the Theosophical Society. I do not mean to say that without it I should not have come to India, for my heart had been leaping within me to come, from the time when I learned what India had been to the world, what she might be made again. An insatiable longing had possessed me to come to the land of the Rishis and the Buddhas, the Sacred Land among lands ; but I could not see my way clear to breaking the ties of circumstance which bound me to America, and I might have felt compelled to put it off to that "convenient season" which so often never comes to the procrastinator and waiter upon the turn of events. This experience in question, however, settled my fate ; in an instant doubts melted

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away, the clear foresight of a fixed will showed the way, and before the dawn of that sleepless night came, I began to devise the means and to bend all things to that end. The happening was thus:

Our evening's work on *Isis* was finished, I had bade good-night to H. P. B., retired to my own room, closed the door as usual, sat me down to read and smoke, and was soon absorbed in my book; which, if I remember aright, was Stephens' *Travels in Yucatan;* at all events, not a book on ghosts, nor one calculated in the least to stimulate one's imagination to the seeing of spectres. My chair and table were to the left in front of the door, my camp-cot to the right, the window facing the door, and over the table a wall gas-jet. The following simple ground plan will convey the correct idea of the premises of the "Lamasery," although not accurate as to the measurements.

EXPLANATION.—A, our working and only reception room; B, bed-room of H. P. B.; C, my bed-room; D, a small, dark bed-room; E, passage; F, kitchen; G, dining-room; H, bath-room; I, hanging closet; J, exterior door of the flat opening upon the house staircase; always closed with a spring-latch and locked at night. In my room, *a* is the chair where I sat reading; *b* the table; *c* the chair where my visitor seated himself during the interview; *d* my camp-cot. In our work-room *e* is where the cuckoo clock hung, and *f* the place of the hanging shelves against which I bruised myself. In B, *g* represents the place of H. P. B.'s bed. The door of

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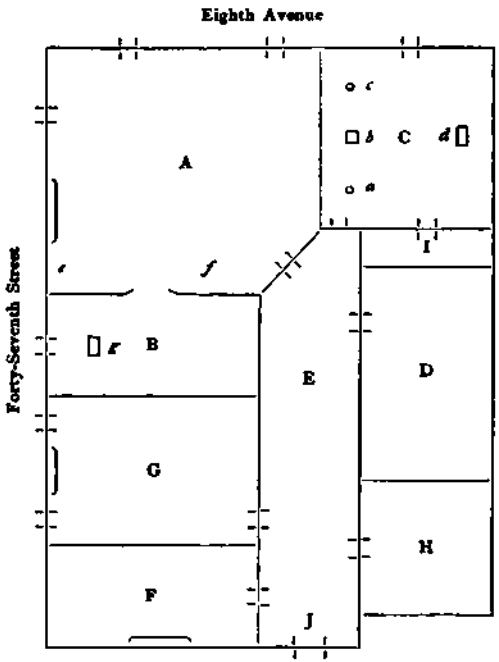
my room, it will be seen, was to my right as I sat, and any opening of it would have at once been noticed; the more so, since it was locked, to the best of my present recollection. That I am not more positive will not seem strange in view of the mental excitement into which the passing events threw me; events so astonishing as to make me forget various minor details which, under a cooler frame of mind, would perhaps have been retained in my memory.



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I was quietly reading, with all my attention centered on my book. Nothing in the evening's incidents had prepared me for seeing an adept in his astral body ; I had not wished for it, tried to conjure it up in my fancy, nor in the least expected it. All at once, as I read with my shoulder a little turned from the door, there came a gleam of something white in the right-hand corner of my right eye ; I turned my head, dropped my book in astonishment, and saw towering above me in his great stature an Oriental clad in white garments, and wearing a head-cloth or turban of amber-striped fabric, hand-embroidered in yellow floss-silk. Long raven hair hung from under his turban to the shoulders ; his black beard, parted vertically on the chin in the Rajput fashion, was twisted up at the ends and carried over the ears ; his eyes were alive with soul-fire ; eyes which were at once benignant and piercing in glance ; the eyes of a mentor and a judge, but softened by the love of a father who gazes on a son needing counsel and guidance. He was so grand a man, so imbued with the majesty of moral strength, so luminously spiritual, so evidently above average humanity, that I felt abashed in his presence, and bowed my head and bent my knee as one does before a god or a god-like personage. A hand was lightly laid on my head, a sweet though strong voice bade me be seated, and when I raised my eyes, the Presence was seated in the other chair beyond the table. He told me he had come at the crisis when I needed him ; that my actions had brought me to this point ; that it lay with me alone

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whether he and I should meet often in this life as co-workers for the good of mankind; that a great work was to be done for humanity, and I had the right to share in it if I wished; that a mysterious tie, not now to be explained to me, had drawn my colleague and myself together; a tie which could not be broken, however strained it might be at times. He told me things about H. P. B. that I may not repeat, as well as things about myself, that do not concern third parties. How long he was there I cannot tell: it might have been a half-hour or an hour; it seemed but a minute, so little did I take note of the flight of time. At last he rose, I wondering at his great height and observing the sort of splendour in his countenance—not an external shining, but the soft gleam, as it were, of an inner light—that of the spirit. Suddenly the thought came into my mind: "What if this be but hallucination; what if H. P. B. has cast a hypnotic glamour over me? I wish I had some tangible object to prove to me that he has really been here; something that I might handle after he is gone!" The Master smiled kindly as if reading my thought, untwisted the *fehtâ* from his head, benignantly saluted me in farewell and—was gone: his chair was empty; I was alone with my emotions! Not quite alone, though, for on the table lay the embroidered head-cloth; a tangible and enduring proof that I had not been "overlooked," or psychically befooled, but had been face to face with one of the Elder Brothers of Humanity, one of the Masters of our dull pupil-race. To run and beat at H. P. B.'s

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door and tell her my experience, was the first natural impulse, and she was as glad to hear my story as I was to tell it. I returned to my room to think, and the gray morning found me still thinking and resolving. Out of those thoughts and those resolves developed all my subsequent theosophical activities, and that loyalty to the Masters behind our movement which the rudest shocks and the cruelest disillusioning have never shaken. I have been blessed with meetings with this Master and others since then, but little profit is to be reaped in repeating tales of experiences of which the foregoing is a sufficient example. However others less fortunate may doubt, I KNOW.

As due to my ideal of candour, I must recall a circumstance which threw a doubt once upon my competency as a witness as to the above incident. While in London in 1884, I was examined as a witness before a Special Committee of the Society for Psychical Research, and told the above story among others. A member of the committee in cross-examination, so to say, put to me the question how I could be sure that Madame Blavatsky had not employed some tall Hindu to play this farce on me, and that as to the supposed mysterious details my fancy might not have played me false. I was thereupon seized with such a disgust for their cruel suspicion of H. P. B., and their seemingly dishonourable shirking of palpable spiritual facts under cover of assumed astuteness, that I hastily answered, among other things, that I had never until that moment seen a Hindu in my life. The

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circumstance of my having actually made in 1870 the voyage across the Atlantic with two Hindu gentlemen, one of whom was later our close friend at Bombay—Mooljee Thackersey—entirely slipped out of my mind. This was a clear case of amnesia (loss of memory) for I had not the least intention or interest in concealing so commonplace a circumstance; the meeting of 1870, fourteen years before the examination of me by the S. P. R., had left no such mark in my memory as to be recalled in my moment of anger, and so the force of my testimony was weakened to that extent. A meeting with Hindus five years or so before I knew H. P. B., and, through her, the real India, would not have been of paramount importance to a man of such multifarious acquaintanceships and adventures as myself. Yes, it was amnesia; but amnesia is not lying, and my story is true, even though some may doubt it. And this is the fitting place for me to say that, as some of my chapters were written while travelling, away from my books and papers, and especially as much of it is written from memory only of the long-past events, I beg indulgence for any unintentional mistakes that may be discovered. I try my best to be accurate and certainly shall be truthful.

I now pass on to my personal experiences in projections of the Double. In connection with this phenomenon let me give a word of caution to the less advanced student of practical psychology; the power of withdrawing the astral body from the physical *is no necessary proof of high spiritual development.* The contrary is

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believed, by perhaps the majority of dabblers in occultism, but they are wrong. A first and sufficient proof is that the emergence of the astral body happens very often with men and women who have given little or no time to occult research, have followed no yogic system, have made no attempts to do the thing, have usually been frightened or much ashamed and vexed when convicted of it, and have not been in the least remarkable above the average of persons for purity of life and thought, spirituality of ideal, or the "gifts of the spirit" of which the Scripture speaks; often the very opposite. Then, again, the annals of the Black Art teem with numberless instances of the visible, and invisible (save clairvoyantly), projection of the Double by wicked persons bent on mischief; of bilocations, hauntings of hated victims, lycanthropical masqueradings, and other "damnable witchcrafts." Then, again, there are the three or four or more thousand cases of projections of the Double by all sorts and conditions of men, some no better than they should be, if not a good deal worse occasionally, that have been recorded and winnowed down by the S. P. R., and the yet more thousands not garnered into their cast-iron granary; all combining to prove the truth of my warning, that one must not in the least take the mere fact that a certain person can travel—whether consciously or unconsciously it matters not—in the astral body as evidence that that person is either better, wiser, more spiritually advanced, or better qualified to serve as Guru, than any other person not so endowed. It is simply the sign

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that the subject of the experience has, either congenitally or by subsequent effort, loosened the astral body in its sheath, and so made it easier for it to go out and return again, when the outer body is naturally or hypnotically asleep, hence unobstructive. The reader will recall, in this connection, the satin picture of M. A. Oxon's experiments in this direction which H. P. B. made for me. Somehow or other, I have never found the time for self-training in yoga since I took up my line of practical work in our theosophical movement. I never seemed to care whether I acquired any psychical powers or not, never aspired to guruship, nor cared whether I could or could not attain Liberation during this life. To serve mankind always seemed to me the best of yogas, and the ability to do even a little towards spreading knowledge and diminishing ignorance, an ample reward. So it never entered my mind in the early days that I might train myself as a seer or a wonder-worker, a metaphysician or an adept; but I have been going on all these years on the hint given me by a Master, that *the best way to seek them was through the Theosophical Society:* a humble sphere, perhaps, yet one well within my limited capabilities, thoroughly congenial and at the same time useful. In telling about my early goings out of the body, I must not be thought, therefore, to be pluming myself upon my supposed high spiritual development, nor intending to boast of special cleverness as a psychic. The fact is, I presume, I was helped to get this, along with many other psychical experiences, as a basis of the special education

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needed by one who had such work as mine cut out for him.

Here is one of my facts: H. P. B. and I had one evening in 1876, while we were living in West 34th St.,* finished writing a chapter of the original draft of *Isis Unveiled*, and on parting for the night, laid away the great pile of "copy" in a pasteboard box, with the first page on top, the last at the bottom of the heap. She occupied the flat directly under my own, in the second story of the apartment-house, and both of us, of course, locked our outer doors to keep out thieves. While undressing it occurred to me that if I had added certain three words to the final sentence of the last paragraph, the sense of the whole paragraph would have been strengthened. I was afraid I might forget them in the morning, so the whim came to me that I might try to go down to the writing-room below stairs in my Double and perhaps write them phenomenally. Consciously, I had never travelled thus before, but I knew how it must be attempted, *viz.*, by fixing the intention to do it firmly in the mind when falling asleep, and I did so. I knew nothing more until the next morning, when, after dressing and taking my breakfast, I stopped in at H. P. B.'s flat to bid her good-bye on my way to my office. "Well," she said, "pray tell me what the deuce you were doing here last night after you went to bed?" "Doing," I replied, "what do you mean?" "Why," she rejoined,

* Not the "Lamasery," but the place we occupied before going there.

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"I had got into bed and was lying there quietly, when lo! I saw my Olcott's astral body oozing through the wall. And stupid and sleepy enough you seemed, too! I spoke to you, but you did not reply. You went to the writing-room and I heard you fumbling with the papers; and that's all. What were you about?" I then told her of my intended experiment: we went together into the other room, emptied out the pile of MS., and on the last page, at the end of the concluding paragraph, found two of the intended three words fully written out in my own handwriting and the third begun, but not finished: the power of concentration seeming to have become exhausted, and the word ending in a scrawl! How I handled the pencil, if I did handle it, or how I wrote the words without handling it, I cannot say: perhaps I was able just that once to precipitate the writing with the help of one of H. P. B.'s benevolent elementals, by utilising molecules of the plumbago from either of the lead pencils lying on the table along with the manuscript. Be it as it may, the experience was useful.

The reader should take note of the fact that my writing in the phenomenal way stopped at the point where, from inexperience, I let my will wander away from the work in hand. To fix it immovably is the one thing indispensable, just as it is the necessary concomitant of good work on the normal intellectual plane. In the *Theosophist* for July, 1888 (Art. "Precipitated Pictures at New York"), I explained the connection between the concentration of trained will-power and the permanency

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of precipitated writings, pictures, and other similar proofs of the creative power of the mind. I instanced the very interesting and suggestive details of the projection of the Double and the precipitation of writing, given by Wilkie Collins in his novel, *The Two Destinies*—a book, in its way, as well worth reading by any student of occultism,* as *Zanoni*, *A Strange Story*, or *The Coming Race*. I cited, further, the case of the Louis portrait precipitated for Mlle. Liebert and myself, which faded out by the next morning, but was caused by H. P. B. to subsequently reappear at Mr. Judge's request, and to be so "fixed" as to be still as sharp and fresh after the lapse of many years as when first made. But no amount of reading or experimentation at second hand can compare with even one little original experience, like the one of mine above described, in its power to make one realise the truth of the universal cosmic operation of *thought* creating *form*. The s'loka *Bahúsyam Prajdyeyaiti*, etc. (VIth Anuváka, 2nd Valli, Taittiryaka-Upanishad), "He (Brahmá) *wished*, may I be many, may I grow forth. He *brooded* over himself. *After* he had thus brooded, he sent forth all, whatever there is. Having sent forth, he entered it;" is to me profoundly instructive. It has a meaning immeasurably deeper, truer, more suggestive to one who has himself *meditated* and then *created* form,

* It was this article which caused Mr. Collins to write me that, among the incidents of his life, none had more surprised him than his finding from my notice of his book that he had by the *mere exercise of the imagination*, apparently stumbled on one of the mysterious laws of occult science.

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than to him whose eyes have but read the words on the page, without the echoing assent coming from within one's being.

I recall another case of my projecting my Double, which illustrates the law known as "repercussion." The reader may find the amplest materials for forming a correct opinion on this subject in the literature of Witchcraft, Sorcery, and Magic. The word "repercussion" means, in this connection, the reacting upon one's physical body of a blow, stab, or other injury, inflicted upon the Double while it is projected and moving about as a separate entity: "bilocation" is the simultaneous appearance of a person in two places; one appearance that of the physical, the other that of the astral body, or Double. M. d'Assier discusses both in his *Posthumous Humanity*, and in my English version of that excellent work, I add remarks of my own upon the subject. Speaking of the infliction of injuries upon their victims by sorcerers who could duplicate their bodies and visit them in the Double, the author says (p. 224): "The sorceress entered into the house of him against whom she had a revenge to gratify, and vexed him in a thousand ways. If the latter were resolute, and had a weapon available, it would often happen that he would strike the phantom, and upon recovering from her trance, the sorceress *would find upon her own body* the wounds she had received in the phantasmal struggle."

Des Mousseaux, the Catholic writer against Sorcery and other "black arts," quotes from the judicial archives

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of England, the case of Jane Brooks, who persecuted a child named Richard Jones after a very malicious fashion. At one of her visitations, the child screamed out that the phantom of Jane was present and pretended to touch it with the point of his finger. A witness named Gilson, springing to the place indicated, slashed at it with a knife, although the phantom was visible only to the child. The house of Jane Brooks was at once visited by Gilson, with the child's father and a constable, and she was found sitting on her stool holding one of her hands with the other. She denied that anything had happened to her hand, but the other being snatched away, the concealed one was found covered with blood, and bearing just such a wound as the child had said had been inflicted on the hand of the phantom by Gilson's knife. A great number of similar cases are on record, all going to prove that any accident or injury to the projected Double reacts and reproduces itself upon the physical body in the identical spot.* This brings me to my own experience.

In our writing-room at the "Lamasery" there hung upon the wall, beside the chimney, a Swiss cuckoo-clock,

* The exact duplexity of the astral and physical bodies in man has been affirmed from the remotest ages. It is the Eastern theory that the astral man is the product of his past Karma, and that it moulds the outer encasement according to its own innate qualities, making it a visible representation of the same. This idea is succinctly embodied in the verse in Spenser's *Faerie Queene*:

> "For of the soul the body form doth take,
> For soul is form, and doth the body make."

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which it was my methodical custom to wind up nightly before retiring to my own room. One morning, on going to my toilet-glass after my bath, I noticed that my right eye was black and blue, as though I had received a blow from a fist. I could not account for it in the least, and I was the more puzzled on finding that I had no pain in the injured part. In vain I racked my brain for an explanation. In my bed-room there was no post, pillar, projecting corner, or other obstruction from which I could have received injury, supposing that I had been walking about in my sleep—a habit I had never acquired, by the way. Then, again, a shock, rude enough to have blackened my eye like this, must, of necessity, have wakened me instantaneously at the time, whereas I had slept the night through as quietly as usual. So my bewilderment continued, until I met H. P. B. and a lady friend, who had shared her bed that night, at the breakfast table. The lady friend gave me the clue to the enigma. She said: "Why, Colonel, you must have hit yourself last night when you came in to wind the cuckoo clock!" "Wind the clock," I replied, "what do you mean by that? Did you not lock the door when I went to my room?" "Yes," she said, "I locked it myself; and how ever *could* you have come in? Yet both Madame and I saw you pass the sliding-doors of our bed-room and heard you pulling the chain to wind the clock. I called, but you did not answer, and I saw nothing more." Well, then, I thought, if I did enter the room in my Double and wind the clock, two things are inevitable, (*a*)

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the clock must show that it was wound last night and not have run down ; (*b*) there must be some obstacle on my path between the door and the opposite chimney against which I could have hit my eye. We examined the premises and found :

1. That the clock was going and had apparently been wound up at the usual time.

2. Just near the door hung a small hanging book-shelf, the farthest front corner of one of whose shelves was of the exact height to catch my eye if I had run against it. Then there came back to me the dim recollection of myself moving towards the door from the far side of the room, with my right hand outstretched as if to feel for the door, a sudden shock, " the seeing of stars "—as it is commonly expressed—and then oblivion until morning.

That is curious, it seems to me ; very curious that a blow which, received upon the physical head, must almost inevitably have at once awakened one, should, when falling upon the projected Double, have left its substantial mark behind it by repercussion upon the physical body, without bringing me to consciousness. And the case is instructive in other aspects, as well. It shows that, provided the conditions are favourable for the slipping of the Double out of the physical body, the " duplication " is likely to occur under the stimulus of a thought-prepossession, for instance, that of a daily habit of doing any certain thing at a fixed hour. Supposing the conditions unfavourable for " projection " or " dupli-

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cation," the subject would, under another set of conditions, become somnambulistic, rise from bed, go and do what was on his or her mind, and return to bed and to deep slumber without remembering anything that had occurred. The editors of the English version of the *Dabistan* say: "It is impossible to fix the epoch at which particular opinions and practices originated. . . particularly the belief that a man may attain the faculty to quit and to reassume his body, or to consider it as a loose garment, which he may put off at pleasure for ascending to the world of light, and on his return be reunited with the material elements. All these matters are considered very ancient" (*Dabistan*, Preface, lxxix). One of my most interesting experiences has been to encounter persons in different parts of the world, until then strangers, who have averred that they had seen me in public places, that I had visited them in the astral body, sometimes talked on occult matters with them, sometimes healed them of diseases, sometimes even gone with them on the astral plane to visit our Masters; yet without my keeping any remembrance of the several incidents. Yet, when one comes to think of it, it is not so improbable, after all, that one whose whole life and every waking thought and wish is bound up in this great movement of ours; who has no desire save for its success, no ambition save to push it forward to its ultimate goal, should carry his prepossession into the realms of sleep, and float through the currents of the Astral Light towards the kindred beings who are held

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by the same magnet to the same attractive centre of wish and aspiration. In its truest sense—

> "It is the secret sympathy,
> The silver link, the silver tie,
> Which heart to heart, and mind to mind,
> In body and in soul can bind."

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CHAPTER XXV.

SWAMI DYÁNAND.

IF I should fail to introduce the episode of our brief and upleasant connection with Swami Dyánand Sarasvati and his Arya Samaj, this could not be called a true history of the beginnings of our Society. I should prefer to omit it altogether if I could, for it is not agreeable to record the details of vanished hopes, bitter misunderstandings, and faded illusions. Now that both H. P. B. and the Swami are dead, and that sixteen years have passed since we voted for a blending of the two societies together, I feel at liberty to give the clue to what has been hitherto a sort of mystery as regards the incident, and to explain the hidden causes of the union and subsequent quarrel between the great Pandit and ourselves.

I have told all that concerns the formation of the Theosophical Society; how it originated; what were its avowed aims and objects; and how it gradually faded into a small, compact body, of which the two Founders were the dual energy: a mere nucleus of the present

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organisation. I make bold to say that not a line can be produced which goes to show that our religious opinions were ever concealed or misrepresented, to whatsoever exoteric creed our correspondents may have belonged. If, therefore, Swami Dyánand and his followers ever misunderstood our position and that of the Theosophical Society, the fault was theirs, not ours. Our two hearts drew us towards the Orient, our dreams were of India, our chief desire to get into relations with the Asiatic people. No way, however, had yet opened on the physical plane, and our chance of getting out to our Holy Land seemed very slight, until one evening in the year 1877 an American traveller, who had recently been in India, called. He happened to sit so that, in looking that way I noticed on the wall above him the framed photograph of the two Hindú gentlemen with whom I had made the Atlantic passage in 1870. I took it down, showed it to him, and asked if he knew either of the two. He did know Moolji Thackersey and had quite recently met him in Bombay. I got the address, and by the next mail wrote to Moolji about our Society, our love for India and what caused it. In due course he replied in quite enthusiastic terms, accepted the offered diploma of membership, and told me about a great Hindú pandit and reformer, who had begun a powerful movement for the resuscitation of pure Vedic religion. At the same time he introduced to my notice, in complimentary terms, one Hurrychund Chintamon, President of the Bombay Arya Samaj, with whom I chiefly

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corresponded thereafter; and whose evil treatment of us on arrival at Bombay is a matter of history. The latter nominated several Hindú gentlemen of Bombay for membership, spoke most flatteringly of Swami Dyánand, and brought about an exchange of letters between the latter and myself as chiefs of our respective societies. Mr. Hurrychund wrote to me, on reading my explanations of our views as to the impersonality of God—an Eternal and Omnipresent Principle which, under many different names, was the same in all religions—that the principles of the Arya Samaj were identical with our own, and suggested that, in that case, it was useless to keep up two societies, when by amalgamating we would increase our powers of usefulness and our chances of success.* Neither then nor ever since have I cared for the empty honour of leadership, and so I was but too glad to take second place under the Swami, whom I was made to look up to as immeasurably my superior in every respect. The letters of my Bombay correspondents, my own views about Vedic philosophy, the fact of his being a great Sanskrit pandit and actually playing the part of a Hindú Luther, prepared me to believe without difficulty what H. P. B. told me later about him. This was neither more nor less than that he was an adept of the Himalayan Brotherhood inhabiting the Swami's body; well known to our own teachers, and in relations with them for the accomplishment of the work

* For a full statement of the case, with documentary proofs, see Extra Supplement, *Theosophist*, July, 1882.

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he had in hand. What wonder that I was as ready as possible to fall in with Hurrychund's scheme to amalgamate the T. S. with the Arya Samaj, and to sit at the Swami's feet as pupil under a master! To make such a connection I should have been ready, if required, to be his servant and to have rendered him glad service for years to come, without hope of reward. So, the matter being explained to my colleagues in New York, our Council, in May, 1878, passed a vote to unite the two societies and change the title of ours to "The Theosophical Society of the Arya Samaj." This was notified to the Swami, and in due time he returned to me the draft of a new Diploma (now before me as I write) which I had sent him, signed, as requested, with his name and stamped with his own seal. I had this engraved, issued it to a few members who wished to enlist under the new scheme, and put forth a circular reciting the principles under which we intended to work.

So far all went well, but, in due course, I received from India an English translation of the rules and doctrines of the Arya Samaj, made by Pandit Shyamji Krishnavarma, a protégé of the Swami's, which gave us a great shock—gave me, at least. Nothing could have been clearer than that the Swami's views had radically changed since the preceding August, when the Lahore Arya Samaj published his defence of his *Veda Bhâshya* against the attacks of his critics, in the course of which he quoted approvingly the opinions of Prof. Max Müller, Messrs. Colebrooke, Garrett, and others, that the God of

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the Vedas was an impersonality. It was evident that the Samaj was *not* identical in character with our Society, but rather a new sect of Hinduism—a Vedic sect accepting Swami Dyánand's authority as supreme judge as to which portions of the Vedas and Shâstras were and were not infallible. The impossibility of carrying out the intended amalgamation became manifest, and we immediately reported that fact to our Indian colleagues. The Theosophical Society resumed its *status quo ante;* and H. P. B. and I drafted and the Council put out two circulars, one defining what the Theosophical Society was, the other (dated September, 1878), defining a new body, the "Theosophical Society of the Arya Samaj of Aryavart," as a bridge between the two mother societies, giving in detail the translation of the A. S. rules, etc., and leaving our members perfectly free to join the "link-society," as I called it, and comply with its by-laws, or not.

Our London Branch, which after more than two years of preliminary *pourparlers*, had formally organised on the 27th June, 1878, under the title of the "British Theosophical Society,"* issued its first public circular as "The British Theosophical Society of the Arya Samaj of Aryavart." If the digression may be excused, I will quote here, for their historical interest, some passages out of my copy of this circular, viz.:

* Under the presidency of the late Dr. Anna Kingsford, the Branch name was changed in the year 1884 to that of the "London Lodge of the Theosophical Society," which it still bears.

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"1. The British Theosophical Society is founded for the purpose of discovering the nature and powers of the human soul and spirit by investigation and experiment.

"2. The object of the Society is to increase the amount of human health, goodness, knowledge, wisdom, and happiness.

"3. The Fellows pledge themselves to endeavour, to the best of their powers, to live a life of temperance, purity, and brotherly love. They believe in a Great First Intelligent Cause, and in the Divine Sonship of the spirit of man, and hence in the immortality of that spirit, and in the universal brotherhood of the human race.

"4. The Society is in connection and sympathy with the Arya Samaj of Aryavart, one object of which Society is to elevate, by a true spiritual education, mankind out of degenerate, idolatrous, and impure forms of worship, wherever prevalent."

This was a clear, frank, and unobjectionable programme, the reflection of the tone, though not of the actual letter, of my New York T. S. circular of the same year. In both, the aspiration for the attainment of spiritual knowledge through the study of natural, especially of occult, phenomena is declared, as well as the brotherhood of mankind. In drafting the New York circular it occurred to me that the membership of, and supervising entities behind, the Society would be naturally grouped in three divisions, *viz.*, new members not detached from worldly interests; pupils, like myself, who had withdrawn from the same or were ready to do so; and the adepts

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themselves, who, without being actually members, were at least connected with us and concerned in our work as a potential agency for the doing of spiritual good to the world. With H. P. B.'s concurrence I defined these three groups, calling them sections, and sub-dividing each into three degrees. This, of course, was in the hope and expectation that we should have more practical guidance in adjusting the several grades of members than we had had—or have since had, I may add. In the New York circular, Clause VI. said :

" The objects of the Society are various. It influences its fellows to acquire an intimate knowledge of natural law, especially its occult manifestations."

Then follow these sentences written by H. P. B. :

" As the highest development, physically and spiritually, on earth of the creative cause, man should aim to solve the mystery of his being. He is the procreator of his species, physically, and having inherited the nature of the unknown but palpable cause of his own creation, must possess in his inner, psychical self, this creative power in lesser degree. He should, therefore, study to develop his latent powers, and inform himself respecting the laws of magnetism, electricity, and all other forms of force, whether of the seen or unseen universes."

I then proceed as follows :

" The Society teaches and expects its fellows to personally exemplify the highest morality and religious aspirations ; to oppose the materialism of science and every form of dogmatic theology . . . ; to make known,

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among Western nations the long-suppressed *facts* about Oriental religious philosophies, their ethics, chronology, esoterism, symbolism . . . ; to disseminate a knowledge of the sublime teachings of that pure esoteric system of the archaic period which are mirrored in the oldest Vedas, and in the philosophy of Gautama Buddha, Zoroaster, and Confucius; finally, and chiefly, to aid in the institution of a Brotherhood of Humanity, wherein all good and pure men of every race shall recognise each other as the equal effects (upon this planet) of one Uncreate, Universal, Infinite and Everlasting Cause."

The parenthesis (upon this planet) was written in by H. P. B.

The step we were taking in resuming the Society's autonomy upon discovering the sectarian character of the Arya Samaj, thus drew from us the above categorical declaration of principles, in which, the reader will observe, were embraced—

1. The study of occult science;

2. The formation of a nucleus of universal brotherhood; and

3. The revival of Oriental literature and philosophy. In short, all the three Declared Objects upon which the Theosophical Society has been building itself up during the subsequent seventeen years.

If our Bombay friends had previously been under the least misapprehension as regards the aims and principles of our Society, the above circular removed the last excuse for its continuance.

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The preamble to the Arya Samaj circular issued by us in September, 1878,—three months only before our departure for India—called attention to Pandit Shyamji's translation of the Samaj rules, embodied in the circular, and said: "The observance of these rules is obligatory only upon such fellows as may voluntarily apply for admission to the Arya Samaj; the rest will continue to be, as heretofore, unconnected with the special work of the Samaj." It went on to say that our Society, with the design of aiding "in the establishment of a Brotherhood of Humanity, had organised sections (meaning groups) in which room is provided for persons born in the most varied religious faiths, requiring only that applicants shall sincerely wish to learn the sublime truths first written by the Aryans in the Vedas and in different epochs promulgated by sages and seers, and to order their lives accordingly. And also, should they so desire, labour to acquire that control over certain forces of nature which a knowledge of her mysteries imparts to its possessor." The occult training and developments of H. P. B. and her grade of pupils were here hinted at. The phrase shows that the chief original motive of the Founders of the Society was to promote this kind of study; it being their firm conviction that with the development of the psychical powers and spiritual insight, all religious knowledge was attainable, and all ignorant religious dogmatism must vanish. The circular adds that "the Society has thus welcomed, and its members dwell in harmony with Buddhists, Lamaists, Brah-

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manists, Parsis, Confucianists, and Jews," etc., which was strictly true, applicants from all these religious bodies having already been enrolled as fellows. The incongruity of this platform with that of the Arya Samajis unmistakable and seen at a glance. For Rule 2 in Shyamji's version reads :

"The four texts of the Vedas shall be received and regarded as containing within themselves all that is necessary to constitute them an extraordinary authority in all matters relating to human conduct."

Nothing is said here about any other religious scripture being an authority in human conduct, nor any benevolent interest expressed in the religious welfare of non-Vedic peoples ; in short, it is a sectarian body, not eclectic. In saying which I pronounce no opinion as to whether the Samaj is a good or a bad sect, a conservative or a progressive one, or whether its establishment by the Swami was a blessing or the reverse to India. I simply mean that it is a sect, and that, our Society not being one and standing upon a quite different platform, could not properly be merged by us into the Samaj, although we could be and wished to be friends.

As further showing the arbitrary authority which the Swami claimed and exercised in prescribing which of the S'ástras were and were not "authoritative," I quote, from the same Rule 2 of the Arya Samaj, the following :

"The Brâhmanas beginning with the Shatapatka ; the six Angas or limbs of the Vedas, beginning with the Shikshâ ; the four Upvedas ; the six Darshanas or

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Schools of Philosophy; and the 1,127 Lectures on the Vedas, called *Shákhás*, or the branches—these shall be accepted as exponents of the meaning of the Vedas, as well as of the history of the Aryas. So far as these shall concur with the views of the Vedas, they shall be considered as ordinary authority."

Here is defined a sect, a sect of Hinduism, a sect based on the lines traced by its founder. The Swami, it will be seen, in passing, puts himself in opposition to the whole body of orthodox pandits, since he excludes from his list of inspirational books many that are held by them as sacred.

For instance, Smritis are omitted by the Swami, as not being conclusive authorities. But Manu, Chap. II., 10, holds that "Vedas" are "revelations" and "Smritis" (Dharma S'ástras) are "traditions"; these two are irrefutable in all matters, for by these two virtues arose. It is therefore maintained that Smritis must be respected as "*authority*."

Things remained thus until the arrival of the Founders in India and their meeting, soon after, with Swami Dyánand at Saharanpur. The chances for our entanglement in a series of misunderstandings were, of course, greatly enhanced by the necessity for the Swami and ourselves having to talk with each other through interpreters, who, however well up in ordinary English, lacked the fluency which would enable them to render correctly our views upon the abstruse questions of philosophy, metaphysics, and occult science which had to be discussed.

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We certainly were made to understand that Swami Dyánand's conception of God was that of the Vedântic Parabrahman, hence in accord with our own. Under this mistake—as it afterwards was declared by him to be—I lectured at Meerut to the Arya Samaj in his presence, and declared that now all causes of misunderstanding had been removed and the two societies were really twins. Yet it was not so: they were no more akin than our Society was with the Brahmo Samaj or any Christian or other sect. Disruption was inevitable, and in due time it came. The Swami, losing his temper, tried to repudiate his own words and acts, and finally turned upon us with abuse and denunciations, and put forth a circular to the public and posted handbills in Bombay to call us charlatans and I do not know what else. This forced us in self-defence to state our case and produce our proofs, and this was done in an extra Supplement to the *Theosophist*, of date July, 1882, in which all the evidence is cited in full and engraved facsimies are given of an important document bearing the Swami's signature and the certificate of Mr. Seervai, then our Recording Secretary. Thus, after a disturbed relationship of about three years, the two societies were wrenched apart and each went on its own way.

The inherent disruptive elements were (1) My discovery that the Swami was simply that—*i. e.*, a pandit ascetic—and not an adept at all; (2) The fact that the Samaj was not standing upon the eclectic platform of the Theosophical Society; (3) The Swami's disappointment at

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our receding from our first consent to accept Harischandra's bid for the amalganation; (4) His vexation—expressed to me in very strong terms—that I should be helping the Ceylon Buddhists and the Bombay Parsis to know and love their religions better than heretofore, while, as he said, both were false religions. I have also doubted whether his and our intermediary correspondent, Hurrychund Chintamon, had ever explained to him just what our views and the real platform of our Society were. The subsequent discovery of the fact that he (Hurrychund) had pocketed the Rs. 600-odd sent him by us for the Arya Samaj, and his restitution of the money at Bombay under H. P. B.'s compulsion, incline me to the opinion that he deceived both the Swami and ourselves in this respect, and that, but for my getting Shyamji's translation of the Samaj Rules, we should have gone on under the same misapprehension until coming out to India.

It is quite useless and waste of room for me to proceed further in this affair, since those who care for details can find them given at length in the extra Supplement to the *Theosophist* above mentioned. The Swami was undoubtedly a great man, a learned Sanskrit Pandit, with immense pluck, force of will and self-reliance—a leader of men. When we first met him, in 1879, he had recently recovered from an attack of cholera and his physique was more refined and delicate than usual. I thought him strikingly handsome; tall, dignified in carriage, and gracious in manner towards us, he made a

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very strong impression upon our imaginations. But when I next saw him—at Benares, I believe, some few years later,—he was quite changed, and not for the better. He had grown obese, the fat stood in rolls on his half-nude body, and hung in "double-chin" masses from his under jaw. His breadth detracted from his height, so that he actually seemed to me shorter, and the poetical expression had left his Dantesque face. I have, fortunately, a souvenir of his earlier self in a copy in oils of a photograph, which was given me in Northern India. He is dead and gone now, but his Samaj survives and has spread throughout Northern India to the extent of two or three hundred branches. Annie Besant and I enjoyed a visit to the chief Samaj—at Lahore—during our recent visit to the Punjâb and helped a little, I hope, to mollify the hard feelings which the Samajists have, to my great regret, long held towards us.

The world is wide enough for us all, and it is better that we all should try to live together as brethren.

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CHAPTER XXVI.

MME. BLAVATSKY AT HOME.

H. P. B. has been mainly dealt with above in her public capacity; let us now see how she appeared in the home.

But first, does any one know why she so much preferred to be called "H. P. B.," and so abhorred the title of "Madame"? That she should not like to be addressed by the surname Blavatsky, is not so strange when one remembers the facts of that wretched marriage, as given by Mr. Sinnett in his *Incidents etc.* It brought neither credit nor happiness to her, nor peace to the consort whom she, for a wager, tied to herself, for better for worse. Yet before she would marry the other Mr. B., at Philadelphia, she stipulated that she should not change her surname, and did not, save in the subsequent divorce papers, wherein she styles herself by her second husband's name. The title "Madame" she had a sort of loathing for, as she associated it with a female dog of that name that an acquaintance of hers owned in Paris, and which was specially disliked by her.

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I think the apparent eccentricity of calling herself by her three initials had a deeper significance than has been generally suspected. It meant that the personality of our friend was so blended with those of several of her Masters that, in point of fact, the name she bore but seldom applied to whatever intelligence was momentarily controlling it; and the Asiatic personage who was speaking to you through her lips was certainly neither Helena, nor the widow of Genl. Blavatsky, nor a woman at all. But each of these shifting personalities contributed towards the making of a composite entity, the sum of them all and of Helena Petrovna herself, which might as well be designated "H. P. B." as anything else. The case recalls to my mind that of the composite photograph—an apparently real entity, yet but a blending of a dozen or more—which Sir Francis Galton first brought to our notice in his *Inquiry into Human Faculty*. My theory may seem untenable, at first sight, by those who did not know her so intimately as myself, yet I incline to the belief that it is the correct one.

The routine of our life at the "Lamasery" was the following. We breakfasted at about 8, dined at 6, and retired at some small hour in the morning, according to our work and its interruption by visitors. H. P. B. lunched at home and I in town, somewhere near my law-office. When we first met I was a very active member of the Lotos Club, but the writing of *Isis* put an end, once for all, to my connection with clubs and worldly entanglements in general. After breakfast I

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left for my office and H. P. B. set herself for work at the desk. At dinner, more often than not, we had guests, and we had few evenings alone; for even if no visitors dropped in, we usually had somebody stopping with us in our apartment. Our house-keeping was of the simplest; we drank no wine or spirits, and ate but plain food. We had one maid-of-all-work, or rather a procession of them coming and going, for we did not keep one very long. The girl went to her home after clearing away the dinner things, and thenceforward we had to answer the door ourselves. That was not much; but a more serious affair was to supply tea, with milk and sugar, for a roomful of guests at, say, 1 A.M., when H. P. B., with lofty disregard of domestic possibilities, would invite herself to take a cup, and in a large way exclaim: "Let's all have some: what do you say?" It was useless for me to make gestures of dissent, she would pay no attention. So after sundry fruitless midnight searches for milk or sugar in the neighbourhood, the worm turned, and I put up a notice to this effect:

"TEA."

"*Guests will find boiling water and tea in the kitchen, perhaps milk and sugar, and will kindly help themselves.*"

This was so akin to the Bohemian tone of the whole establishment that nothing was thought of it, and it was most amusing later on to see the habitués getting up quietly and going off to the kitchen to brew tea for themselves. Fine ladies, learned professors, famous

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artists and journalists, all jocosely became members of our "Kitchen Cabinet," as we called it.

H. P. B. had not even a rudimentary notion of housekeeping. Once, wishing boiled eggs, she laid the raw eggs on the live coals! Sometimes our maid would walk off on a Saturday evening and leave us to shift as we might for the day's meals. Then was it H. P. B. who catered and cooked? Nay, verily, but her poor colleague. She would either sit and write and smoke cigarettes, or come into the kitchen and bother. In my Diary for 1878, I find this in the entry for April 12: "The servant 'vamosed the ranch' without preparing dinner; so the Countess L. P. turned in and helped me by making an excellent salad. Besides her, we had O'Donovan to dinner." He was a rare chap, that Irishman; a sculptor of marked talent, an excellent companion, with a dry humour that was irresistible. H. P. B. was very fond of him and he of her. He modelled her portrait from life in a medallion, which was cast in bronze, and which is in my possession. What he may be now I know not, but at that time he was fond of a glass of good whiskey (if any whiskey may be called good), and once made a roomful roar with laughter by a repartee he gave to one of the company present. They were drinking together, and the person in question after tasting his glass, put it down with the exclamation, "Pah! what bad whiskey that is!" O'Donovan, turning to him with solemn gravity, laid a hand upon his arm and said: "Don't, don't say that. There is no

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bad whiskey, but some is better than other." He was a Roman Catholic by birth, though nothing in particular, it appeared, in actual belief. But, seeing how hot and angry H. P. B. would always get when Roman Catholicism was mentioned, he used to pretend that he believed that that creed would eventually sweep Buddhism, Hinduism, and Zoroastrianism from the face of the earth. Although he played this trick on her twenty times, H. P. B. was invariably caught again in the trap whenever O'Donovan set it for her. She would fume and swear, and call him an incurable idiot and other pet names, but to no purpose: he would sit and smoke in dignified silence, without changing face, as if he were listening to a dramatic recitation in which the speaker's own feelings had no share. When she had talked and shouted herself out of breath, he would slowly turn his head towards some neighbour and say: "She speaks well, does n't she; but she don't believe that; it is only her repartee. She will be a good Catholic some day." And then, when H. P. B. exploded at this crowning audacity, and made as if to throw something at him, he would slip away to the kitchen and make himself a cup of tea! I have known him bring friends there just to enjoy this species of bear-baiting; but H. P. B. never nourished malice, and after relieving herself of a certain number of objurgations, would be as friendly as ever with her inveterate teazer.

One of our frequent and most appreciated visitors was Prof. Alexander Wilder, a quaint personality, the type of the very large class of self-educated American

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yeomanry; men of the forceful quality of the Puritan Fathers; men of brain and thought, intensely independent, very versatile, very honest, very plucky and patriotic. Prof. Wilder and I have been friends since before the Rebellion, and I have always held him in the highest esteem. His head is full of knowledge, which he readily imparts to appreciative listeners. He is not a college-bred or city-bred man, I fancy, but if one wants sound ideas upon the migration of races and symbols, the esoteric meaning of Greek philosophy, the value of Hebrew or Greek texts, or the merits and demerits of various schools of medicine, he can give them as well as the most finished graduate. A tall, lank man of the Lincoln type, with a noble, dome-like head, thin jaws, grey hair, and language filled with quaint Saxon-Americanisms. He used to come and talk by the hour with H. P. B., often lying recumbent on the sofa, with—as she used to say—"one long leg resting on the chandelier, the other on the mantel-piece." And she, as stout as he was thin, as voluble as he was sententious and epigrammatic, smoking innumerable cigarettes and brilliantly sustaining her share of the conversation. She got him to write out many of his ideas to use in *Isis*, and they will be found there quoted. The hours would slip by without notice until he sometimes found himself too late for the last train to Newark, and would have to stop in town all night. I think that, of all our visitors, he cared about the least of all for H. P. B.'s psychical phenomena: he believed in their scientific possibility and

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did not doubt her possession of them, but philosophy was his idol, and the wonders of mediumship and adeptship interested him only in the abstract.

Yet some of H. P. B.'s phenomena were strange enough, in all conscience. Besides those heretofore described, I find mention of others in my Diary, among them this curious one :

I met one day in the lower part of the city (New York) an acquaintance with whom I stopped for a few moments to chat. He was very prejudiced against H. P. B., and spoke very harshly against her, keeping to his opinion despite all I could say. At last he used such objectionable language that, in sheer disgust, I hastily left him and went on my way. I got home as usual in time for dinner, and went to my room—the one marked "G" on the plan given in Chapter XXIV. was then my sleeping apartment—to make my toilet. H. P. B. came along the passage to the open door, and from thence bade me good evening. The washing-stand was in the N. W. corner, opposite the door, and the "hard-finished" white wall above it uncovered with pictures or anything. After finishing my washing I turned toward the shaving-stand, behind me and just in front of the window, to brush my hair, when I saw something of a green colour reflected in the glass. A second glance showed it to be a sheet of green paper with writing upon it, and to be attached to the wall just over the washing-stand where I had the moment before been occupied without seeing anything save the blank wall before my eyes. I found

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the paper attached to the plastering by pins at the four corners, and the writing to be a number of Oriental texts from Dhammapâda and Sûtras, written in a peculiar style and signed at the lower corner by one of the Masters. The verses were reproaches to my address for having allowed H. P. B. to be reviled without defending her ; unmistakably referring to my encounter down town with the person I had met, although no names were mentioned. I had not been five minutes in the house since my return, had spoken to nobody about the incident, nor exchanged with any one in the house more than the few words of greeting with H. P. B. from the door of my room. In fact, the incident had passed out of my mind. This is one of those phenomena of the higher class which involve the power of thought-reading, or clairaudience at a distance, and either that of producing written documents without contact, or of writing them in the ordinary way, attaching them to the wall before my return home, and then inhibiting my sight so as to make them invisible for the moment, but visible the next instant by the restoration to me of my normal vision. This seems the more probable explanation of the two, yet, even then see how fine is the phenomenon, first, in the clairaudience at the distance of three miles, and then in the inhibition of my sight without arousing the slightest suspicion in my mind of the trick being played upon me. I had carefully kept this green paper until 1891, when it was with me on my round-the-world tour, and was appropriated by somebody without my permis-

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sion. I should be glad to recover it. Another production of H. P. B.'s has disappeared along with it. It is a caricature representing my supposed ordeal of initiation into the school of adepts, and a most comical picture it is. In the lower foreground I stand with a Hindu *fehta* (turban) as my only article of dress, undergoing a catechetical examination by Master K. H. In the lower right-hand corner a detached hand holds in space a bottle of spirits, and a bony bayadere, who looks like a starved Irish peasant in a time of potato-blight, is dancing a *pas de fascination*. In the upper corner H. P. B., wearing a New Jersey sunhood and Deccanee men's turn-up shoes, and carrying a bell-shaped umbrella with a flag marked "Jack" streaming from its point, bestrides an elephant and holds out a mammoth hand to "control the elements" for my helping, while another Master stands beside the elephant watching my ordeal. A funny little elemental in a cotton night cap and holding a lighted candle, says, "My stars! what's that?" from a perch on K. H.'s shoulder, and a series of absurd questions and answers written below my Interrogator's book, complete the nonsensical satire. From this description the reader may judge of the joviality of H. P. B.'s temperament at that period, and of the kindly license allowed us in our dealings with the Teachers. The mere thought of such irreverence will doubtless make cold chills to run down the spines of some of H. P. B.'s latest pupils. I do not know how I could better illustrate this joyous exhuberance of hers than by quoting the expression used

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by a Hartford reporter in writing to his paper. "Madame laughed," he writes. "When we write Madame laughed, we feel as if we were saying Laughter was present! for of all clear, mirthful, rollicking laughter that we ever heard, hers is the very essence. She seems, indeed, the *Genius* of the mood she displays at all times so intense is her vitality." This was the tone of our household; and her mirthfulness, epigrammatic wit, briliance of conversation, caressing friendliness to those she liked or wanted to have like her, fund of anecdote and, chiefest attraction to most of her callers, her amazing psychical phenomena—made the "Lamasery" the most attractive *salon* of the metropolis from 1876 to the close of 1878.

A very interesting phenomenon is that of duplication of objects, the making of two or more out of one. I have given some instances above, and here is another which was described in the New York correspondence of the *Hartford Daily Times* of December 2, 1878. The correspondent passes an evening with us and meets a number of other visitors, from one of whom, an English artist, he gets the following story of what he saw H. P. B. do:

"I know it will seem incredible to you, my dear fellow," said my friend, "for it does to me as I look back upon it; yet, at the same time, I know my senses could not have deceived me. Besides, another gentleman was with me at the time. I have seen Madame create things." "Create things!" I cried. "Yes, create things,—produce them from nothing. I can tell you of two instances.

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" Madame, my friend, and myself were out one day looking about the stores, when she said she desired some of these illuminated alphabets which come in sheets, like the painted sheets of little birds, flowers, animals, and other figures, so popular for decorating pottery and vases. She was making a scrap-book, and wished to arrange her title page in these pretty colored letters. Well, we hunted everywhere but could not find any, until at last we found just one sheet, containing the twenty-six letters, somewhere on Sixth Avenue. Madame bought that one and we went home. She wanted several, of course, but not finding them proceeded to use what she could of this. My friend and I sat down beside her little table, while she got out her scrap-book and busily began to paste her letters in. By and bye she exclaimed, petulantly, 'I want two S's, two P's, and two A's.' I said, 'Madame, I will go and search for them down town. I presume I can find them somewhere.'

"'No you need not,' she answered. Then, suddenly looking up, said, 'Do you wish to see me make some?'

"'Make some? How? Paint some?'

"'No, make some exactly like these.'

"'But how is that possible? These are printed by machinery.'

"'It is possible—see!'

"She put her finger upon the S and looked upon it. She looked at it with infinite intensity. Her brow ridged out. She seemed the very spirit of will. In about half a minute she smiled, lifted her finger, took up two S's

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exactly alike, exclaiming, 'It is done!' She did the same with the P's.

"Then my friend thought: 'If this is trickery, it can be detected. In one alphabet can be but one letter of a kind. I will try her.' So he said: 'Madame, supposing this time, instead of making two letters separately, you join them together, thus A—A—?'

"'It makes no difference to me how I do it,' she replied indifferently, and placing her finger on the A, in a few seconds she took it up, and handed him two A's, joined together as he desired. *They were as if stamped from the same piece of paper.* There were no seams or (artificial) joinings of any kind. She had to cut them apart to use them. This was in broad daylight, in the presence of no one but myself and friend, and done simply for her own convenience.

"We were both astounded and lost in admiration. We examined these with the utmost care. They seemed as much alike as two peas. But if you wish, I can show you the letters this moment. 'Madame, may we take your scrap-book to look at?'

"'Certainly, with pleasure,' returned Madame, courteously. We waited impatiently until Mr. P. could open the volume. The page was beautifully arranged, and read thus, in brilliant letters:

"THIRD VOLUME, SCRAP-BOOK OF THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY.
New York, 1878.
THEIR TRIBULATIONS and TRIUMPHS.

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"'There,' said he, pointing to the S in Scrap and the S in Society, 'those are the letters she used, and this is the one she made.' There was no difference in them."*

There was nothing out of the common in the furnishing and decoration of our apartment save in the dining-room and work-room—which was at the same time our reception-room and library all in one—and they were certainly quaint enough. The dead wall of the dining-room which separated it from H. P. B.'s bed-room was entirely covered with a picture *in dried forest leaves*, representing a tropical jungle scene. An elephant stood, ruminating beside a pool of water, a tiger was springing at him from the back-ground, and a huge serpent was coiled around the trunk of a palm tree. A very good representation of it is given on p. 205 of *Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly* for February, 1892; although the picture of the room, the Hindu servant bringing in the roast, and the dining party at table *drinking wine*, is ridiculously inaccurate. The room was not like the picture; we had no Hindu servant; we did not have a drop of wine or spirits in the house; our furniture was

* The reporter, it seems, trusted to his memory, and omitted copying down at the time the words of the inscription which—being before me at this moment—I find to read as follows: "Ante and post natal history of the Theosophical Society, and of the mortifications, tribulations and triumphs of its Fellows." The letters H. P. B. duplicated are the S's in "History," "Theosophical" and "Society," two of them having been made out of the third; the P's are in "Post" and "Triumphs," and of a smaller size than the S's. She seems to have quietly duplicated several other letters, for I find no less than eight A's besides other duplicates.

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totally different from the artist's sketch of it. I have never heard of another wall-picture of the sort mentioned, and it seemed to strike all our guests as entirely appropriate in such a home as the "Lamasery." The whole forest scene grew out of the covering with autumn leaves, of a figure of an elephant cut from brown paper. I made another similar invention in the work-room. The entrance-door was in an angle made by cutting off a corner, and above it the wall formed a square of perhaps 4 × 5 ft. One day I found at a curiosity-shop a splendidly mounted lioness-head; the eyes glaring, the jaws wide open, the tongue retracted, the teeth white and menacing. On getting it home and looking around for a place to put it, this square of wall struck my eye, and there I hung my trophy. By an arrangement of long, dried grasses, I made it seem as though an angry lioness were creeping through the jungle and ready to spring upon the visitors who chanced to look up at her. It was one of our jokes to have new-comers seated in an easy chair that faced the door, and enjoy their start when their eyes wandered from H. P. B. to glance around the room. If the visitor chanced to be a hysterical old maid who screamed on seeing the trophy, H. P. B. would laugh heartily. In two corners of the room I stood palm-fronds that touched the ceiling and bent over their tips in graceful curves; little stuffed monkeys peered out over the curtain cornices; a fine stuffed snake lay on top of the mantel mirror, hanging its head over one corner; a large stuffed baboon, decked

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out with a collar, white cravat and pair of my spectacles, carrying under one arm the manuscript of a lecture on "Decent of Species," and dubbed "Professor Fiske," stood upright in a corner; a fine large grey owl sat perched on a bookcase; a toy lizard or two crawled up the wall; a Swiss cuckoo clock hung to the left of the chimney breast; small Japanese cabinets, carved wooden images of Lord Buddha and a Siamese talapoin, curios of sorts and kinds, occupied the top of the cottage piano, wall brackets, corner étagères and other convenient spaces; a long writing table took up the centre of the room; some book shelves with our scanty library rose above its farther end, between the two Eighth Avenue windows; and chairs and a divan or two filled up the floor space, so that one had to pick one's way to get to the farther end of the chamber. A hanging four-light gas chandelier with a drop-light over the table gave us the necessary physical illumination; the other, H. P. B. supplied. A pair of sliding glass doors (seldom closed) divided the work-room from her little bed-room, and on the wall over the doors we constructed a huge double triangle of thin punched steel sheets. Altogether the room was very artistic and pleasing to its occupants and guests, the theme of many a description in newspapers and talk among our friends. No frame could have been more appropriate for setting off the bizarre personality of its mysterious occupant, H. P. B. Many were the pen sketches of the room that appeared in the American papers of the day; among them the following

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by the same correspondent of the Hartford paper, from whose interesting letters the above extracts were copied:

"Madame was seated in her little work-room and parlor, all in one, and we may add her curiosity-shop as well, for never was apartment more crammed with odd, elegant, old, beautiful, costly, and apparently worthless things, than this. She had cigarette in mouth, and scissors in hand, and was hard at work clipping paragraphs, articles, items, criticisms, and other matter, from heaps of journals from all parts of the world, relating to herself, to her book, to the Theosophical Society, to any and everything connected with her life-work and aims. She waved us to a seat, and while she intently read some article we had a chance to observe the walls and furniture of this NEW YORK LAMASERY. Directly in the centre stood a stuffed ape, with a white 'dickey' and necktie around his throat, manuscript in paw, and spectacles on nose. Could it be a mute satire on the clergy?* Over the door was the stuffed head of a lioness, with open jaws and threatening aspect; the eyes glaring with an almost natural ferocity. A god in gold occupied the centre of the mantelpiece; Chinese and Japanese cabinets, fans, pipes, implements, and rugs, low divans and couches, a large desk, a mechanical bird which sang as mechanically, albums, scrap-books, and the inevitable cigarette-holders, papers, and ash-pots, made the loose rich robe in which the Madame was apparelled seem in perfect harmony with her surroundings. A rare,

* No, on the materialistic scientists.—H. S. O.

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strange countenance is hers. A combination of moods seems to constantly play over her features. She never seems quite absorbed by one subject. There is a keen, alert, subtle undercurrent of feeling and perception perceivable in the expression of her eyes. It impressed us then, and has invariably, with the idea of a double personality: as if she were here, and not here; talking and yet thinking, or acting far away. Her hair, light, very thick, and naturally waved, has not a grey thread in it. Her skin, evidently somewhat browned by exposure to sea and sun, has no wrinkles; her hands and arms are as delicate as a girl's. Her whole personality is expressive of self-possession, command, and a certain *sangfroid* which borders on masculine indifference, without for a moment overstepping the bounds of womanly delicacy."

It has been remarked above, if I remember, that what made a visit to the Lamasery so piquant, was the chance that on any given occasion the visitor might see H. P. B. do some wonder in addition to amusing, delighting, or edifying him or her with her witty and vivacious talk. In a pause in the conversation, perhaps a guest would hold up a finger, say "Hush!" and then, all listening in breathless silence, musical notes would be heard in the air. Sometimes they would sound faintly far away in the distance, then coming nearer and gaining volume until the elfin music would float around the room, near the ceiling, and finally die away again in a lost chord and be succeeded by silence. Or it might be that H. P. B. would fling out her hand with an imperious gesture and

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ping! ping! would come, in the air whither she pointed, the silvery tones of a bell. Some people fancy that she must have had a concealed bell under her dress for playing her tricks; but the answer to that is that, not only I but others, have, after dinner, before rising from the table, arranged a series of finger-glasses and tumblers, with various depths of water in them to cause them to give out different notes when struck, and then tapping their edges with a lead-pencil, a knife-blade, or some other thing, have had her duplicate in space every note drawn from the "musical glasses." No trick bell worked beneath a woman's skirts would do that. Then, again, how often have people been present when she would lay her hand on a tree-trunk, a house wall, a clock case, a man's head, or wherever else she might be asked to try it, and cause the fairy bell to ring within the substance of the solid body she had her hands in contact with. I was with her at Mr. Sinnett's house at Simla when, all of us standing on the veranda, she made the musical sounds to come towards us on the air of the starlit night, from across the dark valley into which descended the hill-slope on which the house was built. And I was present when she made a bell to ring inside the head of one of the greatest of the Anglo-Indian civilians, and another to sound inside the coat pocket of another very high civilian at the other side of the room from where she sat.

She never could give any satisfactory scientific explanation of the *modus operandi*. One day when she and I were alone and talking of it, she said: "Now, see here;

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you are a great whistler; how do you form instantaneously any given note you wish to produce?" I replied that I could not exactly say how I did it, except that a certain arrangement of the lips and compression of air within the mouth, the knack of which had been acquired by many years of practice, caused each note to sound simultaneously with the act of my thinking of it. "Well now, tell me: when you would sound a note do you think that, to produce it, you must put your lips, compress your breath, and work your throat-muscles in certain prescribed ways, and then proceed to do it?" "Not at all," I said; "long habit had made the muscular and pneumatic actions automatic." "Well, then, that 's just the thing: I think of a note; automatically or instinctively I work the astral currents by my trained will; I send a sort of cross-current out from my brain to a certain point in space, where a vortex is formed between this current and the great current flowing in the astral light according to the earth's motion, and in that vortex sounds out the note I think. Just, you see, as the note you mean to whistle sounds in the air-tube formed by your lips, when you put them into the right position, work your lip and throat-muscles in the right way, and force your breath to rush out of this channel or lip-orifice. It is impossible for me to explain any better. I can do it, but can't tell you how I do it. Now try any notes you please and see if I cannot imitate them." I struck a note out of one of the tumblers at random, and instantly its echo, as if the soul of it ring-

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ing in Fairyland, would sound in the air; sometimes just overhead, now in this corner, now in that. She sometimes missed the exact note, but when I told her so she would ask me to sound it again, and then the note would be exactly reflected back to us out of the A'kásha.

In connection with the above read what Mrs. Speer says (*Light*, January 28, 1893) about the musical sounds that used to accompany M. A. Oxon.

"*September 19th.*—Before meeting this evening we heard the 'fairy bells' playing in different parts of the garden where we were walking; at times they sounded far off, seemingly playing at the top of some high elm trees, music and stars mingling together, then they would approach nearer to us, eventually following us into the séance-room, which opened on to the lawn. After we were seated the music still lingered with us, playing in the corners of the room, and then over the table round which we were sitting. They played scales and chords by request, with the greatest rapidity, and copied notes Dr. S. made with his voice. After Mr. S. M. was entranced the music became louder and sounded like brilliant playing on the piano. There was no instrument in that room."

The musical phenomena were evidently identical with those of H. P. B., but with the radical difference that she produced the sounds at will, while in Stainton Moseyn's case they were beyond his control and most brilliant when his body was entranced. The Speer Circle had a great deal of these "fairy bells" first and last, and, some

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very unconvincing theories given by the spirits to account for them. For instance, Benjamin Franklin's alleged spirit told them (*Light*, March 18, 1893, p. 130) that "the sound you call fairy bells represents a spirit instrument, one used in the spheres." Yet he adds: "We could do much more for you had our medium a musical organisation, but it is a bad one for music." Why, if it were to be drawn from an instrument? That is almost like saying that Thalberg or Paderevsky could play their instrument better if the gasman of the building were not deaf in one ear! We may safely deny the "spirit-instrument" theory, for we have the explanation in the fact that the more musical the temperament of the medium naturally, the more melodious the fairy bells can be made to jingle in his presence. Moreover, in the case of a medium, the more deeply he is plunged into trance, the nearer and clearer may be the tintinnabulation of the bells, bells, bells!

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CHAPTER XXVII.

ILLUSIONS.

THE elemental messenger of H. P. B. once rang the fairy bell with pathetic effect, at the moment when her pet canary died. It is fixed indelibly in my memory from the fact that it is associated with the recollection of H. P. B.'s feeling of genuine sorrow. It was just an ordinary little hen canary, not much to look at for beauty, but an amazingly industrious housewife; lovable because so evidently honest. I forget where we got her, but think H. P. B. brought her from Philadelphia and that I bought her mate—a splendid singer—in New York. No matter; we had them a long time and they came to be almost like children, as it were. We used to let them fly about the room at their pleasure, and the male bird would reward us by perching on a picture-frame near our work-table and singing most melodiously. The hen would light upon our table in the most fearless way, walk, chirping, right under our noses, and pick up and carry away for nest-building near the ceiling, up in the

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bronze ornament on the chandelier pipe, any ends of twine or other likely materials. She seemed especially to value the long thin snippings of paper cut off by H. P. B. when pasting and readjusting her foolscap MSS. sheets. Little "Jenny" would sometimes wait until her mistress had cut off a piece of paper and dropped it on the table or floor, and then hop to it and carry it off, to the approving song of her handsome husband, "Pip." There was a Turkish carpet with fringed ends on the floor, and this gave Jenny all she could do. The little creature would take one of the strands in her beak, brace herself square upon her feet, and then lean back and tug and jerk with all her might, trying in vain to get it loose.

The nest-building was finished at last, and then Jenny began sitting up aloft over our table, her little head showing beyond the edge of the bronze cup, or ornament, on the gas-pipe. Pip sang his sweetest, and we waited for the hatching out of the eggs with pleasurable interest. The weeks passed on and Jenny still sat and we waited, but no young birds twittered, and we wondered what could be up. At last one day when the bird was away after seed and water, I placed a chair on our writing-table, H. P. B. held it, and I mounted for a peep. The nest was absolutely empty, neither fledgling there nor shell, whether full or broken: we had been fooled by our busy little canary-hen. H. P. B. gave the only possible explanation by saying that "Jenny had been sitting on her illusions": that is, she had persuaded

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herself that she had laid eggs, and that it was her duty to hatch them out!

All went well with us and the birds for many months, but at last our quartette was broken up by the death of Jenny. She was found lying at her last gasp on her back in her cage. I took her out and placed her in H. P. B.'s hand, and we mourned together over our pet. H. P. B. kissed her, gently stroked her plumage, tried to restore her vitality by magnetic breathing, but nothing availed; the bird's gasps grew feebler and feebler, until we saw it could only be a question of minutes. Then the stern, granite-faced H. P. B. melted into tenderness, opened her dress, and laid little Jenny in her bosom; as if to give her life by placing her near the heart that was beating in pity for her. But it was useless; there came a last gasp, a last flutter of the birdie's heart, and then? Then, sharp and sweet and clear in the A'kásha near us, rang out a fairy bell, the requiem of the passing life; and H. P. B. wept for her dead bird.

Speaking of the possibilities of *Mâya*, shall we classify in that category the following phenomenon? One day, in moving about at the table, H. P. B. sent a huge splotch of ink over a light lawn wrapper that she was wearing. There must have been a teaspoonful of the fluid and it ran in a dozen streams down the front of the skirt to the floor. The dress was ruined. I shall drop a veil over the remarks that were elicited from her, merely saying that they were strong rather than poetical. Yet she soon showed me that the evil was not remediless,

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for, stepping towards her bedroom, but without crossing the threshold, she turned her back to me and went to passing her hands over the whole dress, or so much of it as she could reach; and in another moment turning towards me, lo! the light spotted wrapper had disappeared and she stood there clothed in one of a chocolate colour. Was this a Máya? If so, when will a Máya wear out? For she wore the brown dress until it had had its turn of use, and I never saw the light one again.

She told me once in great glee of a Máya that had been put off on herself. She was travelling in the desert, she said, with a certain Coptic white magician who shall be nameless, and, camping one evening, expressed the ardent wish for a cup of good French *café au lait*. "Well, certainly, if you wish it so much," said the guardian guide. He went to the baggage-camel, drew water from the skin, and after awhile returned, bringing in his hand a cup of smoking, fragrant coffee mixed with milk. H. P. B. thought this, of course, was a phenomenal production, since her companion was a high adept and possessed of very great powers. So she thanked him gratefully, and drank, and was delighted, and declared she had never tasted better coffee at the Café de Paris. The magician said nothing, but merely bowed pleasantly and stood as if waiting to receive back the cup. H. P. B. sipped the smoking beverage, and chatted merrily, and—but what is this? The coffee has disappeared and naught but plain water remains in her cup! It never was anything else; she had been drink-

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ing and smelling and sipping the Máya of hot, fragrant Mocha. Of course, it will be said that such an illusion as that may be seen at any travelling mesmeriser's show, where parafine oil is made to taste like chocolate and vinegar like honey. But there is the difference that the illusion in the case of H. P. B. was produced in silence, by simple thought-transference, and upon a subject who herself had the power of casting glamours over third persons. From the crude mesmeric experimentation in a village hall, for pay, to the highest example of mayâvic glamour thrown silently upon one person or a crowd by an Eastern juggler, fakir, sanyâsi, or adept, it is but a difference in degree. One principle runs throughout all these and all other phenomena, the observation of which is the function of the bodily senses. Whether the Máya be induced from without by the spoken word, the suggestive gesture, or the silent will of another, or it be self-engendered by the deceived imagination acting through the will upon the senses, it is all one, and he who thoroughly masters the rationale of the show of the village showman and the naked Indian juggler, will be able to grasp the theory of Máya on a cosmic scale. When one is living in daily association with a person who possesses this power of casting glamour at will over one, the thought becomes most burdensome after awhile, for one never knows whether what is apparently spoken or seen is really so or not. Not even such a visit as the one made me by the Mahátma, with the concomitants of his touching me and speaking to me, and my feeling him as

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a man of substantial body like myself, would really be proof that I was not under a glamour at the time. It will be remembered that this train of thought came up in my mind during the course of our conversation, and when we were about to part, and that the Mahátma smilingly gave me the test I wanted by leaving his turban, a tangible cotton cloth with his cryptograph worked on it, on my table.

How much we read in folk-lore tales about "fairy gold" and "fairy jewels" which by the next dawn are found turned into bits of twigs, leaves, straw, or other rubbish! Such stories one finds current in almost every land and among every people. I have heard them in India. In such cases the principle of Máya is illustrated; but it would seem, from the instance I gave of the Mahátma refunding the half-dollar I had spent for the drawing materials with which his portrait was to be made for me, that the same person who could make the Máya of money at will, might also be able to either create real coin, or by the law of *apport*, bring it to one from some distant place where it lay at the moment.

The production of the two Chinese or Japanese pictures of ladies was glamour, and so was the following case. The Hon. J. L. O'Sullivan, formerly U. S. Minister to Portugal, of whom mention has been made above, was calling one day, when the conversation turned upon the phenomenon of duplication. I had brought home that afternoon a bank-note for $1,000 and had given it to H. P. B. to keep for me. She produced this note

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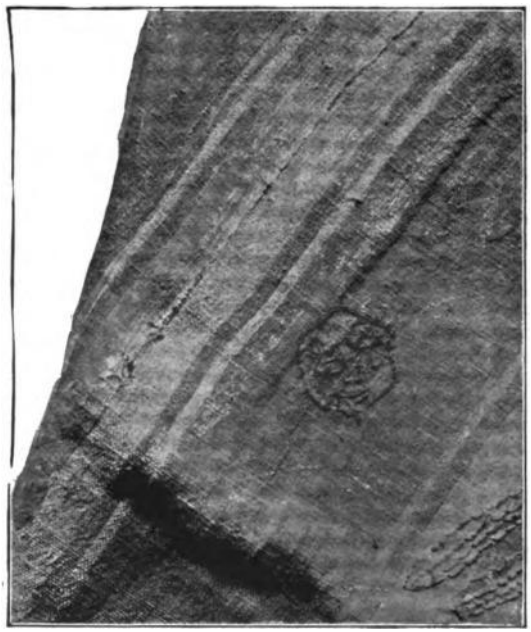

A CORNER OF A MAHÁTMA'S TURBAN.

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from her drawer, gave it to Mr. O'Sullivan to hold, rolled up, in his hand. Presently she told him to open his hand and see what he would find. He did so, and unrolling the bank-note found inside it another, its exact duplicate in paper, serial number, and face and back plate-printing. "Well," he exclaimed, "this is a famous way to become rich!" "No, indeed," answered H. P. B., "'t is but a psychological trick. We, who have the power of doing this, dare not use it for our own or any other's interest, any more than you would dare to commit the forgery by the methods of the counterfeiter. It would be stealing from the Government in either case." She refused to satisfy our curiosity as to how she effected the duplication, telling us with a laugh to find out if we could. The two notes were laid away in the drawer, and when our visitor had departed, she showed me that but the original one remained; the duplicate had dissolved again.

Shortly before we left New York, H. P. B. went out with me one evening to shop for herself. The purchases amounted to fifty dollars, and as she had no money at all at the time, I paid the bills and took charge of the receipts. As we were about entering the door of our house, she let go my arm, took my hand, and thrust some bank-notes in it saying; "There are your fifty dollars!" I repeat, that she had no money of her own, and no visitor coming to the house from whom she could have borrowed it: nor, when we left the house, did she know what she would buy nor how much she would

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spend. She simply had money when she actually needed it and when it was right that she should have it. For example: I was once asked to go to a certain city and undertake some work for the Mahátmas, which had very important possibilities hanging upon its doing. I estimated that it would take me at least one or two months, and, as I was paying the "Lamasery" expenses and had other large demands upon my purse, I told H. P. B. frankly that I could not afford to spend the time away from New York. "Very well," she said, "do as you think right; you are not yet a pledged neophyte and the Brothers have not the smallest right to take you away from your business." Still, I could not bear the idea of refusing the least thing that the Teachers should ask me, and although I could not see how I would have enough coming in for my wants while absent, I finally said that I would go, at any cost. H. P. B. asked me what I should probably lose by going, and I told her that at the very lowest calculation it would be not less than $500 a month. I went, and did not return until well into the second month. On going to the bank to see what money I had to my credit, I was astounded on being told that the sum was just a thousand dollars more than I could account for. Was not the book-keeper mistaken? No, it was so and so much. Then I asked him if he could recollect the appearance of the person who had, it seemed, made two deposits of $500 each to the credit on my account. He fortunately could, because the man was of so strange an appearance: he was very

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tall, with long black hair rolling on his shoulders, piercing black eyes, and brown complexion: an Asiatic, in short. The same man had made both the deposits, merely handing in the money and asking that it might be placed to my credit. He did not have my pass-book, and he asked the Receiving Teller to fill up the deposit ticket himself as "he could not write English." Supposing H. P. B. to have had the friends she had years later in India and Europe, it would not have been at all remarkable if she had got one of them to lend her the money to make good my deficit, but at that time there was not a person of her acquaintance but myself, from whom she could have borrowed even one hundred dollars, much less one thousand.

Then, again, at Bombay, she always had money given her when it was badly needed. When we landed there was barely enough to pay our current household expenses a few months ahead, let alone to squander on luxuries or superfluities; yet she and I started off to the Punjáb, with Moolji and Baboola, on that memorable journey which she expanded into her vivid romance, *Caves and Jungles of Hindustan* and spent about two thousand rupees without being the worse for it. The cruse of oil and measure of meal were never exhausted, because we were given what we required by the Masters whose work we were doing. When I asked how it was possible for this to be when the Masters were living outside the world of money-making and money-getting H. P. B. told me that they were the guardians over un-

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told wealth of mines and buried treasure and jewels which, according to the Karma attaching to them, could be employed for the good of mankind through many different agencies. Some of these treasures were, however, so befouled with the aura of crime that if suffered to be dug up and circulated before the details of the law of Karma had worked themselves out, they would breed fresh crimes and more direful human misery. Again, the Karma of some individuals required that they should, as if by the merest accident, discover buried pots of money or other valuables, or attract to themselves in the way of business, fortunes greater or less. These effects of compensation were worked out by the elementals of the mineral kingdom with whom—according to Eastern belief—the apparent pets of fortune were closely allied through the elementals preponderating in their own temperaments.

This question of the existence of elemental spirits has always been the crux with the Spiritualists, yet Mrs. Britten, one of their chiefs, declares (see *Banner of Light*) that "SHE KNOWS of the existence of other than human spirits, and has seen apparitions of spiritual or elementary existence, evoked by cabalistic words and practices." The Hon. A. Aksakof, moreover, states that "Prince A. Dolgorouki, the great authority on Mesmerism, has written me that he has ascertained that spirits which play the most prominent part at séances are elementaries—gnomes, etc. His clairvoyants have seen them and describe them thus." *Spi. Sci.*, December, 1875. (T. S. Scrap-Book, I, 92.)

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To resume, then, the hand of such an individual, having in him a preponderance of the elementals belonging to the natural kingdom of minerals and metals, like that of Midas, King of Phrygia, would have that magic property that " everything he touches turns to gold " ; and no matter how stupid he might be as to general affairs, his " luck " would be constant and irresistible. So, too, with a preponderance of the watery elementals, he would be attracted to the life of a sailor and stick to it despite all hardships and sufferings. So, also, the preponderance of the elementals of the air in a man's temperament would set him, as a child, to climbing trees and house-roofs, as a man, to mountaineering, ballooning, walking the tight-rope at dizzy heights, and otherwise trying to get above the earth's surface. H. P. B. told me various stories to illustrate this principle, which need not be quoted here, since human life teems with examples that may be comprehended upon testing them with the key above given. As regards the Theosophical Society, I may say that, while neither H. P. B. nor I were ever allowed to have a superfluity, we were never left to suffer for the necessaries of our life and work. Over and over again, twenty, fifty times have I seen our cash-box nearly emptied and the prospects ahead very discouraging in the pecuniary sense, yet as invariably have I received in remittances from some quarter or another, what was needed, and our work has never been stopped for a single day for lack of means to carry on the Head-quarters.

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Yet the agent of the unseen Masters is often disqualified for judging whether it is or is not necessary for the success of his public work that he should have money coming in to himself. When H. P. B. was ordered from Paris to New York in 1873, she soon found herself in the most dismal want, having, as stated in a previous chapter, to boil her coffee-dregs over and over again for lack of pence for buying a fresh supply; and to keep off starvation, at last had to work with her needle for a maker of cravats. She got no presents from unexpected sources, found no fairy-gold on her mattress on waking in the morning. The time was not yet. But, although she was in such stark poverty herself, she had lying in her trunk for some time after her arrival a large sum of money (I think something like 23,000 francs) which had been confided to her by the Master, to await orders. The order finally came to her to go to Buffalo. Where that was or how to reach it, she had not the remotest idea until she enquired: What to do at Buffalo? "No matter what: take the money with you." On reaching her destination she was told to take a hack and drive to such an address, and give the money to such and such a person; to make no explanations, but to take his receipt and come away. She did so: the man was found at the address given, and found in peculiar conditions. He was writing a farewell letter to his family, with a loaded pistol on the table with which he would have shot himself in another half hour if H. P. B. had not come. It seems—as she told me subsequently—that this was a

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most worthy man who had been robbed of the 23,000 francs in some peculiar way that made it necessary, for the sake of events that would subsequently happen as a consequence—events of importance to the world—that he should have the money restored to him at a particular crisis, and H. P. B. was the agent deputed to this act of beneficence. When we met she had entirely forgotten the man's name, his street and number. Here we have a case where the very agent chosen to carry the money to the beneficiary was herself in most necessitous circumstances, yet not permitted to use one franc of the trust fund to buy herself a pound of fresh coffee.

I recollect still another case where H. P. B. had the dispensing of "fairy-gold"—to use the popular term. Fortunately the beneficiary has left us the story in printer's ink.

It seems that at a meeting of certain well-known Spiritualists of Boston (Mass.) something was said as to the probability of the *Spiritual Scientist* dying out for lack of patronage. The late C. H. Foster, a famous medium who was present, gave as from a controlling spirit, the positive declaration that the calamity in question was impending; as, in fact, it was, since its Editor, Mr. Gerry Brown, had a rather large note to pay very soon and no means to meet it with. These introductory facts were published in the *Spiritual Scientist*, together with the following sequel, quoted from a clipping from that journal which I find in one of our scrap-books:

"A few days ago the manager of the *Scientist* received

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a notice to call at the Western Union Telegraph Office and receipt for money sent by telegraph. He went with the following experience :

"Scene—Western Union Telegraph Office. Time, noon. To the left, receiver at desk. Enter on the right an individual who presents a money-order notice.

"*Clerk.* Are you expecting money ?

"*Individual.* Well, that 's my name and address on the order, and that 's your notice to me. I have no one in mind however.

"*Clerk.* Do you know of one Sir Henry de Morgan ?

"*Individual.* (Smiling broadly.) Well, I have heard it said that the spirit of the gentleman you mention, who lived on earth 250 years ago, takes a kind interest in my welfare. I 'll receipt for the money.

"*Clerk.* (Drawing back and changing tone.) Do you know any one about here who can identify you

"*Individual.* Yes.

"Here a member of the company is called who knows Individual and the money is paid.

"An hour later a telegram came saying :

"'I contribute ——— dollars to pay ——— note, due June 19th, and defy Charles Foster to make his prophecy good. The challenge to be published. Go to Western Union Telegraph Office, get money, and acknowledge receipt by telegraph.

"'Sir Henry de Morgan.'

"The money was sent from a far distant city. As the telegram asks us to publish, we do so willingly. We

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advance no opinion in this case. We have already shown the telegram to several prominent spiritualists, one of whom suggests that a member of the circle is guying us. Well and good. We are willing to be guyed as often as any one wishes to *guy* us in this manner."

Of course, the "distant city" was Philadelphia, and the sender, H. P. B., who—as above mentioned—was, with myself, interested in helping the Editor to pull his paper through a pecuniary crisis. Now, I am fully acquainted with the extent of H. P. B.'s own resources at that time, and I absolutely know that she was not in a position to send sums, either large or small, to impecunious third parties, and that her second husband was as poor as herself and without credit to borrow upon. She must have got the money as she got that for her purchases in New York and for travelling expenses in India, viz., from the Lodge. The Sir Henry Morgan of the telegram was John King, the alleged spirit control, in whose name H. P. B.'s first phenomena were done in New York and Philadelphia.

By an interesting coincidence, while correcting these proofs, I found in our Library a book about Morgan, of which I had lost sight for some years. Its title is *The History of the Bucaniers of America; from their First Original down to this Time;* written in several languages; and now collected into one volume. Containing: The Exploits and Adventures of Le Grand, Lolonois, Roche Brasiliano, Bat the Portuguese, Sir Henry Morgan, etc. Written in Dutch by Jo. Esquemeling, one of

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the Bucaniers, and thence translated into Spanish, etc., etc. [London, 1699. The Original Edition.]

It is a queer, quaint, blood-curdling old book, that I picked up in New York, I think, and we had it early in our acquaintance. The thing that gives it an especial interest to us is that the intelligence which masqueraded for my edification as John King phenomenally precipitated on the three blank leaves preceding the Title-page, the following doggerel verses:

"*To my fast friend Harry Olcott.*

"Hark ye o gents—to Captain Morgan's pedigree
Herein furnished by lying Esquemeling;
The latter but a truant, and in some degree
The Spaniard's spy—Dutch Jew—who pennance sought and sailing
Back to his foggy land, and took to book-selling.
Ye lying cur! Though Captain Morgan bucaniered
He natheless knew well I trow—the wrong from right,
From face of ennemie the Captain never steered,
And never tacked about to show his heels in fight,
Though he loved wenches, wine, and gold—he was a goodly knight.
He passed away for noble virtue praised round,
Encompast by his friends who shov'd him underground
And settled *Above*—disguising for a change—
His title, and name so famous once—that may seem strange—
But aint, and called himself *John King*—the King of Sprites
Protector to weak wench—defender of her rights. . . . .
Peace to the bones of both—the Pirat and the Knight—
For both have rotten away the good and wicked spright
And both of them have met—forwith when disembodied.
The Dutch biographer met with a tristful case
Sir Henry Morgan's spirit who had long uphoarded
The wrongs made by the Jew chased his foe's Sprite apace
And never Spirit world before or after witnessed
A more sound thrashing or more mirthful race."

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" *Morality*

" Know—O friend Harry, that a Sprite's affray
In Summer Land is common any day,
That all thy evil deeds on earth begotten
Can never *there* be easily forgotten.
" Yer benevolent friend,
" JOHN KING."

The quaint diction and spelling of these verses will command attention, and I submit that they are much more characteristic of such an intelligence as presumably was the buccaneer knight's than the mass of sloppy communications we have got through mediums.

Besides the open book-shelves between the windows in our work-room at the Lamasery, there was a smaller one with glass doors, which stood in the N. E. window. On the day when I purchased the lioness head, above mentioned, I also bought a fine specimen of the large American grey owl, which was very well mounted. I first put it on a small stand in one of the corners, but later transferred it to the top of this smaller book-case, putting a box inside the cornice to raise the bird up to the proper height for display. I mention the circumstance because of an instructive phenomenon that happened between the time of my putting the box inside the cornice, and taking the stuffed bird from the writing table behind me to lift it to its place. In that instant of time there came upon the flat part of the cornice and the frames of the two glass doors, some large Tibetan writings in letters of gold ; and of so permanent a character that they remained there until we left New York

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Observe the procedure: I face the book-case to put the empty box on top, and this brings my face in actual contact with the exposed front of the book-case, and I see nothing whatever written or painted on the plain wood surfaces. I turn about in my tracks, pick up the bird, turn back to lift it to its place, and—there are the gold-lettered Tibetan messages before my eyes. Was this a positive or a negative Máyá, the precipitation at that instant of a writing by thought-force, from the distance across the room where H. P. B. sat? or was it an inhibition on the sight of myself and the several others in the room, until the right moment came for removing the temporary and special blindness, and allowing us to see what H. P. B. had probably written in gold-ink during the daytime, and then had hidden under her "veil of Máyá"? I think the latter.

Mr. Judge tells Mr. Sinnett (*vide Incidents in the Life of Madame Blavatsky*, p. 191) of a phenomenon of precipitation, of which I also was witness. The facts are as follows: One evening H. P. B., Mr. Judge, and I were together and a letter had to be written to Mr. M. D. Evans, of Philadelphia, an insurance-broker. Neither of us could at the moment recollect his address; there was no place near by where a Philadelphia Directory could be consulted; and we were at our wit's end. H. P. B. and I both recollected that in Philadelphia she had had on her table a slip of blotting paper with Mr. Evans' address printed on it, in a wave-line along with that of an insurance company, but neither of us could

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recall it. Finally, she did this: she took from the table before us a japanned tin paper-cutter, stroked it gently, laid a piece of blotting paper over it, passed her hand over the surface, lifted the paper, and there, on the black japanned surface of the paper-cutter was printed in bronze ink the facsimile of the inscription on the Philadelphia blotting slip that Evans had given her in that city. Her physical brain could not recollect the inscription, but when she focussed her will-power upon the (physically speaking) vague memory of her astral brain, the hidden image was dragged to light again and precipitated upon the determined surface. This was a case of a "subliminal" being converted into a supraliminal consciousness; and a most interesting one, it will be conceded.

I leave the reader to decide whether the following phenomenon was a Máyá, an *apport*, a trick, or a creation. She and I were as usual one evening smoking while at work; she her cigarette, I my pipe. It was a new one, I remember, and the tobacco was as good as one could wish, but she suddenly sniffed and exclaimed, "Pah! what horrid tobacco you are smoking, Olcott!" I said she was very much mistaken, as both pipe and tobacco were unexceptionable. "Well," she said, "I don't like it this evening; take a cigarette." "No," I replied, "I 'll not smoke since it annoys you." "Why don't you use those nice Turkish pipes that come from Constantinople?" said she. "Because I have none—a very good reason." "Well, then, here 's one

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for you," she exclaimed, dropping her hand down beside her arm-chair, and bringing it up again with a pipe in it, which she handed me. It had a red clay, flaring bowl, set in filagree gilt, and a stem covered with purple velvet and ornamented with a slight gilt chain with imitation coins attached. I took it with a simple "Thank you," filled and lit it, and went on with my work. "How do you like it?" she asked. "Well enough," I said, "although instead of purple I wish the velvet had been blue." "Oh well, have a blue one then," she remarked; again putting down her hand and lifting it again with a blue-stemmed pipe in it. I thanked her and continued my work. The manœuvre was again repeated, and she said, "Here 's a baby pipe," and she gave me a miniature edition of the larger sort. Being apparently in the mood for surprises, she then successively produced a Turkish cigarette mouth-piece in gilt and amber, a Turkish coffee-pot and sugar-bowl, and finally a gilt tray in repoussé with imitation enamel ornamentation. "Any more?" I asked. "Has any Turkish shop been afire?" She laughed, and said that would do for that evening; but some time she might take the fancy of giving me by magic an Arab horse fully caparisoned, to ride down Broadway in a procession of the Theosophical Society and astonish the natives! Many, very many persons, saw the pipes and coffee equipage in our rooms thereafter, and when we left New York all were given away to friends, save the gilt tray and sugar-basin which I brought out to India and have still.

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CHAPTER XXVIII.

CHARACTER SKETCH OF MME. BLAVATSKY.

A FEW words more to complete the character sketch of H. P. B. She was, even in her youth —to judge from her early portraits—a plump person, and later in life became very corpulent. It seems to have been a family peculiarity. In her case the tendency was aggravated by the manner of life she led, taking next to no physical exercise whatever, and eating much unless seriously out of health. Even then she partook largely of fatty meats and used to pour melted butter by the quantity over her fried eggs at breakfast. Wines and spirits she never touched, her beverages being tea and coffee, preferably the latter. Her appetite, while I knew her, was extremely capricious, and she was most rebellious to all fixed hours for meals, hence a terror to all cooks and the despair of her colleague.

I remember an instance at Philadelphia which shows this peculiarity in an especial degree. She had one

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maid-of-all-work, and on this particular day a leg of mutton was boiling for dinner. Suddenly H. P. B. bethought her to write a note to a lady friend who lived at the other end of the city, an hour's journey each way, as there were no trams or other public conveyances going direct from the one house to the other. She called in trumpet tones for the maid, and ordered her to set off instantly with the note and bring the answer. The poor girl told her that the dinner would be spoilt, and she could not possibly get back until an hour beyond the usual time. H. P. B. would not listen and told her to begone at once. Three-quarters of an hour later H. P. B. began complaining that the stupid idiot of a girl had not returned; she was hungry and wanted her dinner, and sent all Philadelphia servants to the devil *en masse*. In another quarter of an hour she had grown desperate, and so we went down to the kitchen for a look. Of course, the pots of meat and vegetables were set back on the range, the fire was banked, and the prospect of dinner was extremely small. H. P. B.'s wrath was vehement, and so there was nothing for us but to turn to and cook for ourselves. When the maid returned she was scolded so roundly that she burst into tears and gave warning! At New York, if any nice visitor chanced to be there, either the dinner would have to wait indefinitely, or he or she or they—for it made no difference—would be asked to come in and dine, and the portions provided for us two had to be divided and sub-divided for perhaps four people. At Bombay it

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was worse: one day the dinner would be put off two hours and another H. P. B. would demand to be served an hour before the time; and then frighten the wretched Goanese servants into fits, because the vegetables were half-boiled and the meat half-cooked. So when we removed to Adyar I determined to put a stop to this bother, and built a kitchen on the terrace near H. P. B.'s bed-room, gave her a set of servants to herself, and let her eat or go without as she pleased.

I found on visiting her in London after her removal there, that the same old system was in vogue, H. P. B.'s appetite having become more capricious than ever because of the progress of disease, although every possible delicacy was provided by her friends to tempt her. Poor thing! it was not her fault, although her ill health had been largely caused by her almost life-long neglect of the rules of digestion. She was never an ascetic, not even a vegetarian while I knew her, flesh diet seeming to be indispensable for her health and comfort; as it is to so many others in our Society, including myself. I know many who have tried their best to get on with vegetable diet, and some, myself for example, who have followed up the experiment for several years together, yet have been forced finally to revert to their old diet against their will. Some, on the contrary, like Mrs. Besant and other prominent Theosophists I could name, have found themselves much healthier, stronger, and better on non-flesh food, and gradually acquire a positive loathing for meat in any of its forms. All which

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verifies the old proverb, "What is one man's meat is another man's poison." I think that neither blame is warranted in one case nor praise in the other, because of the regimen one chooses by preference. It is not what goes into the mouth that defiles a man, but what lies in his heart. A wise old saying, worth remembering by the self-righteous.

H. P. B. was, all the world knows, an inveterate smoker. She consumed an immense number of cigarettes daily, for the rolling of which she possessed the greatest deftness. She could even roll them with her left hand while she was writing "copy" with her right. Her devoted London physician, Dr. Mennell, has the most unique present she could have given any person: a box, with his monogram neatly carved on the lid, which contains several hundred cigarettes that she rolled for him with her own hands. She sent it to him just before her death, and the Doctor has it laid by as a souvenir of, doubtless, his most interesting and illustrious patient.

While she was writing *Isis Unveiled*, at New York, she would not leave her apartment for six months at a stretch. From early morning until very late at night she would sit at her table working. It was not an uncommon thing for her to be seventeen hours out of the twenty-four at her writing. Her only exercise was to go to the dining-room or bath-room and back again to her table. As she was then a large eater, the fat accumulated in great masses on her body: her chin doubled

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and trebled ; a watery fat formed in her limbs and hung in masses over her ankles ; her arms developed great bags of adipose, which she often showed visitors and laughed at as a great joke—a bitter one as it proved in after years. When *Isis* was finished and we began to see ahead the certainty of our departure, she went one day with my sister and got herself weighed : she turned the scales at 245 pounds (17 stone 7), and then announced that she meant to reduce herself to the proper weight for travelling, which she fixed at 156 pounds (11 stone 2). Her method was simple : every day, ten minutes after each meal, she had a wineglass of plain water brought her ; she would hold one palm over it, look at it mesmerically, and then drink it off. I forget just how many weeks she continued this treatment, but finally she asked my sister to go again with her to be weighed. They brought and showed me the certificate of the shopkeeper who owned the scales, to the effect that " The weight of Madame Blavatsky this day is 156 pounds ! " So she continued until long after we reached India, when the obesity reappeared and persisted, aggravated with dropsy, until her death.

There was one aspect of her character which amazed strangers, and made her very attractive to those who loved her. I mean a sort of childish delight that she exhibited when certain things pleased her very much. She was sent once into transports of joy on receipt of a box of caviare, sweet cakes, and other delicacies from Russia, while we were at New York. She was for hav-

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ing us all taste them, and when I protested that the fish-roes had the flavour of salted shoe-leather, she was almost ready to annihilate me. A crumb of black bread that chanced to be in a home newspaper she had had sent her, suggested the entire home life at Odessa. She described to me her beloved aunt Nadjeda, sitting late at night in her room, reading the papers while nibbling one of these very crusts; and then the different rooms in the house, the occupants, their habits and doings. She actually wrapped the crumb in a bit of the newspaper and laid it under her pillow to dream upon.

In my Diary of 1878, I find an entry for Sunday, July 14, 1878, about a seaside trip we took with Wimbridge. It says:

"A superb day, bright sun, cool, pleasant air, everything charming. We three took a carriage, drove to the beach and all bathed. H. P. B. presented a most amusing appearance; paddling about in the surf, with her bare legs, and showing an almost infantile glee to be in such a 'splendid magnetism.'"

At Madras she received the present of several toys in scroll-saw fret-work, from her aunt. Some of comical design she brought out to show all visitors until the novelty had worn off. One, a wall-pocket in ebony and calamander wood, hangs in her old bed-room at Adyar, where I am now writing.

On her table in New York stood an iron savings-box, modelled like a Gothic tomb or temple—one cannot say which—which was to her the source of constant delight.

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It had a slit in the dome inside, and an innocent-looking round table-top on a pillar. This was connected with a crank on the outside, and if a coin were placed on it and the crank turned, the coin would presently be swept off through a slot and fall inside, from whence it could only be removed by unscrewing a certain small plate at the bottom. We made this our collection-box for the Arya Samaj, and H. P. B.—but I shall let the reporter of the *N. Y. Star* speak for himself on this point. In that paper for December 8, 1878, it is written :

" Madame Blavatsky, or, as she prefers to be called, H. P. B. (she having sent the title of ' Madame ' to look for that of ' Countess,' which she threw away before) was enraptured with the idea. ' I will fill my little temple with dollars,' she cried, ' and I shall not be ashamed to take it to India.' The temple she referred to is a small, but intricate structure, with an entrance, but no exit, for money contributed to the Arya Samaj. It is solidly constructed of cast-iron, and is surmounted by a small ' Dev.' H. P. B. kindly explained to the reporter that ' Dev ' was a Sanskrit word, differently interpreted as god, or devil, or genie by different nations of the East. The casual visitor to the Lamasery is frequently invited to place a small coin on the top of the temple, and to turn a crank. The result is invariably the great glee of the Theosophs, the discomfiture of the casual visitor, and the enrichment of the Arya Samaj, for the coin disappears in the process."

The same writer, I find, says something nice about the

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mural picture in dried leaves, of a tropical jungle, that was made in our dining-room, and described in a recent chapter. We thought of making a lottery among our friends of the furniture of the Lamasery, and this was to be one of the prizes. The *Star* reporter says :

"Perhaps one of the most remarkable things in all the collection of unique prizes is one which has no claim to be considered magical. It is a mural ornament, so elaborately beautiful and yet so simple, that it seems strange that it is not fashionable. On one of the walls of the dining-room of the now famous flat is the representation of a tropical scene, in which appear an elephant, a tiger, a huge serpent, a fallen tree, monkeys, birds and butterflies, and two or three sheets of water. It is neither painted nor drawn, but the design was first cut out in paper and then autumn leaves of various hues were pasted on, while the water was represented by small pieces of broken mirror. The effect is remarkably beautiful, but the winner of the prize will probably need magical art to remove it in good condition, for it has been in its place so long that the leaves are dry and brittle."

The jocund side of H. P. B.'s character was one of her greatest charms. She liked to say witty things herself and to hear others say them. As above remarked, her *salon* was never dull save, of course, to those who had no knowledge of Eastern literature and understood nothing of Eastern philosophy, and to them time might have dragged heavily when H. P. B. and Wilder, or Dr.

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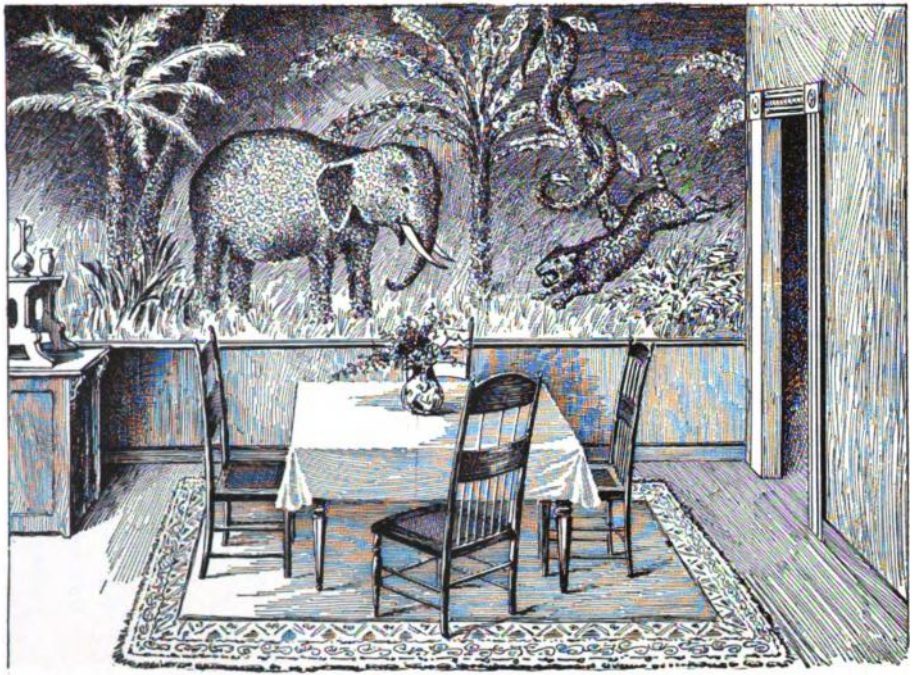

A WALL-PICTURE IN DRIED LEAVES.

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Weisse, or some other *savant* were discussing these deeper depths and loftier heights of thought by hours together. Yet even then she spoke so unconventionally, and formulated her views with so much *verve* and startling parodox, that even if the listener could not follow the thread of her thought, he must admire it; as one may the Crystal Palace pyrotechnics, although he does not know the chemical processes employed to manufacture the pieces. She caught up and made her own any quaint phrase or word as, for instance, "flapdoodle," "whistle-breeches," and several others which have come to be regarded as her own invention. In our play-times, *i. e.*, after finishing our nightwork, or when visitors came or, rarely, when she wanted to have a little rest, she would tell me tales of magic, mystery, and adventure, and in return, get me to whistle, or sing comic songs, or tell droll stories. One of the latter became, by two years' increment added on to the original, a sort of mock Odyssey of the Moloney family, whose innumerable descents into matter, returns to the state of cosmic force, intermarriages, changes of creed, skin, and capabilities, made up an extravaganza of which H. P. B. seemed never to have enough. She would set me going in presence of third parties, much to my disgust sometimes, and enjoy their surprise at this rough and ready improvisation. It was all recited in an Irish brogue, and was a mere fanfarronade of every kind of nonsense; dealing extravagantly with the problems of macrocosmic and microcosmic evolution: the gist of the whole

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thing being that the Moloneys were related by marriage to the Molecules, and that the two together generated the supreme potency of Irish force, which controlled the vicissitudes of all worlds, suns, and galaxies. It was, as compared with the trifling story from which it developed, like the giant Banyan tree as compared with its tiny seed-germ. She got at last to call me Moloney, both in speaking and writing, and I retaliated by calling her Mulligan. Both nicknames were caught up by our friends, and my old boxes of archives contain many letters to her and myself, under those Hibernian pseudonyms.

She was a splendid pianist, playing with a touch and expression that were simply superb. Her hands were models—ideal and actual—for a sculptor and never seen to such advantage as when flying over the keyboard to find its magical melodies. She was a pupil of Moscheles, and when in London as a young girl, with her father, played at a charity concert with Madame Clara Schumann and Madame Arabella Goddard in a piece of Schumann's for three pianos.* During the time of our relationship she played scarcely at all. Once a cottage piano was bought and she played on it for a few weeks, but then it remained closed ever after until sold, and served as a double book-shelf. There were times when

* Some weeks after the above was published I learned from a member of her family that shortly before coming to America, H. P. B. had made some concert tours in Italy and Russia under the pseudonym of "Madame Laura."

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she was occupied by one of the Mahâtmas, when her playing was indescribably grand. She would sit in the dusk sometimes, with nobody else in the room beside myself, and strike from the sweet-toned instrument improvisations that might well make one fancy he was listing to the Gandhâvas, or heavenly choristers. It was the harmony of heaven.

She had a bad eye for colours and proportions in her normal state, and very little of that fine æsthetic taste which makes a woman dress herself becomingly. I have gone to the theatre with her when I expected the house to rise at us. She, a stout and remarkable looking woman, wearing a perky hat with plumes, a *grand toilette* satin dress with much trimming, a long, heavy gold chain about her neck, attached to a blue-enamelled watch, with a monogram on the back in cheap diamonds, and on her lovely hands a dozen or fifteen rings, large and small. People might laugh at her aside, but if they caught her stern eye and looked into her massive Calmuck face, their laugh soon died away and a sense of awe and wonder possessed them.

She was at times generous to the extreme, lavishly so; at others the very opposite. When she had money she seemed to regard it as something to be got rid of soon. She told me that she spent within two years a legacy of 85,000 roubles (about 170,000 rupees) left her by her grandmother, in desultory wandering over the world. A good part of the time she had with her a huge Newfoundland dog, which she led by a heavy golden chain!

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She was a most downright, plain-spoken person, when not exchanging politenesses with a new acquaintance, at which times she was *grande-dame* to her finger-tips. No matter how untidy she might be in appearance, she bore the ineffaceable stamp of high birth; and if she chose, could be as dignified as a French duchesse. But in her ordinary, everyday life, she was as sharp as a knife in her sarcasm and like an exploding bomb in her moments of anger. The one unpardonable sin, for her, was hypocrisy and society airs. Then, she was merciless, and the sources of various languages were exhausted to cover the victim with contumely. She frequently saw as in a mirror, clairvoyantly, the secret sins of men and women whom she encountered; and if they happened to be particularly prone to speak of Theosophy with disdain or of herself with contempt, she would pour the vials of wrathful candour upon their heads. The "ower guid" folk were her abhorrence, but for a poor, ignorant but frank person, whether reputable or the opposite, she had always a kind word and often a gift. Unconventionality was with her almost a cult, and nothing pleased her more than to do and say things to shock the prudish. For example, I find an entry in my diary to the effect that, on a certain evening, she put on her night-dress, went to bed, and received a mixed company of ladies and gentlemen. This was after the fashion of royal and noble dames of pre-revolutionary days in Europe. Her palpable sexlessness of feeling carried all this off without challenge. No woman visitor would ever see in her a

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possible rival, no man imagine that she could be cajoled by him into committing indiscretions. She swore like the army in Flanders but meant no harm, and if her uncommon predilection in this respect had not been so much noticed and denounced by the sticklers for propriety—themselves, as she clairvoyantly saw, sometimes smug sinners behind closed doors—she would doubtless have given it up. It is in human-nature, and was in her nature, superlatively, to keep doing forbidden things just out of a spirit of revolt. I knew a lady once whose child caught from the farm servants the habit of saying wicked words. The mother, a most exemplary lady in every respect, was heartbroken about it. Whipping and other punishments only made matters worse, and no better result was obtained from the last expedient of *washing out the child's mouth with bar soap* after he had been heard swearing. At last some sensible friend advised the parents to try what would come of paying no attention whatever to the bad language. The plan was a complete success, and within a few months the culprit swore no more. H. P. B. felt herself in revolt to every conventional idea of society, being in beliefs, tastes, dress, ideals, and behaviour a social helot; so she revenged herself by showing her own commanding talents and accomplishments, and causing society to fear her. Secretly smarting for her lack of physical beauty, she continually harped upon her "potatoe nose," as though she defied criticism. The world was to her an empty sham, its prizes but dross, her waking life a lugu-

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brious existence, her real life that of the night when, leaving the body, she would go and sit at the feet of her Masters. So she felt little else than scorn and profound contempt for the blind bigots and narrow-thinking men of science, who had not even a stray glimpse of the truth, yet who would judge her with unrighteous judgment, and conspire to silence her by a conspiracy of calumny. For clergymen as a body she felt hatred, because, being themselves absolutely ignorant of the truths of the spirit, they assumed the right to lead the spiritually blind, to keep the lay conscience under control, to enjoy revenues they had not earned, and to damn the heretic, who was often the sage, the illuminatus, the adept. We had one scrap-book into which we used to paste paragraphs from the newspapers telling of the crimes of clergymen and priests who had been brought to justice, and before we left for India there was a large collection of them.

H. P. B. made numberless friends, but often lost them again and saw them turned into personal enemies. No one could be more fascinating than she when she chose, and she chose it when she wanted to draw persons to her public work. She would be caressing in tone and manner, and make the person feel that she regarded him as her best, if not her only friend. She would even write in the same tone, and I think I could name a number of women who hold her letters saying that they are to be her successors in the T. S., and twice as many men whom she declared her "only *real* friends and accepted

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chélas." I have a number of such certificates, and used to think them treasures until, after comparing notes with third parties, I found that they had been similarly encouraged, and I saw that all her eulogies were valueless. With ordinary persons like myself and her other intimate associates, I should not say she was either loyal or staunch. We were to her, I believe, nothing more than pawns in a game of chess, for whom she had no heart-deep love. She repeated to me the secrets of people of both sexes—even the most compromising ones—that had been confided to her, and she treated mine, such as they are, I am convinced, in the same fashion. But she was loyal to the last degree to her aunt, her other relatives, and to the Masters; for whose work she would have sacrificed not only one, but twenty lives, and calmly seen the whole human race consumed with fire, if needs be.

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CHAPTER XXIX.

MADAM BLAVATSKY BECOMES AN AMERICAN CITIZEN. FORMATION OF THE BRITISH THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY. LAST DAYS IN NEW YORK.

IT was but natural that the Queen of our little Bohemia should have been asked for sittings by the Bohemian artists who clustered around her; and so it happens that she sat to Thos. Le Clear for her portrait in oils, and to O'Donovan for a bronze portrait-medallion. The Diary entry for 24th February (1878) shows that we two spent the evening at Walter Paris's studio, and had a jolly time of it with some of the best artists of New York. Most of them belonged to the famous Tile Club, whose members meet monthly at each other's studios, and paint designs on tiles supplied by the host of the evening, whose property they become, and who has them baked and glazed at his own expense. A charming arrangement, by which each member of the Club becomes in his turn, at trifling cost, the owner of a set of signed paintings by good artists.

H. P. B. was inexpressibly amused by an incident connected with my farcical improvisations, alluded to

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above. One of the things she frequently called for was a burlesque of "speaking mediumship," in which the mannerisms and platitudes of a certain class of platform speakers were travestied. On the evening in question we had as a visitor a London *litterateur*, a former editor of the *Spectator* and a University man. He had gone in for a good deal of investigation of Spiritualism and was a believer. I pretended to be controlled by the spirit of a deceased High Church clergyman and, with closed eyes and solemn tone, launched out into a tirade against the demoralising influences of the day, among which I accorded first place to the Theosophical Society. The promoters of this nefarious body, I made the pseudo-spirit denounce in an especial degree, while upon H. P. B., its high priestess and head devil, I launched the thunderbolts of the major and minor excommunication. The old lady laughed until she cried, but our guest sat staring at me (as I noticed from time to time when I took a hasty glance at him between my almost closed lids), and at last broke out with the exclamation: "It 's terrible, it 's awfully real; you really should not let him do it, Madame!" "Do what?" she asked. "Give way to this mediumship when his whole self is obsessed by so strong and so vindictive a personality of the spirit-world!" This was too much for my mirth-loving colleague, and she exploded with laughter. Finally, catching her breath, she cried out: "Stop! For goodness' sake, stop, Olcott, or you will kill me!" Just then I was at the middle of a fine burst of scorn

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over the pretended erudition and altruism of this "Russian schemer," but I stopped short and, turning to Mr. L., asked him in the quietest, most commonplace tone, for a match for my pipe. I almost lost my gravity on seeing his sudden start of amazement, and the sharp look of enquiry he shot into my face, telling as though he had spoken the words, his belief that I was either mad, or the most extraordinary of mediums since I could so instantaneously "pass out of control." The sequel almost finished off H. P. B. The next morning, at eight o'clock, Mr. L. called, to walk down town with me and try his persuasive powers to make me throw up this mediumship which, he assured me, would destroy my hope of useful public work in the future! The medium, he explained—as though I had not then known it for at least twenty years—was a veritable slave in the degree of his real mediumship; the passive agent of disincarnate forces whose nature he had no means of testing, and as to whose domination he had no selective power. Say what I might, he would not be persuaded that the whole affair of last evening was nothing but a joke, one of the various divertisements employed by H. P. B. and myself to relieve the strain of our serious work; he would have it that I was a medium, and so we had to let it rest. But to us it was a standing joke, and H. P. B. told it numberless times to visitors.

On the 5th April, T. A. Edison sent me his signed application for membership. I had had to see him about exhibiting his electrical inventions at the Paris

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Exposition of that year; I being the honorary secretary to a Citizens' National Committee, which was formed at the request of the French Government, to induce the United States Congress to pass a bill providing for our country taking part in the first international exposition of the world's industries since the fall of the Empire and the foundation of the French Republic. Edison and I got to talking about occult forces, and he interested me greatly by the remark that he had done some experimenting in that direction. His aim was to try whether a pendulum, suspended on the wall of his private laboratory, could be made to move by will-force. To test this he had used as conductors, wire of various metals, simple and compound, and tubes containing different fluids, one end of the conductor being applied to his forehead, the other connected with the pendulum. As no results have since been published, I presume that the experiments did not succeed. It may interest him, if he should chance to see this record, to know that in 1852 I met in Ohio a young man named Macallister, an ex-Shaker, who told me that he had discovered a certain fluid, by bathing his forehead with which he could transmit thought to another person employing the same fluid at an agreed time, however distant the two might be apart. I remember writing an article on the subject under the title of "Mental Telegraphing" to the old *Spiritual Telegraph* newspaper, of the late Mr. S. B. Britten. Having been acquainted with several noted American inventors, and learnt from them the psychological pro-

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cesses by which they severally got the first ideas of their inventions, I described these to Edison and asked him how his discoveries came to him. He said that often, perhaps while walking on Broadway with an acquaintance, and talking about quite other matters, amid the din and roar of the street, the thought would suddenly flash into his mind that such a desired thing might be accomplished in a certain way. He would hasten home, set to work on the idea, and not give it up until he had either succeeded or found the thing impracticable.

On the 17th April we began to talk with Sotheran, General T., and one or two other high Masons about constituting our Society into a Masonic body with a Ritual and Degrees; the idea being that it would form a natural complement to the higher degrees of the craft, restoring to it the vital element of Oriental mysticism which it lacked or had lost. At the same time, such an arrangement would give strength and permanency to the Society, by allying it to the ancient Brotherhood whose lodges are established throughout the whole world. Now that I come to look back at it, we were in reality but planning to repeat the work of Cagliostro, whose Egyptian Lodge was in his days so powerful a centre for the propagation of Eastern occult thought. We did not abandon the idea until long after removing to Bombay, and the last mention of it in my Diary is an entry to the effect that Swami Dyánand Sarasvati had promised me to compile a Ritual for the use of our New York and London members. Some old colleagues have denied

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the above facts, but, although they knew it not, the plan was seriously entertained by H. P. B. and myself, and we relinquished it only when we found the Society growing rapidly by its own inherent impetus and making it impolitic for us to merge it into the Masonic body.

One evening H. P. B. made a pretty phenomenon of duplication. A French physician, Dr. B., was one of a party of nine visitors at our rooms, and sat near H. P. B.'s writing-table, so that the standing gas-light shone upon a large gold sleeve-button, bearing his initials, that he wore. H. P. B.'s eye being caught by its glitter, she reached across the table, touched the button, and then opening her hand, showed him and the rest of us a duplicate of the same. We all saw it, but she would not give it to either of us, and presently re-opening her hand, the *Mâyâ* had disappeared. One much more interesting thing she did for me, one evening when we two were alone. From time to time she had told me tales of adventure and doings about a number of persons; some in India, others in Western countries. This evening she was shuffling a pack of cards in her hands in an aimless sort of way, when suddenly she held the pack open towards me and showed me the *visiting card* of a certain British officer's wife, who had chanced to see a Mahâtma in Northern India and fallen offensively in love with his splendid face. The card bore her name, and, in a lower corner, that of her husband's regiment, *partly scratched out as with a knife*, so that I might not be able to identify the lady if I should ever meet her in

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India. The shuffling went on, and every minute or two she would open the pack and show me the visiting cards of other persons known to us by name; some were glazed, some plain; some with names engraved in script, others in square lettering; some type-printed, some black-bordered, some large, and others small. It was a marvellous and quite unique phenomenon. Yet how queer it was that precious psychic force—so hard to generate, so easy to lose—should have been wasted to objectify, for a brief moment in each case, these astral phantoms of common visiting cards, when the same volume of force might have been employed to compel some great scientist to believe in the existence of the records of the A'kas'a and devote his energies to spiritual research. My respected sister, Mrs. Mitchell, who, with her husband and children, occupied a flat in the same apartment-house with us, was one day shown by H. P. B. a collection of gems and jewelry which, she says, must have represented a value of at least £10,000, and which she thought were part of her family inheritance. So little did she suspect that they were merely illusionary, that she was even incredulous when I told her that H. P. B. owned no such property. If she had, I am sure she would never have allowed herself to be put to such straits as she was.

The nearer we approached the time for our change of base, the more vehement became H. P. B.'s praise of India, the Hindus, the entire Orient and Orientals as a whole, and her disparagement of Western people as a

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whole, their social customs, religious tyranny, and ideals. There were stormy evenings at the Lamasery, among which stands out one episode very distinctly. Walter Paris, the artist, and one of the best of fellows, had lived at Bombay some years as Government Architect, and was glad to talk with us about India. But not having our excessive reverence for the country and sympathy for the people, he would often offend H. P. B.'s sensitiveness by remarks on what I now know to be Anglo-Indian lines. One evening he was talking about an old servant of his who had committed some stupidity in harnessing or saddling a horse, and quietly remarked that he had slashed the man with his whip. Instantly, as if she had received the blow across her own face, H. P. B. sprang up, stood before him, and in a speech of about five minutes gave him such a scathing rebuke as to make him sit speechless. She stigmatised the act as one of cowardice, and made it serve as a text for a neat discourse on the treatment of the Oriental races by the Anglo-Indian ruling class. This was not a mere casual outburst adapted to the Western market; she preserved the same tone from first to last, and I have often heard her at Allahabad, Simla, Bombay, Madras, and elsewhere, use the same boldness of speech to the highest Anglo-Indian officials.

One way H. P. B. had of beguiling tedious hours after *Isis Unveiled* was off our hands, was to draw caricatures on playing-cards, bringing the pips into the pictures. Several of these clever productions were very

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laughable. One, made out of the Ten of Clubs, was a minstrel performance; the grotesque contortions of the "end men," the solemn caddishness of the "Interrogator," and the amiable vacuity of the intermediates being admirably delineated. Another was a Spiritualistic séance, with banjo, accordeons, and tambourines flying through the air, a bucket inverted over one "investigator's" head, and an impish little elemental grinning from a lady's lap as she holds his forked tail in her hand under the impression that it is part of the body of some departed friend. A third card—made out of a Seven of Hearts, I think—shows two fat monks at a table laden with turkey, ham, and other delicacies, while bottles of wine stand ready at hand, and others are cooling in an ice vase on the floor. One of the reverend fathers, who has a most animal cast of features, is putting his hand behind him to receive a *billet-doux* from a prim servant-maid in cap and apron. Still another represents a policeman catching a runaway thief by the foot; another, a couple of swell Tommies walking with their sweethearts; a third, a patriarchal negro, running with his black grandchild in his arms, etc., etc. Quite recently I have learnt that her late father had a special talent in this same direction, so it was quite easy to account for her cleverness. I told her I thought it a pity that she should not make up an entire pack in this fashion, as it would surely yield her a goodly sum as copyright. She said she should, but the mood did not last long enough to bring the desired result.

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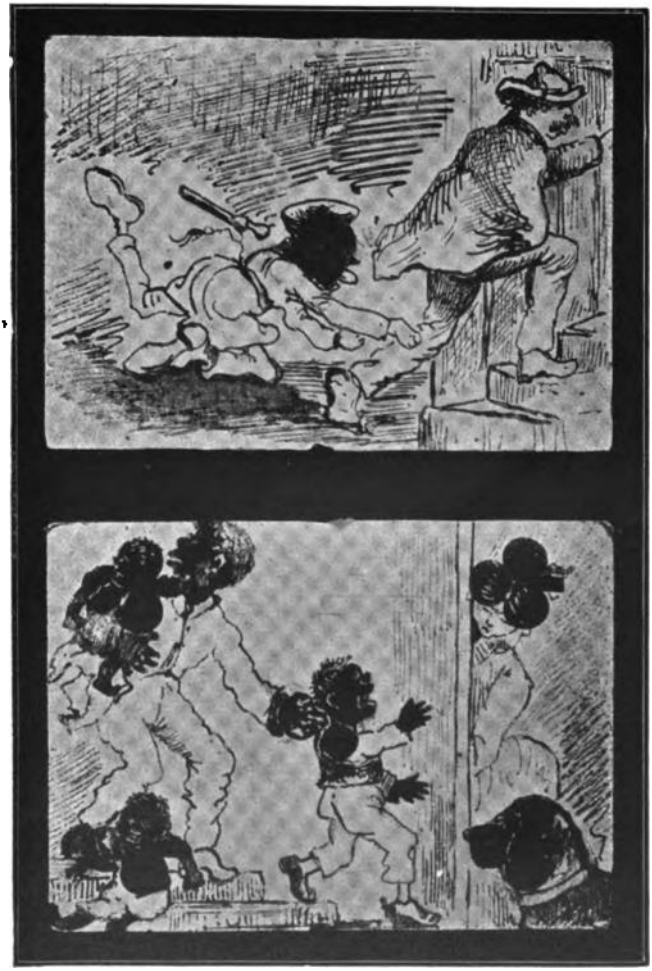

CARICATURES ON PLAYING CARDS.

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On the 8th July she took out her naturalisation papers, went with me to the Superior Court, and was duly sworn in as a citizen of the United States of America. She describes it thus in my Diary: "H. P. B. was made to swear eternal affection, devotion and defence to and of the U. S. Constitution, forswear every particle of allegiance to the Russian Emperor, and was made a 'Citizen of the U. S. of America.' Received her naturalisation papers and went home happy." Of course, the next day's American papers were full of accounts of the event, and reporters were sent to interview the new citizen, who made them all laugh with her *naïve* opinions upon politics and politicians.

The formation of the British Theosophical Society, in London (now called the London Lodge T. S.), occupied a good deal of my attention during the early summer months of 1878. This, our first Branch, was finally organised on June 27, by Dr. J. Storer Cobb, LL.D., Treasurer of the T. S., whose visit to London at the time was availed of to make him my official agent for this purpose. Mr. Sinnett has kindly favoured me with the following copy of the record of the proceedings, from the Minute Book of the Lodge in his official custody; which I publish, because of its historical interest:

MEETING OF FELLOWS,

Held at 38 Great Russell Street, London, June 27, 1878.

Present: Fellows, J. Storer Cobb, *Treasurer* (New

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York Society), C. C. Massey, Dr. C. Carter Blake, Dr. George Wyld, Dr. H. J. Billing, and E. Kislingbury.

Fellow J. Storer Cobb in the chair, read letters from Mr. Yarker, Dr. K. Mackenzie, Captain Irwin, and Mr. R. P. Thomas, expressing regret at their unavoidable absence, and sympathy with the objects of the meeting; also a letter from Rev. W. Stainton Moses, stating that he was unable to take part in the meeting, having resigned his Fellowship in the New York Society.

Mr. Treasurer Cobb having stated President Olcott's instructions as to the basis of an English branch society, as communicated since a former meeting of Fellows in this place, proposed to retire, as it was not his intention to become a member of the new branch. On his being invited to remain as a listener, an informal discussion ensued, and it was finally *Resolved*, on the motion of Fellow Massey, seconded by Dr. H. J. Billing, "that, in the opinion of the English Fellows of the Theosophical Society of New York, present at this meeting, it is desirable to form a Society in England, in connection and in sympathy with that body."

In accordance with the paper of instructions received from the President, the meeting proceeded to discuss the question of a President of the Branch Society, and on the ballot being taken, C. C. Massey was found to be chosen President.

Mr. Massey, in accepting the office, made a few remarks and took the chair. It was proposed by him, and seconded by Dr. Carter Blake, that Miss Kislingbury

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be Secretary to the Branch Society. This was carried and accepted by Miss K., *pro tem.*

The meeting was adjourned until further advices from New York, and the Secretary was requested to furnish a copy of these minutes to Col. Olcott (President) and a copy of the Resolution, above recorded, to the absent English members.

The following memorandum was then drawn up and signed, and given to the Secretary to forward to Col. Olcott, viz. :

"LONDON, *June* 27, 1878.

"To

"COL. HENRY S. OLCOTT,

President of the T. S., New York.

"I hereby certify that this day has been held a meeting at which has been formed an English branch of the above Society, of which Branch, Fellow Charles Carleton Massey has been, by ballot of the Fellows present, elected President.

(Signed) "JOHN STORER COBB,
Treasurer, N. Y. Society.
(Signed) C. C. MASSEY."

My official letters recognising the British Theosophical Society and ratifying the proceedings at the above reported meeting, were written July 12, 1878, and sent to Mr. C. C. Massey and Miss E. Kislingbury, the President and the Secretary.

There is an entry in my Diary for October 25th which is interesting as showing the faculty of clairvoyance that H. P. B. sometimes exercised. It says :

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"O'Donovan, Wimbridge, H. P. B., and I were at dinner when the servant brought in a letter from Massey left at the moment by the postman. Before it came, H. P. B. announced its coming and nature, and when I received it and before the seal was broken, she said it contained a letter from Dr. Wyld, and read that also without looking at it."

I recollect taking the cover from the hand of the servant and laying it beside my plate, intending to defer reading it until we rose from the table. Between it and H. P. B. stood a large earthenware water-pitcher, yet while it lay there she first read the contents of Massey's letter and then those of the enclosure from Dr. Wyld. I find, moreover, that the covering letter had Mahátmic writing on one of the pages, and that I returned it to the sender with a statement of the facts, signed by myself and Mr. Wimbridge.

It is a rather notable coincidence that several astrologers, clairvoyants, and Indian ascetics should have prophesied that H. P. B. would die at sea. I find one of the sort noted on the page for November 2, 1878. A gentleman psychic, a friend of Wimbridge's, "foretold H. P. B.'s death at sea—a sudden death. Doubted that she would even reach Bombay." Majji, the Benares *Yogíni*, made the same prognostic as to the place of H. P B.'s death and even the time, but neither proved correct. No more did a card-reader at New York who predicted H. P. B.'s death by murder before 1886. In entering the affair H. P. B. very naturally put two points

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of exclamation after the word murder, and cynically added the remark: "Nothing like clairvoyance!"

One of our visitors was more successful as a prophet, but he did not try his faculty on H. P. B. Here is the description I wrote of him in the Diary:

"A mystical Hebrew physician. A strange, very strange man. Has prescience as to visitors, deaths, and a spiritual insight as to their maladies. Old, thin, stooping; his hair thin, fine, grizzled and stands out in all directions from his noble head. Rouges his cheeks to correct their unnatural pallor. Has a habit of throwing his head far back and looking up into space as he listens or converses. His complexion is waxen, his skin transparent and extremely thin. He wears summer clothing in the depth of winter. He has the peculiar habit of saying when about to answer: 'Vell, see he-ere, tee-ar!'"

For thirty years he had studied the Kabbalah, and his conversations with H. P. B. were largely confined to its mysteries. He said one evening in my hearing that despite his thirty years' researches he had not discovered the true meanings that she read into certain texts, and that illumined them with a holy light.

Our departure having been finally decided upon, I began in the autumn of 1878 to get my worldly affairs into order. An active correspondence was kept up with our Bombay and Ceylon friends (a number of Buddhists and Hindus joined the T. S. by letter), our small library was shipped, and little by little our household goods were sold or given away. We made no parade of

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intentions, but our rooms were thronged more than ever by the friends and acquaintances to whom they became known. H. P. B.'s entries in my Diary during my frequent absences from New York in the last weeks, testify to the nervous eagerness she felt to get away, and her fears that my plans might miscarry. In the entry of October 22d she writes—speaking of the urgency of our Mahâtmas: "N— went off watch and in came S— with orders from — to complete all by the early part of December. Well, H. S. O. is playing his great final stake." There is reference here to the change of personalities in the Intelligences controlling the H. P. B. body, and the entries in different handwritings support this idea. A similar entry occurs on November 14th, where it is said that we must use every exertion to get away by the 20th December at latest. There is a final paragraph on that page to this effect: "O gods, O India of the golden face, is this really the beginning of the end!" On November 21st other urgent orders came through the same channel, and we were bidden to begin packing our trunks. Various persons wished to accompany us to India, and some made efforts to do so, but the party finally comprised but four—H. P. B., Miss Bates, an English governess, Mr. Wimbridge, an artist and architect, and myself. On the 24th we were at it, and the following day the first of our intended party of four, Miss Bates, sailed for Liverpool, taking two of H. P. B.'s trunks with her. Again and again came the orders to hasten our departure. Writing about the unexpected

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resignation of a member, H. P. B. exclaims : "Oh ! this wretched brood ; when shall we be rid of it !" The next day's entry (in red pencil and large letters) says, *à propos* of my being ready soon : "His fate depends on that :" our remaining furniture *must* be disposed of at auction before December 12th ; and the sale actually came off on the 9th. That day she writes : "Went to bed at four and was roused again at six, thanks to M— who locked the door and Jenny (the servant) could not get in. Got up, breakfasted and went off to the Battery to meet — (an occultist connected with the Lodge of the White Brotherhood). Came back at two and found an infernal row and hullabaloo at the auction. All our things went for a song, as they say in America . . . 5 P.M.— *Everything gone :* Baron de Palm adieu ! Supped on a board three inches wide !"

Then there was a skurry and a rush of visitors, articles appearing in the papers, replies written by H. P. B. On the 13th I received from the President of the United States an autograph letter of recommendation to all U. S. Ministers and Consuls ; and from the Department of State a special passport such as is issued to American diplomats, and a commission to report to Government upon the practicability of extending the commercial interests of our country in Asia. Those documents proved useful later on in India, when H. P. B. and I were under suspicion of being Russian spies ! The particulars of which farcical episode will be told in their proper place.

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I find entries in the Diary showing that I got scarcely any rest during these latter days, sitting up all night to write letters, rushing away to Philadelphia and other towns, snatching a morsel of food as I could get it: while throughout the whole narrative sounds the boom of the orders to depart before the fixed day of grace—the 17th—should pass away. H. P. B.'s writing grows scratchy, and on the page for December 15th I notice two of the above-mentioned variants of her script, which show that her body was occupied by two of the Mahâtmas on that same evening. I had bought an Edison phonograph of the original pattern, and on that evening quite a number of our members and friends, among them a Mr. Johnston, whom Edison had sent as his personal representative (he being unavoidably absent), talked into the voice-receiver messages to our then known and unknown brothers in India. The several tinfoil sheets, properly marked for identification, were carefully removed from the cylinder, packed up, and they are still kept in the Adyar Library, for the edification of future times.* Among the voices kept are those of H. P. B.—a very sharp and clear record,—myself, Mr. Judge and his

* Quite recently—viz., in May, 1895—I sent these tinfoil records to Edison's London office, to see if they might not be received on one of the modern wax cylinders and so saved for posterity. Unfortunately, nothing could be done with them, the indentations made by the voices having become almost flattened out. It is a great pity, for otherwise we might have had duplicates taken off the original, and thus have had H. P. B.'s strong voice speaking audibly at our local meetings all over the world on "White Lotus Day," the anniversary of her death.

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brother John, Prof. Alex. Wilder, Miss Sarah Cowell, two Messrs. Laffan, Mr. Clough, Mr. D. A. Curtis, Mr. Griggs, Mrs. S. R. Wells, Mrs. and Miss Amer, Dr. J. A. Weisse, Mr. Shinn, Mr. Terriss, Mr. Maynard, Mr. E. H. Johnston, Mr. O'Donovan, etc., of whom all were clever, and some very well known as authors, journalists, painters, sculptors, musicians, and in other ways.

The 17th December was our last day on American soil. H. P. B.'s entry says: "Great day! Olcott packed up. . . . what next? All dark—but tranquil." And then comes, written in large letters, the heart-cry of joy, CONSUMMATUM EST! The closing paragraph reads thus: "Olcott returned at 7 P.M. with the tickets for the British Steamboat, the *Canada*, and wrote letters until 11:30. Curtis and Judge passed the evening. Maynard took H. P. B. [See the writers always speaking of her in the third person] to dine at his house. She returned home at 9. He made her a present of a tobacco-pouch. Charles (our big cat) lost!! At near 12, midnight, H. S. O. and H. P. B. took leave of the chandelier and drove off in a carriage to the steamer." So closes the first volume of the history of the Theosphical Society with the departure of its Founders from America.

Behind them lay three years of struggles; of obstacles surmounted; of crude plans partly worked out; of literary labour; of desertions of friends; of encounters with adversaries; of the laying of broad foundations for the structure that in time was destined to arise for the gathering in of the nations, but the possibility of which

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T. S. HISTORY AT ONE GLANCE.

EVENTS.	YEAR.	NO. OF BRANCHES
T. S. formed	1875	—
Shrinking	1876	—
Isis published	1877	—
British T. S. (our first branch) formed Founders leave U. S. A.	'78	1
Headquarters fixed at Bombay THEOSOPHIST founded	'79	8
Founders visit Ceylon	'80	10
Do. Simla	1881	25
Headquarters fixed at Madras	1882	52
H. S. O.'s first long Indian tour	1883	95
Coulomb and Missionary plot	1884	107
H. P. B. settles in Europe H. S. O.'s second Indian tour	1885	124
American Section formed	1886	136
H. S. O.'s third Indian tour H. P. B. removes to London	1887	158
Blavatsky Lodge formed	1888	179
Annie Besant joins the T. S.	1889	206
British Section formed	1890	241
H. P. B. dies H. S. O. goes around the world European Section formed	1891	279
	1892	304
Annie Besant's first Indian tour	1893	352
Judicial Committee meets in London to try W. Q. Judge	1894	394

* The Branch statistics are compiled annually in the month of December for the President's Annual Address.

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was then unsuspected by them. For they had builded better than they knew—better, at any rate, than I knew. What lay in the future we foresaw not. The words of H. P. B. show that: "All dark, but tranquil." The marvellous extension of our Society had not entered even into our dreams. An ex-officer of ours has published the statement that the Society had died a natural death before we left for India. The diagram opposite will show that, while it had dwindled to almost nothing, it began to revive from the moment its executive centre was shifted to India.

We passed a wretched night on the ship, what with the bitter cold, damp bedding, no heating apparatus working, and the banging of tackle and rub-a-dub-dub of the winches getting in cargo. Instead of leaving early, the steamer did not get away from her wharf until 2.30 P.M. on the 18th. Then, having lost the tide, she had to anchor off Coney Island and crossed the Sandy Hook bar only at noon on the 19th. At last we were crossing the blue water towards our Land of Promise; and, so full was my heart with the prospect, that I did not wait on deck to see the Navesink Highlands melt out of view, but descended to my cabin and searched for Bombay on my Map of India.

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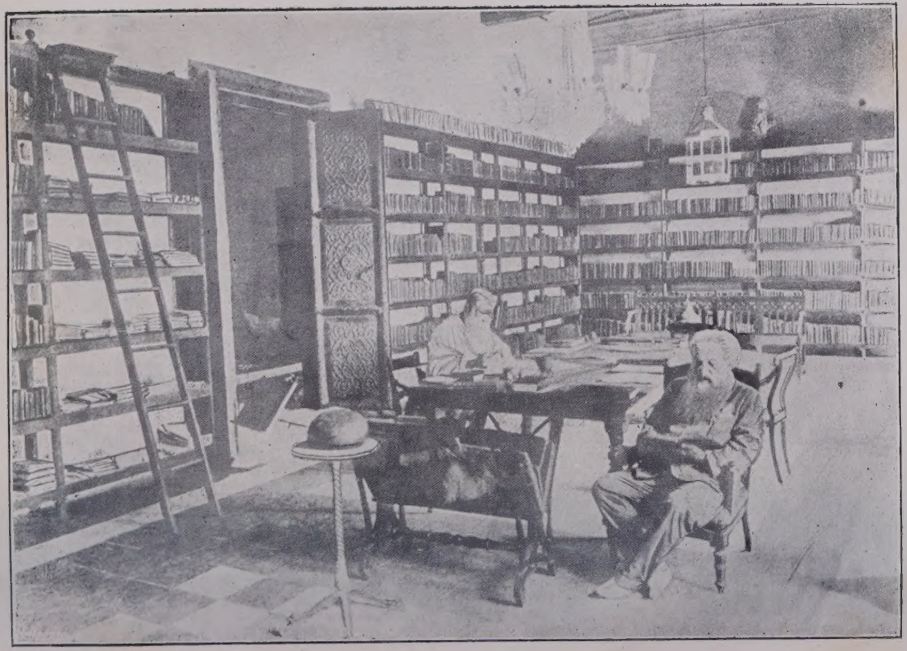

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demand. I am proud of the fact that, although these memoirs have been appearing monthly in the *Theosophist* since March, 1892, and have been read by hundreds of living witnesses to the events cited, my veracity has not once been challenged, and but one slight inaccuracy pointed out. The growth of the Society has been as steady within the past four years as it had been up to the time of the publication of the first volume of these memoirs, the number of new branch charters issued having been 148, and the total, from the beginning up to the close of last year (1898), 592, as against 394 up to the close of the year 1894. These Branches are now grouped within eight administrative sections, whose head-offices are respectively at Benares, London, Paris, Amsterdam, Stockholm, New York, Sydney, and Auckland (N.Z.). The General Headquarters of the whole Society and the President-Founder's official residence are at Adyar, Madras. The work, therefore, already covers the greater part of the civilized world, while its literature finds its way over an even wider area, being read in the camps of miners and explorers, the huts of pioneers, and the cabins of ships sailing in all seas.

So world-covering a movement and so strongly based a Society is entitled to be taken seriously by men who think, and, since the Diary of one of its two chief founders gives the data for a truthful

history of its rise and progress, and he, the survivor, alone knows all the facts, it seems to be his clear duty to write it while his memory is still strong and his strength unimpaired.

One motive which prompted me to begin was that I might leave behind me, for the use of the future historian, as accurate a sketch as possible of that great personality-puzzle, Helena Petrovna Blavatsky, co-founder of the Theosophical Society. I declare upon honor that I have not written one word about her or her doings, save in the spirit of loyalty to her memory and to truth. I have not written a line in malice. I knew her as companion, friend, co-worker, equal—on the plane of personality; all her other colleagues stood with her in the relation of pupil to teacher, or as casual friends, or passing acquaintances, or mere correspondents. None knew her so intimately as I, for none save me saw her in all her many changings of mood, mind, and personal characteristics. The human Helena Petrovna, with her unchanged Russian nature; the Madame Blavatsky, fresh from the Bohemian circles of Paris; and the "Madame Laura,"—the bays and bouquets of whose concert tours of 1872-3 as a pianist, in Italy, Russia, and elsewhere, were not long wilted when she came to New York through Paris—were as well known to me as, later on, became the "H. P. B." of Theosophy. Knowing her, therefore, so well,

she was not to me what she was to many others—all goddess, immaculate, infallible, co-equal with the Masters of Wisdom; but a wondrous woman, made the channel for great teachings, the agent for the doing of a mighty work. Just because I did know her so much better than most others, she was a greater mystery to me than to them. It was easy for those who only saw her speaking oracles, writing profound aphorisms, or giving clue after clue to the hidden wisdom in the ancient Scriptures, to regard her as an Earth-visiting *angelos* and to worship at her feet; she was no mystery to them. But to me, her most intimate colleague, who had to deal with the vulgar details of her common daily life, and see her in all her aspects, she was from the first and continued to the end an insoluble riddle. How much of her waking life was that of a responsible personality, how much that of a body worked by an overshadowing entity? I do not know. On the hypothesis that she was a medium for the Great Teachers, only that and nothing more, then the riddle is easy to read; for then one can account for the alterations in mind, character, tastes, and predilections which have been touched upon in previous chapters; then the H. P. B. of the latter days fits on to the Helena Petrovna of New York, Paris, Italy, and all other countries and epochs. And what does the following passage (written in

my Diary by her hand on the page for 6th December 1878) mean, if not that? It says: "*We* got cold again, I think. Oh, unfortunate, empty, rotten old body!" Was this "empty" body empty of its proper tenant? If not, why should the phrase have been written with her hand in a variant of her proper handwriting? We shall never get at the truth. If I recur again and again to the problem, it is because the deeper I go into these incidents of the past, the more exciting and baffling grows the mystery. So let us pass on once more and rejoin the pilgrims at New York, in the cabin of the good steamer "Canada," of the National Line, bound for London in the bitter month of December.

ADYAR, 1899.

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Publishers' Note—The original edition of OLD DIARY LEAVES, 2nd Series, contained nine illustrations—all of them views of the Society's Estate at Adyar. These illustrations are now too faded for reproduction. With special care, however, one has been reproduced, which appears as the frontispiece in this edition.

CHAPTER I

THE VOYAGE OUT

THOUGH we left American soil on the 17th of December (1878), we did not get away from American waters until 12.30 p.m. on the 19th, as we lost the tide of the 18th and had to anchor in the Lower Bay. Imagine the state of mind of H.P.B. if you can! She raged against the captain, pilot, engineers, owners, and even the tides. My Diary must have been in her portmanteau, for in it she wrote:

"Magnificent day. Clear, blue, cloudless [sky], but devilish cold. Fits of fear lasted till 11. *The body is difficult to manage* . . . At last the pilot took the steamer across the Sandy Hook bar. Fortunately we did not get stuck in the sand! . . . All day eating —at 8, 12, 4, and 7. H.P.B. eats like three hogs."

I never knew the meaning of the phrase written by H.P.B.'s hand in my Diary on 17th December, 1878: "All dark—but tranquil," until at London, when her niece translated for me an extract from the letter written by her aunt to her mother (Mme. Jelihovsky) from London on 14th January, 1879, and which she has kindly copied out for the present use. H. P. B. writes her sister:

"I start for India. Providence alone knows what the future has in store for us. Possibly these

portraits shall be the last. Do not forget your *orphan*-sister, now so in the full meaning of the word.

"Good-bye. We start from Liverpool on the 18th. May the invisible powers protect you all!

"I shall write from Bombay *if I ever reach it.*

ELENA."

"LONDON, 14*th January*, 1879."

If she ever reached it? Then she was not certain that she would; that New York prediction might come true. Very well; but how, then, about all this romance we have been having circulated, about her having had complete foreknowledge as to our Indian career? The two clash.

There were but ten of us passengers aboard: our three—H. P. B., Wimbridge, and myself; a Church of England clergyman and wife; a jolly, red-faced young Yorkshire squire; an Anglo-Indian army captain and wife; and another lady and gentleman. Can anyone fancy what that wretched clergyman passed through, what with sea-sickness, the biting, damp cold, and daily wrangles with H. P. B.! And yet, although she gave him unreservedly her opinion of his profession, enforced at times with expressions fit to curdle his blood, he had the breadth of mind to see her nobler qualities, and at parting almost wept for losing her. He actually sent her his photograph and begged hers in exchange.

We had fine weather for only three full days. On the 22nd it changed, and—as H. P. B. records it—"Wind and gale. Rain and fog came pouring into the saloon skylarks (*sic*). Everybody sea-sick except

Mrs. Wise and H. P. B.; Moloney (myself) sang songs." The next morning was fine again, but a terrific gale burst on us in the afternoon, and the Captain was "telling fearful stories of shipwreck and drowning the whole evening. Mrs.... and Mr.... frightened out of their wits." After that the storm-fiends pursued us as if they were in the service of the opponents of our T. S. It seemed as though all the winds that Æolus tied up in paper bags for Ulysses had broken loose and gone on the rampage. One entry of mine runs through the pages for 20th, 21st, 22nd, 23rd, 24th, 25th, 26th, 27th, 28th, 29th, 30th and 31st December, *viz.*, "Here follow a train of days and nights of ennui, turmoil, and distress. By night, tossed about like a shuttlecock between battledores. By day, the hours hanging so heavily as to seem whole days each. A small company of incongruous passengers, tiring of the sight of each others' faces." H. P. B. writes on one day's page: "Night of tossing and rolling; H. S. O. sick abed; monotonous, stupid, wearisome. Oh for the Land! Oh for India and HOME!" We sat out the Old Year and welcomed the New. The ship's bells rang Eight-bells twice, and down in the engine-room, agreeably to custom, there was a charivari of bells, pans, steel bars, and other sonorous objects. On New Year Day, 1879, we entered the British Channel in a sea of fog, typical of our as yet unmanifested future. Steaming very carefully and shaving by a number of vessels, we took the pilot, a very old, moss-grown sort of man, at 2.30 p.m., and at 5.30 had to anchor off Deal. As the Captain discovered later, his vision had become so impaired that

he could not properly distinguish a red from a green light, and we would certainly have come to grief but for the unflagging vigilance of Captain Sumner—a splendid fellow, an ornament to the British Merchant service. If the pilot had not become blear-eyed with age, he would have taken our ship straight through to Thames Haven, and so saved us a full day's misery in the Channel.

As it was, a dense fog closed in upon us, and we felt our way along so cautiously that we had to anchor again the second night, and only reached Gravesend the following morning, where we took train to London, and so finished the first stage of our long voyage. We were received with charming hospitality by Dr. and Mrs. Billing at their suburban house at Norwood Park, which became the rallying centre of all our London friends and correspondents; among them Stainton Moses, Massey, Dr. Wyld, Rev. and Mrs. Aytoun, Henry Hood, Palmer Thomas, the Ellises, A. R. Wallace, several Hindu law and medical students, Mrs. Knowles, and other ladies and gentlemen. On 5th January I presided at a meeting of the British T. S. at which there was an election of officers.

Our time in London was completely filled with odds and ends of Society business, receipts of callers and the paying of visits to the British Museum and elsewhere; the whole spiced with phenomena by H. P. B. and séances with Mrs. Hollis-Billing's spirit guide, "Ski," whose name is known throughout the whole world of spiritualists.

The most striking incident of our stay in London was the meeting of a Master by three of us as we were

walking down Cannon Street. There was a fog that morning so dense that one could hardly see across the street, and London appeared at its worst. The two who were with me saw him first, as I was next to the kerb, and just then my eyes were otherwise occupied. But when they uttered an exclamation, I turned my head quickly and met the glance of the Master as he looked back at me over his shoulder. I did not recognise him for an acquaintance, but I recognised the face as that of an Exalted One; for the type once seen can never be mistaken. As there is one glory of the sun and another glory of the moon, so there is one brightness of the average good man or woman's face, and another, a transcendent one, of the face of an Adept; through the clay lamp of the body, as the learned Maimonides calls it, the inner light of the awakened spirit shines effulgently. We three friends kept together in the City and went together back to Dr. Billing's house, yet on entering we were told by both Mrs. Billing and H. P. B. that the Brother had been there and mentioned that he had met us three—naming us—in the City. Mrs. Billing's story was interesting. She said that the front door was locked and bolted as usual, so that nobody could enter without ringing. Yet as she left her sitting-room to go to H. P. B.'s room through the hall, she almost ran up against a tall stranger who was standing between the hall-door and H. P. B.'s room. She described him as a very tall and handsome Hindu, with a peculiarly piercing eye which seemed to look her through. For the moment she was so staggered that she could not say a word, but the stranger said: "I

wish to see Madame Blavatsky," and moved towards the door of the room where she sat. Mrs. Billing opened it for him and bade him enter. He did so, and walked straight towards H. P. B., made her an Oriental salutation, and began speaking to her in a tongue the sounds of which were totally unfamiliar to Mrs. Billing; although her long practice as a public medium had brought her into momentary contact with people of many different nations. Mrs. B. naturally rose to leave the room, but H. P. B. bade her stay and not to mind their speaking in a strange language together, as they had some occult business to transact.

Whether or not this dark and mysterious Hindu caller brought H. P. B. a reinforcement of her psychical power I cannot say, but at the dinner-table that evening she gladdened her hostess's heart by bringing up for her, from under the edge of the table, a Japanese teapot of exceeding lightness; I think at her request, though I will not be sure about that. She also caused Massey to find, in a pocket of his overcoat in the hall, an Indian inlaid card-case; but I pass that over with a bare mention, as the thing might be explained away on the hypothesis of trickery, if one were disposed to challenge her good faith. I shall treat in the same way an occurrence which struck us all—in our then uncritical frame of mind—as very wonderful. On the evening of 6th January, Ski told me to go to Madame Tussaud's Exhibition, and under the left foot of Figure 158 I should find a note to myself from a certain Personage. The next morning Rev. Aytoun, Dr. Billing, Mr. Wimbridge, and I, accordingly went to the wax-works show and actually

found the note described in the place designated. But it is recorded in my Diary that on the morning of 6th January, H. P. B. and Mrs. Billing went together to the British Museum, and, since they were out of doors, nothing prevented their going to Madame Tussaud's if they had been so minded. So, evidentially—as the S. P. G. falterers would say—the case is valueless, although I then thought and still think it was a genuine phenomenon. The next evening we sat again in a séance with Ski, and were well pleased to hear him acknowledge that he was a messenger of the Masters, and pronounce the names of several. He also threw at me in the darkness a huge silk handkerchief, on which were written the names of several of them. It was a yard and a quarter square in size!

The next evening, after dinner, H. P. B. explained to ourselves and two visitors the duality of her personality and the law which it illustrated. She admitted without qualification that it was a fact that she was one person at one moment and another the next. She gave us an astounding bit of proof in support of her assertion. As we sat chatting in the gloaming, she silent near the window with her two hands resting on her knees, she presently called us and looked down at her hands. One of them was as white, as sculpturesque as usual; but the other was the longer hand of a man, covered with the brown skin of the Hindu; and, on looking wonderingly into her face, we saw that her hair and eyebrows had also changed color, and from fair brown had become jetty black! Say it was a hypnotic Māyā, yet what a fine one it was: produced without the utterance of

a word by way of suggestion! It may have been a Māyā, for I recollect that the next morning her hair was still much darker than naturally, and her eyebrows quite black. She noticed this herself on looking into the mirror in the drawing-room, and remarking to me that she had forgotten to remove all traces of the change, she turned away, passed her hands over her face and hair two or three times, and, facing me again, she was her natural self once more.

On 15th January we sent on our heavy baggage to Liverpool; on the 17th I issued an Executive Notice appointing, *ad interim*, Major-General A. Doubleday, U. S. A., F.T.S., Acting President of the T. S.; Mr. David A. Curtis, Acting Corresponding Secretary; and Mr. G. V. Maynard, Treasurer; W. Q. Judge was already elected Recording Secretary. This arrangement was for the purpose of carrying on the work at the New York Headquarters until the future disposal of the Society should have been decided upon, according to what should happen after we had settled at Bombay. The same evening, at 9.40, we left from Euston for Liverpool, after a delightful stay of a fortnight with and among our kind friends and colleagues. Many were there to see us off, and I remember, as if it had happened but yesterday, walking to and fro the vast waiting-room with Dr. George Wyld, and exchanging views upon religious matters. The next day we passed at the Great Western Hotel, Liverpool, and at 5 p.m. embarked on the "Speke Hall" in a downpour of rain. The vessel was dirty and disagreeable to see; and what with that, and the falling of the rain, the smell of

damp tapestries and carpets in the saloon and cabins, and the forlorn faces of our forty fellow-passengers, all equally disgusted as ourselves, it was a wretched omen for our long voyage out to India. Filth and noise when embarking at New York; filth, noise and bad smells when embarking at Liverpool; it needed all the bright dream of sunny India, and the phantom mind-pictures of our anticipated Hindu friends, to keep up our courage.

We lay at anchor in the Mersey all the night of the 18th, but got away by the next dawn. My Diary shows how it looked to us: "On board everything is in a pitiable plight. The vessel is loaded almost to the water's edge—it would seem—with railway iron. There is a rough sea and nearly every wave comes aboard of us. Wimbridge and I are quartered in a cabin forward on the main deck, and are cut off from communication with the saloon aft. It is as much as a landsman's life is worth to attempt the transit. How bad it is for seafaring stewards is shown in the fact that we got nothing to eat until 3 p.m." The same misery went on the next day, and but for a basket of bread and butter that had been given us in London, and that by good luck had been put into our cabin, we should have gone hungry enough. Meanwhile H. P. B. was making it lively for the servants and her fellow-passengers who, with one or two exceptions, were shocked by her ironclad language, outraged by her religious heterodoxy, and unanimously voted her a nuisance. The ship being struck by a tremendous sea, H. P. B. was pitched against a leg of the dining-table and got her knee badly bruised.

The third day we two got her peremptory command to come aft and show ourselves; so we rolled our trousers up to our knees, took our shoes and stockings in our hands, and made rushes through the slip-sloppy water on deck, between the rolls of the ship. We found the saloon in confusion, the carpets up, water and wet things everywhere, and smells that one might expect after a ship's cabin had been shut up for two or three days. H. P. B. laid up in her cabin with her lame knee, and through the confined space of the small cabins her strong voice would ring out the name of the stewardess, "Meeses Yetz" (Mrs. Yates), in stentorian tone. O Bay of Biscay, under what an unalluring aspect wert thou presented to us, poor, sea-sick wrétches!

Cape Finisterre was passed on the night of 23rd January, and so were we delivered from the raging Bay. But we got no observation of the sun that day, and the passing from our cabin to the saloon was like wading through a wet ditch or a mill flume. The next day the weather broke and we had an azure sky and a sapphire sea. The air was balmy and spring-like, and our bedraggled passengers crawled out to bask in the brightness of the day. The rose-and-opal tinted shores of Africa, seen through a pearly haze, rose like fairy cliffs out of the sea. At the rate of 250 to 300 miles a day, we sailed up the Mediterranean, past Gibraltar, past Algiers, on to Malta, where we anchored for the night on 28th January, and filled the coal-bunkers. We went ashore and viewed the picturesque fortress and town, so famed in history for the deeds of heroism done by its besiegers and

defenders. Off again the next morning, with the ship besmeared with coal-dust in its every nook and cranny; and, as if in keeping, we encountered bad weather almost as soon as we left port. The wretched ship rolled and pitched like mad, shipping seas that would not have been even noticed on a vessel less deeply laden. All brightness fled, of course, from the faces of the passengers, and we were miserably sea-sick; our only compensation being that H. P. B. herself, who had been ridiculing us for our weakness of will and holding herself up for a pattern, was overtaken by Karma and was sick also. It was our turn to jibe and jeer, and we paid her back in kind.

Port Said was reached on 2nd February, visited by us all, and then came the blessed rest for the storm-tossed ones, of two days and nights in the Suez Canal. This, it is to be remembered, was in the days before the use of the electric search-light made night passages possible through the Canal. The "Speke Hall" entered it at 10.30 p.m. on the 2nd; tied up that night opposite the Arab village of Khandara—where, at an Arab coffee-house, we had genuine black coffee and some smokes of *narghiles*; the next night, we tied up at a station five miles from Suez, where I passed a merry evening at the station-master's house, in company with two Corsican pilots who talked French fluently; and at last, in the early dawn, emerged into the Red Sea and began the third and final stage of our sea-pilgrimage to the Land of Desire. Letters met us at Suez from some of our Hindu friends, which quickened our feverish anxiety to get to our destination as soon as possible. That

night the moon paved with silver the waters of the Gulf of Suez, and we felt as if we were sailing on a dream-sea. Nothing of moment happened until the 12th, when a flue burst in the boiler, and we had to stop for repairs. Patched up, it burst again the next day, and there were two long waits, and many precious hours lost and much irritation felt by us, to be checked thus when we ought to be close to the Bombay lights. On the 15th, at noon, we were but 160 miles away from them, and the next morning entered Bombay Harbor. I had sat up on deck until 1 o'clock in the morning, looking at the majesty of the Indian sky, and straining my gaze for the first glimpse of the Bombay light.

It came at last, as it were, a lamp rising out of the sea, and I went to bed to rest my weary body for the next day's work. Before sunrise I was on deck again, and as we steamed rapidly towards our anchorage, revelled in the panorama of the Harbor that was spread before me. Elephanta, ahead of us, was the first locality we asked to be shown us, for it was the type and visible representative of that Ancient India, that sacred Bharatavarsha, which our hearts had yearned to see revived in the India of to-day. Alas! as one turned towards promontory of the Malabar Hill the dream was dispelled. The India we saw there was one of sumptuous bungalows, framed in the luxury of English flower-gardens, and surrounded with all the signs of wealth gained in foreign commerce. The Aryavarta of the Elephanta era was blotted out by the garish splendor of a new order of things, in which religion and philosophy have no part, and the

sincerest worship is paid to the Queen's idol on the current rupee. We have become used to it now, but at first sight it gave us the painful sensation of our first disillusionment.

The ship's anchor was hardly dropped before we were boarded by three Hindu gentlemen in search of us. All seemed strangers to us, but when they pronounced their names I opened my arms and pressed them to my breast. They were Mooljee Thackersey, Pandit Shyamji Krishnavarma, and Mr. Ballajee Sitaram—all holders of our Society's diplomas. No wonder I did not recognise Mooljee, clad as he was in the artistic dress of his Bhattia caste, the dhoti and top coat of white muslin and the red turban with its quaint helmet-like shape and horn pointing forward above the brow. When he and I crossed the Atlantic together in 1870, he wore European dress throughout, and did not in the least resemble his present self. Shyamji's name has since become famous throughout Europe as a learned Pandit coaching Professor Monier Williams; and H. P. B. and I felt for him from first to last a sort of parental affection. Our three friends had passed the night on board a "bunder-boat," waiting for us, and were as joyful for our arrival as we were to come. It was a great disappointment not to be met by Hurrychund Chintamon, our chief correspondent, and, until then, our most respected one; we had not yet found him out. As he did not make his appearance, we went ashore with the others in their bunder-boat and landed on the Apollo Bunder. The first thing I did on touching land was to stoop down and kiss the

granite step; my instinctive act of pooja! For here we were at last on sacred soil; our past forgotten, our perilous and disagreeable sea-voyage gone out of mind, the agony of long deferred hopes replaced by the thrilling joy of presence in the land of the Rishis, the cradle country of religions, the dwelling-place of the Masters, the home of our dusky brothers and sisters, with whom to live and die was all we could desire. All the cruel things that our fellow-passengers had told us on board ship about their moral weakness, their sycophancy, their inability to keep faith and command the respect of Europeans, were forgotten already; for we loved them for their ancestry and for their very present imperfections, nay, we were prepared to love them for themselves. And, in my case at least, this feeling has continued down to the present day. In a very real sense to me, they are my people, their country my country; may the blessings of the Sages be and abide with them and with it always!

CHAPTER II

SETTLING DOWN AT BOMBAY

It was a burning hand that the Indian Sūrya Deva laid upon our heads as we stood on the platform of Apollo Bunder. The noonday Bombay sun of mid-February is a surprise to a Western visitor, and we had time to feel its full power before Mr. Hurrychund came to our rescue. He had gone off to the steamer just after we had disembarked, and so caused us to wait for him on the fiery quay, with the air all in a hot quiver about us.

Besides Hurrychund and the three gentlemen above mentioned, I do not recollect any others having come to greet us on landing—a fact which was bitterly resented by the members of the Arya Samaj, who charged their then President, Hurrychund, with selfish design in keeping his colleagues uninformed of our movements so that he might enjoy the first of our company by himself.

The streets of Bombay charmed us with their strikingly Oriental character. The tall apartment-houses in stucco, the novel dresses of the motley Asiatic population, the quaint vehicles, the over-powering influence of the whole picture on our artistic perceptions, and the delightful sense of being

at last at the goal of our long-nourished expectations, amid our dear "Heathen," to meet and live with whom we had crossed so many seas and buffeted so many storms—all these vivid impressions filled us with delight.

Before leaving New York, I had written Hurrychund to engage for us a small, clean house in the Hindu quarter, with only such servants as were indispensable, as we did not wish to waste a penny on luxuries. We were taken to a house of *his own* on the Girgaum Back Road, standing in a comparatively forlorn compound, and adjoining his glass-roofed photographic studio. It was certainly small enough, but being predisposed to find everything charming, we felt perfectly contented. Cocoa-palms nodded their fronds over our roof, and Indian sweet-scented flowers rejoiced our sense of smell; after the dismal sea-voyage it seemed like Paradise. The ladies of our friends' families called on H. P. B. and Miss Bates, and a number of Hindu and Parsi gentlemen on our whole party; but the rush of visitors began the next morning, news of our arrival having by this time been spread. Wimbridge—an artist—and I sat by the hour together watching the throngs that passed along the street, fairly intoxicated with the innumerable subjects for pencil and color which we saw—every hackery, bullock, dray, and human figure an art study.

We had formed one acquaintanceship on the "Speke Hall" that turned into a lasting friendship, that of Mr. Ross Scott, B.C.S., a noble fellow and an Irishman of the better sort. His long

conversations with us about Eastern Philosophy had resulted in his joining our Society. He called on the evening of our first day ashore, and provoked H. P. B. to doing a phenomenon that was quite new to me. They were sitting together on a sofa and I was standing with Hurrychund at the centre table, when Scott reproached H. P. B. for her evident intention of letting him go North to his official post, without giving him the least proof of the existence of the psychical powers in man, of which she had so much spoken. She liked him very much, and so consented to comply with his request. "What shall I do for you?" she asked. He snatched the handkerchief she was holding in her hand, and, pointing to her name "Heliona" embroidered across one corner, said: "Well, make that name disappear and another to take its place." "What name do you want?" she rejoined. Looking towards us, where we stood at a distance of a few paces, he pointed to our host and said: "Let it be Hurrychund's." We came over to them on hearing this, and saw what was done. She gave Scott to hold tight in his hand the embroidered corner of her handkerchief, retaining the opposite corner herself. After a minute or so she told him to look. He did so, found the substitution of names had been made, Hurrychund's being there in the same kind of embroidery, and, in the first impulse of excitement, cried out: "Where is your physical science now? This beats all the professors in the world! Madame, if you will give me that handkerchief, I'll pay £5 into the Arya Samaj treasury!" "Take it, and welcome," she said, and he thereupon

counted out into Hurrychund's hand five golden sovereigns. I do not recollect this fact having been communicated to the Press, but the story was at once spread by the dozen or more eye-witnesses, and helped to intensify the interest which the arrival of our party had created among educated Indian gentlemen.

On the evening of 17th February, a reception was held at the photographic studio, at which over 300 invited guests were present. The usual welcome address, with garlands, limes and rose-water as accompaniments, was given us, and H. P. B., Scott, Wimbridge, and I replied, as well as we could, in view of the deep emotion which stirred in us. My Diary says: "The occasion fairly brought the water to my eyes. The long-expected moment comes at last, and I am face to face with my spiritual kinsmen." It was unalloyed happiness, springing from the feeling of the heart, under the control of the intellect; not an evanescent gush of emotion, destined to die out soon and react into a sense of disenchantment and disgust.

The second day following, a party was made up to witness the Shivarātri anniversary celebration at Elephanta Caves. We enjoyed the picnic like so many school-children, the day giving us a series of surprises and novel sensations. The bunder-boat "Sultan," to begin with, with its strange rig and model, its Muslim crew, its quaint cabin, its primitive fire-place, where rice and curry were cooked most skillfully. Then the ancient caves, with giant sculptures seen in chiaroscuro; huge lingams,

paint-smeared, ever dripping with oblations and decked with flowers; the ablutions of the pilgrims in the adjacent pond and their circumambulations of the Shivalingam; the *pūjāris* touching the worshippers' temples with water that has bathed the stone symbol; the crowds, with their—to us—novel Eastern costumes; the painted and ash-besmeared sanyāsis, cramped into painful postures and successfully appealing to pious charity; the scores of Indian children; the sweetmeats vendors; a troop of jugglers doing the mango trick and other *tours de force* so badly as to deceive no sharp eye; and our lunch in the verandah of the keeper's cottage, whence we saw in one picture the moving, chattering throngs in the foreground, and the wide expanse of the harbor, under a cloudless azure sky, with the towers and roofs of distant Bombay on the horizon line. Then came the sail home before a free wind, our bunder-boat skimming along like a bird and beating a European yacht that ran on the same course. After more than twenty years the whole comes vividly back to my mind's eye like a freshly-painted panorama.

Visitors thronged daily to us in increasing numbers, a packed roomful of Parsi gentlemen with their wives and children being followed, immediately afterward, by a like number of Hindu families. A black Jain monk, with shaven crown and his body naked to the waist, came and, through an interpreter, cross-questioned me, at great length, upon religion. Presents of ripe fruit were sent with messages of greeting. A special performance of the Hindu drama "Sitaram" was given in our honor at the Elphinstone Theatre.

We found ourselves quartered in the most conspicuous box, bedecked with garlands of jassmine and roses, given huge bouquets, supplied with refreshments, and, on our rising to leave, having to receive an address, read to us from the stage! The play was not over by any means, but our powers of endurance had reached their limit; we went at 9 p.m. and left the theatre at 2.45 a.m.

The sweetness of this evening was followed by our first taste of bitterness the next morning. Mr. Hurrychund, after strenuous pressure, rendered his accounts. The bloom was off the plum: our supposed hospitable entertainer put in an enormous bill for rent, food, attendance, repairs to the house, even the hire of the three hundred chairs used at our reception, and the cost of a cablegram he had sent us, bidding us hasten our coming! The "demnition total" made my eyes stare; for, at that rate, we should soon find ourselves with empty pockets. And it had been given out and generally understood that we were this person's guests! Protests came, one thing led to another and we finally discovered that the considerable sum of over six hundred rupees (not then a vanishing silver disc but a substantially valuable token) which we had sent through him to the Arya Samaj, had got no further than his hand, and a precious clamor arose among his Samajist colleagues. I shall never forget the scene when H. P. B., at a meeting of the Arya Samaj, let loose at him the bolts of her scorn, and forced him to promise restitution. The money was returned, but our dealings with the man came to a sudden stop. We set to work to find a house for

ourselves, and got one for less than half the rent he was charging us for his own—for he had constituted himself our landlord. We changed quarters, bought furniture and other necessaries, and on 7th March settled ourselves down in the little house, 108, Girgaum Back Road, for the next two years. Thus was shattered our first ideal of the progressive, patriotic, fervently religious Hindu, and, to say truth, the lesson went to our hearts. To be thus deceived and played with at the outset of our Indian career was a sore sorrow; but, for the dear sake of India, we threw off the feeling of depression and kept on our way. Meanwhile our friend Mooljee Thackersey had, on 2nd March, found us a servant, the Guzerati boy, Babula, whose fidelity to H. P. B., up to her leaving India, all know, and who is still my pensioner. He has a rare talent for languages, and, with Magliabecchi's environment, might have become as great a linguist. When he entered our service he spoke English and French, Goanese, Guzerati, and Hindustani, although but about fifteen years old, and has later acquired a perfect knowledge of Tamil, after our removal to Madras.

Every evening we held an impromptu durbar, when the knottiest problems of philosophy, metaphysics, and science were discussed. We lived and breathed in an atmosphere of mind, amid the highest spiritual ideals. I see entries in my Diary of the first appearance on our scene of friends who have since been closely identified with the progress of the Theosophical movement. For example, on 8th March, our acquaintance and friendship began with Janardhan

Sakkharam Gadgil, one of the most brilliant of the Bombay University graduates; then, and until his recent retirement from worldly occupation to assume the religious life, a Baroda Judge. My notes on him testify to the immediate and deep impression made upon me by his learning, dignity of ideals, and thirst for spiritual knowledge. Yet I seem to have had some foresight as to the unlikelihood of his becoming a practical co-worker with us, for I have written in the Diary: "A far wiser and cleverer man than myself. May be made an extraordinary ally—*if he has the pluck.*" He never quite had that from being hampered by his official surroundings and the unpopularity which our cause had from the first with the ruling class. Mentally, he was not ripe for official martyrdom, though his heart pushed him that way. Yet he was ever an openly declared member of our Society; taking usually in good-natured indifference the taunts he had to bear from friends, chief among them his official superior, the Dewan of Baroda, the late Sir T. Madhava Row, K.C.S.I.—a great statesman, but a confirmed sceptic and a moral prisoner of the Sirkar.

There came to us, about that time, M. B. Namjoshi, of Poona, and Sorabji J. Padshah; the former since known as an active politician of the Sarvajanik Sabha, of Poona, the latter a brilliant young Parsi, whose devotion to the Society and ourselves personally has never weakened nor wavered for a single day. On 18th March, our young Shyamji Krishnavarma sailed for England to join Professor Monier Williams at Oxford, and help him, and himself, to fame. For

Shyamji attended one of the Oriental Congresses, and —although by caste a non-Brahmin—astonished the savants with his recitations of mantras; he came home a Pandit, and later on was Dewan of a Native State. Other two notable acquaintances were the brothers M. M. and A. M. Kunte, of whom the first was a famed Sanskrit Pandit and Professor, the other an M.D. and Demonstrator of Anatomy in Grant Medical College, Bombay. Of all our new-found friends, these were the most effusive and complimentary; of all we have ever known in India, the Doctor showed the most distressful lack of moral courage and most excited my contempt. He was a member of our Council, on terms of closest intimacy with us, most lavish in offers of assistance; his house ours, his fortune, his horses and carriage: we were his brethren indeed. One evening, at a Council meeting, he took the chair at my request, while I presented certain grave formal charges made by Swami Dayānand against Hurrychund, and at the adjournment we parted excellent friends. Two days later, the Doctor's servant brought me a letter resigning his connection with the Society, without a word of explanation. I could not believe my eyes and thought it some stupid joke; but, hastening to his house, was bewildered by his telling me that it was sober earnest. After repeated demands for an explanation, the truth came out. The Principal of the Medical College had advised him not to have his name connected with ours, as the Government suspected our Society of having political designs! And so, instead of manfully defending us and declaring our perfect indifference to

politics, which he, as one of our intimate friends and councillors, could so easily have done, this Doctor of wealth and large practice, who was not in the least dependent on his paltry college appointment, went straight home and put his cowardice into writing! Every decent American and Englishman will understand the feeling of contempt with which I turned my back on him forever. The next day, smarting under this sense of injustice, I wrote to the Professor that as his brother foresaw possible inconvenience from sticking to our Society, I hoped that no feeling of delicacy would prevent his own withdrawal if he shared the uneasiness. His answer was his written resignation! I said to another Hindu friend, whom I knew to be really dependent on his paltry Government appointment of Rs. 40 per month: "Martandrao Bhai, suppose, on going to office to-morrow morning, you should find on your desk a note to the effect that you had to choose between your membership in the Theosophical Society and your place, as we were under suspicion of political designs, what would you do?" The man's face grew serious, he seemed as if casting up the chances, and then, in a stumbling sort of utterance peculiar to him, and with a shake of the head and compression of the lips, he answered: "I—I could—d not go against my principles!" I threw my arms about him and shouted to H. P. B. in the next room: "Come! come and see a true Hindu and a brave man!" That man's name is Martandrao Babaji Nagnath; he is a Maratha Brahmin.

Visitors kept on crowding our bungalow, and stopping until late every evening to discuss

religious questions. Old and young, it was all the same; and thus did we come, so early in our connection with the Hindus, to know the difference between Western and Eastern ideals of life, and the greater dignity of the latter. Questions of wealth, color, business, or politics scarcely ever crossed our threshold; the Soul was the burning topic of debate, and, then, for the first time, H. P. B. and I became absorbed in the problems of its cyclic progressions and reincarnations. We were completely happy in our retired cottage under the cocoa-palms. The arrivals and departures of wealth-laden steamers, the hurly-burly of the Bombay mart, the agonising strife of the share and cotton markets, the petty rivalries of officialdom, the receptions at Government House, did not even enter our thoughts: we were satisfied to be—

The world forgetting, by the world forgot.

Fanatics, if you please; crazy enthusiasts; dreamers of unpractical dreams; devotees of a hobby! dupes of our imaginations. Yet our dreams were of human perfectibility, our yearnings after divine wisdom, our sole hope to help mankind to higher thinking and nobler living. And, under those umbrageous palms, we were visited in person by Mahātmās; and their inspiring presence made us strong to proceed in the path we were treading, and rewarded us an hundred-fold for all the treacheries, and jibes, and Police surveillance, and slanders, and persecutions we had to undergo. So long as they were with us, what mattered it who might be against us? The world had not conquered us, but we were destined by our Karma

to vanquish its indifference and ultimately deserve its respect.

We knew not, but those Adepts knew, that we two were to serve as the necessary nuclei for the concentration and diffusion of that ākāshic stream of old Aryan thought which the revolution of cycles had brought again into the focus of human needs. An agent is always indispensable as the vortex-ring of these intellectual and spiritual recrudescences, and, imperfect as we were, we yet were good enough to serve the present purpose, since we had at least the enthusiasm of sympathy and the quality of obedience. Our personal defects counted as nothing in the balance of the public need. Alexandre Dumas, sr., in *Les Hommes de Fer*, poetically puts this idea. "There are moments," says he, "when vague ideas, seeking a body to make themselves man, float above societies like a mist on the surface of the earth: whilst the wind pushes it over the mirror of the lakes and the carpet of the plains, it is but a formless vapor, without consistence or color; but if it encounters a great hill, it attaches itself to its crest, the vapor becomes a cloud, the cloud a shower, and while the brow of the mountain girds on its aureole of lightnings, the water which filters away mysteriously, gathers itself together in the deep cavities, and emerges at its foot, the spring of some great river which, ever swelling, crosses the land or society, and which calls itself the Nile or the *Iliad*, the Po or the *Divina Commedia*."

In these very latest days, a man of science has exhibited large and beautiful pearls, which he compelled some captive shell-fish to make, by placing

pellets of wax inside their shells, and leaving the creatures to cover them with a coating of lovely pink nacre in obedience to their natural instinct. The pinch of wax, in this case, was intrinsically valueless, but it made the nucleus without which the pearls would not have been formed by the animal. So, in a sense, we pioneers of this Theosophical movement served as nuclei around which was formed the sparkling sphere of Aryan wisdom, which is now exciting the wonder of contemporary scholarship by its beauty and its precious worth. Personally, we may have been as intrinsically valueless as the scientist's balls of beeswax, yet what has gathered around this movement of ours is what the world most needed. And each of our earnest fellow-workers is serving as a separate nucleus for the crystallization of this spiritual nacre.

CHAPTER III

LAYING FOUNDATIONS

INTIMATE as Mr. A. P. Sinnett has long been with the Founders of the Theosophical Society, and closely as his name has for years been identified with its name, fame and literature, our acquaintanceship, like all other things, had a beginning. It began with a letter, of date 25th February, 1879—nine days after our landing at Bombay—in which, as Editor of the *Pioneer*, he expresses to me the desire of becoming acquainted with H. P. B. and myself, in case we should be coming up country, and his willingness to publish any interesting facts about our mission to India. In common with the whole Indian Press, the *Pioneer* had noted our arrival. Mrs. Sinnett writes that, from having had a number of chances in London to investigate certain remarkable mediumistic phenomena, he felt more interest than the averge journalist in occult questions. The laws of the phenomena being as yet unfathomed the manifestations given mainly under unsatisfactory conditions, and the intelligence behind them a confusing jumble of assertions and theories, his curiosity had not been properly satisfied nor his reason convinced. I replied on the 27th, and even if that number was in no other instance

fateful of good luck, it certainly did in this one mark the beginning of a most valuable connection and gratifying friendship. Mr. Sinnett's kind offices came at a time when most needed, and I have never forgotten nor ever can forget that we, personally, and the Society lie under a deep debt of obligation to him. Just landed; known to be identified with Asiatic thought and unsympathetic with the ideals of the Anglo-Indian community; having settled in a retired bungalow, in the heart of the native quarter of Bombay; having been enthusiastically welcomed and accepted by the Hindus, as champions of their ancient philosophies and exponents of their religions; making no call at Government House nor social advances to the European class, and that class being as densely ignorant of Hinduism and Hindus as they were of us and our plans—we really had not the least right to expect favor from our racial kinsfolk, nor to be surprised that Government should suspect us of ulterior motives. Not another Anglo-Indian Editor was disposed to be kind to us, or to be just in his discussion of our views and ideals. Mr. Sinnett alone was our true friend and conscientious critic; but he was a powerful ally, since he controlled the most influential newspaper in India, and more than any other journalist possessed the confidence and respect of the chief officers of Government. Much is to be said later on about the progress of our acquaintance, so for the present it need only be mentioned that a brisk correspondence was kept up between Mr. and Mrs. Sinnett and our two selves, and that, in the beginning of the following December, we paid them a visit at Allahabad, when a number of

interesting circumstances occurred, to be noted in their proper sequence.

It has been remarked already that the Bombay Parsis were friendly from the beginning, calling upon us with their families in numbers, asking us to their homes, dining with us, and pressing me to preside and distribute prizes at an anniversary of a Parsi girls' school. While still in America, I had made friendly overtures to Mr. K. M. Shroff, who had just completed a lecturing tour in my country and returned home. He accepted membership, and on all occasions after our arrival at Bombay rendered us loyal help. He was a young man at that time, and not by a long way as influential in his community as he has since become, but he had innate that capacity for hard work which is the prime factor of success in life. Far more influential Parsi gentlemen than he called on us, among them Mr. K. R. Cama, the Orientalist, and his famous father-in-law, the late Mr. Maneckjee Cursetjee, the reforming pioneer, whose charming daughters were, with him, received at several European Courts and universally admired. I see in my Diary that at our first meeting—on 6th March, 1879—I pressed upon Mr. Cama's attention the necessity of organizing Parsi religious work along Theosophical lines. And I have never ceased doing the like whenever I could get the attention of an influential Parsi. It is a burning shame and disgrace to their community, that their *Shetts* are so hypnotized by the narcotics of money-getting and worldly success, that they let year after year pass by without using some small portion at least of their great wealth in searching out

the fragments of their sacred books in the four corners of their motherland, and doing for their faith, by archæological research and exploration, what the Christians have done for theirs in Egypt and Palestine. It is a loss to the whole world that the splendor of this magnificent religion is not widely known. Parsi charity is princely, but with all the treasure that has been given by them to objects of public utility, it is sad to think that no millionaire among them, however pious and orthodox, has put aside one little lakh to endow a Parsi Research Society of the kind above hinted at, although it would have helped Zoroastrianism more than all their libraries, hospitals, schools of arts, gymkhanas, drinking fountains or Prince of Wales' statues.

It has always struck me with wonder, when talking with Anglo-Indians, to see in what distinctly different worlds they and we live in the East: theirs but an extension of their home life, and filled up with threadbare amusements and distractions to make their resting hours pass by with a minimum of ennui; ours a living of Eastern ideals and a thinking of Eastern thoughts, with no spare time for amusements, nor felt necessity for the distractions of games, parties, and violent exercise. Without the personal experience, one could not imagine there was such a contrast. As I write, the memories of those earliest weeks at Bombay come back to me, and without an effort I seem to be able to recall the pettiest incidents of our life in palm-shaded Girgaum. I remember the compulsory awakening at dawn by the vociferous cawing of countless crows. I remember how my

artistic instinct was constantly excited, on glancing about our reception-room or verandah, and noting the pictures of costume, character, and racial types that I saw. I remember the sustained conversations in English, the common medium of communication between the races of the Indian Empire, and the talks and consultations aside in Guzerati, Marathi, and Hindustani, between fellow tribesmen and castemen. I can in fancy see the lanterns glinting amid the shrubbery, and the columnar trunks of the palm grove brought out into luminous relief by their light. I see ourselves clad in thin clothing and fanned with painted punkahs by Indian servants, the while often wondering how it could be so balmy and warm here and the air so fragrant with odors, while at home icy March winds were sweeping through the streets, and the frozen pavements were ringing like steel under the horses' shoes, and the starving poor huddled together in their misery. It was almost the daily repetition of a pleasant dream. The only link between us and our homes in the West, were the letters that came by each mail, and the tie of sympathy in a common work between us and our then few colleagues at New York, London, and Corfu.

The talk, one evening, had embraced the problem of the universal diffusion of intelligence throughout the Universe, and an amusing proof of its existence in one of the stupidest of birds was about that time given us. There was a fowl-house behind our kitchen, tenanted by a flock of chickens and one family of ducks—a clumsy Muscovy drake and his three wives. Miss Bates, of our quartette, had the management of

the poultry in her hands, and, as usual, they would run towards her whenever she came that way. On a certain evening, after finishing our dinner, we lingered chatting at table, when a loud quack from beneath Miss B.'s chair caused us to start up in surprise. It was the waddling, clumsy, old drake, which, as soon as he saw Miss B. noticing him, quaked again and again, shook his tail, and flapped his wings as though something troubled him. He moved, still quacking, towards the door, looking back at her as though asking her to follow him. We saw that his strange behavior meant something, so we all followed him out of doors. He led us towards the coop, where a great row seemed to be going on—hens screaming, ducks quacking for dear life. Evidently they had been, or were still being, disturbed by rats. Presently, by the light of our lantern, we saw that one of the old drake's wives had thrust her head and neck through the bamboo slats of the coop, and got caught there by slipping down to a point where a projecting knot of one of the bamboos had narrowed the slit so as to pin her neck fast when she sank: she must have been attacked by some vermin, and, flying in her fright against the palings, passed her neck through, but struck her breast heavily against them and fallen. She would have been strangled if her two sister-wives had not thrust their backs under her, and there they were supporting her weight, while the drake, escaping through a badly fastened door, came and called for Miss Bates's help! The attention of Messrs. Romanes and Herbert Spencer is invited to this proof of animal intelligence.

Shortly after our settlement in Girgaum occurred an incident which H. P. B. has embalmed as a permanent record, in her delightful *Caves and Jungles of Hindustan*. When I give the simple, sober facts, the reader can see how the glow of her splendid imagination has transformed them beyond recognition, and out of a commonplace incident created a picturesque and awesome romance. As we were sitting in the early evening, a sound as of the monotonous drubbing on a drum caught my attention. It went on and on in the same key, playing no air, but just making a wearisome succession of muffled throbs in the evening air. One of the servants being sent to trace it out, returned after a while and reported that it was a tom-tom being beaten at a neighboring house, to announce that a "wise woman" was going to be obsessed by a "goddess," and answer questions about matters of personal interest. The temptation to "assist" at so weird a performance prompted us to go to the spot and see what was up. So H. P. B. took my arm and we went to the house. In a mud-plastered room of fifteen or twenty feet square, we saw thirty or forty low-caste Hindus standing along the walls, some cocoa-nut oil lamps attached to the sides, and, squatting in the centre of the floor, a wild-looking woman, with her hair unbound, swaying her body from side to side, and jerking her head with a circular motion so as to make her long ebon tresses swirl about her, sometimes horizontally, like whip-lashes. Presently a youth entered from the back door, carrying a broad, low-rimmed circular platter, on which burnt some lumps of camphor, near

some pinches of red powder, and some shiny green leaves. He held it near the sybil's face, which she plunged into the camphor-smoke, and sniffed the fumes with murmurs of pleasure. Anon, she sprang to her feet, clutched the brass platter, waved it to right and left, renewed the whirling of her head, and then, with lissom step keeping time to the throbs of the tom-tom, sailed about the room peering into the awe-stricken faces of the Hindu spectators. Having thus made the circuit several times, she suddenly darted towards a woman in the crowd, thrust the platter towards her, and told her something in Marathi, which, of course, we could not understand, but which, it appears, related to her private concerns. Whatever it was, the effect was evident, for the woman started back as if in terror, raised her clasped hands towards the dancing prophetess, and seemed deeply moved. The same thing was repeated with various other spectators, after which the seeress whirled into the middle of the room, spun hither and thither for a while, chanted what seemed to be a mantram, and then rushed from the room through the back door. After a few minutes she returned, with her hair dripping with water, flung herself again to the ground, whirled her head as before, again received the tray of burning camphor, and repeated the performance of darting at people and telling them what they wished to know. But her voice was somewhat different this time and her motions less convulsive, which, we were told, was due to the fact that she had passed under the control of another goddess when she plunged her head into the vessel of water,

kept ready outside the door. The novelty of the thing soon wore off for us, and we returned to the house. Only this, and nothing more. There are the simple facts, and nothing more happened. But now, if the reader will turn to *From the Caves and Jungles of Hindustan* ("A Witch's Den"), he will see what H. P. B. made out of them. Instead of a wretched hovel in the densest quarter of Bombay, with an audience of coolies, we are led on elephants, by torchlight, through a dense forest, "two thousand feet above the Vindhya ridge"; the dead silence is broken by the regular hammering tread of the elephants; "uncanny voices and murmurs" are heard; we dismount from our elephants and scramble through thickets of cacti; we make a party of thirty, including the torch-bearers; the Colonel (*viz.*, myself) orders all the rifles and revolvers to be loaded; after leaving most of our clothing on the thorns of the prickly-pears, climbing a hill and descending into another ravine, we reach the "den" of the *Kangarin*—"the 'Pythia of Hindustan,' who 'leads a holy life,' and is a prophetess." Her cave of Trophonius is in a ruined Hindu temple of "red granite," her habitation in a subterranean passage, where the people believed, she had lived three hundred years. The square before the temple is lit up by an enormous bonfire, and crowded by "naked savages like so many black gnomes," who jump through some devil-dance to the sound of drums and tambourines. A white-bearded old man springs out and whirls himself around, with arms spread like wings and showing his wolf-like teeth, until he

falls senseless. A mammoth, four-horned skull of the "Sivatherium," heaped about with flowers, lies on the ground. Suddenly, the witch appears—whence or how none could say. She must have been a beauty from the description of the first view of her: "a skeleton seven feet high, covered with brown leather, with a dead child's tiny head stuck on its bony shoulders; the eyes set so deep, and at the same time flashing such fiendish flames all through your body, that you begin to feel your brain stop working, your thoughts become entangled, and your blood freeze in your veins." A very uncomfortable type o the worst genus of the astral tramp! She stands motionless for a while, holding a dish of burning camphor in one hand, a quantity of rice in the other. She looks like a carved idol, with her shrivelled neck encircled with "three rows of golden medallions," her head "adorned with a golden snake," her "grotesque, hardly human body covered by a piece of saffron-yellow muslin". Then follows a description of the obsession of the witch's body by a goddess; her convulsive movements; her vertiginous dancing, in which she moved faster than a dry leaf before the hurricane; the maddening glare of her eyes at you; her convulsions, leapings, and wild, hellish movements; the changes of one obsessing goddess for another, to the number of seven; her revelations and adjurations; an eerie dance with her own shadow; the beating of her head against the granite steps, and so on through twenty pages of as picturesque writing as can be found in our language. The mind that could do this wonderful thing is that

of a true genius. What she did in this instance, she did throughout the book—a minimum of fact was, in each case, made to cover a great area of fancy; as the small lamp in the engine head-light is by parabolic reflectors made to shine over the line like a sort of sun on wheels.

Whatever hopes we may have had of enjoying a retired life were soon dissipated. We not only found ourselves besieged by visitors, some most earnest and entitled to our help, but also drawn into a rapidly widening correspondence, with Hindus principally, about Theosophical matters. Our aims were described so distortedly by the hostile Anglo-Indian Press, and that portion of the Vernacular Press which, to the undoing of Indian ideals, feeds at the trough of belied "Progress," that we were compelled perforce to threaten legal proceedings against the Editor of the *Dnyanodaya*, the organ of the Presbyterian Marathi Mission, for a gross libel. An ample apology was at once given; yet all Missionaries were not slanderers *ab initio*, for the *Bombay Guardian*, a Missionary organ, said, apropos of the discourse mentioned below: "They who anticipated that the lecture would consist of a tirade against Christianity were mistaken. The report given is brief, but we are told by one who heard it, that the lecture was far more an attack upon Hinduism as it is, than upon Christianity." We had also to make a public statement. Accordingly, on 23rd March, I gave my first public lecture in India at Framji Cowasji Hall, Dhobitallao (the Washermen's Quarter). For novelty and picturesqueness, the scene was the culmination of delight: the contrast between

this sea of multi-colored turbans, snowy muslin dresses, and keen, onyx eyes looking out of handsome brown faces, and the black-costumed, pale-faced, bare-headed audiences of the West, with no touch of bright color save in the women's bonnets, was most striking. The crowd was so dense as to pack the hall, balconies, and stairways, until not one more man could have been crowded in, yet as quiet, orderly, and attentive as though each person had had ample room. Our quartette sat on the platform, which was thronged by the leading personages of the different native communities of Bombay, and my discourse was listened to with breathless attention, interrupted from time to time by applause. It was really an historical event that, for the first time in the recollection of the oldest inhabitant, a Western man should uphold the majesty and sufficiency of Eastern Scriptures, and appeal to the sentiment of patriotic loyalty to the memory of their forefathers, to stand by their old religions; giving up nothing until after its worthlessness had been proven by impartial study. The spirit of the occasion possessed alike speakers and hearers, and there was a moment—I recollect—when I could not restrain my emotion, but had to stop because stifled sobs choked my utterance. I felt like a fool in thus losing my self-command, but I could not help it; the pent-up voice of my heart made my lips dumb, despite all I could do. My theme was: "The Theosophical Society and Its Aims,"[1] and contained as full explanations as I could give. It should be noted that the view taken then was that the

[1] Published by the T. S.

redemption of any nation must come through its own self-evolved leaders, not from without, and that if the downfall of India was to be arrested, the inspired agent must be sought within her boundaries, not in foreign lands, nor among aliens. For ourselves, we utterly disclaimed all pretence of leadership or qualifications for the same. I believe, after twenty years' Indian experience, that this is the sound view, and the only tenable one. I also believe, as I then stated, that this necessary spiritual Teacher exists, and in the fulness of time will appear. For, truly, the signs of his coming multiply daily, and who shall say that our Society, Mrs. Besant, Vivekānanda, Dharmapāla, and others are not the *avant couriers* of the blessed day when spiritual yearnings shall again fill the Eastern heart, and materialistic grovellings be things of the black past?

Naturally, under the circumstances, the above event made a pretty strong impression. The *Indian Spectator* said: "A greater mission never was conceived. Let the Aryans make common cause; let the Hindus, Parsis, Mohammedans, Christians forget their differences, and the day of India's regeneration is not far off." It was noted as a coincidence that the Address happened to be delivered on the day on which a new year and new era commenced, according to the Sak Salivan, the Calendar used at Bombay. The *Amrita Bazaar Patrika* (8th May, 1879), said our object was "the grandest ever undertaken by man," and prayed us to come and dwell at Calcutta. In the ear of the India of 1899, after the changes that have since been wrought in native opinion, the following

utterance of the Editor of the *Patrika* will sound like rankest pessimism. He welcomed us, but said we came too late:

"What can the doctor do," he asks, "when the patient is already stiff and cold? India is dead to all sense of honor and glory. India is an inert mass which no power of late has yet been able to move. . . . India has no heart, and those of her children who have yet any portion of it left, have been deadened by blank despair. Talk of regenerating India to the Indians? You might as well talk to the sands of the sea."

This is emotional faint-heartedness, not the perspicacity and foresight of statesmanship. Shishir Babu forgot what even the elementary knowledge of agriculture as practised in his native village ought to have taught him, *viz.*, that the seed must be planted before the shade of the tree can be enjoyed, or the cereal harvest be available as daily food. Events have belied his lugubrious prognosis, and the Indian peoples are already searching backwards together for the sources of Aryan ideals. It is but a little way they have gone, it is true, yet the "inert corpse" of India, which the Calcutta Jeremiah of 1879 depicted, has proved itself a very living entity, and is calling upon its children to look up the ancient Scriptures once more for the profit of mankind.

CHAPTER IV

MANY WONDERS

BEGINNING with 29th March (1879), there were a series of strange occurrences in which Mooljee Thackersey was an essential, sometimes the chief witness—excluding H. P. B. On the day in question she told Mooljee to fetch a buggy, and, when it came, mounted into it with him. She refused to answer his questions as to whither she was going, simply telling him to order the driver to turn to right or left or go straight ahead, as she might direct. What happened Mooljee told us on their return in the evening. She had directed the course by numerous windings of streets and country roads, until they found themselves at a suburb of Bombay, eight or ten miles distant, in a grove of coniferæ. The name is not written in my Diary, but I think it was Parel, though I may be mistaken. At any rate, Mooljee knew the place, because he had cremated his mother's body in that neighborhood. Roads and paths crossed each other confusedly in the wood, but H. P. B. never faltered as to her course, and bade the driver turn and turn until they came to the seashore. Finally, to Mooljee's amazement, they were brought up by the gate of a private estate, with a magnificent

rose-garden in front and a fine bungalow with spacious Eastern verandahs in the back ground. H. P. B. climbed down and told Mooljee to await her there, and not for his life to dare come to the house. So there he waited in a complete puzzle; for such a property he, a lifelong resident of Bombay, had never heard of before. He called one of several gardeners who were hoeing the flowers, but the man would tell him nothing as to his master's name, how long he had lived there, or when the bungalow was built: a most unusual thing among Hindus. H. P. B. had walked straight up to the house, had been received cordially at the door by a tall Hindu of striking and distinguished appearance, clad entirely in white, and had gone inside. After some time the two reappeared, the mysterious stranger bade her farewell, and handed her a great bunch of roses which one of the gardeners brought to his master for the purpose, and H. P. B. rejoined her escort, re-entered the buggy, and ordered the driver to return home. All that Mooljee could draw out of H. P. B. was that the stranger was an Occultist with whom she was in relation and had business to transact that day. The roses, she said, he had sent by her to myself. The strangest part of this story to us was that, so far as we knew, there was no possibility of H. P. B.'s having learnt anything about this suburb and the way to it, at any rate since our arrival at Bombay, for she had never left the house alone, yet that she had shown the completest familiarity with both. Whether any such bungalow existed or not, we had no means of knowing save on Mooljee's testimony. He was so amazed

with his experience as to go on telling it to his friends in the town, which led one, who professed to know the suburb in question perfectly, to lay a wager of Rs. 100 that there was no such bungalow by the sea-shore and that he could not guide anyone to it. When H. P. B. heard this, she offered to bet Mooljee that he would lose the other wager; whereupon he, declaring that he could retrace every foot of the way by which they had gone, closed with the offer, and I had a carriage called at once, and we three entered it. By another Hindu interpreter, I ordered the coachman to strictly follow Mr. M.'s directions as to our route, and off we went. After a long drive by devious ways, we reached the wood, in whose shady depths the mysterious bungalow was supposed to stand. The soil was almost pure sea-sand, bestrewn with a brown mulch of pine-needles, or those of some other conifer, possibly the casuarina. We could see a number of roads running in different directions, and I told Mooljee that he must keep a sharp look-out, or he would assuredly get lost. He, however, was as confident as possible, despite the gibes thrown at him by H. P. B. about his state of mystification and the certain loss of his Rs. 100. For an hour we drove on, now to this side, now to the other, now stopping for him to dismount from the box and look about him. At last—and just a minute or so after his declaring himself perfectly sure that we were driving straight for the seaside bungalow—a train rattled by on a near embankment, and thus showed poor Mooljee that he had guided us in the very opposite direction from the one desired! We offered to give him as much time

as he liked to pursue his search, but he felt completely baffled and gave in as beaten. So we drove home. H. P. B. told all of us that Mooljee would have found the mystical bungalow if a glamor had not been brought to bear on his sight, and, moreover, that the bungalow, like all other spots inhabited by Adepts, was always protected from the intrusion of strangers by a circle of illusion formed about it and guarded and kept potent by elemental servitors. This particular bungalow was in the constant keeping of an agent who could be relied upon, and used as an occasional resting and meeting place by Gurus and Chēlās when travelling. All the buried ancient libraries, and those vast hoards of treasure which must be kept hidden until its Karma requires its restoration to human use, are, she said, protected from discovery by the profane, by illusory pictures of solid rocks, unbroken solid ground, a yawning chasm, or some such obstacle, which turns aside the feet of the wrong men, but which Māyā dissolves away when the predestined finder comes to the spot in the fulness of time. This story coincides with all folk-lore tradition, and anyone who has seen even one of an hundred recorded proofs of hypnotic inhibition in modern hospitals and clinics, can readily accept the reasonableness of such a tale of māyāvic engirdlement: the Devil is no longer accepted (outside the Vatican) as sole hypnotiser of mankind, and Charcot, Liébault, de Rochas, and others have shown us the scientific reasonableness of the old tales of Sorcery and Magic. At any rate, I give this story for what it may be worth, as I do in all cases where I myself was not an eye-witness,

when I say my say in all candor, and leave the public to believe or disbelieve as they see fit: it is nothing to me. If my own opinion be asked, I should say that to my mind the story of the bungalow seems probably true, for, as mentioned in a former chapter, we were visited in our Girgaum cottage by more than one Adept in the flesh, and one moonlight night, Damodar and I were with H. P. B. on the road leading towards the hidden house, when one came up to and saluted us at not more than arm's-length distance. But the details need not be mentioned here, as I have other things to first tell.

We now come in chronological order to a momentous country trip whose incidents have been expanded and glorified through some sixty pages in the *Caves and Jungles of Hindustan*. Until comparatively a short time ago, it lingered in my memory as a chapter of the most trustworthy as well as exciting episodes in my relations with H. P. B. As perfect candor is my aim, I shall narrate my facts, which such comments as the present state of my mind permits me to offer.

H. P. B., Mooljee, and I left Bombay by train on 4th April, 1879, for a trip to Karli Caves. Our servant Babula accompanied us. This was our entire party. We had with us no "Brahman from Poona, Moodelliar from Madras, Sinhalese from Kegalla, Bengali Zemindar, or gigantic Rajput"—visible to me, at any rate. At Narel station we left the train, and took palanquins up the hill to Matheran, the chief sanatorium of Bombay. I was given to understand that we had been invited to Karli by a certain Adept with whom I had had close relations in America during the

writing of *Isis*; and that the sundry provisions for our comfort *en route* had been ordered by him. I was not in the least surprised, then, to find at Narel station a Hindu servant of the better class, *i.e.*, not a house menial, who came forward, and, after saluting, gave a message in Marathi, which Mooljee interpreted to be the compliments of his master, and a request that we should graciously choose whether we would have palanquins or ponies for the ascent, as both were ready. H. P. B. and I chose palanquins, and Mooljee and Babula ponies. Then away we went in the day-bright moonshine, twelve bearers to each "palkee"—fair-sized, strong, muscular, dark brown fellows, of the Thakoor clan, who trotted along in broken step (so as not to jar the person in the palkee), keeping time by a sweet-voiced, measured cadence that, in its novelty, was extremely pleasant to hear, but which grew monotonously tiresome after a while. I had never before made such a poetical journey as this through that tropic night, with the sky ablaze with vividly bright stars before the moon had risen, myriad insects chirping to each other, the night birds crying to their mates, the great bats silently sailing in tortuous gyrations in quest of food, the palm fronds crackling and jungle leaves rustling, the smell of the earth, mingling now and again with that of spicy buds in a warmer air-current through which we passed, and with all the chant of the panting palkee-wallahs as they nimbly swung along. As for the escort of numberless chattering monkeys, the "thundering roars of tigers," and the "Portuguese inn, woven like an eagle's nest out of bamboos," the less said the

better in a sober historical narrative. We certainly reached the Alexandra Hotel in due course, supped at 11, went to bed quietly, rose early the next morning and enjoyed the splendid view from the verandah. Mooljee was out when I awoke, but returned an hour later with the story that he had been aroused before daybreak by the man who had met us at Narel, and shown a completely furnished bungalow which, he said, was at our disposal free of rent, for such time as we chose to occupy it. But by breakfast time, H. P. B. had become nauseated with what she called "the aura of Anglo-Indian civilization," and refused to stop over a single day. So, despite the landlord's warning against the fierce heat of the sun, away we started and rode to Narel again, in a temperature like that of the stoke-room on a steamer. By good luck neither of us were sunstruck, and in due course got the train and went on to Khandalla, a delightful place in the hills. Our same universal provider met us here also, with a spacious bullock-carriage in which he took us to the Government rest-house (dāk bungalow), where we spent the next day and night. The evening of our arrival, Mooljee strolled down to the railway station for a chat with the station-master, an old acquaintance, and got a surprise. A train came in from Bombay and stopped at the platform, when he heard his name loudly called. Looking from carriage to carriage he saw a Hindu beckoning and went to his window. The unknown proved to be the personage whom H. P. B. had visited! He handed him a fresh bouquet of what seemed to be the same kinds of roses as he had seen in the mysterious garden

of the taciturn gardeners, and which were the most beautiful he had ever seen. "These," said the gentleman, as the train moved on, "are for Colonel Olcott; give him them, please." So Mooljee brought them to me and told his story. An hour later I told H. P. B. that I should like to thank the Adept for his courtesies to our party, and if she could get it delivered, should write him. She assented, so the note was written and given her. She handed it to Mooljee and requested him to go down the public road before us and deliver it. "But," he asked, "to whom, and where; it bears no name nor address on the cover?" "No matter; take it and you will see to whom you must give it." He accordingly moved off down the road, but after ten minutes came running back, breathless and exhibiting every sign of surprise. "It's gone!" he faltered. "What?" "The letter, he took it." "Who took it?" I inquired. "I don't know, Colonel, unless it was a pisācha: he came up out of the ground, or so it seemed to me. I was walking slowly along, looking to right and left, and not knowing what I must do to carry out H. P. B.'s orders. There were no trees or bushes for a person to hide in, but just the white, dusty road. Yet suddenly, as if he had come out of the ground, there was a man a few yards off, coming towards me. It was the man of the rose-bungalow, the man who gave me the flowers for you at Khandalla station, and whom I had seen carried away in the train towards Poona!" "Nonsense, man," I replied, "you've been dreaming." "No, I was as wide awake as I ever was in my life. The gentleman said: 'You have a letter

for me—that one in your hand; have you not?' I could hardly speak, but I said: 'I don't know, Maharaj, it has no address.' 'It is for me, give it.' He took it from me and said: 'Now, go back.' I turned my back for an instant and looked to see if he was there, but he had disappeared; the road was vacant! Frightened, I turned and ran, but had not got away fifty yards when a voice at my very ear said: 'Don't be foolish, man; keep cool; all is right.' This frightened me still more, for no man was in sight. I fled, and here I am." Such was Mooljee's story, which I repeat exactly as he told it to me. If appearances go for anything, he must have spoken truth, for his fright and excitement were too evident to have been simulated by so clumsy an actor as he. At all events, a certain request contained in that letter was answered in a letter from this same Adept, which I got later, at the dāk bungalow in Bhurtpore, Rajputana, more than a thousand miles distant from this place of Mooljee's adventure. And that goes for something.

It was a moonlight night, glorious beyond anything we see in the colder Western lands, and the air sweet, bland and pure, making physical existence a charm. We three sat out on the lawn enjoying it until late, planning our visit to Karli Caves for the next day.

Towards the end of the evening, H. P. B. came out of a state of mental abstraction in which she had been sitting for some minutes, and told me that at 5 p.m., the next day, a Sanyāsi or Sanyāsis would visit us at the Caves. I recorded the forewarning before retiring; the sequel will be seen presently.

At 4 o'clock in the morning Baburao, the Adept's supposed agent, silently entered the room where Mooljee and I slept, wakened me with a touch, thrust into my hand a small, round lacquered box containing a *pān sopāri*, or betel-leaf with spice accompaniments, such as is given to guests, and whispered in my ear the name of the Adept under whose protection we were alleged to be on this trip. The significance of the gift was that in the mystical school with which we have had to do, this is the sign of adoption of the new pupil. We rose, bathed, had coffee, and at 5 left in the bullock-coach (*shigram*) for Karli, which we reached at 10. By this time there was a blazing sunshine, and we had a hard climb of it up the foot-path from the foot of the hill to the Caves. H. P. B. became so distressed for breath that finally some coolies brought a chair and carried her the last half of the ascent. It is foreign to my purpose to enter into a description of the awe-inspiring, grandiose rock-temple and its adjacent smaller cave-dormitories, which are given in every guide-book, with all their details of measurements. My narrative is concerned only with the personal adventures of our little party.

We found a festival of Rama in progress in the neighbouring village, with a great crowd, and I found it very amusing to observe its novel features. Tired with our hot climb, we went inside the great Cave, and spreading our blankets camped on the rocky floor. By and by we had our lunch, although feeling half-ashamed to be satisfying the vulgar cravings of the stomach in the aisle of a fane where, centuries before our era, thousands of ascetic recluses had

worshipped, and with chaunts of sacred slokas and gathas, united in helping each other to dominate the animal self and develop their spiritual power. Our talk, of course, ran upon the noble theme of the rise, progress, and decadence of the Brahma Vidya in India, and our hopes of its recrudescence. On these worthy subjects discoursing, we passed the time away until, looking at my watch, I found that it lacked but six minutes to 5 o'clock; so Mooljee and I left H. P. B. and went to the gate-house which guards the entrance to the Cave, and waited. No ascetic was then in sight, but in about ten minutes, there came one who drove before him a cow, which was deformed by a short fifth leg that grew from its hump. A servant accompanied him. The ascetic's face was gentle and attractive. He had flowing black hair, and a full beard, parted down the chin in the Rajput fashion, with the ends turned over the ears and worked in with the hair of the head. He was robed in the saffron-hued cloths (*bhāgwa*) of his order. Across his intellectual forehead was the smear of grey ashes (*Vibhuti*) which indicates the follower of Shiva. We watched for some sign or look of recognition, but getting none, at last joined and drew him into conversation. He explained his presence there when by rights he should have been faring on towards Hardwar, by saying that the previous day, while on his road to that noted shrine, his Guru had ordered him to be here at 5 o'clock this day, as there were persons for him to meet. No orders beyond that had been given him. If we were expecting him, then we must have been the persons his Guru

had in mind, but he had no message for us, as yet at all events. No, his Guru had not told him in person, but—this we drew from him after much cross-questioning and after an interval of silence, in which he seemed to be listening to some invisible person—by a voice, as if spoken into his ear. That was the way he always received his orders while travelling. Finding that we could get no more out of him, we took temporary leave and returned to H. P. B. Our determination to pass the night on the hill being made known to Baburao, he and Mooljee went in search of a suitable shelter, and on their return we and our luggage were removed to a small cave-dormitory cut into the hill, some distance to the right of the great cave-temple. The ancient sculptors had fashioned a two-pillared small porch at the entrance, and inside ten cubicles, with open door-ways, giving on to a central square hall or chamber of assembly. To the left of the porch a basin, cut in the rock, received the waters of a spring of deliciously cool and clear water. H. P. B. told us that from one of the cubicles in one of these small caves, a secret door communicated with other caves in the heart of the mountain, where a school of Adepts still lived, but whose existence was not even suspected by the general public: and that if I could find the right portion of rock, and handle it in a particular fashion, no hindrance would be made to my entrance—a liberal offer considering the circumstances! However, I tried, and in another little cave some way off I did actually put my hand on a place and was about to try to move it when H. P. B. began

calling me back in haste. The Adept writer of the Bhurtpore letter told me that I had actually hit upon the right place and would have prematurely penetrated to his retreat if I had not been called away. However, this is unprovable for the present, so let me proceed. Mooljee and Babula had gone to the village bazaar with Baburao, to buy provisions, and H. P. B. and I were left alone. We sat in the porch smoking and chatting, until she bade me stop where I was for a few minutes and not look around until she told me. She then passed inside the cave, as I thought to go into one of the cubicles for a nap on the rock-hewn block that served as the old monk's bed. I kept on smoking and looking over the wide landscape that lay before me like a great map, when suddenly, from within the cave, I heard a sound like the slamming of a heavy door and a burst of satirical laughter. Naturally I turned my head, but H. P. B. had disappeared. She was in neither of the cells, which I examined in detail, nor could I, with the minutest search over every inch of the rocky surfaces of their walls find the least crack or other sign of a door; there was nothing palpable to eye or touch but living rock. I had had so long and varied an experience of H. P. B.'s psychological eccentricities, that I soon ceased to bother myself about the mystery and returned to the porch and my pipe, in placid inclination to wait for what might happen. A half-hour had passed since her disappearance, when I heard a footstep just behind me and was addressed by H. P. B. in person, in a natural tone, as if nothing had happened out of the common. In reply to my

question as to where she had been, she simply said she had "had business" with . . . (mentioning the Adept) and gone to see him in his secret chambers. Curiously enough, she held in her hand a rusty old knife of a strange pattern, which she said she had picked up in one of the masked passages, and purposelessly had brought along. She would not let me keep it, but flung it out into the air with all her force, and I saw it fall into a thicket far down the hillside. I do not explain the above occurrence, leaving each reader to make what he may out of the facts. Yet, to forestall what will unquestionably occur to many minds of a certain bias, I may say that, barring the rusty knife, all is explicable on the theory of hypnotic suggestion. The sound of the slammed rock-door and the shout of laughter, H. P. B.'s seeming disappearance and subsequent sudden reappearance, can all be accounted for as hypnotic Māyā cast on me by her. She may have passed out by the porch at my very side, gone elsewhere, and returned before my very eyes without my seeing her. This is one explanation, and a very rickety one it will be to anyone who had had to do, in the state of pupilage, with a real adept of Eastern Magic.

Our people in time returned; we had a warm supper served to us in the cave-porch and then after admiring the moonlight panorama, and having a last smoke, all rolled ourselves in our blankets and lay down on the rock-floor and slept quietly until morning. Baburao sat at the porch-door and tended a wood-fire that we kept burning as a protection

against wild beasts. But—save one wretched little jackal that slunk by in the night—none came to break our rest. The *Caves and Jungles* story about my falling down a precipice and being rescued by the Sanyāsi and his five-legged cow is all fiction; so are the "far-away roars of the tigers rising from the valley," the night attack on us by a huge tiger, the casting of it into the abyss by adept will-power, and the weeping of "Miss X."—a totally unknown quantity. These were the plums and spices that H. P. B. put into her charming Indian wonder-book, to make it interesting to the Russian public, in whose language it was originally written. Equally misleading is her account of a snake-charming performance as occurring at Karli Caves, the truth being that the thing happened in our own house at Girgaum; as will be seen later on, when I come to the case in its due order.

Mooljee and I were up before H. P. B. the next morning, and after a wash at the spring, he went down to the village while I stood on the path enjoying the early morning view over the plains. After a while, to my gratification, I saw the cow-owning Sanyāsi coming towards me with the evident intention of speaking. I was at a loss what to do, as neither H. P. B. nor I knew a word of either of the vernaculars. But my doubt as to the issue was soon solved by his coming close up to me, taking my hand, giving our T. S. private tokens of brotherhood, and pronouncing in my ear the Adept's name! Then saluting me most gracefully, he bowed and went his way. We saw him no more.

We passed that day in exploring the caves, and at 4.30 p.m. wended back to the Khandalla rest-house. But while still in the Great Cave, H. P. B. passed on to me an order, telepathically received, she said, from the Adept, that we should go to Rajputana, in the Punjab. After supper we sat out again on the moon-glorified lawn of the travellers' bungalow, this time in company with two other travellers—Anglo-Indians—who retired early, leaving us three alone. My two companions strolled about conversing together and disappeared behind the house, but Mooljee speedily returned and, as it seemed, in a daze of confusion, saying that she had disappeared before his very eyes while he stood talking to her in the moonlight. He seemed really about to have a fit of hysterics, so much did he tremble. I bade him sit down and keep quiet, and not make such a fool of himself, as he had merely been made the subject of a glamor, which was a very harmless affair, such as any good mesmeriser could accomplish on his sensitive subject.[1] She soon reappeared and resumed her seat, and our chat went on. Presently two white-robed Hindu men were seen

[1] She herself specifies with full candor, on p. 588 of vol. II of *Isis*, this illusion-casting power as one of the acquired functions of a thaumaturgist, thus:

"The thaumaturgist, thoroughly skilled in occult science, can cause himself (that is, his physical body) to *seem* to disappear, or to apparently take on any shape that he may choose. He may make his astral form visible, or he may give it a protean appearance. In both cases, these results will be achieved by a mesmeric hallucination of the senses of all witnesses, simultaneously brought on. This hallucination is so perfect that the subject of it would stake his life that he saw a reality, when it is but a picture in his own mind, impressed upon his consciousness by the irresistible will of the mesmeriser."

crossing the lawn obliquely past us, some fifty yards off. They stopped when opposite our position and Mooljee was sent by H. P. B. to talk with them. As he stood with them doing this, she repeated to me what she said was their conversation and which Mooljee corroborated a moment later on rejoining us. It was a message to me to the effect that my letter to the Adept had been received and accepted, and that I should get the answer when I reached Rajputana. Before Mooljee could finish this brief report, I saw the two pupil-messengers walk away a short distance, pass behind a small bush not thick or large enough to screen a white-robed man, especially in that vivid moonlight, and disappear: there was open lawn about the bush, but the two had vanished from sight most effectually. Naturally I obeyed my first impulse to run across the lawn and search behind the bush for some signs of a subterranean place of refuge; but I found nothing, the sod was unbroken, the bush had not a twig bent out of its natural place. I had simply been hypnotised.

We left for Bombay the next morning by mail train, but our adventures were not yet finished. Baburao bade us farewell at Khandalla station after refusing to accept the *douceur* I pressed upon him—a rare stretch of self-denial, as anyone familiar with Hindu serving-men will declare. We three friends had a second-class carriage to ourselves; Babula found room in the third-class. After a while, Mooljee stretched himself out on one of the benches and fell asleep, while H. P. B. and I sitting side by side on the cross-bench—she next the left-hand window—

talked about our occult affairs in general. She finally said: "I do wish that . . . (the Adept) had not made me pass on verbally to you his message about Rajputana!" "Why?" "Because Wimbridge and Miss Bates will think it all humbug, a trick to make you take me on a pleasant journey and leave them moping at home." "Bosh!" I said; "I don't need anything more than your word for it." "But I tell you," she replied, "they will think hardly of me for it." "Then," I said, "it would have been far better if he had given you a note, which he could have done easily. Well, it's too late to worry about it now. Khandalla is fifteen or twenty miles behind us, and so let it go." She brooded over the idea a few minutes, and then said: "Well, I shall try, anyhow; it is not too late." She then wrote something on a page of her pocket-book in two kinds of character, the upper half Senzar—the language of all her personal writings from the Mahatmas—the lower half English, which she allowed me to read. It ran thus:

"*Ask Goolab Singh to telegraph to Olcott the orders given him through me at the cave yesterday; let it be a test to others as well as to himself.*"

Tearing the leaf out, folding it into a triangular shape, and inscribing on it some peculiar symbolical signs (which, she said, dominated the Elementals), she took it between her thumb and forefinger of the left hand, as if about to throw it out of the window. I, however, caught and held her hand, saying: "You want this to be a test to me? Then let me re-open the billet, and see what you do with it." She consenting

I looked inside the note, returned it to her, and, at her express bidding, watched it when she flung it from the train. It was touched by the outer edge of the air-rush made by the train, and whirled outwards towards a solitary tree near the track. We were then 3,000 feet high, up among the peaks of the Western Ghāts, with no human habitation in sight at the moment, and but very few trees beside the railway track. Just before I let her fling out the billet, I awoke Mooljee, told him what she was about doing, with him took the time by my watch, and he joined me in signing a certificate in my own note-book, which now lies before me, and from which I have refreshed my memory as to these details. The certificate is dated at "Kurjeet Station, G. I. P. R., 8th April, 1879, at 12.45 p.m.," and signed by Mooljee Thackersey as witness.

At Kurjeet, Mooljee and I wanted to descend and stretch our legs a bit on the platform, but H. P. B. said that neither of us should leave the train until we reached Bombay: she had her orders, and we would understand them in due time. So we remained with her in the carriage. In schedule time we reached home, and I at once went on an errand to the Kalbadevi Road and was gone an hour. On returning I was met by Miss Bates, who handed me a sealed Government telegraph cover, saying that she had received it from the messenger (peon) and receipted for it in my name. It read as follows:

"*Time 2 p.m. Date* 8-4-1879.
From Kurjeet To Byculla.
From Goolab Singh To H. S. Olcott.

Letter received. Answer Rajputana. Start immediately."

As I said above, until a few months ago, I regarded this as one of the most unmistakably genuine proofs of H. P. B.'s occult relations I had ever received. It so impressed all my friends, among them one in London and one in New York, to whom I forwarded it for examination. The friend at New York, moreover, reported a strange fact, which I am glad to say I recorded in my Diary for the following 1st July, after receipt of the Overland Mail of that day: Mr. John Judge, brother of W. Q. Judge—the friend in question—wrote that the name of the sender of the telegram (Goolab Singh) had entirely faded out, and he had no clue, therefore, to the sender. He enclosed the original despatch in his letter and I found the name had again become *perfectly visible*, as it is to this day. The one weak point in the whole series of phenomena is that—as I learned quite recently—Baburao had been engaged by Mooljee to look after our party at Matheran, Khandalla, and Karli Cave! It is for this reason that I have so minutely described the incidents of our pleasant trip, leaving each reader to judge for himself.

CHAPTER V

A JOURNEY TO NORTHERN INDIA

THE extension of our movement to foreign countries obliged me to devise a plan for its expansion on cosmopolitan lines and make some change in its rules. This was effected at Bombay, and the new draft being approved by several of our wisest Indian colleagues, it was published along with the text of my Framji Cowasji Institute lecture. Other modifications have been since made from time to time as experience suggested, and events of recent occurrence point to the necessity for still further modifications. The ideal which should be ever kept in view is the making of a Federation under which the completest autonomy may be enjoyed by local Sections, while ever keeping a strong sense of the dependence of the whole movement upon the central nucleus and the common interest in its strict preservation and effective management.

On Good Friday—11th April, 1879—H. P. B., Mooljee Thackersey, and I, with our servant Babula, left Bombay for the visit to Rajputana ordered at Karli Caves. The temperature of the air was suffocatingly hot, and, with the dust, made us suffer greatly in the train. Whether on account of my

physical discomfort or not, I cannot say, but I went that night in the astral body to visit the resident of the Karli subterraneans, but did not penetrate to his inner retreat. All I can recollect is what is noted in my Diary, *viz.*, that I entered one of the galleries leading to it from the dormitory where our party encamped, with Baburao sitting on guard at the entrance door.

We reached Allahabad on the 13th, and were met at the station by Swami Dayānand's local chief disciple, Pandit Sunderlal, who gave us small encouragement as to the prospects of our work in the North-Western Provinces—a forecast since happily negatived by the results of twenty-one years' changes in Indian public opinion. We put up at the Railway Company's dāk bungalow which stands within the station compound, and I can well recollect that the heat was so terrific as to make even the Hindu Mooljee catch his breath when we ventured outside the house. A lively Frenchman, Babula's former master, formerly steward of the Byculla Club, Bombay—and not, as so often asserted, a professional conjurer—was in charge of the station refreshment room, and he enlivened our repasts by telling stories of the frequent deaths of Europeans in the trains from heat apoplexy! To stout persons like H. P. B. and myself this was most reassuring. In the cool of the day we went to the bank of the Jumna to pay a visit to a remarkable old ascetic named Babu Surdass, a follower of the Sikh Guru Nanak, who exemplified in his person to a pre-eminent degree the possibilities of an obstinately fixed purpose. Since the year 1827, that is to say, for fifty-two years, he had sat through all the seasons

of heat, of rains, and of cold, on a low brick platform near the Fort, without a shelter over his head; braving all violent extremes of weather and ever meditating upon religious things. There he had sat throughout the Mutiny, paying no attention to the thundering cannon or the fights that raged throughout that district of country: their turbulent rumors could not penetrate within the realm of thought where he passed his existence. On this day of our visit the sun blazed on us like a fierce fire, but his head was bare and yet he did not seem to feel any inconvenience. The whole day long he squats on his place and the whole night as well, save at midnight, when he goes to the confluence of the two sacred streams, Ganges and Jumna, to bathe and worship. The hardships of his protracted penance have made him blind and he has to be led to the riverside, yet his face wears a cheerful look, and his smile is frank and sweet. If New Yorkers will recall the features of the late Mr. George Jones, founder of the *N. Y. Times*, they will have an excellent idea of this Sikh Sanyāsi's appearance. Through Mooljee as interpreter, H. P. B. and I conversed with the old man. He told us he was 100 years old, which may be true or not, it doesn't matter, but as to the length of his stay on that brick *gadi*, that is a matter of history. And how curious a commentary is his case upon the ideals of our worldly society; how impressive the fact of his sitting silent and unmoved, in religious introspection, throughout a half-century of human passions, raging around him, yet as powerless to affect him for weal or woe as the surges beating about the foot of a cliff

are to move it upon its base. His conversation embodied some poetical images, as for instance, when he said that the Wise Ones caught at and appropriated grains of truth as the pearl-oyster catches a raindrop to convert it into a pearl. He was quite unmoved by my telling him the real truth about the making of pearls; Science was wrong, he said, and he held to his comparison. Using the familiar illustration in the Shāstras, he reminded us that only by keeping the mind calm and the soul unperturbed can one perceive truth, as the image of the sun can only be seen in smooth water. And, as regards adversity and troubles: experience of these things brings out the sweetest essence of human knowledge, as the attar is obtained by expressing and distilling the petals of roses. When asked if he could show us phenomena, he turned his sightless orbs towards the speaker, and sadly remarked that the Wise Man never permitted his attention to be drawn aside from the search after spirit by these playthings of the ignorant; which was what they really were. When in the proper mood he has the faculty of seeing forward and backward in time, but he declined to give us any practical proofs of his clairvoyance. Every time that I have revisited Allahabad since that first occasion I have been in the habit of paying my respects to the old Sanyāsi, but on the last occasion I learnt that he was dead. It would be most instructive to learn to what extent his lifelong physical self-restraint has modified his condition in the next sphere of consciousness.

From Allahabad we moved on to Cawnpore, where we met our new friend Ross Scott and his brother, an

engineer in Government service. An early morning visit was paid the next day to another Sanyāsi, who had been living on the sandy plain across the Ganges in a state of nudity for about a year. He had a refined, spiritual face, an emaciated body, and an air of perfect indifference to worldly things. I was struck by the collapse of his stomach, which seemed as if its digestive functions were seldom called into action. He too refused to show us phenomena, with an expression of apparent disdain; evidently these Hindu seekers after spirit are on a different level from our own Western ones, and would make little account of the best miracles of our most excellent mediums. So it seemed to me, at any rate. He, however, told us about a famous ascetic, named Jungli Shah, who is credited with having done the miracle of the "Loaves and Fishes" more than once, by multiplying the food of a single person to such an extent that he was able to feed hundreds with it and give each a full meal. Since then I have heard several times of the same thing being done by different Sanyāsis. It is considered by the higher proficients in magic a comparatively easy thing to multiply a single thing, like a grain of rice, a fruit, a quantity of water, etc., the main requisite being that there shall be a nucleus around which the adept can collect the matter of space. But I should greatly like to know if these miraculous increments of food and drink are anything better than illusions; and if, provided they are not, whether those who partake of the wonder-food are nourished by it. I recollect Professor Bernheim's showing me how, by suggestion, he could make a hypnotized

patient at one moment feel his stomach full of food, and the next feel it empty and be voraciously hungry. Our young Sanyāsi also ascribed to Lukhi Bāwā and another ascetic the power of changing water into *ghee* (clarified butter). He also told us that he himself had, twenty years before, seen still another Sanyāsi cause a felled tree to be restored to full vigor of branch and leaf; and, the less wonderful fact—provided it was a mere case of paralysis of the optic nerves —of his own eyesight having been restored to him by a Guru at Muttra, the sacred city of Shrī Krishna.

At 3 p.m. we mounted an elephant for a visit to Jajmow, an ancient ruined city four miles from Cawnpore, which is said to have been the capital of the Lunar Race in 5000 B.C. It figures in *Caves and Jungles* in a much travestied form. Our objective there was the *āshram* of the old Sanyāsi named Lukhi Bāwā, above mentioned. We found him a man of venerable presence, a philosopher and erudite astrologer. He was as like the late Mr. John W. Mitchell, the New York lawyer, as if he were his twin brother. And I may say here, in parenthesis, that throughout Asia I have been finding everywhere these striking likenesses to Western friends, acquaintances, and public personages. The color of their skins makes the resemblances all the more impressive, and suggests the question whether a parity of evolutionary psychical forces, under the guidance of Karma, produces the same type of features regardless of racial peculiarities. The likenesses have equally struck my attention whether the local type was Caucasian, Mongolian, Semitic, or Negroid.

Again we were denied our wish for wonders, this third ascetic appealed to within as many days refusing to produce phenomena for us, or help us to find a wonder-worker. So much for the serious part of this excursion, but there is its other and comical side. There was no howdah (cab) on the elephant (whose florid name was Chenchal Peri, the Active Fairy), but only a "pad," or large mattress, which is strapped on by huge girths fastening under the animal's body. It requires some skill and a good balance to keep on this seat when the animal is in motion, and I leave the acquaintances of H. P. B. to imagine what happened when she turned rider along with four other neophytes to share the limited area of cushion. Out of politeness we first helped her up the short ladder, of course expecting that she would play us fair, but not she, indeed: she planted herself square in the middle of the pad and not one inch would she budge to give us a chance. In fact, her expressions were extremely forcible when we asked her to remember that she was not to have the pad all to herself. So, as Chenchal Peri's ears began to flap and she showed other signs of impatience at our wrangling, we four—W. Scott, Mooljee, Babula, and I—scrambled up and stuck on somehow at the corners, as best we could contrive. Scott sat towards the rear, and, letting one leg hang down, the she-elephant benevolently threw her tail over his ankle and held him firmly to his seat. Then we started, H. P. B. smoking, radiant as though she had been an elephant-rider from her youth upward. But the first quarter of a mile took the conceit out of her.

She rolled about unwieldily, getting her fat shaken up and her breath squeezed out of her, until she grew furious and consigned us laughers, together with the elephant and its mahout, to perdition. Ross Scott rode in one of the funny country vehicles called *ekkas*, a trap with a flat seat bigger than a postage-stamp, but not so big as a barn-door, to sit upon, with one's legs either folded up under one or dangling over the wheel; a lot of brass discs attached to the axle that rattle, a wobbling canopy of, say, two feet square overhead, and the shafts mounting over the pony's back, and, coming together to a point, resting in a crutch on the saddle. Ross Scott's leg was disabled and he could not ride the elephant with us as he wished. Throughout the four miles—which H. P. B. vowed were twenty—we rode in misery and she in wrath; but when it came to the return, no amount of persuasion could induce H. P. B. to resume her part of the elephant's pad; she made Scott squeeze over to one side of his tiny ekka seat and took the other, and as Pepys puts it, so home.

Thence on to Bhurtpore, Rajputana, by way of Agra. We were now on what to my "chum" and myself was classic ground, for it was associated with the history of the splendid Solar Race of Rajputs, to which our own Teacher belongs and which enchains all our sympathies. The Maharajah was not at home, but the Dewan gave us the hospitalities of the State; put us up at the dāk bungalow; sent us carriages; held discussions with us on philosophical subjects, and gave us facilities to visit the ancient palace of Sooraj Mull at Deegh,

twenty-three miles away. Here we found ourselves for almost the first time in the ideal Orient, the East of poetry. Nine palaces, each bearing a different name of a god, stand in a quadrangle around a shady garden: the whole called Bhawan. Beginning at the N.E. corner they are called in turn, Kissun, Hardev, Suraj, Samun, Gopal, Bhaduri, Nunda, Keshub, and Ram palaces. The centre of the garden is marked with a domed marble water-kiosk, surrounded by a shallow tank from which rise 175 water jets, met by streams that fall from an equal number of nozzles projecting from the underside of the cornice of the structure, and when in play shroud the occupants from view by a translucent wall of water; which keeps the air within deliciously cool in the hottest day and sparkles in the sunshine like a silver veil embroidered with gems. From this centre raised walks radiate in every direction and one strolls about under the cool shade of neem, tamarind, mango, babul, banyan, and pipul trees. No less than one hundred grand peacocks were strutting about on the day of our visit, swift parrots darted in emerald flashes through the air, striped squirrels flitted from tree to tree, and flocks of doves softly called to each other in the dense foliage, completing an ideally beautiful picture. The palace architecture is all Indian, the carvings in stone exquisite in design, and the angles as sharp as if but finished yesterday. In the Zenana palace, Sooraj Mull, every room has a tessellated marble floor of a different design from the rest; the lintels and frames are in pure statuary marble, decorated with patterns of climbing vines in high relief. Yet, alas! amid all

this beauty moral deformity rankly flourished, and we heard such stories of vulgar debauchery as prevalent in Bhurtpore and other Rajput towns, that we were glad to get away as soon as possible. We returned to town the same evening and passed the night at the dāk bungalow, where I had the adventure mentioned in the last chapter. H. P. B. and I were sitting alone in the rear verandah, when an old Hindu, robed in white, came around the corner of the house towards us, salaamed to me, handed me a letter, and retired from view. On opening it I found it to be the promised answer to my letter sent to Goolab Singh at Khandalla, and which, I was told in his Kurjeet telegram, I should receive in Rajputana. It was a beautifully worded and, to me, most important letter, inasmuch as it pointed out the fact that the surest way to seek the Masters was through the channel of faithful work in the Theosophical Society. That way I have persistently travelled, and even though the letter had been a false one, it has proved a blessing and a perpetual comfort in times of trouble.

Our next station was Jeypore, which we reached at 9 p. m. on 20th April, and put up at the dāk bungalow. We were sorry that we did not stay there, for we were beguiled into accepting the invitation of an uncle of the Maharajah to shift to his palace and accept his proffered hospitality. We paid dearly for our wish to know what it was to be the guests of a smooth-talking Rajah. The quarters assigned us was an open shed on the palace roof; a dust-paved brick and plaster terrace, without a bed, chair, table, mattress, bath, or a

single comfort. The Rajah left us after promising to settle us comfortably, and we waited hour after hour with admirable patience, sitting on our luggage, watching over the parapet the picturesque street crowds, and smoking to kill time. Lunch time passed and dinner time also, yet no food made its appearance nor anything to eat it with or upon. At last Babula was sent out to buy food and get wood for a fire to cook it with, and in time we stayed our hunger. No cots or mattresses coming, we opened out an iron chair-bed for H. P. B., and the rest of us spread each his blanket and lay on the hard terrace, passing a wretched night, what with heat, dust, and mosquitoes. The first thing the next morning our brutal cad of a host sent for Mooljee and literally turned us out of doors without a word of explanation. We had reason to believe, however, that it was because we were then suspected of being Russian spies (!) and had a Police officer dogging our footsteps wherever we went. Fancy that! I went straight away to Colonel Beynon, S.C., the British Resident, and protested, as a true American naturally would, against this sneaking policy which was so utterly useless, considering that we had nothing to conceal, and that the Government was welcome to read our every paper, examine our every acquaintance, and even, if it chose, have daily reports of what we had for dinner The Resident was very courteous, expressed regret that we should have been inconvenienced, and offered me a carriage and elephants if we wished to visit the old capital of the Jeypore State, Ambēr. We gladly returned to the travellers' bungalow, where

we enjoyed once more a comfortable meal and had a good night's rest.

Ambēr was deserted for a caprice of the former Maharajah, who built a complete town, the present capital, Jeypore, after his own taste as to architecture, and when it was finished ordered the whole population of Ambēr to remove there, bag and baggage! There is no other city in India to compare with it. H. P. B. wittily said it looked "like Paris done in raspberry cream". It is a town of brick and pink stucco, in almost every conceivable style of architectural facade. The streets are wide and at right angles, with boulevards and, at the crossings of streets, playing fountains; there are paved sidewalks —a most unusual thing for India—gas-lighting, a large and well-equipped College, a Public Library, superb public gardens with a fine zoological collection, and many palaces belonging to His Highness and his tributary chieftains of Rajput tribes.

Our guide at Ambēr was a stupid fellow, quite ignorant of the things we cared most to know, and full of petty odds and ends of gabble like most *valets de place*. But we did draw out of him one thing that *was* interesting. There is (or then was), it seems, a Mahatma who lives not far from the capital, and occasionally appears to the ruling Prince and one or two others. There are subterraneans of which the Maharajah has the secret, but which he is not permitted to visit or explore save in some desperate contingency, such, for instance, as a rebellion of his subjects or some such dynastic catastrophe. What truth there may be in the story I, of course,

have no means of knowing. It is said of this Mahatma that once when the Prince was going on a journey he told him he should bear him company for a certain distance. But nothing was seen of him at the time of departure, and yet he suddenly appeared to him when at a considerable distance on the way.

We formed a number of very pleasant acquaintances among the Durbar officials at Jeypore, among them a close relative of our tried colleague, Babu Norendronath Sen of Calcutta. Delightful hours were passed by us in their company, and our theme was ever Hindu and Western ideas, ideals, and social aspects. The Rajputs are of a magnificent ethnical type, and a Punjab crowd excels in beauty every public concourse I ever saw. A considerable number of feudatory chieftains were in town at the time of our visit, and the frequent passage of their trains of armed followers on gaily caparisoned horses and elephants to and from the Maharajah's palace was, to my American eyes, like the calling back out of the world's astral record-book of scenes of the Crusades. The Chief Justice of Bhurtpore had given me letters to several of these Chiefs, and I visited two of them in their camps, but on learning from the British Resident that the handsomest, and seemingly most independent, sincere, and hospitable of them had privately inquired of him whether we were safe acquaintances, I got so disgusted that I left the others to the security of their political sycophancy. The race of Rajput Princes is degenerated under foreign rule and the killing of time by gross indulgences.

From Babu Mohendranath Sen, one of the highest of the Jeypore Durbaris, we heard of a Yogī (at that time at Hardwar on pilgrimage) who is a proficient in the practice of *samādhi*. In the presence and under the supervision of our informant, he had been entombed twenty-seven days, and then in the presence of hundreds of eye-witnesses had been disentombed. The ears, nostrils, and other orifices of his body had been stopped with ghee, and the tongue turned back into the pharynx. At his resuscitation, the refilling of the lungs with air was accompanied with a wheezing sound like the letting of steam into a radiator. The incident can be attested by many living witnesses of credibility. Mohendranath Babu told us of another Yogī—also absent at Hardwar—whose forehead glows with spiritual light (*tejasa*) when he sits in contemplation.

CHAPTER VI

NORTHERN WANDERINGS, DAYĀNAND SARASWATI, SNAKE CHARMING, THE "THEOSOPHIST" STARTED

AGRA was our next station, and here we stopped three days. What can I say of the Taj that has not been better said by many cleverer travellers? The single sentence of Bayard Taylor that it is "a poem in marble" covers it all. Our local guide told us a legend that embodies practically the same idea. The plan, he said, had been seen in a vision by an old fakir, who had given it to Shah Jehan, who had followed it out implicitly. It is the materialised replica of a temple in Mohammed's Paradise! Let us hope that the heavenly original was not built at the cost of such human suffering, nor its stones cemented with such a hecatomb of lives as this peerless sepulchre of the lovely Noormahal. Words are absolutely inadequate to express the sensations felt by an æsthetic mind on entering the Taj garden through the splendid red-sandstone portal—itself a palace. Like a fair white dream it rises against the Indian lapis-lazuli sky of April, suggesting a spiritual world untainted with the dirt of this gross

world. But enough: let it stand a world-wonder for future tourists—indescribable, unique, a marble thought.

The same guide told us of another fakir[1] who, to satisfy the incredulity of a Bhurtpore Maharajah, had caused a heap of his gold mohurs (coins) to disappear from before his eyes, and reappear in the form of a shower of pieces on his queens in the Zenana part of his palace!

While we were at Agra we were visited by the local agent of Swami Dayānand Saraswati, who gave us his views of that great religious chieftain. His explanations are noted in my Diary as having been "so satisfactory that we have decided to go to Saharanpore to meet the Swamiji on his return from Hardwar". We were misled, it seems, at every step as to his teachings.

At Saharanpore the Arya Samajists welcomed us most cordially and brought us gifts of fruits and sweets. The only drawback to our pleasure was the presence of the Police spy and his servant, who watched our movements, intercepted our notes, read our telegrams, and made us feel as if we had stumbled within reach of the Russian Third Section by mistake. The town was crowded with the stream of pilgrims returning from Hardwar, a most interesting sight to us foreigners. The multitude of ascetics (or pretended ascetics, as probably the overwhelming majority of them should be called, being ascetic only

[1] For the concerned I repeat that *fakir* and *sanyāsi* are respectively the Mohammedan and Hindu names for the same personage, *viz.*, a wandering religious ascetic and celibate.

in their saffron garments), male and famale, particularly impressed us. I noted "one young fellow of most striking appearance—a gentleman in beads and whitewash. Eyes extremely bright and handsome, beard carefully trimmed, teeth white, stature tall; he looks a king."

The Samaj gave us a formal reception and banquet, Indian fashion, off leaf-plates laid on the floor, from which we ate perforce with our (washed) right hands. The Swamiji arrived the following morning at dawn, and Mooljee and I went to pay our respects. I was immensely impressed with his appearance, manners, harmonious voice, easy gestures, and personal dignity. He had just finished bathing at a well in a leafy grove, and indued his clean cloth, when we met. Equally prepossessed in my favor as I in his, of course our greetings were most cordial. He took me by the hand, led me to an open-air cemented terrace, had an Indian cot (charpoy) brought and made me sit beside him. A few compliments being exchanged we took our leave, and after an hour or so he came to the dāk bungalow and made H. P. B.'s acquaintance. In the long conversation which followed he defined his views on Nirvana, Moksha, and God in terms to which we could take no exception. The next morning we discussed the new Rules of the T. S., he accepted a place on the Council, gave me full proxy powers in writing, recommended the expulsion of Hurrychund Chintamon, and fully approved of our scheme of having sections composed of sectarians such as Buddhists, Parsis, Mohammedans, Hindus, etc. My Diary notes having been made at the time

there can be no mistake about this, and those who have followed these narratives from the beginning will appreciate our feelings when, later, his altruistic eclecticism changed into sectarian exclusiveness and his gracious kindness into bitter abuse.

We took train for Meerut in his company the next day, and on the way came to an agreement with him that he should draft and send us the three Masonic degrees we intended to make for classifying our advanced Fellows according to their mental and spiritual capabilities. On arrival we were taken to the house of Babu Sheonarain, a wealthy Government contractor and Samajist, who placed his house and all at our disposal. The next evening at 6.30 we attended a crowded meeting of the Arya Samaj, which was most interesting to our unaccustomed eyes: a gathering picturesque beyond Western conceptions. It was held in an oblong courtyard, open to the sky and surrounded by buildings. At the further end a brick platform of 50 × 100 ft., covered with Eastern carpets and rugs; a low raised dais for the Swami with a reading-stool and books lying upon it; the teacher seated on a rug leaning against one of the thick round bolsters or back-pillows of the country. In calm dignity he dominated the assemblage, and in dead silence they listened for what he should say; the twittering of homing birds the only sounds audible. Our party having been conducted to the appointed seats, the Swami sunk his chin upon his breast, became abstracted for a few minutes, and then raising his face towards the sky, his sonorous sweet voice intoned the words: "Om; Om; Shāntih, Shāntih,

Shāntih!" and as the sounds died away began a discourse on the subject of Prayer. He defined prayer as work; it was no idle muttering of words, no lip-vibrations; no flattering or menacing of God, that had the least efficacy. He had heard once a Brahmo Samajist waste two hours in merely repeating the words: "Thou God art all mercy and justice!" What good did that do? Some people talk to God as a man does to his sepoy; as though they had the right of dictation! useless folly; let him who would pray effectively, work, work, work; all beyond one's reach must be sought after by contemplation and the development of spiritual powers. So he continued, eloquent, moving, as easy in speech as the flow of a running stream. Before he closed, the silvery moonlight touched the stuccoed cornice of the house in front of us while our side was in inky shadow, the sky hung an azure plain above the tree-tops, and a shaft of the lunar radiance spread behind the Swami like a burnished silver screen, throwing his fine figure out in high relief.

Next day it was my turn to lecture, and the event came off under a *shamianah* (a blue-and-white striped canvas canopy, supported by painted poles and steadied by rope stays pegged into the ground) in the compound of Sheonarain's house. The ground was covered with *durries* (Indian cotton carpets) and spread here and there with Persian and Indian rugs. There was a table for me and a few chairs for Europeans; the rest of the audience, including the Swami, squatting on the ground. Some English officials attended and our Police spy with his

moustache shaved—apparently for purposes of disguise—graced the scene. My remarks were devoted to an exposition of the mutual benefits likely to result from a blending of interests and gifts respectively of the West and the East. Mooljee interpreted.

The Swami told us, the next day, many interesting facts in the jungle experience of himself and other Yogis. He went seven years naked (save the *langouti* —small breech-cloth or diaper, as we should call it), sleeping on the ground or a rock, eating what he could pick up in the forest, until his body became quite insensible to heat, cold, cuts and burns. Among wild animals and deadly serpents he went unharmed. Once he met a hungry bear in his path and the animal rose to him, but he waved her off with a gesture of his hand and his path was cleared. An adept he saw at Mount Abu, by name Bhavani Gihr, could drink a whole bottle of poison of which a single drop would kill an ordinary man: he could with ease fast forty days and do many other extra-ordinary things. That evening there was another large gathering to see us, and a discussion was carried on between the Swami and the Head Master of the local Government School about the proofs of the existence of a God. On Wednesday, 7th May, we turned our faces homeward (*i.e.*, Bombayward, for the West has never been "Home" to us since we left it for India) and were escorted to the station by the Swami and a large number of his followers, who flung roses after us and shouted their friendly *namastaes* as the train moved off.

Days and nights of torrid discomfort carried us at last to Bombay, but before H. P. B. would look after her bags and parcels, she marched off to our adhesive spy, and then and there, on the platform, gave him a piece of her mind. In sarcasm she complimented him upon the great results he must have reaped from his expensive trip in first-class carriages, and bade him present her best compliments and thanks to the authorities with a demand for his promotion! The poor man blushed and stammered, and—we walked away leaving him there. Then, instead of going to the house for the bath and breakfast of which we stood in so much need, we drove to the U. S. Consulate and demanded that the Consul should send a vigorous protest to the Chief of Police for his insulting treatment of inoffensive American citizens.

The stream of our existence flowed placidly on, the picturesque features of our daily life impressing themselves deeper and deeper upon our senses as the days grew into weeks and the weeks into months. Daily, the circle of our acquaintance with the Indians widened, but, with the exception of a bare handful, we came into contact with no Europeans. What difference could it make to us whether they liked us or not; they could teach us nothing we cared to know, and their round of life and occupations had no interest whatever for us. Until the calls upon my time forbade it I wrote weekly letters to a New York paper descriptive of our adventures and observations. I see from my Diary notes, that while they were running. I covered pretty much the same ground that I am now

going over. A protest which I addressed to the Bombay Government through Mr. Farnham, the United States Consul, elicited from them a disclaimer of any intentional discourtesy in setting their Police spies to watch our comings and goings. I subsequently learnt at Simla, from the Viceregal authorities, that they were much vexed that the espionage should have been carried on so clumsily as to attract our attention, and that the watching of us was nothing out of the common; it being the rule in India to watch all strangers who appear to have particular intimacy with the Hindus and to avoid intercourse with the ruling race.

I took full notes at the time of the incidents connected with the visit to our bungalow of a clever snake-charmer, and as a very fanciful version of the story is given in *Caves and Jungles*, I may as well tell the sober truth, which is quite interesting enough. The man's name was Bishunath, a native of Indore, and the thing occurred on 15th June, 1879. His appearance was most picturesque. He had a shock of jet black hair; a full beard parted, Rajput-fashion, down his chin and the ends brought over his ears; his lean brown body was naked to the waist; he wore a *dhoti*, or cloth, swathing him from the hips to the feet; over his shoulder another cloth, folded, hung to the waist; a white turban covered his head, and his regular features and bright eyes were of the pure Aryan type. In a covered, round, flat basket were some cobras, of which he turned one out on the plastered floor of Wimbridge's room. The reptile coiled itself composedly without attempting any

hostile demonstration at first, but the effect of his appearance was to make H. P. B. and Miss Bates mount upon two chairs and gather their skirts about them! The charmer, producing a gourd pipe with vents cut in the neck, began playing a soft rhythmic air not at all unpleasant to hear. It seemed to have a surprising effect upon the serpent, which rose on its coil, outspread its double fan-like hood, darted out its slender tongue, and swayed its head from side to side in time to the measure. Fresh from the reading of the declarations of various authors that these performing snakes have been rendered harmless by the extraction of their fangs, I asked the charmer, through one of the three Parsi gentlemen present, if this had been done in the present instance. He denied it and, clutching the serpent by the neck, forced open its mouth with a stick, and showed us the slender, curved teeth with their poison-sacs, at the corners of the mouth. He offered to give us the best possible demonstration if we would procure a chicken to experiment upon. One was presently brought, and then the charmer, grasping its body behind the wings, thrust it towards the snake after first irritating him by motions of menace. The snake became most nervous and angry, flickering its thread-like tongue, expanding its hood, and hissing with a noise something like a stertorous breathing. At last, the fowl being held near enough, it suddenly drew itself back and instantaneously delivered a swift blow at its victim, withdrew in recoil and struck at it again. But this time it overreached its mark, and instead of hitting the fowl's back struck one of its fangs into the

charmer's hand. A tiny drop of blood oozed out of the wound, and we could not repress exclamations of fear. But Bishunath threw the chicken on the ground, opened a small rusty tin box, took from it a bony disc, laid it on the spot of blood, and after keeping his hand quiet for a minute or two used it as freely as the other. The bony disc stuck to the skin as if it had been attached with the stickiest "stickphast" gum or glue. The poor chicken did not offer to rise, but lay where it fell, gave some kicks, shudders passed through its body, and then it died. Evidently the serpent's fangs had *not* been removed. But we now watched the charmer with painful interest, apprehending that he too might fall a victim to his temerity. He, however made light of the affair, saying that the "snake stone" would infallibly suck out all the venom. My curiosity being excited by seeing how it stuck to the man's hand, I asked him to let me take hold of it. He consenting, I did so, and found that its adhesion was so strong that the whole skin of the back of the hand rose when I pulled the "stone"; we could all see that plainly enough. After some minutes it dropped off of itself, and the charmer said he was none the worse. He then, in reply to our questions, gave us the following information. The wonderful disc is only a piece of bone—of about the size of a waistcoat button—and grows in the mouth of one cobra in fifty or an hundred, between the skin and bone of the upper jaw. The others do not have it. Its presence makes the snake king among its fellows and gives it the name Cobra Rajah. The snake-charmers open the mouth of every

serpent they catch to see if one of them may not have the precious bit of bone. The same thing is also found in the anaconda, in a species of large, poisonous, yellowish toad, and even in the elephant. Its possessor in each case is king of its species. How curious, if true! And he gave us proof of its possessing some sort of virtue. He first excited the cobra as before until he set it to striking, hissing, and expanding its spectacles-marked hood. Then, taking the disc between his finger and thumb, he held it towards the reptile, which to our utter surprise shrank back from it as one would from a hot iron held towards one's face. Swaying to right and left, it seemed to be either in terror of the mysterious object or to be getting under a sort of mesmeric influence. The charmer followed it up closely in its motions, giving it no respite; the serpent ceased hissing, retracted its hood, swayed more and more feebly, and finally settled itself down upon its coils on the floor. The charmer finished his experiment by touching the cobra on the head with the "stone". In thinking out the thing stage by stage, I could see but one alternative—either the "stone" did have the apparent effect on the serpent and thus possess a scientific interest, or the deadly reptile had been trained to go through this performance for the master it knew. To test this theory I took the disc from the charmer and went through the thing myself. My skin being white, I argued, if the snake only acts thus for a brown-skinned hand, it will probably try to bite me instead of relaxing its energies and settling itself down for a nap. I first

enraged it as I had seen it done by the charmer, keeping, it may be believed, a very close watch upon its movements and instantly withdrawing my hand when I saw the preliminary motion of its bending itself backward before the stroke. The ladies, from their vantage ground on the chairs, protested against my foolhardiness—as they called it—and H. P. B. was more than usually uncomplimentary. However, for the sake of Science, I was obdurate. The cobra being in the right state of anger, I thrust the "snake stone" at it, and was pleased to see that it behaved as before; the excitement died away, its motions grew more and more languid, and finally it settled itself all limp and I touched its head with the disc of power. After the amount of chaffering, without which no transaction can be effected in the East, we bought the snake stone for a few rupees, and I used to carry it about in my dispatch box in case anyone should be bitten by a cobra and come to me for cure. But the chance to test its efficacy did not recur, and at last I gave it to Dr. Mennell, of London, who had paid much attention to the subject of the operation of poisons of all sorts. Bishunath failed to keep an appointment for the following Sunday, when he was to have come and experimented on a couple of pariah dogs, thus disappointing a rather distinguished company of Europeans and Indians whom I had invited to be present. Our time was not entirely wasted, however, for a friend brought one Ghulam Goss, a Mohammedan juggler, to show us some of his clever tricks. I have notes of two which are worthy of mention. A perforated ball of wood was made by

him to rise slowly and fall again on a vertical string, of which one end was held in the juggler's hand and the other by his great toe. When he ordered it to mount it rose, when the opposite it slowly descended. A strung bow of bamboo, of about the size of that of a double bass, but having only two strings to it, was held by him, the strings upward, with one end pressed against his right side. On the strings three free balls of equal size lay, one before the other. At the word of command the balls moved as he bade them, now all ascending to the top of the bow, now descending one at a time, or two or three; now one ascending while the others descended to meet it at middle distance. None of us could make it out at all. The juggler kept slowly turning on his feet the while, and of course the idea of the observed effect being attributable to centrifugal force came easily enough; but it would have to be centripetal force, or gravity, which showed itself in the case of the falling balls; and how the turning juggler could make one ball be mounting under centrifugal impulse while the others were falling down the string cradle by virtue of the opposing force puzzled the company.

A queer remedy for jaundice was reported to me by a Hindu friend who had actually been cured by it ten times by his mother. A needle is threaded, the patient's forehead stroked downwards with the point of the needle several times, while the operator repeats a mantram; then the needle is laid in a cup of water; the patient is put on a plain diet for a day or two; the needle and thread turn of a deep yellow color, and the patient recovers! If somebody

tries it and succeeds perhaps they will be good enough to tell me. The mantram I cannot give, but I presume any one will do provided that it be repeated with "mesmeric intent," that is, with concentration of thought and belief in the remedy. Still, I may be wrong, for in India there are a great many mantric conjurations for as many different purposes. For one desired result one goddess (elemental) will be invoked by a specific mantram, for another object another goddess with another formulary. In every case, however, as I understand it, it is an elemental spirit that is besought to help the worshipper to obtain his desire. A very instructive essay might be written on this subject, and I hope it may be done.

Here is an entry for 23rd June, which I do not recollect the meaning of: "At 10.30 p.m. went to H. P. B.'s room and worked with her until 2-30 a.m. on the ideal of an Antetypion, or machine to rescue from Space the pictures and voices of the Past." That is all said about it, and what sort of machine we had in view has quite passed out of my recollection. There are several entries about helping H. P. B. to write "her new book on Theosophy". On 23rd May, it seems, she "broke ground" for it; on the 24th I "gave her, by request, the skeleton outline of a book embodying such crude ideas as suggested themselves to one who did not intend to be the writer of it"; on the 25th I "helped in preparing the Preface"; on 4th June we finished it; and that seed lay in the mummy's hand five or six years before it sprouted as *The Secret Doctrine*, for which the only

thing I then did was to invent the title and write the original Prospectus. After coming to Bombay I had quite enough common routine work to do without helping to write another book of cyclopædic bulk.

With the best of intentions our quartette undertook to learn Hindi for the good of the Society, but as one cannot be learning a new language and at the same time be daily receiving crowds of visitors and writing scores of letters, the attempt was soon reluctantly abandoned. Yet, so widespread is the knowledge of English in India among the educated class with whom our work has principally lain, I do not think our cause has materially suffered from our ignorance of the vernaculars.

On 18th May, I spoke before the Bombay Arya Samaj for the first time. It was an open-air meeting and the attendance was large. It appears that the reverend Editor of the Marathi organ of the Presbyterian Mission was present, and that I challenged him to come forward and make good certain slanderous innuendoes that he had permitted himself to put forth against our characters—and for which our solicitor, Mr. Turner, later made him humbly apologise in his paper. But he only muttered something in an embarrassed way, whereupon the Chairman of the meeting, the venerable Mr. Atmaram Dalvi, lost his temper and called him names. Then H. P. B.—says my Diary—"pitched into him at a lively pace. Row. Laughter. The Missionaries laid out flat!" And so they were.

A few days later, H. P. B., Miss Bates, and I paid a visit by invitation to a Dekkanee Sirdar to meet the

(Parsi) Chief Justice of Baroda, and after that gentleman left and we were about retiring, our host excused himself from the room for a moment. He presently returned, leading by the hand a charming child of ten years, whom we supposed might be his grand daughter. She was richly dressed in the Hindu fashion with a costly silk *saree* (petticoat cloth) and jacket, and her ebon hair, smoothed like polished jet on her head, was almost hidden by gold ornaments. Heavy jewels were in her ears, around her neck, wrists and ankles, and—to our surprise—in one nostril she wore the jewelled ring which, in Bombay, betokens marriage. H. P. B.'s face relaxed into a sweet smile as the child approached, but when the grey-bearded, white-haired noble, holding forward the girl's hand toward hers, said: "Madame, allow me to present to you my little wife," the smile gave place to a frown, and in tones of inexpressible disgust she shouted: "Your WIFE? You old beast! You ought to be ashamed of yourself!" We left the host trying to smile.

Our acquaintance with the Editor of the famous opposition journal of Calcutta, the *Amrita Bazaar Patrika*, began with a letter that we received from him on 12th May. He had read a report of my Framji Cowasji Hall lecture and asked our friendship. He has had it ever since, for he is a fervent patriot and a devotee of his religion—two most excellent qualities in any man. The correspondence eventuated in his coming over from Calcutta to see us, and stopping a fortnight in a bungalow next door to ours which we had hired for the library. As he was so

sincerely interested in our interpretations and defence of his sacred books. H.P.B. did some few phenomena for him; for instance, pulled some black hair from her own head, rang the astral bells and—(8th September) my Diary records—"duplicated in his presence and at his request a magic mirror with a black frame and handle, that she had received to-day from a Master." I was present and thus was it done. He was to leave in two days, and begged her to show him the phenomenon of duplication, so that he might fully comprehend her teaching as to the nature of matter and force, and their potential relations to the power of a trained will. She persistently refused for some time, but finally, when he caught up the mirror in question and asked her to duplicate that, she said she would if he would promise not to bother with any more such requests. He promising, she took the mirror in her hand, rose from her chair, turned her back upon us, and in another moment threw on the seat *two* identical glasses. Then, exhausted, she dropped into her seat and sat silent for some minutes to recover herself. Shishir Babu is happily, still living, and will be able to set me right if I have made any mistake in telling the story.

By what to Americans may seem an interesting coincidence, the conversation which decided us to found the *Theosophist* occurred on the 4th of July of that year, Independence Day. As elsewhere explained, we were driven to it by the necessity of meeting the growing interest in Theosophy by some better means than epistolary correspondence. It was simply

impossible for us to bear the strain of such constant drudgery. Entries in my Diary show that I sometimes worked from 6 a.m. to 9 p.m., and night after night until 2 and 3 a.m., yet in vain. And then the same questions would be repeated by the majority of our correspondents, and to be for ever traversing the same ground was a tiresome work. We discussed the questions in all its bearings, calculated the pros and cons, and finally decided upon the venture. But the difficulties were grave, one of them being that the Society did not possess a penny of capital nor an iota of mercantile credit to borrow upon. I made the stipulation imperative that we should issue the Magazine on the terms of the best American and English periodicals, *viz.*, payment in advance and no book debts. I was willing to bring out a year's numbers punctually even although we did not book a single subscriber; but be bothered out of our lives by trying to collect arrears of book debts, and be so harassed as to be unfit for the serious work of thinking, learning, and writing, I would not. Our Indian friends strenuously opposed this innovation, as they regarded it, Babu S. K. Ghose, of the *A. B. Patrika*, particularly so; they prophesied that it would never succeed. But it did not shake my determination. So we provided for meeting the cost of the first twelve monthly numbers, and on 6th July I wrote the Prospectus and sent it to Press. We asked Sumangala, Megittuwatte, and other Ceylon priests; Swami Dayānand; Babu Prāmada Dāsa Mittra, of Benares; Shankar Pandurang Pandit; Kashinath T. Telang, and many others to send us articles; and got the news

spread widely of our intention. This kept us busy all that season. Our active members bestirred themselves to secure subscribers, one—Mr. Seervai, our then devoted Secretary—getting nearly two hundred himself. Not before 20th September did we get the first form of type to correct; on the 22nd we sent the second form to Press, on the 27th the last, and on the evening of the last day of that month the first 400 copies of the new Magazine were delivered to us and made the occasion of much jubilation among us. My entry in the Diary concludes with the salutation: "Welcome, stranger!" That on 1st October, the day of publication, is "*Sit Lux: Fiat Lux*!" That, reader, was one hundred and ninety-two months ago, and since that time the *Theosophist* has never failed to appear, never met with a disaster, never caused its projectors to incur a shilling of debt. Since the fourth month it has paid a profit, small, it is true, yet in the aggregate enough to enable us to contribute a good many thousand rupees towards the Society's expenses, besides giving our personal services gratis. Which is saying much for a periodical like ours.

CHAPTER VII

THE FUTURE WORKERS BEGIN TO ARRIVE

To turn over the leaves of my Diary for 1879, and see how and when our long-tried and often famous colleagues came into the current of our lives, is really like watching the entrances and exits of actors in a play; and most instructive is it to trace back to the causes which brought them into the Society, and the others which in many cases threw them out of it. I am afraid I shall have to say that the latter were of a personal nature such as disappointment at not getting to know Mahatmas or at H. P. B.'s breaking her promises, disgust because of attacks upon her character or the discrediting of her phenomena, the failure to acquire desired psychical powers by the French-before-breakfast system, or some such thing. I mentioned above when and how Mr. Sinnett came to know us, and now, on the page for 3rd August, I see the fact recorded that on that day I took Damodar K. Mavalankar into membership. It was the rainy season and the dear boy used to come to see us of evenings, clad in a white rubber waterproof and leggings, a cap with flaps to match, a lantern in his hand, and the water streaming from the end of his long nose. He was as thin as Sarah Bernhardt, with

lantern jaws, and legs—as H. P. B. used to say—like two lead pencils. So far as appearances went, he seemed as little likely as any man in the Society to become a Mahatma or get within a thousand miles of a real *āshrama*. But appearances were as false in this case as they have been in those of other members who seemed infinitely his spiritual superiors, but proved otherwise.

Three days after Damodar's admission, I received the applications of Lt.-Col. (now Maj.-Gen.) W. Gordon, B.Sc., and Mrs. Gordon, of whom the latter may be ranked among the truest friends and most unwavering backers that H. P. B. ever had. And a little earlier came one K. P. Cama, a young Parsi, who made a vivid impression upon us, by reason of his familiarity with and admiring enthusiasm for Indian Philosophy. Some of his essays were published by us in the earlier numbers of the *Theosophist*. If there ever was a Hindu soul born into Parsi body it was his; and he felt it to be so.

The first step upon our scene of that malevolent person, Madame Coulomb, was in the form of a letter which H. P. B. received 11th August, 1879. The news of our arrival at Bombay had been copied into the Ceylon papers, and she, writing from Galle, told her old Egyptian acquaintance that a great excitement prevailed in the Island about us, large subscriptions were being made for the expenses of our welcome, and that "the Buddhists were running mad to see us". She sent H. P. B. a copy of one of the Colombo Anglo-Indian papers, to which she had addressed a letter defending her reputation against an

ill-natured attack, and saying that, having known her well at Cairo, she could testify that she was a lady of high character! I believe she forgot to include this historical document in her pamphlet of 1884 attacking H. P. B.'s character in the choicest phrases to which her Missionary allies could help her. So I think I will place it on record here:

"I am not acquainted with any of the members of the said Society, except with Madame Blavatsky. I have known this lady for these last eight years, and I must say the truth, that there is nothing against her character. We lived in the same town, and on the contrary she was considered one of the cleverest ladies of the age. Madame B. is a musician, a painter, a linguist, an author, and I may say that very few ladies and indeed few gentlemen have a knowledge of things in general as Madame Blavatsky." (From the *Ceylon Times*, 5th June, 1879.)

She wrote H. P. B. a doleful tale about the straits to which she and her husband had been reduced, and appealed for help: she wished, she said, to come to Bombay if they could manage to get a passage, and would like to find some sort of situation. H. P. B. told me her version of the story of her connection with the Coulombs at Cairo, how Mme. C. had been kind to her when she was there after her catastrophe on board the steamer which blew up in the Piræus, and nearly all on board were killed. So I gave her my opinion that in common gratitude she ought to help the couple, now that they were hungry and naked, so to say. She concurred and wrote the woman some letters in which, if I am not mistaken, she actually

hinted that Mme. Coulomb might one day be her successor in the T. S.! I won't be positive, but that is my impression. Nothing would be more likely, since that was a common thing with her, and if the successorship letters were collected they would form an amusing compendium.

On 4th October our party attended a durbar held for us in Bombay by Santi Saga Acharya, the most learned of the Jain priests and the Chief *jutti* (yogi) by rank. We found ourselves in a large, square, second-storey room, with plastered floor and a few square wooden posts to support the storey above. Against the wall to the left on entering hung a square figured satin drapery, the ground of a yellow color (that of the Jain and Buddhist *bhikkhus*) and a border of red. Overhead was a small canopy of figured Indian silk. Under it a narrow platform, or dais, covered with a striped carpet (*durrie*) spread over a thin Indian mattress of cotton; a back-cushion to lean against, two small cushions for the knees of a man sitting cross-legged to rest upon, and a low footstool to mount by—completed the preparations for the Acharya's comfort and dignity at the approaching interview.

Four chairs were placed for us at one side of the platform, and there were about 300 Jains there to welcome us. Presently the whole assembly rose, a way was opened from the door, and a venerable priest enters, saluting right and left. He salutes me —as the chief of our party, I suppose—but takes no notice of the two ladies, as, being a celibate monk of austere habits, was to have been expected. All the

same, in my then state of ignorance of these Eastern monastic notions, I thought it ill-bred. He seated himself, cross-legged, in his place and all the company did likewise, each on the floor where he was standing. While they were settling down I had the chance to get a good look at the monk. He had a large, capacious head with plenty of room in it for the large brain that one could see at a glance he must possess. His hair is either very closely cut or is growing between two monthly head-shavings, as the hair of Buddhist monks does. His beard is shaven smooth; he wears the Hindu dhoti and has a thin Dacca muslin scarf—of the kind that, because of its wonderfully fine texture, has been called "woven dew"—hanging over his shoulder. He wears no caste marks nor the smallest piece of jewelry. He begins the interview by cross-questioning me about my knowledge of Jain doctrine, the dialogue being carried on through two Hindu interpreters, Messrs. Pandurang and Krishna Row. I explained the state of religion at the West, and pointed out the several influences that had tended towards despiritualizing the Western nations. I affirmed the necessity for the spread of Eastern religious ideas in those countries. To learned men like himself, I pointed out, there was a loud call to take part in this great work. They had no excuse for indolent indifference; having the wisdom for which Western people had most urgent need, it was a positive sin for them to abstain from its circulation. He followed and challenged me from point to point, and made a variety of excuses for his not taking up this new and great field of work,

but I indulged in plain speaking throughout. The point that finally won his sympathies—or, at least, his expression of them—was this. "You Jains," I said, "have the tenderest compassion for the brute creation; you feed them when hungry, bury them when dead, protect them from cruel treatment, and have even opened the Pinjrapole—an animal hospital, where all sick and suffering brutes are tenderly cared for. If any Jain gentleman here present should see a famishing dog at his door, would he not share his own meal with him, rather than see him die of hunger?" An affirmative murmur ran through the room, and as I looked around every head bowed an assent. "Well, then," I said, "the bread of religious truth is far more necessary for man's salvation than a plate of food is to the nourishment of a dog's body; you Eastern people have that truth, the nations of the world are, according to your religious tenets, all your brothers; how dare you say you will not trouble yourselves to send that bread of spiritual truth to those starving Western nations, whose spiritual ideals and hopes and perceptions are being destroyed by irreligious scientific materialism?" The old Acharya straightened himself up, and he told me through the interpreters that he should be glad to help us and would write for the new magazine we had just started as a channel for such teachings. But he never did. Yet, at the same time, it must be confessed that the Jains were most ably represented at the Chicago Parliament of Religions of 1893, by Mr. Virchand Ghandhi, who presented their views so clearly and eloquently as to win general respect and sympathy.

I closed the discussion by describing some of the ways in which so-called enlightened Western nations prove their loving-kindness for the lower animals. As I described the horrors of bull-fighting, bear-baiting, fox, deer, and hare hunting, dog, rat, and cock fighting, it was curious to watch the expression of their faces. These 300 Jains looked at each other in a sort of terror of consternation, they caught their breath, devoured me with their eyes as if to search to the bottom of my heart and see if I spoke the truth, and at last the tension became so strong that I saw they could bear no more, and stopped amid a dead silence. I then asked leave to depart, all rose to salute us, the usual garlands were hung about our necks, and we departed: many following us into the street and some even running after our carriage and shouting blessings after us. Thus began our pleasant relations with the Jain community.

A few days later I addressed a packed audience invited by the "Daya Vashistha Mandlik" to hear me discourse upon the killing of animals. I see by my notes that I described the true Universal Brotherhood to be a common kinship between all sentient beings that had the divine spark manifested in them in whatsoever degree, the ant and the elephant had it as well as man, and all men of every race and kindred had it in common, only in various degrees of manifestation; it behoved us to be kind to our fellow-men and, for the same reason, to be tender to the animals in the proportion of their helplessness; the vivisector who tortured an animal, which was strapped in helplessness to a dissecting table or shut up in a

hot-chamber of iron from which he could not escape, however great his physical agony during the experiments of science, was no whit less cruel, savage, and devilishly callous to suffering, than the Inquisitor who bound his human victim to the instrument of torture, and in the name of Christian religion, smashed his limbs, tore his muscles from their attachments, and killed the "sceptic" by the most ingenious methods of slow torture. Of course, there was much sympathy shown when the address was translated into the Guzerati language. But I never spoke under so great an apprehension of possible calamity as then. The lecture-room was in the third storey, with an almost vertical stairway, the steps of which were barely wide enough for one to rest upon his heel in descending, and a loose-hanging rope was the only substitute for a baluster. The floor of the vestibule of the room was completely filled with some hundreds of shoes, left outside according to Eastern custom; and the hall was lighted by a number of kerosene wall-lamps placed barely high enough to clear the turban of a man of ordinary stature. If an accident had happened to one of those lamps and a man's flimsy costume had caught fire, there would have been an instant panic, the fleeing audience would have stumbled over the shoes, fallen in masses over each other down the perpendicular stairway, and there would have been a holocaust of victims. It is no exaggeration to say that I was infinitely relieved to find myself in the street once more.

Mr. Keshava Narasinha Mavalankar, the father of Damodar, was admitted by me to membership on

19th October, 1879, in the presence of his son and his brother, Mr. Krishna Row, by whom all Damodar's family trouble was subsequently brought about.

Our friend Gadgil made us a visit in November, which I only mention because of an entry in the Diary to the effect that he showed us two roots which are said to possess wonderful properties. One is a cure for snake poison, the other for that of the scorpion. The former is to be macerated in water and the water drunk, which is a very commonplace affair, but the other is quite another matter. When the bitten person comes to you, you simply stroke the limb with it, using downward passes, as in mesmeric treatment, which extend from above the extreme point to which the pain has extended, along the nerves to the extremity of the limb. It is the magnetic (or magical, perhaps) property of the root that draws the pain backward to its source, the scorpion puncture. By then holding it a few minutes over the wound without contact, the pain is entirely drawn out and the patient is cured. This is very interesting and may be quite true. for surely we do not yet know a thousandth part of what medical science should know about the curative agents in nature; but there is a cure for scorpion-sting even simpler than this. Old readers of the *Theosophist* will recollect articles on the curative properties of the five-pointed star. (*Vide* Vols. II and III.) The writers affirmed that they had cured many cases of this kind by merely drawing with pen and ink a five pointed star on the patient's flesh, at the extreme point of extension of the pain, and

then, as the thrill of anguish receded, following it up with the fresh inscriptions of the figure until it had returned to the place of puncture, where the figure was written for the last time and the pain went away. The first writer's assertions were speedily corroborated by other correspondents, who reported that they had repeated the experiment with entire success. Among these was Prince Harisinhji Rupsinhji, of the Bhavnagar Royal Family, who has, first and last, cured many scores of cases, and, I believe, has given relief to hundreds from neuralgic ailments of all sorts. This creates the dilemma that we must either ascribe the cure to hypnotic suggestion or to some magical property inherent in the stellar symbol. Of these hypotheses, the Materialist will prefer the former, the Magician the latter. The important fact is that the cures happen. The only way out of the difficulty seems to be to try the signature on animals, children, or imbeciles, in short upon patients whose imagination will not be affected by the sight of the drawing or the conversation that is held concerning it and its alleged powers.

The festival of Diwali (for Dīpāvali) is a time of general illumination and rejoicing because of Bhima's killing of the demon Narakarāsuram. Visits are paid, flowers and lights brighten up the whole house, presents are given to relatives and friends, new clothing to servants, and the whole family renews its wardrobe. We went that time with Hindu friends to see the illuminations in the native quarters, and to make a few calls. On leaving one house we heard an amusing story. The party was a rich banker, the

local agent and partner of a millionaire capitalist living in the interior. At intervals of two or three years, the time being never previously notified, he turns up at Bombay, and calls on his agent to show his books of account. Item by item they are gone through, the columns added up, the totals and balances verified, and all found correct to a cowrie. Then the bland-looking, childishly simple old capitalist takes his faultlessly accurate book-keeping agent by the arm to a strong room, and locks him up, after telling him that he knows he has stolen so many lakhs, but that on payment of such a proportion, he will be released from durance vile, and the books signed as "audited and found correct". Until that is done he is to have only bread and water! Useless to protest or beg off. The old chief has had his own sure way of knowing what has been going on, and stays firm until his partner perforce yields, pays the ransom, and they embrace and part the best of friends. How comical!

I went with my friend Panachand Anandji one day to pay my respects to an old Muslim fakir, very well known in Bombay at that time, named Jungli Bāwā (literally, the Forest Ascetic). We found an old man with a sharp, inquisitive expression of face, a *mortier* cap on his head, a much-wrinkled face, and a beard closely clipped and, around his mouth and chin, shaven. He wore a dhoti with gilt thread woven into the border, and a band of gold, an inch wide, crossing the end. He was a Vedāntist and had two *gosains* (beggar pupils) to serve him. He received us on the ground floor of a large square house with an

air-well in the centre. He was squatted on a straw mat with his small brass mortar and pestle for preparing pān (betel-nut paste) beside him, together with some other small brass vessels. A blue striped cotton carpet was spread for visitors, but out of regard for my European stiff knee-joints, he had a chair placed for my use. Each visitor on entering would prostrate himself on the floor and touch the holy man's feet with his forehead, this being the most deferential form of Eastern salutation. Our long discussion covered the whole ground of the two Yogas, the Hatha and Rāja. The eighty-four postures of the former were described in even too much detail. The old man questioned me closely as to what phenomena I had seen, but I declined to satisfy his curiosity, as such experiences, I had been taught in India, were regarded as sacred, and certainly they were not to be lightly discussed in a mixed assemblage like the present. The Bāwā smiled and said I was perfectly right, for such occurrences, being outside the common experience, should not be made the subject of trivial jest and sceptical denial. Alas! if we had but followed out that rule from the beginning, what a world of sorrow and pain all of us would have been spared. He said that if I would come alone to see him we would exchange confidences, and he might show me some phenomena. The interview highly interested me, as the man was undoubtedly a genuine ascetic, and both his mind and body seemed perfectly healthy, despite his fastings and other ascetic practices.

I went again to see the fakir with the same friend on the following evening. This time he received us

in the verandah; he occupying my chair of the previous evening, and Panachand and I a low settle. A handsome standing lamp of European manufacture was placed on the floor near him, and lighted up his strong face and made the gold threads of his turban sparkle and shine. One after another Hindu visitors came, made prostration to the fakir, and then retired into the shadow at the back of the verandah, where in chiaroscuro they squatted, silent and motionless, like a company of ghosts in their white *puggaris* and *dhotis*. An Indian moonlight was shining outside, silvering the smooth surfaces of the cocoa-palm fronds, and plating with silver the polished top of our brougham. The Bāwā continued the talk about the two Yogas. He said that he had cultivated the faculty of *laghima* (extreme lightness), so that he could sit suspended in the air, and walk over water as if it were dry ground. He had taught his pupils the same. But he considered all these things child's play in reality: he cared only for philosophy, the sacred and infallible guide to the path of Wisdom and Happiness. He had learnt both Yogas. Speaking of the relation of chela to guru, he said there were three kinds of service recognized for the former: he might give money, teach the Master something new, or serve him in menial offices. He told me a long fable about a Deva and Daitya. The former wished to become the pupil of the latter for the sake of learning a secret of occult science. The latter has the power of restoring life to the dead. The Deva-pupil was cut into pieces (with his consent) and boiled, and the Teacher eats some of the horrid mess. But the pupil

thus becomes incorporated into the body and essence of the Guru. Meanwhile his daughter loses her life, but the probationary test having been passed by the father—the Deva—he restores her to life when he separates himself once more from the Teacher's body, his mutilated frame is readjusted, and his life flows again in full stream through his veins and nerves. Which of the three modes of service would I choose? I told him. He thereupon postponed the exhibition of his alleged spiritual powers, and I never saw him again.

CHAPTER VIII

VISITS TO ALLAHABAD AND BENARES

THE first cloud—not counting the Hurrychund incident—rose on our Indian horizon at about this time; the cause which was to ultimately break up our quartette of exiles, began to shape itself towards the latter end of November. It was a queer and unnatural alliance at best, a fad of H. P. B.'s which was foredoomed to breed trouble. She and I—as I have said before—were absolutely of one mind as to the Masters, our connection with them, and our readiness for service. Whatever friction there was between us, by reason of our different personalities and ways of looking at things, we were entirely harmonious as regards the excellence of our cause and the necessity for the strict performance of duty. It was quite different with our colleagues, Mr. Wimbridge and Miss Bates, who were insular English at the core and Asiatic only in a thin superficial varnish that had been laid over them by the brush of H. P. B.'s fascinating enthusiasm. He was a designer and architect, she a school-teacher or governess, of about thirty-five years of age. Both had lived some years in America, and had been introduced to H. P. B. by mutual acquaintances. Fortune was smiling on neither of them then, and both fell in with H. P. B.'s

project that they should come with us to India and practise their respective professions, with such help as we could get them through our influence with respectable Hindus. I had nothing aginst Wimbridge, but felt an instinctive foreboding as to the lady. I begged H. P. B. not to bring her with us. Her invariable answer was that the two, being patriotic English in feeling, would afford by their company the best possible guarantee to the Anglo-Indian authorities of our innocence of any political designs. And said she would take upon herself all the consequences, for she knew naught but good would come out of the connection. In this, as in an hundred other instances, I yielded to her presumably superior occult foresight; and we four sailed and, at Bombay, settled together. Worse luck for us! She began by fomenting a misunderstanding between H. P. B. and a nice young lady Theosophist of New York; which drew Wimbridge in after a while, and broke up the harmony of our household. I had nothing whatever to do with the quarrel, but ultimately had to assume the disagreeable task of forcing Miss Bates out of the Society. This was always my lot; H. P. B. made the rows and I had to take the kicks and clear out the intruders! This fact is known to all our acquaintance. My colleague was always talking about her "occult nose," yet it very seldom helped her to smell a traitor or a predestined enemy who came under the guise of seeming friendliness. Without going farther, the cases of Madame Coulomb and Solovioff, the self-accused cruel traitor and spy, are quite enough to prove the fact.

On 23rd November, a Meeting was convened at our Hall to organize the Aryan Temperance Society. I thought it a shame that the leading Hindus and Parsis should rest passive and indifferent to the shocking spread of intemperance throughout India, and suffer the Missionaries to carry out alone a counter-movement. The late Rao Bahadur Gopal Rao Hari Deshmuk, a very influential Maratha Brahmin gentleman, took the chair at our meeting, the Society was agreed upon, and we secured seventy-seven signatures to the programme of organization. We then adjourned, to meet at the call of the Chair. One more meeting was held, and we got forty more signatures, but the movement proved abortive, for nobody save myself seemed much interested in it, and I was too busy with my official duties to devote to it the time it required.

On 29th November, an event of much importance occurred: we celebrated with great eclat the fourth anniversary of the formation of the Theosophical Society. It was also our first public function of the kind, the only previous notice taken of the anniversary, that of the first completed year, having been confined to a private meeting of members at Mott Memorial Hall, New York, and an address by myself. The shifting of our Headquarters to India and our enormously increased publicity seemed to demand a change of policy and a fresh start in this respect.

Mr. Wimbridge designed and lithographed an artistic invitation card, inviting our friends to "attend at the Headquarters, 108 Girgaum Back Road, Bombay,

at 8.30 p.m., on the 29th November, 1879, a meeting commemorative of the Society's Fourth Anniversary, the founding of the *Theosophist*, and the opening of the Library. There will be addresses and a display of machinery made by native artisans." Signed by myself, as President, and H. P. Blavatsky, as Corresponding Secretary. The grounds and the lane leading to them from the public road were brilliantly illuminated; arches of flame and pyramids of Indian colored lamps were placed at the mouth of the lane and the entrance to the compound; Chinese lanterns were hung on wires stretched between the palm-trees; an arch of gas-jets, spelling the word "Welcome," lighted up the Library facade; the whole ground was spread with striped Indian carpets; 400 chairs were placed for guests; a band of twenty musicians played Indian and foreign airs—among the latter, the American National hymn—and the scene was altogether beautiful. Far above the palms, the azure, tropical, star-studded sky looked down on us. Inside the Library building, tables and walls were covered with exhibits of indigenous work in brass, ivory, sandalwood, steel; the marble mosaics of Agra, the lovely shawls and soft woollen stuffs of Kashmir, hand-woven muslins from Dacca and elsewhere, cutlery from Pandharpur, and work from the Baroda School of Arts. The Dewan of Cutch, the enlightened Mr. Manibhai Jasbhai, sent a complete collection of arms and some of the famous silver work of that State. About 500 invited guests—the best known and most respectable in Bombay—were present. Addresses were made by Messrs. Gopal

Rao Hari Deshmuk (as Chairman); Naoroji Furdonji, a beloved Parsi statesman; Kashinath Trimbak Telang, subsequently a Justice of the Bombay High Court; Shantaram Narayan, a most respected Maratha lawyer; Nurshunkar Lalshunkar, the "Guzerati Poet," and myself. Altogether, it was a most appropriate and encouraging help to our Indian career. The Europeans present expressed themselves charmed with the industrial display, and gave deserved praise to Vishram Jehta's mechanical exhibits.

Two days later H. P. B., a European gentleman friend, and I dined, by invitation, in the Hindu fashion, at the house of Gopalrao Vinayak Joshi, F.T.S., the husband of poor Anandabai, who went to America for her medical degree, took it with honors, and died soon after her return to India; leaving her self-sacrificing husband with a blasted life and a broken heart. The incidents of the dinner—at which several Brahmins ate, seated in a line opposite us—have been comically described by H. P. B. with her usual exaggeration, so I need not repeat them. A circumstance that provoked much laughter was my borrowing H. P. B.'s long gold chain and wearing it in the fashion of the Brahmin's thread, to complete my resemblance to them; my clothing, like theirs, consisting merely of the dhoti from the waist downward, the torso being left bare. Our European friend was similary attired, but H. P. B. respectfully declined our mock invitation to do likewise!

On 2nd December, she and I, with Damodar and Babula, left by train for Allahabad to visit the Sinnetts whose personal acquaintance we had not yet made.

The second subsequent morning, early, we reached Allahabad and were met by Mr. Sinnett at the station with his barouche and pair, coachman and two footmen (*syces*) in handsome liveries. Mrs. Sinnett's reception of us at the house was most charming, and before she had spoken a dozen sentences we knew that we had won a friend beyond price. A Judge of the High Court and the Director of Public Instruction were among the callers that day, Mr. A. O. Hume and Mrs. Hume called the next morning, dear Mrs. Gordon made her appearance on the 7th, having travelled a long distance to see H. P. B., and little by little we got to know most of the Anglo-Indians of the Station who were worth knowing by reason of their intelligence and breadth of mind. Some of them were very prepossessing, but to none were we so attracted as to the Sinnetts and Mrs. Gordon, then in the prime of her beauty and sparkling with intelligence. I thought it was worth the voyage to India just to get to know those three. And think so still.

It is strict etiquette in Anglo-India for the new-comer to call on the residents, but as H. P. B. would call on nobody, those who cared to know her had to ignore custom and visit her as often as they liked.

Our time was pretty well filled with visitors and dinner-parties, the mention of which latter recalls an interesting fact to my mind. The Sinnetts, H. P. B., and I were driving out to dinner one evening, and had to pass through a part of the town which we had not seen before. At a point where two roads intersected, H. P. B. suddenly shuddered and said:

"Dear me, what a horrible feeling I have! It seems as if some awful crime had been committed here and human blood spilt." Sinnett said: "Do you not know where we are?" "Haven't the slightest idea," answered she. "How could I, when this is the first time I have been out of your house?" Sinnett then pointed to a large building to our right, and told her that that was the very Mess-house in which the Officers of such-and-such a regiment had been murdered at dinner by their sepoys, during the Mutiny. This served as the text for a most instructive little discourse by H. P. B. on the permanency of registers of human deeds in the Astral Light. The Sinnetts, the High Court Judge, and his family and other guests, to whom the Sinnetts told the story immediately on our arrival at the house, are living in London and can corroborate my narrative. And, in fact, this will be an appropriate place for me to say that, barring the comparatively few instances where H. P. B. and I were alone and which I have noted as I went along, her phenomena happened in the presence of many witnesses, most of whom, I presume, are still alive, and have the full opportunity to correct any misstatements or exaggerations into which, after this long lapse of years, I may unwittingly have fallen. At the same time, it is satisfactory to know that, although my "Old Diary Leaves" have been appearing in the *Theosophist* since March, 1892, and have found readers and provoked correspondence and editorial comment all over the world, not a single denial of my facts has been made, and but one modification suggested, that by Mr. Massey as

to some particulars of the butterfly-elemental story, in one of my earliest chapters. The conviction of my gullibility has undeniably become fixed in many minds by my narratives, but these criticules, being ignorant of the facts, and possibly in most cases of all psychical science as well, their opinion is not worth much. "Truth is stranger than fiction" always, and when every possible discredit has been cast on H. P. B., the residuum to her credit is overpoweringly great.

Forty-six years of modern mediumistic phenomena have not yet taught Western scientists the principles of the law of spirit intercourse, nor those of psycho-physiological abnormalism. The self-complacent way in which they discuss H. P. B.'s gifts from the point of view of her personal moral nature is a saddening proof of their ignorance of the lessons taught by Charcot and Liébault. Their time would not be wasted if they should spend some months also in the real study of Eastern literature. As a sample of the prejudiced disbelief of Western scientists, I give the following: We had to dine with us one evening a Professor of Physical Science in the local University, a man of wide renown and a charming companion. He discussed with H. P. B. her theory of the "raps" and finally asked her to produce some. She did so in various parts of the room, on the floor, the walls, the glasses of the hanging pictures, on a newspaper held out to her by Mr. Sinnett or the Professor—I forget which—and on the Professor's hand; she, sometimes not even touching the surface to be rapped upon, but, as it were, throwing a current of psychic

force against it from a distance. Sinnett then placed a large glass clock-shade on the rug before the fire and she rapped on that. Finally, to give the best possible proof that his theory (or rather, Faraday's, Tyndall's, and Carpenter's) that the raps were mechanical vibrations made by the intended, or unintentional, pushing of the medium's finger on the spot, I suggested a test which was accepted. I got H. P. B. to place her finger-tips against one of the glasses in a door that gave upon the verandah, took the lamp outside with the Professor, and held it so that the flesh of her fingers was highly illuminated, and she then caused as many raps as he successively called for. The fingers did not change place a hair's breadth nor her muscles contract, but we could see the nerves quivering before each rap, as though some fine current of nerve-force were thrilling through them. The Professor had nothing to say, save that it was all very strange. It seemed to us, her friends, as if a more conclusive proof of her good faith could not have been demanded. But the Professor subsequently declared her a trickster. Poor thing! that was all she got for trying to give a scientific man the facts on which to begin the serious study of psychology. I think the bitter experience so disgusted her as to make her even less willing than previously to take the least trouble to convince that class of observers.

On the following day I lectured to a very crowded audience on "Theosophy and Its Relations to India". The chair was occupied by Mr. A. O. Hume, since known as the "Father of the Congress," who made an eloquent and altogether excellent address; far better

than my own, for H. P. B. was in a bad temper that day and nagged me, even up to the moment when we mounted the platform, to that degree that my brain was all confused. Sinnett tells in his *Incidents*, etc., how she raged in the carriage on the way home. He writes:

"No sooner were we clear of the Hall compound on our drive back than she opened fire on him with exceeding bitterness. To hear her talk on this subject at intervals during the evening, one might have thought the aspirations of her life compromised. . . . Colonel Olcott bore all these tantrums with wonderful fortitude."

Of course: I loved her lovable qualities and out of gratitude for showing me the Path, and bore her savage temper because the good she was doing outweighed all sense of personal suffering.

But there was a decided "method in her madness"—I noticed throughout our relationship: she abused only her staunchest friends, those whom she felt were so attached to her and devoted to the Society as to be ready to put up with everything from her; to others like Wimbridge and some others I might name, whom she knew would not bear with such treatment, she never raised her voice, nor cast an epithet at them. She seemed to fear losing them.

On 15th December, we left with the Sinnetts and Mrs. Gordon for Benares, reaching there at 4 p.m. in due course. At the station we were met by Damodar and Babula, and the Munshi of the Maharajah of Vizianagaram, who invited us on behalf of his master to occupy one of his residences and be his

guest. Accepting, we drove to the Ananda Bagh, a small palace standing in a high-walled garden planted with flowers and trees, in geometrical beds, and found ourselves pleasantly lodged. Swami Dayānand Saraswati was awaiting us with warm greeting, and we found that he had kindly seen that every provision had been made for our comfort. He was looking very thin and emaciated after an attack of cholera, but this had notably refined and spiritualized his face. He was lodged in a small apartment near the gate. The main building comprised a number of small rooms around a large central hall, which had a high ceiling and attic windows giving on the flat, terraced roof. Heavy curtains hung between light masonry pillars between arches at the front side, and passing these one emerged on a platform and a broad flight of steps, all in masonry. Some sofas, a writing table, and a dozen chairs comprised the furniture of the hall. As evening fell the air was sweet with the perfume of roses, borne in from the garden, and the moon shone in lovely radiance on a grassy-banked tank, with two flights of steps descending to the water at opposite sides. His Highness' agent, the learned Dr. Lazarus, had furnished the house for us, supplied servants, and put two carriages at our disposal.

A hot discussion sprang up in the evening between Mr. Sinnett and H. P. B. on the subject of phenomena, he insisting, with apparent reason, that if she could afford to expend only a given amount of psychic force she ought to use it exclusively for doing phenomena for men of science, under convincing test conditions; she angrily refusing. Although I took sides with

Sinnett, she would not yield the point, but consigned the whole Royal Society to perdition, declaring that her experience at Allahabad had been quite enough. They parted under constraint, and Sinnett declared he should return home the next day. Morning brought peace, however, and we drove to see the Maharajah's principal palace and the Durga Mandir, or celebrated Monkey Temple, where innumerable mischievous simians were fed and petted. That evening, as we and two visitors were sitting in the high-roofed hall, two roses phenomenally dropped in our midst and all were happy again. After an early *Chota hazri* (tea and toast) the next morning we all drove to the retreat of Majji,[1] a very well-known female ascetic, learned in Vedānta, who occupied a *guhā* (excavated cave) with buildings above ground, on the bank of the Ganges, a mile or two below the city of Benares. She inherited this *āshrama* from her father, together with a house in town and an extensive and valuable Sanskrit library. It is a delightful spot in the fresh early morning, an ideal place for calm meditation and study. Situated on the edge of a bank forty or fifty feet above the river, and sheltered by some large trees, we found it charming to sit on the platform and engage in discourse with this remarkable woman: one out of many Indian experiences for which life in Western countries could never prepare one. At that time Majji appeared about forty years of age, fair-skinned, with a calm dignity and grace of gesture that commanded respect. Her voice was tender in tone, face and body plump, eyes full of

[1] Since deceased.

intelligence and fire. She refused to show us phenomena (always, it will be recollected, our first request on such occasions), which H. P. B. and I would have been glad to see on account of the previous evening's friction, but her reasons for declining were admitted by all to be sufficient, and the visit was serviceable in its effect on our good friends. I do not know whether she could have produced them or not, but being a true Vedāntin, she spoke very strongly as to the folly of people's hankering after such comparatively childish distractions, instead of enjoying the calm delight of reposing the mind with the realization of the ideals which Shankarāchārya's incomparable philosophy depicts. Go where one will throughout India, it will ever be the same experience, the most honored ascetics are those who decline to exhibit such powers as they may possess save under very exceptional circumstances. The wonder-workers are regarded as of a much lower degree, principally as black magicians, and as such appeal to the lower classes for patronage and notoriety.

The Sinnetts left for home at 2 p.m. That evening I initiated Mrs. Gordon into the Society with our simple ritual, in Swami Dayānand's presence, and he gave her instructions for developing the yogic powers.

The next morning Mrs. Gordon and I, accompanied by the Swami, drove to the Maharajah of Vizianagaram's Girls' School, and were shown about by Dr. Lazarus. We found a large number of bright, intelligent Hindu girls receiving instruction, and their examination by the Swami was very interesting. We

particularly admired their Devanāgari writing, which is done on board slates with a pointed bit of wood dipped in a creamy solution of chalk.

In the evening the Swami, Damodar, and I went over the ritual together and made sundry improvements; but in practice I doubt if I have ever employed the same formula twice in the hundreds of cases of admissions into the Society that I have made. The ritual is, in point of fact, little else than a serious explanation to the candidate of the nature of the Society, its principles and aims, its duties to the members, and theirs to it and to each other. It has always seemed to me that the putting of a man's foot into the unworldly path of the search after the nobler self and worthier ideals of life is the most important step that one could take, and the occasion has always impressed me with its solemnity. I have admitted members in almost all parts of the world, and have never failed to make a very clear and frank explanation of the nature of the undertaking upon which they were entering.

Two Muslim jugglers, infinitely inferior to the miracle-working (and never-existing) Govindaswamy described by Jacolliot, were brought to show us their skill. Along with the commonplace tricks we all have seen many times, they did some that were novel and striking. Among these were the stopping by command of wooden balls moving on a tightly-stretched perpendicular string, and the causing of them to ascend or descend without visible cause; the throwing of sand into a basin of water, pouring off the water and reproducing the sand perfectly dry;

and the resuscitation of a cobra after it had been fearfully mangled and apparently killed by a mongoose, by touching it with a bit of dried root.

The same afternoon I lectured at the town hall to a crowded audience, Babu Prāmada Dāsa Mittra, one of the most respected and highly-educated Vedāntin gentlemen of Benares, occupying the chair and benefiting the assemblage by a luminous discourse at the close of my remarks. My topic was the material and spiritual needs of India, and I illustrated the former by exhibiting a collection of the engraved brassware for which the Holy City is renowned, and pointing out the slovenly workmanship as evidence of the industrial decadence that has set in, and that the dearest interests of the country require to be stopped. In fact, scarcely one of the pretty vases or covered jars would stand square on the polished table before me, the covers of the jars were badly fitted, the feet were badly soldered on, and the two handles of a vase were rivetted at unequal heights. Since then the establishment by Government of Schools of Art has done something to better the condition of things, but there is such a rage for cheap things and so little willingness to pay for the finish which we in the West consider indispensable, that there is immense room for improvement. My kind interpreter on this occasion was Munshi Bakhtāwar Singh, of Shajahanpur. A return visit paid by Majji to H. P. B. the next morning caused surprise, as, we were told, it was a most unusual thing for her to call upon anybody save her Guru, and upon a European never. I was under a sort of

glamor about this woman from the tales that had been told me respecting her, and, in fact, I have visited her every time I have been in Benares; the latest, with Mrs. Besant and the Countess Wachtmeister. I believe I have been the means of getting her some staunch supporters, who have done innumerable acts of kindness and reverence to her, among them, the late beloved Nobin K. Bannerji, of Berhampur, and his associates in our splendid local Branch at that place. I held to my first belief that she was an adept for many years. At that time of her call she was, remember, a complete stranger to us, and, so far as we knew, nobody had explained to her what we were, save we ourselves when we called at her *āshrama*. Yet she freely told Mrs. Gordon, Damodar, and myself, in H. P. B.'s absence, a marvellous tale about her. She said that H. P. B.'s body was occupied by a Yogi, who was working in so far as he could for the spread of Eastern philosophy. It was the third body he had so used, and his total age in the three bodies was about 150 years. She made the mistake of saying that he had been inside H. P. B.'s body sixty-two years, her age being then only forty-eight in all: a bad shot certainly. Speaking always as a Vedāntin, she would allude to herself as "this body"; laying a hand on her knee or on the other arm, she would say "this body's" family, studies, residence, pilgrimages, or what not. I finally asked her why she spoke so and who she was. She said that the body we saw was entered at its seventh year by a Sannyāsi and had been occupied by him ever since; he had not completed his study of Yoga and so became reborn. The

"she" therefore was, in reality, a "he" overlaid with a female body, a parallel case to H. P. B.'s. What is certain is, that the occupant of her body had a most recalcitrant one to manage.

The same evening I lectured at the Bengali School House to another overflowing audience, and the experiences of the following day were so interesting that they must be accorded a chapter to themselves.

CHAPTER IX

PHENOMENA AND PANDITS

THIS being our first year in India, every scene and experience had the charm of novelty, and we enjoyed them like children. It was something, after all, to be suddenly transferred from prosaic America and its atmosphere of mad haste and bitter commercial competition, to the calm and mental peace of hoary India, where the sage had first place in public estimation and the saint was exalted above all princes. Scarcely any head would have been unaffected by the intoxication of the popular love and seeming reverence that we received, the delightful discussions of philosophy and spiritual ideals, the contact with high-thinkers and noted scholars, the ever-changing, picturesque daily incidents of our wanderings. I, who had passed through the social hurricane called the war of the Rebellion, and the tumult of a long public service, was moved to a degree I can now, with my present knowledge of Pandits and their ways, hardly realize, by a meeting of the Literary Society of Benares Pandits, convened on 21st December in my honor. The President was Pandit Ram Misra Shastri, Professor of Sankhya in Benares College, and the other officers his colleagues. It was a typical Oriental assemblage,

every one present, except myself, being dressed in Indian garb, and every face representing the highest Aryan ethnical type. On arrival I was received with every mark of courtesy and conducted to the seat of honor by the learned President. Coming in from the glare of sunshine, it took a little time for my eyes to get accustomed to the dim light of the brick-paved, cool room, in which a fine scent of sandalwood and tuberose blooms hung in the air. Amid a perfect silence, broken only by muffled sounds of rumbling vehicles and the jangling brass discs of ekkas, that came from the distant street, addresses of welcome were read to me in English, Sanskrit, and Hindi, expressive of the pleasure the Pandits of Benares had felt on hearing of the interest taken by our Society in Sanskrit Literature and Indian Philosophy; bidding me heartily welcome, and promising their lasting sympathy and goodwill. In my reply, I took the opportunity of pointing out what an immense service the Benares Pandits could, with the help of English-knowing graduates, do to the cause of Aryan learning by inventing Sanskrit equivalents for the numberless terms derived from the Greek and Latin, which were employed in scientific writing. For example, they might make Sanskrit synonyms for Oxygen, Hydrogen, Nitrogen, Carbon, Electricity, Magnetism, Attraction of Cohesion, Gravity; the names of chemical elements and compounds; those of Biology, Botany, Geology, etc., etc., etc. Practically, I had already discovered when being interpreted into an Indian vernacular, that, in my remarks upon Modern Science and its relations with Ancient Science, my

interpreters had to merely pronounce the technical words without translation, and hence without conveying to, say, an orthodox Pandit who had never read a Western scientific book, the least idea of what was meant. Sanskrit was abundantly rich in terms denoting every object, substance, physical or mental condition, law, principle, ideal, etc., connected with philosophy, psychology, and metaphysics, and the West would be forced to either coin new equivalents for them or take them over into its various tongues as, in the course of time, the Theosophical Society and other popularizing agencies spread Eastern views throughout the world. But the need of the hour in India was to make it possible for every undergraduate and graduate to see for himself how much the Aryan thought was in harmony with modern scientific discovery, how his ancestors had traversed the whole field of knowledge, and how proud and glad he ought to be that he was of their blood, the heir of their wisdom. Some discussion ensued between the Pandits and myself, in which I cited many instances of the necessity for a new nomenclature, with the result that the Society voted unanimously for the appointment of a Philological Committee. I was also honored by election as an Honorary Member of the Society, and after the usual garlanding, rosewater-sprinkling, and distribution of betel and *pān*, the meeting broke up. In turning over the leaves of the 1st volume of the *Theosophist*, I find an essay by Pandit Ram Misra Shastri upon "The Vedanta Darsanā," from which, to give an idea of the fondness of the Eastern mind for hyperbole, I venture to quote the following:

"Here in the land of Benares, fragrant as it were with the stores of knowledge, arrived Colonel Olcott, with a mind earnestly desirous of acquiring the knowledge of the manners, customs, mechanical and other arts and sciences of the ancient Aryas, and having formed friendship with the members of the Brahmamritavarshini Association, showed at a meeting of that assembly a very great liking for the Indian Philosophies (the Darsanas Shāstras).

"Methinks that although he is born in a foreign land, yet he is assuredly a native of India, inasmuch as in him the effect of the original antecedent relationship has shown life afresh, and he has made not infrequent efforts towards the good of India. Nevertheless, enough with such series of conjectures. The fact, however, still remains that he longs to know the philosophy (the Darsanas) of our country and, being desirous of spreading in foreign countries the knowledge of the Vedant Darsana, invited earnestly and not infrequently Vedantic contributions to their famous journal which, as it were, acts the part of the moon in expanding the lotus of Indian Wisdom."

From this meeting I went to pay my respects to Professor G. Thibaut, Ph. D., Principal of Benares College, and an old pupil and protégé of Professor Max Müller. I found him a most agreeable man, deeply versed in Sanskrit, yet without pretence or pomposity: in short, a real specimen of the German litterateur. From thence to see Mr. Wall, the local Magistrate and Collector; a title meaning nothing to Western people, but here in India designating the official who rules

almost despotically over more or less millions of Hindus in a given district, to whom he is at once the Providence, the Jupiter Tonans, and all the gods and goddesses "rolled into one".

That evening there was a glorious moon, shining day-bright out of a sky without a cloud. Doctor Thibaut, the College Sanskrit Pandits, Babu Pramādā Dāsā Mitra, Swami Dyānand, Mr. Ram Rao, one of Swami's disciples, Damodar, Mrs. Gordon, H. P. B., myself, and others, whose names are not recorded, sat on chairs and a large Indian carpet, on the platform at the head of the steps, with the moon turning our white bungalow into an ivory palace and silvering the water of the lotus tank before us, and discoursed on Aryan themes. The Swamiji was, of course, heterodox in that he denied that idol worship was authorized by the Vedas, the primal source of all inspired religion, the foundation of Brāhmanism in particular. Babu Pramādā Dāsā and the College Pandits were intensely orthodox, *i.e.*, idolaters; so the reader may fancy the warmth and volubility of the debate, to which Dr. Thibaut and we others, Europeans, gave impartial attention. Every now and then H. P. B. would get translated to her something that had been said and thereupon "take a hand in," to our great amusement; for she was so deliciously witty and unreservedly outspoken as to be irresistible. What made us laugh the more was, that her most comical outbursts would be received with unruffled solemnity by the Hindu professors, who had probably a congenital incapacity for joking, and could not form to themselves the least idea of what this prodigious

woman was driving at. Then she, seeing this, would turn to us with obstreperous energy and curse the others for a pack of bigoted fools!

At last, some of the Pandits took leave, and the rest of us went within and continued the conversation. There were H. P. B., Mrs. Gordon, Dr. Thibaut, the Swami, Pramādā Babu, Ram Rao, Damodar, and myself present. The talk was upon the subject of Yoga. "Matam Plavatsky," said Dr. Thibaut, in his strong German accent, "dese Pandits tell me dat, *un*toutedly, in te ancient times dere vere Yogis who hat actually teveloped the Siddhis tescribed in the Shāstras; tat dey coult too vonterful tings; for instance, tey coult make fall in a room like dis, a shower of roses; put now nobody can do dat." I ask my friend's pardon for transcribing his then accent and words, but the scene comes back to me so vividly that I can almost hear him speaking. He can get his revenge the first time he hears me speak German! I see him now; as he sat on a sofa to H. P. B.'s right, with his frock-coat buttoned to his chin, his intellectual, pale face as solemn as though he were pronouncing a funeral oration, and his hair cut as short as it could be, and standing up like spikes all over his head. He had no sooner pronounced the last word than H. P. B. started up in her chair, looked scornfully at him, and burst out: "Oh, they say that, do they? They say no one can do it now? Well, I'll show them; and you may tell them from me that if the modern Hindus were less sycophantic to their Western masters, less in love with their vices, and more like their ancestors in many ways they would not have to make such a

humiliating confession, nor get an old Western hippopotamus of a woman to prove the truth of their Shastras!" Then, setting her lips together and muttering something, she swept her right hand through the air with an imperious gesture, and bang! on the heads of the company fell about a dozen roses. As soon as the momentary shock of surprise was over, there was a scramble for the roses, but Thibaut sat as straight as a post and seemed to be casting it up, pro and con, in his mind. Then the discussion proceeded with renewed vivacity. The Sankhya was the topic and Thibaut put many searching questions to H. P. B., which she answered so satisfactorily that the Doctor said that neither Max Müller nor any other Orientalist had made so clear to him the *real* meaning of the Sankhya philosophy as she had, and he thanked her very much. Towards the end of the evening, in a pause in the conversation, he turned to H. P. B. and —always keeping his eyes fixed towards the floor according to his habit—said that, as he had not been so fortunate as to get one of the roses that had so unexpectedly fallen, might he be favored with one "as a souvenir of this very delightful evening"? Those were his very words. His secret thought probably was, that if the first floral rain had been a trick she would not be ready for a second, if taken unawares! "Oh yes, certainly," she said, "as many as you like." And, making another of her sweeping gestures, down fell another shower of flowers; one rose actually hitting the Doctor on the top of his head and bounding into his lap as he sat bolt upright. I happend to be looking at him at that moment and

saw the whole incident. Its effect was so funny as to set me off into a fit of laughter. He gave a little, very slight start, opened and shut his eyes twice, and then taking a rose and looking down at it, said with imperturbable solemnity: "*De veight mooltiplied py te felosity, proves dat it moost haf come from a creat distance.*" There spoke the hard savant, the unimaginative scholar, who reduces all life to an equation, and expresses all emotions by algebraical signs! The story of the discomfiture of the larking Paris students, who had dressed up one of their number in a bull's hide, rubbed phosphorus over the eyes and lips, lay in wait for the learned Cuvier in the College Campus one dark night, and with bellowings sprang out before him in the hope of giving him a start, came to my mind. As everybody knows, the legend is that the great naturalist merely paused a moment, looked at the silly apparition, said: "Humph! hoofs; horns; herbivorous"—and walked quietly on, leaving the ambushed students crest-fallen enough. Let that be as apocryphal as one pleases, this Benares incident is the simple truth, as every one present will attest.

But we had not done with the evening's surprises. Dr. Thibaut finally took leave and I conducted him to the entrance, where I lifted the purdah (curtain) to give him egress. Damodar followed after me with the light—a student reading-lamp with shade, vertical rod for the body of the lamp to slide upon, and a ring at top to carry it by. H. P. B. also left her seat and was approaching us. The Doctor and I exchanged a remark on the

beauty of the night, shook hands and he turned to go. I was just dropping the curtain when I saw on H. P. B.'s face that strange look of power which almost always preceded a phenomenon. I called back our guest and pointed to H. P. B., who spoke never a word until she took the lamp from Damodar's hand, held it by her left forefinger, looked fixedly at it, pointed at it with her right forefinger and in an imperious tone said: "Go up!" The flame rose and rose until it came to the top of the chimney. "Go down!" said she: it slowly descended until it burnt bluish at the wick. "Go up!" she exclaimed, "up: I command you." The obedient flame once more mounted to the top of the chimney. "Down!" she cried; and once more it sank to the point, almost of extinction; whereupon she returned the lamp to Damodar, nodded to the Doctor and went into her bedroom. This, again, is a plain unexaggerated tale of what really happened in our presence. If the sceptic would explain away the rose-shower incidents by the theory of confederacy,[1] at least here was one instance of a genuine phenomenon to which the theory of fraud does not apply. She said it was very simple: a Mahatma was there, invisible to all but herself, and he had just turned the lamp up and down while she spoke the words. This was one of two explanations given by her at different times, the other being that she had power over the elementals of

[1] I should have mentioned that when the two roses dropped in Mr. Sinnett's presence (see Chap. VIII), he and I at once hurried to the staircase leading to the roof-terrace, ran up, and searched about for any possibly concealed confederate. We found no one.

Fire, and they obeyed her commands. I think this is the more probable of the two. As for the facts, they are indisputable, and everybody is free to attach his own theory to them. To me, the incident was one more in a long series going to prove her possession of real and extraordinary psychical powers; facts upon which I could fall back whenever her good faith might be challenged by her critics or impugned by her own indiscretions of language and of actions. Her intimate friends believed in her in spite of her often feverish outbursts of temper, when she would declare herself ready to shout from the housetops that there were no Mahatmas, no psychical powers, and that she had simply deceived us from first to last. Talk of ordeals and trials of faith! I doubt if any neophytes, postulants, or disciples ever had to undergo fiercer ones than we. It seemed her delight to drive us frantic with her vagaries and self-accusations, she knowing all the while that to us doubt was impossible in view of our experience with her. That is why I hesitate to place the least value on her so-called "Confession" to M. Aksakof of her having had a turbulent and disreputable past. In fact, I had for years in my possession a bundle of old letters which proved her innocence of a certain grave fault that she has been charged with, and her having deliberately sacrificed her own reputation to save the honor of a young lady who had met with a misfortune. But let me not be drawn into further digression. Time will vindicate the memory of this most unhappy victim of social injustice, and meanwhile her books and her teachings stand as her imperishable monument. My

souvenirs of those long years of our common work, their struggles, sorrows, and successes, will help to show her in her true character, and, while written with the candor of the historian, they will, I hope, reflect also the spirit of loving friendship which animates their author.

After all our visitors had departed the Swami sat along with us, explaining to Mrs. Gordon the philosophy of such phenomena as we had had shown us. A note in my Diary reminds me of the intense interest with which he had watched H. P. B. while they were in progress, and, whatever he may have said later, when he chose to break with us, there is not the slightest doubt as to his having been perfectly satisfied of their genuineness at the time.

Mrs. Gordon left for her home the following morning. Dr. Thibaut came and stopped until it was our time to go to the train, and we reached Allahabad in time for dinner, and spent a quiet evening with our kind friends, the Sinnetts. The next day H. P. B. and I were given a reception in town by leading Hindu gentlemen, at the Allahabad Institute, and I made an address upon "Ancient Aryavarta and Modern India," which drew out several fervid responses at the close, and a vote of thanks, with the obligatory garlands and scented-water sprinklings. H. P. B. was also coaxed into making a brief discourse, and acquitted herself admirably.

Callers, discussions, dinner parties, and evening gatherings at the house filled up our few remaining days at "Prayāg," the holy city—as Allahabad used to be called. On 26th December I received

Mr. and Mrs. Sinnett into membership, the ceremony being made unusually interesting by a voice replying "Yes, we do" to my question whether the Masters heard the pledges of the candidates and approved of their admission into the Society. Truly, events have amply proved the value of their accession to our then small membership. On the 30th, at 8 p.m., we left for Bombay after this most delightful visit, passed two nights in the train, and reached home on New Year's Day, 1880. On the same day of the previous year, we were tossing on the stormy Atlantic, and yearning for Bombay. Our Indian life began in clouds, treachery, and disappointment; the year closed in bright promise for the future! Friends gained, obstacles surmounted, enemies baffled, our Magazine founded, the ties becoming stronger that were to bind us for life to India and Ceylon. On 31st December I wrote: "This day we have 621 subscribers to the *Theosophist*," and, however paltry that may sound to Western people, accustomed to the wonderful statistics of their journals, it was a very respectable circulation for India, where the leading daily papers of Calcutta, Bombay, and Madras have only 1,500 to 2,000 names on their mailing registers!

The first formal meeting of the Theosophical Society, as a body, in India, was held on 4th January, 1880, in the Library.

The growing business of the *Theosophist* made a deal of work for us, for, being too poor to hire helpers, we had to do the packing, addressing, and pasting, as well as the editorial duty. In addition to which was the ever-growing correspondence to look after;

so that I seldom got to bed before a late hour. This month the Magazine began to pay its way.

To keep up the interest of our members I undertook a course of weekly lectures at the Library on Mesmerism, Psychometry, Crystal-reading and allied subjects, with experimental illustrations. I treated them all from the point of view of their evidential value in the problem of the superior consciousness of man. A number of our members proved excellent sensitives, and the attendance was always large at the meetings.

We received, 15th January, from Russia the news that H. P. B.'s first Indian letter on the *Caves and Jungles of Hindustan* had made a great stir; everybody was talking about it. On 1st February we all witnessed a special performance by students of Elphinstone College, of a play called "Harischandra," which deeply interested us. This was not only on account of its novelty and picturesqueness to us Westerns, but also because we saw unfolded in this drama the undoubted prototype of the Biblical story of Job. So few beyond the Red Sea know the Purānic story of Harischandra that I am tempted to reproduce from Ward's *History of the Hindus* the following brief summary: with an important prefix, however. The story, as told in *Harischandropākhyāna*, recites that a sort of wager was made by the two great Rishis, Vashistha and Visvāmitra, on the subject of King Harischandra's inflexible virtue: the one declaring him to be the most perfect among mortals, the other replying that he had never been properly tested. If he had had to suffer the miseries of

common men, his virtue would have collapsed. The dispute ended in an agreement that Visvāmitra should be free to plague the king until he was satisfied as to his pre-eminent merit. The story taken by Rev. Missionary Ward is from the *Markandeya Purāna*. His omission to note the resemblance to the almost identical story of the temptations and victory of Job is rather amusing. Here is his version :

Harischandra's Kingdom extended over the whole earth ; he was so famed for liberality that Visvāmitra, the sage, desirous of seeing the extent of it, went to him and asked a gift. The king promised to grant him whatever he would ask. The sage demanded his kingdom and it was granted. He then asked for the fee which accompanies a gift, which the king promised to give in a month. But where should the king reside, since he had surrendered the earth to Visvāmitra ? The latter ordered him to go to Benares, which was not reckoned a part of the earth. Visvāmitra, tearing a piece of cloth into three pieces, divided it amongst the king, the queen, and their son, and the family departed ; the king attempted to take with him a gold drinking-cup, but Visvāmitra prevented him. They were nearly a month in walking to Benares, where they had no sooner arrived than Visvāmitra came and demanded the fee. The king asking from whence he should procure this, seeing he had surrendered his all, the sage directed him to sell his wife. A covetous Brahmin bought her, who allowed her food only once a day.

Visvāmitra, now complained that the sum raised by the sale of the queen was too little, and refused to accept it. The king was then led round the market, with a blade of grass in his hair, to signify that he was for sale, when a man of the lowest caste bought him and made him a swineherd and superintendent of the place where the dead are burnt. With the money thus raised the fee was paid and Visvāmitra returned home.

Harischandra's son remained at the house of the Brahmin with his mother; but the Brahmin resolving that he should not live idle, sent him daily to gather flowers in a forest, near a hermit's hut of leaves, where they broke down the trees and did much mischief; upon which the hermit forbade them once, twice, thrice, but they still continued obstinate. At last he denounced a curse on the next boy who should dare to transgress, and Harischandra's son was soon bitten by a snake and died. The distressed mother entreated the Brahmin, her master, that, as they were of the Kshatriya caste, the dead body might not be thrown into the river. The Brahmin promised to send wood to burn the body, when the mother, carrying her child to the landing place, where they burn the dead, laid it down and began to weep aloud and bitterly. Harischandra was aroused by her cries and, going to the spot, saw a female who had brought a dead body to be burnt. He demanded the usual fee for liberty to burn the corpse. She in vain pleaded that she was a poor widow, and could give nothing; he demanded that she should tear the cloth in two which she wore and give him the half

of it, and was proceeding to beat her with the iron crow in his hand, when she wept and began to tell him her miserable tale; her descent; that she was the wife of King Harischandra, and that this dead child was her son. All the feelings of horror, sorrow, and love started up in his bosom at once, and he confessed to the poor broken-hearted mother that he was her husband, the father of the dead child—that he was Harischandra. The woman was unable to believe him, but he related some secrets that had passed betwixt them when king and queen, from which she knew he must be Harischandra. She then put his dead son into his arms, and they both sat down and wept bitterly. At last, resolving to burn themselves with the dead child, they prepared the fire, and were about to throw themselves into it, when Yama and Indra arrived, and assured Harischandra that they had assumed these forms and carried him through these scenes to try his piety, with which they were now completely satisfied. They raised the the dead child to life and sent the king and queen to take possession of their kingdom.

The plot of the play that we saw represented followed the lines of the *Harischandropākhyāna*, the curtain rising in the Prologue upon a scene in Indra's Heaven, with the two Rishis in debate together, and falling on the exit of Visvāmitra to put Harischandra to the test. Every one to his taste, but it seems to me a much better beginning of the story than that given in Job i, 6 to 12; for here are two equals—advanced human adepts—wagering together, while in the other

case the Devil with impunity intrudes into the presence of God, sneers to His face about the sham virtue of His devout servant, and instead of being blasted where stood, actually provoking the "Lord" into giving a most deserving, pious, and innocent man into the power of the "Adversary" to morally vivisect!

The anniversary of the landing of our quartette at Bombay—15th February—was celebrated by our working all day, save when receiving visitors; by Mr. William Scott, D.P.W., dining with us; and by my sticking to my desk until 2 a.m.

About this time I proposed the institution of a Medal of Honor. From the *Theosophist* for March, 1880, the following excerpt shows the object in view:

"The said medal to be of pure silver and made from Indian coins melted down for the purpose; and it shall be suitably engraved, stamped, carved, or embossed with a device expressive of its high character as a Medal of Honor. It shall be annually awarded by a committee of native scholars, designated by the President, to the native author of the best original essay upon any subject connected with the ancient religions, philosophies or sciences; preference being given, other things being equal, to the occult or mystical branch of science as known and practised by the ancients."

An admirable committee was selected, and the offer published from time to time, but neither of the essays sent in was thought worthy of such a

distinction. Babu S. K. Ghose and other friends sent me some very ancient Indian coins for the purpose, and they are still in my custody. The object was, however, substantially realized by the foundation of the T. Subba Row Medal at the Convention of 1883, which has been awarded to Judge P. Sreenivasa Row, Mme. H. P. Blavatsky, Mr. G. R. S. Mead, and Mrs. Annie Besant, for specially meritorious Theosophical publications.

On 4th March, a European lady of Northern India, wife of a high military officer, was admitted into the Society, and I mention the fact merely to recall a circumstance which shows the utter lack of social relations between the two races. After the ceremony of admission of the candidate was concluded, I called on several of our cleverest Parsi and Hindu members to express any sentiments of goodwill and fellowship that they would wish the new lady member to convey to our colleagues in London. Short speeches were made by Messrs. Seervai, Deshmukh, Mooljee, Patwardhan, and others, their views being given in excellent taste and perfect English. Mrs. M. was "astonished and delighted" —she said—to find so much intelligence among the natives. In her eighteen years of residence in India she had never even spoken to any Hindu but her servants! And she, the wife of a high officer. A very much more important acquisition to our membership was that of Khan Bahadur N. D. Khandalavāla, one of the ablest men on our rolls, who was admitted at a special meeting of the Society on 9th March. The application for membership of Baron

J. Spedalieri, of Marseilles, one of the most erudite Kabalists of Europe and chief pupil of the late Eliphas Levi, reached us on the 19th of the same month. The same month brought us a Collector and Magistrate of the Punjab, a C. S., as a candidate. On the evening of the 25th, H. P. B., Damodar, and I had an experience of a most delightful character, which I have related elsewhere from memory, but which must now be repeated in its proper place from my notes of the same evening written in my Diary.

We three had driven out in the open phaeton that Damodar had presented to H. P. B., to the farther end of the causeway known as Worli Bridge, to enjoy the cool sea-breeze. A magnificent electric storm was raging, unaccompanied with rain, the flashes being so vivid as to light up the neighborhood almost like day. H. P. B. and I smoked and we all chatted about this and that, when we heard the sound of many voices coming from the seashore to our right, from a bungalow situate on a transverse road not far from the corner where we sat. Presently a party of well-dressed Hindus, laughing and talking together, came in sight, passed us and entered their carriages, which were drawn up in line on the Worli Road, and drove off to town. To see them, Damodar, who was sitting with his back to the driver, stood up and looked over the box. As the last party of convivial friends were coming abreast of our carriage, he silently touched my shoulder and motioned with his head that I was to look at something in that direction. I stood up and saw behind the last group a single human figure approaching. He, like the others, was

dressed in white, but the whiteness of his costume positively made theirs look grey, as the electric light makes the brightest gaslight appear dull and yellow. The figure was a head taller than the group which preceded him, and his walk was the very ideal of graceful dignity. As he came about as far as our horse's head, he deflected from the road in our direction, and we two, to say nothing of H. P. B., saw that it was a Mahatma. His white turban, and dress, mass of dark hair dropping to his shoulders, and full beard, made us think it was "the Sahib," but when he came to the carriage-side and stood not more than a yard from our faces, and laid his hand on H. P. B.'s left arm as it lay on the carriage body, and looked us in the eyes and responded to our reverential salutations, we then saw it was not he, but another, whose portrait H. P. B. wore, later, in a large gold locket, and which many have seen. He spoke no word, but quietly moved towards the causeway, taking no notice of, nor, seemingly, exciting any from the Hindu guests as they rolled away in their carriages towards the town. The recurrent blazes of electric light lit him up as he stood by us; and as his tall form showed against the horizon and the dark earth of the causeway, I noticed, too, that a lamp of the last of the carriages threw him up in high relief when he was some fifty feet away from us and on the causeway. There was no tree or bush to screen him from us, and, it may be believed, we watched him with intense concentration. One instant we saw him, the next he was gone; disappeared, like one of the lightning flashes. Under the strain of excitement

I jumped out of the carriage, ran to the spot where he was last seen, but no one was there. I saw nothing but the empty road and the back of the carriage that had just passed.

CHAPTER X

FIRST TOUR IN CEYLON

LET it be observed that the incident described at the end of the last chapter occurred on the evening of 25th June, 1880. On the 28th, *three days later*, the Coulombs arrived in Bombay from Ceylon, and, on our invitation, took up their temporary residence with us. The French Consul at Galle and other charitable persons had subscribed for their passages, and they had landed almost penniless. He had a box of tools and each of them a few rags of clothing. It was settled that they should stop with us until an employment could be found for him, after which they were to go to housekeeping for themselves. Under this agreement I set our friends to work to find him a situation, and after a while succeeded in getting him a machinist's berth in a cotton mill. But he did not stop there long, for he fell out with the owner and threw up the situation. I found him a man very quick-tempered and hard to please in the matter of employers, and, as no other opening, occurred, he and his wife just drifted along with us, without any definite plans as to the future. He was a clever mechanic and she a practical, hard-working woman, and as both tried to make themselves useful,

and I could get on with them by treating them kindly, they were taken into the family. From neither of them did I hear a bad word about H. P. B.'s behavior at Cairo; quite the contrary, they seemed to have the greatest respect and affection for her. As for their being concerned in any underhand trickery in the way of phenomena, they never breathed a word or gave a hint to me or to anyone about us. So, as for her subsequent assertions, in the pamphlet compiled for her by the Madras Missionaries (she could not write grammatically a sentence of English), that she and he were doing tricks for H. P. B., among others, in producing bogus apparitions of Mahatmas with an arrangement of bladders and muslin, I have not a particle of evidence that would make me credit it. It may be otherwise, but I believe the stories to be downright falsehoods, told by her for some pitiful woman's spite.

If the Mahatmas we saw at Bombay after the Coulombs came were only M. Coulomb masquerading with wigs and a false head, what was the man whom we saw at Worli Bridge, three days before their arrival, as described in the last chapter? Certainly not M. Coulomb. Then, if the figure was a real Mahatma, who could vanish out of sight, and whose features we could distinguish as he stood within a yard of us, in the glare of the vivid sheet lightning, why might not the figures we saw in and about the house, later on, have also been Mahatmas? At all events, H. P. B., even though she had been an ordinary woman, unendowed with psychical powers, is entitled to the benefit of the doubt. Such benefit I

shall always accord to her, and so will her other intimates. Let it stand at that.

First and last, all our noted members will come upon the scene of my historical drama. The entry of 9th April (1880) says: "An interesting man called to-day, with an introductory letter from Mr. Martin Wood, editor of the *Bombay Review*. His name is Tookaram Tatya. Is a cotton commission merchant; speaks English well; is very intelligent; says he is deeply interested in Yoga." So began my acquaintance with a gentleman whose name is now known throughout the world among us as one of the most indefatigable workers in Society. He had held aloof and watched us, being sceptical as to our having come to India in good faith. His knowledge of Europeans had not led him to believe that persons of our calibre could give up their home interests merely for the sake of learning Eastern philosophy; there must be some humbug at the bottom of the affair. A year passed and the first quarter of the second, and yet nobody had discovered anything bad about us. So, as he was most deeply interested in the subjects that we were engaged in, he determined to come and see for himself what sort of folk we really were. I shall never forget that private interview, which made us two know each other as though we had been friends for years, and which ended by his paying me his respects in the true Eastern fashion.

The tone of our members in the mass, at that time, will be inferred from an entry of one of those April days:

"A meeting of the T. S. was held, and I got every one present to express his views as to the best way to increase the interest in the Society. The calling of a general meeting was resolved upon. But it will amount to nothing; for, of all the members, whether here, or in Europe or America, there are only a corporal's guard of real Theosophists: the rest are but miracle-hunters."

That can hardly be said now, in view of the enormous amount of unselfish work that is being done in Great Britain, Sweden, Spain, the United States, and Ceylon, not to speak of India, Australia, and elsewhere. Yet, at the same time, it cannot be denied that a great deal of hard work has also been done, throughout all these years, under the spur of the hope of closer intercourse with the Mahatmas, and, perhaps, the attainment to some degree of powers similar to H. P. B.'s. I think that this yearning has made hundreds of most worthy people fall easy victims to such transparent humbugs as the "H. B. of L.," and a number of conscious and unconscious spiritual pretenders. Such devotion is dearly purchased by the Society when it can be extinguished upon discovering the illusion under which blind, exaggerated faith in appearances and promises has made the victims fall. For from ardent friends they usually change into virulent opponents.

About this time we were passing through the disagreeble phase of our relations with Swami Dayānand. Without the least cause, his attitude towards us became hostile; he wrote us exasperating letters, then modified them, again changed his tone

and so kept us perpetually on the strain. The fact is, our Magazine was not in the least an exclusively Arya Samaj organ, nor would we consent to hold aloof from the Buddhists or Parsis, as he almost insisted that we should. He evidently wanted to force us to choose between the continuance of his patronage and fidelity to our declared eclecticism. And we chose; for our principles we would *not* surrender for any equivalent whatever.

A visit of our party to Ceylon, long urgently requested by the leading priests and laity of the Buddhist community, had been determined upon, and the preparations occupied us throughout the whole of this month. We had to get ready in advance the matter for two or three numbers of the *Theosophist*, and my Diary records the night work we had to do. To save expense it was arranged that H. P. B., Wimbridge, and I should go, and Miss Bates and the Coulombs remain behind to look after the Headquarters. As Miss Bates was a spinster and Mme. Coulomb an experienced housewife, the unlucky idea occurred to me to transfer the housekeeping duty to the latter from the former. Fifteen years of householding had not taught me the folly of giving a newcomer the opportunity of "bossing it" over the other woman! I know it now.

Among other things, there were badges to get made for our delegation, H. P. B. being fond of such things. It was for this trip that the silver badge with gold centre, now worn by Mrs. Besant, was made for H. P. B.'s use; mine was a more gorgeous affair and those of the rest of the party much plainer. Another,

and much more serious matter, was the organization of the Bombay T. S., on the evening of 25th April: the pioneer of all our Indian, in fact, of our Oriental Branches, and the third on the list of the whole Society; not counting New York, which was still *the* Society. The two Branches older than that of Bombay are the British, now the London Lodge, and the Ionian, of Corfu. The first officers of the Bombay Branch were Mr. Keshow N. Mavalankar, *President*; Messrs. Gopalrao Hari Deshmukh and K. N. Seervai, *Vice-Presidents*; Framroz R. Joshi, *Secretary*; Krishnarao N. Mavalankar, *Treasurer*; Edward Wimbridge, Mooljee Thackersey, and Messrs. Patwardhan, Warden and Jabouli, *Councillors*. Mr. Tookaram Tatya having overcome all his distrust, was duly accepted into membership at the meeting of 2nd May.

Everything being ready, we embarked on 7th May in a British India coasting steamer for Ceylon. The party consisted of the two Founders, Mr. Wimbridge, Damodar K. Mavalankar, Purshotam and Panachand Anandji (Hindus), Sorabji J. Padshah and Ferozshah D. Shroff (Parsis): all but the first three being Delegates from the Branch to the Sinhalese Buddhists and bearers of brotherly salutations expressive of the broad tolerance of our Society in religious matters. The wife or Mr. Purshotam, a delicate, fragile little lady, accompanied her husband, and Babula attended us as servant.

We were, I believe, the only passengers on board, and the ship being clean, the officers agreeable, the weather fine, and the daily calls at the ports along the

West Coast full of interest, we enjoyed the voyage as if it were on a large private yacht. H. P. B. was in high spirits, and kept everybody in a good humor. A passionate card-player, she spent hours daily playing Nap with the ship's officers, barring Captain Wickes, whom the code of naval etiquette forbade to play with his subordinates. The chief engineer, a Mr. Elliott, soon became a great favorite of H. P. B.'s, and on the last day of the voyage, she did for him the phenomenal substitution of his name for her own in embroidery on her handkerchief. I was present and saw it. They had finished a game of Nap and fell to chatting about these alleged psychical powers, and Elliott was especially incredulous about the possibility of this phenomenon of changing an embroidered name on a handkerchief for another in embroidery. This apropos of what H. P. B. had done for Ross Scott the day of our arrival at Bombay, about which he had been told. He coaxed her again and again to do it for him, and she finally consented, and then and there did it as we all sat on deck, under the shelter of an awning. But when Elliott opened his hand in which he had held the handkerchief during the experiment, he found that H. P. B. had misspelt his name, making it Eliot instead of Elliott. Now, in Mme. Coulomb's veracious pamphlet, it is averred that H. P. B. got her to embroider names of third parties on some of her handkerchiefs after picking out her own. The implication would be that she had thus prepared the "Eliot" handkerchief, and that H. P. B. had simply changed her own for it. But until we met him on board the "Ellora" we did not

know there was such a person in existence. How, then, could Madame Coulomb have embroidered his name for future trickery? The explanation, it will be seen, is simply nonsensical.

The old Captain was a fat, good-natured person without the glimmering of a belief in things spiritual or psychical. He used to joke H. P. B. on our notions with such a delicious ignorance of the whole subject that it only made us laugh. One day she was playing her favorite, solitary game of *Patience*, when the Captain broke in upon her meditations with a challenge that she should tell his fortune with the cards. She at first refused, but at last consented, and, making him cut, laid out the cards on the table. She said: "This is very strange; it can't be so!" "What?" asked the Captain. "What the cards say. Cut again." He did so, and with the same result, apparently, for H. P. B. said the cards prophesied such a nonsensical thing that she didn't like to tell him. He insisted; whereupon she said that the cards foretold that he would not be much longer at sea; he would receive an offer to live ashore, and would throw up his profession. The big Captain roared at the idea, and told her that it was just as he had anticipated. As for his quitting the sea, nothing would please him more, but there was no such good luck in store for him. The thing passed off without further remark beyond the Captain's repeating the prophecy to the Chief Officer, through whom it became the laugh of the ship. But there was a sequel. A month or two after our return to Bombay, H. P. B. received a letter from Captain Wickes, in which he

said he owed her an apology for his behavior about the card prophecy, and must honestly confess that it had been literally fulfilled. After dropping us at Ceylon, he continued his voyage to Calcutta. On arrival, he had the offer of the appointment of Harbor Master (Port Officer) at Karwar (I think it was, or if not, then Mangalore), had accepted it, and had actually returned as passenger in his own ship! This is a specimen of a great many card prophecies H. P. B. made. I do not suppose the cards had anything to do with it save that they may have acted as a link between her clairvoyant brain and the Captain's personal aura, thus enabling her clairvoyant faculty of prescience to come into play. Yet, psychically endowed as she was, I scarcely remember her having foreseen any one of the many painful events that happened to her through treacherous friends and malicious enemies. If she did, she never told me or anybody else so far as I ever heard. A thief stole something she valued once, at Bombay, but she could not find out the culprit, nor help the Police whom she called in.

At Karwar and Mangalore our resident colleagues came off to the ship with presents of fruits and fresh milk, and stopped as long as they could to talk on Theosophy. At Calicut some of us went ashore for a run through the town, and looked in at a ginger-packing house, where we saw the roots trimmed, dried, bleached, and ground in mortars by women who were *décolletées* to a degree that one sees sometimes distantly approached at Western society functions. It is the fashion here for respectable

women to go uncovered to the waist: old or young, pretty or hideous, it is all the same; a Hindu woman of that locality who covers herself above the waist is at once known as of bad character. So, at Bombay, respectable Marathā ladies invariably go barefoot, disreputable ones shod. On the other hand, the virtuous Parsi lady would not dream of going unshod, nor the well-bred Parsi gentleman with his head uncovered. *Tot homines, quot sententiæ.*

Speaking of prophecy, I think I was a bit of a seer in writing in my Diary on the day before reaching Colombo: "New and great responsibilities are to be faced: momentous issues hang on the result of this visit." Nothing could have been truer than that.

We dropped anchor in Colombo harbor on the morning of 16th May, and after a while a large boat came alongside bringing Mohattiwatte Gunananda, the Buddhist orator-priest, John Robert de Silva, and some junior priests of Megittuwatte's pānsala (monastery). De Silva was our first lay F.T.S. in Ceylon, having joined by letter before we left New York. I made the very natural mistake of supposing, from his Portuguese name, that he was a Roman Catholic, and that his sympathetic letter to me and application for admission into membership were but Missionary traps. So, while I replied in friendly terms and sent the Diploma asked for, I sent them *under cover to Megittuwatte*, with request that he would not deliver them if the addressee was not the Buddhist he said he was. It was all right, and De Silva has ever been one of the best, most efficient, intelligent, and sincere Buddhists I have ever met.

But that the Sinhalese should keep the Portuguese and Dutch Christian surnames, which they took from motives of policy during the successive periods of Portuguese aud Dutch supremacy, when their own Sanskrit names are infinitely prettier and more appropriate, is surprising and, it must be confessed, dishonoring to the nation. We found the famed Megittuwatte (Mohattiwatte) a middle-aged, shaven monk, of full medium stature, with a very intellectual head, a bright eye, very large mouth, and an air of perfect self-confidence and alertness. Some of the more meditative monks habitually drop their eyes when conversing with one, but he looked you square in the face, as befitted the most brilliant polemic orator of the Island, the terror of the Missionaries. One could see at a glance that he was more wrangler than ascetic, more Hilary than Hilarion. He is dead now, but for many years he was the boldest, most brilliant, and powerful champion of Sinhalese Buddhism, the leader (originator) of the present revival. H. P. B. had sent him from New York a presentation copy of *Isis Unveiled*, and he had translated portions where she describes some of the phenomena she had personally witnessed in the course of her travels. His greeting to us was especially cordial. He requested us to preceed with the steamer to Galle, where arrangements had been made for our reception; he himself would go that evening by train. As a parting souvenir H. P. B. that evening rapped on the Captain's head, or rather made the raps sound inside it, and rang her fairy bells for some of the officers.

Before dawn on the 17th we were off Galle light, and getting our pilot, anchored about 500 yards from shore. The monsoon burst, and there was tremendous wind and rain, but the view was so lovely that we stopped on deck to enjoy it. A beautiful bay; a verdant promontory to the north, against which the surf dashed and in foamy jets ran high up against the rocky shore; a long, curved sandy beach bordered with tile-roofed bungalows almost hidden in an ocean of green palms; the old fort, custom house, lighthouse, jetty, and coaling sheds to the south, and to the east the tossing sea with a line of rocks and reefs walling it out from the harbor. Far away inland rose Adam's Peak and his sister mountains.

After breakfast, in a lull of the storm, we embarked in a large boat decorated with plantain trees and lines of bright-colored flowers, on which were the leading Buddhists of the place. We passed through a lane of fishing boats tricked out with gaudy cloths and streamers, their prows pointing inward. On the jetty and along the beach a huge crowd awaited us and rent the air with the united shout of "Sadhoo! Sadhoo!" A white cloth was spread for us from the jetty steps to the road where carriages were ready, and a thousand flags were frantically waved in welcome. The multitude hemmed in our carriages, and the procession set out for our appointed residence, the house of Mrs. Wijeratne, the wealthy widow of a late P. and O. contractor. The roads were blocked with people the whole distance, and our progress was very slow. At the house three Chief Priests

received and blessed us at the threshold, reciting appropriate Pali verses. Then we had a levee and innumerable introductions; the common people crowding every approach, filling every door and gazing through every window. This went on all day, to our great annoyance, for we could not get a breath of fresh air, but it was all so strong a proof of friendliness that we put up with it as best we could. Our hostess and her son, the Deputy Coroner of Galle, lavished every hospitality upon us, loading the table with delicacies and delicious fruits, such as we had never seen equalled, and dressing it in the charming Sinhalese manner, with flowers and pretty leaves; and the walls were beautified with them in artistic devices. Every now and then a new procession of yellow-robed monks, arranged in order of seniority of ordination and each carrying his palm-leaf fan, came to visit and bless us. It was an intoxicating experience altogether, a splendid augury of our future relations with the nation.

The monks, who had read Megittuwatte's excerpts from H. P. B.'s book, pressed her to exhibit her powers, and young Wijeratne, on hearing about the handkerchief phenomenon on board ship, asked her to repeat it for him. So she did, and again for a Mr. Dias; each time obliterating her own embroidered name and causing theirs to replace it. She got Wijeratne's name right, because she asked him to write it for her on a bit of paper, but she spelt Dias's "Dies," which, if Mme. Coulomb had embroidered the handkerchiefs beforehand at Bombay, would not very likely have happened, since there would have

been plenty of time to think what an absurd thing it was to spell the Portuguese name in that unheard-of way. The excitement, of course, rose to fever heat, and culminated when she made some fairy bells ring out sharp in the air, near the ceiling and out on the verandah. I had to satisfy the crowd with two impromptu addresses during the day, and at 11 p.m. we retired to rest, thoroughly fagged out.

Wimbridge and I went for a dip in the harbor very early the next morning, but we were followed and watched by crowds, so that it was very uncomfortable to move about. Our rooms were packed with visitors all day. There were no end of metaphysical discussions with the aged High Priest Bulatgāma Sumanatissa, and other sharp logicians. This old man let me into a nice embarrassment. He begged me to call on a list of Europeans and to write to twenty Burghers (half-race descendants of the Dutch) inviting them to join with the Buddhists in forming a Branch T.S. In my innocence I did so, and the next morning could have bitten off my finger for shame, for they sent me insulting replies, saying that they were Christians and wanted to have nothing to do with Theosophy or Buddhism. I stormed at the old monk for his heedlessness in making me uselessly compromise the dignity of the Society, but he only smiled and made some weak excuse. It was a lesson for me, and during the many years that have elapsed since then, I never repeated the mistake. The people of all the country round crowded into town to have a look at us, and there was general rejoicing among them. A dozen invitations were

received from towns and villages to visit them. Our rooms were never free of priest visitors. One of their customs made us laugh. If the hostess had not spread cloths over the chair seats, they would spread their own handkerchiefs over them, turn and calmly sit down, performing the business with as much solemnity as though it were part of a temple ceremony. It is a survival of one of the precautions of Yoga, *viz.*, the laying of durba grass, or a tiger or deer skin, or a straw mat, on the ground before beginning the *āsanas*, or postures of Yoga. Only its novelty made it a little funny to us.

Old Bulātgama was a particularly persistent disputant, very voluble and very kind. Among other topics of discussion was that of the psychical powers, and H. P. B., who thoroughly liked him, rang bells in the air (one a booming explosion like the striking of a large steel-bar), made "spirit" raps, caused the great dining-table to tremble and move, etc., to the amazement of her select audience.

The next evening we were treated to a devil-dancing performance by professional sorcerers, who take part in religious processions, and are called in cases of desperate illness, to drive away the evil spirits which are supposed to possess the patient. They invoke certain elementals by recitations of mantrams, and prepare themselves for their functions by a certain amount of abstinence at certain periods of the moon. Their dance is a real witch-festival. It leaves behind it a confused recollection of leaping and whirling figures tricked out with hideous masks and streaming ribbons of young cocoanut leaves;

of brandished and whirling firebrands; of black masses of oil-smoke; of postures suddenly taken, which are enough to send a nervous person into hysterics. One part of the ceremony consists in burning certain herbs and gums on hot coals and inhaling the vapors with gasping sounds, until they shiver as though stricken with an ague, and then fall senseless. In the coma, they have visions of the obsessing devils and give directions what to do. They are brought to by sprinkling them with water while a charm is muttered. An educated native gentleman told me that this dance is considered efficacious for the cure of several diseases, especially those to which pregnant women are liable. They are then said to have fallen under the influence of the "Black Prince". If the devil-dancers get the better of the disturbing evil spirit and it obeys their command to release its victim, it gives a sign of its departure by breaking off a designated branch of some tree near the house. This happened, he told me, in the case of his own stepmother.

As it had been arranged that I should give a public lecture on Theosophy on the 22nd, I made desperate efforts to think over my subject and prepare some notes. For I was then quite inexperienced in this business and was afraid to trust myself to extemporaneous discourse. But I might as well have tried to compose an aria in a machine shop where fifty blacksmiths were hammering on anvils, fifty turning lathes were whirling, and fifty people were gathered about to criticize my personal appearance, my pen, and my handwriting!

Our house was a Babel, our rooms occupied by a friendly mob from morning till night. I would have done far better to have just gone to the platform without preparation, and trusted to the inspiration of the moment, as I soon learned to do. I think my first lecture in Ceylon is worth a paragraph. It was delivered in a large room in the Military Barracks, imperfectly lighted, and packed to suffocation. A temporary platform had been erected at one end and a figured canopy suspended over it. Besides our delegation there were upon it Sumāngala, Maha Thero, the Chief Priest Bulātgama, Chief Priest Dhammalankāra, of the Amarapoora Sect, who had come twenty-eight miles to meet us, and a number more. The whole European colony (forty-five persons) were present, and, inside and outside, a mob of some 2,000 Sinhalese. I was not at all satisfied with my discourse, because, owing to the interruptions above noted, my notes were fragmentary, and the light was so bad that I could not read them. However, I managed to get through somehow, although a good deal surprised that not even the taking passages elicited applause: from the unsympathetic Europeans that was to have been expected, but from the Buddhist! As soon as a passage could be cleared our party passed out, H. P. B. and I arm-in-arm and holding each other tight so as not to be separated by the jostling crowd. "Was it a very bad speech?" I asked her. "No, rather good," she said. "Then," I continued, "why was there no applause; why did they receive it in such a dead silence? It must have been very bad." "What? what? what are you saying?"

broke in a voice from the Sinhalese gentleman who had hold of H. P. B.'s other arm. "Who said it was a bad speech? Why, we never heard so good a one in Ceylon before!" "But that can't be," I replied; "there was not a hand-clap, nor a cry of satisfaction." "Well, I should just have liked to hear one: we would have put knife into the fellow who dared interrupt you!" He then explained that the custom was to never interrupt a religious speaker, but to listen in respectful silence and, after leaving, to think over what he had said. And he very proudly pointed out the high compliment that had been paid me in the packed audience hearing me without making a sound: I could not see it in that light, and still think my lecture was so bad as to be not worth applauding: unless, perhaps, the Galle public had by common consent agreed to obey the injunction of Thomson:

"Come then, *expressive silence, muse his praise.*"

CHAPTER XI

THE POPULAR ENTHUSIASM

THIS was the Prologue to such a drama of excitement as we had not dreamt we should ever pass through. In a land of flowers and ideal tropical vegetation, under smiling skies, along roads shaded by clustering palm trees and made gay with miles upon miles of small arches of ribbon-like fringes of tender leaves, and surrounded by a glad nation, whose joy would have led them into the extravagance of actually worshipping us, if permitted, we passed from triumph to triumph, daily stimulated by the magnetism of popular love. The people could not do enough for us, nothing seemed to them good enough for us: we were the first white champions of their religion, speaking of its excellence and its blessed comfort from the platform, in the face of the Missionaries, its enemies and slanderers. It was that which thrilled their nerves and filled their affectionate hearts to bursting. I may seem to use strong language, but in reality it falls far short of the facts. If anybody seeks for proof, let him go through the lovely Island now, after fifteen years, and ask what they have to say about this tour of the two Founders and their party.

At 3 p.m. we were driven to a *wallāwa*, or country-seat of a Sinhalese noble, where I addressed[1] an audience of 3,000 from a high balcony overlooking a sort of natural amphitheatre. The multitude filled the plain and the hill-slopes adjacent to it. The considerable body of monks present "gave *pānsil*," *i.e.*, intoned the Five Precepts and Three Refuges, in the Pāli language, and the people, as with one mighty wave of sound, repeated them after them. It made a great impression upon us, for, after all, nothing in the way of sound is more impressive than the vibration of thousands of human voices combining into one rhythmic diapason.

As this visit of ours was the beginning of the second and permanent stage of the Buddhist revival begun by Megittuwatte, a movement destined to gather the whole juvenile Sinhalese population into Buddhist schools under our general supervision, even its details acquire a certain importance. The following handbill, officially issued by Damodar, indicates the first steps taken by us towards forming Branches of the Theosophical Society in the Island:

"*To whom it may concern.*

"Notice is hereby given that on Monday evening next a meeting will be held at the residence of Minuvengoda, at 8 o'clock p.m.: on which occasion Col. Olcott will briefly state the aims and objects of the Theosophical Society. After which, gentlemen desirous of joining the Society can

[1] I pray to be excused for so often speaking of myself throughout this narrative, but the fact was that, as P. T. S. and the official spokesman of the Delegation, I had to be always to the fore.

register their names in the book provided for that purpose.

"(By Order) DAMODAR K. MAVALANKAR,

Assistant Recording Secretary.

"GALLE, *22nd May*, 1880."

The venerable Bulātgama presided at the meeting, and Megittuwatte addressed it in a spirit-stirring discourse.

We were taken the next day to the coffee and cinnamon estate of Mr. Simon Perera Abeyawardene, a wealthy Buddhist gentleman of Galle, and were much interested in watching the processes of peeling, drying, and packing the cinnamon bark. It was not our host's fault that we got back home alive, for he spread for us a Gargantuan "luncheon," at which *fifty-seven* kinds of curry were served with rice, and there were as many sweet dishes of sorts. We were actually importuned "just to taste" each one of these confections, and had much trouble in making it understood that our storage room was not elastic enough to permit us to comply.

On 25th May, H. P. B. and I "took *pānsil*" from the venerable Bulātgama, at a temple of the Rāmanya Nikāya, whose name at the moment escapes me, and were formally acknowledged as Buddhists. A great arch of greenery, bearing the words: "Welcome to the members of the Theosophical Society," had been erected within the compound of the Vihāra. We had previously declared ourselves Buddhists long before, in America, both privately and publicly, so that this was but a formal confirmation of our

previous professions. H. P. B. knelt before the huge statue of the Buddha, and I kept her company. We had a good deal of trouble in catching the Pāli words that we were to repeat after the old monk, and I don't know how we should have got on if a friend had not taken his place just behind us and whispered them *seriatim*. A great crowd was present and made the responses just after us, a dead silence being preserved while we were struggling through the unfamiliar sentences. When we had finished the last of the *Sīlas*, and offered flowers in the customary way, there came a mighty shout to make one's nerves tingle, and the people could not settle themselves down to silence for some minutes, to hear the brief discourse which, at the Chief Priest's request, I delivered. I believe that attempts have been made by some of my leading colleagues of Europe and America to suppress this incident as much as possible, and cover up the fact that H. P. B. was as completely accepted a Buddhist as any Sinhalese in the Island. This mystification is both dishonest and useless, for, not only did several thousand persons, including many *bhikkus*, see and hear her taking the *pānsil*, but she herself boldly proclaimed it in all quarters. But to be a regular Buddhist is one thing, and to be a debased modern Buddhist sectarian quite another. Speaking for her as well as for myself, I can say that if Buddhism contained a single dogma that we were compelled to accept, we would not have taken the *pānsil* nor remained Buddhists ten minutes. Our Buddhism was that of the Master-Adept Gautama Buddha, which was identically the Wisdom Religion

of the Aryan Upanishads, and the soul of all the ancient world-faiths. Our Buddhism was, in a word, a philosophy, not a creed.

We lunched with a Buddhist gentleman in town, and in the evening took into membership the first eleven candidates, and with them formed the Galle Theosophical Society. *President*, S. P. DB. de Silva; *Secretary*, P. C. Wijeratne. The first Rs. 100 towards a Buddhist Publication Fund was given me that day and at once passed over to the Branch Treasurer. At 9 we sat down to dinner, and at 1 a.m. were but too glad to go to bed after a hard day's work.

The next morning we began our journey northward in carriages supplied by the fishermen of Galle, a large, poor, but hard-working caste. From this class St. Francis Xavier, the "Apostle of the Indies," recruited the greater number of his converts. Their calling, involving the taking of life, is abhorred among Buddhists, and their social status ranks very low. Yet it seems that their hearts warmed towards us as much as those of their more respectable co-religionists, and, while they shrank from approaching us themselves, in the midst of the high-caste crowd that hemmed us in, they sent me an "humble petition" that I would be graciously pleased to let my "humble petitioners," etc., etc., supply our party with carriages to Colombo. Their spokesman was an English educated young man of, I believe, another caste. The sincerity of the poor people touched me, and I sent them a message that I wished to see them, or a Committee of their elders, to thank them personally for their kind offer. Accordingly I met a

deputation, and, wishing to decline putting them to any expense, was met with such an instant protest and appeal that it ended in my accepting their offer with thanks.

Almost the entire Buddhist population of Galle massed together to see us leave town, and rent the air with friendly shouts. Our first stage was to Dodānduwa, five miles, the seat of the grand *Vihāra* and *pān-sala* of our friend Piyaratana Tissa Terunnanse, a monk of erudition, energy, and high character. At every favorable point along the road crowds had gathered to look at us, we were invited to stop and refresh ourselves with cocoanuts, milk, tea and cakes, and at several points, so large was the concourse, I had to get out of the carriage and make addresses. At Dodānduwa we were greeted wtth such a downpour of monsoon rain as had not been seen in years. During a lull we were conducted to an immense shed that Piyaratana had had erected, and I gave the expected address to 2,000 people. After that we visited his temple, which we found scrupulously tidy and well kept—an unusual circumstance in the Island. We saw a huge standing image of the Buddha, more than a century old. We passed the night in a bungalow provided for us by Mr. Weerisooriya and friends.

On again the next morning, in the two stage-coaches supplied by our friends, the Galle fishermen. I had to make four speeches this day—the first from the steps of the coach, before starting; the second from the steps of the bungalow at Ambalangoda; the third at Piyāgale, where we breakfasted at 3 p.m. (!) and were so besieged that we could scarcely breathe; the

fourth at the temple at Piyāgale, where an audience of 3,000 to 4,000 had collected. We were taken there in a fine rain, in procession, with banners, and tom-toms making a hideous racket; each beater trying to outvie the others and working the crowd up into a sort of frenzy of jubilation. The temple is situated on top of a steep, rocky hill, up which we were helped or, rather, dragged; giving poor H. P. B. agony with her lame leg, which had never fully recovered from the blow she got on board the "Speke Hall" in the storm, when she was pitched against the corner of the dining-table. The drizzling rain blurred my glasses so that I could not properly see where I was walking and, to make things worse, my pince-nez dropped from my nose and smashed on the rock over which I was passing; thus leaving me, with my myopia, in an uncomfortable plight. The gathered monks presented us an address through their Mahā Terunnanse, to which, of course, I replied at some length. Continuing on, we at last reached Kalutara at 9 p.m., but our troubles were not yet ended, as there was another bevy of monks to encounter, another address to listen to, and briefly answer, and then, after a needed meal, to bed, worn out. We were amused by an incident which happened *en route*, after dark. A man came rushing out of a wayside house with a bright light in his hand, stopped our coaches, and excitedly asked for each of us in turn. We thought he had something of importance to communicate, perhaps the *octroi*, perhaps even to warn us against a plot of the Christian party to do us injury.[1] But he

[1] That came later: they tried to murder me once.

said nothing except to repeat each of our names with a sigh of satisfaction, and then turned away. Our interpreter called after him to know what it was all about. "Oh, nothing," said he, "I only wanted to look at them."

There was no time for lying abed on this tour, so the next morning we were up at dawn when the birds began to greet each other in the palm groves, and we men had a surf bath. Under very disadvantageous circumstances, truly, with a sharp coral bottom to stand upon that was like standing on a floor covered with inverted carpet tacks, the certainty of sharks, and the presence of a critical audience, watching us as though they were a class in Delsarte or calisthenics! Still it was a bath, and that means much in the Tropics. We made a charming acquaintance to-day —a graduate of Christ College, Cambridge; one of the most intellectual and polished men we have met in Asia. Mr. Arunāchalam is a nephew of the late Sir M. Coomāraswamy, the well-known Orientalist, and at the time of our visit was Police Magistrate of Kalutara. His eldest brother is the Hon. P. Rāmanāthan, who is a warm friend of mine, and the official representative in the Legislative Council of the Tamil community. We breakfasted at Mr. Arunāchalam's house, and his courtesy drew out H. P. B.'s most charming traits, so that the visit was in every way a pleasant episode. As a dessert, or rather *pousse-café*, my colleague abused the Missionaries in her best style.

The same afternoon we had a taste of the other style of official, the Government Agent—a most

satrapy grade of public servant—having forbidden the use of any public building, even the verandah or steps of the school-house, for my lecture. The poor creature acted as though he supposed the Buddhists could be overawed into deserting their religion, or into believing Christianity a more lovable one, by excluding them from the buildings that had been erected with their tax-money and that would be lent to any preacher against Buddhism. But the fields and the sky were left us, the one for lecture-hall, the other for roof, and the meeting was held in a cocoanut grove. Some bright cloths, laid over cords stretched between trees, made our canopy and sounding-board, and a chair placed on a big table my rostrum. The audience numbered two or three thousand. It may be imagined that the occasion was improved to point out the malicious spirit which actuated the Christian party, and their dread of the Sinhalese being made to see the merits of Buddhism.

Our gravity was sorely tried the next morning. Wimbridge, Pānachand, Ferozshah, and I were made to mount a sort of bedizened triumphal car and, under an escort of a company in comical uniform, carrying wooden guns and sticks, their dark brown faces whitened with flour or chalk (to give them a quasi-European complexion), and with much music and many banners, were taken to the village of Wehra, three miles off, for a reception ceremony. I spoke to a large audience, in a very fine preaching-house (*Dharmasāla*), with two rows of white columns, stained glass windows, hanging lustres, and a large preaching pulpit. In the Oriental fashion, I sat

while speaking. After that we went to pay our respects to Waskaduwe Subhuti, Terunnanse, a monk better known among Western Orientalists than any other save Sumangala, who, of course, is *the* representative and embodiment of Pāli scholarship. After lunch at Mr. Arunāchalam's, we visited another famous priest, Potuwila Indajōti, Terunnanse, who enjoys a great renown as a *Vederāle*, or native Physician. He is sent for from all the Buddhist parts of the Island, and has made numberless cures. We found his conversation very interesting, his views as to the survival of the ego in Nirvāna being those of his late Guru, the Polhawatti priest, and opposed to those of the Ṣumangala school. He applied for admission into our membership and was accepted.

At that time the railway ended at Kalutara, and we here took train for our next station, Pānadure (pronounced vulgarly Pantura), the locality where Megittuwatte debated against the Missionaries the respective merits of Buddhism and Christianity: and got the better of them, it is said. We were lodged in a new *pānsala* adjoining a *Vihārā*, which had just been erected by a picturesque-looking old man, named Andris Perera, at his own cost. He was tall, thin, dark, had a spacious forehead, wore his hair brushed back and twisted into a long switch, which was put up like a woman's hair, with an immense and costly tortoise-shell comb; and a circular comb—a Sinhalese fashion—arched over his fine head. He wore the country dhoti and a single-breasted, last-century coat of blue cloth, with long skirts, turnover cuffs, twenty large gold

buttons down one side of the front and as many loops and lacings of gold lace opposite them, and the same ornamentation on the collar and cuffs. A gold-laced scarlet baldric, passed over one shoulder and under the opposite arm, supported a short sword with a gold scabbard; a huge gold medallion-plaque, as large as a dessert plate, was suspended diagonally in the contrary direction by a golden chain; a heavy and richly embossed gold girdle was buckled about him. His feet were bare and he wore leather sandals! The figure was so striking, so unlike any other we saw, that I noted the above details in my Diary. He had advanced some little distance from the house to receive us, and behind him stood his six tall, striking-looking sons and three handsome daughters. The group struck us as being very picturesque. I bethought me of Torquil of the Oak and his stalwart sons, though I cannot say that I thought the Sinhalese family would have withstood the *Gow Chrom* as well as the champions of the Clan Quhele. Without delay, the old "Mudaliyar" (the title of a Headman's office) led the way to a large permanent preaching-shed, and I addressed some 4,000 people. The Missionaries had been doing what little they could since our landing to try and weaken our influence with the Buddhists, so I paid my compliments to them and their questionable policy. This produced a sequel which will be mentioned later on. In truth, these Protestant Missionaries are a pestilent lot. With the Catholics we have never had a hard word.

The primeval habitat of the mosquito has never been fixed, I believe, but if it was not the Perera *pansāla*

at Pānadure, assuredly that is a most congenial place for their development: they simply swarmed. The building was an oblong, comprising small bedrooms opening on a verandah which extended on all sides, and one small hall through the middle. There were no bathrooms, the place being intended for *bhikkus* only, who bathe outdoors. The windows were furnished only with wooden shutters, and when they were shut in the daytime, the rooms were dark. H. P. B. had one of the rooms in the south end. She wanted to bathe, and, as there was no other place, I arranged for a tub in her own room. As she would be in pitch darkness if the shutters were closed, I tied a large soft mat across the end of the shutters, left standing open, and she began her toilet. The rest of us were sitting around the corner, on the other verandah, chatting, when I heard my name shouted, and ran around to see what was the matter. At that moment three Sinhalese women were in the act of creeping out beneath the edge of the mat, and the old lady was abusing them in grand style. On hearing my voice, she said that these impertinent creatures, to gratify their curiosity, had actually crept under the mat and, when she happened to turn her head, she saw them standing close against the window still, calmly watching her ablutions. Her indignation was so tragic that, while hustling the intruders away, I could not help laughing heartily. Poor things! they meant no harm; it was simply the custom of the country to peer into everybody's business and ignore any rights of privacy. This is a specimen of what we had to undergo throughout the entire visit to Ceylon.

At 2 p.m. I addressed another huge andience on the very spot where the famous "Pantura Controversy" had been held. After me, H. P. B. spoke, and Ferozshah (Parsi) and Pānachand (Hindu) made some remarks as representatives in our Society of their respective races; testifying to the eclectic spirit which animated us and pleading for wide religious tolerance. Megittuwatte presided and made two eloquent speeches. The next day I initiated as members Megittuwatte, Sri Weligama, the Pali, Sanskrit, and Elu scholar, and Waskaduwe Subhuti. Mr. J. R. de Silva interpreted for me; the Mudaliyar Andres Perera, his son-in-law, and other laymen joined the next day, and at 4 p.m. we left by rail for Colombo; reaching the capital in a downpour of rain. We were driven to a very spacious bungalow called "Radcliffe House," in the Slave Island ward, across the pretty artificial lake. A large gathering awaited us, among them Sumangala and fifty other monks. After dinner we received a Pali address from the High Priest; then followed discussions and desultory talk, and then bed.

The besieging of us by crowds was even worse here than it had been elsewhere, we had not a free moment nor the least privacy; the papers were full of stories about us, and the Christians raged. To prepare my lecture for the next evening I had to retire to Sumangala's College, and write in the library with locked doors. The next morning a serious conference was held between Sumangala, Subhuti, Megittuwatte, and myself at the College. I finished my lecture on "Theosophy and

Buddhism,"[1] and at 8 p.m. delivered it at our own residence, the hall of which had been converted into a lecture room with accommodation for 500 people. Besides Sinhalese notables, the European Inspector-General of Police, the Colonial Secretary, Editors of papers, etc. were present.

On 5th June, I lectured at Megittuwatte's own temple at Kotahēna, the one which is visited by most of the steamer passengers touching at the port. He and I spoke standing on a large table, placed in the middle of the preaching-hall, so as to be better heard by the throng. The hall and compound were packed with people like herrings in a barrel, and the heat was most oppressive. The place was gaily decorated with flags and colored cloths; a handsome arch of split palm leaves, worked into all sorts of pretty designs over a framing of areca palm timbers, towered outside; and on the wall above the regular pulpit was suspended a monster replica in gilt paper of our Society's seal. Ten candidates acquired membership the same evening. The next day there were two lectures. The first was at Kotta, a village six miles from town, the ancient seat of a powerful king, where there were triumphal arches, and no end of flags and greenery bordering the roads; and where Mr. Tepannis Perera gave us a fine repast on a broad, cool verandah. The other was at Widyodaya College (Sumangala's), on the subjects of "Nirvāna, Merit, and the Education of Buddhist Children". I had begun my appeals in this latter direction at Galle, and throughout the whole

[1] Vide *Theosophy, Religion, and Occult Science*.

tour used my best endeavors to make the people realize the risk they ran in leaving their children to be prejudiced against their ancestral religion by its professed enemies, who were in the country for no other object than this. It is a source of great satisfaction to know that the admonitions were not in vain, and that the present comprehensive and successful movement for promoting the foundation of Buddhist schools dates from this important tour.

A visit to Kelanie temple, one of the most revered shrines in the Island, where the great *stūpa* (brick cone) rests over genuine relics of the Buddha himself —and the inevitable lecture and multitudinous audience, occupied the next day; and on the following one—8th June—we organized the Colombo T. S. with twenty-seven members as a beginning. I submitted to the Branch my plan for the creation of a Buddhist Section, to be composed of two subdivisions, one exclusively laymen and lay branches, and another, not itself subdivided, exclusively of priests. This was to meet the difficulty that the ordination rules of the Vinaya forbid a monk to be associated on equal terms with laymen in worldly affairs. The scheme was approved of by all and carried out in due course; Sumangala being made Chairman of the priests' association, as well as one of the Honorary Vice-Presidents of the Society.

We left for Kandy by train on the 9th, and after the run of four and a half hours through one of the most picturesque tracts of country in the world, arrived at about 7 p.m. Along with the usual crowd, a deputation of Kandyan Chiefs—whose feudal rank

a good deal resembled in former times that of Highland Chiefs of clans—received us at the station and accompanied us to our quarters in a great procession, bright with torches and ear-splitting with tom-toms and native trumpets. Two addresses were made to us, by the Chiefs' Committee and by a society of Buddhists somehow connected with the Temple of the Sacred Tooth of Buddha, the Dalada Māligāwa. Sumangala came, and it was arranged that I should speak at this temple the next day.

The next morning we received ceremonial visits from the Chief Priests of Asgiriya and Malwatte Temples, the ranking *bhikkus* of the Island, a sort of Archbishops of Canterbury. Under the Kandyan sovereigns, these officers were the royal functionaries, joint guardians of the Tooth Temple, and had precedence in all royal religious processions. Sumangala is their junior in rank, but immensely their superior in the public estimation, as in ability. We went to the temple at 2 p.m. for my lecture, but such a crowd had wedged itself inside that it was only with the greatest difficulty that I could reach my table. And even then, the rustling of restless feet upon the stone pavement created such a confused echo at the stone ceiling that I could not make one word audible. After some minutes of vain attempts to get silence, we adjourned to the fine lawn outside. Our party mounted a broad wall to the right, along with Sumangala, and, chairs being placed for him and H. P. B., I spoke from under the overhanging branches of a bread-fruit tree, which answered very well for a sounding-board. The great

multitude stood and sat on the lawn in a huge hemispherical area, and I was able to make myself heard pretty well. The Missionaries, in anticipation of our arrival, had been spreading all sorts of calumnies against us, and on the preceding evening had been preaching bitterly against Buddhism in the streets of Kandy. Being white men, the timid Sinhalese had not dared to confront them, but brought their complaints to us. So, before going far into my discourse, I mentioned the foregoing facts, and, drawing out my watch, said I would give any Bishop, Archdeacon, Priest, or Deacon of any Church, five minutes to come forward and prove their assertions that Buddhism was a false religion; if they did not do so, the Sinhalese would be at perfect liberty to treat them and their falsehoods as they deserved. I had had five Missionaries pointed out to me in the audience, but, although I stood there, watch in hand, until the five minutes had elapsed, not a man of them lifted his voice. The Panadure sequel, above mentioned, is also connected with this episode.

A lecture at the town hall on "The Life of Buddha and Its Lessons" having been arranged for the next evening, I worked desperately to get it written under the most discouraging disadvantages. H. P. B. nearly drove me mad by calling me downstairs a dozen times, either to see people that were of no consequence to me, or to sit in a group for the pertinacious photographer. However, I managed somehow, and gave the lecture in due course to a crowd that packed the hall and its approaches. Most of the influential Government officials were present, and the applause

was constant enough to make us think it a success. Eighteen applicants for membership were admitted that evening.

On the 12th, I met a council of Kandyan Chiefs and Chief Priests, to discuss the state of the Church, and the plans which I submitted were all adopted after much debate. At 3 p.m. I spoke again outside the Dalada Māligāwa to some 5,000 people. The next day we went to Gampola on invitation of an enthusiastic Buddhist, the Mohāndriam (Headman) of the place, an elderly man. The crowd at the railway station took the horses from the carriage in which H. P. B. and I rode, and, attaching ropes, dragged it to the house prepared for us; a long procession with music and banners accompanying us, and making the transit lively with their incessant shouts of joy. Returning to Kandy, we organized that evening the Kandy T. S. with seventeen members, and the day was finished up with a cold collation provided by the Galle delegates accompanying us and one of H. P. B.'s most enthusiastic admirers, Mr. S. Perera Dharmagunavardene, Aratchi (Headman) of Colombo. At 9 the next morning, the unusual honor was conferred upon us of admitting us to a special exhibition of the Buddha Tooth Relic. This is kept in a separate tower, protected by a thick door of entrance studded with iron and fastened with four great locks, of which the keys are kept under the custody of the High Priests of Asgiriya and Malwatte, the Government Agent, and the Devanilami, a special official whose office survives the downfall of the Kandyan dynasty which created it. The relic is of the size of an alligator

tooth, is supported by a gold wire stem rising from a lotus flower of the same metal, and is much discolored by age. If genuine it would, of course, be twenty-five centuries old. When not exhibited it is wrapped in pure sheet gold, placed in a golden case, just large enough to contain it, and covered externally with emeralds, diamonds, and rubies. This again is placed in a small golden *karandua*, or dome, encrusted with precious stones; this in a large one of the same precious metal, similarly enriched; this in a third; this in a fourth dome of like value; finally, this one rests in a still larger one of thick silver plates, five feet four and a half inches high and nine feet ten inches in circumference. When exposed, the relic and its several sumptuous covers rest on a platform three feet six inches high, together with rock-crystal and golden statuettes of the Buddha and other precious objects; from the ceiling hang gems and jewels, among the latter a bird hanging by a golden chain, and formed entirely of diamonds, rubies, blue sapphires, emeralds, and cats'-eyes set in gold, but so thickly crowded as to conceal the metallic base. The depository is a small room in the second storey of the tower, without a window or loophole for a ray of light; the air is heavy with perfumes of flowers and spices; and by lamplight all sparkling with gems. The door-frame is of ebony inlaid with ivory, the panels of brass. In front of the platform a plain, square table stands for the deposit of gifts of value and offerings of flowers.[1] Needless to say, we were

[1] For a full account of the relic and its marvellous history, as well as of the Temple and contents, see Dr. Gerson Da

almost crushed by the crowd of notables who pushed in along with our party, and were glad to get out into the fresh air as speedily as possible. I believe that the relic had not been previously exposed since the visit of the Prince of Wales; so that this was regarded as the highest honor that could possibly have been shown us. On our return to our lodgings, the educated Sinhalese about us were eager to know H. P. B.'s opinion as to the genuineness of the relic, whether it is or is not a real tooth of the Buddha. This was a nice, not to say ticklish, question. Now, if we may believe the Portuguese historians Ribeiro and Rodrigues de Sá e Menezes, the real tooth, after passing through the most romantic vicissitudes, fell into the possession of the bigoted Inquisitors of Goa, who forbade the Viceroy D. Constantia de Braganca to accept a fabulously great sum—no less than 400,000 cruzados—a coin worth 2s. 9d.—offered by the King of Pegu as its ransom. They ordered it to be destroyed. So the Archbishop, in their presence and that of the high officers of State, pulverized it in a mortar, threw the powder into a lighted brazier kept ready, and then the ashes and charcoal together were scattered into the running river, in sight of a multitude "who were crowding the verandahs and windows which looked upon the water". Dr. Da Cunha—himself a Portuguese Catholic—is very sarcastic in his reflections upon this act of mean vandalism. He says:

"One can easily imagine the effect this imposing assembly of the viceroy, prelates, and the notables of

Cunha's *Memoir of the Tooth Relic of Ceylon*. London, Thacker & Co., 1870.

the old city of Goa, met for the purpose of pounding a piece of bone to dust, would have on the minds of the populace thronging the streets, the dismay of the wretched Peguan Embassy at the sight of the destruction of their saint's relic, and the grim exultation of the stern inquisitors over the dissolution of the *Dalada* in the sacred waters of the Gomati, and the consequent promotion of the glory of God, the honour and prestige of Christianity, and the salvation of souls. If there ever was a point where two extremes met it is this. The burning of a tooth for the glory of the Almighty was the point of contact between the sublime and the ridiculous."

I said that the Kandyan relic is of about the size of an alligator's tooth, but it bears no resemblance to any tooth at all, whether animal or human. It is slightly curved, about two inches in length and nearly one in breadth at the base, and rounded at the extremity. This is accounted for by some Buddhists, by a story that in the days of the Buddha "human beings were giants, and their teeth kept pace, so to speak, with their larger stature". Which, of course, is all nonsense; the Aryan histories giving no support to the idea. It is asserted that the present object of adoration was made out of a piece of deer's horn by King Vikrama Bahu, in 1566, to replace the original, burnt by the Portuguese in 1560. Then, again, others believe that this is really a substitute only, that the real tooth is concealed in a sure place, and that a substitute was what fell into the hands of the sacrilegious Portuguese. In fact, the legends

about the *Dalada* are numberless, and I must refer the curious to Dr. Da Cunha's pamphlet, and to Sir M. Coomāraswamy's, from which it was largely compiled, to the *Transactions* of the Royal Asiatic Society, to Tennent's work in Ceylon, and other sources. Among the poetic legends to which the Tooth Relic has given birth, is one to the effect that when the tooth was cast into a burning pit by an unbelieving Indian Emperor, "a lotus flower of the size of a chariot wheel arose above the flames, and the sacred tooth, emitting rays which ascended through the skies and illumined the universe, alighted on the top." This is supposed by some to explain the esoteric meaning of the Tibetan formula: "*Om Mani Padme Hum.*" For further stories, see the *Dhātuvansa*, an ancient Sinhalese work on the history of the Tooth. The Padre Francisco de Souza in his *Oriente Conquistado* repeats the popular story that "the moment the Archbishop placed the tooth in the mortar and was about to pulverize it, it made its way through the bottom and went straight to alight on a lotus flower in Kandy". Though we may not go to such length, we cannot deny that it is a comfort to the whole Sinhalese nation to regard the Tooth of Kandy as a genuine relic of the sublimest of men, and we may profit ourselves by remembering that

> In Faith and Hope the world will disagree,
> But all mankind's concern is charity.

Perhaps it was that reflection that prompted H. P. B.'s jovial answer to her interrogators: "Of

course, it is his tooth: one he had when he was born as a tiger!"

After our visit to the Dalada Māligāwa, we held a final meeting of the new local Branch T. S. and at 2 p.m. took train for Colombo.

CHAPTER XII

THE TOUR CONCLUDED

A LECTURE on "The Occult Sciences" being appointed for the next afternoon, I spent the morning in writing it, and at 5.30 it was given in a huge circus tent, to a huger andience. It was an impressive sight —that multitude of Orientals filling every inch of available room in the canvas oval. Our party sat on an advanced staging, which gave us and the people a fine chance to see each other.

As the incessant hard work of the tour had somewhat done me up, a conference was held in my bedroom with Sumangala, Megittuwatte, Bulātgama, and other Chief Priests, on Buddhist affairs; in the evening, the permanent organization of the Colombo T. S. was effected, and the members subscribed the sum of Rs. 1,050 towards the expenses of the Branch.

The next day was a busy one: at 8.30, the insatiable photographer; at 9.30, breakfasted out; at 1.30, a meeting at Widyodaya College for admission of priests, Sumangala, Bulātgama, and others entering the Society at that time; at 4, a lecture at a temple, which got for the T. S. ten new members; then another capture by photographers, Sumangala, Bulātgama, Megittuwatte, Hyeyentadūwe—Assistant Principal of

the College—Amaramoli, a well-educated, amiable and excellent monk, and myself being taken in a group. Of the party, three are already deceased—Megittuwatte, Bulātgama, and Amaramoli—so that the picture is historical and interesting to the Sinhalese people. At 7.30 p.m. (without having had a moment for meals) I held a meeting at our quarters and admitted twelve new members. Finally, at 9, still without dinner, we organized the Lanka T. S., a non-Buddhist Branch, composed of Freethinkers and amateurs of occult research. The closing act of the day was the listening and reply to an Address from the Colombo Buddhist community. After all, dinner and bed!

We left Colombo by train the next morning for Morotuwa, many friends seeing us of. H. P. B. received from a Buddhist lady, Mrs. Andrew Perera, an enamelled gold locket, and Damodar and I something better, in the form of a blessing from the High Priest and several other monks; they reciting *Pirit*—benedictory verses—and laying their hands on our breasts. H. P. B. being (ostensibly) a woman, the celibates could not touch her. She was very jolly about this all throughout the trip; at Galle, after her admission into Buddhism, she used to tease the venerable Bulātgama—whom she nicknamed her Father in God—to smoke, and, rolling a cigarette, would pass it to him *on a fan*, so that he need not to be contaminated by touching her, laughing all the while, and making the old monk share in her merriment!

Within the twenty-four hours of our last day at Colombo, we received eleven invitations for visits to various places: in fact, the whole Island would have had us visit them if time had served. At Morotuwa the Reception Committee took us in carriages from the station to Horitadūwe, where we breakfasted, and at 3 the crowd had gathered for the lecture. But I was so ill with a return of an old army dysentery, as to be unable to do more than say a few words, and Wimbridge was forced into being my substitute. To give an idea of the mental distress a novice has to pass through, in these Eastern countries, when being interpreted into a vernacular, and when knowing that the people are not getting any proper conception of what one is saying, I recall an incident of this occasion. Wimbridge, to illustrate some point he had made, said: "Now let us take a case." We discovered, later, that his interpreter had rendered it: "Now let us take a box!" In Japan, once, after lecturing at the Imperial University, Tokyo, I was pained beyond expression on learning from two Japanese-knowing English friends present that my interpreter had converted my innocent discourse on Education into a quasi-political one, embodying views that might offend the Government! Fortunately, both of these gentlemen had enough personal influence to set things right, by reporting to the Minister for Education my actual words. Many such experiences have at last made me measurably callous, and now I do not trouble myself at all as to the travesty worked on my public discourses. Always, even when I am addressing the masses who do not know English, some few

of my audience will have understood what I really said.

After the lecture we drove to Panadure, and resumed our mosquito-haunted quarters at the hospitable old Mudaliyar's *pānsāla*. A delightful bath in the early morning freshened us up for the lecture at 2 p.m., in the Mudaliyar's circular *dharmasālā*. A few hours later, I received a challenge from the head master of the S. P. G. Mission School, on behalf of the Christian party, to debate the Christian religion! The note referred to my Five Minutes' challenge at Kandy and was rather insulting in tone. Now, of course, we were following out a fixed programme in which every hour of our time was apportioned, and we were compelled to be at Galle on a fixed day to meet our steamer. This was publicly known, and, of course, the challenge was a trick; the Christian party believing that it would be refused, and they thus be left free to misrepresent our motive after we were gone. I wanted to ignore it, but H. P. B. opposed the idea, and said we must accept for the above reason. Wimbridge concurring, I sent an acceptance on certain conditions. First, that the debate should be held within three days; second, that my opponent should be an ordained priest of some orthodox sect, someone whose standing was good among local Christians, and who would be acknowledged as a respectable representative of their faith. I at once telegraphed to cancel one of the fixed engagements of the tour, so that we might be free to stop at Panadure until this business was settled. My reason for the other condition was that, at Colombo, we had met one of those pestiferous

religious parrots, whose wits are turned and whose garrulity makes intercourse with them intolerable: breeders of fads, social torments—and I suspected that he was to be my opponent. From a contest with such a person no profit or honor could be gained for Buddhism; if he were silenced, the Christian party would repudiate responsibility for his views; if he defeated me, the Buddhists would be shamed by the overthrow of their champion by one whom neither party respected, who was not an ordained priest, and whose religious opinions were most heterodox. At Colombo, this man had bored us to death with a clattering exposition of his views. He had founded—on paper—a society called Christo-Brahmo Samaj, and had presented me with a broadsheet in which the principles of the new society were explained. They were heterodox and fantastical; of which, for proof, I need only mention that he declared that the Holy Ghost must be a female, as, otherwise, Heaven would be like a cold Bachelors' Hall, with Father, Son, but no Wife!

An active exchange of notes followed the delivery and acceptance of the challenge, we trying to put the matter on a fair and honorable footing, our opponents resorting to trick and subterfuge to put us in the false position by which they hoped to profit. Our friends kept us fully advised of every step taken, including the secret discussions (overheard by listeners of both parties, the open construction of houses in Ceylon making this very easy) between the schoolmaster and the leading local Christians. Every respectable Protestant clergyman, from the Lord

Bishop downwards, had been asked but refused to confront me, and the clever Christian advocates of the High Court had followed suit. In fact, the schoolmaster I was told—had been the reverse of complimented for putting them into such a fix. Finally, as we had suspected, it was secretly arranged with the individual above mentioned for him to stand as my antagonist. Getting this from a trustworthy source, I consulted Sumangala and the other six Chief Priests who, with him, represented the whole body of Ceylon *bhikkus*, and who were all present to give me countenance, and arranged what I should do. On the day before that fixed for the discussion H. P. B. and Wimbridge went as a Committee bearing my ultimatum—so annoyingly shifty had our opponents been and so determined not to put our understanding in writing. I simply refused to have anything further to do or say with them unless a definite agreement were entered into.

The actual meeting was an exciting episode. It was held at 2 p.m. in the S. P. G. schoolhouse; a nice, airy, oblong, tile-paved structure having a lofty, well-ventilated roof and two doors opposite each other in the centre of the building. The right half had been apportioned to the Christian party, the left half to the Buddhists. Two plain, square tables were placed for my opponent and myself. At one side sat my Christo-Brahmo Samaj worthy, with a huge Bible before him. The building was densely packed and the compound outside as well. As H. P. B. and I entered with our party there was a dead silence. I bowed to both parties, and, without even glancing at my

opponent, sat down. Seeing that the initiative was left to me, I rose and said that on all such occasions it was the custom among us Western people to chose a Chairman, who should have full authority to restrain the speakers as to time and utterances, and take the sense of the meeting at the close. The Buddhist party desiring nothing more than fairplay, were perfectly willing that the Chairman should be nominated by the Christian party: the only proviso being that he should be one known for his intelligence, good character, and fair-mindedness. I therefore called on them to name a suitable person. Their leaders conferred together for a long time and at last nominated—the most bigoted and prejudiced man in the Island, one particularly obnoxious to the Buddhists. We rejected him and asked them to try again: the same result. Another trial resulted in the same way. I then said that, as they manifestly did not intend to comply with their agreements in nominating a suitable Chairman, I should name, on behalf of the Buddhists, a gentleman who was not even a Buddhist but a Christian, yet one upon whose fairness we felt we could rely. I proposed a well-known Inspector of Schools. But that was not the sort of man *they* wanted, so they rejected him and re-nominated their first nominee. So this farce went on until an hour and a half had been wasted, and I then, with Sumangala's concurrence, gave notice that unless the Christians should within the next ten minutes agree upon a proper presiding officer, we should leave the building. This did no good; so, when the time of grace expired, I rose

and read a paper which, in anticipation of some such possible result, I had prepared. After reciting the sequence of facts, including the conditions on which the challenge had been accepted, I pointed out the obstacles thrown in our way, and the deliberate insult of putting forward as my opponent a man who was not ordained, whom they did not recognize as orthodox, whose overthrow would not be looked upon as of any consequence, and whom they had taken as a *pis aller*, after vainly trying to get a better champion. Then—as they evidently did not know their champion's real religious sentiments, his broadsheet being a quite recent publication, I believe —I showed the precious document and read from it the passages relating to the Trinity. The consternation among them seemed great, so much so that a silence fell upon them; amid which our party rose and left the schoolhouse, preceded by the seven great priests and followed by an enthusiastic multitude. I never saw them so demonstrative before. They would not let us get into our carriages, but we had to walk with such a pack of human flesh about us that might have made one know how it would feel to be present in the centre of a cotton-bale. They shouted; they fired shot-guns; they cracked enormous whips—a Ceylon custom imported from India, centuries ago; they waved flags, cheered, and sang, and—a very pretty custom—tossed highly burnished brass *lotahs*—water-pots—containing a few pebbles each, into the air and caught them again, the sunshine making them sparkle like flashing lights and the pebbles joining in a pleasing subdued rattle and

clink. So the joyous band took us to our quarters, or rather to the great preaching-shed adjoining, where we had to show ourselves and the Chief Priests and I to make suitable addresses. The warmest congratulations were exchanged between friends, and it seemed the general opinion that the Protestant Christians had dealt themselves the heaviest blow ever received by their cause in the Island. As I said in another place, the Catholics did not molest us. In fact, I have just come across a cutting in our Scrap Book, from the *Ceylon Catholic Messenger*, of 20th May, 1881, from which the following extract is taken:

"The Theosophists cannot in any case be worse than the Sectarian Missionaries, and if Colonel Olcott can induce the Buddhists to establish schools of their own, as he is trying to do, he will be doing us a service; because if the Buddhists would have their own denominational schools, as we have ours, they would put a stop to the dishonesty now practised by the Sectarian Missionaries of obtaining Government money for proselytising purposes under the pretext of grants-in-aid for education. Though it is in the education of our own people that we are chiefly interested, yet it is neither our wish nor our interest as Catholics that education should not be universal."

For the sake of the amiable neutrality herein foreshadowed, we shall not traverse the concluding affirmation.

As for the luckless "Christian" champion, he was hustled away to the private room of the railway

station-master, and kept shut up there until the arrival of the next train for Colombo, for fear of unpleasant consequences from his pretended co-religionists.

The next morning we proceeded on to Bentota *via* Kalutara. The trip was delightful, both by rail along the sea-beach, where the track skirts almost the wash of the surf, and by road through the continuous groves of palms, which reminded me of the alley through the palm-house at Chatsworth; save that there it was a matter of roods, while here it was one of scores of miles. Our reception at Bentota was princely indeed. There was a procession a mile long; at least ten miles of *ola* (split tender cocoanut leaves hung on lines supported by poles) decorations along the roads and lanes, and fourteen triumphal arches at conspicuous points. I lectured from a large decorated pavilion or platform, from which we had a fine view of the assemblage and the decorations. We passed the night at the rest-house, or travellers' bungalow, a Government affair, the managing contractor of which was a warm Buddhist and put himself out to make us comfortable. We were all agreed that we had never seen so delightful a house in the Tropics. The lofty ceilings, the floors of red tiles, the walls of laterite, thick and cool, a wide verandah at the back just over the rocky shore of the sea, the rooms at least thirty feet square, the sea-breeze sweeping through them night and day, a bathing-place on the beach, abundance of flowers, a good table and a sympathetic landlord—we had nothing left to desire. H. P. B. declared she should like to pass a whole year there.

Twenty-three names of applicants were handed in that day, and in the evening we formed the Bentota T.S., which, by the way, has scarcely done anything since and up to the present time. Certainly nothing by way of Theosophy, although some help has been given to the cause of Education. This has not been for lack of good feeling, but only from their semi-illiteracy. Seven priests, sent to me by Potuwila for the purpose, were accepted as members.

After an early sea-bath we left, in a special mail-coach chartered for us by the committee, for Galle, which we reached at 5 p.m. after a most pleasant drive. Ferozshah and I were laid up the next two days, and I could make no public appearance. On the evening of 25th June, at a meeting of the Galle T.S., Mr. Simon Perera was elected President. On the 26th we drove to Matara, our southernmost point, and got there at 2 p.m. Four miles from the town we were met by a procession, estimated to be a mile long, under the lead of a local Headman, who took us in charge. The quaintest and most striking features of an ancient Sinhalese *perehera* (procession) were included in the function, and for us it had all the attraction of picturesqueness and novelty. There were costumed sword-dancers, devil-dancers, *nautchnis* with ochred faces, a revolving temple on a float—a van of marionettes—for it must be remembered that the *fantoccini* are of Eastern origin, and one sees them at nearly all festive gatherings in India, Ceylon, and Burma; and numberless flags and swallow-tail pennons were carried and waved by men and boys. Music played, tom-toms beat, songs composed in our

honor were sung, and as at Bentota, some ten miles of *ola* decorations fringed the roads. One may imagine what sized audience such demonstrations caused to gather at the lecturing-place, where I spoke. It was in a palmgrove by the seaside, I standing on a house-verandah, the people sitting in the open. I had a trying interpreter that day, and no mistake. First of all, he asked me to speak very slowly as he "did not understand English very well"; then he planted himself right before me, looking into my mouth, as if he had read Homer, and watched to see what words should "escape through the fence of my teeth". He stood in a crouching position, and with his hands clasping his knees. I spoke extemporaneously, without notes, commanding my gravity with difficulty as I was forced to see the intense anxiety depicted on his countenance. If he did not catch a sentence he would say: "Just repeat that, if you please!" In short, I found it oratory under difficulties. However, we managed it after a fashion, and the people were very patient and good-natured.

Our quarters were in a spacious two-storey house, which had been profusely decorated with flags, bunches of green cocoanuts, palm branches and flowers, making a gay appearance. We breakfasted the next morning with Mrs. Cecilia Dias Illangakoon, a wealthy Buddhist lady of saintly piety, whose kindness towards me ceased only with her life, some years later. It was she who supplied the money for the publication of the first editions, in Sinhalese and English, of my "Buddhist Catechism," and who had prepared, at a cost of nearly Rs. 3,000, the splendid

set of the Tripitika which adorns the Adyar Library. After breakfast she and her son-in-law, Mr. E. R. Gooneratne, of Galle, the most influential native official of Southern Ceylon and the local representative of Professor Rhys Davids' Pali Text Society, were admitted into the T.S., in the presence of Potuwila, Wimbridge, Padshah, and Damodar.

At 4 p.m. I lectured to 2,500 people in the compound of this house, a decorated platform having been built in the doorway for me to stand upon, and the room at my back containing seventy priests of the Siam and Amarapoora sects, the only two in the Island; not exactly sects in the strict meaning of the word, for there is no difference of dogma between them: the word only means that one set of them received their ordination (*upasampada*) from Siam, the other from Burma. Later on, I shall have some explanation to give in this respect; the more needed since H. P. B. did not seem to get it fairly into her head that such was the case, and often wrote of them as if they were quite different theological bodies.

The 28th June was a very busy day. Initiations were going on at intervals, there was a visit from a roomful of priests, headed by the High Priest of the Siam "sect" for Southern Ceylon. Two Pali addresses were read to me, by him and by a young priest of great personal influence in this Province. At 7 the above two and five more monks and nine laymen entered the T.S.; a meeting was held, and the Matara T.S. duly organized, with thirty-two out of thirty-five local members present. Midnight saw us still at work, but at last, thoroughly fagged out, we got to bed.

We went to Weligama the following morning and passed through similar experiences as before, of processions, music, village decorations, *feux de joie*, whip-crackings, flags, buntings, hymns of welcome, and huzzas. We were put up at the rest-house by the seashore, a place so charming that Pro. Haeckel, a later visitor, left an enthusiastic souvenir of his visit in the Visitors' Register, which I copied and have put away somewhere. Ceylon is really a Paradise of natural beauties for one who can appreciate them, and I do not wonder at the reluctance the Sinhalese have ever shown to venturing to foreign lands, even for profit. After tiffin I lectured from a table placed in a cocoanut grove, after which the crowd surrounded our house so densely that nearly all of us fell sick. H. P. B. and I certainly were poisoned by these emanations. We left the place at 4, and at 6 reached Galle fit only for our bedrooms, which we sought and kept to, despite all importunities. My illness continued all the next day, but on the second morning I went with Mr. S. Perera and his brothers to visit their private temple, that is to say, one that they have built mainly at their own expense, for a priest whose life was more strict and ascetic than that of most of the order. Two or three days of comparative quiet now followed, which I devoted to the preparation of an address to be read before a Convention which I had called of the two sects, with the view of creating a kindlier feeling between them, and making them equally interested in the new movement we had begun in the interest of Buddhism. The Convention met at 1 p.m. in an airy upstairs

building on the harbor beach, belonging to Mr. S. Perera. A necessary preliminary was the giving of a breakfast to the thirty delegates—fifteen from each sect. To avoid all friction, I placed the two parties in adjoining rooms communicating by a wide door. The monks first bathed their feet, washed their faces and hands, and rinsed their mouths. They then took their places on small mats placed for them, the seniors at the far end of the parallel lines, each with his copper begging-bowl before him. The laymen-hosts then brought the huge dishes of well-cooked rice, the curry stuffs, fruits, milk, and other things from the kitchen outside, and put an ample supply of solids in each bowl. On their way from the cook-house to the dining-rooms they allowed the crowd of poor persons, gathered for the purpose, to *touch* the dishes and mutter some word of benediction; the belief being that the toucher thus acquires a share of the merit conferred by the charitable act of feeding the monks. Our party took refreshments in another part of the house. When all was ready I stood in the common doorway and read the call of the meeting and then my Address, which was well interpreted as delivered. I also read my Executive Notice, announcing the creation of the Buddhist Section. Remarks having been made by the seven leading priests of the two sects, a joint committee of five each of the two bodies, with Sumangala as chairman, was chosen to carry out my plan, and the meeting then adjourned *sine die*. This was quite a new departure, joint action having never before been taken in an administrative affair; nor would it have been now possible, but for our

being foreigners who were tied to neither party, nor concerned in one of their social cliques more than in any other. We represented Buddhism and Buddhistic interests as a whole, and neither party dared hold aloof for fear of the popular disfavor, even if they had been so inclined. I am bound to say that I have never, during the subsequent nineteen years, had reason to complain of any change of this good feeling for our work by either sect. On the other hand, they have given a thousand proofs of their willingness to help, so far as their natural inertia of temperament permits them, the great revival movement which is destined to ultimately place Ceylon Buddhism upon the most sure and stable footing, since it is that of the goodwill of an educated and willing people. It has ever been a cause of deep regret to me, personally, that I could not have devoted my whole time and energies to the Buddhist cause from my early manhood, for I feel sure that by the time of our first visit to the Island, 1800, I could have brought about the complete unification in sympathy of the Northern and Southern "Churches"—to use an absurd misnomer—and could have planted a schoolhouse at every cross-road in this lovely land of the palm and the spice grove. However, let that pass as a "might have been": my time has not been wasted.

On 5th June I held a Convention of our newly-formed lay Branches. Kandy was represented by Mr. now the Honorable, T. B. Pannabokke; Colombo, by Mr. Andrew Perera; Pānadure, by Mr. J. J. Cooray; Bentota, by Mr. Abeyasekara; Galle, by Mr. S. Perera; and Matara, by Mr. Appuhami.

Our subjects of discussion were the desired secularizing of schools; the rescue of Temple endowment lands from spoliation; the proper way to restore discipline of senior over junior priests—destroyed since the native Dynasty had been replaced by a Christian Government; the preparation of propagandist literature and its circulation, etc., etc.

Two days of rest, and then a trip to Welitara, where we formed our seventh new Branch T. S. under the auspices of two out of the seven most influential monks above referred to, *viz.*, Wimelasāra Māhā Terunnanse and Dhammalankāra Māhā Terunnanse, two splendid men of high ability and leading two great bodies of the Amarapoora sect. Eighteen juniors of the latter and twelve of the former accepted membership, and with them, about every priest of any influence in Ceylon had come into our league and pledged their loyal help to the movement. I suppose the fact is that they were borne in on a wave of popular enthusiasm and could not have held back anyhow. My greatest mistake was not to have taken advantage of this feeling to have collected—as I easily might—a fund of two or three lakhs of rupees for the founding of Buddhist schools, the printing of Buddhist books, and for propaganda generally. By delaying this indispensable business until the following year, my work was infinitely harder and the aggregate of collections infinitely less. A bad year's crop had intervened, the steamers had made Colombo, instead of Galle, their port of call, and that made all the difference in the world.

A final meeting of the Galle T.S., on 11th July, was called for the permanent election of officers, and in Mr. Proctor G. C. A. Jayasekara as President, the Branch got one of the best possible executives. The 12th was our last day in the Island; on the 13th our steamer arrived, and at two we embarked; leaving many weeping friends behind, and taking away with us many recollections of gracious kindnesses, cheerful help, lovely journeys, enthusiastic multitudes, and strange experiences enough to fill the memory with vivid pictures, to recall in future years with delight; as I am doing now with the help of a few lines written in an old Diary.

CHAPTER XIII

A LITTLE DOMESTIC EXPLOSION

By way of contrast to the pleasant experiences of the Ceylon tour, we had a terribly rough sea-passage from Galle to Colombo, and all of us were miserably sea-sick. We lay in Colombo harbor all the next day, the ship tossing about and the water so tumultuous that only a very few of our friends felt inclined to come aboard; but among these few was Megittuwatte. Our fateful number seven asserted itself as usual: our visitors numbering seven, the last boat to come off (bringing us a copy of the latest issue of the *Theosophist*) bearing that number, and our engines being started at 7.7 p.m. Another stormy night followed, and we reached Tuticorin, our first Indian port, several hours late.

It amuses me to find a note in my Diary about our weights, as compared with those we took before starting. H. P. B. had gained 8 lbs., and turned the scale at 237 lbs. (16 st. 13 lbs.); I had lost 15, and weighed 170 lbs. (12 st. 2 lbs.); Wimbridge had neither gained nor lost; Ferozshah had gained 12 lbs.; and Damodar, the antithesis of H. P. B., was found to weigh only 90 lb, (6 st. 6 lbs.), having dropped 6 lbs. of flesh, which he could ill afford to part with!

It rained cats and dogs on the last day of our return voyage—as it had nearly every day; the decks were wet; the awning dripped from the great bags of water that formed wherever the ropes were at all slack; H. P. B. made absurd efforts to write at a table placed for her by the accommodating Captain on a couple of gratings, in a comparatively dry spot, but used more strong words than ink, her papers were so blown about by the gusts that swept the ship fore and aft. At last we entered Bombay harbor and in due course had the peace of solid ground under our feet. No other, however, for on reaching Headquarters we found as pretty a moral storm-centre in action as any household could wish for its dearest neighbors: Miss Bates and Mme. Coulomb were at daggers-drawn, and all sorts of charges and counter-charges were poured into our unwilling ears by those two irate women. Miss Bates charged Mme. Coulomb with having attempted to poison her, and the latter paid her back in kind. I should have liked to sweep them both out with a broom, and it would have been an excellent thing if we had, as things turned out. But instead of that I was called upon to arbitrate their differences, and sat judicially, listening to their absurd contentions for two whole evenings, and finally deciding in Mme. Coulomb's favor as regards the stupid poisoning libel, which had not a single fact to substantiate it. The real, the *teterrima causa belli*, was our having put the housekeeping into Mme. Coulomb's hands on leaving; Miss Bates not being satisfied with the responsible duty of sub-editorship, which we gave her. H. P. B. sat near while the

arbitration proceeded, smoking rather more cigarettes than usual, and putting in an occasional remark, the tendency of which was rather to augment than allay the excitement. Wimbridge, who stood as Miss B.'s next friend, finally joined me in forcing the belligerents to consent to an "armed neutrality," and the storm-cloud passed over for the time being. The next few days were fully occupied with literary work for the Magazine made necessary by our long absence.

Just before our return, our staunch friend Moolji Thackersey had died, and the Society thus lost one of its most willing workers. On the evening of 4th August, a Mahatma visited H. P. B., and I was called in to see him before he left. He dictated a long and important letter to an influential friend of ours at Paris, and gave me important hints about the management of current Society affairs. I was sent away before his visit terminated, and as I left him sitting in H. P. B.'s room, I cannot say whether his departure was a phenomenal disappearance or not. It was a timely visit for me, for the very next day there was a great explosion of Miss B.'s wrath against us two—against H. P. B. on account of a certain lady of New York, a mutual acquaintance, and against me for my decision in the quarrel with Mme. Coulomb. At a moment when her back was turned towards me and she was abusing H. P. B., a note from the teacher who had been to see us the previous evening dropped from the air into my lap. On opening it I found advice given me as to my best course of action in the present difficulty. It may perhaps interest our late American colleagues to learn that the situation was

discussed by the Master as though we were the T. S. *de jure* and not merely a *de facto* body; the ingenious theory of these latter days having apparently failed to suggest itself to the members of the Great White Lodge![1]

The next day the split in our quartette began, Mr. Wimbridge taking sides with Miss Bates. Things began to grow unpleasant. The plan had been agreed upon to purchase a return ticket and send the lady back to New York; but this was subsequently rejected by her, after Mr. Seervai had made the necessary arrangements. On the third day we dined separately; H. P. B., Damodar and I, in her small bungalow, and Wimbridge and Miss B. in the dining-room, which we abandoned to them. Day by day things grew worse; we ceased speaking to each other at last; H. P. B. fretted herself into a fever; there was an impasse by the 9th, and on the 10th a complete separation between the two parties. The Coulombs moved from the adjoining compound into Miss Bates's quarters; she into theirs; Wimbridge retained his, in a small bungalow in the same enclosure with her; the door which had been cut in the dividing wall between the properties was bricked up; and two families were formed out of the original one. And how pitiful to think that this whole bother grew out of some contemptible feminine rivalries and jealousies; that it was utterly unnecessary and uncalled for; that no

[1] A reference to the absurd pretext put forward by the seceding members who followed the late Mr. Judge out of the Society, seven years ago, as an excuse for their illegal action.

great principle was involved; that it might have been avoided by exercising a little self-restraint; and that, however little it might have mattered to us individually, it had a bad effect on the Society, and cast a burden upon it which it had to stagger under for many a day. One bad result of it was that the seceders managed to gain the favor of one of the leading vernacular papers of Bombay, never very cordial to us, and it used its columns to abuse the Society and Theosophy in general with a bitterness which, so far as I know, has been exhibited down to the present day.

Before the separation I had successfully used my personal influence with a Parsi friend to get Wimbridge capital to set up an art-furniture and art-decoration business—his art-education and skill in designing well fitting him to engage in it. After a while he took suitable premises in another part of Bombay, and established a connection which has proved an extremely lucrative one, and, I believe, gained a fortune for him and his associates. We two poor literary "chums" kept moving on in the chosen path, without glancing at the Egyptian flesh-pots on either side of our thorny way; and perverse enough, from the world's point of view, to prefer our poverty and perpetual suffering from cruel slanders, to the most enticing prospects of worldly reward. And that, in truth, was the one sufficient buckler that H. P. B. could use, and did constantly use, to repel the attacks of her hostile critics: not one of them could ever show that she gained money by her phenomena or her Theosophical drudgery.

I used to think she rather overdid it in that direction, and that, to hear her speak, one might fancy that she wanted to have one believe that, because she made nothing out of her wonders, therefore none of the other charges laid against her—plagiarism, for instance, or misquotations of texts, or misrepresentations of authors' teachings—could be true! I remember very well that various persons at Simla and Allahabad took this view of the case, and I pointed it out to her very often.

To add to the gloominess of the outlook on our return from Ceylon, we found the Bombay members inert and the new Branch asleep. Two months of our absence seemed to have almost stifled the local interest in our work, and when the vernacular paper above referred to opened its batteries against us, our sky looked cloudy. Still we kept on with stout hearts, getting the *Theosophist* out punctually every month, and attending to our ever-increasing correspondence. That was one of those crises when, in quasi-isolation, H. P. B. and I were drawn together most closely for mutual support and encouragement. Though the dearest friends might prove false and the staunchest adherents fall away, we just gave each other the more words of cheer, and conspired to make each other think that the trouble was not worth mentioning and must pass over us like a flitting summer cloud. And then we knew, for both of us had the constant proof, that the Great Ones with whom we worked had their potent thought round and about us, a very shield from all harm, a harbinger of perfect success for our cause.

A few of our Hindu and Parsi coadjutors visited us regularly, and by degrees we regained our lost ground in India. In America things were at a standstill: nobody there having at that time the ability or energy to push on the movement. Judge, then but a dreaming tyro of twenty-five or twenty-six, was starving at the law, and General Doubleday, our only other quasi-effective, was living in country seclusion on his army pension, and incapacitated in various ways from devoting himself to this propaganda. More than ever, the evolutionary centre was confined to us two, and the only hope of the survival of the movement was in our living on and never permitting our energies to flag for a moment. We were not so alone as we had been, for among other real helpers whom we had found in India, there was poor, slender, fragile Damodar Mavalankar, who had thrown himself heart and soul into the work with a devotion which could not be surpassed. Frail as a girl though he was, he would sit at his table writing, sometimes all night, unless I caught him at it and drove him to bed. No child was ever more obedient to a parent, no foster-son more utterly selfless in his love to a foster-mother, than he to H. P. B.: her lightest word was to him law; her most fanciful wish an imperative command, to obey which he was ready to sacrifice life itself. When a lad, brought near to death by fever and tossing in delirium, he had had a vision of a benignant sage, who came and took his hand and told him he should not die but should live for useful work. After meeting H. P. B., his interior vision gradually opened, and in him whom we know as

Master K. H., Damodar saw revealed the visitor of his youthful crisis. That sealed his devotion to our cause, and his discipleship to H. P. B. From him, I personally had unbroken trust, affection, and respect; he defended me in my absence from public and private calumny, and deported himself towards me as a son to a father. I hold his memory in respect and love.

On the very day of the rupture between our two family groups, we received from Mr. Sinnett an invitation to visit them at Simla. It was like a draught of sweet water to the caravan, and H. P. B. telegraphed her acceptance: the post was too slow for her. She fumed about until the afternoon, when she took me away on a shopping excursion, bought herself a new outfit for her debut in "Cœrulia," as the mountain capital of the Government of India is sometimes called, and began to count the hours to the earliest practicable time of departure. What came of it is widely known through the medium of various books and many journals; one notice of our presence being that made by Marion Crawford in his *Mr. Isaacs*, where he speaks of us two and Mr. Sinnett, moving about through the rhododendrons. But as the exact truth has not been all told, it remains for me to supply the missing links in another chapter.

CHAPTER XIV

SWĀMI DAYĀNAND SARASWATI ON YOGA

On the fourth day before we left for Northern India an incident occurred in my office, which I give from my Diary notes for what it may be worth, since its genuineness has been disputed by Mme. Coulomb. At the same time I must add that I have never had any proof going to support her assertions, while her reputation for good faith is such as to demand even more corroboration than usual before I could believe them against the evidence of my own senses. H. P. B., Damodar, and I were sitting in the office conversing, when the weird portrait of the Yogi "Tiruvalla," which was phenomenally produced for Mr. Judge and myself in New York—and which had disappeared from its frame in my bedroom just before we left America—fell through the air on the desk at which I sat. Afterwards a photograph of Swāmi Dayānand, which he had given me, fell similarly from space. In noting the circumstances the same evening, I wrote that "I saw the first when it struck a tin box on my desk, and the second as it was coming obliquely through the air." Which implies, of course, that it was *not* dropped through a slit in the ceiling cloth, as the truth-loving Mme. Coulomb says it was. Three evenings later, in presence of

three witnesses besides myself, H. P. B. gave her visiting card to a visitor, who wished it, and somewhat later a duplicate card dropped from the ceiling at the gentleman's feet and was picked up by him.

We—H. P. B. and I, with our servant Babula—left Bombay for the North by the evening mail train of 27th August. After a halt at Allahabad we reached Meerut on the 30th. The entire local branch of the Arya Samaj greeted us at the railway station, escorted us to the residence of Mr. Sheonarain, and soon after Swāmi Dayānand called. In the presence of his followers, we opened a discussion intended to draw out his real views on Yoga and the alleged *Siddhis*, or human psycho-spiritual powers; his teachings to his Samajists having been calculated to discourage the practice of asceticism, and even to throw doubt on the reality of the powers; while his conversations with us had been in another tone. Our debate will be found reported in a full digest in the *Theosophist* for December, 1880, and I should content myself with referring my readers to it, but for the fact that only a very small proportion of them have probably access to that volume, and it is too interesting to the general reader on Yoga, and important in its historical connection with our Society to have it passed over or ignored. I shall, therefore, reproduce its substance herewith, as follows:

"The first question propounded to the Swāmi was whether Yoga was a true science, or but a metaphysical speculation; whether Patanjali described psychical

powers attainable by man, and whether they had been attained, or not. The Swāmi's answer was that Yoga was true and based upon a knowledge of the laws of Nature. It was then asked whether these powers could still be acquired, or had the time passed by. The answer was that Nature's laws are unchangeable and illimitable: what had been done once could be done now. Not only can the man of to-day learn to do all the things described by the ancient writers, but he himself, the Swāmi, could teach the methods to anyone who might sincerely wish to take up that course of life. Many had come to him professing their desire and asserting their ability to command success; he had tried three, but all failed. One was a resident of Agra. They began well, but soon grew impatient of having to confine themselves to what they regarded as trivial efforts, and, to their surprise, broke down suddenly. Yoga is the most difficult science of all to learn, and few men are capable of acquiring it now. He was asked if there are now living any real Yogis who can at will produce the wonderful phenomena described in Aryan books. His reply was that there are such living men. Their number is small. They live in retired places, and in their proper persons seldom or never appear in public. Their secrets are never communicated by them to the profane, nor do they teach their secret science (Vidyā) except to such as upon trial they find deserving.

"Colonel Olcott asked whether these great masters (Mahatmas) are invariably dressed in the saffron clothes of the ordinary *sannyāsi* or *fakir* we see

every day, or in common costume. The Swāmi answered, in either the one or the other, as they may prefer, or circumstances require. In reply to the request that without suggestion he would state what specific powers the proficient in Yoga enjoys, he said that the true Yogi can do that which the vulgar call miracles. It is needless to make a list of his powers, for practically his power is limited only by his desire and the strength of his will. Among other things he can exchange thoughts with his brother Yogis at any distance, even though they be as far apart as one pole from the other, and have no visible external means of communication, such as the telegraph or post. He can read the thoughts of others. He can pass (in his inner self) from one place to another, and so be independent of the ordinary means of conveyance, and that at a speed incalculably greater than that of the railway engine. He can walk upon the water or in the air above the surface of the ground. He can pass his own soul (*Ātmā*) from his own body into that of another person, either for a short time or for years, as he chooses. He can prolong the natural term of the life of his own body by withdrawing his *Ātmā* from it during the hours of sleep, and so, by reducing the activity of the vital processes to a minimum, avoid the greater part of the natural wear and tear. The time so occupied is so much time to be added to the natural sum of the physical existence of the bodily machine.

"*Q.* Up to what day, hour, or minute of his own bodily life can the Yogi exercise this power of

transferring his *Ātmā*, or inner self, to the body of another ?

"*A.* Until the last minute, or even second, of his natural term of life. He knows beforehand, to a second, when his body must die, and until that second strikes, he may project his soul into another person's body if one is ready for his occupancy. But, should he allow that instant to pass, then he can do no more. The cord is snapped for ever, and the Yogi, if not sufficiently purified and perfected to be enabled to obtain *Moksha*, must follow the common law of rebirth. The only difference between his case and that of other men is, that he, having become a far more intellectual, good, and wise being than they, is reborn under better conditions.

"*Q.* Can a Yogi prolong his life to the following extent : say the natural life of his own body is seventy years, can he, just before the death of that body, enter the body of a child of six years, live in that another term of seventy years, remove from that to another, and live in it a third seventy ?

"*A.* He can, and can thus prolong his stay on earth to about the term of four hundred years.

"*Q.* Can a Yogi thus pass from his own body into that of a woman ?

"*A.* With as much ease as a man can, if he chooses, put on himself the dress of a woman, so he can put over his own *Ātmā* her physical form. Externally, he would then be in every physical aspect and relation a woman ; internally himself.

"*Q.* I have met two such : that is to say, two persons who appeared women, but who were entirely

masculine in everything but the body. One of them, you remember, we visited together at Benares, in a temple on the bank of the Ganges.

"*A.* Yes, 'Majji.'

"*Q.* How many kinds of Yoga practice are there?

"*A.* Two—*Hatha Yoga* and *Rāja Yoga*. Under the former the student undergoes physical trials and hardships for the purpose of subjecting his physical body to the will. For example, the swinging of one's body from a tree, head downwards, at a little distance from five burning fires, etc. In *Rāja Yoga* nothing of the kind is required. It is a system of mental training by which the mind is made the servant of the will. The one—*Hatha Yoga*—gives physical results; the other—*Rāja Yoga*—spiritual powers. He who would become perfect in *Rāja* must have passed through the training in *Hatha*.

"*Q.* But are there not persons who possess the *Siddhis*, or powers, of the *Rāja Yoga*, without ever having passed through the terrible ordeal of the *Hatha*? I certainly have met three such in India, and they themselves told me they had never submitted their bodies to torture.

"*A.* Then they practised *Hatha* in their previous birth.

"*Q.* Explain, if you please, how we may distinguish between real and false phenomena when produced by one supposed to be a *Yogi*.

"*A.* Phenomena and phenomenal appearances are of three kinds: the lowest are produced by sleight-of-hand or dexterity; the second, by chemical or mechanical aids or appliances; the third

and highest, by the occult powers of man. Whenever anything of a startling nature is exhibited by either of the first two means, and it is falsely represented to have been of an unnatural, or super-natural, or miraculous character, that is properly called a *tamāsha*, or dishonest deception. But if the true and correct explanation of such surprising effect is given, then it should be classed as a simple exhibition of scientific or technical skill, and is to be called *Vyavahāra-Vidyā*. Effects produced by the sole exercise of the trained human will, without apparatus or mechanical aids, are true *Yoga*.

"*Q*. Define the nature of the human *Ātmā*.

"*A*. In the Ātmā there are twenty-four powers. Among these are will, passivity, action, determined perception or knowledge, strong memory, etc. When all these powers are brought to bear upon the external world, the practitioner produces effects which are properly classed under the head of Physical Science. When he applies them to the internal world, that is Spiritual Philosophy—*Yoga—Antaryoga* or inner *Yoga*. When two men talk to each other from far distant places by means of the telegraph, that is *Vyavahāra-Vidyā*; when without any apparatus and by employing their knowledge of natural forces and currents, it is *Yoga Vidyā*. It is also *Yoga Vidyā* when an adept in the science causes articles of any kind to be brought to him from a distance, or sends them from himself to any distant place, in either case without visible means of transportation, such as railways, messengers, or what not. The former is called *Ākarshan* (attraction), the latter *Preshana*.

The ancients thoroughly understood the laws of the attraction and repulsion of all things in Nature, between each other, and the *Yoga* phenomena are based upon that knowledge. The *Yogi* changes or intensifies these attractions and repulsions at will.

"*Q.* What are the pre-requisites for one who wishes to acquire these powers?

"*A.* These are: (1) A desire to learn. Such a desire as the starving man has for food, or a thirsty one for water: an intense and eager yearning. (2) Perfect control over the passions and desires. (3) Chastity; pure companionship; pure food—that which brings into the body none but pure influences; the frequenting of a pure locality, one free from vicious taint of any kind; pure air; and seclusion. He must be endowed with intelligence—that he may comprehend the principles of Nature; concentrativeness—that his thoughts may be prevented from wandering; and self-control—that he may always be master over his passions and weaknesses. Five things he must relinquish—Ignorance, Egotism (conceit), Passion (sensual), Selfishness, and Fear of Death.

"*Q.* You do not believe, then, that the *Yogi* acts contrary to natural laws?

"*A.* Never; nothing happens contrary to the laws of Nature. By *Hatha Yoga* one can accomplish a certain range of minor phenomena, as, for instance, to draw all his vitality into a single finger, or, when in Dhyāna (a state of mental quiescence), to know another's thoughts. By *Rāja Yoga* he becomes a *Siddha*; he can do whatever he wills, and know whatever he desires to know, even languages which

he has never studied. But all these are in strict harmony with natural laws.

"*Q.* I have occasionally seen inanimate articles duplicated before my eyes, such as letters, coins, pencils, jewelry; how is this to be accounted for?

"*A.* In the atmosphere are the particles of every visible thing, in a highly diffused state. The *Yogi* knowing how to concentrate these, does so by the exercise of his will, and forms them into any shape of which he can picture to himself this model.

"Col. Olcott asked the Swāmi what he would call certain phenomena heretofore produced by Madame Blavatsky in the presence of witnesses—such as the causing of a shower of roses to fall in a room at Benares last year, the ringing of bells in the air, the causing of the flame of a lamp to gradually diminish until it almost went out, and then at command to blaze up again to the top of the chimney, without touching the regulator in either instance, etc. The answer was that these were phenomena of *Yoga*. Some of them might be imitated by tricksters and then would be mere *tamāsha;* but these were not of that class."

I think this one of the simplest, clearest, most sententious and most suggestive digests of the Indian view of the high science of Yoga in literature. My respondent was one of the most distinctly Aryan personages of the time, a man of large erudition, an experienced ascetic, a powerful orator, and an intense patriot. Attention should be paid to the Swāmi's assertion that one *cannot* pass on to the practice of Rāja Yoga without first having subjugated the physical

body by a course of Hatha Yoga, or physiological training, and that if one be found who is confining himself with success to Rāja Yoga, this is *primā facie* proof of his having done his Hatha Yoga in the anterior birth. This idea is shared by all orthodox educated Hindus whom I have met, but my readers will decide for themselves whether it is reasonable or not. We may, at any rate, say that nothing is clearer than that man's personal evolution towards the spiritual life is progressive, and that every stage of physical self-mastery must be passed before "liberation" can be attained. To most believers in the theory of reincarnation the above hypothesis will not seem destitute of a reasonable foundation; and yet it is not so clear to me that I have ever had to sleep on pointed spikes; or hang by my heels; or sit between fierce fires; or cleanse my stomach daily by the feat of *dhoti*—the swallowing of yards upon yards of wet cotton cloth and then pulling it up again; or fill my abdominal cavity with gallons of water, to reach even my low stage of spiritual capacity. I think the will can be fortified even better without than with physical torture.

We were fortunate enough to meet at Mr. Sheonarain's house the now celebrated Pandita Ramabai, then married to a Bengali barrister or advocate, but visiting here with her late brother in the course of a tour. Ramabai's name and history are now so well known in all parts of the world that I need only say that at that time she was letter-perfect in the *Gītā* and *Rāmāyana*, could converse and write with great fluency in Sanskrit and compose verses in it impromptu on any

given subject within the range of her reading. After a lecture I delivered on the evening of 6th September, she gave her own views first in Hindi and then, by request, in Sanskrit, displaying equal fluency in both. She had not learnt English then, but could lecture in Sanskrit, Hindi, Urdu, Marathi, Guzerati, and Kanarese —the latter her mother-tongue. She was twenty-two years old; a pale, slim, ascetic-looking young woman, not at all recognizable in the stout, worldly-wise appearing matron whom I recently saw at Poona at a lecture of Mrs. Besant's. The Ramabai of 1880 was a true type of the highly meditative Brahmini; the one of Poona might have sat for the type of the Western business-woman, who is more at home with lodgers and ledgers than with literature.

My debate with the Swāmi went on day by day and evening by evening, despite a heat so oppressive as to be almost unbearable. One morning H. P. B. came to call me long before daylight, being afraid of heat-apoplexy, and determined that we should start at once for Simla, notwithstanding that the notices were out for my above-mentioned public lecture. But, finding that by adopting the Hindu custom of sleeping out-doors she might fare better, she changed her mind, countermanded by telegraph a previous telegram, and that next night had her high-post bedstead placed out of doors near my cot and our host's, and, protected by a large mosquito curtain from all flying insects, she slept soundly until the chattering crows hoarsely called to each other in the neighboring mango tope.

That day the Swāmi and I, as Presidents of our respective Societies, had a long and serious private

talk, the result being that "We agreed that neither should be responsible for the views of the other: the two Societies to be allies, yet independent."

At 4.14 in the afternoon we left Meerut for Simla. From Ambala—after a halt until 11 p.m., with Indian friends—we drove all night up the mountain road to the summer capital of the Viceroy in a *dak-gharry*, an oblong, wooden-bodied conveyance, something like a big palanquin on wheels. We slept but little as we were entering the foot-hills of the Himālayas and H. P. B. had business with the Mahatmas to attend to. I note that it was on this night that she told me the story about Swāmi Dayānand's body being occupied by a Master, which influenced me so much in my later intercourse with him. A five-hours' halt was made at Kalka, and we then went on in a *tonga*—a two-wheeled spring cart, hung very low, and with seats for four persons, the driver included—to Simla. The military road is good, though somewhat perilous at the sharper turns (with balky ponies). The scenery is imposing by reason of the altitudes and mountainous outlines and masses, but there is a great lack of woods, which robs the landscapes of the refreshing element of verdure. We came in sight of Simla just before sunset, and its sun-gilded villas gave it an attractive appearance. A servant of Mr. Sinnett's met us as we entered the town, with *jampans*—chairs carried by porters by long poles—and we were soon under the hospitable roof of our good friends the Sinnetts, where a hearty welcome awaited us.

CHAPTER XV

SIMLA AND THE CŒRULIANS

WAKING the next morning, refreshed and happy, Simla presented to us a charming aspect. Mr. Sinnett's house was so situated on a hill-slope as to command a superb view, and from the verandah the eye took in the residences of the majority of those high Anglo-Indian officials who conduct the government of this giant empire.

Mr. Sinnett's first move was to have a very serious talk with H. P. B. as to the policy she should pursue. I have noted that he most earnestly begged her to consider this visit as a holiday jaunt, and for three weeks, not even to speak a word about the T.S. or the nonsensical watching of us by Government as possible Russian spies; in short, to "sink the shop" entirely, the better to achieve results by making people friendly to us, which they would not be if we forced them to listen to our heterodox notions and complaints of our grievances. Of course, H. P. B. promised, and, equally of course, forgot all about it when the first visitor called. News from Bombay about the turn the Bates affair was taking threw her into a paroxysm of excitement, and the next morning, as usual, she made me the scapegoat; stamping up and down the room and making it appear that I was the

proximate cause of all her trials and tribulations. My notes say that Sinnett privately expressed to me his feeling of despair to see that she would not control herself, but threw away all her chances to make friends among the class whose goodwill it was most important to secure. The English, he said, always associate true merit with calm self-control.

Our faithful friend Mrs. Gordon was our first Simla visitor, and after her came a succession of the most important Government officials, whom Sinnett brought to the house to meet H. P. B. From my Diary I see that she began doing phenomena at once. She made her raps on the tables and elsewhere about the room, and out of a handkerchief, with her name embroidered on it, drew a second one marked, by request, with Mr. Sinnett's name in the same style of embroidery. Two days later, she did a queer phenomenon for a gentleman visitor: she rubbed off from the chintz cover of the chair in which she was sitting a duplicate of one of the flowers in the pattern. The flower was not a phantasm, like the smile of the Cheshire cat, but a substantial object, as though a piece of the cloth corresponding with the outline of the flower had been removed from the chintz under her hands; the chintz, however, was unmutilated. This was probably a Māyā.

From this time on, no dinner to which we were invited was considered complete without an exhibition of H. P. B.'s table-rapping and fairy-bell ringing. She even made them to sound on and within the heads of the gravest official personages. One day,

after a luncheon, she caused the ladies and gentlemen present to pile their hands on top of each other, and then, laying her own hand upon the topmost one, would cause raps to come with sharp metallic clicks under the lowest hand of the pile. There was no possibility of cheating here, and the assistants were all greatly interested in this proof that a current of psychic force could be sent through a dozen hands and produce sounds on the table beneath. This experiment was repeated on several occasions, and once was attended with a striking circumstance. In the dinner party was a certain well-known High Court Judge. When his hands were interposed in the pile, no current would pass through, but the moment he withdrew them the raps would click again. Possibly, he thought that his special shrewdness prevented the playing of tricks, but, of course, the explanation is that his nervous system was not a conductor to H. P. B.'s nerve aura.

Among the notable acquaintances we made was Mr. Kipling, the Director of the Lahore School of Arts, the genius of whose son Rudyard had not then burst upon an astonished public.

Up to this time we had been under governmental disfavor as suspected Russian agents, and one object in view was to have this foolish misunderstanding removed so that our Indian work might not be henceforth hampered. But I waited until we had personally met all the leading officials, and given them the opportunity of judging for themselves as to our characters and probable motives in coming out to India.

When the time seemed ripe I had, one day after dinner, a friendly chat with the Secretary to Government in the Foreign Department, and arranged for an exchange of letters, with copies of my credentials from the President of the United States and the American Secretary of State. For the sake of its historical interest and the importance of its results, I will fill out the record by printing the text of my letter:

"SIMLA, *27th Sept.*, 1880.

"SIR,—Referring to our conversation of Saturday with respect to the Theosophical Society and its work in India, I have the honor, in compliance with your suggestion, to put the case in writing.

"1. The Society was organized at New York in the year 1875 by a number of Orientalists and students of Psychology, for the defined purpose of studying the religions, philosophies, and sciences of ancient Asia with the help of native scholars, experts, and adepts.

"2. It had no other object; especially, it had no interest in or disposition to meddle with politics, in India or elsewhere.

"3. In 1878 two of its founders—Mme. H. P. Blavatsky, an American citizen by naturalization, and a lifelong student of Asiatic psychology, and myself—with two other members (British subjects), came to India to promote the work in hand. Two of the party being English-born, the third a naturalized citizen, and the other a native of the United States, not even the thought of mixing in Indian politics had

occurred to us. I myself bore a special passport (of the Diplomatic form) from Mr. Secretary Evarts with a special circular letter of introduction from the Department of State to American Ministers and Consuls, and one of similar import—an unprecedented honor, as I am told—from the President himself. Copies of these papers are now filed with the Bombay Government, and triplicates will be sent to your Department as soon as they can be procured from Bombay.

"4. False reports, based upon ignorance or malice, respecting the objects of our Indian Mission, having been made to the Government of India, we were placed under surveillance; but the work was so clumsily done that the attention of the whole country was attracted, and the idea was put into the native mind that to be known as our friends would incur the displeasure of high officials, and might seriously affect their individual interests. Thus the laudable and beneficent plans of our Society were seriously impeded, and we were subjected to many wholly undeserved indignities, as a consequence of the action of Government upon false and misleading rumors.

"5. It has been remarked by every one who has had the opportunity to acquaint himself with the facts, that, during our eighteen months' residence in India, we have exerted a wholesome and conservative influence upon the natives, and been accepted by them as the true friends of their race and country. We have letters from every part of the Peninsula to prove this. If the Government would but undo the

wrong it unintentionally did us, and restore the character we bore until the stigma of alleged political machination was so cruelly and unjustly placed upon us, we could render great service not only to the Hindus but to Western literature and science. It is not enough that the previous order to watch us should be rescinded, the suspicion has filtered from the officers of your Department through all the classes of the native population, and a blight rests upon us. An effectual remedy would be for the Department to order its subordinates to make known in their several localities the fact that we are no longer under suspicion, and that so far as our work is for the good of India, it is approved. And this, as an American officer and gentleman, I ask of you as the representative of British equity.

" I am, dear sir,
" Very respectfully,
" Your obedient servant."

The reply of the Government was not quite all that I wished for; while assuring us that we would not be interfered with so long as we did not meddle in politics, it did not say that the orders to British residents in native states, to watch us, would be countermanded. In a second letter, I brought this to the notice of the Foreign Office, and in due course got all that I wanted. From that time we have been free.

On 29th September, Mrs. Sinnett, H. P. B., and I went to the top of Prospect Hill. On the slate-roof of a small Hindu shrine that is there,

among the many names of visitors scribbled, I discovered the cryptograph of Mahatma M. with my own name written beneath it: but how they got there I cannot say. As we sat there chatting, H. P. B. asked what our souls would most desire. Mrs. S. said: "To have a note from the Brothers drop in my lap." H. P. B. took a bit of pink note-paper from her pocket-book; traced on it certain invisible signs with her finger; folded it in triangular shape; took it in her hand; walked to the brow of the hill—twenty yards off; faced the West; made some signs in the air; opened her hands, and the paper was gone. Instead of having the answer dropped in her lap, Mrs. Sinnett got it by climbing into the heart of a tree near by. It was written on the same pink paper, folded triangularly, and transpierced on a sprig. Inside, in a strange hand, was written: "I believe I was requested to leave a note here. What do you wish me to do?" The signature was in Tibetan characters. From the evidential point of view, the weak point about this incident was that the note was not delivered in the way desired.

I now come to the much-mooted incident of the finding of an extra cup and saucer at a picnic. I shall give the narrative exactly as I find it told in my Diary entry for the 3rd of October, 1880.

A party of six of us—three ladies and three gentleman—were leaving the house for a valley some distance from town, where we meant to find a suitable place for our purpose. The Sinnetts' butler had packed the hampers and put in a half-dozen cups and saucers of a peculiar pattern—one for each of us.

Just as we were starting, another gentleman rode up, and was invited to join our party. The servants went on ahead with the hampers, and we leisurely followed in single file, down the sinuous and rocky path which led to the valley. After a somewhat long jaunt we came to a flat space on the comb of a ridge covered with green turf, and overshadowed by great trees. Having decided to camp there, we dismounted, and flung ourselves upon the grass, while the servants laid the tablecloth upon the ground and arranged the provisions. They built a fire to boil the kettle for tea, and presently the butler came to Mrs. Sinnett, with an anxious face, telling her that there was no cup and saucer for the Sahib who had joined us at the last moment. I heard her say, in a vexed tone: "It was very stupid of you not to put in another cup and saucer when you knew that the other gentleman would have to have tea." Turning to us, she laughingly said: "Two of you good people must drink out of the same cup, it seems." I remarked that, once, in a similar quandary, we had settled the affair by giving the cup to one person and the saucer to the other. Thereupon, one of the company jokingly said to H. P. B.: "Now, Madam, here is a chance for you to do a bit of useful magic." We all laughed at the absurdity of the idea, but when H. P. B. seemed ready to accept the suggestion in sober earnest, there was an outcry of pleasure, and she was asked to forthwith do the phenomenon. Those who were lying on the grass rose and gathered near her. She said that if she was really to do this, she must have the help of her friend Major. . . . He being more than willing,

she requested him to take something to dig with, and so, snatching up a table-knife, he followed her about. She looked intently over the ground, presenting the face of her great seal-ring towards one spot after another, and finally said: "Please dig here." The gentleman plied his knife-point vigorously, and found that beneath the grass the ground was filled with a net-work of fine roots of the adjacent trees. These he cut and pulled out, until presently, brushing away the loose soil, a white object was uncovered. It proved to be a tea-cup imbedded in the ground, and on being taken out, was found to be of the identical pattern of the other six. Imagine the exclamations of surprise and the excitement of our little group! H. P. B. told the gentleman to continue his digging in the same place, and after cutting away a root as thick as my little finger, he excavated a saucer of the identical pattern desired. This capped the climax of our excitement, and the gentleman who had plied the knife was loudest in his expressions of wonder and satisfaction. To complete this part of my narrative, I will state that Mrs. Sinnett and I, reaching the house first, on the return of our party, went straight to the butler's pantry, and found the three other cups of the nine which she had left of the original dozen, put away on an upper shelf with their handles broken, and otherwise dilapidated. The seventh cup produced at the picnic had, therefore, not formed part of her broken set.

After luncheon, H. P. B. did another wonder which surprised me more than any of the rest. One of the gentlemen said that he was ready to join our Society

if H. P. B. could give him his diploma then and there-duly filled out! This was, certainly, a large order, but the old lady, nothing daunted, made a sweep of her hand, and pointing to a bush at a little distance, told him to see if he could not find it there; trees and bushes having often served as letter-boxes. Laughingly, and in apparent confidence that his test would not be complied with, he walked over to the bush—and drew forth a diploma of membership filled in with his name and that day's date, together with an official letter from myself, which I am quite sure I never wrote, but which was still in my hand-writing! This put us all in hilarious spirits, and as H. P. B. was in the vein, there is no telling with what other phenomena she might not have treated us, but for a most unexpected and disagreeable contre-temps. On our way home we stopped at a certain place to rest and chat. Two of the gentlemen—the Major and the one who last joined us—strolled away together, and, after a half-hour, returned in a very serious mood. They said that, at the time when the cup and saucer were exhumed, they thought the circumstances perfectly convincing, and were pre-pared to uphold that view against all comers. They had now, however, revisited the spot, and made up their minds that by tunnelling in, from the brow of the hillock, the articles might have been put where they were found. This being so, they regretted that they could not accept the phenomenon as perfectly satisfactory, and offered H. P. B. the ultimatum of doing another phenomenon under conditions to be dictated by themselves. I leave anyone who was

acquainted with H. P. B., her family pride and volcanic temperament, to picture to himself the explosion of wrath that followed this speech. She seemed about to take leave of her senses, and poured out upon the two unfortunate sceptics the thunder of her wrath. And so, our pleasant party ended in an angry tempest. For my part, in thinking over all the details of the cup and saucer incident, and with every desire to get at the truth, I cannot regard the theory advanced by the two sceptics as at all valid. Every one present saw that the cup and saucer were covered over with multitudinous roots which had to be cut and violently torn away to get at them, and both appeared to be imbedded in the soil as though they were fragments of stone; the turf above them was green and undisturbed, and if they had been introduced through a tunnel, the disturbance of the surface could not have escaped the eyes of our whole party, who were clustered about the digger while he was at work. However, let it pass for what it is worth; H. P. B.'s merit as a public teacher does not depend upon the many phenomena which this marvellous woman produced from time to time, for the instruction of such as could profit by them.

And certainly it is better to have launched the Eastern Doctrine than to have created in the ground a whole tea-service of porcelain.

CHAPTER XVI

WHAT HAPPENED AT SIMLA

SINCE the publication of the last chapter of these memoirs, I have found a printed circular issued by Damodar, for the private use of our members, and covering extracts from my private letter to him dated Simla, 4th October, 1880—the day after the picnic described. On reading it I find that my Diary has served me perfectly as regards the details of occurrences with a single exception, *viz.*, the official letter found by Major . . . in the deodar shrub along with his diploma, in answer to his demand, was signed "Faithfully yours . . . (the name in Tibetan characters) for H. S. Olcott, President of the Theosophical Society". The body of the letter was, however, in a facsimile of my handwriting, and, if I had not known the contrary, I should have been ready to swear that I had myself written it.

The incident of the finding of Mrs. Hume's brooch, so universally known and so often commented upon, occurred that same evening at Mr. A. O. Hume's house. I shall tell the story exactly as it happened, since not only are the facts clearly present to my mind, but they are also given in my letter to Damodar above-mentioned. One most important circumstance has hitherto been omitted from all the versions published by eye-witnesses, one which weighs strongly

in H. P. B.'s favor and against the hypothesis of fraud. The facts are these. A party of eleven of us—including Mr. and Mrs. Hume, Mr. and Mrs. Sinnett, Mrs. Gordon, Captain M., Mr. H., Mr. D., Lieutenant B., and H. P. B. and myself—were dining at Mr. Hume's. Of course, occultism and philosophy were the topics of conversation. Psychometry was also broached, and Mrs. Gordon, obtaining H. P. B.'s consent to try an experiment, went to her room and fetched a letter in a plain envelope which she gave H. P. B. to psychometrize. The latter held it to her forehead a moment and began to laugh. "This is queer," she said. "I see just the top of somebody's head with hair standing up like spikes all over it. I can't see the face. Ah! now it begins to rise slowly. Why, it is Dr. Thibaut, of course!" And so it was; the letter was from him to Mrs. Gordon. The incident gave everybody the highest satisfaction, and—as usually happens in this phenomena-hunting business—more wonders were called for; would not Madame B. cause something to be brought from a distance? She looked calmly around the table and said: "Well, who wants something?" Mrs. Hume at once spoke up: "I do," she said. "What?" asked H. P. B. "If I could really get it, I should like to have an old family jewel that I have not seen for a long time; a brooch set round with pearls." "Have you the image of it clear in your mind?" "Yes, perfectly clear; it has just come to me like a flash." H. P. B. looked fixedly at Mrs. H. for a while, seemed to be communing with herself, looked up and said: "It will not be brought into this house

but into the garden—I am told by a Brother." After a pause, she asked Mr. Hume if he had in his garden a flower-bed shaped like a star. Yes, Mr. Hume said, there were several. H. P. B. stood up and pointed in a certain direction. "I mean there," she said. Yes, there was one at that side. "Then, come with me yourself and find it, as I have seen it drop like a point of light, in such a bed." Thereupon the company rose, put on their wraps, and gathered in the drawing-room for the expedition—all save Mrs. Hume, who did not dare expose herself to the cold night breeze. Before we started I put it to the company to recall all the incidents, and say whether they lent themselves to any theory of complicity, or leading up with conversation, or mental suggestion exercised by H. P. B. "For," said I, "if a shadow of doubt hangs over the occurrence, it will be useless for us to go any further." Those present looked questioningly at each other and with one accord agreed that everything had been fair and stamped with good faith. This is the missing link of all previous versions of the story, and I submit that, in view of my challenge and the putting of them on their guard, it is nonsense to cook up any theory of trickery when the facts are so very plain and so much candor was used throughout.

We went searching the garden with lanterns, for it was a dark night and nothing could be seen. We went by twos and threes here and there, H. P. B. with Mr. Hume, Mrs. Sinnett with Captain M., etc. The large bed shaped like a star was found and Mrs. Sinnett and Captain M. were the lucky finders of a

small white paper package with something hard within. They found it by pulling up a tangled network of nasturtium and other vines that made a perfect mat of verdure. H. P. B. and Mr. Hume were at some distance and I also, until the finders called out to come and see what they had got. Mrs. Sinnett handed it to Mr. Hume, who opened it in the house, and inside was the missing brooch that had been asked for. At the suggestion of somebody—not of H. P. B. or myself—a protocol was drawn up by Mr. Hume and Mr. Sinnett, read to the company and signed by all. Now this is the plain, unvarnished story without concealment or exaggeration. Let any fair-minded reader say whether it was or was not a true phenomenon. It has been suggested that among some jewelry recovered from an adventurer who had had an intimacy with Mr. Hume's family and improperly got possession of it, this brooch was included. Granting that to be so—if it was—this no more lessens the mystery of the call for the brooch by Mrs. Hume and its discovery in the garden-bed, than the probable previous ownership by H. P. B. of the solid gold ring she caused to leap out of the rose I was holding in my hand,[1] weakens the wonderful force of that phenomenon in itself. When Mme. Blavatsky, in response to the call for a phenomenon of the *apport* class, looked around the table, she singled out nobody, but Mrs. Hume was the first to speak, and almost simultaneously one or two others followed. She being the hostess, the others yielded their own chances to her out of courtesy, and it was

[1] Described in the first volume of these Memoirs.

then that H. P. B. asked what she wished. If somebody else's wish had been given preference by the company H. P. B. would have had to deal with that person, and where, then, would the theory of her having mentally suggested the brooch to Mrs. Hume have come in? This practical difficulty is, of course, gaily disposed of by the further suggestion that H. P. B. hypnotised everybody present as to every detail, so as to make Mrs. Hume ask for the article she could most easily procure. Passing on from this, we are next confronted with the important facts (*a*) that H. P. B. had never set foot in Mr. Hume's garden; (*b*) had never been carried up the road to the door save at night; (*c*) that the garden was not lighted; (*d*) that the star-shaped bed was not within view from the drive, hence could not have been noticed by her; (*e*) that from the moment when Mrs. Hume asked for the brooch nobody left the table until all rose together; and that it was Mrs. Sinnett and Captain M. who found the packet, and not H. P. B. who led Mr. Hume to it, as she might if she knew the exact place of its hiding. Then—again supposing that H. P. B. had the brooch in keeping—we must account for its transport to the flower-bed between the time when asked for and that when found—a few minutes only. Those who do not positively hate our dear departed teacher, will, I am sure, in view of the foregoing facts, give her 'the benefit of the doubt and write this incident in the list of genuine proofs of her psycho-spiritual faculty. I now pass on.

The brutal ultimatum presented by Major H., which killed the joy of our picnic-party, kept H. P. B.

in a state of tumultuous agitation for several days, but the occurrences at Mr. Hume's dinner resulted in the joining of our Society by several influential European gentlemen, and in the manifestation of much friendly sympathy towards my poor colleague.

On 7th October I lectured at the rooms of the United Service Institution on "Spiritualism and Theosophy".[1] I was introduced by Captain Anderson, Hon. Secretary of the Institution, and the vote of thanks was moved in a very kind speech by the veteran Lieutenant-General Olpherts, C.B., V.C., R.A. The audience was the largest ever gathered together at Simla, I was told. The same evening I attended the Viceroy, Lord Ripon's, ball at Government House and received many congratulations from friends on the lecture and our improved relations with the Indian Government.

Day after day we continued receiving visitors, dining out and being lionized generally. H. P. B. kept on with her phenomena, some of them very trifling and undignified, I thought, but still such as to make half Simla believe that she was "helped by the Devil". That is how my Diary entry reads, and it is noted that the author of the theory was a certain Major S., who told H. P. B. so to her face in all seriousness. 16th October, Mrs. Gordon had the Sinnetts, Major S., and ourselves on a picnic, and H. P. B. distinguished herself by producing from a handkerchief steeped in a saucer of water a duplicate with Mrs. Sinnett's Christian name embroidered

[1] For text see *Theosophy, Religion and Occult Science*, p. 216. Also published in pamphlet-form by T. P. H.

across one corner. That evening Mr. Hume handed her for transmission his first letter to K. H., the beginning of the highly interesting correspondence about which so much has been said from time to time. Some more dinner-parties and picnics filled in the closing days of our pleasant Simla visit, and one or two excellent phenomena kept up the interest in H. P. B. at fever heat. One was very pretty. We were dining at home that day and Mrs. Sinnett, H. P. B., and I were waiting for Mr. S. in the drawing room. The ladies sat together on a sofa, Mrs. S. holding H. P. B.'s hand and admiring for the twentieth time a lovely yellow diamond ring, that had been given the latter by Mrs. Wijeratne of Galle on the occasion of our visit that same year. It was a rare and costly gem, full of sparkle and light. Mrs. Sinnett was very anxious that H. P. B. should double it for her some time, but she had not promised. Just now, however, she did it. Rubbing two fingers of the other hand to and fro across the stone, she after a moment paused, and lifting her hand exposed the gem. Alongside it, lying between that finger and the next, was another yellow diamond, not so brilliant as hers, yet a very fine stone. It is, I believe, still in the possession of our kind and dear friend. At dinner that day H. P. B. ate nothing, but while the meal progressed kept warming the palms of her hands on the hot-water plate before her. Presently she rubbed them together and one or two small gems dropped on the plate. Readers of M. A. Oxon's biography will recollect that this *apport* of gems was a very frequent phenomenon with him; sometimes

they fell on him and about the room in showers, sometimes large single stones would fall. The Orientals say these are brought by elementals belonging to the mineral kingdom, such as Westerns call gnomes—the spirits of the mines—and in the Tamil language they are named *Kalladimandan*.

Mr. Sinnett has himself described in print the occurrence of 20th October, which he has called the "pillow incident". It would seem to have been a thoroughly genuine affair. We were picnicing on Prospect Hill and Sinnett was expecting a reply to a letter he had addressed to one of the Masters, but not to receive it there, as ours was purely a pleasure party. However, somebody—I forget whom and am writing from the meagre notes in my Diary and without reference to Mr. Sinnett's narrative—asked for another phenomenon (they always do: this salt water never quenches thirst), and it was settled that something should be brought by magic. "Where will you have it besides in a tree; we must not make our phenomena stale by repetition?" asked H. P. B. A consultation between our friends ended in the agreement that it should be made to come inside the back-pillow against which Mrs. Sinnett was leaning in her jampan. "All right," said H. P. B.; "open it and see if there is anything within." Mr. S. with his pocket-knife went to ripping open the pillow. The outside cover was embroidered on the face, backed with leather or some strong fabric, sewn with very stout thread, and the seam covered with a silken cord closely sewn to it. It was an old pillow and the sewing had become so hard with time as to

make it a difficult job to rip it apart. This was done at last, however, and inside was a second pillow cover holding the feathers and also strongly sewn down the seams. When this was ripped Mr. Sinnett thrust in his hand, felt among the feathers, and soon brought forth a letter and a brooch. The letter was from "K. H.," and referred to a conversation between Mr. S. and H. P. B.; the brooch was Mrs. S.'s, and just before leaving the house she had seen it lying on her dressing table. Let sensible people draw the natural inferences from the above facts.

That nothing may be wanting to complete the record of our early relations with the Government of India, and show to what nonsensical extremes it went to protect itself from the possible political designs (!) of our Society, I have on second thoughts decided to print the first answer of the Simla authorities to my remonstrances, as made in my letter of 27th September, the text of which was given in the last chapter of my narrative. It was cordial enough, but not sufficiently broad to cover our case. Here it is:

"No. 1025 E. G.

FROM H. M. DURAND, ESQUIRE,
Under-Secretary to the Government of India,

TO COLONEL H. S. OLCOTT,
President of the Theosophical Society.

Foreign Department, SIMLA, *the 2nd October,* 1880.
General.

"SIR,—Mr. A. C. Lyall having left Simla, I am directed to answer your letter to his address dated the 27th September.

"2. You represent that the Theosophical Society has no interest in or disposition to meddle with politics, in India or elsewhere; that you have nevertheless been subjected to a disagreeable surveillance during your travels in India, on behalf of the Society; and that the beneficent plans of the Society have in consequence been seriously impeded. You request that the Government of India will undo the wrong unintentionally done to you in this matter by the watch placed upon your movements.

"3. I am to thank you for the information which you have been good enough to supply, regarding the aims and operations of the Theosophical Society, and I am to assure you that the Government of India has no desire to subject you to any inconvenience during your stay in the country. So long as the members of the Society confine themselves to the prosecution of philosophical and scientific studies wholly unconnected with politics, which you have explained to be their sole object, they need apprehend no annoyance on the part of the Police authorities.

"4. I am to add that the Government of India will be much obliged if you will have the kindness to forward to the Foreign Office—copies of the papers mentioned in the third paragraph of your letter.

"I have the honor to be, Sir,
Your most obedient servant,
(Sd.) H. M. DURAND,

Under-Secretary to the Government of India."

On 20th October I received from the Government of India the final letter I expected, setting us right

with all Anglo-Indian officials, which is certainly important enough to be inserted in this historical retrospect. It reads as follows:

"No. 1060 E. G.

FROM H. M. DURAND, ESQUIRE,
Offg. Secretary to the Government of India,

TO COLONEL H. S. OLCOTT,
President, Theosophical Society.
Dated SIMLA, *the 20th October,* 1880

Foreign Department,
General.

"SIR,—I am directed to acknowledge the receipt of your letter dated 14th October, forwarding certain documents for the information of the Government of India, and requesting that all Government officials previously warned against you may be informed that your purposes in coming to India have now been explained.

"2. I am to thank you for the copies of papers forwarded, which will be brought on record in the Foreign Office.

"3. With regard to your request, I am directed to say that those local authorities to whom communications were addressed in connection with your presence in this country, will be informed that the measures formerly ordered have been withdrawn.

"4. I am, however, to add that this step has been taken in consequence of the interest expressed in you by the President of the United States and the Secretary of State of his Government, and that it must not be taken to imply any expression of opinion on

the part of the Government of India in regard to the 'Theosophical Society', of which you are President.

"I have the honor to be, Sir,
Your most obedient servant,
(Sd.) H. M. Durand,

Offg. Secretary to the Government of India."

The reference in the concluding paragraph of Mr. Durand's letter is to the documents I sent him, among them an autograph letter from President Hayes commending me to all American Ministers and Consuls, and one of like purport from the Hon. W. M. Evarts, then Secretary of State, together with my Diplomatic passport.

Nothing more remaining for us to do at Simla, we left that delightful mountain station by tonga cart to take up a pre-arranged tour in the plains. In summing up the results of the visit, it may be said that we gained a few friends, relieved our Society of its political embarrassments, and made many enemies among the Anglo-Indian public who held to the theory of Satanic interferences in human affairs. In so prim and conservative a social world it was only to have been expected that H. P. B.'s Bohemian manners should have shocked the general sense of propriety, her immense intellectual and spiritual superiority have excited envy and resentment, and her uncanny psychical powers have made her to be regarded with a sort of terror. Still, looking at it from the broad point of view, the gain outweighed the loss and the visit was worth the making.

CHAPTER XVII

GORGEOUS SCENES

OUR progress homeward was so slow, filled as the time was with halts, visits, conversaziones by H. P. B. and lectures by myself, that we did not reach Bombay until the seventieth day after leaving Simla. The incidents of the tour were memorable, picturesque, sometimes important—among the latter an illness imperilling H. P. B.'s life. I shall treat them in their proper order.

Our first halt was at Amritsar, the city which is adorned with that architectural beauty, the Golden Temple of the warlike Sikhs. It is also the entrepôt and a chief manufacturing centre of the Kashmir shawls and Rampur *chuddars* so prized by women of good taste. As we were then in full favor of Swāmi Dayānand Saraswati, our relations with his followers were most friendly, and the local Branches of his Arya Samaj gave us cordial receptions and generous hospitality everywhere. Thirty Samajists met us at the railway station of Amritsar and took us to an empty bungalow, gave a cook to wait on us, and a few necessary articles of furniture, including large striped *durries*, or Indian cotton carpets, laid on a portion of the beaten earthen floor, for our visitors to sit upon cross-legged when calling. The

walls were of brick laid up in mud after the almost universal fashion of India, adorned with a number of cheap German lithographic pictures of ladies of palpably easy virtue, more or less bedizened with jewelry and flowers, and much uncovered as to dress. I almost exploded when—our Reception Committee having departed and H. P. B. and I being left alone in the big room—she turned her eyes from one to the other of the prints, and suddenly broke out into a most uncomplimentary and forcible remark as to the respectability of the damsels who figured in them as allegories. For hours we derived amusement and instruction from a study of a huge white-ant nest of clay that protruded from the wall at one side. Drawing our chairs up we watched the little builders coming and going by thousands and constructing their chamber walls under the evident supervision of their engineers. We punched small holes into the nest and watched them repairing the breaches; H. P. B. laid a bit of a match or an unsmoked end of a cigarette in the holes and timed the ants to see how soon they would have them covered with mud. After wearisome waiting our boy Babula and the other cook got food prepared for us, and then we drove out to see the Golden Temple.

The temple is a most poetical object to look upon. It comprises a central fluted dome, rising from four arches which cap the walls of a central tower, and is flanked at the four corners of the main, square building, by as many mauresque kiosks, like those on the Taj Mahal. The walls of the temple are capped with tiny domes standing close together; ornamental

bay windows, with highly artistic open-work carved stone lattices and screens, project from the four sides; and the first storey walls are broken into large and small panels full of carving. The structure stands on a marble-paved, bronze-railed platform, on a small island in the centre of a tank of crystal-pure water, like a magician's illusive palace rising from the sea. Access to it is by a causeway paved with squares of Italian marble, and the whole tank is bordered by a broad pavement of the same rich material. The upper portion of the temple is overlaid with gold, and its radiant appearance when the Indian sun beats upon it out of the azure sky may be imagined better than described. As it stands to-day it dates back hardly more than a century, for the original fane, begun by Ram Das in 1580 and finished by his son, was blown up with gunpowder by Ahmad Shah in 1761, the sacred tank—*Amrita Saras*, the fount of Immortality —was filled with mud, and the site was desecrated by the slaughter of cows upon the spot: a touching proof of the superiority of one religion over another for which bigoted soldiers and theological politicians have great partiality. But as I am to play neither the guide nor the moralizing archæologist, I must take H. P. B. back to our mud-walled bungalow, in our dust-and-mud-besmeared, jolting *ticca gharry* (hackney carriage), drawn by two skeleton horses, to receive visitors. Before leaving we flung our offering of copper coins on the ground in the central room of the temple, and lingered another minute to hear the *akalis* intoning verses from the Granth, or Sikh holy book, which is written on tanned bullock

hides. We were glad to retire early after a fatiguing day.

The next day a delegation of Samajists came from Lahore, headed by Rattan Chand Bary and Siris Chandra Basu, two most intelligent and honorable gentlemen, whose friendship I have been fortunate enough to keep up to the present moment. A very interesting conversation and discussion was held with some thirty or forty of the Swāmiji's followers, and in the evening, when we were alone with the two above-named friends, H. P. B. rang the "fairy bells" more clearly and beautifully than I had heard her do them before in India. She made a proposal to them which led to an unfortunate misunderstanding between them and herself, which it is best that I should narrate to prevent the fact being cited against her by an enemy in the future. Up to that time Mr. Sinnett had had no opportunity of discussing Indian mystical philosophy with any educated Indian, much to his and our regret. His correspondence with Mahatma K. H. was going on, but he wanted to come face to face with him or one of his pupils. Finding Mr. Rattan Chand well qualified to be such a spokesman, H. P. B.—as she told me and him—with the Master's concurrence, tried to persuade him to go to Mr. Sinnett as the bearer of a note from K. H. and play the part of his messenger. He was to abstain from giving Mr. S. any facts about himself, his name, condition, and place of residence, but to answer fully all his questions on religious and philosophical subjects; the assurance being given him by H. P. B. that every needed idea and argument should be put into

his head at the moment when needed. Mr. R. C. and his friend S. C. B., not aware of the extent to which this thought-transference could be made, and seeing neither Mahatma nor letter about H. P. B., showed the strongest repugnance to undertaking the affair. Finally, however, they consented and left for Lahore to get the required short leave and return next day. When they were gone H. P. B. expressed to me her satisfaction, saying that the mission would be a real one, would have the happiest effect on Mr. Sinnett, and be very fortunate for the Karma of the two young men. The next day, instead of their returning, a telegram came to say that they positively refused to carry out the compact; and in a letter they plainly said that they would not be parties to such an act of deception, as it seemed to them. H. P. B.'s annoyance and indignation were strongly expressed. She did not hesitate to call them a couple of precious fools for throwing away such a chance as few persons had had to work with the Masters in accomplishing great results; and she told me that if they had come, the letter would have been dropped out of space right before their eyes and all would have gone well with them. This is just one of those cases where a thing, entirely possible for an occultist, whose inner senses are awakened and whose psycho-dynamic powers are fully active, seems the wildest impossibility to the ordinary man, who cannot conceive of the object being attained save by the use of trickery and fraudulent conspiracy. Our undeveloped young friends being left to make their own Karma, chose what they deemed the only honorable path, and so, as was said

by H. P. B., wrought injury to themselves. In how many scores of cases has not poor H. P. B. been similarly misunderstood, and punished for the spiritual ignorance of others, to help whom was her main desire?

That same day we had another disagreeable experience. Our candid exposition of our eclectic views as regards different religions, at the conference of the day before, seemed to have so chilled the ardor of our Samajist hosts, that they left us all to ourselves in our cheerless quarters; and when we wanted our meals Babula told us that no food, fuel, ghee, or other cooking necessaries had been sent. So there was nothing for us but to send to the bazaar and buy our own supplies. At sundown, as nobody had turned up, H. P. B. and I took a hackney carriage and drove in search of the Samaj officers. We found one at last and came to an understanding with him, and through him with the others; whereupon they apologized profusely, and the next morning we had plenty to eat and fuel to cook it with.

In the afternoon we revisited the temple to enjoy its beauties once more. We saw some hundreds of fakirs and gossains, more or less ill-favored; akalis praying; crowds of pilgrims prostrating themselves; lighted lamps sparkling inside the temple; tall Punjabis moving majestically over the smooth marble pavements, and everywhere animation and life. Crowds followed us about showing kind civility, garlands and sugar candies were given us at the temple; and at a shrine where the swords, sharp steel discs, coats of mail, and other warlike weapons of the Sikh

warrior-priests are exposed to view, in charge of akalis, I was greeted, to my surprise and joy, with a loving smile by one of the Masters, who for the moment was figuring among the guardians, and who gave each of us a fresh rose, with a blessing in his eyes. The touch of his fingers as he handed me the flower caused a thrill to run throughout my body, as may easily be imagined.

On the 27th of the month (October) I lectured to a large audience on the "Arya Samaj and Theosophical Society," and again on the 29th on "The Past, Present, and Future of India," the text of which is to be found in my book *Theosophy, Religion, and Occult Science*. People who imagine the Hindus to be devoid of patriotic feeling, should have seen the effect of this lecture on my huge audience. As I depicted the greatness of ancient and the fallen state of modern India, murmurs of pleasure or sighs of pain broke from them; at one moment they would be cheering and vehemently applauding, the next keeping silent, while the tears were streaming from their eyes. I was surprised and delighted, and my own feelings were so wrought upon by the sight of their silent grief that I almost broke down myself. It was one of those occasions, so frequent in our relations with the Indians, when the bonds of brotherly affection were woven between our hearts, and when we felt we were blessed in having been able to come here to live and serve among our spiritual kinsmen. I recall just such an experience when I was escorting Mrs. Besant on her first Indian tour. It was at some South Indian station that she was lecturing—on "The Place of

India among the Nations," if my memory serves. Giving way to the divine impulse, and employing almost my identical phrases, she swept her audience with her, and made them respond as though they were one great harp from whose strings her deft fingers could awaken whatsoever harmonies she chose. Driving home in the carriage, neither of us could speak a word, but only sat in silent rapture, like one who has just left a room where a Master of Music has been evoking the symphonies of Devaloka. He who has not himself felt the thrill of inspiration pulsate through his being, knows not what the word oratory means.

I must mention the visit of a Pandit from Jummoo, Kashmir, for what he said about our learning Sanskrit. He had a clear, firm voice, a fluency of language, and an impressive appearance. We had a long and interesting discussion with him and found him rather a bigot than an eclectic. As he was leaving he turned to me and said I ought by all means to learn Sanskrit, as it was the only language that would be useful to me in my next birth. Perhaps he thought we might be reincarnated in some hitherto undiscovered Panditloka!

Our stay at Amritsar was prolonged a few days that we might have the unique pleasure of seeing the Golden Temple and tank illuminated for the celebration of Divali, their New Year's Day. The spectacle was well worth waiting for. A carriage was sent for us at dusk and we were driven to the Clock Tower, a modern construction which faces the tank, from which we had a perfect view. The beautiful temple was

crowned with golden and crimson lamps, alternately placed, in a vivid glory. From the finial of its central dome to the corner kiosks ran strings of colored lanterns. The base of the building was one fret-work of lighted *chirags*, or small clay yoni-shaped lamps, attached to a framework of bamboos arranged in the artistic geometrical patterns that one sees throughout Upper India in house-balconies, window-screens, doors, etc., the distant effect being that of the temple being enwrapped in shining gold lace. The outlines of the causeway, the steps around the whole tank, and the façades of the houses surrounding it were lit up with innumerable similar lamps. A grand display of the fireworks for which the Indians have always been famous turned the scene into a sort of fairy-land. There were huge vases of colored fires, great flower-pots of spouting flame, Catherine wheels, Roman candles, rockets, and bombs set off from the tops of the buildings at the four corners of the enclosure; each blaze of color tinging the sky, reflected back from the smooth, unruffled surface of the lake, and lighting up the large model of an ancient Hindu ship that was moored near the causeway. From time to time a flight of fire balloons would gently rise into the cloudless blue sky, trailing out their line of little lights like floating stars. In great set pieces would be displayed the religious emblems, the phallus, the yoni, the double triangle—seal of Vishnu—and others. Each was greeted with a great shout of voices mingled with the clangor of bells and the music of a military band; while at the height of the excitement a procession of thousands

of Sikhs moved around the tank, headed by a tall akali carrying the banner of the Great Gurus, and all joining in chaunts of hymns in praise of the Founder, Guru Nanak.

The next day we took train for Lahore, where a warm welcome awaited us. A large delegation of Arya Samajists met us at the railway station and took us to our quarters—a detached bungalow connected with a large Anglo-Indian boarding-house near the Public Garden. They left us to ourselves while they went to their homes for dinner, and, returning at 9 o'clock, sat on the floor along with us and talked metaphysics until a late hour, after which we were both glad to get to our rest. The crux was the nature of Īswara and the personality of God, about which H. P. B. and I entertained beliefs very antagonistic to theirs.

The Anglo Indian papers were just then full of malevolent writings against us, which made us appreciate all the more the friendliness of the Indians. I lectured to the usual overflowing audience on Sunday, 7th November, and among the Europeans present was Dr. Leitner, the famed Orientalist, then President of the Punjab University College. At the close, the alleged Yoga Sabhāpathy Swami read a rambling complimentary address in which his praises of us were mingled with much self-glorification. He came to our place the next day and favored us with his company from 9.30 a.m. until 4 p.m., by which time he had pretty thoroughly exhausted our patience. Whatever good opinion we may have formed of him before was spoilt by a yarn he told us of his exploits as a Yogī.

He had, he said, been taken up at Lake Mānsarovara, Tibet, high into the air and been transported two hundred miles along the high level to Mount Kailās, where he saw Mahadeva! Ingenuous foreigners as H. P. B. and I may have been, we could not digest such a ridiculous falsehood as that. I told him so very plainly. If, I said, he had told us that he had gone anywhere he liked in astral body or clairvoyant vision, we might have believed it possible, but in physical body, from Lake Mānsarovara, in company with two Rishis mentioned in the *Mahabharata*, and to the non-physical Mount Kailās—thanks, no: he should tell it to somebody else.

Seven of the Arya Samajists, including our two sceptical visitors of Amritsar, joined the T. S. and helped to form a local Branch. Our time at the station was largely taken up with visitors and discussions of religious topics, but we were not without other distractions. For instance, the Viceroy, Lord Ripon, arrived on the 10th, and we saw the showy pageant of his reception. He mounted a huge elephant which was covered with a housing of glittering cloth-of-gold and wore enormous gold or gilt ornaments on its head. The howdah was gilded, and over His Excellency's head a golden umbrella was held by a picturesquely clad Asiatic servant. The Punjab Maharajahs and Rajahs followed on elephants according to their right of precedence, and all were escorted—it almost seemed to H. P. B., guarded—by European civilians, also on elephants. There were European and Bengal cavalry, native soldiers in red, Indian spearsmen and halberdiers, outriders, bands of

musicians, war drums and cymbals clashing; in short, a Barnum circus-like affair which only lacked the caravans of wild beasts, the great band chariot, and a camleopard or two to make the illusion complete! I am quite sure that every Englishman in the parade felt foolish, and every once independent native chief degraded by this public exhibition of conqueror and conquered, the real meaning of which everybody knew that everybody else knew as well as himself. H. P. B. and I saw the show from one of the turrets of the battlemented, fortress-like railway station, which is, in fact, constructed so as to serve as a fort in case of need. Her comments on the show and the bedizened participants kept me in continual laughter, and later on, in one of her incomparable letters to the *Russky Vyestnick*, she set all Russia laughing over the incident of the absence of the Maharajah of Kashmir from the parade; which was at first suspected to cover some political plot, but which turned out to be only a case of diarrhœa!

The Shalimar Gardens, the far-famous plaisance built by Ali Mardān Khan in the seventeenth century, were illuminated in honor of the Viceroy's visit. Of all the spectacles I have seen in India this was one of the most pleasing. The garden was laid out in seven divisions representing the seven degrees of the Paradise of Islam, but only three now remain. The centre is occupied by a pond-like reservoir bordered by an elaborately indented coping and studded with pipes for fountains. A cascade falls into it over a slope of marble corrugated in an ornamental carved diaper. There are kiosks, towers, and other

constructions, and long narrow basins with copings almost as low as the grassplots which frame them in, stretch far away in different directions. Fancy this pleasure ground on a starlit Indian night, glittering with *chirags* which mark out the tanks and border every walk; with the trees aglow with colored lanterns, the central water-basin suffused with the gorgeous hues of chemical fires, and every inch of space in the paths and avenues crowded with the most picturesque, showily clad and virile multitude of human beings the world could produce; while over all from the serene sky the radiant stars look down. I have seen many countries and peoples, but never any human concourse that compared with that crowd of Sikhs, Punjabis, Kashmiris and Afghans, in their cloths of gold and silver, their fair olive complexions, and their turbans of every delicate shade of color that the dyer's art has produced.

CHAPTER XVIII

BENARES THE HOLY

We had our first opportunity to know at first hand the tenets of the Brahmo Samaj, on the next day after the Shalimar Garden fête, Babu Protap Chandra Mozumdar giving a lecture which we attended together. Our first impressions were probably identical with those of the thousands and tens of thousands who have heard his eloquent and scholarly addresses. Like all visitors to India, we were amazed at the command of English attained by an educated Hindu and sat under a sort of charm until he had finished. But then we began to cast up the account, and found that there was more music than solid nourishment in the discourse, for us: it was rhetorical rather than erudite, and we came away with a dissatisfied feeling, as one would after a dinner of *Meringues-à-la-crème*. He certainly defined very clearly the nature of his Society and its principles, the theme being "The Brahmo Samaj and Its Relations with Hinduism and Christianity". He spoke extemporaneously, or at any rate without MS., and not only never hesitated for a word but never failed to use the very best synonym to express his meaning. Herein he resembled Mrs. Besant. The Brahmo

Samaj, he told us, takes all that is good in the Vedas, Upanishads, Purānas, Bhārata, and Gītā, as well as in Christianity and other religions, and rejects only the dross. For a long time the "Brahmo Dharma Book" contained only extracts from the Upanishads, and I thought it a pity they had not stuck to it. They agree with the Christians in their view of man's helplessness and dependence upon a personal God, and, standing outside the door of one of their conventicles and listening to their service, I could not fail to be struck with the flavor of Nonconformism that it had. They practise some sort of Yoga and are decidedly following the Bhakti Marga along which the Salvationists go marching with their sounding brasses and tinkling cymbals. A confirmed Theists, Protap Babu spoke of Jesus as something more glorious than any other character of history, yet still a man.

A vivid contrast to this experience was afforded by the Viceregal Durbar that Lord Ripon held on 15th November under canvas. A vast room was constructed by suspending horizontally on poles, great sheets of blue-striped canvas, closing it in with canvas screens, laying the ground with crimson carpets, and lighting it with gaudy chandeliers. The Viceroy sat upon a silver gilt throne, dressed in full court costume with a profusion of gold lace and embroidery, white knee-breeches, white silk stockings, and the blue ribbon of the Bath crossing his breast amid a blaze of orders, like a blue streamlet between jewelled banks. Behind him swarth Punjabi servants in Eastern dress, waving Indian fans covered

with crimson and embroideries of the Royal arms; two others holding fly brushes (*chamars*) of the white tails of the Tibetan yak, and two more with cornucopias—all emblems of sovereignty: altogether a highly decorative get-up to American eyes.

The assemblage were seated in parallel rows of chairs facing each other, the Europeans on His Excellency's right, the Indians on his left, leaving a broad path open from the door to the throne. The Indian Rajahs, Maharajahs, and other Princes were assigned places in order of rank, the highest nearest the Viceroy. As each one drove up to the door he received an artillery salute; the troops presented arms, the band played; the Master of Ceremonies, Mr. (now Sir Alfred) Lyall, in diplomatic uniform, received and escorted him to the foot of the throne; the Prince held out a *nuzzur* (an offering of a certain number of gold coins), which the Viceroy "touched and remitted" (that is, did not take it); both bowed, and then the Prince was conducted to his seat and the next man's turn came. Fancy how monotonous it must have been to sit there for hours while this humbuggery went tediously on. I wondered the Viceroy could help yawning in their faces, towards the end. But it was a brave show and something worth seeing once. The Princes being all received, the Viceroy had to go through the ceremony of giving handsome presents of jewelry, silver-mounted arms, saddles, etc., etc., which the Princes "touched," and left the things to be carried out by the servants. No greater contrast could have been possible than that between the magnificent dresses and jewelled turbans

of the Princes, and the commonplace, sombre, and inelegant costumes of the non-military European onlookers.

Two days later I left H. P. B. at Lahore and went to Multan to fill an engagement to lecture. Five years previously, on that very evening, I gave my Inaugural Address before the newly-born T. S. at New York.

The main street of Multan is broad, paved with bricks, and lined with shops that compare well with those of other Indian cities. There are manufacturers of enamelled silver work, silk goods, cotton and woollen carpets, etc. There was a large local Arya Samaj and also a Branch of our own Society, headed by one of the best men in India, Dr. Jaswant Roy Bhojapatra. I lectured on two successive evenings, and during the day was taken about the town to see the sights, among them one which matches the grave of Adam for pathetic suggestiveness! It is the temple of the Narasinha Avatar of Vishnu, his appearance, to wit, under the from of a man-lion for the purpose of protecting virtue and punishing wicked people. The story (and what "story," to be sure) is that Vishnu split open one of the iron pillars of the bad king's durbar hall, emerged from it, and tore the tyrant into pieces. Well, they actually show the *identical pillar* in this Multan temple. What could one have better than that: unless it be the grave of Adam, over which Mark Twain—to his praise be it said—wept honest tears for the loss of that respectable ancestor, and set an example to the whole regenerate race of mankind!

When I got back to Lahore I found poor H. P. B. tossing in a Punjab fever, and the faithful boy Babula nursing her. She was restless, burning up with heat, and complaining of a feeling of suffocation. I sat up with her all night, but she would not let me send for a doctor, saying that it would be all right in the morning. It was all wrong, however, and the best physician in the place being called, he pronounced it a severe case and prescribed quinine and digitalis. I had to lecture that evening and did so; after which I turned nurse again, and the medicines gave H. P. B. a sound night's rest. The next day the crisis passed and the doctor pronounced her out of danger. Another good night followed for her, and the following day she gave unmistakable proofs of her convalescence by buying an hundred rupees' worth of shawls, embroideries, and other things from one of those Indian pedlars called *box-wallahs*, who besiege every sojourner in a dāk bungalow. She was interested in a simple mesmeric experiment I made that evening on some of my Hindu visitors who wished to know which was most sensitive to mesmeric influence. I made them stand with their faces to a wall, their toes touching it, and their eyes shut, while I stood silently behind each in turn, and, holding the palms of my hands towards his back but without touching him, concentrated my will-power and caused him to fall over backward into my outstretched arms. She watched their faces to see fair play and I did the "drawing". I should like to know how hypnotists who deny the existence of a mesmeric aura would explain this simple yet striking

experiment. Not one of the subjects had the least acquaintance with mesmeric science, nor did I utter a word to suggest my purpose.

Whatever the cause—whether her purchases or not—H. P. B. had a relapse of fever and passed a bad night, tossing about, moaning, and getting flighty now and then. She was better again in the morning, and consoled herself with more purchases! In the afternoon we held a meeting and organized a local Branch under the name of the Punjab Theosophical Society. I remember an amusing incident connected with it. A gentleman and his son, both orthodox Hindus, and both much interested in our views, though maintaining secrecy, called separately to talk with me. Each wanted to join the Society without the other's knowing it; so I appointed that the son should meet the other applicants in H. P. B.'s room, and the father come to me in mine, a quarter of an hour earlier than the fixed time. I had H. P. B. keep the others in conversation while I received and duly admitted to membership the elder man. Then, excusing myself to him for a half-hour and leaving him a book to read, I went to H. P. B.'s room and initiated the other candidates, and excused myself to them for five minutes. Then I returned to the father, told him that we were forming a Branch, and got him to come along with me and participate in the election of officers. Imagine his surprise to see his son squatting on the floor with the others, a full-fledged F. T. S.! There was but a moment's embarrassment, followed by a peal of hearty laughter when I explained the facts, and H. P. B. was the most amused of all over

the *dénouement*. We took train that evening for Ambala, and thence moved on to Cawnpore, where we had long metaphysical discussions, and I gave two lectures, after which we went back to Allahabad and our dear friends the Sinnetts.

Leaving my colleague with them, I went over to Benares as the guest of the late venerable Maharajah, whose title is so often mentioned in the Hindu and Buddhist works, and is consequently of great antiquity. He sent a carriage for me to the station and some of his suite to welcome me in his name. I was quartered in a garden-house near his palace and by a large tank, in whose placid waters a splendid temple of his erection reflected itself.

I had my first interview with His Highness the next morning, Babu Pramada Dāsā Mittra, the able and respected Sanskritist, and the *not* respected Raja Sivaprasad, coming to conduct me there. This being the young Prince's birthday, there was a grand nautch at the palace. The white-haired, white-moustached Maharajah, as handsome a patriarch as one would care to meet, received me very kindly, making me sit with himself and his son under a baldaquin of embroidered Cashmere shawls supported by four fluted silver rods, the feet of which rested on crimson and silver footstools. He was dressed in a green Cashmere gown, with silk trousers and undercoat, and a cap of brocade. His son wore a figured green brocade interwoven with gold, together with a cap adorned with a diamond aigrette and feathers.

The Indian nautch is the most doleful of amusements, one to set a Western man yawning. Here

were three pretty, young, and richly costumed girls and one old one, moving about to the sound of Indian musical instruments in an interminable series of posturings, floor-stampings with their little feet, and turnings about; with wavings of hands and snake-like motions of fingers, and the singing of inflammatory songs in Hindi, and lewd gesture eye-winkings, until one felt the creevils all over and longed to get away to the garden for a quiet smoke. But the old Maharajah seemed to like it, and beamed benevolently on us all through his gold spectacles, so I sat and bore it as best I could. In front of him stood a monster silver chillum, or water-pipe, with a very long flexible tube enwrapped in white silk, and terminating in a jewelled mouth-piece, at which he kept assiduously pulling. When, at the last, I was permitted to take my leave, he put about my neck a braided garland of gold-worked red ribbon, poured Indian perfumes on my hands, and expressed his great pleasure at seeing me. He arranged that I should move into town to his large palace known as the Mint House, and lecture on the following Tuesday.

The Mint House is so called from its having formerly been the place where his ancestors coined their money. It is a great rambling structure, almost reminding one of the Palace of Versailles *in petto*, and an ideal flitting-ground for ghosts. I felt so, indeed, that night, when I was left quite alone in a great chamber larger than many a lecture-hall, and was quite prepared to be aroused from sleep by a detachment of mischievous phantoms. But none

came and I was left in peace. The erudite Dr. G. Thibaut, Principal of Benares College, came and dined with me, and spent the evening in profitable conversation. I returned his visit the next day, and also called on Raja Sivaprasad and Babu Pramada Dāsā Mitra.[10] The next day we went to pay our respects to Majji, the female ascetic, or Yogini, and found her very amiable, and communicative about religious questions. Later in the day we visited, in his garden retreat, the naked and lovable old Yodi Bhaskaranda Swami, with whom I was delighted. At 6 p.m. I lectured on "India" in the town hall to a crowded audience of—as they told me—"all the aristocracy and learning of Benares". The old Maharajah and his son were present, and Raja Sivaprasad served me as translator with great ability; his knowledge of English having been perfect whatever his demerits may have been. He is dead now, and nothing said, whether good or bad, can affect him, but he was throughout life a supple courtier, who curried favor with every European official, played the sycophant, and got titles, estates, and honors of sorts, earned the contempt of his compatriots and, at the same time, that of the whites to whom he "bent the pregnant hinges of the knee that"—well, that he might get what he coveted. I shall never forget how Dr. Thibaut looked at me when the late Raja left us after telling us how, during Lawrence's Punjāb campaign, he had got into Runjit Singh's camp and counted his guns for Lord Lawrence. Elevating his eyebrows, the quiet German Orientalist said: "Der Radja Sahib has ferry peculiar notions of patriotism!"

in which sentiment I agreed. We three were driving back from a morning sail on the Ganges along the river front to see that unique spectacle, the morning ablutions of tens of thousands of pious Hindus. They crowded the steps of the crumbling ghāts and half-ruined palaces that line the river's edge; they sat praying on the wooden platforms, sheltered by awnings or palm-leaf roofs; they stood knee-deep in the water; they beat their washed cloths on the stone steps: ascetics smeared their bodies with sacred ashes; the women polished with mud their bright brass jars until they looked like new gold, filled them with Ganges water, and walked away with them on their left hips; they thronged the burning-ghāt, where corpses were being consumed on the pyres and others waited their turn; and the morning sun shone bright on sparkling brasses, red cloths, white turbans, and the seething multitudes that pressed up and down the broad staircases that rose to the level of the crowded city streets, while peacock-prowed quaint craft rode at their moorings or floated down the stream. Such a scene is visible nowhere else as this at Holy Benares in the early hours of the day.

What makes it more impressive is the fact that this same scene has been repeated daily from earliest ages; such as it is now it was when the Krishna Avatara moved among men. But how long it will survive no man can foretell. The hand of Time is already laid upon the structures that line the shore. Some of the finest, most majestic palaces and bathing-ghāts are falling into ruin. Great masses of masonry,

undermined by river floods, have fallen in upon each other or their foundation courses have sunk below the surface of the water; the stucco has dropped from palace-walls, leaving the bricks exposed; a grand mosque of Islam, whose dome and minarets dominate the scene, was built of the stones of ancient temples which the conquerors had demolished; the burning-ghāt is a disgraceful desolation, where the pyres are built on slopes of debris; and the very castemen who are seen at their morning devotions along the city front, seem for the most part to be doing them in a perfunctory way as if to be seen of men, not moved by deep religious impulse. "Ichabod" seems written upon this holiest of old Aryan shrines by the hand of that Western Progress which despiritualizes nations while enriching them: which empties the heart while filling the pocket.

My good friends Babu Pramada Dāsā Mittra and Ram Rao kindly took me to see a noted Yogī, whose name was, unfortunately, not entered in my Diary. He sat in the open air in a triangular courtyard of a house by the bank of the Ganges, with a throng of some fifty or sixty persons, gathered about him. He was a large, handsome man of venerable aspect, seemingly engaged in meditation and partially entranced. His personal cleanliness presented a pleasing contrast with the repulsive dirt and squalor of the majority of Sannyāsis. I was told that he was deeply versed in the system of Patanjali, and had for many years been regarded as one of the foremost Yogīs of India. Of course, being new to India, I took him at the public

valuation, and coming forward saluted him respectfully in the ancient fashion. I had some conversation with his disciples and came away. My illusions were, however, soon dispelled, for I learnt that he was actually at that moment engaged in a lawsuit for 70,000 rupees, which he was pushing on with all possible vigor. A Yogī hungry after rupees was indeed an anomaly, and, needless to say, I did not repeat my call.

From there I went to a meeting of the Society of Benares Pandits held in my honor, at which I again urged their consideration of the project to appoint a suitable committee to undertake the coinage of Sanskrit equivalents to our Western, Greek, and Latin scientific and other terms. They promised, of course, and, equally of course, never did anything.

The following day I met Pandit Bālā Shastri for the first time. Dr. Thibaut ranked him as the greatest Sanskrit scholar in all India. He was the Guru of several of the chief Indian Princes and universally respected. Since then he has died and the country thus suffered a loss that seems irreparable. I wish our Western literati could have seen him as I saw him that day. A pale man, of slight figure and medium height, calm and dignified in manner, the expression of his face mild and captivating, no trace of animalism or sordid passion there—the face of a poet or a sage, of one who lived in the world of thought and was in but light touch with the bustling world; and, lighting it up with a radiance of intellect, a pair of eyes black, brilliant, mild, serene, the memory of which haunts me after all these sixteen

years. Another Pandit, the Librarian of Benares College, accompanied him and took part in the discussion. I did my best to impress on their minds the crying need for a revival of Sanskrit Literature for the sake of its priceless contents, which were so necessary at the present time when the world's spiritual hopes were being swamped in the sea of materialism. I was bold enough to tell Bālā Shastri that if Hindu religion and philosophy were suffered to go into eclipse he would be largely responsible for the disaster, since he, more than any other man, was able to stem the current. I proposed that he and I, as representatives of the Pandit class, on the one hand, and of the world-covering agency of propaganda, on the other, should join forces; I asked him to convene a private meeting of the principal Benares Pandits and let me address them, to which he assented, and we left it to Babu Pramada Dāsā Mittra to make the necessary arrangements.

At 4 o'clock that day H. P. B. arrived from Allahabad by the slow train, and we were as glad to see each other as if we had been long separated.

CHAPTER XIX

A MASTER OF DJINNS

We were together at Benares eight days, during which time we saw much of the old Maharajah, his suite and other notables of the city. His Highness sent his Secretary to inquire after H. P. B.'s health early in the morning after her arrival, and, later, came himself with Babu Pramada Dāsā and Raja Sivaprasād as interpreters, and had hours of discussion on philosophical and religious subjects. On another occasion he had his treasurer with him and offered to have counted out, then and there, a large sum of money (many thousands of rupees) for the benefit of our Society if H. P. B. would "show him some miracles". Of course she refused him the smallest gratification, as she had other rich Hindus before—one, the late Sir Mungaldas, at Bombay—but as soon as he departed, did a number of phenomena for poor visitors who could not have afforded to give her even ten rupees. But she told the aged Prince an important secret about the hiding-place of certain lost family papers which, if I am not mistaken, had been hastily concealed during the Mutiny. Though disappointed, yet I have reason to believe that the Maharajah respected her far more than if she had accepted his present. This indifference to money is always taken in India

as good proof of the disinterested piety of religious teachers. The Lahore Yogī, who showed his samādhi to Maharajah Runjeet Singh, ruined himself for ever in the latter's eyes by accepting his costly gifts. "But for that," said an old servant of his to me once at Lahore, "the Maharajah would have kept him for life near him and revered him as a saint."

The morning sail down the Ganges past the ghāts was repeated for H. P. B., the same two gentlemen accompanying us. This time, we caused our boat to linger long off the burning-ghāt and watched the whole process, from the bringing and submersion of the corpse in the sacred stream to the raking of its ashes into the water. It is a brutally realistic scene, with no poetry or refinement about it, and if cremation had been introduced at the West in that rough guise there would not have been more than one body incinerated, I am sure. With the use of the crematorium every repulsive feature is eliminated, and it is no wonder that this method of disposing of the dead has become so popular.

On the same afternoon we visited a Muslim fair then being held, at which we saw our first examples of the phenomenal dexterity which is acquired in India in the management of the sword. A man lies flat on his stomach on the ground, with his chin resting on a guava fruit—say as large as a medium-sized pear; another man stands with his back towards him, marking time with his feet and body to the rhythmic beating of a tom-tom; he holds in his hand a sabre with an edge like a razor, and a thick and heavy back, which he also moves to the rhythm; suddenly

he wheels about face, sweeps his sabre through the air and under the man's chin, and the latter, rising, shows the guava sliced in halves. Even now, the bare recollection of it makes one shudder to think what would have happened if that trenchant blade had swerved but a trifle from its transverse path through the fruit. The same feat of skill was shown in the case of guavas and limes pressed under a man's naked heel. It should be borne in mind that in every case the swordsman's back is towards the assistant, and that his aim is taken while the sword is whirling through the air.

On 14th December the expected meeting and conference between myself, as P.T.S., and the chief Pandits of India, came off at Babu P. D. Mittra's residence. The dignity of the assemblage will be evident to all well-informed Orientalists, when they read the following list of names, some of them the most renowned in contemporary Sanskrit literature:

Dr. G. Thibaut, Principal of Benares Anglo-Sanskrit College.

Pandit Bālā Shastri, late Professor of Hindu Law, Benares Anglo-Sanskrit College.

Pandit Bapu Deva Shastri, Professor of Astronomy, Benares Anglo-Sanskrit College.

Pandit Yagneswāra Ojha, Benares Anglo-Sanskrit College.

Pandit Kesavli Shastri, Benares Anglo-Sanskrit College.

Pandit Dāmodara Shastri, Professor of Grammar, Benares Anglo-Sanskrit College.

Pandit Dhondirāga Shastri, Librarian, Benares Anglo-Sanskrit College.

Pandit Ramkrishna Shastri, Professor of Sankhya, Benares Anglo-Sanskrit College.

Pandit Ganghadeva Shastri, Professor of Poetry and Rhetoric, Benares Anglo-Sanskrit College.

Bapu Shastri.

Babu Shastri.

Govinda Shastri.

Babu Pramada Dāsā Mittra, late Professor of Anglo-Sanskrit Literature, Benares Anglo-Sanskrit College.

The last-named gentleman interpreted into Sanskrit as rapidly and fluently my address to the Pandits, as he did their replies and observations to me, in English, which he writes and speaks like an Englishman. I doubt if there is an Orientalist in any Western land, from Professor Max Müller downward, who could do that: certainly, the attempts of such as have visited India and Ceylon to converse in Sanskrit with our Pandits have not impressed the latter with their command of the "language of the gods," to judge from what they have told me.

Our conference lasted several hours, and point after point was carefully considered, each party watchful to prevent the appearance of having become subordinate to the other. The final result was the adoption and signing of the following articles of agreement:

"*Whereas*, the interest of Sanskrit Literature and Vedic Philosophy and Science will be eminently

promoted by a brotherly union of all friends of Aryan learning throughout the world; and

"*Whereas*, it is evident that the Theosophical Society is sincerely devoted to the accomplishment of this most worthy object, and possesses facilities which it is desirable to secure; therefore

"*Resolved* that this Samaj accepts the offer made on behalf of the Theosophical Society, and declares itself in friendly union with the said Society for the purposes specified, and offers to render whatever assistance it can for the carrying out of such plans as may be agreed upon between the governing officers of the two Samajas.

"*Provided*, nevertheless, that this act of union shall not be understood as making either of the two Societies subordinate to the rule or jurisdiction of the other."

(Signed) BAPU DEVA SHASTRI,
President.

(Signed) BAL SHASTRI,
Vice-President.

Accepted for the Theosophical Society,
H. S. OLCOTT, *President.*

Attest,

PRAMADA DĀSĀ MITTRA,
Secretary of the Meeting.

BENARES: *Margasirsha suddha 13th,*
Samvat 1937.

Without the help of Babu Pramada Dāsá such a result would have been quite impossible, and we have

to thank him for enabling us to vindicate the eclecticism of our Society thus early in its sojourn in India. Coming so soon after our triumphant Buddhistic progress in Ceylon and on top of H. P. B.'s and my public profession of Buddhism at the temple in Galle, it showed great high-mindedness on the part of the Benares savants, whose Hindu orthodoxy was beyond question. The feeling of the learned President of the Sabha was, however, very strongly shown in his declaration that he actually preferred Christianity to Buddhism, but at the same time he recognized that good might come to Hinduism from such an alliance as that proposed on the basis of sectarian neutrality. On account of her sex the Pandits did not want H. P. B. to take part in the conference.

Our days were fully occupied with talks, public lectures, visits from the Maharajah and other princes and commoners, and visits by ourselves to sundry temples and other local monuments of the past. We were greatly interested in one of our visitors, one Mohammed Arif, an official of one of the Courts and a very learned person. He had an extensive knowledge of the literature of Islam, and showed us a chart he had prepared, on which were inscribed the names of some 1,500 renowned adepts and mystics, from the Prophet down to our times. He had also a practical knowledge of occult chemistry, and, at our request, consented to try an experiment with my help. He had brought from the bazaar some thick and large *bratties*, or fuel-cakes of dried cow-dung, a little charcoal, two Jeypore rupees (of pure silver), and some dried vegetable products.

Scooping out a small cavity in the flat side of each bratty, he filled it with pounded cloves, ahindrā bark, and bechums (myrobolams, I think), buried a rupee in one of them, applied another bratty over it, and set fire to the lower cake. The other rupee was disposed of in like manner. The cakes burned slowly, being reduced to ashes only after a couple of hours. The rupees were then transferred to second pairs of bratties and left until the latter were consumed. A third time they were put into fresh cakes, and left to themselves all night. It was expected that in the morning we should find the coins completely oxidized, the pure metal being changed into an oxide of the consistency of lime, and crumbling between the fingers. The experiment proved, however, only partly successful, the surface of the coins being oxidized but the interior left unchanged. Mohammed Arif was dissatisfied with the result and wished to repeat the experiment under better conditions, but time did not serve either of us and we had to leave the station before it could be done. At any rate, partial oxidation was obtained, and I really cannot understand how this could be effected, with such simple agents as the feeble fire of six smouldering *bratties* and a few pinches of cloves and other vegetable products. The old gentleman, while paying full reverence to the achievements of modern science, still maintained that there was yet very much to learn from the ancients about the nature of the elements and their potential combinations. "Among Indian alchemists," he said, "it has long been a theory universally accepted, that if a diamond is, by a certain

process known to them, reduced to ashes, these ashes added to melted tin are capable of changing the latter into silver. Practically, of course, the experiment is commercially valueless, the transforming agent being more costly than the resultant product. But the thought is important in its suggestiveness, for if the ashes of one substance containing carbon, when obtained by a certain process will transmute tin into silver, it opens the inquiry whether a nearly-related ash from another carbonaceous substance might not give the same result under proper conditions. If the addition of carbon to iron converts it into steel, by some secret law not yet fully understood, why is it an unthinkable proposition that its addition to tin by some better process than any at present known to European chemists, might also harden that metal and give it properties as different from the mother metal as those of steel are from those of iron. "True"—continued the old man, looking at me with his intelligent eyes—"modern chemistry does not show any such affinity between carbon and tin, nor does it show that there is none. We do know that in ancient times a process was known for imparting to copper tools the cutting hardness of steel; and that secret is lost. Chemists may, therefore, well pause before dogmatizing as to what was or was not possible for the alchemists. They have a deal yet to learn before they recover the Lost Arts of the older time. The Indian alchemists have proved that they can harden tin by combining with it carbon; hence they cover a broader ground than modern chemists in the department of

metallurgy." "But why, then," I asked, "is Alchemy so obsolete?"

"Alchemical Science is dishonored," he replied, "by the neglect of the educated, and the trickery and base frauds of charlatans, but still it is a great Science. I believe—nay, I know—that the transmutation of metals is possible."

The old enthusiast talked in Urdu, which was admirably translated by Rai Baldeo Buksh and another high local official, and the interviews I had with him were among the most interesting I ever held with anyone. He evinced a thorough familiarity with Arabic and Persian literature, and his air of dignity was that of a high-minded scholar devoted to the acquisition of knowledge. I got him to put his ideas on paper and had them translated for the *Theosophist* (*vide* May No. of 1881, p. 178). On my last visit to Benares I found, upon inquiry, that he is now retired and living on a very modest pension in some obscure village, where, perhaps, he has not a single neighbor who can appreciate his erudition and high intelligence.

We met several persons at Benares who had had personal knowledge of the wonder-working powers of Hassan Khan Djinni, the Muslim sorcerer previously mentioned. Among others a Mr. Shavier told us the following. He had put his watch and chain into a small box, which was locked up in a chest in the presence of Hassan Khan, but the next moment he held the articles in his hand, having drawn them through the two boxes by the power of his elemental spirits. The man was a native of Hyderabad

Deccan, and learnt his art from his father, a greater adept in occultism than himself, who duly initiated him with certain weird ceremonies. He had been given power over seven *djnis*, on the condition that he should lead a moral and temperate life. But his passions took possession of him, and one by one the elementals broke loose from his control until he had but one left to do his bidding, and of this one he was in constant dread. He had to abide the convenience of this spirit, and so was not able to perform phenomena at his own pleasure. Mr. C. F. Hogan who knew him intimately, tells us (*Theosophist*, Jan., 1881, p. 81) that the proximity of the genius was made known to him by the stoppage of his breathing through one of his nostrils. In stature he was somewhat above the middle height; of dark brown complexion, and a rather robust physique; on the whole, his appearance was rather pleasing than otherwise. His dissipations, however, at last undermined his mental if not his physical strength, and he is said to have died in prison.

Mr. Shavier told me a queer story which might well have been taken from the *Arabian Nights*. Some years ago, there lived at Ghazipur a poor but learned Moulvi, who for want of better employment opened a day school for boys. Among his pupils was a bright lad who displayed much aptitude, and was always respectful to his teacher, for whom he frequently brought presents. One day he brought him some rare sweetmeats with his mother's compliments. The teacher expressing a desire to pay his respects to the parents, the lad said he would tell them and bring

back their response. The next day a satisfactory response being made, the teacher dressed himself in his best and accompanied the boy on his way home. He led him out of town and to some distance in the country, but no signs of houses being seen, he began to get worried and at last demanded an explanation. The pupil then told him that they were just near his home, but before taking him there he must tell him a secret. He was of the race of the Jinnaths (*djnis*), and a great honor was done the teacher in admitting him to a view of their hidden city. He must first, however, swear that under no provocation would he reveal the way to it; and if he should ever break his oath, he would certainly be struck stone-blind. The Moulvi took the required oath, and the lad lifting a trap-door which had been invisible to the eyes of the former, a flight of steps was disclosed, which they descended, and finally came into the city of the Jinnaths. To the Moulvi's eyes everything seemed as it was in the Upper World; streets, houses, shops, conveyances, dancing, music, and everything. The lad's father received his guest with cordiality, and the intimacy thus begun was continued for years, to the great benefit and satisfaction of the schoolmaster. His friends wondered at his prosperity, and finally persuaded the poor fool to show them the way to the trap-door at the top of the mysterious staircase. But just as he was on the point of revealing the oath-protected secret he was struck blind and never recovered his sight. The Moulvi was living in the town of G . . . at the time when Mr. Shavier related the story to me, and it is

said that everybody of his acquaintance was aware of the cause of his blindness. This subterranean town of the Jinnaths, with its houses and elemental inhabitants, recalls the similar tale of "The Coming Race," of Bulwer Lytton, and suggests a common folk-lore origin for both.

Our visit to Benares coming to an end, we packed our things, sent our luggage to the railway station, and drove from the Mint House to Fort Rāmanāgar, to take leave of our kind and venerable host, and thank him for his hospitality. The old Prince was very courteous and affectionate to us, begged us to come again, and said we must make our home with him whenever we should visit Benares. As we rose to leave, he laid a splendid Kashmir shawl over H. P. B.'s shoulders, which she wanted to "touch and return," but he looked so hurt at her rejection of his well-meant kindness, that she relented and expressed her thanks, through the gentleman who acted as interpreter. From thence we drove to the station, and at 6 that evening reached Allahabad and the Sinnetts; H. P. B. suffering excruciating pain from an attack in her left wrist from *dengue*, that terrible "broken bone" fever which gives more suffering than even the persuasive instruments by which the paternal Inquisition promoted orthodoxy.

CHAPTER XX

CEYLON BUDDHISM EXPLAINED

H. P. B.'s rheumatic fever continued several days, causing her agonizing pains: the arm swelled to the shoulder and she tossed about night after night, despite the devoted and unselfish ministrations of her physician, Dr. Avinas Chandra Banerji, of Allahabad, who won all our hearts by his kindness and patience. The first sign of her complete convalescence was her going with me to a big shop and buying a lot of things! At a ceremony of initiation of new candidates, on 24th December, some of her melodious astral bells were rung, to the surprise and delight of the persons present.

During our brief stay with the Sinnetts a number of notable visitors called, and we enjoyed many hours of improving conversation with Prof. Adityaram Bhattacharya, the erudite Sanskritist, and others, upon Indian Philosophy. I lectured two or three times to large audiences, and, H. P. B. having now quite recovered her usual health, we took train for Bombay on 28th December, and, without adventure, reached home on the 30th. The last days of 1880 were thus passed in our new bungalow, "The Crow's Nest," on the rocky slope of the hill of Breach

Candy. It had been selected and taken for us in our absence, and we were charmed with its spacious, high-studded rooms, its large verandahs, and its extensive views of sea and land. Since the beginning of the year 1879, we had been living in the thickly settled Indian quarter of Girgaum Back Road, in a grove of palms where the sea-breezes scarcely penetrated, and the shift to the new locality was delightful. A special advantage was that the number of our casual visitors became so much lessened, by reason of our distance from the centre of population, that we found time for reading, and I find my Diary contains frequent references to this fact. We occupied our new premises until December, 1882, when our Headquarters were permanently established at Adyar. The proper rental of the bungalow was Rs. 200 per mensem, but we got it for Rs. 65 because of its evil reputation for being haunted. The alleged ghosts did not trouble us, however, save in a solitary instance, and that was quickly disposed of. One night I had gone to bed and was dropping asleep, when I felt one corner of my *charpai* being lifted, as if by someone standing in the thickness of the wall, which it was touching. Instantly recovering my full consciousness, I pronounced a certain Arabic word of power, that H. P. B. had taught me in New York, and the cot was replaced on its legs and the meddlesome spook decamped and never troubled me more.

The new year came in and found me writing at my table, until 2 a.m., editorial articles for the *Theosophist*. The early weeks of the year were rather uneventful as a whole, although we were brought into

friendly or unfriendly relations with certain personalities. The writer of that since well-known treatise, *The Elixir of Life*, a Mr. Mirza Murad Ali Beg, came to us on 20th January, for the first time. He was of European birth, a scion of the old Hampshire family of the Mitfords, which has produced several noted writers, including Mary Russell Mitford, authoress of *Our Village* and other works. This young man's grandfather had come out to India with some Frenchmen, and served under Tippoo Sultan. When that cruel and sensual chieftain was killed, Mr. Mitford took service with the East India Company. His son was born at Madras, and among other eccentricities turned Mussulman, and, when we met him, was in the military employ of the Maharajah of Bhavnagar as "Chief Cavalry Officer"—practically a sinecure. His had been a wild, adventurous life, more full of misery than the opposite. He had dabbled in Black Magic, among other things, and told me that all the sufferings he had passed through within the preceding few years were directly traceable to the malign persecutions of certain evil powers which he had summoned to help him get into his power a virtuous lady whom he coveted. He had sat, under the instructions of a Muslim black magician *guru*, in a closed room, for forty days, with his gaze fixed upon a black spot on the wall, in which he was told to imagine the face of his intended victim, and repeating, some hundred thousand times, a prescribed mantram, in half Arabic, half Sanskrit. He was to continue this until he should actually see the lady's face as if alive; and when her lips moved as if to speak, she would have been

completely fascinated and would come to him of her own accord. All this happened as foretold, his nefarious object was gained, the woman ruined, and he himself fell under the power of the bad spirits whom he had not the moral strength to dominate after having accepted their compulsory service. Certainly he was a distressful person to be with. Nervous, excitable, fixed on nothing, the slave of his caprices, seeing the higher possibilities of man's nature, yet unable to reach them, he came to us as to a refuge, and shortly after took up his residence in our house for a few weeks. A strange-looking creature for an Englishman he was. His dress was that of a Muslim throughout, save that he had his long light-brown hair tied up in a Grecian knot behind his head, like a woman. His complexion was fair and his eyes light blue. In my Diary I say that he looked more like an actor made up for a part than anything else. The writing of the *Elixir of Life* occurred some time later, but I may as well tell the story while he is under my mind's eye.

From the time that he came to us he seemed to be engaged in a strong mental and moral conflict within himself. He complained of being dragged hither and thither, first by good, then by bad influences. He had a fine mind, and had done a good deal of reading; he wanted to join our Society, but, as I had no confidence in his moral stamina, I refused him. H. P. B., however, offering to become responsible for him, I relented and let her take him in. He repaid her nicely, some months later, by snatching a sword from a sepoy at Wadhwan station, and trying to kill her, crying out that she and her Mahatmas were all devils!

In short, he went mad. But to return. While with us he wrote some articles which were printed in the *Theosophist*, and one evening after a talk with us, sat himself down to write on the power of the will to affect longevity. H. P. B. and I remained in the room, and when he began his writing she went and stood behind him, just as she had in New York when Harisse was making his sketch of one of the Masters, under her thought-transference. The article of Mirza Saheb attracted deserved attention on its appearance (see *Theosophist*, III, 140, 168), and has ever since ranked as one of the most suggestive and valuable pamphlets in our Theosophical literature. He was doing well, and there was a good chance for him to retrieve much of his lost spirituality if he would only stop with us; but after giving his promise to do so, he obeyed an irresistible impulse and rushed back to Wadhwan and to destruction. His mind did not recover its equilibrium; he turned Roman Catholic, then recanted back into Islam, and finally died, and was buried at Junagadh, where I have seen his humble tomb. His case has always seemed to me a dreadful instance of the danger one runs in dabbling with occult science while the animal passions are rampant.

I shall run rapidly over the events of 1881, and note only two or three that had intrinsic importance. The case of Damodar was one of them. When this dear young man joined the Society and put his heart into the work, he got from his father permission to live with us, irrespective of caste restrictions and as though he had taken the vows of the Sannyasi. The father and an uncle were also active members at that

time. According to the custom of Guzerati Brahmins, Damodar had been betrothed in childhood, of course without his consent, and the time arrived when he would have to take up the married life. But his sole ambition in life was now to lead the existence of the spiritual recluse, and he viewed marriage with the greatest repugnance. He felt himself the victim of custom, and was passionately eager to be freed from the abhorrent contract, so that he might become a true *chela* of Mahatma K. H., whom he had seen in his youth, and again after coming to us. His father, a wise and high-minded man, at last consented, and Damodar assigned over to him his share of the ancestral estate, amounting, if I rightly recollect, to some Rs. 50,000, on condition that his child-wife should be taken to his father's house and comfortably maintained. This arrangement went on all right for a time; but when Damodar had become completely identified with us, and had even gone so far as to become a Buddhist with us in Ceylon, the family revolted and began a persecution to compel the poor boy to come back into caste. This he would not do, and the result was the withdrawal of his relatives from the Society, and their waging a not very reputable war against us, innocent objects of their anger, in the shape of scurrilous fly-sheets and other attacks on our reputations, which were printed and circulated by somebody or other at Bombay. One particularly slanderous one, I remember, was circulated to my audience on the occasion of a lecture at Framji Cowasji Hall. A copy was handed me as I was entering. Reaching the platform I read it, and,

showing it to the audience, laid it on the floor and put my foot on it, with the remark that that was my answer to our unprincipled calumniator, whoever he might be. The burst of applause that followed showed that no more need be said, and I proceeded with my discourse.

Damodar remained with us in the most intimate friendship, working with ceaseless devotion and absolute unselfishness until 1885, when he went from Madras to Tibet *via* Darjiling, and is still there, in training for his future work for mankind. False rumors of his death in the Himālayan snows have been circulated from time to time, but I have excellent reason for believing that he is alive and well and in due time will return. I shall recur to this later on. His bereaved father died soon after the unpleasant breach between them, carrying with him all our respect and best wishes.

It had been arranged that I should return alone to Ceylon and begin the collection of a National Education Fund to promote the education of Buddhist boys and girls. The scheme had—as H. P. B. assured me—the full approbation of the Mahatmas, and her own concurrence had been strongly expressed. Thereupon I had written to Ceylon and made all necessary arrangements with our friends. But, on 11th February, as it seems, H. P. B. fell out with me because I would not cancel the engagement and stop and help her on the *Theosophist*. Of course, I flatly refused to do anything of the kind, and as the natural consequence she fell into a white rage with me. She shut herself up in her room a whole

week, refusing to see me, but sending me formal notes of one sort or another, among them one in which she notified me that the Lodge would have nothing more to do with the Society or myself, and I might go to Timbuctoo if I liked. I simply said that my tour having been fully approved of by the Lodge, I should carry it through, even though I never saw the face of a Master again; that I did not believe them to be such vacillating and whimsical creatures; if they were, I preferred to work on without them. Her ill-temper burnt itself out at last, and on the 18th of that month she and I drove out in the new carriage which Damodar had presented to her! A Master visited her on the 19th and exposed to her the whole situation, about which I shall not go into details, as all has turned out as he forewarned us. On leaving, he left behind a much-worn gold-embroidered head-covering, of peculiar shape, which I took possession of, and have until this day. One result of this visit was that, on the 25th of the month, she and I had a long and serious discussion about the state of affairs, resulting—as my Diary says—"in an agreement between us to re-construct the T. S. on a different basis, putting the Brotherhood idea forward more prominently, and keeping the occultism more in the background, in short, to have a secret section for it." This, then, was the seed-planting of the E. S. T., and the beginning of the adoption of the Universal Brotherhood idea in more definite form than previously. The wording of the paragraphs was entirely my own, and is quite open to alterations.

I have recorded in the entry for one of those days, an admirable description of the potential re-appearance of latent images of past things, which I found on reading that wonderful book *The Dabistan*. Says "Abu Ali, the prince of physicians (whose spirit may God sanctify),

> "Every form and image which seems at present effaced,
> Is securely stored up in the treasury of time—
> When the same position of the heavens again recurs,
> The Almighty reproduces each from behind the mysterious veil."

These latent images are those which Buchanan's psychometers can see and describe on being put into connection with the foci of Ākasha wherein they are lying latent.

I sailed for Ceylon on 23rd April, in company with a Mr. Æneas Bruce, of Scotland, a veteran traveller and most amiable gentleman, who had joined our Society. We reached Point de Galle on the fourth day and were received with much enthusiasm. Our leading colleagues came aboard with greetings and garlands and escorted us to the shore, where over 300 Buddhist boys of our first-established school were standing in line to welcome us. White cloths were laid from the landing for us to walk upon, and there was a brave show of greenery and flags, with no end of cheers and joyful acclamations. A great multitude of people were there to follow our carriages to the schoolhouse, an upper-storied building on the Harbor beach, where rooms had been fitted up for our accommodation. As usual a number of yellow-robed monks, headed by the venerable Bulātgama Sri Sumanatissa, Chief Priest of the principal temple of Galle, were

there to welcome us with their chantings of Pāli *gāthas*, or verses.

The main object of my present visit was, as above stated, the raising of an Education Fund and the rousing of popular interest in the subject of education generally. To effect this I needed the co-operation of all the principal priests of the Island; if I could get about eight or nine men on my side, the rest would be a mere matter of detail. These men were H. Sumangala, Dhammalankāra, Wimalesāra, Piyarātna, Subhuti, Potuwila and Wēligama. Then there was Megittuwatte, the "silver-tongued orator," incomparably the finest speaker in the Island, to be dealt with, but not like the others. He had been for very many years a Thera, or ordained monk, but for certain irregularities of conduct had been reduced to the lower rank of *samanera*. This group of intellectual men swayed all the power in the two "sects" recognized among them, the Siam and the Amarapoora. As I have elsewhere explained, there is no difference whatever, of dogma, between these two Sinhalese Buddhist "sects"; only that of the sources of their respective ordinations. The Siam priests had got ordination from that country at a past epoch, when civil war had well nigh uprooted the religion of the Buddha in the spicy Island. Hindu Tamil invaders had overturned the indigenous Buddhist sovereign, destroyed their finest temples, and burnt their religious books, by stacks "as high as the tops of the cocoanut trees." In this crisis, upon the expulsion of the foreign dynasty and the re-establishment of the proper sovereign, his eyes were turned to Siam, and

an embassy was sent to that Court to ask that holy monks might be lent to re-ordain the remaining Sinhalese monks. This request being complied with, the result was the establishment of the new Siam sect under Royal patronage. Much later, when postulants of lower castes were denied ordination by the aristocratic Brotherhood, of the *Willalla* caste mainly, they sent delegates to the king of Burma, whose capital was then at Amarapoora, to seek for ordination. Succeeding in their object they returned, fully ordained *bhikshus*, to Ceylon, and the new "Amarapoora" sect sprang into existence. As usual among theologians, there was no fellowship between the two bodies; they never worked in concert, whether sitting in Council, exchanging religious services, or jointly appealing to the people. All this was too absurd to me for tolerance, and as I found myself on equally good terms with both sets of leaders, I determined, if possible, to bring about cordial co-operation for the good of the religion as a whole. There was then just arising a third sect, a schism, in the body of the Amarapoora sect, headed by a monk of great force of character, fine education and quenchless energy. His name was Ambāhagawatte, and he called his sect the Ramanya Nīkāya (I spell it as pronounced). His rallying cry was, of course, Reform: the priesthood had become lazy, unobservent of their duties, the religious education of the people was being neglected; there must be a change. He set the example of austerity of life, observing strictly the rules of Vināya, and requiring the same of those who chose to follow him. From the start he made an impression, his sect

gradually grew strong, and, although he has been dead several years, it has prospered and now embraces a large body of zealous and able monks, and devoted laity. I had to bring these various threads of power into one strong tie of union, and set myself to accomplish the purpose. Beginning with personal interviews with the leaders, and getting their individual promises of help, I took the lecturing field, moving from village to village in the Western Province, of which Colombo is the chief town and centre of influence. First, Mr. Bruce and I wrote a couple of popular tracts for campaign purposes, which, after being submitted to the priests in Sinhalese translations, were printed and put in circulation. The Missionary party were not idle, you may be sure. Private slander, open abuse, absurd attacks on Buddhism, and the copying of foreign scurrilous articles against the Society and its Founders, were the order of the day. The poor schemers had not the wisdom to see that, since the Buddhists had accepted us as their champions and co-religionists, the more we were abused and denounced, the stronger grew the popular love for us: we and they being fellow-sufferers in a common cause.

Finding out the shocking ignorance of the Sinhalese about Buddhism, I began, after vainly trying to get some monk to do it, the compilation of a *Buddhist Catechism* on the lines of the similar elementary hand-books so effectively used among Western Christian sects, working at it at odd times, as I could find leisure. To fit myself for it I had read 10,000

pages of Buddhist books. of course in English and French translations. I finished my first draft on 5th May, and on the 7th took it with me to Colombo. That evening the High Priest, Sumangala, and Megittuwatte, came to discuss my scheme of the Education Fund. After several hours' interchange of views, we agreed upon the following points, *viz.*, that it should be a Fund for the propagation of Buddhism, that there should be Trustees, that we should sell subscription tickets or Merit Cards of various denominations, that the money should be deposited in the Post Office Savings Bank, and that Megittuwatte should go on a tour with me. I got Sumangala to consent to issue an appeal to the Buddhist public for the Fund, and to endorse me as its collector. From the Government blue books we discovered that eight out of eleven of the schools in the Island were in the hands of the Missionaries, the rest belonging to Government: in the former, the children were taught that Buddhism was a dark superstition, in the other no religious teaching at all was given. So, between them both, our Buddhist children had but small chance of coming to know anything at all of the real merits of their ancestral faith. Our work was clearly cut out for us, and at it we went *con amore*. My first begging lecture was at Kelanie, on the Buddha's Birthday, and resulted in the paltry sale of Rs. 60 worth of tickets, and one subscription of Rs. 100 towards the Fund.

My *Catechism* had been translated into Sinhalese, and on 15th May I went with it to Widyodaya College

to go over the text, word by word, with the High Priest and his Assistant Principal, Hiyayentadūwe, one of his cleverest pupils and a man of learning. On the first day, although we worked eight hours, we disposed of only 6½ pages of the MS. On the 16th, beginning early in the morning and continuing until 5 p.m., we got over 8 pages; then we stuck. The impasse was created by the definition of Nirvana, or rather of the survival of some sort of "subjective entity" in that state of existence. Knowing perfectly well the strong views entertained by the school of Southern Buddhists of which Sumangala is the type, I had drafted the reply to the question: "What is Nirvana" in such a way as to just note that there was a difference of opinion among Buddhist metaphysicians as to the survival of an abstract human entity, without leaning either towards the views of the Northern or Southern school. But the two erudite critics caught me up at the first glance at the paragraph, and the High Priest denied that there was *any* such difference of opinion among Buddhist metaphysicians. Upon my citing to him the beliefs of the Tibetans, Chinese, Japanese, Mongolians, and even of a Sinhalese school of which the late Polgāhawatte was leader, he closed our discussion by saying that, if I did not alter the text, he should cancel his promise to give me a certificate that the *Catechism* was suited to the teaching of children in Buddhist schools, and should publish his reasons therefor. As this would virtually destroy the usefulness of my educational monograph, and cause such a breach between him and myself as to make it tenfold more difficult to

push on the schools project, I yielded to *force majeure*, and made the paragraph read, as it has ever since stood, in the many editions through which the *Catechism* has since passed. The tedious labor of critical revision was finally completed, the MS. fair-copied, re-revised, trimmed, added to, and at last made ready for the printer, all this taking weeks and causing no end of bother to me. It was such a novelty, this, to condense the essence of the whole body of Buddhist *Dhamma* into a little hand-book that one might read through in a couple of hours, and their inherited tendency towards passive resistance to all innovations upon the fixed order of things was so strong that I had to fight my way inch by inch, as one might say. It was not that the priests did not feel the greatest friendliness for me and the highest appreciation of the possible good that might accrue to the nation from our school project, but the conservative instinct was too strong to be pacified at once, and points that had been passed upon had to be reconsidered, and long discussions entered into as to the spirit of the Buddhist sacred books, before I could be allowed to go to Press with my work. I am perfectly convinced that if I had been an Asiatic of any race or caste, the book would never have appeared, the author would have simply been tired out and have abandoned his attempt. But, knowing something of the bull-dog pertinacity of the Anglo-Saxon character, and holding me in real personal affection, they finally succumbed to my importunity. The Sinhalese and English versions appeared simultaneously, on 24th July, 1881, and thenceforward, for some weeks, the

hand-presses of Colombo could not strike off copies fast enough to meet the demand. Sumangala ordered 100 copies for the use of the priest-pupils in his College; it became a textbook in the schools; found its way into every Sinhalese family; and within one month of its publication was admitted in Court, in a case that was being tried in the Southern Province, as an authority upon the question at issue. This, of course, thanks to Sumangala's Certificate of Orthodoxy, appended to the text of the work. This, we may say, was substantially the beginning of our campaign for Buddhism against its foes, Missionary and other, and the advantage has never been lost. For whereas previously the entire nation were virtually ignorant of the basic principles of their religion, of even one of its excellent features, now every child, one may say, is as well informed, and as ready to recognize false representations about the national faith, as the average Sunday-school child in the West about the principles of Christianity. It is a duty and a pleasure to re-state here that the money for printing the two versions of the Catechism was given me by that saintly woman and sweet friend, Mrs. Ilangakoon, of Mātara, since, alas! deceased. Thanks to the careful scrutiny given it by the two learned monks of Widyodāya College, it has found such wide favor throughout the world that up to the present time it has been translated and published in twenty different languages. I have found it in Burma, Japan, Germany, Sweden, France, Italy, Australia, America, Sandwich Islands, throughout India, and elsewhere: from the grain of mustard-seed has developed the great tree. The only disagreeable

incident in its history is, that a person calling himself "Subhadra Bhikshu" plagiarized almost its entire contents and appropriated to himself its title, in a German Catechism that he brought out, and that has since been published in English.

CHAPTER XXI

CREATING A SINHALESE BUDDHIST FUND

If anyone fancies that the influence which our Society enjoys in the East has been gained without hard work he should look through the pages of this Diary. Day after day, week after week, and month after month are to be seen the records of journeys taken in all sorts of conveyances, from the railway carriage to the ramshackle little hackney, jutka and ekka, drawn by a single pony or bullock; to the common country cart, with its huge wheels, its bottom of bamboo poles, sometimes but thinly covered with straw, and its pair of high-humped Indian oxen straining at their yoke—a thick pole laid across their tired necks and tied to them by coir ropes; to roughly built boats covered with arches of dried palm-leaves, but with neither bench nor cushion; to elephants carrying us in their howdahs, or, more frequently, on great pads, which are simply mattresses belted around them by giant girths. Journeyings by clear days are recorded here, and days of pouring tropical rains; nights of moonlight, of starlight, and heavy showers; nights, sometimes, when sleep is broken by the ear-splitting sounds of the jungle insect world, the horrid yelp of the jackal pack, the distant noise of wild elephants pushing through the cane groves,

the ceaseless shouts of the driver to his lagging bullocks, and his country songs, mostly in *falsetto* and usually discordant, to keep himself awake. Then the mosquitoes swarming about you in the cart, with their exasperating drone, menacing slow torture and white lumps swelling on the skin. Then the arrivals at villages in the dawn; the people all clustered along the road to meet you; the curiosity that must be gratified; the bath under difficulties; the early breakfast of coffee and *āppas*—a thickish sort of rice cakes—with fruit; the visit to the monastery; the discussions of plans and prospects with the Buddhist monks; the lecture in the open air, or, if there be one, the preaching pavilion, with a great crowd of interested, brown-skinned people, watching you and hanging on your interpreter's lips. Then come the spreading of the printed subscription-sheets on a table, the registering of names, the sales of Buddhistic tracts and catechisms; the afternoon meal, cooked by your servant between some stones, under a palm tree; perhaps a second lecture for the benefit of newly-arrived visitors from neighboring villages; the good-byes, the god-speeds of rattling tom-toms and squeaky gourd-pipes, the waving of flags and palm fronds, the cries of Sādhu! Sādhu! and the resumption of the journey in the creaking cart. So on and so on, day after day, I went all over the Western Province on this business, rousing popular interest in the education of their children under the auspices of their own religion, circulating literature and raising funds for the prosecution of the work. So great was my discomfort that at last

I set my Yankee ingenuity to work, and had built for me a two-wheeled travelling-cart on springs, which could give ample sleeping accommodation for four people; had lockers projecting from the sides, for holding table-furniture, tinned provisions, a small library, and my bathing kit; two large ones under the floor for baggage, sacks of vegetables and curry-stuffs; a tight canvas roof on hoop-iron ribs, a chest in front for tools and spare ropes, hooks underneath for water-bucket, cattle-trough, etc., a secure shelf over the axle for the driver's cooking-pots, and rings behind for attaching a led bullock. After we got that, our troubles were at an end, and I lived in that conveyance for weeks at a stretch. It weighed less than a country cart, and was as comfortable as need be. By a simple change of longitudinal seat-planks inside, I could, at will, have a writing room, dining room, sleeping room, or an omnibus-like arrangement, with two cushioned seats running fore and aft, to accommodate eight sitters. It was as much a novelty to the simple country folk as the *Buddhist Catechism*, and priests and laity used to flock around to see its mechanical wonders. After the lapse of fifteen years the cart is still in serviceable condition, and has been used by Dhammapala, Leadbeater, Powell, Banbery, and various other workers in Ceylon. I have travelled many miles in the best Indian bullock-coaches, but not one compares for comfort and convenience with this. It would be a kindly act for someone to build it for the public, for it is equally useful for any part of the world where there are roads for a two-wheeled

conveyance and stout oxen to draw it. If I have permitted myself to say so much about it, it is only that my readers might fancy themselves along with me in my pioneering educational mission among the good Sinhalese, and realize how some of our time has been spent in Asia.

I was occupied with this business until 13th December, with occasional long breaks for visits to Colombo and Galle, and one to Tuticorin, South India, with a Buddhist Committee, about which I shall presently have more to say. The sum subscribed by these poor villagers towards the National Fund was only about Rs. 17,000, and of this, as it turned out, the Trustees collected no more than about Rs. 5,000; so that, pecuniarily speaking, my time was not too profitably spent for the Education Fund. For myself I, of course, neither asked nor received a penny. If this scheme had been undertaken the previous year, when the whole Island was boiling with excitement and enthusiasm over H. P. B.'s and my first visit, ten or twenty times as much might have been collected, but one cannot always think of everything, and this educational movement was a natural evolution out of experience.

I had great bother and trouble in getting formed of the best men two boards, one of "Trustees" and the other of "Managers," with a lot of red-tape checks and regulations and stuff generally. There was such petty jealousy, such contemptible intriguings to get the control of the money, and such ingratitude shown towards me, that I was at one time so disgusted that I was ready to throw up the

whole thing and let them make their funds and found their schools by themselves. But then, again, I had undertaken a duty which nobody among them, with their inexperience and their troubles of caste antipathies and local jealousies, could perform, and just because of their pettiness toward me, I felt that there was the greater need for me to stick to my work. I am glad I did so, for now we see the splendid harvest that has come from that sowing of seed: schools springing up everywhere; 20,000 Buddhist children rescued from hostile religious teachers; religion reviving, and the prospect brightening every year. Under the terms of the Trust, the collections were first lodged by me in the Government Savings Bank, then turned over to the Trustees, and by them loaned out at good interest on real-estate mortgages, the annual increment being given out for the fostering of Buddhist educational enterprises. It was a foolish policy to leave a village with subscriptions unpaid, for when the excitement of the moment had died away, the makers of fine promises bethought them that rupees were rupees, and schoolhouses then existed only in the mind's eye, and they clung to the cash as something tangible and real: if the dreams should ever take shape, why then . . . They have, and the rupees withheld from me have since been generously given to the cause which sits close to the national heart—that of their religion.

About this time a cluster of sympathetic Hindus at Tinnevelly had agreed to form a Branch of our Society and wanted me to come and inaugurate it. It seemed to me a good and noble thing to get a deputation of

Buddhist Theosophists to cross to India with me and fraternize with their Hindu colleagues, if the latter would make them welcome. I found the thing feasible, and after necessary preliminaries it was carried out. Our visit and its concomitants was of the most picturesque, besides setting a precedent previously unheard of in Hindustan since the great Emperor Asoka ruled the whole Peninsula and made Brahmin priests and Buddhist bhikshus to dwell together in kindly tolerance and mutual respect. At the same time it triumphantly showed the power of our talisman of Universal Brotherhood which—as I said in the last chapter—H. P. B. and I had a little while before agreed to put forward as our leading policy.

On 21st October our party embarked at Colombo. We numbered four, *viz.*, Messrs. Samuel Perera, William D'Abrew Rajapakse, William F. Wijeyesekara, and myself. Then there was "Bob," my Sinhalese servant, a most useful and necessary adjunct, with his basket of table and cooking utensils. We reached Tuticorin, the southernmost Indian port, the next forenoon, and found waiting at the jetty a huge crowd, including many Indian gentlemen of position who took us to the hotel, saw to our comfort, and put me up to lecture to a packed house that evening in the Anglo-Vernacular School building. There was such a crowd, and they made so much noise with their shuffling feet on the stone floor, that I overtaxed my throat to make myself heard, a bad beginning for the next day's business. The President and another representative of the Tinnevelly Branch came at 7 by train and stopped all night to escort us. Tinnevelly

is but thirty miles from Tuticorin, so it did not take us long to get there the next morning. But at a wayside station we were intercepted by a waiting crowd who had us out on the platform and gave us cocoanuts, plantains, and betel leaves in token of welcome, and wreathed our necks with jessamine chaplets to do us honor after their poetical fashion. At the Tinnevelly station there was a crowd; 2,000 people at least sweltered together in and about the building to get a glimpse of us. There were all the town notables in gala costume, and the huge elephants from the Temple, with their mighty brows painted with caste marks, which were made to raise their trunks and salute us with a roar. And priests with broad and high foreheads holding before us in benediction polished platters of brass, holding betel leaves, red powder, and burning lumps of camphor. And the presentation of notabilities, of whom each gave us two limes, with courtly salutations. And the clangor of huge horns, and long slim trumpets, or shawms, blown lustily amid the din of a dozen tomtoms. Then came a great procession, headed by the elephants trumpeting, the nobility and officials, on foot, escorting our palanquins, and my "Bob" in front of us carrying a brass jar of water on his head, a tuft of betel leaves emerging from the narrow mouth of the jar. And the banners and flags, large and small, each bearing some quaint device, waved all up and down the line, the 2,000 following and shouting joyfully. The omens, too, they said, were propitious: a frightened pullet flew over my head in the right direction: a *nilakanta*, or vividly blue bird,

was seen in an adjacent field on our right; a lizard chirped over our house porch the proper number of times. So everybody was happy in the glowing sunshine, and the town had on its holiday look.

They took us to our quarters, an upstair house with an upper and a lower verandah, whose portico and whole facade were decked out with flags and greenery. The street was packed with people for hours. We held a sort of durbar, or reception, at which there were speeches, replies, written addresses, betel, more garlands, limes, etc. In the evening I initiated fourteen new candidates and organized the Branch in due form. Then something to eat, and bed, and, for me, dreamless sleep until morning.

My throat was so sore that I looked forward with some apprehension to the work I should have for it that day and the next. However, I soon had something to divert my thoughts from my physical disability, for the morning post brought me a letter from the Principal of the local Hindu College which let me into the wiles of the gentle missionary. My correspondent said that, although he called himself a Christian, he did not approve of some of the measures adopted in the interest of missionary propaganda, and enclosed for my information a copy of a pamphlet which had been circulated through the town the day before, to prejudice the community against us; the copies being distributed by hand by the servants of the missionaries, with the verbal message that they were sent "with the compliments of the Secretary of the Tinnevelly Theosophical Society". In violation of the law which requires that the names of the

printer and publisher shall appear on every printed work, this pamphlet revealed neither. Its contents were reprints of two meanly slanderous articles against us, from a London and a New York paper. The occasion to expose the dishonorable tactics of the enemy was so inviting that before beginning my lecture that afternoon at the Hindu College, I called attention to the pamphlet and denounced its authors in suitable terms. The blow recoiled upon the heads of our would-be assassins and our popularity was doubled. This is the sort of warfare that we have had to encounter throughout the whole period of our Indian work; and almost invariably the offenders have been Protestant missionaries.

On the next day occurred the ever-to-be-remembered incident of the planting of a cocoanut within the Temple compound, by our Buddhist delegation, as an act of religious amity and tolerance. The Nelliappa Pagoda, as it is called, is a very ancient stone structure with the usual pyramidal Gopurams carved to the summit with figures in high relief, and the covered stone ambulatories encircling the four sides. It was crowded to suffocation by a curious multitude when our procession reached there. Our order of formation was as follows: the frisky "Bob," wearing his Sinhalese comb and his hair in a big knot, appeared in the lead, carrying on his head his brass jar of water, with a ripe cocoanut resting on a bed of betel leaves on top; then the Temple band of musicians playing their loudest at our tympanums; then myself, followed by the three Sinhalese Buddhists; then a large body of notables, and some 1,500 people

bringing up the rear. We entered the Temple with flags flying and music playing amid a tumult of applause. Bob kept steadily on, and soon his shining jar seemed floating on a dark sea of humanity, as the crowd wedged in between him and ourselves. At last we struggled on to the platform prepared for us and mounted it. Five thousand people began shouting at once. Just a few yards back of us, in the open air, a hole had been dug for the nut, and it was covered over with an ornamental canopy. I held up my hand as the signal for silence, but as at least fifty or a hundred strong-lunged people began shouting to the rest to keep silence, it may be imagined what luck a speaker would have. When these shouters lost their voices, as many more took up the cries, and so it went on and on, until I thought I should have to give my address in pantomime; whereupon, comically enough, there came back to my memory the recollection of the fairy-like pantomimes of the Ravel Family which I had seen in boyhood! I tried to speak in the hope that when they saw my lips move and my body swaying, the crowd would give me a chance, but my bad throat compelled me to stop very soon. Then, when the case seemed hopeless, a light-skinned, intellectual-faced Brahmin, naked to the waist, arose in his place, towering above the squatting multitude, and, raising both arms full length above his head, pronounced the sacred salutation: "Hari, Hari Mahadeva-a-a!" The clear resonant sounds rolled far and wide, and silence fell upon the chattering multitude: I could even hear the sparrows twitter and the crows cawing outside. Instantly I began my

discourse and got through it more or less successfully. It was an appeal for religious tolerance and brotherly love, for their fraternal reciprocation of the good feeling which had brought over these Sinhalese, whose ancestors were Indians like theirs, and whose religious Teacher was recognized by them as one of the Avataras of Vishnu. It seemed to me I touched their hearts, for there were all the outward signs of friendliness. After I had finished, the Sinhalese chanted *Pirit*, benedictory verses in Pali, we four moved over to the place of planting, took the Ceylon cocoanut from its betel-leaf bed on the mouth of Bob's water jar, placed it properly in the ground, recited the *Mangalam* benediction, and then, sprinkling it with costliest rose-water given me by a Bengali friend for the express purpose, I christened the auspicious tree that was to be: "Kalpavriksha," after that wondrous tree of Paradise from whose all-supplying branches the happy ones may take whatsoever object their heart desires. A tempest of cheers and hand-clappings followed the completion of the ceremony, and we returned to our quarters, delighted with the day's successes. The next day we returned to Ceylon by the S.S. "Chanda" and I resumed my work for the Education Fund.

The ordinary steam-passenger sees little of the loveliness of Ceylon, although that little is calculated to whet his desire to see more. The drives about Colombo, the exquisite railway trip by the seashore to Mount Lavinia, and the climb by rail to Kandy and Nuwera Eliya are experiences never to be forgotten; but I have seen the Island thoroughly, have visited

almost every little village in the Maritime Provinces at all times of the year, and I can endorse every word of praise that Professor Ernst Hæckel has written about it as fully deserved. And I saw the people as they are, at their very best; full of smiles, and love, and hospitable impulse, and have been welcomed with triumphal arches, and flying flags, and wild Eastern music, and processions, and shouts of joy. Ah! lovely Lanka, Gem of the Summer Seas, how doth thy sweet image rise before me as I write the story of my experiences among thy dusky children, of my success in warming their hearts to revere their incomparable religion and its holiest Founder. Happy the karma which brought me to thy shores!

One of the most delightful of my trips of 1881 was that to the hill-district of Ratnapura (City of Gems), the country where the famed precious stones of Ceylon are dug, and where the lordly elephant rules the forest. The scenery is charming, the verdure that clothes the landscape is of that brilliant tint peculiar to the Tropics in the rainy season. The encircling hills are blue and misty in the clouds which float about their crests. As I strolled down the road that passes through the town I met a string of tamed elephants with their mahouts, and stopped them to pay them some agreeable civilities. I fed them with cocoanuts bought at a neighboring stall, and patted their trunks and spoke friendly to them after the fashion of the wise. It was interesting to see how they got at the contents of the hard-shelled fruit. Holding them in a curve of their trunks, they smashed them against a stone or laid them on the

ground and stepped on them just hard enough to break the shells. One cracked his against a stone, let the juice run into his proboscis, and then poured it into his mouth. A large beast is worth Rs. 1,000—say, rather more than £55 in our now degraded rupees. Feudalism still holds its own in the hill tracts of Ceylon, having hardly yet been extirpated with the change of Government from native to British rule.

I lectured first at the Dewali, a temple dedicated to one of the Indian "patron deities" of Ceylon. Iddamalgodde Basnayaki Nilami, a noble of the old regime, is the incumbent of this temple and derives from it a considerable income. These Dewalis, or Hindu shrines, one sees in many places actually adjoining the Buddhist Viharas and within the same compound (enclosure). They are an excrescence on pure Buddhism, left by the Tamil sovereigns of former days, and, for the most part, are handsomely endowed with fields and forests.

A *perehera*, or elephant procession, was a fine sight. Imagine fifteen or twenty of these huge beasts marching along, all decorated with rich trappings; tinsel covered carts; Buddhist priests in yellow robes, borne along in portable shrines, trying to look meek but really swelling with pride; devil dancers (*kappakaduwe*) in fantasic costumes, and wearing huge, hideous masks, and harlequins following after; the three *Nilamis*, or noble headmen, in carriages, and the rear brought up by a long procession of men carrying food in baskets slung to *pingoes*, flexible poles of elastic wood, such as are commonly employed for

carrying burthens: the whole wild scene lit up by torches innumerable, of dried cocoanut fronds, which burn with a bright glare that turns every dusky figure into a charming artist-model.

After breakfast the next morning we "went gemming," that is, to dig a little in a piece of ground that one Mr. Solomon Fernando had given me for what I could get out of it for the Fund. For the first and only time in my life I realized the gaming excitement of mining. The chances were even whether I should get nothing or turn over a sapphire worth £1,000. I handled the spade first myself, but the climate soon warned me to turn over the search to the hardy coolies who stood waiting. We dug a half hour, and got about a handful of sapphires, rubies, topazes, and imperfect cat's-eyes by washing the dirt. I took them away in high glee, fancying in my ignorance that the whole sum we needed for the Fund might perhaps be taken from this pit. Alas! when I had the gems appraised in Colombo, I found there was not a single stone of any commercial value in the lot. I never got anything at all from the pit, which was not the generous Mr. Fernando's fault. But I am wrong: I did get something later from him—a good *loupe*, or magnifying-glass, which he had cut for me from a pure rock crystal taken from my pit.

At 4 o'clock that day I spoke at the preaching-shed in the town and got Rs. 500 subscribed. But most of it is still unpaid; subscribing, for show, and paying, for conscience' sake, being two quite different affairs, as we found by sad experience in India as

well as in Ceylon. Stupid people, to believe in the law of Karma, and then break such voluntary contracts as these! They remind me of the Sinhalese folklore story of the dull-witted fellow who engaged a blacksmith to make him a knife, and cheated him by giving him soft iron instead of good metal!

A local Branch of the Society resulted from my visit to this town. Another lecture followed on the next day, and the five most important *Nilamis* and *Ratemahatmeyas*—chief officials—were admitted into the membership of the Society. A Baptist missionary, attended by a grinning black catechist, came to my lodgings for an intellectual wrestle with me upon the respective merits of Buddhism and Christianity. They retired sadder, if not wiser men, and made no converts that time. At 11 p.m. our party embarked in a paddy boat, a platform laid over two canoes, to descend the river to Kalutara, where we were to take train. The Captain proved a cheat and a traitor, for, although our bargain was for the exclusive occupancy of the boat, he let come aboard about twenty-five men, despite our remonstrances. Finding argument useless, I bade our friends remove our luggage, and, collaring the fellow, took him before a police magistrate, who was close at hand. Leaving him in custody we engaged another boat and pushed off at once. We learnt afterwards from an acquaintance who was on a third boat, that, tying up by the bank at a village down the river, he overheard the men on our first boat talking near him about the failure of their plot to rob me of the money I had collected at Ratnapura,

and, if necessary, dispatch me! It seems that these villains were notoriously bad characters from the Pettah of Colombo.

We spent the next day delightfully on the river, admiring the green banks, the luxuriant foliage, the bright-plumed birds, and the mountain chain with its ever-shifting tints. Our meals, cooked on board in the most primitive style, consisted of curry and rice, and were eaten off leaf-plates, with our fingers, in Eastern fashion. The night was lovely as Paradise, with first a blaze of stars and then the fairy moonlight, creating about us a dream-landscape and silver-paved stream. The jungle noises were most novel to me, a stranger, and so was a huge crawling animal we saw moving at the water's edge, which I took to be an alligator, but which proved to be a huge lizard, seemingly six feet long. We shot the rapids at one place, and enjoyed the excitement of watching to see if our frail craft should go to pieces and leave us floundering in the water. But our Captain proved a splendid helmsman, and his son, a handsome, well-shaped lad of 13 years, stuck to his bow-oar with cool courage, and we soon passed down to the calm water below. This boy was a wonder to me. He ate nothing but curry and rice, and had not got his growth, yet he plied the oar throughout the trip of fifty-seven miles, for twenty-two hours at a stretch, save occasional short reliefs, and was as fresh at the end as at the start. I thought it would be hard to find a Western youth who could equal that feat of endurance.

We had no cots or bunks to comfort us, but sat all day and slept all night on mats laid on the bamboo

deck, after a bone-crushing fashion which I prefer to leave to the reader's imagination rather than dwell too long upon details. I will only say that a night passed without a mattress, on a tiled roof, is luxury in comparison with it. We reached Kalutara before cockcrow the next morning, took train, and got back to Colombo, for early breakfast, tired enough.

As everybody knows, there is no caste in Buddhism; it is repugnant to its principles, and yet it is recognized, and tenaciously held to among the Sinhalese Buddhists. There are no Brahmins or Kshattriyas among them, the highest social division being that of the agriculturists called *Willallas*. This is but a superior grade of Sudras, yet they are the aristocrats of the Island. Below them, socially, are various subdivisions, also marked by their callings, such as peelers of cinnamon bark, fishermen, toddy-drawers, and others. It is stupid to a degree that they should stick to their old notions, but the social divisions have been accentuated under Hindu dynasties extending over centuries, and such fixed habits are hard to eradicate. My policy was, throughout, to ignore them; and the better to create a bond of sympathy among my colleagues in the interest of our work, I arranged with the intelligent leaders of the Colombo Buddhist T. S. for an anniversary dinner to celebrate the completion of its first year of existence. The function came off at our Colombo Headquarters on the evening of July 3rd, and 'was a delightful success. Fifty-seven of us sat at table regardless of castes, and good feeling prevailed. There were speeches in abundance, and the pleasant episode of presenting a diamond ring

to Mr. Wijeyesekara, the indefatigable Honorary Secretary. "The king of stones to the prince of secretaries," as I put it in my presentation speech on behalf of the subscribers. Liberal gifts of money were made for Branch expenses by members, and all went off so well that everybody felt as if the true spirit of Buddhism had descended upon us.

On 7th July I held a second Convention of priests of both sects, to take counsel as to the best way to push on our work. Sixty-seven of them attended as delegates, and the pleasing spectacle was seen of the members of the two sects eating together. This was an advance upon last year's Convention, when, as may be remembered, I had them fed in separate rooms. My Convocation address was very attentively listened to, as interpreted to them. I had had prepared a large map of the Western Province, showing the boundaries of the different *Korales* (townships?), with their respective populations, and advised them what to do. Approbative speeches were made by H. Sumangala, Waskaduwe Subhuti, and Megittuwatte—the latter, as usual, a splendid one, which warmed all hearts. Resolutions favoring my plans and pledging help were passed, and we adjourned in the best of spirits.

The religious agitation reached all classes, even penetrating into the jails. On 20th August I received a petition from the convicts in Wellikodde Jail, Colombo, to come with Megittuwatte and lecture to them on their religion, Buddhism. The monk, being a recognized religious teacher, required no special permit, but my case had to be referred to the

Colonial Secretary, who granted it after some hesitation. Our audience comprised two hundred and forty criminals, including murderers and those in for murderous assault. One bright-faced, innocent-looking lad of 14 had been implicated in nine murders; in his last case he had held the victim while his uncle stabbed him to death! The uncle and two accomplices made their living by highway robbery and murder. The lad would be set to watch passers along a certain road and give signals, when, if all were safe, the hidden assassins would come out and slay their victims, rob them, and bury their bodies in the jungle. The uncle was hung, the boy spared on account of his youth. I took as the text of my remarks—which were translated by Mr. C. P. Goonewardene—the legendary story of Angulimala, the robber and bandit, whom Lord Buddha converted and made into an exemplary man.

The report of this meeting spreading among the criminal classes, I was invited to lecture, on 25th September, to a group of a hundred convicts engaged in building the new Lunatic Asylum. Here, again, I had pointed out to me a boy murderer—a Muslim, who slew his man when only 10 years of age.

One efficient plan adopted for raising money was a house-to-house visitation in the crowded quarter of Colombo, the "Pettah". Mr. W. D'Abrew, Mr. J. R. De Silva, and other leading members of the Colombo T. S., took it up with great spirit, and achieved success. Their way was to go the length of one street at a time, with a cart filled with "penny savings-bank" earthen pots, to gather the inhabitants of a

dozen houses together, explain the objects of the fund, get each of them to take a pot and promise to put in the slot whatever sum they could spare. At the end of the month the Committee would come around again, break the pots, count the coppers, in the presence of the donors, enter the names and amounts in a register, and give fresh pots. In this simple way several hundred rupees were collected within the year. Large employers of coolie labor, like the stevedores, Messrs. Matthew and H. A. Fernando, would get donations from their men on pay-days, and, in various ways, goodwill was shown by the Buddhist public. A touching case of generosity was reported to me one evening, just before a Branch meeting. While the Committee were haranguing some householders in a certain street, a poor, tired-looking woman, miserably clad, was seen to be listening with rapt attention. Presently she turned away and entered a house, from which she soon reappeared, and, approaching the Committee, handed them a single rupee for the fund. Bashfully, and with tearful eyes, she said that she gained her livelihood by grinding rice for another poor woman who sold *āppas*—the species of girdle-cakes I have mentioned above; her husband—a cartman—was laid up and unable to work; she had been saving up coppers of the smallest denomination, during the last six months, to buy herself a decent cloth; but she felt it was much better for her to help this noble object of the fund than to keep the money for herself; she would wear her old, torn garment another half-year. The story brought the tears to my eyes when I heard

it. In the course of the evening, I addressed the Branch about this modern instance of "the widow's mite," and said: "Gentlemen, this poor woman has earned her good Karma by her pious deeds; now let us earn the same by relieving her distress." I threw a rupee on the floor and invited others to do the same. Thirty rupees were soon gathered, and I bade the Committee find the woman and give her the sum. Some time after that, I had her brought to Widyodaya College, to a lecture of mine, and made her sit quietly near the platform, on which were gathered the High Priest and many other monks. In appealing to the large audience for funds, I said that certain gentlemen —naming them—had given 500, 250, 100, and other sums of rupees out of their abundance, but I would now show them a person who had given more than them all combined. Then I told the story and called the woman on to the platform. She was greeted with thunders of applause, and we got a large subscription that day for educational purposes.

A second Convention of monks was held by me that year at Galle. There were ninety-seven delegates, and the High Priest, Sumangala, and Rev. Bulātgama were the chief speakers. The object of the meeting was to lay out a programme for the next year's work, which was to be this time confined to the Southern Province. Upon counting up, at the close, it was found that fifty-two lectures had been bespoken, five more than I had given that year in the Western Province. A committee of twelve influential priests was chosen to co-operate with the lay members of the Galle T. S., for getting up the lectures

and fixing a time-table. After a two days' session the Convention adjourned. The Trust Deed and other legal papers having—after the most vexatious and unnecessary delays and impediments—been executed, and all other business closed up, I sailed for Bombay on 13th December.

It is my pleasant duty to state that, throughout these subsequent nineteen years, a certain number of the members of the Colombo Branch have applied themselves to the onerous task of keeping alive the Buddhist movement, with unflagging conscientiousness. When one realizes their inexperience in the management of public business unconnected with Governmental supervision; their infirmities of temperament, due to an enervating climate and to centuries of national disorder and the exclusion of the ancestors of most of them from public responsibilities, the embarrassing and unprecedented relation of the laity with the priesthood, in this religious and educational movement, the well-nigh irrepressible friction of caste, and the suspicion which many uneducated and unenlightened men feel towards foreigners, who are at the same time whites, one should rather wonder at the tenacity shown in pure altruistic work, than be surprised and shocked at faults that have cropped up in the course of events. For my part, I have never changed one iota in my first estimate of the Sinhalese, nor in my brotherly affection for them; and I feel heartily grateful when I see how this reborn religious sentiment has struck its roots deep into the heart of the nation, and how highly encouraging are the prospects for the future. Our Society Branches have, with

a few exceptions, been inert and useless as centres of Theosophy, but all have the right to take credit for a great total of work done along philanthropical lines. My Western Province tour of 1881 was mismanaged, weeks of my time were frittered away, a mere fraction of the money subscribed on paper was collected; yet, in the long run, all has turned out for the best, and in reviewing the history of that year I have no reproaches to make against those who did their best according to their lights.

On 19th December I reached home and was joyously welcomed by our Headquarters group, whom I found in good health. Things in my absence had gone on in their usual way, the circulation of the *Theosophist* and the volume of our correspondence had increased, and all was peace. But a rude shock awaited me. *H. P. B. conveyed to me a most kind message from the Masters about my success in Ceylon, seeming to have completely forgotten the angry threats and even written declaration that the Society would be abandoned by them if I went there, and that neither with them nor with her would I have any further relations.* Thenceforward, I did not love or prize her less as a friend and a teacher, but the idea of her infallibility, if I had ever entertained it even approximately, was gone for ever.

CHAPTER XXII

FROM BOMBAY NORTHWARD AND BACK

A NUMBER of phenomena occurred at our house during the first week in January, 1882, upon which I shall not dwell, as the details have all been published and doubt has been cast upon the genuineness of some. My rule has ever been, throughout my forty years of psychological researches, to eliminate all incidents which appeared to me tainted with the least suspicion of bad faith: I wish to count only those which have, to my mind, the stamp of genuineness. I may be deceived, often, but I try to be honest.

An early incident of the year was the arrival at Bombay, on a round-the-world tour, of the late Mr. D. M. Bennett, Editor of the *Truthseeker*. He came on the 10th of January, and was met on board his steamer, the P. and O. "Cathay," by. K. M. Shroff (the Parsi gentleman who lectured in the States), Damodar, and myself. Mr. Bennett was a medium-sized stout man, with a big head, a high forehead, brown hair, and blue eyes. He was a very interesting and sincere person, a Free-thinker who had suffered a year's imprisonment for his bitter—often coarse—attacks upon Christian dogmatism. A sham case was manufactured against him by an unscrupulous detective of a Christian Society at New York,

who ordered of him, under an assumed name, a copy of a popular work on sexual physiology, which Mr. Bennett supplied in his capacity of bookseller, without having even read it. A prosecution was then begun against him for circulating indecent books through the post, and an evidently prejudiced judge and jury condemned him to prison. The animus and trickery were identical with those of the bigots who prosecuted Mrs. Besant and Mr. Bradlaugh in the matter of the Knowlton pamphlet. He was made to serve out his whole term of one year, despite the fact that a petition, signed by 100,000 persons, was sent to President Hayes on his behalf. When he was discharged, a monster audience welcomed him enthusiastically at the most fashionable public hall in New York, and a fund was subscribed to pay his expenses on a world-round tour of observation of the practical working of Christianity in all lands. The record of his observations was embodied in an interesting work, entitled *A Free-thinker's Journey around the World*. His shrewd and sarcastic notes on Palestine are especially striking.

In conversation, I learnt from him that both he and his wife had been members of the Shaker Society; he, for a number of years. His religious yet eclectic mind had revolted against the narrowness and intolerance of the Shakers and of Christian sectarians in general; he and the gentle Shakeress in question decided to marry and make a home of their own; they left the Community; he devoted himself to the study of Christian evidences; became a confirmed skeptic, and, after some years in mercantile business, devoted

the rest of his life to a vigorous Free-thought propaganda. There was a candor and friendliness about the man which made us sympathize at once. *The Occult World* of Mr. Sinnett had just appeared, and Mr. Bennett read it with avidity: in fact, he made very extensive quotations from it in his journal and in his new book. A full discussion about our views with H. P. B. and myself led him to apply for membership, and this put me into the dilemma which I have frequently described, orally and in writing, but which should not be omitted from my present historical sketch, as the case teaches a lesson too much needed by us all.

A blatant theological Boanerges, named Cook—Joseph Cook, the *Reverend* Joseph Cook, to be exact—a burly man who seemed to believe in the Trinity—with himself as the Third Person—happened at Bombay on a lecturing tour, simultaneously with Mr. Bennett's arrival, and was "boomed" by the Anglo-Indian public. Their journals did their best for him, and used the story of Mr. Bennett's martyrdom as a trump card, denouncing him as a corrupter of public morals and a jail-bird whom decent people should avoid. The Christ-like Joseph opened the ball at his first lecture at the town hall, and committed the blind folly of equally denouncing us, Theosophists, as adventurers, in the hearing of a large audience of Hindus and Parsis, who loved and knew us after two whole years of intercourse. The clue thus given to the hostile Press caused them to attack and revile Mr. Bennett to such an extent that I hesitated to take him into membership, for fear that

it might plunge us into another public wrangle, and thus interfere with our aim of peacefully settling down to our proper business of Theosophical study and propaganda. It was an instinct of worldly prudence, certainly not chivalric altruism, and I was punished for it, for, on expressing my views to H. P. B., she was overshadowed by a Master who told me my duty and reproached me for my faulty judgment. I was bidden to remember how far from perfect I had been when they accepted my offer of service at New York, how imperfect I was still, and not venture to sit as a judge over my fellow-man; to recall that, in the present instance, I knew that the applicant had been made the scapegoat of the whole anti-Christian party, and richly deserved all the sympathy and encouragement we could give him. I was sarcastically told to look through the whole list of our members and point out a single one without faults. That was enough; I returned to Mr. Bennett, gave him the Application blank to sign, and H. P. B. and I became his sponsors. I then turned upon our reverend slanderer and defied him to meet me in public on a given date, and make good his false charges against us. Swāmi Dayānand Sarasvati—then in Bombay—also challenged him on behalf of the Vedic Religion, and Mr. Bennett on his own account. The Swāmi and I received shifty replies, but Mr. Bennett's note went unanswered. Mr. Cook's excuse was that he had to go to Poona. Captain A. Banon, F.T.S., 39th N.I., who was with us at the time, sent him a challenge to meet us at Poona, with notice that if he again evaded us, he—the Captain—should post him as a liar and a

coward. We held the meeting at Framji Cowasji Hall, Bombay, on the evening designated in our challenges; Mr. Bennett, Captain Banon, and I made addresses; I had Damodar read some certificates of our good character and of my public services in America, and the packed multitude, which crammed every inch of room and the approaches to the Hall, thundered their approval of our conduct. The next evening H. P. B., Banon, and I went on to Poona, only to find Mr. Cook had fled to the other side of India without filling his engagement with the Poona public!

The following day I lectured at Hirabagh, in the town hall, to so large an audience that the room would not hold them, and we had to adjourn to the open air. We stopped four days at Poona, during which time there was another lecture again at the same place, and we formed the Poona T. S., which still exists under the same President, Judge N. D. Khandalavālā, whose name is familiar to all our Branches throughout the world as one of our ablest and staunchest associates. We then returned to Bombay. In due course, Mr. Bennett was formally admitted to our membership, in company with the late Professor J. Smith, M.L.C., C.M.G., of Sydney University, and a young Hindu gentleman of Bombay.

On 12th January (1882), the seventh anniversary of the T. S. was celebrated at Framji Cowasji Hall, in presence of one of our usual monster audiences. Blackguard handbills had been freely circulated to try and do us some harm, but the most cordial

and sympathetic spirit prevailed throughout the meeting. Mr. Sinnett was present and spoke, and the other speakers, besides myself, were Moorad Ali Beg, and Messrs. D. M. Bennett and K. M. Shroff; all receiving great applause. Damodar read the Treasurer's Report, which very completely vindicated H. P. B. and myself from the low calumny that we were running the Society for personal profit. I have a Diary note of a few days later, stating that Mr. Shroff brought us word that the meeting had done us great service in bringing around public sympathy to our side.

I note, among several phenomena occurring in those days, one which I think good. Damodar received four letters by one post which contained Mahatmic writing, as we found on opening them. They were from four widely separated places and all post-marked. I handed the whole mail to Professor Smith, with the remark that we often found such writings inside our mail correspondence, and asked him to kindly examine each cover to see whether there were any signs of its having been tampered with. On his returning them to me with the statement that all were perfectly satisfactory, so far as could be seen, I asked H. P. B. to lay them against her forehead and see if she could find any Mahatmic message in either of them. She did so with the first few that came to hand, and said that in two there was such writing. She then read the messages clairvoyantly, and I requested Professor Smith to open them himself. After again closely scrutinizing them, he cut open the covers, and we all saw and read the

messages exactly as H. P. B. had deciphered them by clairvoyant sight.

Within the next fortnight we saw much of Prince Harisinhji, Prince Dajiraj, Thakur Sahib of Wadhwan, the Thakur of Morvi, and other notables, and there were numerous phenomena in the way of letter-dropping from the ceilings of rooms, and once from the open sky, when we were in the garden. They have been described before, and will be found copied in *The Occult World*.

On 14th February I delivered, in the town hall, Bombay, in presence of an overflowing audience of Parsis, and with Mr. Nanabhai Byramji Jeejeebhoy, one of their most distinguished personages, in the chair, a prepared lecture on "The Spirit of the Zoroastrian Religon"[1] (vide *Theosophy, Religion, and Occult Science*, London, George Redway, 1882), in which I endeavored to show its highly spiritual character, and its identity with Hinduism and Buddhism in the matter of Yoga-training and the awakening of spiritual powers in man. The approbation of the audience was shown in a way to convince us all that the discourse was satisfactory. At the close, some interesting and kindly remarks were made by the Chairman, and by Mr. K. R. Cama and Ervad Dastur Jivanji J. Modi, the learned Orientalists. A subscription paper was subsequently circulated among the Parsis, and 20,000 copies of the lecture were printed in English and a Guzerati translation—a gratifying compliment. I must say for myself, that I only consented to prepare the discourse after I had vainly

[1] Published in pamphlet form by T.P.H.

tried to persuade Mr. Cama to do it, for I thought it somewhat presumptuous for an outsider to handle so great a subject, with so little material available for quotation. In fact, I believe the Zoroastrian religion had never been discussed from the same standpoint before. The comments of the Parsi Press were various; some very favorable, some the reverse. But it happened that the adverse criticisms were all from Editors who prided themselves upon their "reformatory" principles, and were out of sympathy with Zoroastrian orthodoxy: in short, they were Freethinkers, believing nothing in either spirit or Yoga, and the chief among them regarding the legends of their great priest-adepts of old as fairy-tales and childish nonsense. Of course, from such critics, we had nothing good to hope. To this day they are hostile, but we manage somehow to get on very well without their praise: there are more Parsi members of the T. S. now than ever before, and the Bombay T. S. is almost wholly composed of those excellent people and staunch friends.

A long tour to the North was my next important work of that season. With Pandit Bhawani Shunker as a companion, I left Bombay on 17th February, by train. H. P. B., Damodar, Shroff, and a large number of other members came to the station to see us off. Passing by Mount Abu, the sacred Jain mountain with its bare, rugged, splintered crests, and through "Malwa's fields of sleep," or poppy districts, we reached Jeypore on the second morning. The usual compliments of limes and garlands were given us at the station, and we were installed at the very

comfortable rest-house in this most bright and attractive of Indian cities. I lectured at the Maharajah's College, in a spacious quadrangle, from a platform under a great red canopy, to a large audience. There were 900 students in the College, two-thirds of them Hindus and one-third Mussulmans: there is also a separate school for young nobles. I was shown the College Library, and, being asked to make a note in the visitors' register, wrote: "This is a good Missionary Library": which it was; some Padre, having been entrusted with the book selection, filled the shelves with the driest, stupidest, most namby-pamby works on Christian Theology. I thought it a petty swindle.

The Jeypore Branch T. S. was formed on the next day with respectable officers and members.

Passing on to Delhi, whence I enjoyed my first view of the architectural wonders created by the Mohammedan Emperors of the past, and the picturesque Chandni Chowk boulevard, I lectured as usual and formed many notable acquaintances. It was while strolling along this street and noticing the imprints of Urdu seals at the doors of the seal-engravers' shops, that I was struck with the resemblance they bore to the cryptographic signature of one of our Mahatmas, and, for the mere whim of it, ordered a common brass seal (price 4d.) engraved with it, to show H. P. B. on my return. I had no ulterior purpose whatever, and as it turned out, it was a stupid mistake, for one may imagine my resentment when, many years later, I saw candle-smoke impressions of this wretched object affixed

to palpably bogus Mahatmic notes and letters sent out by the late Mr. Judge. How the wretched seal got into his possession I do not know, but when we met in London, in 1894, he told me that it was no longer in existence, and he hoped that would pacify me. On seeing an imprint of the seal on a false message, I had written him that, if I found that any scoundrel was using it for evil purposes, I should denounce the fraud and publish in the *Theosophist* a facsimile of the seal. He advised me, in reply, not to do so, because the public would believe me *particeps criminis*; to which I wrote that I did not care in the least what might be said about me, as I was perfectly innocent of wrong and my conscience would support me: but expose the swindle I certainly should. I have his letters on this subject, and suppose that mine to him are among his papers.

At Meerut and Bareilly, the next towns on my programme, the routine of lecturing and Branch-forming was repeated. At Rohilkhund Institute the subject of my discourse was a brass dinner-plate, a queer selection one would say, but it was provoked by the following incident. Here, as everywhere else, I was treated with the greatest kindness and respect by my Indian friends: they provided me with a furnished house, and had a Brahmin cook to prepare my food, which I ate off a brass plate. On the day of the lecture three or four of them were standing about, watching me eat with my fingers in the ancient fashion. They had paid me so many compliments that I was tempted to give them a lesson, so I quietly asked them what they should do

with that plate when I had gone. They blushed, and were too embarrassed to speak. I said: "Don't hesitate to tell the truth. I know what you will do. The plate will either be given to the scavenger or passed through fire to purify it before any of you Brahmins can touch it. Why is this? See that cook's filthy cloth and his generally untidy appearance, and say if I am not less likely to defile the plate than he." They hung their heads, not wishing to be impolite to their guest, but one of them finally said: "We don't know the real reason why, but only that it is so inculcated in our Shastras." "Very well, then," I said; "I shall take this plate as my text this evening and explain the mystery." So I did, discoursing upon the nature of the human aura, the theory of gradual purification by Yoga, and the theoretical state of spiritual refinement at which the true Brahmin arrives. I showed them how their custom of eating separately, father not touching son, brother brother, nor relative relative, while at meals, was strictly based on this theory of individual development as opposed to the collective one of the family, and that as electricity and magnetism are transmitted by conductors from one object to another, so, if an advanced Brahmin should touch a person less pure, he risked contamination of the aura and consequent injury to himself. The mistake made in these spiritually degenerate days, I said, was to suppose that because an unwashed person happened to have been born a Brahmin he must, of necessity, have a less polluting touch than a cleanly white person. Of caste, only the bare name now survives,

and that is usually an obstruction and a nuisance to all concerned. It should either be restored to its pristine value and utility or thrown aside as a worn-out vestment. I find, by my Diary, that I employed pictures of Hindu gods to exemplify the esoteric meaning of their quaint shapes and multiple symbols.

At Lucknow I saw the battered Residency, which withstood the five months' siege by the swarming thousands of Sepoy rebels, thanks to the heroic bravery and dauntless fortitude of its small, ill-fed, ill-armed garrison. I saw the cellars where 250 women and children lived throughout that fearful time, and where most were heroines and some died of fright.

Among the new members of our local Branch were some Princes of the Oudh Royal Family—Mohammedans—who were flatly charged with having apostatized from Islam and adopted the new religion of Theosophy! My lecture was given in the Baradari, or Hall of the Twelve Columns, a spacious structure standing in the late King's pleasaunce or Kaiserbagh, where he used to waste his useless life in sensual revels of naked women and love-dramas and songs. He must have been a beast.

To Cawnpore next, the ever-memorable scene of the brutal massacres of the Rebellion. A new Branch here, and two lectures, and then on to Allahabad and the perennially charming Sinnetts. There were meetings of Theosophists and lectures and some phenomena at Mr. Sinnett's house, which I shall not dwell upon. I sent Bhavani Shunker back to Bombay and went on myself to Behar and Bengal.

Berhampore, once the centre of military and political activity in the Company days, has always been one of the best working nuclei of the Theosophical movement. The late Babu Nobin K. Bannerji, his colleagues Dinanath Ganguly, Satcory Mukerji, and some others, possessed the two elements of success for any public movement—perfect conviction and perfect zeal. Their names figure conspicuously in our Society's Indian history. A great fuss was made over my visit, and yet they seemed to think they had failed to show me enough respect. A Rajah's carriage, with driver and footmen in gaudy liveries, came many miles to meet me on the other side of the Ganges and drive me to Berhampore; at the seven-mile post a guard of honor of red-coated sowars met and closed in behind the carriage; in the town I had to pass between two rows of saluting Sepoys, silver-sticks-in-waiting, and all sorts of more or less decorative flunkeys from the palace; there were double lines of pennons fluttering from lance-staffs; my quarters gay with bunting and greenery, and every sort of worldly flim-flam that is farcically supposed to administer to the pleasure and complacency of public men.

Besides seeing my dear colleagues I had the honor and profit of becoming acquainted with Babu Ram Das Sen, the Oriental scholar and valued correspondent of the chief European Orientalists, who also joined our Society and remained its friend until his premature death.

Calcutta was my final stage on this roundabout tour of 1882. I was first entertained there by my

excellent friends Colonel and Mrs. Gordon, and, later, by the Maharajah, Sir Jotendro Mohun Tagore, the premier Indian noble of the Metropolis. At the Gordons' happened the famous phenomenon of the dropping of letters from the medium Eglinton, and H. P. B., out of the air. All the details were published at the time by Mrs. Gordon, and may be read by everybody who chooses.

A few days later I accepted the invitation of Maharajah Sir Jotendro Mohun Tagore, and became his guest at his palatial Guest-House (Boituckhana) for the remainder of my stay in Calcutta. This gentleman is one of the courtliest, most cultured, and estimable friends I have ever known. He fills a great position with perfect dignity and graciousness. I have enjoyed his hospitality several times; once along with H. P. B., and once with Mrs. Besant and Countess Wachtmeister.

The first four days of April were devoted to writing my lecture on "Theosophy the Scientific Basis of Religion," as I could find time in the intervals of other engagements. On the 4th, the Maharajah held a reception for me, to make me acquainted with the chief Indian gentlemen of the city. On the 5th, my lecture was given at the town hall to a tremendous audience: the larger, I fancy, because of the publication in the unfriendly local journals of the then recent savage and unprovoked attack on us by Swāmi Dayānand Saraswati. Such attempts at injuring our cause have invariably recoiled on their authors. The beloved Bengali author and philanthropist, the late Babu Peary Chand Mittra, was my Chairman.

H. P. B. joined me the next day at the Boituckhana, and that evening, at the same place, we organized the Bengal Theosophical Society, one of our best known Branches, with Babu Peary Chand Mittra as President, Babu Norendranath Sen as Secretary, and Babu Balai Chand Mullick as Treasurer. For many years now, Norendra Babu has been the President, and may almost be said to have done most of the public work of the Branch himself, in his capacity of Editor of the *Indian Mirror*; for the public has been kept fully advised by him of every important event in the history of our movement, and his brave appeals have done much towards bringing about the Hindu revival in Bengal; which is a well-known and universally admitted fact.

On the 9th of the month, I went in company with Mrs. Gordon to the garden-house of Babu Janaki Nath Ghosal, a very influential Bengali gentleman, and admitted into membership his ideally beautiful wife —daughter of the venerable Debendra Nath Tagore, associate-founder, with the late Rajah Rammohun Roy, of the famed Brahmo Samaj. Mrs. Ghosal, besides being a Peri for beauty, is also one of the brightest intellects of the day, and her children inherit her talents. Along with her, I admitted three other Indian ladies. This sounds simple enough to Western people, but they should recollect that since the days of Mussulman supremacy the high-born ladies of Bengal have been secluded behind the *purdah*, or entrance-door curtain of the Zenana, the Brahmo ladies alone excepted, and the fact of my being admitted so often as I have, into the family privacy,

is a striking proof of the kindly light in which I am regarded by the Hindus.

H. P. B. and I stopped in town until the 19th (April), busy as working bees, writing, receiving visitors, holding discussions with outsiders, and meetings of the new local Branch. I see that on the 14th there was a recast of officers, the new list being as follows: *President*, Peary Chand Mittra; *Vice-Presidents*, Dijendra Nath Tagore and Raja Syama Shankar Roy; *Secretary and Treasurer*, Norendranath Sen; *Assistant Secretaries*, Balai Chand Mullick and Mohini Mohun Chatterji.

We embarked on the 19th for Madras, but the "India" lay at the wharf all night taking in cargo, and what with this awful din, the scorching heat of the cabins and the mosquitoes, one may imagine the kind of night we spent and the kind of temper H. P. B. was in, the next morning! We had our first chance to learn by personal experience the dangers and difficulties of the navigation of the Hughli River, but, after anchoring for the night, we got to sea on the 20th and headed for Madras.

We reached that port on the 23rd at 11 a.m., but got a message from T. Subba Row asking us to stop aboard until 4 p.m., for which hour a formal reception had been arranged. We did as requested, and, on landing, were greeted by the principal Indian gentlemen of Madras and a large crowd of sightseers. We enjoyed the breezy drive along the beach road—the best in India—and were lodged in the bungalow of the late Sir T. Madhava Row in the suburb of Mylapore. Our old Sinhalese colleague, Mr. W. D'Abrew,

was with us. At the house an extremely well-worded address signed by the best known Indian gentlemen of the place, and bound as a book in red morocco, was read to us by the Hon. Mir Humayun Jah, a representative of the Mysore ex-royal family of Tippoo Sultan, who then garlanded us in the customary Eastern fashion. My reply was warmly received. Our time was crowded with engagements, during the next succeeding days, with visitors and receptions of candidates into membership; among the latter, T. Subba Row, whom I had to admit alone in private, for some unfathomable reason of mystery; the venerable philanthropist and statesman, Dewan Bahadur R. Raghoonath Row; Judge P. Sreenivas Row, Judge G. Muthuswamy Chetty (also of the Court of Small Causes) and his sons, and, in fact, most of the leading men of Madras of Asiatic race. The community seemed caught by a wave of enthusiasm for the time being, and it was not strange that we two should have believed it would last, but time dispelled the illusion. Shortly afterward the Cosmopolitan Club, with lounging, reading, and billiard rooms, was started, and our excited friends gradually left metaphysics and Yoga philosophy for the elevating game of pool and the mental pabulum of the newspaper files. However, for a time our rose-garden bloomed and we inhaled the sweet odors of compliment. So great was the rush for membership that I had to admit the candidates *en bloc*, and I have an entry to the effect that I took in one party of twenty-two on the roof-terrace in the moonlight. Of course we had to state the

case of Theosophy before the general public, and so, on 26th April (1882) I lectured at Pachaiappah's Hall on "The Common Foundation of Religions," to a crushing multitude that made the Trustees dubious about the safety of the building, the public hall being in the first story, up a long flight of steps. The same question has arisen many times since, I am happy to say, for our public meetings have always overcrowded the building. H. P. B. and Abrew were on the platform beside me; she, the cynosure of all eyes. The next evening a lot of twenty-one more candidates were accepted, and after the ceremony, the Madras Theosophical Society came into being, with R. Raghoonath Row as President, and T. Subba Row as Secretary. The former used his best endeavors to make it a useful Branch, but he was not well seconded by the latter, who was a most indolent executive officer.

On the 30th of the month H. P. B. took a party of seventeen of us, including T. Subba Row, the Dewan Bahadur, and myself, to Tiruvellum, once a very holy place, owing to the great souls who lived—and some still live, as it is alleged—there. A procession, with music and flowers, met and escorted us from the station to the place assigned for our lodging. We were particularly anxious to visit the sanctuary of the temple, but, as the sordid Brahmins in charge demanded a bonus of Rs. 25, we felt so disgusted that we refused to go into the polluted shrine, and returned the same day to Madras.

A second lecture being on the programme for the next day, the Dewan Bahadur and his associate

committee-men tried to prevent a repetition of the crush of the first day by charging for reserved seats, the proceeds to go to some charity. On reaching Pachaiappah's Hall, however, we had great trouble to push our way from the door to the stage through the packed crowd, while the poor Dewan Bahadur, albeit one of the most honored personages in Madras, was so jammed into a corner that, instead of constraining the audience to go hither or thither, he was obliged to call for the help of my square shoulders and muscular strength to rescue him from his plight.

We began, the next day, a journey by canal in a house-boat, which may as well be described in a separate chapter.

CHAPTER XXIII

A HOUSE-BOAT JOURNEY WITH H. P. B.

In all our years of intercourse H. P. B. and I had never been so closely drawn together as on this boat-journey on the Buckingham Canal—a famine-relief work that fed thousands of starving peasants during a tragical epoch of the Duke of Buckingham's Governorship o Madras. Hitherto we had lived and worked in the company of third parties, whereas now we two were alone in a *budgerow*, or small house-boat, with our servant Babula and the cooly crew as our sole companions while the craft was in motion. Our quarters were cramped enough, to be sure. At either side of the small cabin was a locker covered with a mattress; the lid arranged to lift on hinges, the inside forming a huge chest for storage of one's effects. Between the two lockers—each

A bed by night, a chest of drawers by day—

was a portable table which, when not in use, could be folded up and hung from the ceiling. A lavatory a small pantry with shelves, a cooking platform outside, behind, with a broken earthen pot-bottom, laid on sand, for fire-place, and some few indispensable cooking utensils, a large jar for drinking water, and our camp table-furniture completed our domestic

arrangements and sufficed for our wants. When a fair wind blew, a sail was raised and we glided before it; when adverse, the coolies jumped ashore, and, with the tow-line passed over their shoulders, dragged us along at the rate of perhaps three miles an hour. In another boat followed some of our best and kindest Madras colleagues, among them that golden-hearted old man, P. Iyaloo Naidu, Retired Deputy Collector, whose acquaintanceship was a privilege, whose friendship an honor. Our destination was the town of Nellore, a two-days' journey by water.

As we had not started until 7 p.m. (3rd May, 1882), and the moon was almost full, it was a sort of fairy voyage we were making on the waveless silvery water. No sound broke the silence, after once leaving the city limits, save the occasional yelps of a pack of jackals, the low murmur of our boat-coolies' voices, talking together, and the lap-lap-lapping of the water against the boat. In place of glass sashes, there were hinged venetian blinds, with hooks to fasten them to the overhead deck-beams at pleasure, and through these a gentle night breeze blew cool, and brought us the smell of wet rice-fields. My colleague and I sat, enchanted with the scene and refreshed by the grateful and unaccustomed rest from our life of excitement and publicity. We talked but little, being under the witchery of the night, and went to our beds with the certainty of a refreshing sleep.

Wafted along by the breeze of the (S.W.) monsoon, our boat sailed steadily throughout the night, and morning found us well on our way. At an early hour we tied up at the bank, for the coolies to build their fire and

cook their curry and rice; our people in the other boat joined us, I went for a swim, and Babula cooked us a capital breakfast, which our colleagues, because of their caste prohibitions, could not share. Then on once more, the boats as noiseless as spectres. H. P. B. and I occupied the whole day with arrears of correspondence and editorial writing for the *Theosophist*, with occasional breaks for conversation. Of course, the one theme for us was the condition and prospects of our Society, and the probable ultimate effect on contemporary public opinion of the Eastern ideas we were spreading. In this respect we were optimists in the same degree, no shadow of doubt or difference crossing either of our minds. It was this ever-potent, overmastering feeling of confidence that made us so indifferent to calamities and obstacles which might have otherwise brought us to a stand-still fifty times during our career. It may not be gratifying to some of our present colleagues, yet it is strictly true, that our forecasts dealt with the coloring of modern thought with Theosophical ideas far more than with the possible extension of the Society throughout the world; of that, we had practically no expectation. As, when leaving New York for Bombay, we did not even dream that the Society might cover India and Ceylon with Branches, so now, on that silently moving boat, we gave no thought to the possibility of its creating a popular agitation that would plant its branches and create its centres of propaganda throughout America and Europe, to say nothing of Australasia, Africa, and the Far East. Why should we? To whom could we look then? Where were the giants fit to

carry such a heavy load on their shoulders? This was but in 1882, remember, and outside Asia there were but three Branches of the T. S. in existence (not counting the New York centre, which had not been reorganized). The London Lodge and the Corfu (Ionian) Branch were inert bodies. Mr. Judge was away in South America for a Silver-mining Company (I believe I am right about the date), and nothing like an active propaganda had been organized in the United States. We two old people in the boat were practically managing the thing alone, and our field was the East; and as H. P. B. showed no more prophetic gift than myself at the time, we talked and worked and built our foundations for the great future that neither of us foresaw.

How many of the present multitude of Fellows of the Society would give almost anything to have had the close intimacy I enjoyed with my friend on that boat journey! What made it all the pleasanter and more profitable was that she was in good health and spirits, and there was nothing to mar the charm of our companionship; otherwise, I might almost as well have been a cage-companion of a hungry lioness at the Zoo; one of us must certainly have gone ashore and walked, or shifted into Iyaloo Naidu's tender! Dear, lamented friend, companion, colleague, teacher, chum: none could be more exasperating at her worst times, none more lovable and admirable at her best. I believe we have worked in lives before, I believe we shall work in lives to come, for the good of mankind. This open page of my Diary, with its but few fragmentary notes, brings back to memory one

of the most delightful episodes of the Theosophical movement, and I see a picture of H. P. B. in her shabby wrapper, sitting on her locker opposite me, smoking cigarettes, her huge head with its brown crinkled hair bent over the page she was writing on, her forehead full of wrinkles, a look of introverted thought in her light blue eyes, her aristocratic hand driving the pen swiftly over the lines, and no sound to be heard save the liquid music of ripples against the boat's sides, or the occasional rub of a cooly's naked foot on the roof above us, as he moved to tighten a rope or obey some order of the helmsman.

The next evening at 5 o'clock we reached a place called Muttukur, where we landed to go overland to Nellore, a distance of fifteen miles. Our round of bustle recommenced. A large delegation was waiting for us: we were conducted to a tent where refreshments were offered, and our hands and necks were soon full of fragrant flowers. An Address of Welcome was responded to, and in due time we found ourselves in a light phaeton with coolies for horses. Lithe, active fellows, they ran us along so as to cover the distance within three hours. A certain weird interest attaches to them, as they are a tribe of ancient origin called "Anadhis," who are hereditary serpent-charmers and extirpators. People who wish to sleep safe in their beds without the thought of snakes getting into their rooms, call an Anadhi and he walks round and round the house, repeating charms and setting up some enchanted stick or other fetish, after which no serpent will venture to trouble the inmates. Our friends declared this to be a well-known fact,

and on their authority alone I give it record. I was told a thing worth knowing by travellers and hunters who have to camp out in snaky localities. It was this, that a serpent *will not pass over a rope of horse-hair*, and that perfect immunity may be obtained from their visits by laying such a horsehair rope around one's house, tent, or whole camp. My informants did not know whether this is attributable to the roughness of the prickly rope hurting the snake's tender skin, or to some magnetic (auric) or other occult property of the hair being antipathetic to the reptile. However, that doesn't so much matter as the fact itself, if true.

We got to Nellore at 11 p.m., and received an ovation. A splendid house had been fitted up for our party; there were many flowers, and decorative greenery, and, late as was the hour, I had to reply to two addresses—one in Sanskrit, the other in English, after which we were allowed to go to our beds, tired out. A lecture was given the next day; the following one was devoted to editorial work and admissions to membership; in the evening a delegation of the most learned Pandits of the district came and put us questions; and at 11 p.m. we formally organized the Nellore T. S. A second lecture on 9th May, more admissions of candidates, and more writing finished up our business at Nellore, and we then moved on to a canal station called Mypaud, whither the boat had been taken to save eighteen miles of canal travelling. Our writing and talks were now resumed and in due course we got to Padaganjam, the limit of canal navigation in the hot season, and the place

whence, to proceed on to Guntur, our Ultima Thule, we had to take palanquins and *jampans*, or carried chairs. They did not turn up until the following day, and as the coolies had to rest, we did not start until just before sunset.

Our caravan consisted of four palanquins and one jampan, which, added to the baggage-porters, made our coolies number fifty-three persons. We soon came to a ford where a river had to be crossed, and the performance made me laugh heartily and H. P. B. to swear. The water was so deep that, to keep our palanquin floors dry, the bearers had to balance the thick poles on their heads, to lift us high enough. Before entering the water they stripped naked, all but their *langooti*, or breech-clout. Picking their steps with greatest caution and sounding with their staves, they went in deeper and deeper until the water came up to their armpits. I politely led the way so that H. P. B. might know if I was drowned, and turn back. It was a ticklish experience to sit there motionless, so as not to destroy the balance of the round pole resting on my six coolies' heads, and, fancy what a mess I and my papers would be in if one of the men made a mis-step; however, one travels to gain experience, so I lay on my back as still as possible. When in mid-stream I began to hear the sound of a familiar voice from the next palanquin, and presently H. P. B. began shouting at me that these men would surely upset her. I shouted back that it didn't matter, as she was too fat to sink and I should fish her out. Then she began to use weighty objurgations at me, with occasional diversions at the coolies, who, not

understanding a word, kept on their way as before. At last we reached the opposite shore and my colleague rested herself by getting out and walking about, and, after a few cigarettes, had forgotten her recent troubles.

The journey was very tedious and hot, the thermometer standing at 98° F. in shade, and the coolies keeping up night and day, during the three days we were on the road, a monotonous refrain which at last became terribly trying to the nerves. Then at night they carried large torches made of a mop of cotton twist, saturated with cocoanut oil, which burnt with a cloud of smoke that almost choked us in the palanquins, and made a most villainous smell. They were carried at either side of each palanquin so that the coolies might see any snakes that might be coiled in the path, and as the wind blew across our path there was no escaping the smoke from the torch on the windward side, and when we had the chance to look at each other at the next halt we found that we and our clothes were smutted almost black. It was compensation enough, however, to see the *jemadar*, or head cooly, kill a big cobra on which the forward bearers would almost certainly have trodden but for the torch-light.

Guntur was reached at sunset on the third day, and we were plunged at once into a scene of tumultuous welcome. The whole population, they told us, saving those too old, young, or infirm to be about at night, had come outside the town to meet us. They numbered thousands, and every one of them seemed determined to come close enough to have a good look

at us. The result may be imagined: our progress was like forcing one's way through a compact wall of flesh. We were first taken to a tent where we had refreshments and introductions to the notables of the place; but the crowd became so importunate that this business was cut short, and H. P. B. and I had to mount on chairs to show ourselves. Then a short speech had to be made, and only then were we put into some sort of conveyance—jampans, I believe—and moved on in the procession. The streets were jammed with people, from house to house, and we could only move at a snail's pace. Limelights and Bengal colored fires blazed about us at every step, and it was really curious to watch the lighting up of H. P. B.'s massive head and shoulders with the different glares. As she preceded me I had a capital chance to observe the artistic effects. A more truly popular ovation could not be imagined, for all the elements were there, including the continuous roar of cheering that ran along with us, a river of sound, all the way to our destination. Of torches there was no end, and Guntur was as light as by day. Two triumphal arches spanned the principal streets. Arrived at the house, we had to receive and reply to two addresses in English and two in Telugu, the tone of exaggerated compliment in all of them making us feel like a pair of fools, and putting me to a strain to find words to answer them with proper reserve. After this ordeal came more introductions, prolonged conversations, and the initiation of one candidate, who was obliged to leave town before morning.

The next day's lecture was on "The Soul: Arguments of Science in Favor of its Existence and Transmigrations"; the subject having been given me because of the prevailing tone of scepticism among the educated young men of the place. The chief of the local Lutheran Mission, Rev. L. L. Uhl, and a number of his friends were present and took notes. If I recollect aright I stated in my discourse that the hold of theological Christianity on the educated minds of the West was weakening and a decided reaction had set in: a wave of free-thought was sweeping over Europe and America. My reverend friend gave notice that he should answer me at his chapel on the next morning, and invited me and my friends to be present. We went, and were much disappointed; his discourse being of a character which I noted as "weak and sloppy," in my Diary. As his manner towards me was friendly, I proposed that we should issue a joint pamphlet on the pro and con of Christianity, which he agreed to. I promised to send him my MS. "as soon as I could find the time to prepare it"; being careful to tell Mr. Uhl that my attention was so constantly demanded by current official business that I could not promise to be ready at any specified date. In point of fact Mr. Uhl, after waiting for me a long while—perhaps eighteen months or two years—brought out his side of the argument in a separate pamphlet, which was widely circulated by him as a campaign document, so to call it, and proof of my inability to make good my assertions. The fact is, however, that within six months from the time of the agreement I had gathered

together and sent on to the President of the Guntur T. S., a large batch of cuttings and notes suitable for the purpose, and requested him to make up from them the pamphlet and send it me for revision, as I was absolutely unable to give the needed time to the affair. I also wrote Mr. Uhl about my difficulties. But my friend waited upon other friends, and they individually and collectively did nothing, and at last, after Mr. Uhl's blast had been blown, I got back my bundle of notes; and threw it into a waste-paper basket, and so dropped the matter; it being cheaper to leave my reverend critic to enjoy his triumph than to attempt the impossible of writing my pamphlet, when I had much more important and congenial matters to attend to. By the time that his treatise appeared, I had organized seventy new Branches of the Society, and travelled over all India and Ceylon.

On the day of our departure from Guntur, H. P. B. and I enjoyed our first experience with one of those marvels of mental training, a Brahmin *Ashtavadhani*. There exist in India many men who have, by a course of training during many years, cultivated the memory to a degree incredible to those who have not witnessed their feats personally. Some can keep up fifty, and even more, separate mental processes simultaneously; in comparison with which phenomena the most marvellous stories about our Western chess-players seem commonplace. The proceeding is as follows: As many persons as are to take part in the test, seat themselves nearby, and the Pandit begins with the first on the right. Let us say, with a game of chess.

He names the first move, looks a minute at the board, and moves on to the next man, with whom, perhaps, he plays some other game. Here, again, he names his play and passes to the third man, for whom he may be asked to compose an original poem in Sanskrit on a given subject, the initial or terminal letter of each line to be one selected by the other person. He ponders deeply and then dictates a line fulfilling the conditions. From the next man he is to take, word by word, and the words out of their order at the choice of the dictator, a verse in any language whatsoever, known or unknown to the Pandit, he receiving one word at a time, repeating it until the sound becomes familiar to his ear, and laying it away in his memory until, the sitting finished, he must repeat the whole verse with each word restored to its proper sequence. The next man, perhaps, taps on a bell as many times as he chooses, and the Pandit is to recollect the whole and name the total when he makes his last round of the circle. Then may come the making of a "magic square" of figures in so many columns, each column and each cross line to figure up the same. Then, with the next man, a dispute on any one proposition in either of the six schools of Hindu Philosophy, the argument and demonstration to proceed by stages as he comes around to that person. Then the next neighbor may give him a gigantic sum in multiplication or division or some other part of arithmetic, say a sum in which multiplier and multiplicant shall each be of a dozen figures. And so on to a most bewildering extent, until one just sits amazed and wondering if the

human brain is capable of such multiplex activity. On the occasion in question H. P. B. dictated to our Pandit the celebrated Russian poem on the Volga, and I, several sentences in Spanish which I learned when a boy, but he rendered them accurately at the close of the entertainment, every word in its place. At 10 that evening we started in our palanquins on our return journey.

By morning we had covered thirty-one miles, with three changes of bearers, coming to the small village of Baput, where our baggage-coolies should have met us, but as they did not turn up until 7 p.m., we had to pass the day as best we could, and did not move on until 8-30 p.m. That night we made a stretch of twenty-three miles, which brought us to Padaganjam and the Canal. A very esteemed friend, the late Mr. Ramaswamy Naidu, Assistant Salt Inspector, had sent his servants to get ready for us a comfortable house, in which we spent the day waiting for his own house-boat, which was placed at our disposal. It arrived at 2 p.m., with our friends Messrs. P. Iyaloo Naidu and L. V. V. Naidu ("Doraswamy," to his intimates), and we embarked at sunset.

The monsoon wind being now contrary, our boat had to be dragged by the coolies. Poor devils! they had a hard time of it, for the mercury stood at 109° in the shade the next day, and neither of us felt the energy to do any work; we could only sit idle and swelter. Fortunately for the coolies, we were kept waiting nearly all the day at Rāmāpatnam for some candidates for membership and did not go on until midnight. Another fearfully hot day followed. At

night we were detained several hours by the obstinate boatmen, who refused to cross an inlet of the sea until the end of the ebb. At 3 a.m. I went outside to see how things were getting on, and found the boat noiselessly moving through the water, the coolies pulling the line on the tow-path, and the *serang* (captain) steering and singing to himself a droning chant. At 6 we reached Mypaud, where Nellore friends awaited us with carriages, but as we were to return by land to Madras, it took time to get our luggage packed, and we did not start until 8 o'clock, by which time the heat was suffocating. The poor Yanadhis seemed fairly done up, and yet we reached Nellore by 11, thankful for the shelter of the stately house, with its thick walls, brick terraced roof and wide verandahs, that keep the rooms darkened and comparatively cool.

A great Brahmin Pandit of the Vedantin school came to see us that evening, evidently with the sole object of showing up our ignorance; but in us two old campaigners, especially in H. P. B., with her wit and sarcasm, he got more than he bargained for, and in a couple of hours we were able to expose to the company present his intense selfishness, vanity, and bigoted prejudices. Our victory cost us something, however, for I see a Postscriptum note in my Diary that he subsequently showed himself "our active enemy". Good luck to him and to all the noble army of our "enemies"; their hatred never did them the least good nor the Society the least harm. Our ship does not sail on the wind of favor.

Seventeen letters, three articles for the *Theosophist*, and the reading of a pile of exchanges kept me fairly busy the next day until evening, when I lectured on "Aryan Wisdom". The next day was like it, and the next, until we—at 5 p.m.—took bullock carriages for Tiruppati, seventy-eight miles away, and the nearest station on the Madras Railway. In that scorching weather it was a hot and tedious journey, but it ended at last, and so did our waiting time of twelve hours for a train, and the train journey to Madras, which we reached in due course and were met and escorted by friends to our former bungalow.

In my travels over India and Ceylon I had been observing places, people, and climates, with a view to selecting the best place for a permanent Headquarters for the Society. Liberal offers of houses, free of rent, had been made us in Ceylon, and, certainly, the Island presented a most charming appearance to one seeking an Asian home; but several considerations, such as its isolation from India, the cost of postage, and the backward intellectual state of the people as a whole, overweighed its loveliness and led us to choose India in preference. Up to the present time, however, no good property had been offered us, and we had made no definite plans. On 31st May, however, we two were begged by Judge Muttuswamy's sons to go and look at a property that was to be had cheap. We were driven to Adyar, and at the first glance knew that our future home was found. The palatial building, its two riverside smaller bungalows, its brick-and-mortar stables, coach-house, godowns (store-rooms), and swimming-bath; its avenue of

ancient mango and banyan trees, and its large plantation of casuarinas (one of the cone-bearing trees) made up an enchanting country residence, while the price asked—Rs. 9,000 odd, or about £600—was so modest, in fact, merely nominal, as to make the project of its purchase seem feasible even for us. We accordingly decided to take it, and in due course this was effected by the noble help of P. Iyaloo Naidu and Judge Muttuswamy Chetty, the first of whom advanced part of the money and the other secured a loan of the rest, on very easy terms. An appeal was at once issued for subscriptions, and within the next year I had the satisfaction of being able to pay it all off, and receive the title-deeds. The cheapness of the price is accounted for by the fact that the opening of the railway to the foot of the Nilgiri Hills brought the lovely sanitarium of Ootacamund within a day's ride of Madras, caused the high officials to spend half the year there, and threw their grand Madras bungalows on a market without bidders. What I paid for "Huddlestone's Gardens" was about the price of the old materials if the buildings should be torn down. In fact, that was what was to have happened if we had not turned up as buyers just when we did. We stopped a week longer at Madras, during which I lectured twice, and more new members were admitted, and on the 6th of June we took train for Bombay. More than fifty friends, with flower gifts, saw us off, and prayed us to hasten our return to take up our permanent residence among them. At 11 a.m., on the 8th, we reached Bombay, and found many friends assembled to meet us and see us home.

People glibly speak of Madras as "the Benighted Presidency"; and as being insufferably hot. The fact is, however, that as regards climate I prefer it above the others, and as to Sanskrit Literature and Aryan Philosophy, it is the most enlightened of the Indian Presidencies; there are more learned Pandits in the villages, and the educated class, as a whole, have been less spoilt by Western education. In Bengal and Bombay there are more *litterateurs* of the class of Telang and Bhandarkar, but I cannot recall one equal to T. Subba Row, of Madras, in bright genius for grasping the spirit of the Ancient Wisdom. And his being at Madras was one of the causes of our fixing upon that Presidency town for our official residence, Although he is dead and gone, yet we have never regretted our choice, for Adyar is a sort of Paradise.

CHAPTER XXIV

BARODA TO CEYLON, AND THE HEALINGS OF SICK FOLK THERE

ONE of the moral thunderstorms that pelted us in those days was the ill-natured attack that the Swāmi Dayānand Saraswati made against us, in March, 1882, and I see by my Diary that my first work after our return to Bombay was the preparation of our defence. It appeared in the July *Theosophist*, as a Supplement of 18 pages, and I think it must have been tolerably convincing, since its facts have never been gainsaid by the Swāmi or his followers. Among the proofs was the facsimile of his proxy paper, empowering me to cast his vote as a Council Member in its meetings. He had denied his membership in the Society, and averred that we had used his name as a Councillor without permission; stigmatizing our conduct as cunning and unprincipled! How many equally groundless charges, innuendoes, slanders, and literary attacks have been circulated against the Society and its managers, from its foundation down to the present time, and into what complete oblivion have they successively fallen!

In June, 1882, H. P. B. and I accepted an invitation to visit Baroda, the flourishing capital of H. H. the

Gaikwar. Judge Gadgil, F.T.S., and other high officials (*Durbaris* is the name for them in all Native States) met us at the station, and took us to a bungalow adjoining the new and splendid palace of His Highness. We had as many visitors as usual on our tours, which means that our reception-room would be crowded with inquirers day and evening. The Gaikwar holding a Durbar that day I was invited to it, and later was held in talk with His Highness about Theosophy for three hours or more. I had great hopes then that I should find in him our most sympathetic friend among the Indian Princes. He was young and very patriotic, which, in India, means that he should have an ardent love for his ancestral religion and be kind to all its friends. His private life was pure and his aims high; in strong contrast with those of most of his class, who are, as a rule, debauched by the infernal influences about their Courts. I had the more reason for my hope in his markedly kind and respectful manner towards myself, but we have been disappointed: his English tutor made him a bizarre sort of materialist, the cares of State have overworked him, and, while he talks much about Theosophy, he is Theosophical in neither his belief nor practice. At the same time, he is a man of great energy and ability, and his life has been pure throughout. His Dewan, or Prime Minister, at the time of our visit, was the Raja Sir T. Madhava Row, K.C.S.I., whose conspicuous ability as a statesman has been pointed out by the *Times*. He was a handsome man, of distinguished appearance and courtly manners, and a picturesque object to look at when

dressed in his court costume. To us he was polite and genial, talked intelligently on philosophical questions, and asked from H. P. B. such phenomenal proofs of her alleged super-physical powers as would convince him of the soundness of the basis of our theories as to man's duplex nature. He got nothing more than a few raps on tables and bell-sounds in the air, but his Naib, or Assistant Dewan did. This gentleman, since also dead, was one of those highly educated, intellectually gifted graduates of the Bombay University, who have made their shining marks in contemporary Indian History. Mr. Kirtane was the old friend and college-mate of Judge Gadgil, who earnestly wanted him to join our Society and help in forming a local Branch. But the former, while pious and rather inclined towards Mysticism, was as sceptical as his chief, Sir T., about the development in our times of the Yogic powers, and looked askance at us on account of our affirmative declarations. Sir T. Madhava Row was more statesman than scholar, and nothing of a Mystic; Mr. Kirtane was more of the second and third than of the first. So he got the proofs, withheld from the Dewan Sahib. It happened in this way, as I now recollect it. I had been out to see the Gaikwar, and on my return found Kirtane and Gadgil standing at the threshold of H. P. B.'s open door, while she was in the middle of the room with her back towards us. Our two friends told me not to step inside, as Madame B. was doing a phenomenon and had just turned them out on the verandah where I found them. The next minute she came towards us, and, taking a sheet of paper

from the table, told the gentleman to mark it for identification. Receiving it back, she said: "Now turn me in the direction of his residence." They did so. She then laid the paper between her palms (held horizontally), remained quiet a moment, then held it towards us and went and sat down. Cries of amazement broke from the two Durbaris on seeing, on the just before clean sheet of paper, a letter addressed to me in the handwriting and bearing the signature of the then British Resident at that Court. It was a most peculiar, small caligraphy, and the signature more like a tiny tangle of twine than a man's name. They then told me their story. It seems that they were asking H. P. B. to explain the scientific rationale of the process of precipitating upon paper, cloth, or any other surface, a picture or writing, then invisible to the onlooker, and without the help of ink, paints, pencils, or other mechanical agents. She told them just what I have explained in my first volume of these OLD DIARY LEAVES, in connection with her New York precipitations of the Yogi's and M.A. Oxon's portraits, the writing of the latter, and other phenomena; she explained that inasmuch as the images of all objects and incidents are stored in the Astral Light, it did not require that she should have seen the person or known the writing, the image of which she wished to precipitate; she had only to be put on the trace and could find and see them for herself and then objectivate them. They urgently begged her to do the thing for them. "Well, then," she finally said, "tell me the name of some man or woman most unfriendly to the Theosophical

Society, one whom neither Olcott nor I could have ever known." At once, they mentioned Mr. . . . the British Resident, who held us and our Society in especial hatred, who never missed the chance of saying unkind things of us, and who had prevented the Gaikwar from inviting H. P. B. and myself to his enthronement, as he had otherwise intended, on the suggestion of Judge Gadgil. They thought this a poser. That it was not, the sequel proved. I thought they would explode with laughter when they read the contents of the note. It was addressed to "My dear Colonel Olcott," begged my pardon for the malicious things he had said against us, asked me to enter him as a subscriber to our "world renowned magazine, the *Theosophist*," and said he wished to become a member of the Theosophical Society: it was signed "Yours sincerely" and with his name. She had never seen a line of the gentleman's writing nor his signature, never met him in the flesh, and the note was precipitated on that sheet of paper, held between her hands, as she stood in the middle of the room, in broad daylight, with us three witnesses looking on.

I have seldom faced a more brilliant audience than that which listened to my first Baroda lecture on Theosophy. It was held in the gorgeous Marriage Hall where the members of the Royal Family of Baroda are wedded. The Gaikwar, his Prime Minister, and all the nobles and English-knowing officials of the State, together with the British Resident and staff, were present, and at the close the vote of thanks was moved by a Muslim Durbari, who became subsequently Dewan. His speech struck

me as being a gem of pure English rhetoric and polished courtesy. It was at once instructive and amusing to listen to his compliments, for I happened to know that the speaker was a thorough infidel, who believed in no religion whatsoever, except that of "Get on," had no faith in us, and his performance was a clever feat of carrying water on both shoulders simultaneously!

A second lecture on "Science and Hinduism" followed on the next day, at the same place, before the same resplendent audience. That evening we gained a very valuable colleague in Dr. Balchandra, Chief Medical Officer of Baroda, who is one of the most intellectual and best educated men of India. I think it was for his special benefit that H. P. B., that evening, read the contents of a telegram in its sealed envelope before it was opened. She also rang her atmospheric bells, and the next day complied with the Gaikwar's request to make some table rappings for him, during the course of a long interview which he sought.

From Baroda we went on to Wadhwan to see our friend the reigning Thakore Sahib. We then returned to Bombay, and divided work between us by my driving on the editorial matter for the next *Theosophist*, and her driving herself to the verge of apoplexy; for I see an entry of 28th June, that "H. P. B. is threatened with apoplexy, so my depature for Ceylon is again postponed". She recovered her normal health in due time, having meanwhile passed through a fit of extreme irritability, in which she made things lively for all of us. I finally got away to sea on

15th July, and I leave the reader to imagine how charmed I must have been on the P. and O. steamer, when it is stated that the monsoon had burst a fortnight earlier, that the ship pitched and rolled like mad in the angry sea, and that she was so stuffed full of cargo that every cabin in the second class, save the three or four we occupied, was packed with sandal-wood, onions, and licorice-wood, which mingled their various odors with that of the hot oil of the engine and the foul smell of damp cotton mattresses. I write that down as my worst episode of ocean travel.

I was returning to the Island, after a half-year's absence, to go on with the Educational propaganda. My first impressions were most discouraging. It seemed as if all the life had left the Branches and members when I had sailed for Bombay, and only Rs. 100 of the unpaid subscriptions—some Rs. 13,000—had been collected. Of the Trust Fund money, Rs. 243 had been used for current expenses, and along with it Rs. 60 belonging to the *Buddhist Catechism* Fund. Paltry excuses were made, and I had to accept them as I could do no better. There was nothing left for it but to just go to work again, re-infuse life into everything, wipe out the story of the half-year's idleness, and set the machinery in motion. So I began with the High Priest and Megittuwatte, and arranged for some lectures that the committee had asked me to give in Colombo. Then, at a Branch meeting, I explained the system of voluntary self-taxation adopted by many good Christians, by which sometimes ten per cent of their incomes is set aside for religious and charitable work; I had seen

my father and other pious Christian gentlemen doing this as a matter of conscience. Then I read a memorandum in which I had it proved that what they, our Colombo martyrs, had given and spent for this Buddhist revival movement amounted to just ¾ths of 1 per cent of their incomes: this was easy to do, as most of them were Government servants, in receipt of fixed salaries. I left them to draw the plain inference for themselves.

The town lectures were delivered, and on 27th July the Colombo T.S. celebrated its anniversary with a dinner. Our Hall was decorated with flowers and green leaves and sprays, in the tasteful fashion in which the Sinhalese excel. On the end wall was a drawing of a white and black hand clasped, under the word "Brotherhood," and on the other sides ran the following condensed statement of the Law of Karma: "The Past you cannot recall. The Present is yours. The Future will be what you make it." The next day I went on to Galle to begin my tour in that province.

My first public discourse was at Dondera, the southernmost point of the Island. I passed my fiftieth birthday at Galle in literary work and in a mental retrospect of my past life, of which more than half had been devoted to work for the public. The knowledge that I should not see another semi-centennial anniversary only strengthened my determination to accomplish as much for Theosophy as possible in the years that might be available.

I shall not burden my record with notes of the various villages that were visited, nor of the sum

subscribed to the Buddhist Fund. On 9th August, however, I lectured at Wijananda Vihara, where H. P. B. and I first publicly took Pansil and thus proclaimed ourselves Buddhists, in the year 1880. My neutrality with respect to differences of caste and sect made me welcome to all, and I passed from vihara to vihara, addressing now an audience of Willallas, now one of the Fisher caste, anon one of the great Cinnamon-peeler caste; each time collecting money for the common object. The meeting at Kelagana Junction was picturesque and radiant with the bright shades of green peculiar to tropical Ceylon. My platform was formed of large tables, and on it a small stand and three chairs, two of which were occupied by as many yellow-robed monks, the third by myself. It was under the thick shade of a bread-fruit tree. There had been a long procession with flags, banners, and tom-toms; bright-colored cloths were hung down the fronts of houses and across roads; and there were no end of cheers and shouting, but, as noted in my Diary, it was "much glory but little cash for the Fund". The collection was only Rs. 42.77, and it is not surprising that I added in my note the word "Humbug"! It was much the same the next day, when only Rs. 50 were subscribed, and I summed up the experience in the words "Procession and flummery". Things went on day by day with varying success, but everywhere plenty of goodwill and kindness. They are a loving people, the Sinhalese, and mean to do all they can according to their lights. I was in Colombo on 24th August, to attend the wedding of one of our best

workers, with the sister of our first Sinhalese friend, J. R. De Silva. The ceremony was only the signing of the civil contract and exchange of pledges at the office of the Government Registrar of Marriages, the time having not yet come for our Buddhist Registrar and the modified ancient ceremony now used by him. Mr. De Silva's house had been richly decorated in kalsomine by himself, and turned into a bower of greenery. We went in a procession of carriages to the Registrar's office with the bridal couple, and escorted them back again to the bride's house; then there were refreshments, and at 5 p.m. we all went by rail to their future residence, the village of Morutuwa. Here a *walking* procession was formed, with the newly-married couple in front, next to the band, the bride in her veil, white gown, and satin slippers. The whole village was alive; there were blue lights burning, rockets and Roman candles being let off, the Volunteers' band discoursing excellent music. But when we approached the house there was a bridge to cross and the music ceased and the procession moved on in silence. It gave me the idea of a company of ghosts moving without noise and lighted up by the moonlight. A fine supper was served in a long palm-thatched structure, specially erected, and there were toasts to everybody worth toasting, until half an hour before midnight, when we returned to town by special train. A conference with Sumangala Thero and Hiyeyentaduwe, his Assistant Principal of the College, about a number of new questions and answers that I had drafted for a new edition of the *Buddhist Catechism*, occupied the

next day, and I then returned to Galle and my touring work.

An incident occurred on the 29th of August, at China Garden, a quarter of Galle, which has become in Ceylon historic. After my lecture, the subscription paper was laid out on a table and the people came up in turn to subscribe. A man named Cornelis Appu was introduced to me by Mr. Jayasakere, the Branch President, and he subscribed the sum of half a rupee, apologizing for the pettiness of the amount because of his having been totally paralyzed in one arm and partially in one leg for eight years, and therefore unable to earn his livelihood by his trade. Now at Colombo, on my arrival from Bombay, the High Priest had told me that the Roman Catholics had made their arrangements to convert the house-well of a Catholic, near Kelanie, into a healing-shrine, after the fashion of Lourdes. One man was reported to have been miraculously cured already, but on investigation it proved a humbug. I told the High Priest that this was a serious matter and he should attend to it. If the hypnotic suggestion once got started, there would soon be real cures and there might be a rush of ignorant Buddhists into Catholicism. "What can I do?" he said. "Well, you must set to work, you or some other well-known monk, and cure people in the name of Lord Buddha." "But we can't do it; we know nothing about those things," he replied. "Nevertheless it must be done," I said. When this half-paralyzed man of Galle was speaking of his ailment, something seemed to say to me: "Here's

your chance for the holy well!" I had known all about Mesmerism and Mesmeric Healing for thirty years, though I had never practised them, save to make a few necessary experiments at the beginning, but now, moved by a feeling of sympathy (without which the healer has no healing power to radically cure), I made some passes over his arm, and said I hoped he might feel the better for it. He then left. That evening I was chatting with my Galle colleagues at my quarters on the seashore, when the paralytic hobbled in and excused his interruption by saying that he felt so much better that he had come to thank me. This unexpected good news encouraged me to go farther, so I treated his arm for a quarter of an hour and bade him return in the morning. I should mention here that nobody in Ceylon knew that I possessed or had ever exercised the power of healing the sick, nor, I fancy, that anybody had it, so the theory of hypnotic suggestion, or collective hallucination, will scarcely hold in this case—certainly not at this stage of it.

He came in the morning, eager to worship me as something superhuman, so much better did he feel. I treated him again, and the next day and the next; reaching the point on the fourth day where he could whirl his bad arm around his head, open and shut his hand, and clutch and handle objects as well as ever. Within the next four days he was able to sign his name with the cured hand, to a statement of his case, for publication; this being the first time in nine years that he had held a pen. I had also been treating his side and leg, and in a day or two more he could

jump with both feet, hop on the paralyzed one, kick equally high against the wall with both, and run freely. As a match to loose straw, the news spread throughout the town and district. Cornelis brought a paralyzed friend, whom I cured; then others came, by twos and threes first, then by dozens, and within a week or so my house was besieged by sick persons from dawn until late at night, all clamoring for the laying on of my hands. They grew so importunate at last that I was at my wits' end how to dispose of them. Of course, with the rapid growth of confidence in myself, my magnetic power multiplied itself enormously, and what I had needed days to accomplish with a patient, at the commencement, could now be done within a half hour. A most disagreable feature of the business was the selfish inconsiderateness of the crowd. They would besiege me in my bedroom before I was dressed, dog my every step, give me no time for meals, and keep pressing me, no matter how tired and exhausted I might be. I have worked at them steadily four or five hours, until I felt I had nothing more in me, then left them for a half hour while I bathed in the salt water of the harbor, just back of the house, felt currents of fresh vitality entering and re-enforcing my body, gone back and resumed the healing, until, by the middle of the afternoon, I had had enough of it, and then had actually to drive the crowd out of the house. My rooms were on the upper storey—one flight up—and most of the bad cases had to be carried up by friends and laid at my feet. I have had them completely paralyzed, with their arms and legs contracted

so that the man or woman was more like the gnarled root of a tree than anything else; and it happened sometimes that, after one or two treatments of a half hour each, I made those people straighten out their limbs and walk about. One side of the broad verandah that ran around the whole house, I christened "the cripples' race-course," for I used to mate two or three of those whose cases had been worst, and compel them to run against each other the length of that side. They and the crowd of onlookers used to laugh at this joke, and wonder at the same time, but I had a purpose in it, which was to impart to them the same unflinching confidence in the effectiveness of the remedy that I felt, so that their cures might be radical. Quite recently, while in Ceylon, on my way to London, I met one of my bad patients of those days, whom I had cured of complete paralysis, and asked him to tell those present what I had done for him. He said that he had been confined to his bed for months in a perfectly helpless state, his arms and legs paralyzed and useless. He had been carried upstairs to me. I had treated him a half hour the first day, and fifteen or twenty minutes the next. I had cured him so effectually that in the intervening fourteen years he had had no return of his malady. Fancy the pleasure it must have been to me to have relieved so much suffering, and in many cases to have restored the invalids to all the enjoyments of good health and all the activities of life.

I see that the first patient that Cornelis brought me, after he was cured, had the thumb and fingers of his right hand clenched with paralysis so that they were as

stiff as wood. They had been so for two and a half years. Within five minutes the hand was restored to its flexibility. The next day he returned with his hand all right, but the toes of his right foot constricted. I took him into my room and made him as good as new, within a quarter of an hour. This sort of thing went on even at the country villages on my routes through the Southern Province. I would reach my stopping-place in my travelling-cart, and find patients waiting for me on the verandahs, the lawn, and in all sorts of conveyances—carts, spring-waggons, hand-carts, planquins, and chairs carried on bamboo poles. An old woman afflicted (how much, indeed!) with a paralyzed tongue was cured; the bent elbow, wrist, and fingers of a little boy were freed; a woman deformed by inflammatory rheumatism was made whole. At Sandravela, a beggar woman with a bent back, of eight years' standing, gave me a quarter-rupee (about 4d.) for the Fund. When I knew what she suffered from, I cured her spine and made her walk erect.

Baddegama is a noted centre of Missionary activity and—so far as I was concerned, and Buddhism generally—of malevolence. It was the view of this lovely landscape—so it is said—which suggested to Bishop Heber the opening verse of his immortal Missionary Hymn. There had been threats that the Missionaries were going to attack me at my lecture there, and the Buddhists naturally thronged to hear me. Several of our members came out from Galle, and whom should I see there but Cornelis Appu, who *had walked the whole twelve miles*. No doubt, then, as to his

having been cured! The gentle Missionaries were conspicuous by their absence, and I had the huge audience all to myself.

I was amused by a case that came under my hands at the little hamlet of Agaliya. An old, wrinkled native woman of seventy-two years of age had been kicked by a buffalo cow while milking, some years before, had to walk with a staff, and could not stand erect. She was a comical old creature, and laughed heartily when I told her that I should soon make her dance. But after only ten minutes of passes down her spine and limbs she was almost as good as new, and I seized her hand, threw away her staff, and made her run with me over the lawn. My next patient was a boy of seven years, whose hands could not be closed, on account of a constriction of the tendons of the backs. I cured him in five minutes, and he went straight away to where the breakfast was ready for the family, and fell to eating rice with his right hand, now quite restored.

In due time I got back to the Galle Headquarters, where a second siege by the sick had to be undergone. I have noted down an incident which shows the uncharitable and selfish spirit which actuates some of the medical profession—happily, not all—with regard to the curing of patients by unpaid outsiders; for, remember, I never took a farthing for all these cures.

A number of former patients of the Galle General Hospital, who had been discharged as incurable, came to me and recovered their health; and, naturally, went to shouting the news on the house-tops, so

to say. The medical profession could not very well remain blind or indifferent to such a thing, and one day my doings with my patients were overlooked by one of the civil surgeons of the district. On that day 100 patients presented themselves and I treated twenty-three; making, as I see it noted, some wonderful cures. Dr. K. recognizing one of the men, brought him to me with the remark that he had been pronounced incurable after every treatment had failed, and he would like to see what I could make of him. What I made was to enable the sick man to walk about without a stick, for the first time in ten years. The Doctor frankly and generously admitted the efficacy of the mesmeric treatment and remained by me all day, helping me to diagnose; and doing the duties of an hospital assistant. We were mutually pleased with each other, and at parting it was agreed that he should come the next day after breakfast, and help me in whatever way he could. He, himself, was suffering from a stiff ankle or something about his foot, I forget just what, which I relieved. The next day he neither came nor sent any word. The mystery was explained by a note he wrote to the mutual friend who had introduced him to me. It seems that on leaving me, full of enthusiasm about what he had seen—as any open-minded, unspoilt young man would naturally be—he went straight to the Chief Medical Officer and reported. His superior coldly listened, and, when he had finished, delivered himself of the sentence of major and minor excommunication on me. I was a charlatan, this pretended healing was a swindle, the patients had been

paid to lie, and the young doctor was forbidden to have anything more to do with me or my money-tricks. To clench the argument, he warned the other that, if he persisted in disregarding his orders, he would run the risk of losing his commission. And if he could find that I took any fee, he should have me prosecuted for practising medicine without a licence! So my quondam assistant and admirer, forgetful of his duty to perfect himself in the healing art, of the paramount claims of Truth to his loyalty, and of science to his professional devotion, of all he had seen me do and its promise of what he could, in time, himself do, not even remembering his relieved foot, nor the claims of politeness upon those who make appointments and are prevented from keeping them, did not come the next day nor even send me one line of apology. I felt sorry for him, because all his future prospects in Government service were at stake; at the same time I am afraid I did not respect him as much as I should if he had manfully stood out against this pitiful and revolting professional slavery; this moral obliquity, which would rather that the whole of mankind should go unhealed unless they were cured by orthodox doctors, in an atmosphere of medical holiness and infallibility. The acquisition of the power to relieve physical suffering by mesmeric processes is so easy that, in ninety-nine cases out of the hundred, it would be one's own fault if it were not developed, but I think that is too important a question to broach at the end of a chapter, so let it stand over for the present.

CHAPTER XXV

POSSIBLE DISCOVERY OF THE SECRET OF PSYCHOPATHIC HEALING

THE Asiatics have certainly perfected the art of feeding the vanity of public men, and their public men seem to like it. To us Westerns, however, too much grandeur is a bother, and one is constantly being put into dilemmas where one has to quietly play the part of willing victim, or by churlish refusal make oneself seem a very underbred person to one's Oriental friends. This is apropos of my Diary entry of 3rd October, 1882, that I had that day crossed a brimful river in Ceylon, and walked a mile to the temple where I was to lecture, on white cloths spread over the whole route for my eminent feet, between two continuous lines of palm-leaf fringes, and under a white canopy (*Kodiya*) which enthusiastic Buddhists carried on painted staves, over my respectable head. At the same time paralytics, clamoring for the laying on of my hands, besieged me along the whole route. I could have dispensed with the whole *tamasha* without the least difficulty, but the crowd could not. What a fool one does feel when, perched on a decorated elephant, or carried in an open sedan chair, half smothered with thick

garlands of tuberose blooms, and surrounded by shouting thousands, one sees even one European standing by the roadside or in a verandah, looking sneeringly at one as if he were really a voluntary mountebank. Talk about nerve—this is one of the things to try it, for one can so easily foresee the circulation of the story throughout the station and the contemptuous comments that will be made upon one's abasement of the race-dignity, while one's whole heart is fixed upon doing good to others and impatient of all this childish show. The most difficult lesson for a white man in Asia to learn is, that the customs of his people and those of the dusky races are absolutely different, and that if he dreams of getting on well with the latter he must lay aside all prejudices and hereditary standards of manners, and be one with them, both in spirit and in external forms. If the English conquerors of the dark-skinned nations could only realize and act upon this principle, they would rule through love instead of by craft and force. They make themselves respected and feared, but loved?—never. However, they are not going to change their natures to please me, so I shall pass to the illustration of the point I was making in the last chapter, about the true secret of successful Psychopathy, or mesmeric healing.

The secret in question was revealed to me by an experience I had at a small village in Southern Ceylon, during this tour which we are now tracing. I think it was at Pitiwella, five miles from Galle, though I am not sure, having failed to record the case apart from others treated on the same day. My

interpreter, secretary, and servant, together with many other witnesses, will be able to recall the facts if my word is challenged, so it does not matter. A man suffering from hemiplegia, or paralysis of one side, was brought to me for treatment. I began on his arm, making passes along the nerves and muscles, and occasionally breathing upon them. In less than a half hour I had restored the arm to flexibility; so much so that he could whirl his arm around his head, open and close his fingers at will, grasp and hold a pen or even a pin, and, in fact, do anything he liked with the limb. Then—as I had been kept continuously at work on similar cases for several hours, and felt tired—I bade the committee to make him take a seat and give me time to rest. While I was smoking a pipe, the committee told me that the patient was well-to-do, had spent Rs. 1,500 on medical men without getting relief, and was an avaricious person, well known for his closeness. Now, of all things that are disgusting to the occultist, money-greed is one of the chief: it is so low and ignoble a passion. My feelings underwent an instant change towards the patient. The committee, at my suggestion, asked him how much he had decided to give towards the Buddhist National Fund for schools. He whined out that he was a poor man and had spent much on doctors, but he would give one rupee! That capped the climax. I told them to say to him that, although he had spent Rs. 1,500 in vain, he had now had his arm cured gratis, and he might now spend an equal sum, and see if the doctors would not cure his paralyzed leg, and he had better keep the

rupee he had just offered for Buddhist schools, towards the doctors' fees. I told them to take the creature away and never let me see him again. But the committee, with one accord, begged me to recall my order, as the mere mention of money would assuredly be misconstrued and misrepresented by our bitter opponents, who could not say that I had ever taken a cent for my healings, or that they had been made by the Buddhist Committee an excuse to influence subscriptions. So after a while I had the patient brought before me, and within another half hour had released his leg from its state of paralysis, and sent the man away walking as well as anyone. My secretary took from him, it seems, a certificate of the cure, and I have it among the papers connected with that Ceylon tour.

The committee in charge of my work had arranged a series of loop tours of about a fortnight each, which brought me around each time to Galle, the central point. When this particular one was finished I was asking one day how it had fared with a certain few patients whose cases had more particularly interested me than the rest, and among others, I mentioned this miser's. The reply surprised me very much: the arm, they said, remained cured, but *the leg had relapsed into the paralytic state.* Although I had read of no similar case in the books on Mesmerism, the reason suggested itself at once—I had felt no real sympathy for the man after hearing about his miserliness, and therefore my vital aura had not vibrated along his nerves, as it had when applied to the nerves of his arm; there had been a momentary

healthful stimulus followed by a return to the state of nerve-paralysis. In both cases I had had exactly the same knowledge of the science, and the same measure of vital force to transmit, but in the latter, none of that feeling of sympathy and benevolent intent which, in the case of the arm, resulted in a permanent cure. I am aware that some writers on Psychopathy—among them Younger, whose work[1] appeared five years later than my Ceylon experience —have affirmed that "sympathy is the keynote of nearly all the phases of development of the mesmeric state" (*Op. cit.*, p. 28), but I do not recall an instance like the one above cited. The good M. Deleuze, formerly of the Jardin des Plantes, in Paris, whose *Practical Instructions in Animal Magnetism* is a classic, and who describes the proper methods of treatment in various diseases, notes no case like this, although he tells us that "Magnetism is effectual in all kinds of paralysis". He says, however, that the sensitive operator will always recognize a change occurring in himself when he magnetizes. "This disposition is composed of a determined intention, which banishes all distraction [meaning mind-wandering, of course, a state absolutely obstructive to the working of cures of disease, as I know by much experience.—O.] without our making any effort, of *a lively interset which the patient inspires in us and which draws us towards him*, and of a confidence in our power, which leaves us in no doubt as to our success in alleviating him"

[1] *The Magnetic and Botanic Family Physician*, London 1887. (E. W. Allen, Pub.)

(*Op. cit.*, p. 203). But he quotes no example to prove the indispensableness of sympathetic benevolence of intent, and I am inclined to think my case almost unique. It is to be observed further, in reading up from the authorities, that although I felt no sympathy for my patient, I nevertheless did restore his leg to functional activity for the time being: I made him walk as well as he ever did. My will and skill were powerful enough for that, but not being moved by the third element, compassion, there was a relapse after the first effect of nerve stimulation had passed off. It seems to me that it also goes to prove that mesmeric healing is not necessarily attributable to the exercise of faith, but rather to the transfusion of vital aura to the patient, and its operation under varying conditions within his system.

Here was a patient who, if moved by faith in the case of his arm, must have been doubly so in the case of his leg, after the paralysis had been removed from the former; here were several bystanders whose minds and outward demonstrations of belief would follow the same rule; here, finally, was I, exercising the identical power and applying the same technical knowledge in both cases, and, if you choose to so regard it, silently making the self-same suggestion of possible cure, yet curing the arm and failing to permanently cure the leg. It is a most important bit of evidence in the question of psychopathic science, and well worth keeping in mind. I can conceive of no applicability of the theories of either the Salpétriére or Nancy Schools of Hypnotism to cases like the foregoing; it stands apart and is

explicable only on the theory of a vital transfusion from operator to patient. The case becomes stronger when one reflects that I was operating upon and in the presence of Sinhalese, who knew nothing about our Western mesmeric and hypnotic theories and results, to whom the whole thing was a puzzling mystery, and who, consequently, were not in a condition of mind to hypnotically suggest anything to the patient. MM. Binet and Féré, in their academical work on *Animal Magnetism* (International Scientific Series, vol. lx, p. 178 *et seq.*), define hypnotic suggestion as of various forms, and specify that resulting from spoken words and that from gestures. For instance, in the first case one may convey the idea of an actual object by saying: "There is a serpent at your feet," or that there is a cat or dog or bird in the room; the animal being instantly perceived by the subject through the influence of the mind-picture so evoked. In the other case the idea may be provoked by simply making gestures which indicate the motions or habits of the imaginary animal. But, they tell us, gestures are "a very inferior means . . . fairly successful in the case of subjects who have been long under treatment"; that is, often hypnotised and trained to accept suggestions of all kinds from the operator. What was there of this sort in the case of my patient? He had never been hypnotised; had never heard of such a thing; was not mesmerised by me, but in the full possession of his senses; could not understand a word of English or any other language which I knew, and as said above, if hypnotically sensitive, must have been

doubly so to the fact that his leg could be cured since the use of his arm had just been restored to him.

Finally—not to dwell too long on a subject whose importance well excuses my having given it so much space—the Ceylon case powerfully suggests the truth of the ancient teaching that kind thoughts sent out from one to another carry with them an almost magical power for good, while evil ones have the contrary effect. How much it behoves us, then, to guard ourselves from even thinking harm to our neighbors, and how easily we can grasp the idea that the old dread of sorcerers and workers of spells had a solid foundation of fact, and that the subtle powers of nature may be handled to the undoing as easily as to the blessing of men.

A case of the "Demon Lover" type was brought me at Galle by the Chief Priest of a (Buddhist) Vihara. A young monk, of perhaps twenty-seven years of age, had been haunted since two or three years by a Yakshini, or a female demon, who—the old monk told me—had been playing the part of spirit wife to him, but to such excess as to rather suggest a person afflicted by nymphomania. The poor fellow was thus obsessed seven or eight times a day and had become reduced to almost a skeleton. The Superior calmly asked me to work a cure. Fortunately, I had successfully treated a similar case in America some years before, the patient being a lady, so that I knew pretty well what to do. I put the monk on a course of mesmerised water, making him come to me every morning for a month, for the day's supply, after

which time he was completely cured. I then sent for the Chief Priest and advised him to disrobe his young friend and send him out to take up the ordinary life of the householder, which was done. The simple explanation is that the influence of the bad Elemental spirit upon its medium was nullified and destroyed by the power of my stronger human will, supplemented by the constant action of the vitalized water. Among the scientific practitioners of mesmerism there have never been two opinions, so far as I know, as to the efficacy of magnetised water as a therapeutic agent. Deleuze says "it is one of the most powerful and salutary agents that can be employed. . . . I have seen magnetised water produce effects so marvellous that I was afraid of having deceived myself, and could not be convinced until I had made a thousand experiments. Magnetisers in general have not made sufficient use of it." How long the water retains the aura has not—he says—been clearly determined, but "it certainly retains it for many days, and numerous facts seem to prove it not to have been lost after many weeks" (*Op. cit.*, pp. 216, 217).

My Southern tour rapidly approached its end. Lectures, followed by collections of subscribed sums for the National Fund, were given at Bussé, Ratgama, Dodanduwa, Kumara Vihara, Kittangoda, Hikkaduwe, Totagumuwa, Telwatte, Weeragoda, Kahawe, Madumpe, and Batticola, and my face was then turned towards Colombo; in all, there had been sixty-four public addresses made within the space of about three months, and visits to most of the larger

villages in the Galle (Southern) Province. I must mention the fact that whenever I found myself at a village on the seashore I would take a daily salt-water bath, as I found it wonderfully refreshing in the mesmeric sense; no matter how much I might have overdone my healings, a plunge into the sea would restore my vital force within a few minutes. It is a hint that should not be lost by those who follow psychopathy as a profession. I reached Colombo on 25th October, and was present at the High Priest Sumangala's Widyodaya College, at the exhibition of some genuine relics of the Buddha, which had been excavated at Sopara, from an ancient stupa, or mound, and been presented to the High Priest by the Governor of Bombay, through the Governor of Ceylon. An immense crowd was present on the occasion, and a number of representatives of the Ceylon Government attended out of respect for Sumangala Maha Thera. At his request I lectured in the evening, and Megittuwatte, the great orator, followed in an eloquent discourse.

On 1st November, in company with Mr. Thomas Perera, of Galle, a most excellent colleague of ours, I sailed for Bombay, which we reached after a smooth passage, on the third day. H. P. B. was away at Darjeeling with some of our members, having meetings in the flesh with two of our Masters. On the 8th I got from Messrs. Shroff and Pandurang Gopal, the suggestion to make the anniversary meetings of the T. S into representative conventions of all our Indian Branches. I recollect that I felt rather dubious about the practicability of the scheme, but I passed it

on to H. P. B., and when she returned, on the 25th of the month, she brought with her four Bengalis and S. Ramaswamier, of Madras Presidency, as Delegates. Two more came from Bareilly, N. W. P., and two from Baroda; the next day, others came from other places, and when our Seventh Anniversary was celebrated, in Framji Cowasji Hall, on 7th December, we had fifteen Delegates present and addresses from several of them. Mr. Sinnett had come from Allahabad and officiated as Chairman at my request. There was a very crowded audience, and the applause was hearty. Thus was inaugurated the system of Annual Branch Conventions which is now universal, and for the first time—to show the Bombay public how the Theosophical movement was spreading throughout the world—I hung around the hall as many shields as there were Branches of the Society, each inscribed with the name and charter date of a Branch.

We now set to work, packing our furniture, books, and personal effects for transfer to Madras; the lovely Adyar property having been bought at a merely nominal price. The Bombay Branch T. S. gave us a farewell reception, with nice speeches, no end of flowers, music, a collation, and the presentation of a large, artistic, and costly silver vase and platter, made specially by the clever silversmiths of the Province of Kutch. On the 17th we took train for Madras, the event being fixed in H. P. B.'s memory by the theft of her handsome Kashmir chudder, through an outside window of the railway carriage while we were occupied at the other side in giving and receiving

compliments and salaams. Her remarks upon the incident, when it was discovered, will not bear repetition.

We were welcomed to Madras at the station by a distinguished company of native gentlemen, and escorted in grand style to Adyar, which seemed to smile upon its future masters. The reader can hardly imagine our pleasure in settling into a home of our own, where we should be free from landlords, changes, and the other worries of the condition of tenancy. In my Diary I say: "Our beautiful home seemed a fairy-place to us. Happy days are in store for us here." The bitter ones, alas! we did not foresee.

The remaining days of December were filled with the petty annoyances of getting servants, overseeing mechanics, making the first necessary repairs, and receiving and unpacking our furniture. The Teacher (M.) came daily to see H.P.B., and I have it recorded that on 29th December, she "made me promise that if she should die, no one but myself should be allowed to see her face. I am to sew her up in a cloth and have her cremated." That, you see, was nine years before her corpse was carried to the Woking Crematory, near London; hence the possibility of her sudden death was even then kept in mind.

The year 1882 went out with me working at my desk alone.

CHAPTER XXVI

INCIDENTS OF HEALINGS

THE year 1883 was one of the busiest, most interesting and successful, in the Society's history: certain of its features were very picturesque, as will duly appear. Forty-three new Branches were organized, the majority in India and by myself. My travels extended over seven thousand miles, which means much more than it would in the United States, where one has a railway train to take him to any desired place, and has not to shift to the backs of elephants or have his bones ground together in springless bullock-carts. My colleague and I were separated most of the time, she stopping at home to carry on the *Theosophist* and I wandering over the Great Peninsula to lecture on Theosophy, heal the sick, and found new Branches.

The first weeks of January were given to the settlement of our household in the new Headquarters, and my Diary is full of details of the buying of furniture, the arrangement of the "Shrine Room," of now polluted memory, but which was to us, during the next two years, a spot hallowed by frequent intercourse with the Masters and many palpable phenomenal proofs of their active interest in ourselves and in the great movement.

Marion Crawford's *Mr. Isaacs* was sent us at this time by his uncle, Mr. Sam. Ward, one of our most enthusiastic members, who also wrote certain interesting particulars about its production. It was—he told us—inspired by the published accounts of Mahatma K. H., and the idea so took possession of Mr. Crawford that, having once begun writing, he gave himself no rest, scarcely even food, until it was finished. He wrote it in less than four weeks, and Mr. Ward says that it almost seemed as if his nephew had been under the influence of an outside power.

Mr. Crawford makes—as any true occultist will tell him—the mistake of having his ideal Eastern adept, Ram Lal, meddling in the love affairs of the hero and heroine, whereas this is inconsistent with the tendencies of a person who has evolved up to and lives mainly on the plane of spirituality. Bulwer was equally wrong, nay, worse, in making his adept, Zanoni, abandon, after ages of spiritual striving and success, the fruits of his Yoga, and drop to the vulgar level of us weaklings, who are held in the bonds of the flesh and give and are given in marriage. Both Zanoni and Ram Lal are, as presented to us, practically impossibilities, save as aberrations of nature and the victims of overpowering conspiracies of brutish forces, which they must have vanquished over and over again as they mounted upward from the lower levels where passion reigns and the guiding light of wisdom is hidden. Sexual unions are perfectly natural for the average human being, but perfectly unnatural for the evolved ideal man.

Friendly letters came pouring in to us this month from Sweden, France, Uruguay, Russia, and America, thus showing how the interest in Theosophical ideas was spreading. At this time the covenants for purchase of the Adyar property were signed and exchanged, and I set to work to raise the money, heading the list with a donation of Rs. 2,000, or one-fifth of the sum needed, from H. P. B. and myself—the mention of which fact is, perhaps, pardonable in view of the cruel things said about our having exploited the Society for our personal gain.

On 16th January a public reception was given us by the Madras (native) public at Pachaiappah's Hall. It was a scene of great enthusiasm and excitement. The building was packed to the doors, its approaches crowded, and everything done to signify the pleasure felt in our change of home. Raja Gajapāti Row, a well-known personage in the Madras Presidency, took the chair on the occasion, and speeches were made by him and Judges P. Sreenivasa Row and G. Muthuswamy Chetty, of the Court of Small Causes. I observe that in the course of my response I broached the idea of making a sort of Hindu Sunday School Union, to open schools and publish catechisms for the religious education of Hindu youth, on their own lines, and that it was warmly supported by the leaders of the Hindu community and unanimously ratified by the cheering audience. At that time it might, perhaps, have been regarded as a fanciful scheme; but now, thirteen years later, we see in it a fair way to being realized; a number of Hindu boys' societies are fully at work,

and the little magazine which represents their interests [1] has a constantly growing circulation.

As our lives are made up of unconsidered trifles, and as I wish to give my narrative the seal of reality, I have mentioned many little incidents which help to fill in the picture and place us, pioneers, before the mind's eye as living beings, not as the absurd exaggerations which have been so often and so unfortunately indulged in. If H. P. B. wrote mighty books, she also ate her fried eggs swimming in grease every morning, and this narrative has to do with the actual personage instead of the ideal. So I record a little detail that interested me enough at the time to make me record it. The presence of a little river back of the house awakened in us the old love of swimming, and we all went in for it, H. P. B. with the rest of us. It must have astonished our European neighbors to see us four Europeans—for that was the time of the two Coulombs—bathing along with a half dozen dark-skinned Hindus, and splashing about and laughing together, exactly as though we did not believe we belonged to a superior race. I taught my "chum" to swim, or rather to flounder about after a fashion, and also dear Damodar, who was up to a certain point one of the greatest cowards I ever saw in the water. He would shiver and tremble if the water was half-knee high, and you may believe that neither H. P. B. nor I spared him our sarcasms. I remember well how all that changed. "Fie!" said I. "A pretty adept you will make when you dare not even wet your knee."

[1] The *Arya Bala Bodhini*.

He said nothing then, but the next day when we went bathing *he plunged in and swam across the stream*: having taken my taunt as meant, and decided that he should swim or die. That's the way for people to grow into adepts. TRY, is the first, last, and eternal law of self-evolution. Fail fifty, five hundred times, if you must, but try on and try ever, and you will succeed at the end. "I cannot" never built a man or a planet.

It was in this same January that H. H. Daji Raj, the young reigning Thakur of the Kathiawar State of Wadhwan, and a member of our Society, paid us a visit. I had begged him to leave his royalty behind him and come as a private gentleman with the usual couple of servants. He said he would, but when I met him at the station he had a tail of nineteen followers, an allowance which he thought modest in the extreme. In fact, when I remonstrated on his descending upon us with such a rabble of valets, cooks, musicians, barbers, and men of the sword, he showed great astonishment at my unreasonableness, and said that, but for my having written him, he should have brought a hundred or more!

The Thakur Saheb stopped with us from 30th January until 8th February, spending his time in talks with us, visits to the theatre, a sail on the river, a nautch dance, and other distractions. On the evening of the 7th we had an evening party and reception for the Madras Branch members to meet the Raja. The Convention Hall was fresh-carpeted, brightly lighted, and decorated prettily with flowers and potted

plants. A number of addresses were made, and, by request, I gave experimental demonstrations of mesmeric control to illustrate a brief exposition of the science.

On 17th February I was again on the move, embarking for Calcutta on the French mail steamer "Tibre", After a pleasant voyage, I reached my destination on the 20th, and was put up at the Guest Palace (Boitakhana) of the Maharajah Sir Jotendra Mohun Tagore. His house was virtually converted into a hospital, for the sick crowded in upon me for treatment and their friends to look on. One of my first cases was an epileptic boy who was having fifty to sixty fits every day. His disease, however, speedily succumbed to my mesmeric passes, and by the fourth day the convulsions had entirely ceased. Whether the cure was permanent I do not know; perhaps not, for it seems unlikely that deep-seated causes, so powerful as to produce such a great number of fits in a day, should be driven out by a few days' treatment; one would have to keep up the treatment for, possibly, weeks before one could say there was a complete restoration of health. Yet it may have been so for aught I know. Epilepsy, while one of the most fearful of diseases, is at the same time one of those which yield most surely to mesmeric treatment.

I had a number of equally interesting subjects. Among them a young Brahmin, of probably twenty-eight years, who had been suffering from face paralysis for two years, sleeping with his eyes open because unable to close the eyelids, and incapable of projecting his tongue or using it for speech. When asked

his name, he could only make a horrible sound in his throat, his tongue and lips being beyond his control. It was a large room where I was at work, and I was standing at one end of it when this patient was brought in. He was stopped just within the threshold by my committee, for examination. When they stated the case they drew back and left the sick man standing alone and looking at me with an eager expression. He indicated in dumb-show the nature of his affliction. I felt myself full of power that morning; it seemed as if I might almost mesmerise an elephant. Raising my right arm and hand vertically, and fixing my eyes upon the patient, I pronounced in Bengali the words: "Be healed!" At the same time bringing my arm into the horizontal position and pointing my hand towards him. It was as though he had received an electric shock. A tremor ran through his body, his eyes closed and re-opened, his tongue, so long paralysed, was thrust out and withdrawn, and with a wild cry of joy he rushed forward and flung himself at my feet. He embraced my knees, he placed my foot on his head, he poured forth his gratitude in voluble sentences. The scene was so dramatic, the cure so instantaneous, that every person in the room partook of the young Brahmin's emotion, and there was not an eye unmoistened with tears. Not even mine, and that is saying a good deal.

A third case was the most interesting of all. One Babu Badrinath Banerji, of Bhagalpore, an enrolled pleader of the District Court, had lost his sight. He was completely blind, and had to be led by a boy. He asked me to cure him—to restore sight, that is, to

a man suffering from *glaucoma*, with atrophy of the optic disc, who had passed through the hands of the cleverest surgeons of Calcutta, and been discharged from the Hospital as incurable! Ask the nearest surgeon, and he will tell you what that means. Now I had never treated a blind man, and had no idea whatever as to the chances of my doing the patient any good; but in mesmerism one can do nothing if one has the least doubt of his power to do: self-confidence is the one thing indispensable. I first tested the man's sensitiveness to my mesmeric current, for these were not cures by hypnotic suggestion that I was making, but downright, honest, old-fashioned psychopathic, *i.e.*, mesmeric ones. I found, to my great satisfaction, that he was the most sensitive patient I had ever met with. Blind, unable even to distinguish day from night, and, therefore, unable to see my motions and take suggestions from them as to my purposes, he stood before me, and as I advanced my finger-tips to within a half-inch of his forehead, and concentrated my will upon my hand that it should be to his nerves as a strong magnet to the suspended needle, his head inclined forward towards my fingers. I moved them slowly away, but the head also moved, and so kept following them until his forehead was within a foot's distance from the floor. I then shifted the hand noiselessly to the back of his head, and at once he moved it upward and upward until I thus drew him backwards, so that he over-balanced, and I had to catch him in my arms to keep him from falling. This in silence, without a word or a sound to give him the clue to my proceedings. My

way being thus cleared, I held the thumb of my clenched right hand before one of his eyes, and that of the left over his neck, and willed a vital current to run from the one to the other, completing with my body a magnetic circuit, of which one glaucomic eye and the optic tract, to its seat of development in the brain, formed parts. This process was continued for about half an hour, the patient remaining fully conscious always and making remarks from time to time as he chose. At the end of the experiment he could see a reddish glimmer of light in that eye. The other eye was then operated upon similarly, with the same result. He returned the next day for further treatment, and this time the light lost its reddish color and became white. Persevering for ten days, I was finally rewarded by seeing him with restored sight, able to read with one eye the smallest type in a newspaper or book, to dispense with his leader, and go about like anybody else. A surgeon friend of mine pointing out to me the signs of glaucoma, I found the eye-balls as hard as nuts, and set myself to make them normally elastic, like my own, which I did by the third day, by simple passes and the holding of my thumbs, with "mesmeric intent," *i.e.* with concentration of will upon the result aimed at, before the sightless orbs. This cure naturally created much talk, as the patient held every needed written proof of his malady having been pronounced incurable by the highest medical professionals; besides which, his blindness was well known to the whole community of Bhagalpore. Two medical men, graduates of the Calcutta Medical College, studied the eyes

through an ophthalmoscope and wrote a report of their observations to the *Indian Mirror*, from which I think it was copied into the *Theosophist*. The sequel to the cure was most interesting and striking. His sight faded out twice and was twice restored by me; the first time after it had lasted six months, the second time after a whole twelvemonth. In each case I found him totally blind and restored his sight with half an hour's treatment. To cure him permanently I should need to have him by me, where I could have given him daily treatments until the glaucomic tendency had been completely extirpated.

Somehow I was extremely lucky in curing deafness. An interesting case came before me on 8th March. His brother was, and is, a high-grade functionary in the Government Telegraph Department, and he was so deaf that one had to shout in his ear to make oneself heard. In two treatments, on two successive mornings, I had got him to the point where—my Diary lies before me and I speak "by the book"—he could hear me talk in an ordinary conversational tone up to the (measured) distance of 52 feet 8 inches: he walking away from me so that I might know he did not "read my lips". I shall cite one more case coming under my observation during the Calcutta visit in question, and this must be the last, as I must yield space for other writers.

One day, my dear colleague, Norendro Nath Sen, wrote to ask me to visit a Hindu lady, lying ill of a grievous malady, and pronounce an opinion upon it. The lady's husband took me to his house and into the zenana, where I found his comely young wife lying

on a mattress on the floor, in a hysteric spasm. She would lie thus six to eight hours daily, with her eyes convulsively closed, the eyeballs introverted, the jaws clenched with tetanus, and speechless. A transfer of the sense of sight had occurred; she could read a book with her finger-tips, and by copying the lines on a slate prove her abnormal faculty. I recalled the experiments which Dr. James Esdaile, Presidency Surgeon, had made and recorded in this same Calcutta forty years before, and I repeated them. I found that the hysteriac could not only read with her finger-tips, but also with her elbow and the small toe of one foot, but with no other. She could not read at the pit of the stomach nor at the back of the head, as I had seen other patients do, and as other writers on mesmerism testify to having seen, but she could hear at the umbilicus, even while I had my fingers pressed tightly into her ears and her husband spoke to her in whispers. The case was, of course, curable by mesmerism, but I declined to take it, as I was leaving Calcutta on the second day following, and this case might need a course of treatment extending over days, if not weeks. It presented, as will be seen, features of deep interest to the psychologist, for here, if ever there were such a thing, we saw the transfer of the senses of sight and hearing to places in the body remote from their proper organs, and the fact could not be explained away on any reasonable hypothesis of a materialistic character. Here was mind functioning at the extremities of the nervous system by an extension, as it were, of its organ, the brain. From this to the prodigy of clairvoyance, or the intelligent observation of facts

at great distances from the observer's body, is but a single step. Once let the thinking faculty be displaced from its proper seat to one or more other points within the limits of the thinker's body, and there is no logical barrier to the extension of its active consciousness outside the body, save the limits of the power of the Finite to grasp the Infinite.

CHAPTER XXVII

TOURING AND HEALING IN BENGAL

UNTIL our contemporary men of science took up the serious study of mesmerism under its synonym of hypnotism, the stigma of charlatanry was, more or less justly, placed upon it. Its advocates were as culpably eager to claim too much for it as its opponents were to concede too little. The indisputable soundness of its basis is now proved beyond cavil by the results of recent hypnotic research. If such great points as the reality of clairvoyant vision, the transference of thought, and the existence of the mesmeric aura, or "fluid," are still in dispute, it is consoling to know that the evidence of their reality is daily accumulating. Before long, the materialists will be obliged to admit it, as they have had to do in the matter of the other phenomena of mesmerism.

The above thoughts are suggested to me by the record of my psychopathic experiences of the year 1883, which we are now recalling. I had wasted an enormous volume of my vital force in attempting the indiscriminate treatment of the patients presenting themselves to me. While I succeeded in curing hundreds, I had failed in hundreds of other cases and given but temporary relief in as many more,

despite my having exerted my full will power and poured out my vitality as freely as in the successful cases. Nay, I may say that when I failed I had made double and sometimes ten times as much effort as when I effected cures of the most striking and sensational character. One day, when I felt myself very tired after my morning's work, I began thinking that I might spare my forces in the future by adopting a system of selection: could I not apply some test—some auric measure, or, say, an *auræ metrum*—by which I might pick out the most sensitive patients and abstain from operating on the others? I postulated to myself the existence in each individual of a nerve-fluid which would be characteristic of himself, or herself, and unlike that of every other individual. This, being conducted by the nerves to the extremities from the source of its generation in the brain, spine, and other centres (the *sat chakrams*), would be conductible by another person's nervous system in which an identical state of vibratory thrills or pulsations of aura was occurring, and which might be brought into sympathetic relation with it, and by no other. Therefore a healer like myself could not cause his nerve-aura to enter the nerve-system of any patient which was out of sympathetic vibration with his own system, any more than an electric current could be made to run through a non-conductor. *Per contra*, the certainty and rapidity of his cure of any given patient would be in proportion to the completeness of this sympathetic vibration. The charge of charlatanism would only lie where the healer would pretend that he possessed some divine

influence which was able to cure any patient who had faith in the healer's powers, regardless of the question of nerve-sympathy between the two individuals. To proceed upon the latter hypothesis would be to bring psychopathy within the domain of positive science. Then, what test could be tried; how could one know and prove to bystanders, which were the most curable patients? The test must produce visible phenomena, such as the most illiterate might appreciate for themselves. The only one of that sort was the phenomenon of "mesmeric attraction," and it could be applied thus: The patient should be made to stand erect, out on the floor and leaning against nothing, with his hands (unless paralysed, of course) hanging by his sides and his eyes shut, so as to prevent his being controlled by the "silent suggestion" of the movements of the healer's hands. Better yet, as regards that, if his back were turned to the healer. Then the latter, concentrating his thought and will upon the patient's head, raising his hand towards it and bringing his fingers together into a point, should silently will that his hand shall become an attractive magnet to draw the patient's head towards him. This to be kept up a few minutes until it should be seen whether or not the intended effect followed. If almost immediately the patient began swaying on his feet and his head moved towards the operator's hand, then the latter might be sure that he was dealing with a very sympathetic sensitive, and the cure of his disease would be virtually instantaneous. The case of the young Brahmin, whose facial and lingual paralyses were

cured, illustrates my meaning, as does also that of Badrinath Babu, the blind man of Bhagalpore, who was marvellously sensitive. If a less extreme degree of attraction showed itself yet still a strong one, the patient would be curable after two, three, or more treatments. So on to the point where, after three or four minutes' testing, the patient's head and body gave no responsive movements. There is nothing original in this experiment so far as the act of attraction goes—for that has been known from Mesmer's time—the novelty was in the using of it as an *aurœmeter*, a gauge of psychopathic sensitiveness. I tried it the next day with the most gratifying results: my best patients proved to be the most easily effected, Badrinath Babu to such a degree that—as explained in the preceding chapter—I could thus draw his head down to the very floor, and then, shifting my hand to the back of his neck, draw him up and up and over backward, until he would fall into my extended arms. Thenceforward I had to waste no more nerve-force on rebellious nervous systems, while the confidence gained by being able to know just how sensitive my patient was helped me immensely in working cures. For my own guidance, I mentally grouped all patients into ten classes or degrees of sensitiveness and proceeded to handle them accordingly.

Among the intelligent Europeans who were drawn to the Maharajah's Guest-Palace to witness my cures was the Rev. Philip S. Smith, of the Oxford University Mission; a pale little man, highly educated, of course, presenting the type of the religious ascetic,

and clothed after the Romish fashion, in a white cassock and a hat of about the shape of an American pie. He was very pleasant towards me, and I gave him every chance to satisfy himself as to the reality of psychopathy: he watched every case, put many questions to the patients, and stopped until he and I were left alone towards dusk. Then we had a long talk together about the business, and case after case was dwelt upon and analysed. He declared himself thoroughly satisfied, and said he could not have believed possible what he had seen, upon the testimony of third parties. Then the subject of the Bible miracles was introduced by him, and he had to confess that he had seen me do a number of the things ascribed to Jesus and the Apostles in the matter of healing—sight restored to the blind, hearing to the deaf, speech to the dumb, the use of limbs to paralytics, neuralgia, colic, epilepsy, and other ills removed. "Well, then, Mr. Smith, please tell me," I said, "how you would draw the line between these healings and the identical cures wrought in the Bible narratives. If I do the same things why should they not be given the same explanation? If the Bible cases were miraculous, why not mine: and if mine are not miraculous, but perfectly natural, perfectly easy to do by anyone who has the right temperament and can pick out the right subjects, then why ask me to believe that what Paul and Peter did was proof of miraculous power? It seems to me quite illogical." The little man pondered deeply for several minutes while I quietly smoked in silence. Then he gave me an answer

that was most original and one which I can never forget: "I grant you that the phenomena are the same in both cases: I cannot doubt that. The only way I can explain it is by assuming that the healings of our Lord were done *through the human side of His nature!*"

On 9th March (1883) I dined at the house of the most learned Brahmin Pandit of Bengal, the late Taranath Tarka Vachaspati, author of the famed Sanskrit Dictionary. He cooked food for me and paid me the highest honor possible in India, by giving me the Brahminical sacred thread, adopted me into his gotra (the Sandilya) and gave me his mantra. This was a sort of brevet conferring of the caste of Brahmin, the first case, I fancy, in which the details of the ceremony had been gone through with a white man, although the thread itself was given to Warren Hastings in his time. The favor shown me was, I was given to understand, to mark the sense of gratitude felt for me by the Hindus for my services in the revival of Sanskrit literature and of religious interest among the Indian people. My deep appreciation of the honor has often been expressed by me since then, and, although an avowed and convinced Buddhist then and now, I have always worn the *poita* since the venerable Pandit placed the first one about my neck.

Our conscientious enemies have been good enough to say, quite recently, that we Founders have done nothing in India for the children, perhaps not caring to call to mind the boys' religious schools, libraries, and societies that we have formed throughout the land. I see by my Diary that the first religious

school opened by us in Calcutta was started on the 11th of the same month as the above, with Babu Mohini Mohun Chatterji as chief teacher and other members of our Calcutta Branch as helpers. Since then, society after society for the moral, religious and intellectual benefit of the young, of both sexes, has sprung up in that metropolis, and at this day hundreds are being instructed in the principles of their hoary religion. A Ladies' T.S. was formed in 1883, with the lovely and gifted Mrs. Ghosal as its President, and the outcome of this movement was the founding of the *Bharati*, a magazine fit to be compared with the great London and New York periodicals.

My work in Calcutta having been finished, including several public lectures to overflowing audiences, I resumed travel on the 12th, and turned my face towards Krishnagar. I lectured there, healed the sick, and admitted seventeen new members into the local Branch. On the following day I gave mesmerised water to one hundred and seventy applicants. There lived in the town a common potter, who must have had the soul of some old sculptor reborn in his body, so skilful was he in the modelling of figures. A tiny statuette, the price of which was but one rupee, represented a Brahmin seated for his morning devotions, and I think I never saw more character put into clay: the face showed the most intense concentration of mind and introspection and was a *chef-d'œuvre*. I did my best, later on, to persuade my good friend Maharajah Sir Jotendro Mohun Tagore, K.C.S.I., to erect in some crowded native quarter of

Calcutta a life-size statue of an Aryan Rishi, after Ram Lal's design, with suitable inscription on the pedestal to remind the modern Hindu of his glorious forefathers. With the Maidan and other open spaces studded with conspicuous statues of successful foreign soldiers and cunning politicians, it seems a vast pity that no rich Hindu gentleman or group of gentlemen comes forward to erect these mementoes for generations yet unborn, of the mighty sages and saints whose world-wide renown casts a brilliant radiance upon the Aryan race.

To Dacca next, one of the historical centres of Indian history, and, for years past, of modern culture. My host here was Babu Parbati Charan Roy, a highly educated Government employee and a materialist. I met at his house very cultivated society, among them Babu P. C. Roy, Ph.D., of London University, subsequently Registrar of Calcutta University, and his educated wife, a representative of the highest culture among Brahmo ladies. The time not needed for my lectures and other public duties was most pleasantly occupied in private discussions with these friends on philosophical and Theosophical subjects. Parbati Babu was a man well worth winning over to our side, and I was glad to answer his questions and try to resolve his doubts on religious subjects. I remember his taking me into his library and showing me his fine collection of books, almost exclusively by Western authors, and when we came to the last book-case, I made as if searching for more. He asked what I was looking for. I told him I supposed he must have still another room where he kept his Sanskrit and other

Indian works. "No," he said, "this is all; is it not enough?" "Enough," I replied, "why, certainly not, for a Brahmin who wants to know what his religion can answer to the criticisms of foreign sceptics: it might do very well for an European, who neither knows nor cares what the Aryan Shastras teach." My host flushed a little, for I fancy this was the first time that a white man had reproached him for knowing only the opinions of white men. However that may have been, in the course of time this bright University graduate turned his attention most seriously to the studies of his Shastras, and but the other day published a book announcing his full acceptance of the views of his ancestral religion.[1]

From Dacca to Darjeeling is a long stretch, even by rail. At Siliguri we were transferred from the ordinary train to the steam tram that rushes up the Himalayas by a most devious route, curving around the hills, doubling and twisting upon itself, once in a figure of eight; going through forests and wild jungle, past banks of wild flowers growing beside the track; meeting gangs of Bhooteah coolies and Bhootanese, faring along with loads carried on their backs in baskets like inverted cones, supported by straps passing across their foreheads; through small villages of hillmen and Bengali shopkeepers, whose wares were exposed at the doors of the ill-smelling and squalid dens that serve them as business and living quarters combined; up, ever up into the cold and thin air of the heights, where the lowering of the temperature compels a change of dress and the use of

[1] *From Hinduism to Hinduism.*

topcoats and rugs; new vistas of the hot, steamy plains opening out at every turn of the road, until rivers seem like glistening threads down below, houses like dolls' boxes, and moving animals and men like the figures of a toy Noah's ark. Then, finally, towards the end of the climb one finds oneself amid a confusion of mountain peaks crowned by the glittering pinnacles of Kanchanjunga, or Dhavalagiri, twice as far up in the sky as the crest of Mt. Blanc. On the station platform at Darjeeling I was met by my brothers of the local Branch, who gave me a warm welcome and took me to the mountain palace of the Maharajah of Burdwan, who had sent orders to place it at my disposal and give me hospitality.

Only one who has been living in the hot climate of the Indian plains can really know the inexpressible relief and charm it is to get up to this lofty hill-station where, at an elevation of about 8,000 feet, one finds the climate of England, and the blazing fire in the chimney-place recalls the delights of home. Out-doors, especially in the bazaar or market-place, there is little to remind one of that, for one finds oneself in a crowd of people with Mongolian features, yellow skins, quaint headgear and costumes, jabbering away in a dozen strange tongues. Here is a trader selling Tibetan prayer-wheels, turquoise necklaces, charm-boxes to wear on the neck and arm; there, another offering the thick red sleeping-rugs of Tibet, or the pretty white and blue figured bedspreads of Bhutan, or the artistic woven woollen girdles with fringed ends, which every hill man and woman appears to wear for confining their loose top-garments at the waist; and

beyond him, a third who deals in the sweet-sounding cymbals and bells of Lhassa; dealers in ponies, cloths, grains, and every sort of merchandise which is in demand, throng the place, and the scene is full of movement and clamor. As I was working my way towards the eastern side of the bazaar ground, I was brought to a sudden stop by seeing a man approaching with his splendid eyes fixed upon mine and a smile on his face. For a moment I could scarcely believe my eyes—so far away were my thoughts from the possibility of seeing him. It was one of the senior pupils of a Mahatma, with whom I had been brought into relations in a place far distant from there. I stood still, waiting for any advances he might choose to make, but just when he was quite near, he turned aside, with his smiling eyes fixed on mine, and was gone. I could find him nowhere.

During the next two days I was kept as busy as possible, receiving visitors, discussing high topics, and treating sick persons. On the 24th I lectured at the town hall on "Theosophy a True Science, not a Delusion." That morning I had seen a sight that I shall never forget until my dying day. I saw Dhawalagiri in a clear sky, without a veil of mist between it and myself. It was like the uncovering of a world of gods and immortals, and language is almost too poor to do it justice. Before dawn I had gone out of the house and was waiting for the sunrise. There was no cloud in the steel-blue sky to dim the light of the stars. Facing the east I saw, of a sudden, a pinnacle of eternal snow come into view, as if born out of the breast of the night: a small, shining white

mass, so far up in the heavens that I had to crane my neck to look at it. That was the only shining mass in the sky, all else was night and stars, while the mountains around and before me were shrouded in deep darkness. Anon, the glory burst out in another peak, and then it ran like a flash of molten silver from the one to the other: within the next few moments the whole rugged cap of the kingly mountain was a blaze of lighted snow. Towering 20,000 feet above Darjeeling and 7,000 more from the plains, seen afar like a dream more than a reality, what wonder that the Hindu popular belief should make it the home of Rishis, those ideal embodiments of all human perfections!

On the 26th I left Darjeeling, retraced my route down to Siliguri, where I was once more subjected to the heat of the plains, the more awful by reason of the contrast of forty-odd degrees Fahrenheit. My objective point, Jessore, was reached on the 28th. I lectured as usual, and on the 29th formed a local Branch. Thence to Narail, where I was put up in a travellers' bungalow composed of bamboo tattis and having a thatched roof—a flimsy construction that, one would think, could not withstand the strain of a high wind. The mercury stood at 106° Fah. So my state of comfort may be imagined. I lectured to a large crowd from the steps of a schoolhouse, for want of a room big enough for the purpose, and, as there was not a single European about, wore my muslin Hindu costume with much comfort. If Europeans in the Tropics had really good common sense, they would discard their clinging, cramping

and stuffy dress for the roomy and thin garments and head-covering of the natives of those countries. But what can be expected from people who wear Piccadilly costumes, including the bell-topper, at garden-parties, and slavishly submit to the conventional custom of making calls in the very hottest part of the day, and the most inconvenient? At Narail a Branch T. S. was formed with fourteen members. By palanquin, country boat and dāk gharry (mail coach) I went *via* Jessore to Calcutta, travelling a night and a day with the thermometer at 101°. I had yearned for a little rest on reaching the Maharajah's Guest Palace, but got none, as patients had gathered and were persistent and clamorous. So I worked through the day as well as I could, and, naturally enough, at evening had nervous fever, high temperature, and exhaustion of my forces. So I put my foot down the next morning and took my needed rest. In the evening, however, I paid a visit to my dear friends, the Gordons and later, held a meeting of the Bengal T. S. for the admission of new members. The next morning (April 4) I left for Berhampore, in the Murshidabad District.

Our Jain members of Azimganj met me as last year, and after giving me the usual garlands, bouquets, perfumed sprinklings, and refreshments, conducted me in grand state to a flower-wreathed boat in which I was taken across the river to some showy carriages sent from Berhampore for my use, in charge of my tried and trusty friend Dinanath Ganguli, Government Pleader. The reception at Berhampore was as gaudy as that on my previous

visit, and the enthusiasm and welcome equally hearty. Then were healings of the sick, a lecture in the open air of a large courtyard that was prettily illuminated for the occasion, and a large meeting of the local Branch with seven new members admitted. The third day I left, in charge of the Dewan and Private Secretary of the Nawab Nazim of the Lower Provinces, who had been sent to invite me to pass a night at his Highness' palace at Murshidabad. My host and I had a long talk together that evening, and I passed a good night despite the luxurious surroundings, which offered so great a contrast to my quarters in the bamboo screen and grass-thatched hut and the other strange houses in which I had so recently been entertained. It was amusing to see the Nawab's gleeful astonishment when, the next morning, I relieved a huge Pathan, of his military establishment, of a severe attack of sciatica before resuming my journey towards Azimganj.

My next station was Bhagalpore, which I reached at 10 p.m., and received a very kind welcome. Of course, there were addresses to reply to and flowers to be crowned with in the usual fashion. Babu Tej Naraen, a most benevolent and public-spirited man, put me up in his sumptuous Guest Palace. I healed sick persons the next day, visited a school, or rather college, founded by the above-named gentleman under the auspices of the T. S., where above 300 Hindu boys were receiving instruction in the national religion, and Muslim pupils in the tenets of Islam. He had spent Rs. 20,000 on the buildings and

made a monthly grant of Rs. 150 towards current expense account, as a supplement to the Rs. 250 per mensem derived from school fees. The able manager was Dr. Ladli Mohan Ghose, one of our old and staunch T. S. members. My cures the next day are recorded as, two Hysteria, one Lumbago, one Hemiplegia, and three Rheumatism. At the Branch meeting eight new members were admitted, among them a Jain gentleman holding a judicial appointment under Government and a man of the greatest merit. The next morning my usual clinic was held, and I see that I made a deaf man, after a half hour's treatment, hear words spoken in an ordinary conversational tone at the distance of twenty feet. Four more candidates for membership were admitted, and I then took a goods train for Jamalpur, a great railway centre, where I was lodged in a most shabby little house near the railway station, the best that our poor members could afford, and so quite as good for me as a palace would have been. A Branch meeting followed and candidates were admitted.

Twenty patients were cured by me the next day, but the heat was so excessive that I was more than glad when the hour arrived for clearing my rooms of the crowd. I lectured that evening in a large, airy hall that was crowded in every part. An European, a pig-headed fellow of some Dissenting sect, undertook to heckle me in rough language at the close, but he got what he deserved, perhaps more than he expected. Gaya, Buddha Gaya, and Dumraon came next in order; and at each the same incidents

of healings, lectures, Branch Meetings, and admissions to membership occurred. The temperature ranged from 100° to 106° day by day.

A most unpleasant and, to me as an European, mortifying thing happened at the Dumraon lecture. A drunken, foul-mouthed indigo-planter came with a bottle of brandy and a basket of soda water bottles, and while I was lecturing kept drinking pegs. Fancy what was the impression made upon the audience of sober, intelligent, and self-respectful Hindus by this misconduct! Can anyone be surprised at the contempt in which they hold the dominant race whose social habits are so different from their own standard of propriety? I am glad to say, however, that no similar degrading exhibition of bad conduct has ever been made at my lectures throughout India, however much may have been seen by the Hindus among the soldiers and sailors of the British Army and Navy.

My blind patient, Badrinath Babu, was travelling with me for daily treatment, and there was constant improvement of his vision. It was at Dumraon that the ophthalmoscope was applied to his eyes, and, as this is a question of fact and science, not of fancy and superstition, I may as well quote a passage or two from the letter of the medical man who made the observation, which he addressed to the *Indian Mirror*, of Calcutta, from Arrah, 18th April, 1883. The gentleman, Dr. Brojendra Nath Bannerji, L.M.S., is a graduate of the Calcutta Medical College, and was a favorite pupil of the ophthalmic surgeons on the College Staff. It is copied at length in

the Supplement to the *Theosophist* for May, 1883. He says:

"The word wonderful is scarcely strong enough to characterise the cures made by Colonel Olcott while on his present tour. . . . It is the simple fact that cases given up by learned European and native physicians as hopeless and incurable have been *cured* by him as by magic. . . . There is nothing secret about his methods. On the contrary, he especially invites medical men to watch his processes and learn them, if so disposed, as scientific facts. He neither takes money, desires fame, nor expects even thanks; but does all for the instruction of his Society members and the relief of suffering. The waste of vital energy he makes to cure incurable cases is something tremendous, and how a man of his advanced age can stand it seems marvellous. I have seen him treat, perhaps, thirty or forty patients, but a few examples will suffice to give you an idea of all."

The doctor then enumerates cures of a fixed pain in the chest, of four years' standing, the result of a kick by a horse; two cases of deafness, one of twenty-seven years' standing; chronic dysentery; epilepsy; and then comes to the most instructive case of the blind Badrinath. I think I had better quote rather fully. "Boidya Nath (the Bengali provincial mispronunciation of Badrinath) Banerji, an educated gentleman, a Pleader, Judge's Court, Bhaugulpore, had been suffering from glaucoma (chronic) and atrophy of both the optic discs for the last seven years. . . . The pupils did not respond to the stimulus of

light. His case was pronounced incurable by two of the best oculists in India, *viz.*, Drs. Cayley and R. C. Saunders. Boidya Nath Babu possesses certificates from Dr. Cayley to this effect. He has had fourteen treatments [from myself] only, and at intervals since 25th February last (about eight weeks). He has perfectly regained sight in his left eye, the right one is also geting better. This morning he could even discern with it the color of flowers growing at a distance of twenty yards. I and my friend, Babu Bepin Behary Gupta, Assistant surgeon, Dumraon, examined his eyes yesterday with an ophthalmoscope. We found that the atrophied discs were becoming healthy, the shrivelled blood-vessels admitting blood to circulate in and nourish the discs. . . . He can easily walk about without anybody's help, and the glaucomic tension of the eye-ball is gone. . . . Our medical books report no such case, and every ophthalmic surgeon among your readers will admit this cure to be unprecedented. I put it to my professional brethren whether the cure of this one case should not induce them to look into this subject of mesmerism which, on purely scientific principles, effects such staggering marvels of healing. . . . I have mentioned the names of Drs. Cayley and Saunders in connection with this case, only because of my respect for the eminence of their authority and the importance which their unfavorable official certificate gives to the cure which Col. Olcott has made in this instance. I have written mainly for the eyes of my professional colleagues, and none know better than they how safe I am in challenging

the medical world to produce the record of a duplicate to this case."

Generous enthusiast, to be so blinded by an unspoilt heart as to imagine that his colleagues should be moved to look through even one volume of Braithwaite to satisfy themselves that I could teach them something worth knowing, and something that would relieve human suffering: he should have taken warning from the experience of that young assistant surgeon at Galle, who also ventured to tell the truth about the cures he had seen me make of "incurable" patients!

In the same supplement to the *Theosophist* (May 1883) the curious reader will see the medical certificate sent to the Editor of the *East*, a local journal, by Purna Chundra Sen, Practitioner of Homœopathic Medicine and Surgery, of Dacca, about my curing within twenty minutes two distressing cases of malarial fever, with enlargement of the spleen and functional derangement of the heart, resulting in acute hysteria. Then, in the June *Theosophist* Supplement, of 1883, one can see Dr. Ladli Mohun Ghose's report on ten marked cases which I had cured, among them his own, which was a case of blindness in the left eye which Drs. Cayley and Macnamara, of Calcutta, had, after examination, pronounced incurable and probably congenital. "But to-day," says Dr. Ladli Mohun, "after a few minutes of simple mesmeric treatment, by breathing though a small silver tube, Col. Olcott has restored my sight. He has made me close the right eye, and with my

hitherto useless left one read ordinary print. My feelings may be better imagined than described." Yes, but fancy the feelings of those two great oculists and eye-surgeons who had pronounced the eye incurable!

I went on to Bankipur from Arrah, where I had been through the usual routine, and was received and treated throughout my visit in the most affectionate manner. My audiences at the College Hall were very large and demonstrative; the second, when I gave a special address to the pupils, excessively so. After speaking a full hour I wanted to stop, but the room rang with shouts of "Go on; please do go on!" so on I went for another hour, and the boys would have kept me at it all night, I suspect, if I had not told them I was hungry and should go straight away home for my dinner. Dear young fellows; what a limitless field of work there is among the schoolboys and college undergraduates of India for those whom they know and love! And this is the field which is incomparably the most important of all, for the boys are not yet spoilt, nor the sweetness of their young natures destroyed by contact with public life. I ask no better epitaph when I am dead and gone than to be called the Friend of Children.

CHAPTER XXVIII

FLORID COMPLIMENTS

It is very distasteful to me to be obliged to give so much space to the story of my own journeyings and doings; but how can I help it? During all those early years I was, in my official capacity, the focus of all our executive activity: America was slumbering, with its work all in the future; England had one group of friends, who shrank from publicity, and another (the Ionian T. S.) had no means of making it if they had so wished; H. P. B. stopped at home to edit the *Theosophist* and write for pay to the Russian magazines; and I had to be constantly in the field and on the platform, to compel public attention and to form local Branches. My healing of the sick had been forced upon me without premeditation, under circumstances beyond my control, and as the results aroused such wide and intense interest as to form the chief sensational feature of the Society's year's history, the reader must kindly excuse the continued use of the personal pronoun and absolve me from the charge of egotism. I want them to figure to themselves that it was the P. T. S. at work, for the Society alone, and that it was to him, not to my poor personality, that all those kindnesses were shown and complimentary speeches made. As an example of the

sort of thing I had to face, with unblushing cheek and an assumption of great interest, I have been counselled by an English friend, in whose good judgment I have confidence, to copy here, for amusement and instruction, a translation of the text of an address in Sanskrit which was read to me at Bhagalpore. Yet, really, even hiding myself behind the figure of my Presidential *carapace*, I cannot give certain of the most extravagant phrases, because these passages, which would be considered perfectly moderate here, will be read in many distant countries where the blood runs cooler and the imagination is less florid than in India. With these eliminations, indicated by the asterisks, here is the text of the paper drafted and read to me by these learned Pandits of Bengal.

"(1) O noble philanthropic Colonel Olcott: here are we, sons of old Aryavarta, come to bid you a hearty welcome—we who have long coveted the blessing of your presence. It is our good fortune you should be here in this city of Bhagalpore.

"(2) Blessing and long life to you, noble-minded Founder of the Theosophical Society. Our worst evils fly before your noble presence. Your championship revives the dry-bones of Aryan Philosophy.

"(3) O . . ., in the presence of your lotus-feet the people of this place find their tree of desire in blossom. Our good deeds of a former birth have resulted in the long-looked-for blessing of your presence among us.

"(4) O . . ., the gloom that filled our hearts is dispelled by your coming. Passion, envy, hate, and

the whole lot of *karmas* have given place to a profound calm in our minds, so fickle by nature. A mysterious charm has to-day wrought a sudden change and plunged us deep into a state of supreme blessedness.

"(5) The time-honored distinction of the Vipras vanishes in the air in your presence, which, in spite of your foreign birth, is felt as that of one of our own caste. This is the fruition of the Yoga you have practised . . ., you can make others having the benefit of your blessed company, like yourself.

"(6) Self-denial, purity, Vaidic learning, holy ritual, good manners, modesty, meditation, charity, piousness, reverence for the twice-born and the elders—these and like qualities which once formed the life of the Hindu character, were alike nearly gone from our country. They have once more come into being because of your holy contact.

"(7) Those evil giants once destroyed by Rama and other heroes of hoary antiquity, that once more ran rampant under the ægis of Western civilisation, have again been committed to the burning flames of a noble philosophy.

"(8) Many who having ceased to believe in the mighty word of the Rishis, had gone out of their path to work themselves harm and all manner of mischief by giving themselves up to foreign vices, have now returned to the flock they had strayed from.

"(9) How can we discharge the debt of gratitude we owe you for your exertions in every quarter of the world, to awake in the minds of men a holy reverence for the precious truths that lie stored up

in the systems propounded by our Rishis of old, as the fruit of their long lives of profound meditation.

"(10) All honor to thee, O India, for no less a personage than the Colonel (*karnala*=all ear) himself has listened to the mighty Rishi-word. With his noble example staring us full in the face, we the twice-born of the great Arya race, feel ashamed of our present degeneracy.

"(11-12) O you, whose great soul regards the whole world as related, whose path is the path of the Brahmins of old, having taken leave of wealth, riches, and all earthly concerns, having broken asunder all those ties which bind oneself to one's birthplace, so dear to mankind, you have taken in hand a most difficult task, to do good to us in a far country.

"(13) Where is your own country in the far-off region of Patala, and where our own country of Aryavarta? Great and immeasurable is the distance between the two. Your coming to us proves the all-powerful attraction of love acting from a previous state of existence.

"(14) From the noble Lady whose motherly care for human weal, and the word of the Mahatmas have made her 'lay all selfish cares aside' for the good of us, fallen ones, and from yourself, O Colonel, age-stricken, decayed Theosophy, revived, receives its nourishment.

"(15) Countries once known as foreign have now become more than our own home; the future world supposed to be next after this being, has come to be felt as our own world; the men once regarded of different stock have, through mutual love, become

more than brothers. Thus, before the charm of your loving nature, everything loses its alien character.

"(16) What shall we ask of you, who have all our desires gratified by getting you into our midst?

"It now remains for us to pray with our whole heart for you a long life of continuous health and uninterrupted success.

"*9th April*, 1883."

The above is a specimen of a very large number that the Founders received after coming to India. The custom is ancient, and generations must pass before it will be abandoned.

To return to our mesmeric healings: A fact important in its suggestiveness was to be noted in the case of our blind Badrinath. Supersensitive as I found him, he would nevertheless sit and let me treat him for a half-hour on end without ever losing his consciousness, but on one occasion, when the thought occurred to me that he should sleep, his head instantly fell back, his eyelids fluttered, his eyeballs rolled upward, and he was fast asleep; one moment he was wide awake, observant of his surroundings, and ready to talk with me or anyone else in the room, the next he was so oblivious to sounds that bystanders vainly tried to excite his attention by making loud noises, shouting in his ear, etc. This was as fine an example of thought-transference as was ever recorded. The change was so sudden as to startle me for a moment. It was as though his life were hanging on my pleasure, and as if, in case I so willed it hard, he would drop dead from heart-failure. I got a valuable

lesson from it, *viz.*, to keep ever alert as to the workings of one's own mind while the brain of a subject was in close mesmeric subjection to one's will. To anticipate a theory that may suggest itself to some readers skilled in Hypnotism, I might put the question whether Badrinath Babu was not equally obeying my unuttered thought when consciously undergoing my healing treatment, as when he dropped asleep in obedience to my unspoken command. This may be so, but in that case it only gives us a still more convincing proof of thought-transference, for, whereas my thought now willed him to keep awake to be treated, it then willed him to fall into the mesmeric slumber. And how wonderfully sensitive must the subject be to exhibit these different and opposite phenomena!

Yet an entry in my Diary for 21st April raises the question whether the theory of absolute mental union between my patient Badrinath and myself will hold. On the day in question, while under treatment for his eyes, upon which business my thoughts were closely concentrated, he suddenly began describing a shining man whom he saw looking benevolently on him. His clairvoyant sight had, it seemed, become partially developed, and what he saw was through closed eyelids. From the minute description he then proceeded to give me, I could not fail to recognise the portrait of one of the most revered of our Masters, a fact that was the more delightful in its being so unexpected and so independent of any mental direction on my own part. Granting, even, that Badrinath may have, by association of ideas,

connected my presence with that of some such personage, it is to the last degree unlikely that he should have described to me an individual with blue eyes, light flowing hair, light beard, and European features and complexion, for surely I have not found among the Brahmins any legend of such an adept. Yet the description, as above said, fitted accurately a real personage, the Teacher of our Teachers, a *Paramaguru*, as one such is called in India, and who had given me a small colored sketch of himself in New York, before we left for Bombay. If Badrinath was reading my mind, he must have gone down deep into my subjective memory, for, since coming to India, I had had no occasion to keep the face of that Blessed One before my mind's eye.

The *Theosophist* Supplements for the year 1883 teem with signed certificates of the cures I was so happy as to make, in most parts of India, during my long journeys of the year. Out of these I shall copy one, not because of its being more striking than many others, but because I happen to have ready to hand the original paper which was drafted and signed at the time by the bystanders. The incident occurred at Bankipur, on 22nd April, 1883. The certificate reads thus:

"BANKIPUR, 22-4-'83.

"The undersigned certifies that he has just been restored to speech by Col. Olcott, after a mesmeric treatment of not more than five minutes; and also had strength restored to his right arm, which, until then, was so powerless that he could not lift a pound's

weight. He lost the power of articulating words in the month of March 1882.

"(Sd.) RAM KISHEN LAL.

"Witnessed by the cousin of the patient.

"(Sd.) RAMBILAS.

"The above wonderful cure was wrought in our presence, as above described.

"(Sd.) Soshi Bhooshan Moitra, Amjad Ali, Jogash Chandra Banerji, Govinda Cheran, M.A., B.L., Amir Haidar, Pleader, Mohas Narayan, Gaja Dhar Pershad, Pleader, Judge's Court, Sajivan Lal, Lal Vihari Bose, Haran Chandra Mittra, M.A., Purna Chandra Mukerji, Bani Nath Banerji, Girija Sakhar Banerji, Hem Chandra Singh, Ananda Charan Mukerji, Ishwar Chandra Ghose, Baldeo Lal, B.A., and Purnendu Narayan Singh, M.A., B.L."

And it may be said, once and for all, that these healings were not done in private, without witnesses, and with some mystical paraphernalia or foolery, but openly, in the sight of all men; sometimes even in temples before crowds of people; so that my every narrative is capable of verification by living witnesses, to say nothing of the cured patients themselves, of whom many must have been radically benefited, like the Sinhalese jeweller, Don Abraham, about whom I have spoken above.

I slept that night on a bench at the railway station, to be ready for a very early train and spare my friends the very disagreeable necessity of turning out before dawn to come and see me off. I reached my next point, Durbangha, at 1 p.m., and became the

guest of the Maharajah, Lakshmiswar Singh Bahadur, a well-educated Prince, who paid me every possible attention and became a member of the Society. There was a lecture on the second evening, before a large audience, and on the 25th a Branch T. S. was formed with ten members. This Maharajah is enormously rich and has a new palace which contains a Durbar (audience) Hall that is splendid in its dimensions and architectural embellishments. In my innocence of what the future had in store for us, I wrote in my Diary the question: "Shall he be the Asoka of the T. S.?" Events have decidedly answered this in the negative, as will be shown at the proper time. On the present occasion, he could not have been more gracious or charming.

Ranegunge was my next stopping place. Here I was the guest of Kumar Dakshiniswar Malliah, owner of twenty-five coal mines, who put me up in his garden-villa, and was extremely kind. On the next day there were psychopathic treatments, and, in the evening, I organized the Searsole T. S., after which there was the usual *conversuzione*, at which I had to answer innumerable questions, and at 1 a.m. I moved on towards Bankura. I got a snatch of sleep from 7 to 11-30 a.m., and then business began again. That evening there was a lecture; the next day, healings and the mesmerisation of eight large pots of water for distribution among the sick; in the evening a meeting of the Branch T. S., with admission of six new members. The next morning, at 5.30 a.m., I went by horse carriage back to Searsole, slept at the station until 3 a.m.,

when I took train for Burdwan. I was met by the Dewan Sahib (now Raja) Bun Behari Karpur, Dr. Mohindranath Lal Gupta, and Professor Dutt, of the Maharajah's College, and lodged at the beautiful residence of the Dewan. My audience at the College that evening was very large and enthusiastic, the Chair being taken by Mr. Beighton, the Sessions Judge. For three or four hours on 3rd May, I healed the sick at the Dewan's house in presence of the Maharajah and his chief nobles, spent part of the day with him at the palace, and in the evening formed a local Branch, of which the Dewan became one of the members. The Maharajah wanted to join, but I refused him on account of his dissipated habits. Like too many of our best young princes, he was being completely ruined in health and morals by the debauched courtiers who surrounded him. It is a pretty good proof of his innate goodness of heart that my decision seemed to increase rather than abate his respect for me, and I had more than one evidence of his goodwill before his untimely death, which occurred some little time afterwards.

At Chakdighi, my next station, I was lodged in the most tastefully and comfortably furnished garden-house I had ever seen up to that time. The Zemindar's name was Lalit Mohan Sinha Rāya, and I thought him a very estimable young man. A Branch T. S. was organized that evening, and sundry mesmeric cures wrought the next morning. The next day saw me on the wing again, the station in view being Chinsurah, where a new Branch was also organized. My healings were made as usual, and a lecture given

at the Barracks before a huge audience, whose welcome was expressed in the most demonstrative manner. Then on to Calcutta again, which I reached at 9.30. a.m., on 8th May, tired enough; as may be imagined when one reflects that this was in the hottest season of the year, when the wind blew like the breath of a furnace and swirls of dust choked one, if one ventured out of doors before the going down of the sun.

CHAPTER XXIX

HEALING OF THE DUMB MAN IN THE NELLIAPPA TEMPLE

WHAT his Sunday is to the "slave of toil," my rare half-days of rest were to me on this 7,000-mile circuit around India in the year 1883. I had one such, I see, on 9th May, and up to the 14th I was, at least, settled in Calcutta, but then the ceaseless round had to be taken up again, and I left by steamboat for Midnapore, which transit by the breaking down of a second boat on the Ooloobaria-Midnapore Canal lengthened out to a two-days' journey. There was a lecture on the evening of my arrival, healings of the sick on the 17th, and the formation of a local Branch with ten members, after which I returned to Calcutta. A lecture was given at Bhowanipore on the 20th, and the next day, at the Calcutta town hall, we celebrated, in presence of a huge audience, the first anniversary of the Bengal T. S. Babu Mohini Mohun Chatterji, Secretary of the Branch, read an interesting report, in which he said that the formation of the Branch was due to my first lecture in the same hall in the preceding year; the President, Babu Norendranath Sen, gave a lengthy and eloquent discourse; Babu Dijendranath Tagore, the highly

respected and cultured Acharya of the Adi Brahmo Samaj, spoke on the subject of Brotherhood; Dr. Leopold Salzar, on Protoplasm and Dr. Jaeger's discoveries in odorant matter; and I wound up the proceedings with a historical retrospect of the doings of Dr. James Esdaile in Mesmeric Anæsthesia, as applied to surgical operations, at Calcutta, in the years 1846, '47, '48, '49, and '50. I see by the report (*Theosophist*, Supplement, July, 1883) that I read, among other things bearing upon the subject of Mesmerism, the striking passage from the *Sariraka Sutra*, where it is said: "By the aura (*ushma*) of the inner man (*sukshma sarira*) is the aura (*ushma*) of the outer man (*sthula sarira*, or body) perceived."[1] The statement of Mr. Leadbeater (*vide Theosophist*, December, 1895, art. "The Aura") that the aura extends, in the average man, to a distance of about eighteen inches or two feet from the body in all directions, is borne out by the warning in the ancient *Atharva Veda*, that if a healthy person comes within *two cubits, i.e.*, about three feet, of the body of one diseased, the malady is likely to be communicated to him; the patient's aura transmitting its germs midway between the two, at the point where the spheres blend and the microbes are transferred from the emittent to the recipient aura. According

[1] The passage reads thus: *Asyaiva chopapatte resha ushma*. In the dictionaries *ushma* is, I know, explained as heat with the implication in some cases that *prāna* is meant. That it is not the animal heat of the body is clear enough from the fact that the *ushma* of the spiritual body is mentioned. Under the circumstances, then, I think that our word aura (Sans. *tejas*) more nearly explains the idea conveyed in the context than would any English synonym.

to Susruta, "leprosy, fever, dropsy, eye-diseases, and some other abnormal conditions," are communicated from a patient to a healthy person by conversation (intercourse), contact, breath, sitting together at meals or on the same couch, use of the same clothes, garlands of flowers, and scented paste (*anulepan*). Apropos of the now raging bubonic plague of Bombay, *Atharva Veda* says that "Even if a son born of one's own loins be attacked by . . . carbuncle . . . he is never to be touched": a mandate which is not very closely observed in our time of brave, self-forgetful nursing of the sick. But to return from this digression. The above-mentioned occasion was my last public appearance of that year in that portion of India, as on the following day I sailed for Madras. It having been brought to my notice that some of the facts given in this narrative with respect to mesmerism and mesmeric healing have been rather widely commented upon by the Press, it may perhaps interest the public to read a summary of the table of statistics which was published by my friend, Nivaran Chandra Mukerji, who accompanied me throughout the tour, and kindly acted as my private secretary: his report will be found in *Theosophist*, Supplement, June, 1883. He says the table represents in one column "the number of patients (they were of both sexes, all ages, conditions of social life, and sects) upon whom he (I) actually laid his hands, and in another, that of the gifts of vitalised or mesmerised water made by him (me). I have reduced vessels of all capacities—*ghurras*, *lotahs*, jars, bottles, etc., to an uniform

standard of the pint bottle". In the first column are enumerated the twenty stations where I healed the sick, and it is reported that I dealt with 557 patients; in the other column it is shown that I gave 2,255 pint bottles of mesmerised water, and Nivaran Babu, assuming that each bottle represented but a single patient—a too moderate estimate, I fancy—makes a grand total of 2,812 sick persons treated by me in the circuit of fifty-seven days. Additional facts, of interest to my colleagues at least, are that within the time I travelled "2,000 miles by rail, steamboat, budgerow (canal boat), horse-gharry, elephant, horse-back, and palanquin, the travel being sometimes by night, sometimes by day". I gave, it seems, "twenty-seven lectures, organized twelve new Branches, visited thirteen old ones, and held daily discussions on philosophy and science with hundreds of the ablest men in Bengal and Behar." Nivaran even describes my diet with liberal praise, and tells how many potatoes, ounces of green vegetables, macaroni, vermicelli, slices of bread and butter, and cups of tea and coffee I took, and how well I thrived on non-flesh diet. That the vegetarians may not claim me as an indiscriminating convert, I must say that if Nivaran had gone the tour of 1887 with me, he would have seen me so weakened by this diet that I was peremptorily ordered to resume my usual food, and apparently saved my life by not being so fanatical as poor Powell, who lost his life through asceticism. I think it will be found true that any special diet may be a man's "meat" at one time, and his "poison" at another. I have no

sympathy with undiscriminating fanatics. At this very time of preparing this volume for the press, I am practising vegetarianism again as a preventive of hereditary gout, and find it most efficacious. To compare pigmies with giants, it seems that my case was, in this, like that of the Buddha who fainted at the end of a long fast and saved his life by eating the rich food brought him by the sweet-souled Sujata, daughter of a nobleman. I recollect that when Mrs. C. Leigh-Hunt Wallace, the authoress of a standard work on Mesmerism, saw the statistics of my year's total score of treatments, she wrote me that there was not a mesmeriser in Europe who would dream of touching with mesmeric intent half that number of patients. She meant, of course, professional healers like herself, not prodigies like Schlatter, Newton, the Curé d'Ars, Zouave Jacob, and others who have professed to have been working under an overshadowing spiritual control. So far as that is concerned, I frankly confess my belief that I could not have gone through such a great and sustained outpouring of my vitality, unless I had been helped by our Teachers, although I was never so told by them. What I am forced to realize is that I have not had so phenomenal a healing power since I got my order to stop the work, *i.e.*, towards the close of 1883; and I am convinced that, though I should try ever so hard, I should fail to cure those desperate cases which I would then dispose of with the greatest ease within a half-hour or even less.

I had a hearty welcome home from H. P. B. and the rest, and a series of phenomena were done, chiefly for my benefit, among which I shall only mention

the one noted in my entry for 6th June. I say that "not being able to decide whether to accept the invitation to Colombo or that to Allahabad, I placed A. C. B.'s letter in the shrine, locked the door, instantly reopened it, and got the written order of ∴ through . . . (a second Adept) in French. It was done while I stood there, and not a half-minute had elapsed". So far as it goes, that pretty effectually disposes of the pretence that these communications were fabricated in advance and passed through a sliding panel at the back of the shrine. A whole month of homely desk work at Adyar was a delightful episode, varied with healings of patients, reception of visitors, and metaphysical discussions with H. P. B. I restored speech to one patient, cured paralytics, deafness, etc. One case is interesting as showing a progressive cure of loss of hearing. A young man who could not hear the ticking of a clock held against his ear, was at the first treatment made to hear it at the distance of 4 feet 6 inches; at the second, at 6 feet; at the third, at 15 feet; at the second he could hear conversation at the distance of 13 feet. On 24th June a boy who had long been paralysed in his legs was, in one treatment, made to walk about the room.

On 27th June I sailed for Colombo, arrived on the third day, and plunged into the business cut out for me, *viz.*, the grievances of the Buddhists in the matter of a riotous attack made on them by the Catholics, without their getting redress from Government. The next fortnight or so was taken up with this affair, and with personal interviews with the Governor of Ceylon, the Colonial Secretary, Inspector-

General of Police, Government Agent for the Western Province, the leading Buddhists, the chief priests, and counsel. I drafted petitions, remonstrances, instructions to counsel, appeals to the Home Government and the House of Commons, had many consultations and discussions, presided at Branch meetings, and, generally, was kept busy. All having been got into trim, I crossed over to Tuticorin on 14-15th July, and began a long tour through Southern India, which was full of variety, excitement, and picturesque episodes.

Let us begin with my arrival on 17th July, at Tinnevelly, the station where our Colombo Buddhist committee and I planted the cocoanut amid the tumultuous rejoicings described in a former chapter. We reached the station at 6 p.m., and found a huge crowd waiting. Five thick ropes of flowers, rather than garlands, were put about my neck and mounted to the top of my head; my hands, arms, and pockets were filled with ripe limes—the fruit of welcome and respect; I was put into a canopied sedan-chair; the chief local and governmental officials walked beside, in front and behind me along the dusty road; a young Brahmin threw loose flowers on and about me and tossed them into the air, strewing the road with an odorous carpet; the temple Brahmins came and handed me the flower-wreathed silver lotah and the tray on which lay a broken cocoanut, some red powder, limes, and camphor. The procession moved on with waving flags and banners; two bands of musicians—one from the temple—clanged their wild music, and so we proceeded until the flower-and-plant-festooned

bungalow assigned to me was reached, and I was allowed to get in from the heat of the road and enjoy its coolness. A welcome was here spoken by an ex-judge of Travancore, a learned and estimable gentleman, to which I responded, of course. Does it not seem as if all this gave the lie to the inimical Missionary tale of 1881, that the orthodox Brahmins had felt so outraged with the pollution of the temple by our cocoanut-planting party that they had uprooted the nut and purified the premises to get rid of our unholy taint! But why waste time or "spoil one's blood," as the Russians say, in refuting the numberless calumnies that have ever been circulated against us, when they refute themselves all in good time?

The next day I lectured on the lawn outside my bungalow to an audience which included all the leading men of the place. At the close I made an earnest appeal for the supply of a good Theosophical library for Hindu boys, and got a very handsome sum subscribed on the spot. This, if my memory serves me, was the first of a long series of successes in the same direction, and down to the present moment I have continued to press the claims of Indian youth upon their elders for the means of proper religious culture. I hope that, when I leave the scene, somebody among my colleagues will thoroughly cultivate this best, most fertile of all mental and moral fields in India. There is no other to be compared with it.

As the publicity given by the Ceylon Press to my early healings created an importunate demand for repetitions on the Bengal tour, so the exciting narratives of the North Indian papers caused me to be urged

with equal pertinacity to exercise the power for the benefit of the sick in South India. They besieged me at Tinnevelly, as at all the other stations, and some marvellous cures were wrought. An entry of a few words in my Diary for 20th July recalls to memory one of the most dramatic experiences of my life. I had gone to the Pagoda to sprinkle the "Tree of Friendship" with some refined rosewater, and was followed by at least 1,000 idlers, who, for lack of better amusement, watched my every step and exchanged opinions on my personal appearance. A young man of twenty-five or thirty was brought me through the press, by his father, with a prayer that I would restore his speech, which he had lost three years before. Having neither elbow-room nor breathing-space, I climbed up on the continuous pedestal or basement that supports a long line of monolithic carved figures of Hindu deities, drew the patient up after me, called for silence, and made the father tell the people about the case. What then happened may as well be quoted from the printed contemporary record—a letter from the well-known late S. Ramaswamier, F.T.S., in *Theosophist* Supplement, August, 1883. "Amidst a great crowd," says he, "right in front of the Nelliappa temple, the Colonel laid his hands on the unfortunate dumb man. Seven circular passes on the head and seven long passes, all occupying less than five minutes, and speech was restored to the no more silent man! The Colonel, amidst deafening shouts of applause and thundering clapping of hands, made him pronounce the names of Siva, Gōpāla, Rāma, Rāmachandra and other deities as

glibly as any other bystander [could]. The news of this restoration of speech spread at once throughout the town and created a great sensation." And no wonder, for when I made the patient shout the sacred names at the top of his voice, half the crowd rushed out into the street in mad excitement, waving their arms over their heads, and crying, in Indian fashion: *Wah! Wah! Wah!* Recollecting the mean tricks the Missionaries had played on me at my first visit, in circulating a scurrilous pamphlet against H. P. B. and myself, to which, in contravention of law, no publisher's or printer's name was attached, and in putting afloat the falsehood about the cocoanut tree having been uprooted by indignant Brahmins, I planned a little deserved punishment on them. I told the patient's father to take his son to the chief Missionaries at Palamcottah—a suburb of Tinnevelly—tell them about the cure, quote to them the 17th and 18th verses of St. Mark's XVIth Chapter, and demand, on behalf of the Hindu community, that, in proof of their divine commission, they should restore speech to somebody as I had done in the Pagoda. Their reply to be communicated to the Hindu public. Several days later he came and reported to me the result. I had expected some amusement, but fancy my surprise when he told me that one of the chief *padris* had declared his story a lie, and not one would believe that his son had ever been speechless! The subterfuge was so ingenious that it excited my profund admiration, and I had a good laugh over their astuteness. More than they had, I imagine, since the man was known to the whole

town, and the cure had been made with the greatest publicity.[1]

I went on to Trivandrum, the capital of Travancore, by bullock cart, and was banged and bruised all over; the distance being about a hundred miles and the road a trying one. Trivandrum was reached on the second morning, and the principal nobles and officials came to present their compliments and welcomes. I made ceremonial calls on H. H. the Maharajah, a cultured man, well known for his magazine articles on the Vedānta and other serious subjects, and on the British Resident, the Eliyah Rajah (Heir Apparent), the Dewan (Prime Minister), and other important personages. His Highness, the Maharajah, had up his palace Pandits to meet me, and started a discussion between them and myself on the subject of Yoga, he himself serving as interpreter. At my lecture that afternoon most of the Royal Princes were present, and as one of them was notoriously intemperate, I took occasion to draw a picture of what was the ancient ideal of an Indian Prince, and compared

[1] First-hand proof of these strange cures being best of all, it will be as well to copy here the certificates which were printed in the *Theosophist* Supplement for August, 1883. They read thus: "We hereby certify that in our presence Col. Olcott has just restored speech to Oomayorubagam Pillay, son of Utheravasagam Pillay, of Palamcottah, after a treatment of less than ten minutes. For three years he has not been able to pronounce any word, except the first syllable of the name of Rāmā, and that but indistinctly. He can now articulate many words plainly and in loud voice. (Sd.) Utheravasagam Pillay (father of the patient); Soccalingam Pillay (his uncle); Sonachellum Pillay (his father-in-law); N. Padmanabha Aiyar, F.T.S.; Vallinayagam Pillay. The above is strictly true. (Sd.) Oomayorubagam Pillay (the patient). Tinnevelly, 21st July, 1883."

it with the sad contrast presented in most of the Indian Courts at the present day, of course, not mentioning its special applicability in the present instance, since that—as the French say—*sautait aux yeux*. Many patients presented themselves for treatment, and I see that on the first day all but one were more or less benefited. On the second morning the Royal Family were present at my rooms to watch operations, and among other cures recorded is that of an old woman to whom I restored speech in their presence. Before leaving town I admitted a number of respectable candidates into our membership. The ordeal by bullock-cart thumping had to be faced again and in due time I got back to Tinnevelly, with a rather realizing sense of my anatomy at the end of the journey. *En route*, I lectured at Nagercoil to a big audience. Further additions to our membership were made at Tinnevelly, and I then passed on to Srivilliputtur, where I formed a local Branch, thence to Sattur, and then onwards to Madura, one of the largest, most prosperous, and enlightened towns in Madras Presidency. The Meenakshi Temple is, I think, the finest Hindu religious structure in India—it is 847 × 744 feet in area, and full of giant monolithic statues; it was once the seat of Tamil learning, the statuettes of forty of its most renowned Pandits being kept in a closed room which, probably, few foreigners visit, and which is the sad memento of glorious days of ancient learning, now almost forgotten. There was, when I visited the town—and is now—a brilliant local bar, whose then leader, Mr. S. Subramanier, F.T.S., is now creating for himself

a permanent renown as a Justice of the High Court of Madras. I was put up in his garden-house and soon became acquainted with every man in the town worth knowing. The next evening my lecture was given in the noble palace of Tirumala Nayak (the Pandyan king of the seventeenth century), under difficulties. The palace is built and paved with stone, and the effect of the presence of a crowd within the building is to create a roar and confusion of sound quite unmanageable. I was first placed to speak on the place under the dome in the Rotunda, where the Prince of Wales had held his Durbar, but the mere rubbing of the unshod feet of 2,000 people on the pavement and the murmur of their friendly voices prevented my making myself heard, even by friends a few feet off. They craned their necks forward, curved their hands behind their ears, bored me to the centre with their anxious glances, as though their eyes had been drills, and half opened their mouths, as the deaf instinctively do, catch the air vibrations within the cavity of the mouth as well as those of the tympanum. But it was useless, I was only shouting myself dumb for nothing; so I stopped and made signs of despair and regret. A shouted confab then ensued between the Committee and myself, which ended in my going into the majestic sculptured hall where the District Court now sits. A strong guard was placed at the door of entrance, to admit only those who knew English, and from the bench on the raised dais, where British justice is dispensed, but where, formerly, the Indian Sovereign received in state, I spoke for more than an hour to a listening

crowd of perhaps 800 to 1000, including all the highest in birth, position, and influence and the brightest in intellect.[1]

The next day and the following my services as healer were in great demand, and each palpable cure added to the excitement. I had to put myself in the hands of the Committee and let them select the patients to be treated, out of the pushing mob about the door. Mr. V. Cooppooswamy Iyer's report to the *Theosophist* says that I laid hands on twenty-seven persons, and that "the most remarkable cures were three cases of deafness, one obstinate case of chronic rheumatism of the spinal column, of nine years' standing, that had long defied the skill of the medical faculty, and two cases of paralysis—one of the middle finger of the left hand, and the other of the whole of the left hand. In the last case the cure was effected within five minutes." In short, a very respectable stock of "miracles," enough, if they had been exploited by an enterprising priest of any religion, to go far towards proving to outsiders his holding of a special Divine Commission: such ignorant fools are the credulous public of every country. I hope the intelligent reader has come to see long before now, that if the two Founders of the Theosophical Society had been the speculative tricksters they have often

[1] Hunter's *Gazetteer*, describing the Palace, says it is "the most perfect relic of secular architecture in the Madras Presidency". The main structure consists of two parts, an open court and a lofty hall. The style is a mixture of Hindu and Saracenic. The courtyard is about 100 yards square, with high walls of brick, forming long galleries surmounted by domes. One side is constituted a hall and its lofty domed roof is supported by circular pillars of granite.

been said to be, they could have rolled together immense sums of money and been worshipped as superhuman personages, instead of having had such meagre revenues as the Society's yearly financial reports exhibit. It isn't as if we had never had the chance, for if ever any religious reformers in India had it, we have had. In this epoch of shrunken faith and debauched priests, whose animalized aspect is sometimes enough to turn one's stomach, H. P. B.'s unchallengeable phenomena and my healings caught hold of the popular imagination in such fashion that magnates literally laid their treasure-bags at our feet, and fabulous sums were offered us to show our various powers.[1] That we rejected all their offers with evident sincerity is the secret of much of the loyal friendship shown us throughout India, from the beginning until now. If we had ever taken a present for ourselves, the whole Indian public would have abandoned us in the Coulomb crisis, and we should have been looked upon as religious humbugs; whereas, as it is, all the Missionaries combined, of all the societies of the world, cannot rob us of our place in the hearts of India's children, degenerate, alas! as they are.

The cure of the hand-paralysis had an amusing sequel. The patient was of a good Brahmin family, the brother of a B.A., and vakil (pleader), who was impulsive by nature and not morally strong. He was

[1] A Muslim in Bengal once offered me Rs. 10,000 to turn aside for a few hours and cure his wife's paralysis, which, of course, I did not do, as I might have done, if he had been a pauper, and no friend of his had pronounced the word money to me.

eating his dinner when the lad returned from my rooms, his paralytic hand glowing and burning like fire with the restored rush of vitality through it. The vakil, a religious sceptic, too lofty in self-conceit to admit that soul is a reality, no sooner took in the fact of his brother's cure by the mere imposition of my hands, than his scepticism was swept away as by a flood; he left his meal unfinished, hurried over to me, thanked me extravagantly for the cure, hung about me all the day, became a member of the Society, and when I left for Negapatam and other stations, went with me, to serve or fight for me as I might choose. He took no change of clothes, if I remember aright, but just came as he was, like one who jumps into a boat as it is just shoving off from a foundering ship, without thinking of food, water, or luggage. Such dry-grass-burning zeal as this could not last long; despite his vows of loyalty shouted to the four quarters of the sky, my wild vakil has proved one of the shallowest friends I have met in India, broken fifty times his promises, and finally let me into paying out of my own pocket a quite large sum for building supplies which he asked me to get for Headquarters as his own gift, but never refunded the money. Quite a different sort of character was the other Brahmin vakil who accompanied me to Negapatam. He has been staunch all the way through, is a Trustee of the T. S., and has been chosen by me as one of the executors under my own Will. *Tot homines, quot sententiæ.*

At Negapatam things were much the same as at Madura. A great crowd met me on arrival, covered

me with flowers, formed in procession with a band of musicians, and led me to a decorated bungalow, where I replied to addresses, held conversations with roomfuls of questioners, formed a new Branch with twenty-seven members, lectured to one educated (*i.e.*, English-knowing) and one popular audience: the first was at my bungalow, the second in the Pagoda, through interpreters, to 3,000 persons. On 5th August I slept at the railway station and took an early train the next morning for Trichinopoly, where more hero-worship awaited me, with the thermometer at over 100° Fahr. in the shade. A warm welcome, truly!

CHAPTER XXX

SOUTH INDIAN WONDERS

POPULARITY, beyond a certain point, is very burdensome—as I found throughout the South Indian Tour of 1883. When, on the 7th of August, I got to the Trichinopoly town hall, where I was to speak, it was practically impossible for me to reach the door; a vast surging crowd occupied every foot of the approaches, and, instead of making room for me, hustled each other into a compact mass of perspiring flesh to get a look at the object of momentary curiosity. In vain my Committee pleaded, scolded, shouted, and pushed; I was brought to a standstill. So, then, I did the most natural thing, by climbing to the solid roof of a palanquin carriage where all could see me. If one wants to manage a crowd, one must never get excited nor precipitate; give the right initial impulse and let it gradually increase of itself. I knew perfectly well that not one man in perhaps a dozen there could understand English or really knew anything more about me than the fact that I was the friend and defender of their religion, and had a way of curing the sick that people called miraculous. So in standing quite still up there until they had had their fill of gazing, I was really preparing the close-wedged throng to segregate

into units. At first they shouted to each other and countercried to make order, to a degree that no voice could have made itself heard, so I kept silence. At last, however, as there came a partial lull, and as the sun beat upon me so as to make me want to get indoors, I raised my arms above my head and in silence held them there. Now a crowd is often like a crying baby whose attention can be caught by showing it some bright or strange object that excites its curiosity. I knew that and so kept silent. If I had begun speaking fifty people would have instantly shouted to another hundred to keep quiet, and there would have been a sibilation of "*hists*" and "*pstts*" on every side; but seeing me stopping in the same attitude, and wondering what I *was* going to say, the result was that I soon was able to have my intended word or two through my interpreter, who had climbed up after me. This reminds me of a trick that was played by the late Prof. James J. Mapes on a sleepy audience at one of his public lectures. I studied Scientific Agriculture under him forty-three years ago, and he told me the story himself in his inimitably comic way. Finding that his audience of tired farmers were dropping asleep in the middle of his learned discourse, he silently turned to the black-board behind him, wiped it with the cloth, stood looking at it as if meditating some problem, drew one thick vertical line through the middle, laid down the chalk, dusted his fingers, thought a minute, then turned back towards the audience—now thoroughly aroused and wondering what it was all about—and proceeded with his lecture to the end. He never

made the slightest reference to that perpendicular chalk line on the board. The farmers kept awake in the belief that he would!

When I had pacified the outside crowd at Trichinopoly, I slipped through the other sweltering crowd inside the building into a large back enclosure where, my audience following me, I gave my lecture without interruption; I standing with my back to the house wall so as to make it a sounding-board. Many a fiasco has befallen a speaker from neglect of this precaution: his voice being lost in the crowd.

The healings of the sick went on here daily, as at every other station, and on the 8th (August), it appears from the record, I treated seventy cases with more or less success. Of course, no one can foretell whether either of these healings, however effectual it may seem at the moment when the patient leaves the healer's hands, will prove radical cures or not: all depends upon the present state of his constitution. However, there were various cases of apparently perfect cure of the disease.

On the same evening I figured in a scene hard to surpass for picturesqueness and impressiveness. A lecture was to be given in one of the large squares of the venerable Vaishnava Srirangam Temple, known to all travellers as the largest religious structure in India. It comprises a central shrine surrounded by five enclosures, each including the next smaller, until the wall of the outer one is nearly a half mile long on each side. This is the place where Rāmanuja, the founder of the Visishtādvaita school of Brahmanic

Philosophy, thought out his system in the eleventh century and began his preaching mission throughout Southern India. The lecturing place assigned me was in the inner square in front of the Hall of the Thousand Columns, a structure of 450 feet by 130 feet in size, and of one storey. Fancy the scene which opened out before me as I turned the angle of the enclosure and came in sight of the giant hall and the open square. Under the canopy of the starlit sky there was a multitude of dark-faced, white-turbaned and white-robed Hindus, numbering perhaps 5,000, standing and squatting on the ground and covering the front portion of the roof-terrace of the thousand-columned structure. Many young fellows had climbed up by the carvings on the pyramidal *gopuram*, or gateway on the right, and sat on the pedestal-cornice. A small platform of planks, bedecked with flowers and greenery, had been constructed for me over the porch at the foot of the staircase leading to the roof-terrace in question, and I had to use some agility to get up to it. When I did, however, the whole picture burst into view, and by its weirdness deeply impressed my imagination. The only light, save that of the twinkling stars, came from flickering torches held by many peons stationed against the walls, and from a half-dozen on my platform which were so disposed as to bring my figure out into high light against the sombre background of the pyramid beside me. The silent crowd, half hidden in shadow, was diversified here and there by some standing figure of a Brahmin, naked to the waist, whose sacred thread showed against his bronze skin like a trickle of milk ;

and there on the platform, ten feet above their heads, the speaker, also clad in white, standing with his interpreter and one or two of the committee-men, the centre of observation, while the air of night refreshed us and the throng listened in complete silence to the elaboration of the discourse upon Hinduism and the necessity for the religious education of the young. The cheers, long restrained, broke out at the close, the torch-bearers waved their flambeaux, the sitters sprang to their feet, the boys dropped down from their perches on the *gopuram*, and, laden with garlands and hemmed in by surging thousands, I slowly worked my way to the outer enclosure where the carriage waited for me. As elsewhere, a local Branch of the T. S. was formed, and the next day I passed on to Tanjore, the capital of one of the greatest of the ancient Hindu dynasties of Southern India, and in all ages one of the chief political, literary, and religious centres of the South (Hunter's *Gaz. Ind.*, xiii, 195). What a pity it is that the stream of visitors to India hardly flows at all through the South, but all start at Bombay, and, after loafing through the towns of the North, where the seal of Muslim conquest is set on everything, empties out at Calcutta or turns back on itself to Bombay. The traveller managed by Messrs. Cook sees hardly anything at all of the India of the most ancient Indian dynasties, nor gets sight of the incomparable Hindu temples that embellish Southern India: it is like visiting Scotland and Ireland to see Great Britain, and omitting to visit London and other centres of English national development!

On arrival at the Tanjore railway station at 5 a.m., I found a crowd awaiting me, and the train steamed up to the accompaniment of a band of musicians. The notables of the place welcomed me with floral wreaths, and at a table placed on the platform I was served with coffee, and received and replied to the usual complimentary address. They put me up at the travellers' bungalow, and kindly let me enjoy my privacy until evening, when I was driven about the town and taken to the magnificent temple which, as Fergusson says, is known throughout the world. It consists of two courts and the great courtyard in which stands the shrine, a structure having a base of two storeys in height, surmounted by a pyramid rising in thirteen storeys, to the summit, which is 190 feet above the ground-level, and said to be composed of a single huge stone. Between it and the gateway lies, on a stone pedestal, the bull-colossus of Nandi, the Vāhan of Siva. The huge animal is carved, if I remember aright, out of one block of granite, and measures, though in the recumbent posture, some ten or twelve feet in height at the shoulder. The pedestal is covered by a stone canopy supported on carved square columns. My lecture was given from that pedestal, the multitude sitting on the flagged pavement of the courtyard. Directly in front of me was a huge stone lingam, the distinctive Sivaite emblem of the generative force in nature, and beyond that towered the grand pyramid, each of whose storeys is enriched with huge carved figures in high relief. I spoke through an interpreter, and in the pauses while he was speaking, as I looked about me, I was

struck with the romantic experience that I, an American, representative of the youngest and most feverish civilization of the world, should be standing there, beside the huge bull, surrounded by the chiselled emblems of the oldest of the world faiths, and talking to its living votaries about the truths embodied in the hoary teachings of their half-forgotten sages and rishis.

I was able to personally declare the falsity of a current superstitious story that the great pyramid casts no shadow. At 5 p.m., when I first saw it, there was a great black shadow stretching half across the courtyard. The Brahmin to whom I mentioned it said that the popular rumor is based upon the fact that it casts no shadow *at noon*! There was another lecture at the Reading Room in the town, and I greatly enjoyed a visit to the world-renowned Sanskrit Library in the Royal Palace, which was catalogued by Dr. Burnell, and found to contain some 35,000 palm-leaf and other MSS., and 7,000 bound volumes, among the former many very rare and valuable ones. Before leaving the town I treated many patients and made some interesting cures.

Kumbakonam, my next station—the "Oxford of Southern India"—is a famous educational centre, and the Indian professors at the College will compare favorably for learning and intellectual gifts with any in this country. At the same time their mental bias is towards Materialism, and at the time of my first visit they exercised a strong anti-religious influence upon the undergraduates, and, indirectly, on the boys in all the schools. I was warned of this in advance,

so when I lectured in the Sarangapani (Vaishnava) Temple, to an audience of 2,000 to 3,000, which filled the Eastern Prakara (side), and which—says the contemporary newspaper report—embraced "Vakils, professors, schoolmasters, mirassidars, ryots, merchants, and schoolboys," I discussed religion from the view-point of Science. The next day's lecture, at the same place, was of a more popular character, and treated largely of the duty of Hindu parents to their children. The practical results of the visit and discourses were—despite the sceptical professors and teachers—the formation of the now well-known local Branch, the turning of public interest into Hindu religious channels, and the collection of a handsome fund for a local general library. This, let it be remembered, was the year when what is now called the Hindu Revival began to spread all over India, when forty-three new Branches of the Society sprang into Being, and when the backbone of the Indian movement towards Materialism was broken. And that was ten years before the Chicago Parliament of Religions assembled.

I see recorded among the psychopathic cures wrought by me at Kumbakonam, another of those marvellous cases of deafness. The patient was a pleader of Negapatam, I think, who had come over on the chance of getting me to treat him. He could hear sounds with difficulty from a distance of a yard, but after a half-hour's treatment—on the verandah of the traveller's bungalow—I made him walk slowly away from me, listening to my voice, raised only to the ordinary pitch of conversation, and with orders to

stop the moment he lost it. I made my servant walk beside him, holding one end of a tape-measure of which I held the other extremity. When the lawyer stopped, the tape showed that he could hear me to the distance of 70 feet 6 inches, and I tested him by carrying on some conversation with him at that distance, his back turned towards me so that he might not deceive himself and me by reading my lips. I do not know what was the sequel of the case.

The reception given me at Mayavaram, my next station, was enthusiastic to a degree that could not be excelled, matching those of Tinnevelly, Trichy, and Guntur. I reached there at 7.30 a.m., was honorably received at the station, put up in the decorated rest-house, received visitors all day, and in the evening, after dark, was taken, in an open palanquin, in torchlight procession to the Mayuranathasami Temple to lecture. The newspaper report says that the procession was led by the temple elephant, bell-bearing camels, and a band of musicians. Seven thousand people were crowded into the building, and—as I was told—every man and woman in the town, not confined to bed, took part in the pageant. From a technical report of the cures, published by Mr. D. S. Amirthasamy Pillay, Civil Apothecary (a Government medical officer), it appears that some good ones were made. They included cases of paraplegia, deafness, neuralgia, and epilepsy. At this station Damodar arrived from Madras on Society's business, and brought me a new volunteer to act as my Private Secretary, *viz.*, Mr. T. Vijiaraghava Charlu, now for many years known as Manager of the *Theosophist*. He had resigned his

appointment under the Post Office Department, to work with us, and most faithfully has he done it ever since. Lacking the suave manner by which more than one worthless fellow among our associates has won wide temporary popularity, he has stuck to his work with the stern perseverance of an old Covenanter, and is best appreciated by those who know him most intimately.

A Branch being formed, I moved on to Cuddalore, where the same thing was repeated. My first lecture was in English, my second in the Pataleswaraswami Temple, to clustering thousands, when the services of an interpreter were availed of. Here an unusual compliment was paid me, as appeared from the published report of Mr. A. Rama Row. He says:

"As soon as he arrived there, he was carried in procession, followed by a large crowd, with Hindu music playing and flags flying. He was taken round the temple, inside the enclosure, which act, according to Hindu religious belief, forms the sacred *pradakshana*—a ceremony which hitherto only a Hindu has been allowed to perform. He was then taken to the gate of the temple, near the image of Nandi (the sacred bull of Siva). The *Arati* ceremony was then performed by the High Priest and the blazing camphor offered to the Colonel, and a flower garland placed about his neck. Then he went on the platform. The whole temple was crowded to suffocation."

What makes this act of respect and love the more significant is that I was not only a white man but

also a declared Buddhist, which impediments, however, did not prevent my being accepted as the chief officer of a Society which is committed to no particular religion but befriends all alike, and which was as loyally working with Indians to promote Hinduism as it had been with the Sinhalese Buddhists to revive Buddhism. They took me as the friend of their Mother India, hence as their soul-brother. As such I accepted it.

A visit to Chingleput finished up this part of the year's tour, and I went thence to Ootacamund to rejoin my dear colleague H. P. B., at the hospitable home of Major-General and Mrs. Morgan. The railway ends at Mettupalayam, at the foot of the Nilgiri Hills, and the traveller proceeds up the well-metalled mountain road in a horse tonga, or two-wheeled mail cart drawn by a pair of galloping ponies. The ride up is simply charming, and passing through forests, by banks of flowers, and past swarms of lovely painted butterflies, the air grows cooler and cooler, until midway one is obliged to stop at the rest-house and change one's light tropical costume for heavy woollens and even put on a topcoat. At almost every turn in the winding road splendid panoramas of scenery present themselves to view, while one finds Ootacamund a lovely village of picturesque houses, spreading over the foot-slopes of the grassy and forest-covered adjacent hills, the roads lined with roses, the enclosures joyous with lilies, verbenas, heliotropes, and other "floral smiles of God". At the toll-gate on the Coonoor Road, H. P. B. met me in company with our dear Mrs. Morgan, Mrs. Batchelor and

others of the family, the General being absent from home temporarily. My old "chum" seemed really overjoyed to see me and rattled on in her affectionate way like one who greets a long-absent relative. She was looking well; the champagne-like mountain air set her blood to leaping through her body, and she was in the highest spirits about the civilities that were being shown her by some of the high officials and their families. She worked off some of her excitement that same night by keeping me up until 2 a.m. to read proofs and correct her MS.! What an amusing creature she was when in the mood; how she would make a roomful of people hang on her lips as she would tell stories of her travels and adventures in search of the wonder-workers in Magic and Sorcery; and their eyes open in amazement when she would, now and again, ring some astral bell, or make some raps, or do some other minor phenomenon! And then, when they were gone and we two were at our desks working, how she used to laugh at their surprise and at their often stupid attempts to account for the remarkable facts which, up to that moment, had had no parallel in their experience! A self-satisfied ignoramus in society, giving out infantile explanations of psychical phenomena, and trying to show off his cleverness, at her expense, was her detestation, and she used to collar and crush him, metaphorically speaking, with fierce wrath. And how she hated the smug matron who, while absolutely unqualified to pronounce an opinion on these high subjects, and unblessed with Christian charitableness (!), would regard her as a horror not

to be mentioned in respectable circles! It was better than a play to hear her go on about them. She used to say that the Russian, Austrian, and French women might be very bad in their conduct, but were far more honest than the British and American women of like social standing, since they did their wicked things in the eyes of the whole world, while the others did their equally bad things behind doors and in hiding-places of all sorts. Undoubtedly, her rough ways, her daring eccentricities, her profanity, and other peculiarities, were simply her passionate protest against the shams and hypocrisy of society. A pretty woman, with her brains, would never have dreamt of making herself so talked about; being the reverse of pretty, both in face and form, she instinctively let herself make a splash all around her, as one having no admirers to lose, hence no reason to put her feelings under restraint. I am now talking, of course, about the woman, not about the sage.

To introduce our ideas to the notice of the European community of our Presidency of Madras, she and our friends were arranging for me to give two public lectures, and some of the chief officials were kindly interesting themselves in the affair. As a necessary preliminary I had to call upon them and their families, and the next two or three days were devoted to this. Out of hours our joint desk work went on and the hard labor was diversified with her bright talk and frequent grumblings at the cold. Certainly with cause, for the mercury marked forty degrees more of cold than we feel on the plains, the houses are heated with wood fires in open fire-places, the

winds blow in gusts down the open throated chimneys, filling the rooms with smoke and dusting one's paper and books with fine ashes. H. P. B. wrote in a fur coat, with a woollen shawl on her head and her feet wrapped in a travelling rug—a funny sight. Part of her work was the taking from dictation, from her invisible teacher, of the "Replies to an English F. T. S." which contained among other things the now oft-quoted prophecy of the direful things and many cataclysms that would happen in the near future, when the cycle should close. That she was taking down from dictation was fully apparent to one who was familiar with her ways. My first lecture was given at the Breeks Memorial School, to a full audience, despite a pouring rain. The plan was tried which had been adopted at Bombay by the Rev. Joseph Cook, that of having at the door a basket, with slips of paper and a pencil for the audience, as they passed in, to write the subjects on which the lecture was to be given. The slips were subsequently read out by the Chairman, Major-General Morgan, and the subject of "Occult Science" being voted for almost unanimously, I proceeded to enlarge upon it. At the end of an hour I wanted to stop, but the demand being made for me to continue, I did so for another half-hour. The second lecture was equally a success. To "keep out the rabble," as it was said, a charge had been made for admission, and on the proceeds being handed me, I sent them with a kind letter to the Treasurer of the local Hospital. He was a petty-minded, prejudiced military officer who actually refused at first to accept the gift on the score

of its being "devil money"—H. P. B. and I being regarded by him as emissaries of the King of Hell! Of course, he made himself the laughing-stock of the sensible portion of the community, and his colleagues on the Hospital Board forced him to reconsider his stupid decision. The Hon. Mr. Carmichael, a Secretary to Government, did a plucky thing in having us to dinner to meet his chief colleagues, on top of a wicked paragraph in the leading Madras paper which insinuated that we were secret political agents: this was intended and declared as his personal protest against the injustice. We were very thankful to him, it may be believed, and this repetition of the stale and baseless calumny caused me to address an official protest to the Government of Madras, upon certain petty tyrannies that had been exercised upon some of our Hindu associates in the Districts by their official superiors, because of their being members of the Society. I sent in copies of the correspondence between myself and the Government of India and its ruling in our favor, and asked the Government of Madras for protection. The question was circulated to the Governor and Members of Council, and, at the Council meeting of 12th September, full protection was officially guaranteed us so long as we infringed no law and abstained from meddling with things outside our declared field of activity. This was all that was needed to relieve us from annoyance, and since that time we have not been molested in any way.

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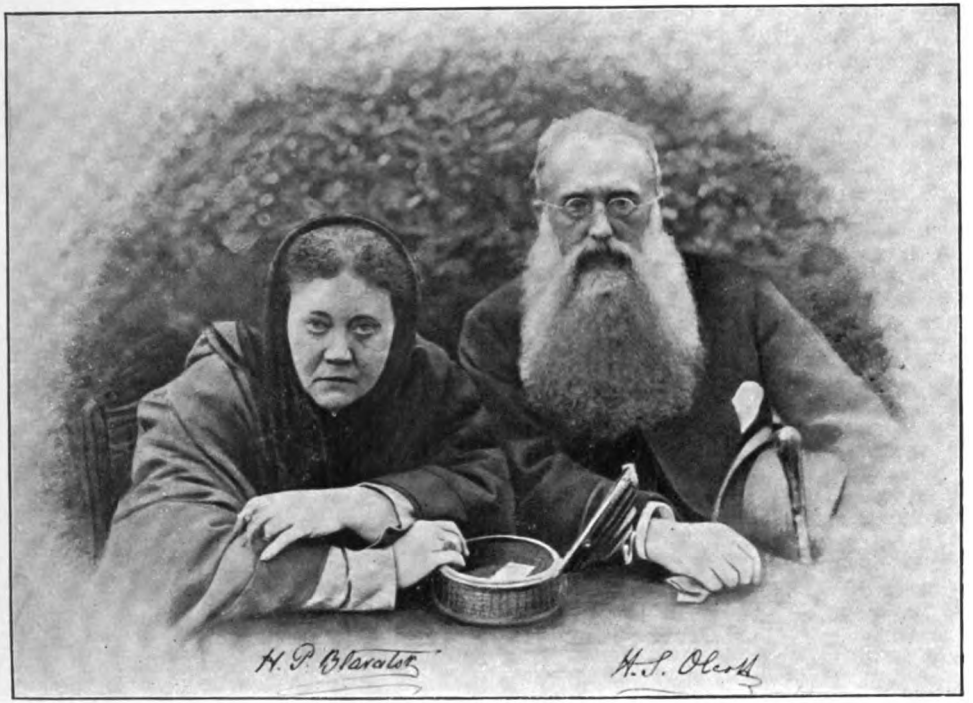

THE FOUNDERS OF THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY.

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OLD DIARY LEAVES

THE ONLY AUTHENTIC HISTORY OF

THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY

THIRD SERIES, 1883-1887

BY

HENRY STEEL OLCOTT

PRESIDENT-FOUNDER OF THE SOCIETY

"It takes two to speak truth—one to speak and another to hear."—THOREAU.

LONDON

THE THEOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING SOCIETY

MADRAS: *THEOSOPHIST* OFFICE

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INTRODUCTION

THE first volume of these historical sketches covered the period from the meeting of Madame Blavatsky and myself, in 1874, to our departure from New York for Bombay in December 1878; the second tells of our adventures in India and Ceylon, the formation of Branches, the giving of lectures, healings of the sick by hundreds, occult phenomena produced by H. P. B., etc., and brings us down to the autumn of 1883: at this time we take up the thread of narrative, and go forward to the month of May 1887. I think the reader will agree with me that the subject-matter of this volume possesses absorbing interest, quite equal to that in its two preceding volumes, if not even greater. Accounts are given among other things of my meetings with several of the "Masters" in the course of my travels, and of the results of the same, of our removal of the Society's Headquarters from Bombay to Madras, of H. P. B.'s last departure from her beloved Indian home into the exile of an European residence. The troublous times of the Coulomb conspiracy are dealt with in this volume, and the true story of the S. P. R. Report is placed on record, so that each member of our world-wide

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organization may be in a position to refute the slanders which, even at this date, echo in some quarters round the name of Mme. Blavatsky. The building and formal installation of the Adyar Library, with ceremonies of an unprecedented character conducted by Indian pandits, Buddhist monks, Parsi mobeds, and a Muslim maulvi, are described, and numberless details of the growth of the theosophical movement, and of our Society in particular, are given. The story takes us to Europe as well as through Eastern lands, the intelligent reader being afforded the chance of watching the gradual outworking of the plan of the unseen Founders, whom their visible agents know to be at work through this channel in spreading throughout the world a knowledge of the principles which were taught by the Ancient Sages, and the general understanding and adoption of which would cure most of the evils which now afflict mankind. For men suffer because of ignorance of themselves and their environment, and the false ideals of happiness which they struggle for are begotten by their ignorance—by nothing else. The war of individual men, of classes, and of nations can never—will never—cease until the ideal of the Perfect Man, the omnipotence of His perfected Will, and the irresistible force of the law of Karma are grasped by the public mind, and the present popular ignorance is dispelled.

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OLD DIARY LEAVES.

THIRD SERIES.

CHAPTER I.

OFFICIAL RECOGNITION.

IF there was ever a man who could turn a *menu* into a sort of alimentary poem, it is Brigadier-General A. Kenny-Herbert, ex-Military Secretary to the Government of Madras, now retired and living in London. He possesses so perfect a genius for cooking, that I believe he could develop the latent potentialities of a potato or parsnip so as to force one to realize what must have been the food of the Olympian gods. In fact, I should not be surprised to learn that he had been at least a *sous chef* in the Jovian kitchen, and along with his colleagues Soyer and Brillat Savarin, had reincarnated to teach our generation how to prepare digestible dishes. It is a passion with him, as it was with Alexandre Dumas, and I very much fear that—if 'tis

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truly said that the ruling passion shows strong at death—he would refuse to die until he had had time to give his final orders for the preparation of the "funeral bak'd meats."

General—then only Lieut.-Colonel—Kenny-Herbert invited H. P. B. and myself to his house one day to a tiffin which, in compliment to us, he made an entirely vegetarian repast. After so many years I vainly try to recall the courses, but I have the most vivid recollection of the fact that we and the three other guests declared it to be superlatively appetizing. The service matched the food, giving one the impression that this was not a feast of Gargantua, but a Lucullan banquet, over the preparation of which an exquisitely refined taste had presided. Most of our Western vegetarian cookery, on the other hand, has given me the impression that it was but the serving up of chicken feed in a style the reverse of attractive to a refined nature. If vegetarians could but get this pseudonymic "Wyvern" to teach them how to do it, their cause would win fifty converts where it now does one. They have proved unmistakably that vegetable food is as nutritious and healthier than meat diet, they need go no farther; but their cause can never be won until their cooks learn how to make one's mouth water at sight of their dishes.

Whether it was the food, or the sweet hospitableness of our hosts, or the semi-malicious banter of Mr. Forster Webster, Mr. Reed, and Capt. Agnew, A.D.C., or the bright sunshine and flowers in the garden, or what not, Madame Blavatsky bubbled over with high spirits and kept the company in continual merriment. Anon, a jest would be followed by an occult teaching, and that by the making of "spirit raps" on

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the table or silvery bell-tinkling in the air; and this party, like every other in which she had been present, broke up with the impression left on the guests that she was one of the most brilliant and entertaining, if eccentric, personages they had ever encountered. At Ooty, as at Allahabad and Simla, persons of the most influential position were disposed to be friendly to her and to the Society, some of the most impressible ready to submit themselves wholly to her charm. Here, as elsewhere, she spoilt her chances of full success by some sudden caprice of conduct, some passionate revolt against conventional narrow-mindedness, the uttering of strong language, or the indulgence of biting witticisms about some high-placed person. While eminently fitted to shine in the world, and having had many years of intimacy with it through her high birth, she had passed out of the "sphere of its influence," and brought away with her a feeling of disgust for social shams and of contempt for moral cowards. She railed at society, not like your parvenues, whose bitterness springs from their being kept beyond the threshold of the salons of the fashionable caste, but as one who, born in the purple and accustomed to equal association with peers and peeresses, had differentiated from her species and stepped up to higher ground.

The culminating point of my visit was the settlement with the Madras Government of the civil status of the Theosophical Society which, as was remarked in Chapter XXX. of the preceding volume, was successfully accomplished on the 12th September 1883 at Ootacamund. For convenient reference, I shall quote in this connection the text of

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the letters which passed between myself and the Governor in Council. They were as follows :—

From Colonel HENRY S. OLCOTT,
President of the Theosophical Society,

To The Honorable E. F. WEBSTER,
Chief Secretary to the Government of Madras.

SIR,—I have the honor to address you on behalf of the Theosophical Society, of which I am President, and the objects of whose organization are as follow :—

I. (*a*) To promote the feeling of mutual tolerance and kindness between people of different races and religions ;

(*b*) To encourage the study of the philosophies, religions, and science of the ancients, particularly of the Aryans ;

(*c*) To aid scientific research into the higher nature and powers of man.

II. These are our only corporate aspirations, and, since the year 1875—when the Society was founded at New York —they have been openly declared and publicly defended. With them we have exclusively occupied ourselves, and have most strenuously refused to meddle with politics or to advocate any creed to the exclusion of others.

III. The principal seat of the Society's operations was transferred from New York to India in February 1879 for the greater convenience of our purely Oriental researches, and in December 1882 was moved from Bombay to Madras for a like reason.

IV. The Society was, in the first instance, an open body ; but it was found in practice that the successful

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prosecution of physical experiments, in the progress of which the most private thoughts and aspirations of our common nature had to be expressed, demanded a more confidential relation between members. The principle of secrecy, identical with that of Free Masonry and Odd Fellowship, and with the same laudable motive, was therefore adopted as early as the second year of the Society's existence.

V. Our work being thus cut off from public view, many ladies and gentlemen of good position, socially, joined us, both in America and Europe—where branches after awhile sprang up. But coincidently with our coming to India this private relation between ourselves, and the great favor which our endeavours to revive Aryan learning excited among Hindus, caused a suspicion—to the last degree unjust and unfounded—that we might have under the mask of philosophical study some political design. Accordingly, the Government of India, at the instance of Her Majesty's Home Government, caused us to be watched both at Bombay, our residence, and while travelling over India. There being nothing whatever to discover of the nature apprehended, the expense and trouble lavished upon us only ended in proving our blamelessness of motive and conduct. For sufficient proof of which I would respectfully invite attention to the enclosed letter [No. 1025 E. G., dated Simla, the 2nd October 1880] from the Secretary to Government in the Foreign Department to myself—which I transmit in the original, with request for its return. It is therein remarked that "the Government of India has

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no desire to subject you (ourselves) to any inconvenience during your (our) stay in the country," and "so long as the members of the Society confine themselves to the prosecution of philosophical and scientific studies, wholly unconnected with politics, . . . they need apprehend no annoyance, etc., etc."

VI. The above decision is in strict accordance with the oft-declared policy of Her Most Gracious Majesty's Asiatic relations with subjugated peoples, to maintain strict neutrality in all matters involving religious inquiry or belief; and, having ever faithfully observed the laws and respected the established regulations of Government in India—as everywhere else throughout the world where our Society has branches—we are entitled to protection, and demand it as our right.

VII. Entire freedom from annoyance and molestation we have not enjoyed in the Madras Presidency. In various quarters a certain pressure, none the less menacing because unofficial, has been put upon Hindu subordinates to prevent their taking active interest in our work. Though the vindication of the wisdom, virtues, and spiritual achievements of their ancestors was involved, they have been made to feel that they could not be Theosophists without losing the goodwill of their superiors—possibly their chances of promotion. Timid by nature, the subordinates have, in many—though, to the honor of true manhood, be it said, not all—instances, sacrificed their feelings to this petty tyranny. But despite all opposition, whether of sectarian bigotry or other kinds, the Society has so

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rapidly increased, that it has already founded twenty Branches within the Madras Presidency. An impartial inquiry among our members will show that the influence upon the natives is excellent: improving their moral tone, making them more religious, more self-reliant, and more tractable as subjects. Should the Government of Madras care to test the truth of this assertion, I shall most gladly furnish every needed facility.

VIII. In view of the above facts, what I respectfully ask is, that the Government will make it understood that so long as the Theosophical Society shall keep to its declared field of activity, an absolute neutrality shall be observed towards it by officials throughout the Presidency; and especially forbid that the fact of membership or non-membership shall even be considered in determining the claims of any *employé*, English or Native, to official favor.

I have the honor to be, sir,

Your most obedient servant,

H. S. Olcott,

President, Theosophical Society.

Public Department.

Proceedings of the Madras Government.

Read the following [foregoing] letter from Colonel H. S. Olcott, President, Theosophical Society, dated 7th September 1883: (1) stating the objects of the Society; (2) transmitting a letter addressed to him by the Government of India, Foreign Department, of 2nd

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October 1880, promising the members of the Society freedom from all annoyance so long as they confine themselves to the prosecution of philosophical and scientific studies wholly unconnected with politics; (3) complaining that in various quarters of the Madras Presidency, some native subordinates have been made to feel that they cannot join the Society without losing the goodwill of their official superiors.

ORDER.

13th September 1883, *No.* 1798.

Colonel Olcott may be assured that this Government *will strictly follow the lines that have been laid down by the Government of India* in their letter to his address. In regard to the complaint he has preferred, they observe that it is of a general nature only, no specific instances being mentioned; and His Excellency the Governor in Council need only say that he would *highly disapprove any interference with the religious or philosophical ideas* of any section of the population.

[True Extract.]

(Sd.) FORSTER WEBSTER,
Ag. Chief Secretary.

To Colonel H. S. OLCOTT,
President, Theosophical Society.

I have elsewhere mentioned H. P. B.'s inheritance of the fiery temper of the Dolgoroukis, and the terrible

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struggle it was to even measurably subdue her irritability. I will now tell a story which I had from her own lips, and the incidents of which had a most lasting effect upon her through life. In childhood her temper was practically unrestrained, her noble father petting and idolizing her after the loss of his wife. When, in her eleventh year, the time came for her to leave his regimen and pass under the management of her maternal grandmother (the wife of General Fadeyef, born Princess Dolgorouki), she was warned that such unrestrained liberty would no longer be allowed her, and she was more or less awed by the dignified character of her relative. But on one occasion, in a fit of temper at her nurse, a faithful old serf who had been brought up in the family, she struck her a blow in the face. This coming to her grandmother's knowledge, the child was summoned, questioned, and confessed her fault. The grandmother at once had the castle bell rung to call in all the servants of the household of whom there were scores, and when they were assembled in the great hall, she told her niece that she had acted as no lady should, in unjustly striking a helpless serf who would not dare defend herself; and she ordered her to beg her pardon and kiss her hand in token of sincerity. The child at first, crimson with shame, was disposed to rebel, but the old lady told her that if she did not instantly obey she would send her from her house in disgrace. She added that no real noble lady would refuse to make amends for a wrong to a servant, especially one who by a lifetime of faithful service had earned the confidence and love of her superiors.

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Naturally generous and kind-hearted towards the people of the lower classes, the impetuous child burst into tears, kneeled before the old nurse, kissed her hand, and asked to be forgiven. Needless to say she was thenceforth fairly worshipped by the retainers of the family. She told me that that lesson was worth everything to her, and it had taught her the principle of doing justice to those whose social rank made them incapable of compelling aggressors to do rightly towards them.

All who have published reminiscences of her childhood—Mme. Jelihovsky, her sister; Mlle. Fadeyef, her aunt; Mr. Sinnett, and others—testify to the innate kindness and chivalrousness of her disposition, notwithstanding her inability to restrain her tongue or her temper, which too often, as at Ooty, brought her into trouble. But whatever her faults, there is one chargeable to a high-placed lady at Ootacamund which does not redound to the latter's credit. My readers may remember my telling in the previous volume of H. P. B.'s "doubling" a valuable topaz or yellow diamond in a ring for Mrs. Sinnett while we were together at Simla. She did a similar favor for the lady friend at Ootacamund, a duplicate being made for her by H. P. B. of a valuable sapphire. In the course of time she and the lady fell out, or rather the lady fell away from her, but *kept the stone*, which she had had appraised by a jeweller and found its commercial value to be quite two hundred rupees. If poor, impecunious H. P. B. had played her—as was pretended—the trick of passing off a valuable sapphire (which she did not possess before it

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went from her hand to the lady's) as a mysterious *apport*, at least the recipient *kept it* and made the only profit out of the transaction!

Two days after receipt of the Order in Council, we two left beautiful Ooty in tongas for Coimbatore, where we tarried three days, receiving visitors, answering questions, and taking candidates into membership. I lectured on two successive days and did a good deal of psychopathic work: on the 19th September, it appears, I mesmerized thirty large jars of water and seventeen bottles of oil for the use of the sick. H. P. B. was present when, in the usual formal way, I organized a local Branch under the name of the Coimbatore T. S. Our visit finished, we left for Pondichéry, followed by warm protestations of affectionate goodwill. This was one of the two or three occasions only in which my colleague even assisted in the formation of Indian Branches, despite the foolish idea entertained by many, ignorant of the facts, who constantly talk of her personally founding our Branches and wearing herself out with travel and its privations. Greater stuff was never spoken: her sphere was the literary and spiritual one, and her travelling in those days was mainly limited to the distances between her writing-table, the dining-room, and her bed. She was as unfit for platform and pioneer organizing work as she was for cooking; and when we remember that she thought to get boiled eggs by laying them, raw, on the hot coals, her culinary aptitude is easily gauged. Moreover, she had too much sense to try it, but kept strictly to her own department, as I did to mine.

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From the Nilgiris to the French territory of Pondichéry one has to cross country from West to East by rail, at Villupuram Junction changing to a short branch line of twenty-six miles that takes one to Pondichéry. An amusing episode occurred between the two stations. At the Junction a certain elderly Hindu gentleman of our acquaintance accosted us with the usual signs of exaggerated reverence, so easily seen through by foreigners, and begged me to cure a paralytic—some rich or influential person—who would apply to me before reaching Pondichéry. Now this was too much for good nature; if I was to be pestered from morning to night by patients while stopping at stations, at least I ought to be allowed to rest myself while travelling. Naturally, I refused the man's request; but he stuck to me like a leech, got into our compartment of the train, and urged, and fawned, and begged until he wore out my patience. Just then we came to a place where there was a halt of ten minutes, and my pest abased himself to the dust to persuade me to get out and cure his man, whom we saw sitting in an arm-chair on the platform with a number of people about him. In desperation, and to rid myself of the man's importunities, I got out, went over to the sick man, handled his paralyzed limbs, made mesmeric passes over them with a little massage, got his arm flexible, then his leg, made him stand, walk, put his bad foot on his chair, lift the chair with the just-paralyzed hand, and then, as the engine whistle blew, salaamed the company and ran back to our carriage. All this while H. P. B. had sat

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at a window, smoking a cigarette and watching my performance: she had never seen me at this work before and was deeply interested. As the train started, we saw my cured paralytic walk off, followed by his party and by a servant carrying the chair; not one of them looking behind him. The effect upon H. P. B. was most comical to me and set me to laughing heartily. The language she used was choice and so strong, that if her words had been leaden shot and hurled at their mark by the full force of her wrath, the backs of the retreating company would have been well peppered. Such ingratitude, such base and disgusting ingratitude, she had never seen in her life. "What do you mean?" I asked. "Mean? why, there was that man almost licking your feet in the train to get you to heal his friend; you heal him in the most marvellous way, on the platform, while the train stops ten minutes or so; and he, his friend, and his friend's friends calmly walk away, without a word of thanks or even a backward look of thankfulness. That beats everything I ever saw!" I told her that if she had travelled with me and seen my mesmeric healings, she would have realized that the number of patients who had shown real gratitude for benefits conferred were far less than one in a hundred: that if the other ninty-nine were really grateful, they concealed it from view, and left me to practice the rule that Srî Krishna gave to Arjuna, to do the necessary thing and care naught for the fruits of action. But she never forgot the incident.

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CHAPTER II.

AN ADEPT SEEN AT PONDICHÉRY

CAN any of H. P. B.'s old friends figure to themselves how she must have looked and felt on being received at a railway station by a Governor's band playing "God Save the Queen," and then taken in procession, to the clang of music, to our lodging-house? That is just what happened to us on reaching Pondichéry, and I draw the veil over the amusing picture, as I have not the talent of Bret Harte to do it justice. At the house, in the presence of a select number of dark-skinned French "citizens," an address in a rickety sort of French was read to us and duly responded to by me; after which presentations, welcomes, and compliments followed, and our rooms were thronged by visitors day and evening. The next morning I had ceremonial visits to make to His Excellency the Governor, His something the Mayor, and various other local officials, by all of whom I was courteously and kindly received. Then I had a look through the town, upon which the French *cachet* was placed wherever possible—the blue-and-white enamelled

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street signs at the corners, the little side-walk tables and chairs at restaurants, the Paris names and shops *in petto*, the French look of the Place Dupleix, the unmistakable French look of the functionaries and white traders, the very aping of French manners by the Natives. This little seven-by-nine colony, comparatively to British India as big as a postage stamp, and hemmed in by it on the three land sides, was totally unlike it, even in the attitude of the white and dark races towards each other. That, indeed, was what struck me most forcibly, accustomed as I had become to the immense gulf between the races in the Great British Dependency. My introducer to all these high officials was a dark, almost black, Tamil gentleman, a Membre du Conseil; and I was no less pleased than surprised to see how they received him as an equal, quite as though his dark skin did not prevent his being a human being as good as themselves. While I might have been amused to see my friend playing the citizen, I was not amused, but very much gratified, to see that his right to respect was freely conceded.

Before our arrival it had been arranged that I was to lecture in English and the Mayor would translate me into French. At the appointed hour I confronted a large audience of both races; the Mayor presided and I began speaking, but after a sentence or two, paused for my interpreter to take up the running. This went on for perhaps ten minutes, when the Mayor confessed that his stock of English was exhausted, and called the Interpreter to Government, a French gentleman, to replace him. Five or six sentences finished him up, and a third

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translator, a Tamil, was brought forward, but he broke down almost at once. It is a matter of common observation that foreigners of every nation understand English when spoken by one of themselves much better than when we speak it, the accent making it more comprehensible. There I stood feeling like a fool, and ready to give it up as a hopeless case; but the Mayor, in his best French, told the audience that he had had a long conversation with me on Theosophy that morning, and that I knew quite enough French to speak without interpretation, whereupon I was called upon from all parts of the room to go ahead, and that I had finally to do despite my excuses and protestations. In a fashion that I dare not look back upon, I went on, and on, for more than an hour, expounding our ideas and Eastern philosophy as best I could; and the audience were kind enough to signify by loud applause that in coming out to India they had brought with them that lovely national trait of courtesy and forbearance for strangers who try to speak their tongue. You should, however, have seen the face and gestures of H. P. B. when I returned home and told her what I had done. She held up both hands in amazement, and made comments strongly suggestive of her horror at the possible and probable mistakes I had made in the use of genders and verbs! However, I did get through after a fashion, and we did form a T. S. Branch in the town, which was the chief thing after all.

I was so busy telling her the above and hearing her comments, that beyond a sweeping bow to the dozen or so of visitors sitting on the floor about her, whom she had

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been entertaining during my absence, I took no notice of them. She, however, presently gave me a certain look, and by slightly inclining her head, made me look towards her right at one man who sat behind the others, and who met my startled gaze with a kindly smile. It was none other than one of the Masters known to me at New York during the writing of *Isis Unveiled*: one who disliked English so much that he always spoke and wrote French in his communications with me: the very one who gave me that cutting rebuke by duplicating several times the lead-pencil I hesitated to lend "H. P. B."—his temporary shell. I can't say if the others saw him, but certainly they could not have left him so unnoticed if they had, for he was to them, in majesty, as a lion to a whippet. I longed to approach and address him, but his eyes expressed the command that I should not, so I took my seat on the floor to H. P. B.'s left, where I had him in full view. The company did not stay long after my arrival, and he, after saluting H. P. B., like the rest, with folded palms, in the Indian fashion, spoke a word or two to her apart and followed them out.

We left Pondichéry for Madras, September 23rd, and got home that afternoon, rejoiced to see the dear place again. As usual after a tour, I had no end of arrears of correspondence and literary work to make up, but by the next midnight it had been disposed of. On the 25th we celebrated the first Anniversary of the Madras T. S. at Pachiayappa's Hall, a great crowd attending. Besides myself, Dewan Bahadur, R. Raghoonath Row, and the regretted T. Subba Row made speeches. My stay at

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home was so very brief, that on the 27th I started again on a long journey to the northward, with our friend L. V. V. Naidu as my Private Secretary. Bellary, Adoni, and Hyderabad—the Nizam's capital—came in sequence, and the usual events of Branch-making, question-answering, and patient-healing occurred. My receptions by friends were always kind, and personal ties of brotherhood were made which are still unbroken.

At Mr. Narasimhalu Chetty's house, at Hyderabad, there was a most interesting case of the cure of blindness in one eye within the half-hour's treatment. I remember it so well. Facing the house, on the farther side of the road that skirted the compound, stood a telegraph pole. The patient, an adult Hindu, had been brought to me by his physician, Dr. Rustomji, F.T.S., to the upper verandah, where I sat talking with friends. He had done his best for the patient, but had failed to even temporarily relieve the total blindness of the eye. It looked as healthy as the other one, but, on testing in the usual way, I found that it was unmistakably sightless. I therefore breathed upon the eyeball, "with mesmeric intent," through the small silver tube I carried in my pocket for that purpose, made the proper passes over the forehead and nape of the neck, and after the time mentioned had the pleasure to receive the patient's joyous assurance that his sight was restored. To make sure, I laid my finger on the other eyeball and told him to describe what he saw straight ahead of him. He at once said: "The compound, the fence, the gate, the road, and a telegraph pole; on the glass knob

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to the right hangs a bit of colored rag." All was correct. The doctor was perfectly delighted, while as for the patient, after a prostration before me he hurried away. When the doctor and I came to talk over the case, I wanted to recall the patient for us to make an optical examination with an instrument, but Dr. Rustomji soon brought back word that the fellow had gathered his few effects together and hastened away to his village to take his people the glad tidings. Whether the rumour of this got spread through the town or not I cannot say, but certainly my audience the next day was so great, that the hall was—as a Hindu correspondent wrote to his paper about another such meeting—"crowded to the proverbial pin-drop," and we had to adjourn to the compound and let them spread over the lawn. Secunderabad, Bolaram, Sholapore, and Poona followed next: at the latter place—I see by my Diary—I received the shortest address on record—a model of brevity. The members met me at the station, drove me to the bungalow prepared for my accommodation, got the company placed, and then the spokesman, taking my hand, said: "Mr. President and dear brother, I welcome you to our station." I replied: "Thank you heartily," and that finished it. Oh! that those concocters of long, tiresome addresses in Sanskrit, Pali, Sinhalese, Tamil, Telugu, Bengalee, Urdu, Hindi, Hindustani, Guramukhi, Marathi, Guzerati, and a dozen other, to me unknown, tongues that I have had to listen to, often at midnight or even at 4 o'clock in the morning, after a long, bone-banging railway journey, could only have had the inspiration of

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the Sholapore President, how happy it would have made me. At this station a new recruit—Mr. W. T. Brown, of Glasgow, "Poor Brown"—joined me for the tour. He, and a Mrs. Sarah Parker, of Dublin, had just arrived at Madras under the impulse of service, and Brown had volunteered to help me. I wrote him from Hyderabad a kind but most explicit letter, warning him of the self-sacrifice he must expect to make; the public ingratitude, individual treacheries, libellous attacks on character, unjust suspicion of motives, bad fare and fatiguing journeys by nights and days in all sorts of conveyances: warning him to return to Europe if he had expected anything else, and leave H. P. B. and myself to continue the work we had begun with our eyes open. His reply was a telegraphic notice of his coming to me, and he overtook me at Sholapore.

The coming into the electric intellectual atmosphere of Poona was a delightful sensation. The cultured Marathi mind is capable of grasping the highest problems of philosophy with ease, and the tone of conversation among the cultured class is as high as one could imagine to exist anywhere, even in a German or English University town. In travelling through the East one feels acutely these contrasts, and gauges towns by the mental standard alone. If you ask me to describe their physical features I could scarcely do it, for the recollection of all these thousands of temples, dharmsalas, tanks, bazaars, streets, and bungalows is almost a dim jumble in the memory; but I can give a pretty fair description of the

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intellectual state of almost any of the towns and villages which I have visited. Now that I recall it, this is just what I was surprised to find in an old classical teacher of mine whom I revisited many years after leaving his school; he recollected almost nothing of the personal appearance of my old classmates, but when I mentioned a name it associated itself with the boy's mind, and as such he remembered him. The subject given me to lecture upon at Hirabag, in the Town Hall, was "The Future Life," and Sir Jamsetji Jijibhoy, the second baronet, occupied the chair. From Poona we moved on to Bombay.

For lack of house accommodation, the Branch put us in large tents on the Esplanade, and we found it very cool and comfortable until the next day, when an untimely storm burst upon the city, and we were drenched with torrents of rain during two days. Our tents became soaked, our effects damp and mouldy, and the flat ground about our camp, not being able to receive the deluge as fast as it fell, was turned into a shallow pond. This meaning fever to us and consequent interruption of work, our colleagues put us into some large empty rooms in the old building of the *Bombay Gazette*, where we were at least dry. A lecture was given on the 17th at Framji Cowasji Hall, and young Brown's remarks at the close were received with great friendliness by the crowded audience.

It may be a relief to some of the readers of these sketches to learn that at Bombay I received orders

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from my Guru to suspend all healings until farther advices, and that the narratives, which must have sorely tried their feelings, will henceforth practically cease. The prohibition came none too soon, for I am persuaded that I myself should have become paralyzed if the strain had been kept up. One morning, at Madras, just before starting on the present journey, I found my left forefinger devoid of sensation—a clear warning to be careful; and between Madras and Bombay it had taken me much longer and demanded far greater exertions to effect cures than it had previously: there was also a much larger percentage of failures. This is not to be wondered at, for, after treating one way or another some 8000 patients within the twelvemonth, the sturdiest psychopath, let alone a man of fifty-odd, might be expected to have come to the last "volt" in his vital battery: a state to which the tiring journeys, the nights of broken sleep, the often meagre food, and the ceaseless intellectual strain of a large correspondence, daily conversazioni, and almost daily extemporaneous lectures on profound themes must, naturally, have greatly helped to bring about.

On the 20th October H. P. B. joined me at Bombay to make a joint visit to the Maharaja Holkar, who had invited us and sent us money for our railway expenses. But a telegram to us at Bombay put an end to the affair, as he was unable to receive us, so H. P. B. returned to Madras and I kept on my pre-arranged itinerary. While at Bombay we received an intimation

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from King Thebaw, of Burma, that he would be pleased to have us visit him at Mandalay. Mr. Brown, Damodar Mavalankar, and L. V. V. Naidu went North with me; and another F.T.S. — T. Narainswamy Naidu — got permission to join us as a mere companion. To avoid confusion on these long tours, a programme was always settled upon in advance, and printed copies circulated to the Branches and groups on the route; giving the hours and minutes of my arrivals at and departures from stations, and information as to the kind of food, the quantity of firewood, water, and accommodation required, and all other details: the Branches were left to select the subjects for my lectures, but sometimes neglected it until I was actually ready to mount the platform.

From some of our best-beloved colleagues, who were then living at Jubbulpore, we received an affectionate welcome and good service for seeing persons and places. I visited the High School and the Rajkumar College, one of those schools for young princes and nobles that the Government has founded throughout India. It was interesting to see together these lads who in time will rule over millions, and I spoke kind words of counsel to each class as I passed through the rooms. I was told later that my words had stirred the hearts of the princelings, so that they formed a friendly league between themselves, to keep up their friendship and encourage each other to lead the good life prescribed for kings in the old Scriptures. They all came to my

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lecture the same evening, which, because of the crowd, was given in the open air.

The next morning we rose at 3.30, and at 5 drove away to the Marble Rocks, one of the tourist's sights of India. To one who had seen Niagara and many great rivers of the world, it was a tame affair. The sacred Nerbudda River is here hemmed in between barriers of white limestone, which it has seamed and cross-seamed with numberless cracks. The rocky scenery is rather artistic *in petto* than grand and imposing; though by moonlight it must seem quite fairy-like. Far more striking to me was an old Bawa (ascetic) whom we found living in an adjacent cave. He had great repute as a proficient in the physiological feats of Hatha Yoga, and obligingly performed a number of them—not a whit more difficult than those one sees in our modern European variety halls and hippodromes—at my request. He told us that he had spent the past forty-seven years of his life in making *Pradakshina* (circumambulation) of the Nerbudda River as a work of merit; the distance to travel is 1800 miles, and the time occupied in each circuit of his foot-pilgrimage three years. He was a fine, hale man, with a bright eye and the expression of a firm character on his face. While I was studying these details, I was startled by his asking me to be good enough to teach him how to concentrate the mind! If that was what his half century of struggle had resulted in, certainly it offered no inducement for anybody else to try his Hatha Yoga.

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Here was a man who had got his body under such control that he could almost turn himself inside out and walk down his own throat, but had not yet learned how to fix that wandering mind which gives us so much trouble. Needless to say, I "improved the occasion" to tell him a little homely truth about seeming and being, on the lines of the *Gîtâ*, the *Dhammapada*, and St. Matthew xxiii. What a lesson it is in self-development!

My lecture that evening was upon the necessity for a revival of Sanskrit literature, and at the close I started a subscription for the opening of a Sanskrit School, towards which the handsome sum of rs. 1500 was pledged with a great show of enthusiasm. The same idea was broached by me at my first lecture at Allahabad, whither I went from Jubbulpore. The great audience caught at the idea at once, and rs. 2007 was subscribed that evening, and rs. 2500 more was reported at a meeting of the local Branch on the 30th as having been inscribed on the subscription paper.

On the 31st we moved on to Ghazipore, where we were given hospitality by the Maharaja of Dumraon, and where, on arrival, I had to reply to three addresses, in English, Sanskrit, and Urdu—to the last-named two through interpreters. The next halting-place was Cawnpore, of tragic memory, where the bungalow of the Maharaja of Burdwan had been placed at my disposal. When we drove through the compound we found the house illuminated with 1000 *chirags*, or Indian clay lamps, and the rooms were a blaze of light,

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CHAPTER III.

THE MASTER K. H. AT LAHORE.

THIS Cawnpore visit was made memorable to me by the proofs I got of Damodar's rapid psychical development. As stated elsewhere, he had been visited when a lad, during a severe illness, by a glorious Personage, whom he was enabled to identify many years later, after connecting himself with our Society, as one of the Masters. The intimate relationship of teacher and pupil had then been established between them, and Damodar had thrown himself heart and soul into psychic training; regulating his diet, devoting specified hours to meditation, cultivating a spirit of perfect unselfishness, and working night and day, to the uttermost limits of his strength, on the duties of the official position I gave him in the Society. His coming with me on the present tour was by command of his Guru, and throughout the journey we had many proofs of the progress he was making in spiritual unfolding. I remember that he astonished me, that evening of our arrival at Cawnpore, by giving me, verbally, a message from the Master

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in answer to my surmise as to what I ought to do in a certain matter that had just turned up, and telling me that I would find it written out in a note that was even then in my locked writing-desk, the key of which was in my pocket, as it had, of course, been all day. On going to the desk and unlocking it, I did find the very letter he had mentioned, and which, by-the-bye, was from Mahatma K. H., in the hand-writing subsequently pronounced by the sage S. P. R., on the authority of the infallible Mr. Netherclift, to be of H. P. B.'s concoction and nothing else! As H. P. B. and I were then five days' postal distance apart, the forgery theory will hardly cover the Cawnpore incident.

On the second day after reaching Cawnpore, I received from Adyar a rather large mail that had been re-addressed to me from there. Among the letters was one from the late Mr. Sam. Ward, dated at Capri, and enclosing a note to Mahatma K. H., which he begged me to have forwarded if possible. As Damodar was then going nightly in astral body to the *ashram* (residence) of that Master, I handed him the letter, saying that he might ask him whether he should bring on the letter, or not. This was on the afternoon of November 4 (1883), and we were at Cawnpore, N.W.P. The reader will kindly keep this in mind in view of the sequel.

On the previous evening I had lectured in the station theatre, a long narrow room with the stage at one end. Agreeably to the repulsive custom that prevails throughout British India, all Europeans, or rather whites, all half-breeds,

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and even all Christian converts or pretended converts wearing European dress, were given the front seats, and all Hindus, however high-born or respectable (not always convertible terms), were placed behind them; an aisle ran through the middle of the room. Now I am rather sensitive to the auric "spheres" of persons, and quick at feeling whether they are sympathetic or hostile to myself. Every public lecturer, dramatic artist, and other public character has this same finer sense more or less acutely developed, but I fancy mine is rather quicker than the average. On this occasion I felt as if there stretched between me and the beloved Hindus a barrier, almost a wall, of antagonistic thought, and a less skilled hand might have been stricken dumb by it. But, finding the hostile current flowing towards me from the right, I planted myself opposite the aisle, put my will to work to break through the cross-current, and at last made the connection between myself and the sympathetic portion of my audience. That this is no freak of the imagination, but a very real and palpable fact in human intercourse, will be attested by every person of average nervous sensitiveness whose business it is to speak, sing, or play before the public. More than once it has happened that the presence of a single white man, not a Theosophist, in an audience of Hindus, has acted as a damper upon them and reacted upon me, and for the simple reason that, while between all Asiatics, of whatsoever race and creed, and myself there is a complete sympathy and mutual trust, between them and the average white man there is the distinct mutual antipathy based, as

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I believe, upon a conflict of auric or mesmeric polarities. Closer personal intercourse and the development of mutual sympathies would change the present feeling of *noli me tangere* into the same pleasant relationship as that of all Asiatics and all recognized Theosophists.

From Cawnpore we moved on to Lucknow on the evening of the 4th November, reached that station at 9 P.M., and were welcomed at the house of Mr. Jwala Prasád, one of our active members. Every minute of the following day was occupied, the details including receptions of visitors, with conversazioni, the trial and expulsion of an unworthy half-caste member, a lecture on "Theosophy and its Claims," and then, until 1 A.M., private teaching of mesmerism, with illustrative demonstrations on one of the Hindu gentlemen of my suite. Bara Banki followed after Lúcknow, and the usual routine was gone through. I must in passing, however, pay a just tribute to the intellectual brilliancy shown by Pandit Pran Nath, F.T.S.; in summarizing my lectures at the above two places, in Urdu, with an eloquence and unhesitating fluency that were both admirable and remarkable. I have been often placed similarly under obligations by educated friends, for from first to last my lectures throughout Asia have been interpreted in eighteen different languages.

Bareilly next, where I lectured, and then on to Moradabad, where Damodar gave me another proof of his acquired power of travelling in the astral "double." He went to Adyar, conversed with H. P. B., heard the voice of a Master speak a message to me, and asked H. P. B. to

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telegraph me the substance of it so as to satisfy me of his veracity in these matters. On reporting the facts to me, he dictated the message as he heard it, and all present in my room signed a certificate as to the facts. The next morning the expected telegram from H. P. B. was delivered to me by the postman, this being the rule in India as to the class of "Deferred" messages. The despatch corroborated Damodar's dictated and certificated message, and again the witnesses who were present signed their names on the back of the Government despatch. The S. P. R. has been pleased to do its best to weaken Damodar's reputation for credibility and mine for common-sense in this affair, but the facts are above honestly reported, and their opinion does not concern me in the least.

Aligarh came next on our tour-programme, and here, on the 12th of the month, we came to the sequel of the Ward-K. H. letter affair. At the post-office I received my mail from Adyar, and in it a letter posted at Headquarters *on the 5th inst.* by H. P. B., enclosing Mr. Ward's identical letter to K. H., which, it will be remembered, I received from Italy and handed to Damodar at Cawnpore on the 4th—that is to say, the evening before she posted it at Adyar. Its cover bore the despatching stamp of Adyar, November 5, and the receiving stamp of Aligarh of November 10, the two places being distant apart five days' rail journey. The letter had been awaiting me two days in the Aligarh post-office. I submit this as about as clear a provable case of instantaneous transportation of a material object between two distant points as can be found on

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record. Collusion and trickery are barred by the evidence of the postal markings described. I have the letter still in my possession, and shall be happy to show it to anyone save the managers of the S. P. R., whose savage injustice to H. P. B., the most gifted and marvellous psychic of the age, makes it unseemly for those who knew her merits as well as demerits to take further notice of that clique.

In connection with this astral journey, Damodar told me an interesting fact. On putting his body to sleep as usual, he made a dash for the home of the Master among the Himalayas, but found, on arriving, that he too was away in the astral body; and, by the power of his attraction for his pupil, the latter was swept away as powerfully and instantaneously as though he had ventured into a deep and impetuous river current and been carried off his footing. The next minute Damodar found himself at Adyar, in the presence of both his Master and H. P. B. On going to sleep he had held Mr. Ward's letter in his hand, and it had, it seems, gone along with him on the astral plane—itself, of course, changed from ponderable into astral, or etheric, matter. On telling the Master about the letter, he perceived it in his hand, gave it over to him, and was bidden to return to his place. By the radical power of the occult chemistry or physics, the astralized letter was restored to its solid state, taken by H. P. B., and the next day duly posted to my Aligarh address; the sequel is known. If I were better versed in science, I should use this incident, together with that of the other Master's turban given me at New

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York by my astralized visitor, and various other instances of *apport*, as a text for a discourse upon the possible changes in solid bodies, from the densely physical, objective, and ponderable condition, into that of the invisible, intangible one of bodies on the astral plane. That the changes can be worked in both directions, viz., from the objective to the hyperphysical, and back again into reintegration, or manifestation, is within the personal knowledge of many experienced investigators of psychical phenomena. These sixty-odd chapters of this series of *Old Diary Leaves* contain enough examples to prove the case, and the eye-witnesses to them are both numerous and unimpeachable: so, too, the works of an army of other writers and experimentalists in this field of natural science support my own statements. What with our X-rays, our Marconi rays, our researches in the Odic Force, in hypnotism, and, by no means the least important, in spiritualistic mediumship (*e.g.*, the cases of Mrs. Compton, Mrs. d'Esperance, and Honto and other materializations at the Eddys'), we shall soon find ourselves forced to begin again with the alphabet of physical science, and stretch out our hands to the East for help to understand the Nature in which our microcosmic selves have been so long vaunting our wisdom. The phenomenon of my rose-born, half-ounce gold ring, which all my constant readers must recollect, is the only one that I can now call to mind which proves that a solid object can exist within another solid object without possessing tangible bulk and without abrading or disturbing its particles, yet at the same time have appreciable weight.

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Surely a long vista of physical discoveries is opening out before us.

We went on to Delhi next, where I lectured twice at the Town Hall, and whence I despatched young Brown and L. V. V. Naidu, of my party, to form a Branch at Rawal Pindi, my own duties precluding my going myself. From Delhi the programme took me to Meerut, the home of that gifted young Hindu lawyer, Rama Prasád, whose work on *Nature's Finer Forces* made him known, some years later, to the whole Theosophical reading public, the world over. From thence to Lahore, where things of great moment happened. Between the two stations Damodar made another astral flight which was capable of verification. Three of us—he, I, and T. Narainswamy Naidu—were in the same railway carriage, Damodar apparently moving uneasily, as if in sleep, on one of the berths : I was reading a book by the lamp-light. Damodar suddenly came over to me and asked the time, which by my watch was some minutes before 6 P.M. He told me that he had just come from Adyar, where H. P. B. had met with an accident ; whether a serious one or not, he could not tell me, but he thought she had tripped her foot in the carpet and fallen heavily on her right knee. The reader will observe that the young man was but a beginner in occult science, and incapable as yet of accurate recollection, in returning to outward consciousness, of his experiences on the other planes of being. I mention this in view of the studied unfairness of the S. P. R. toward him. For my own satisfaction I did two things on hearing his story. I wrote a certificate

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of the occurrence and got Narainswamy to sign it with me, noting the time; and from the next station, Saharanpore, telegraphed H. P. B. a question as to "what accident happened at headquarters at about 6 o'clock?" We reached Lahore the next morning at 9, and were escorted to a camp of six tents and four large *shamianas* (open canvas pavilions) which had been pitched for me on the open ground (*maidán*) to the North of the city. We very soon began talking with our friends about the previous evening's incident in the train, and my memorandum was passed around for information: I got the friends present to sign it, and to say that the expected telegram from H. P. B. had not yet arrived. My party left me to take their morning bath and meal, and while I was sitting under the shadow of my tent with Mr. R. C. Bary, Editor of the *Arya* magazine, a Government telegraph peon was seen coming towards us with a brown-covered telegram in his hand. I made Mr. Ruttan Chand take it into his own hands and keep it unopened until the return of our party, in whose presence it should be opened and read. This was done at 12 noon by Mr. R. C. Bary, and the nine present signed on the back to attest the circumstances. The contents were these: "Nearly broke right leg, tumbling from Bishop's chair, dragging Coulomb, frightening Morgans. Damodar startled us." My Saharanpore despatch was received by H. P. B. late at night on the 17th: her reply was dated at Adyar at 7.55 A.M. on the 18th, and I got it at Lahore at noon. The discrepancy in Damodar's statement of details and H. P. B.'s is not even surprising in view of his then stage of spiritual evolu-

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tion, while the corroboration of the major fact of the heavy fall and the injury to her right knee is full. There have been critics of limited acumen but great conceit, who wish us to believe that this might have been a vulgar conspiracy between Damodar and H. P. B. to deceive me; but I am not aware that it is likely that a fat woman of 16-stones' weight would give herself a serious injury to her knee for the purpose of befooling me, when she might as easily have agreed with Damodar that he should have seen her doing something that would have been queer and yet harmless in itself, such, for instance, as making antic gestures, tearing a newspaper into bits, or declaiming a Russian or French poem: the explanation has not the support of common-sense. And then character counts for something outside the S. P. R., and gentlemen are entitled to some credence when it is not a question of money interests; sometimes even then. H. P. B.'s telegram mentioned a fact until then unknown to us, that Major-General and Mrs. Morgan, of Ootacamund, were visiting at Adyar.

My camp was thronged with visitors during the three days of our stay, and I gave two lectures under the largest *shamiana* to multitudes, with great pots of fire standing along the sides to modify the biting November cold, for the Punjab is the reverse of tropical as to temperature in our winter months. My kind and most capable interpreter was Pandit Gopinath, F.T.S., a well-educated and most enterprising journalist, a Brahmin of Kashmir, well known to Theosophists for his unshakable loyalty to the two Founders.

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I was sleeping in my tent, the night of the 19th, when I rushed back towards external consciousness on feeling a hand laid on me. The camp being on an open plain, and beyond the protection of the Lahore police, my first animal instinct was to protect myself from a possible religious fanatical assassin, so I clutched the stranger by the upper arms, and asked him in Hindustani who he was and what he wanted. It was all done in an instant, and I held the man tight, as would one who might be attacked the next moment and have to defend his life. But the next instant a kind, sweet voice said: "Do you not know me? Do you not remember me?" It was the voice of the Master K. H. A swift revulsion of feeling came over me, I relaxed my hold on his arms, joined my palms in reverential salutation, and wanted to jump out of bed to show him respect. But his hand and voice stayed me, and after a few sentences had been exchanged, he took my left hand in his, gathered the fingers of his right into the palm, and stood quiet beside my cot, from which I could see his divinely benignant face by the light of the lamp that burned on a packing-case at his back. Presently I felt some soft substance forming in my hand, and the next minute the Master laid his kind hand on my forehead, uttered a blessing, and left my half of the large tent to visit Mr. W. T. Brown, who slept in the other half behind a canvas screen that divided the tent into two rooms. When I had time to pay attention to myself, I found myself holding in my left hand a folded paper enwrapped in a silken cloth. To go to the lamp, open and read it, was naturally my first impulse. I found it

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to be a letter of private counsel, containing prophecies of the death of two undesignated, then active, opponents of the Society, which were realized in the passing away of the Swami Dyánand Saraswati and Babu Keshab Chandra Sen shortly after. A point to notice is that the handwriting of this letter, formed in my own palm by the Master K. H. himself, is identical with that of all those others which the sagacious Netherclift, after much dissection of them into their original pothook-and-hanger elements, pronounced to be of Blavatskyan origin! What happened in young Brown's end of the tent he related orally to a great many still living witnesses, and published in his pamphlet, *Some Experiences in India*, my copy of which I cannot lay my hand upon at this moment. But in his other pamphlet, *The Theosophical Society: an Explanatory Treatise*, published at Madras, he says (p. 11): "It will be sufficient here to remark that Mahatma K. H. is a living Adept, and that the writer had the honor of seeing him personally at Lahore and of being spoken to by him and even touched. Letters have been received by the writer at Madras, Lahore, Jammu (Kashmir), and again at Madras, all being in the same handwriting, etc., etc." The foundation having been thus laid, and Mr. Brown's other pamphlet available after a little search, I may say that on hearing an exclamation from his side of the screen, I went in there and he showed me a silk-wrapped letter of like appearance to mine though of different contents, which he said had been given him much as mine had been to me, and which we read together. That he has since swung around a whole circle of changes, and is now a

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professed Roman Catholic and a teacher in a school of that Church, does not alter in the least the facts of his receiving this letter as described, and his identifying it as in the K. H. script.

The Master's letter to me connects itself with the visit to me at New York of the other Master when, at my unspoken thought-wish, he "materialized" his turban and gave it me as an objective proof that I had received his visit. The letter says: "At New York you demanded of . . . . an objective proof that his visit to you was not a *Mâyâ*, and he gave it; [now] unasked, I give you the present one: tho' I pass out of your sight, this note will be to you the reminder of our conferences. I now go to young Mr. Brown to try his intuitiveness. To-morrow night, when the camp is quiet and the worst of the emanations from your audience have passed away, I shall visit you again for a longer conversation, as you must be forewarned against certain things in the future." He concludes with a remark that will not be very palatable reading to our ingenious American rivals who are trying to play the drama of Hamlet with the Dane omitted. He says: "Ever be vigilant, zealous, and judicious; for, remember that the usefulness of the Theosophical Society largely depends upon your exertions, and that our blessings follow its suffering 'Founders' and all who help on their work."

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CHAPTER IV.

RECEPTION BY THE MAHARAJAH OF KASHMIR.

THE experience described in the last chapter was certainly calculated to make a deep impression on the dullest mind; how much more so on one whose highest aspiration was to be permitted to work in some capacity or other with the "Elder Brothers" for the good of the race! If anybody had asked me what was the rarest pleasure that I could imagine, I should have answered: "To see and converse with a Master, for in his benign atmosphere the mind and heart would expand like a flower to the sun and one's being be filled with joy." And here I had had it without the asking. Yet when I came to look back upon it, it was but like a remembered glint of sunshine on a cloudy day, seen for a moment, then gone. The whole time of the interview could not have been longer than ten minutes. The touch of his hand drew me out of the depths of the oblivion of dreamless sleep. I had had a fatiguing day, the tent was very cold, heated only by some embers in a great earthen pot, and I had covered myself to the ears

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in the bed-clothes. I am touched, I wake with a start, I clutch the arms of my visitor, possibly my would-be assassin; the sweet, kind voice breaks the last stupor of slumber; he is there, standing beside my bed, his face aglow with a smile; I see it in the *chiaroscuro* of the back-light. Then the magical creation of the silk-enwrapped letter in my hand, a few words, a farewell salute, he walks past the lamp on the box, his noble form lingers an instant in the tent-door, he gives a last friendly glance at me, and is gone. It is not much as to time, but its memory will last my life through. Years before—as my readers will perhaps remember—I was bidden to go on with my work as if there were no Masters to guide and help, but only Humanity, the "Great Orphan," to labour for: to expect nothing from Them, yet to be ready for anything. So I have gone on until to-day, never asking for help, never holding back for lack of the promise of it, yet never being without it when it was really needed.

This Lahore visit of the Master was but one of many proofs vouchsafed me that we are watched and helped; never deserted, never forgotten, howsoever dark may seem the outlook, howsoever menacing the aspect of things. Twenty-odd years of this experience has begotten a constant calm and an abiding trust in my heart, as it did in that of H. P. B. Sometimes it may be a glimpse of a personage, sometimes an audible voice, sometimes a clear forecast of events, sometimes a message through third parties; like that which Mme. Mongruel,

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the gifted Seeress, gave me in her somnambulic sleep last year at Paris, and which foretold the immediate future of the Society, the duration of my own life, and the aspect of things towards the end of it. Thus, in the letter made in my hand were predicted the deaths of our two opponents, then most active, and good counsel was given me. Though traitors should fill twenty corner-stones with deliberately concocted lies about the history of our movement, and forever suppress my name and Mrs. Besant's from their falsified records, it will profit them not one iota; the work will go on, and the real workers be recognized, comforted, and helped, so long as they are loyal to their duty.

The next evening, after the visits to Mr. Brown and myself, we two and Damodar sat in my tent, at 10 o'clock, waiting for an expected visit from Master K. H. The camp was quiet, the rest of our party dispersed through the city of Lahore. We sat on chairs at the back of the tent so as not to be observed from the camp: the moon was in its last quarter and had not risen. After some waiting we heard and saw a tall Hindu approaching from the side of the open plain. He came to within a few yards of us and beckoned Damodar to come to him, which he did. He told him that the Master would appear within a few minutes, and that he had some business with Damodar. It was a pupil of Master K. H. Presently we saw the latter coming from the same direction, pass his pupil—who had withdrawn to a little distance—and stop in front of our group, now

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standing and saluting in the Indian fashion, some yards away. Brown and I kept our places, and Damodar went and conversed for a few minutes with the Teacher, after which he returned to us and the king-like visitor walked away. I heard his footsteps on the ground, so it was no wraith, but the man in his external body. Observe that it could not have been Damodar masquerading, for he himself formed one of our group of three. Then there are the distinguished personal peculiarities of the two, as unlike as possible, to account for, and the chela, whom I had had to do with for years. Still further proof was given me before retiring, when I was writing my Diary: the pupil lifted the *portière*, beckoned to me, and pointed to the figure of his Master, waiting for me out on the plain in the star-light. I went to him, we walked off to a safe place at some distance where intruders need not be expected, and then for about a half-hour he told me what I had to know, and what does not concern third parties, since that chapter of T. S. history was long since closed. Needless to say I slept very little on either of those two nights. The august visitor told me, however, that he had not come to me of his own motion entirely, although glad to come to me in person; but had been sent by the Authority higher than himself, who was satisfied with my fidelity and wished me to never lose confidence. There were no miracles done at the interview, no magic circles traced on the ground, no gum-burning lamps placed around it and burning with steely-blue flames: just two men talking together, a meeting,

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and a parting when the talk was over. I can affirm that it was *not* Damodar, but *was* the One I was called to meet; so let it pass.

I broke up camp the next day—November 21—and left Lahore for Jammu, the lower capital of H. H. the late Maharajah of Kashmir, whose invitation to visit him I had accepted. One of his durbar officers, a Muslim and, strange to say, given to drinking, despite the prohibitions of his creed, had been sent down to escort me from Lahore. Simple affair as this was, there had been protests, explanations, and compromises before it could be arranged. I had heard that the Maharajah's custom was to make presents in cash and costly clothing to his visitors, and I positively declined to accept a single rupee, as incompatible with my life-long habit. The emissary was at his wits' end between two such stubborn men, and an active exchange of telegrams made things no better until, at last, the cloud rolled by and all was settled in a way to satisfy us both. It was agreed that the *khillat*, or present, should be given and by me received and receipted for officially, as President of the Theosophical Society, in which capacity I am ready to accept any gifts, however large, that involve no wrong to anybody. So, all being right, our party took the 6 P.M. train for Wazirabad, which was reached at 9.30. My escort had evidently been saying good-bye to friends to some purpose, as his breath smelt very bad in our closed railway carriage, and he was quite half-seas-over. His tongue got to wagging about politics, and I was assured, with mysterious hints and nods, that a revival of Moslem

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power was certain, and that his fifty million Indian co-religionists would rally under the standard of the Nizam of Hyderabad. After awhile I got my fill of this nonsense and the odors of his mouth, and retired to my corner and read. He wanted to stop at Wazirabad, for that meant the chance for sleep and other things, but I declared my intention of pushing forward to Sialkot. We reached that place by horse-dawk at 3 A.M., stopped at the rest-house until noon, then moved on to Jammu. We left our carriages on the hither side of the River Tavi, and were brought on two of the royal elephants, a distance of two miles, to the huge bungalow that the Maharajah keeps for his more important guests. The road from the river leads straight through the main street of the quaint old town, whose breadth may be guessed when I tell my reader that as our elephants moved their huge bulk forward, horsemen, and even foot-passengers, had to whirl into alleys or clamber into shops to avoid being crushed! And we, seated on their backs, cross-legged in true Oriental fashion, were almost on a level with the living apartments and, if we had been discourteous according to Indian notions of politeness, might have seen the families in their private rooms. At the rest-house we were received by an army of servants with the obsequiousness that means naught else than the hope of *bakshish*. My lordship was asked to name what meats, game, fish, etc., I might prefer, whether I would begin operations now with the customary whisky "peg," and when I would have my meals. They appeared really astonished when I named my simple, non-flesh diet

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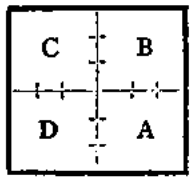
(for that time was included within my five years' trial of vegetarianism), and declined their liquors, wines, and fermented drinks : such a mad white they had never seen before. And then, too, who had ever seen a European gentleman on terms of friendly equality with Indians? Yes, here were two Sahibs, actually two, travelling with dark-skinned people as if they were as good as themselves, and apparently enjoying their company! *Bismillah!*

As we learned that a certain famous European doctor had been sent by the Maharajah's request to prescribe for him, and that he would arrive that evening and be lodged in the same house with us, I at once asked our minister-escort to change us into a smaller bungalow that stood near by, for I could not bear the sight of my dear dark-complexioned colleagues being scornfully looked down upon, as they would almost certainly be. My request being granted, we found ourselves very comfortable and independent in a house of four rooms divided by cross walls and with doors of communication. In view of what was to happen, we may as well have the ground plan. Thus :

A.—My room; used also as dining-room.

B.—Damodar's.



C.—Pandit Gopinath, L. V. V. Naidu, and T. Narainswamy.

D.—W. T. Brown.

The next morning, at 10.30, the same Minister of the Durbar brought me word that His Highness begged the honor of my presence at the Palace. In our compound

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stood two elephants and four fine saddle-horses, richly caparisoned, with housings and saddle-covers of Kashmir-shawl work, and silver-mounted bridles and stirrups, awaiting my pleasure, with a guard of honor of armed sepoys. I chose the elephants, so we mounted the sagacious, kneeling beasts and went on our way, the sepoys in front to clear the road. I made the discovery that elephant-riding is not so bad when one sits on the pad in eastern fashion, the legs crossed. I had tried it elsewhere in a howdah, or structure with raised seats, and in spite of its being covered with plates of silver and otherwise gorgeously gotten up, one rode most uncomfortably, being shaken about like a bag of meal on an oscillating pivot. Again we threaded the narrow streets of Jammu, driving all wayfarers to the nearest shelters, and at last reached the Palace. There were the usual enclosing walls with massive gates, the outer compound with horses, elephants, camels, oxen, donkeys, heavy wains, light vehicles (*ekkas*), piles of straw, bags of grain, building materials, etc., all in confusion, armed sentries pacing their beats, and soldiers in untidy undress lounging about. Then came an inner court and the Palace gateway, through which we passed, mounted a wide staircase and found ourselves in the Presence Chamber. I forget after these fourteen years how it looked, but a vague memory of general untidiness remains in my mind. The Maharajah came soon and received me with an air of kindness and stately courtesy that showed beyond doubt that I was welcome. In compliment to him I wore the woollen dress of the better class in the Punjab—pyjamas,

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a sleeveless waistcoat with deep flaps, an outside *chaga*, or long robe, striped Kashmir socks, and purple slippers embroidered with imitation gold braid—which, of course, I left at the door. His first expression to Pandit Gopinath, my interpreter, was one of pleasure to see me in his national costume. A carpet and back-bolster had been spread for him on a slightly raised platform, before which we were to sit on the carpeted floor; but he dragged the bolster from there, placed it on the floor, motioned me to sit beside him, called me his elder brother, and proceeded with the conversation, which he opened with the usual exchange of compliments and good wishes. He was a man of noble presence, with an intellectual face and the splendid eyes of the Hindu, which by turns can be full of pathos, blaze with anger, or penetrating with intelligent interest. His personality fitted the kingly office perfectly, which is more than can be said of some other sovereigns whom I have seen, and who looked rather like cooks or grooms than high-born rulers of men. I found him to be a thoughtful Vedantin, well acquainted with philosophical systems. He fully believed in the existence of living Mahatmas, and trusted in them to do for India all that her Karma made possible, but no more. He gently broached the subject of his own ill-health, said he knew of my cures and of the recent prohibition to continue the practice, but asked if I would not at least relieve the acute pain he was then suffering from. I consented, of course, and on his removing his turban, did what I could for him with mesmeric healing passes. He submitted to

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my manipulations with perfect docility, which, I must confess, gave me a peculiar sensation, for Americans are not in the habit of handling sovereigns like common men, however they may theoretically regard them as their equals. I had the pleasure of removing His Highness's pain, and when the audience closed he begged me to visit him twice a day during my stay, that we might talk of the high religious themes which equally interested us.

The same evening, when I was sitting in our bungalow, I saw a queer procession of men enter from the verandah. First came a Court official, attended by a servant carrying a pair of scales and another with some heavy bag on his shoulder, which was gravely laid at my feet. Then followed a string of twenty-one other dark-faced, turbaned servants, each bearing on his head a flat basket of fruit or sweets, which were piled on each other on the table, counted by the Court Officer, and the men dismissed. While I was wondering what all this could mean, Gopinath was told that His Highness received me as a guest of the first-class, and, as such, twenty-one baskets were sent me; there were guests of three classes, of which the second received fourteen baskets, the third seven baskets; below that people did not count! He then opened the gunny-bag, poured the contents—silver coins—into the scales, weighed them, and took my receipt for rs. 500. This, he explained, was "table money," though why he should give me that when our every possible and impossible wish was gratified, I could not imagine. However, it was the custom of the Court of Kashmir, and His Highness's honor was involved in doing

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things as they had always been done from ancient times by Indian kings.

I went twice to the Palace the next day, and resumed the Vedantic discussions and even the mesmeric passes. His Dewan (Prime Minister) was present with other officials, including the Chief Justice, and after the free eastern fashion, dipped into the conversation from time to time. That is a thing that always astonishes Europeans: if there be a wrangle in the street and a crowd gathers, they will turn to listen to a side remark by a boy as readily as though he were an adult. Can it be because, by the accepted belief in Karma, only our encasing bodies are young, the Dweller within the one being as old as that within the other? It is an idea to be considered like any other, at all events.

In the afternoon the Maharajah presided at games and a series of animal combats, and took me to his pavilion and placed me at his side. It being an entirely novel experience, I stayed the thing out, but once was enough. There were fights between rams, elephants, and horses—the first laughable, the second tame, since the elephants were not angry; the third exciting, for the splendid stallions lashed out at each other, screamed and tried to bite. A cock-fight brought the affair to a close.

The Chief Justice spent the evening with me in pleasant talk, in the course of which he dropped the remark that the Maharajah was "so taken with me that he would give me anything I might ask for." I took this for what it was worth, but after the Judge had gone, young Brown,

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to my amazement, asked me to get him the appointment of Judge. "What!" I said, "you, who came to India to devote yourself to unselfish work; whom I warned by letter to expect naught but the chance of self-sacrifice; who have just been honored with a visit and letter from a Master, a distinction that has been withheld from some of the oldest of our members—you are ready to snap at the first temptation, and take a post for which you are not qualified?" I explained to him that if indeed the Maharajah respected me, it was because he had become convinced that I would not take for myself or any private friend any present or favor whatever. He at last saw the point and said no more; but his character-gauge had been exposed to me once for all, and his subsequent career has corroborated my impressions.

I went as usual, the next day, to the Palace, and in the afternoon saw a review by General Prince Ram Singh, Commander-in-Chief of the Kashmir Government Service troops, which have since then behaved so splendidly in the various British Border Expeditions. This was all very fine, but an event occurred that night which drove the recollection of everything else out of my thought: Damodar disappeared from his room, and was not to be found when I looked there for him in the early morning.

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CHAPTER V.

MYSTERIOUS DISAPPEARANCE OF DAMODAR.

DAMODAR had disappeared, and left no trace behind him as a clue to show me whither he had gone or when he would return, if ever. I hastily went through the four communicating rooms, but they were empty; my other companions having gone to the river for a bath. From Damodar's window I called to a servant, and learned from him that Damodar had left the bungalow, alone, at daybreak, but left no message. Not knowing exactly what to make of it, I returned to my room, and found lying on the table a note from a Master, bidding me not to worry about the lad as he was under his protection, but giving me no hint as to his return. It had taken but a minute or so to make the the circuit of the four intercommunicating open-doored rooms, and I had heard no messenger's footstep in the gravelly compound; a person could hardly have entered my room between my leaving and re-entering it, yet here

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was the mysterious letter, in the "K. H." writing and familiar Chinese envelope, lying on my table.

My first instinct was to take Damodar's luggage—his trunk and bedding—and pack it away under my own cot. I then despatched a telegram to H. P. B., telling her of his disappearance and of my having no idea as to his return. When the bathers got back from the river, they were naturally as excited as myself over the incident, and we wasted much time in speculations and surmises as to its possible sequel.

I went twice to the Palace that day and found myself increasingly welcome to His Highness. He showed me every courtesy, discussed the Vedanta philosophy with evidently deep interest, and gave me a pressing invitation to accompany him the next time he should go to his Kashmirian capital, Srinagar. Just as evening was closing in, and I was sitting alone, writing, in our bungalow, the others having gone for a ride on horseback, I heard a step on the gravel outside, and, looking around, saw a tall Kashmiri-costumed telegraph peon (messenger) bringing me a message. On opening it, I found it to be from H. P. B., in answer to mine. She said that a Master had told her that Damodar would return, and that I must *not let his luggage, especially his bedding*, be touched by any third party. That was strange, was it not, that she, at Madras—*i.e.*, some 2000 miles away—should tell me to do the very thing it had been my first impulse to do on finding out the lad's departure? Was it long-distance telepathy, or what?

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There was something stranger yet to come. To open and read the despatch had not taken me a minute; the peon had not had more than time enough to get across the verandah into the compound when, like a flash, it came to me that the form of the peon was not real but a *mâya*, and that he belonged to the Brotherhood: I knew it, I could swear to it, because of a certain psychic disturbance caused in me by the approach of one of those personages; in fact, I could presently identify the peculiar vibration set up by the mesmeric current of my own Teacher, who was also H. P. B.'s Teacher. I ran to the door and looked across the bare compound, in which were no trees or bushes to serve as hiding-places, but nothing was in sight: the peon had disappeared as if into the ground.

I have been asked, when telling this story, how the transfer of the despatch from the keeping of the real peon to the simulated one, and the return of my signed receipt to the telegraph office, could be accounted for unless the messenger had been a consenting party. The thing is very simple, provided the reality of hypnotic power be conceded. The perfected hypnotism of the Orient I mean; not the rudimentary stage of it to which the schools of Nancy and La Salpétrière have hitherto attained: the secret of *mâya*, in short. The adept meets the peon; by will-power prevents his seeing him; causes him to become unconscious; leads him to any convenient place of hiding; leaves him there asleep; puts the illusive appearance of the man over his own features

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and person; brings me the telegram, takes my receipt, salutes, and retires; the next moment, the nervous thrill caused in me by his sympathetic magnetism reacting in himself, warns him that I am on the alert and will naturally come to the door, so he inhibits my sight to prevent my seeing him, returns to the sleeping peon, puts the receipt in his hand, wills that he shall recollect, as if it had happened to himself, the brief episode of our meeting, awakens him, inhibits *his* sight, and sends him back to the telegraph office. A very simple sequence of events, easily comprehensible for every advanced mesmerist.

It was on the 25th November, at daylight, that Damodar left us: he returned in the evening of the 27th—after an absence of some sixty hours, but how changed! He left, a delicate-framed, pale student-like young man, frail, timid, deferential; he returned with his olive face bronzed several shades darker, seemingly robust, tough, and wiry, bold and energetic in manner: we could scarcely realize that he was the same person. He had been at the Master's retreat (*ashram*), undergoing certain training. He brought me a message from another Master, well known to me, and, to prove its genuineness, whispered in my ear a certain agreed password by which Lodge messages were authenticated to me, and which is still valid: a fact which certain transatlantic persons might profitably take note of.

At the Maharajah's request I had been giving him some mesmeric passes every day, which seemed to do him good,

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or, at least, he said they did. He now began to deplore my necessary departure, and begged me to select somebody at his Court to whom I should be willing to give him over for future treatment. Upon this, I looked about me more closely than I had been doing, and found that there were three distinct parties or cliques, each trying to gain a paramount influence over the sovereign, and each as selfish and, it almost seemed to me, unscrupulous as the other. For the first time in my life, I got a clear view of the rotten moral atmosphere of an Indian Prince's Court. So I told His Highness—for it was my blunt candor that, I fancy, had given him the good opinion of me that the Chief Justice had described in Brown's hearing—I told him frankly that the only person whom I would recommend as his psychopath was his youngest son, Prince Amar Singh, who was then a handsome, honest-looking youth. His Highness approving my choice, I showed the young Prince how to treat his father, and gave him the famous silver tube with which I had worked so many cures of eye and ear affections during the course of that memorable year. But, as I afterwards learnt, no good came of it, for the son stood in such awe of the parent, that he was quite unable to feel, much less show, that firm, commanding appearance of face, gesture, and voice which is indispensable for the psychopath to have when treating a patient. Yet I would not have risked my royal patient's coming under the influence of either one of those scheming courtiers, who would certainly have used the intimacy for their selfish purposes. The Maharajah

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died a few years later, and was succeeded by his eldest son, who was away at Srinagar at the time of my visit to Jammu, and whom, therefore, I did not meet. The latter was for some time suspended by the Government of India, a Council of Regency was formed, and young Prince Amar Singh was appointed its President. Major-Gen. Ram Singh, the second son, has brought the Kashmir army to such a state of proficiency, that it rendered the most valuable services to the British Commander-in-Chief, as before stated, in recent border campaigns.

The day fixed for my departure having come, the Maharajah, finding me obdurate about prolonging my visit, consented to receive me in audience of leave. So I went to the Palace for the last time, I and my suite riding on elephants, and causing every person, whether mounted or afoot, whom we met in the cramped lanes of Jammu, to scuttle out of our way into the nearest shops, courts, or blind alleys. We found His Highness, with his Prime Minister (Dewan), his Treasurer, and other officials, seated cross-legged on the floor, with a number of piles of woollen stuffs placed before him in a row: one pile much bigger than the rest. Through the able interpreter, Pandit Gopinath, he and I fell into conversation about my departure and hoped-for return, after which, on a signal from the Maharajah, a high official pushed the big pile over towards me, with the request that I should accept the articles as His Highness' *khillát* (complimentary present). At the same time the Treasurer laid before me two heavy bags of coin. To each member of

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my suite was given one of the smaller piles of woollens. According to custom, I touched the presents, made a respectful salutation, by joining my palms and holding them edgewise to my forehead, which the Maharajah returned; we then rose and, saluting the officials in turn, left the audience-chamber, having seen the noble face of our host for the last time. No other reigning Indian Prince whom I have met has left so pleasant impressions on my memory. I speak only as to my personal intercourse with him; what sort of view the Government of India may have taken of him as their political ally, I cannot say; but so far as his treatment of me is concerned, no one could have shown himself a more perfect gentleman, a more generous, self-respecting Prince, or a more thoughtful host. I must not fail, moreover, to express the obligations under which Pandit Gopinath, F.T.S., of Lahore, laid the Society and myself, personally, by his unpaid and invaluable services during this visit and my whole tour in the Punjab of 1883.

When my *khillât* was examined at the bungalow, it was found to comprise a silk-lined, richly-embroidered *chaga* (outside coat); a splendid Kashmir shawl, "worked to the centre"; fine, soft woollen tissue for a turban; a green neck or waist scarf, with embroidered ends; and three pieces of *pashmina*, or soft cloth made of goat's hair, for a suit of clothes in the Punjabi fashion. The huge bags of coin contained, each, a thousand rupees; thus making the whole gift in money to me (or, rather, to the Society, since I receipted for it officially) rs. 4500.

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The Treasurer's Report to that year's T. S. Convention shows that, of this sum, I gave rs. 1500 towards the purchase of the Adyar property, and the remaining rs. 1000 to the Current Expense Account. The choga and shawl I gave to H. P. B., the turban and three other pieces of fine cloth to other friends, and the little green scarf I kept for myself to protect my throat when on tour. But the moths ate it up before long, and so I kept nothing of the Jammu presents save the memory of the kindness of their donor. The presents of cloths to my suite were similar to my own, but fewer in number and of rather inferior quality. At 1 P.M. we left on our elephants for the other side of the river, and after a delay of four hours at Sialkot, reached Wazirabad and passed the night there. In the morning Damodar left us for Madras, and we went on to Kapurthala *viâ* Lahore and Kirtarpur.

Our reception at Kapurthala by the aged ex-Dewan Ramjas; the reigning one, his son Mathura Das; Mr. Harichand, Political Assistant; and other important officials, was most cordial and gratifying. The now so well-known Maharajah was then a child, and the State was administered for him by specially-chosen officials—whether British or not, I do not remember. I found the mental atmosphere much better than that at Jammu, where the sovereign seemed to me the only one who really cared much for philosophical discussions. Moreover, there was not the same heavy atmosphere of selfish intrigue; one could breathe freer. I have noted the fact in my Diary, so it

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must have been very palpable. While at this station I was the guest of Dewan Mathura Das, and on the third day lectured on "The Nature of Religion," Pandit Gopinath acting as interpreter in his usual fluent fashion. The fourth and fifth days were devoted to the admission of candidates for membership, among them all the chief officials, and to the organization of the Kapurthala T. S. My visit finished, I left for Jaipur, and reached that unique city the next evening. We were accommodated at the Traveller's Bungalow—the best in India, so far as my observations go.

Our local colleagues took me the next morning to call on Atmaram Swami, a well-known and respected ascetic, who had been telling them long before my arrival that he was personally acquainted with our Masters, and that, eight years before, in Tibet, one of them known as Jivan Singh, Chohan, had told him that he need not be discouraged about the religious state of India, for they had arranged that two Europeans, a man and a woman, should soon come and revive the Eastern religions. This date corresponds with that of the formation of our Society at New York, and the intelligence was most important to me. I found the Yogi a man of dignified presence, with a calm, thoughtful countenance, quite a different sort of person from the ordinary ascetic now so common in and profitless to India. His greeting to me was charmingly affable, and he expressed the greatest desire that our members should be encouraged to practise Yoga. I told him that I dare not do that wholesale, for, unless the candidates had the right tempera-

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ment, and above all, the watchful surveillance of competent teachers, they ran the risk of being seriously harmed by psychical experiments. He agreed with me in this respect, but said that everything had been foreseen and the right thing would be brought about in good time. This has, in fact, proved true, and the marvellous things that have happened with Mrs. Besant, Mr. Leadbeater, and others who were not then even members of the Society, fully corroborate the prognostics made to me in 1883, at Jaipur, by Atmaram Swami.

The same day I had to perform the unpleasant duty of degrading from office and expelling from the Society the Vice-President of our local Branch, for trying to use his position to get personal favors from an influential Anglo-Indian official and from Mr. Sinnett, both members. This degradation of our Society is an offence so heinous, that I should certainly expel anyone found guilty of it. So long as I live, at least, the honor of the Society shall be protected against such ignoble self-seekers. This business disposed of, I lectured *al fresco* in the great courtyard of the Maharajah's College to a large assemblage, and at 6 P.M. we left for Baroda, on our homeward journey. After a dusty ride of thirty hours in the train, we reached the Gaikwar's capital, and were met at the station by Judge Gadgil and other valued friends, who took us to our destined quarters, and kept me chatting until 3 A.M.! The next day, our former evil-wisher having been succeeded by another British Resident, I paid him my respects, and in the evening lectured on the "Proofs of a Future Life";

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a meeting of the local Branch, with fresh admissions of candidates for membership, closed the proceedings of the day.

By the Gaikwar's special invitation I visited him at his magnificent Palace the next day, and had a long talk about several of our philanthropic schemes—among others, the promotion of Sanskrit education and literature, in which he took and still takes much interest. His Palace, as hundreds of visitors can testify, is one of the finest in all India, and will long be a grand monument of his largeness of views as to the dignity of the sovereign of a great Indian State.

From Baroda we went the long journey to Gooty, in the Madras Presidency, halting a few hours between two trains at Bombay. From Gooty we pushed on in bullock-carts to Kurnool, a distance of sixty miles. A warm welcome made us forget the fatigues of the journey; I received and replied to Sanskrit and English addresses; organized a local Branch; the next morning at 8 o'clock lectured, and at 4 P.M. started back to Gooty, which we reached after riding all night. I completed the formation of our ever active and honorably distinguished Gooty T. S., and at 5.30 P.M. took train again for Madras, where we arrived on the morning of December 15th, thus completing the 7000-mile tour on time and without accident. What impression the return made on my mind may be guessed from the following line in my Diary: "Home never seemed so delightful, nor my old Chum so dear." These home-comings are an ever recurrent delight, and no place in either

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of the distant lands I visit seems half so sweet and restful as Adyar.

The approaching Annual Convention now demanded all my attention, and from that onward to the 27th my every hour was taken up with the reception and accommodation of Delegates, the erection of temporary buildings, the preparation of the annual financial and other reports, and the arrangement of the agenda. Dr. Franz Hartmann, a recent acquisition to our membership, turned up on the 17th December as Special Delegate from the old New York nucleus and the Rochester and St. Louis Branches. Since he has conveniently forgotten the fact, on seceding with the disloyal American party, I may say that neither Mr. Judge, who wrote his credentials, nor he who presented them and as Delegate addressed the Convention, nor H. P. B. nor I, had any other idea than that the official, vital, and only centre of the T. S. was at Adyar, and that what was left at New York was a few crumbs of the loaf. However, this has been all explained and backed with historical proofs,* so it is useless to dwell upon the subject any longer.

There is an entry in my Diary that rather instructively marks the different uses that a little money can be put to for the making of Karma. On the 18th December the Indian public of Madras gave a farewell banquet and reception to a high European official on his retirement on pension, on which they spent rs. 15,000; a

* See Annual Address of the President T. S. to the 21st Annual Convention, at Adyar, December 1897.

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few days later we collected a lesser sum to pay for the Adyar Headquarters property. The first event went off with a splutter and glare like a firework; the money wasted, the subscribers forgotten by the beneficiary of the show: the other gave a permanent home to our Society, a noble housing, a refuge for its Founders in old age, probably a nucleus for the world-benefiting T. S. Oriental Institute that Mrs. Besant, the Countess Wachtmeister, and I have planned out. In fact, when one looks back through the whole career of the Society, one may well be amazed that such a comparatively trifling sum in the aggregate has been spent in pushing its work to the five quarters of the world.

When the Convention opened, the house and out-buildings were crammed with Delegates, and a real enthusiasm marked the whole series of meetings: our position in India seemed impregnable, not a cloud floated in our sky. Daily phenomena occurred in the "shrine"; six and even seven persons got notes, in English and Indian vernaculars simultaneously, answering questions put by them just before. On the morning of the 28th, out on the lawn, before the opening of Convention, I told H. P. B. how sorry I was that the other Madras members had allowed Judge P. Sreenevas Row to spend so large a sum as rs. 500 out of his own pocket towards the cost of the Convention, as I was sure he could not afford to be so generous. She reflected a moment, and then called Damodar to her from a group with whom he was talking a little way

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off. "Go," she said, "to the shrine and bring me a packet you will find there." He went, and within less than five minutes came hurrying back with a closed letter in his hand, addressed on the cover to "P. Sreenevas Row." The Judge being called to us was given the packet and bidden to open it. He did so, and the expression of amazement on his face was indescribable when he drew forth a very kind and affectionate letter to himself from Master K. H., thanking him for his zealous services, and giving him the notes enclosed as a help towards the Convention's expenses. The enclosure was in Government Promissory Notes to the aggregate value of rs. 500, and on the back of each were written the initials "K. H." in blue pencil. I have given the facts exactly as they occurred, and one of the notes — for rs. 10—I have kept as a souvenir, by the Judge's kind permission. The points to bear in mind are: that I myself had heard, but a moment before repeating it to H. P. B., about the Judge's unstinted generosity; that Damodar had gone to the shrine and returned with the money within the next five minutes; that each note bore the familiar "K. H." initials; that neither H. P. B. nor Damodar had then between them one hundred, let alone five hundred rupees, and that the gift was at once reported to all the Delegates clustered over the lawn. That it was not "fairy gold" is evident from the fact of my having one of the very notes now at Adyar, after the lapse of nearly fourteen years.

It was at that year's Convention that the subscription

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was collected to create the Subbarow Medal Fund, for the fitting recognition by the Society of important contributions to Theosophical literature. The recipients thus far have been Judge Sreenevas Row, H. P. B., Mrs. Besant, G. R. S. Mead, and A. P. Sinnett. The capital is so small that I cannot award the medal out of the interest paid by Government on the deposit every year. I should be glad to have another £100 to add to it. An interesting, though not very important, feature of the meeting was my giving the Five Precepts of the Buddhist religion to Dr. Franz Hartmann, in the presence of H. P. B., four Buddhist Delegates from Ceylon, Damodar, "Bawajee," Tookaram Tatya, and Balai Chand Mullik, of Calcutta. By Dr. Hartmann's request I procured by telegraph the High Priest Sumangala's authority to act for him in the matter.

By the last day of December the greater part of the Delegates had left for their homes, and only our house-party remained. Thus closed one of the busiest, most encouraging and successful years in our Society's history. To get through my share of the work, I had travelled 16,500 miles in India and Ceylon. The future sparkled with bright promise; but the lower gods were envious, and were already forging the thunderbolt that Mara meant to hurl at us within the next few months; to how little profit, my narrative will show in the process of its unfolding.

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CHAPTER VI.

"COMING EVENTS CAST THEIR SHADOWS BEFORE."

THE eventful year 1884 now opens out before us—the tenth since H. P. B. and I first met at that Vermont farm-house. What a succession of stirring events and picturesque experiences had followed each other throughout those ten years; how immeasurably had our field widened, how great the effect upon ourselves and upon others! The epoch opened upon us amid the weird nightly seances of farmer-mediums, with "materialized," or rather objectified, phantoms of the astral world stalking before us in the gloom, sometimes nodding in dumb show, sometimes whispering, and anon even shouting their commonplace messages to the living; its close finds us settled in a noble Indian bungalow amid enthusiastic Asiatic friends, every corner of India familiar to me, our Society's name known throughout the world, and its chartered Branches established in various countries: truly, a chapter of romance.

The last of the visiting Delegates to the 8th T. S.

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Anniversary had hardly left the house before I resumed my official wanderings. On the 4th January I sailed for Bimlipatam, on the Coromandel Coast, the nearest port to Vizianagram, to visit the Maharajah of which ancient Zemindary I had been invited.* Among my fellow-passengers was a Scotch gentleman endowed with the "second sight," and, like the Swiss philosopher Zschokke, compelled at times, against his own wish, to see the life-histories of strangers pass before his inner vision in phantom pictures. Everybody who has read Dale Owen or Ennemoser knows the story of how Zschokke silenced a braggart infidel, one of a party of student pedestrians whom he encountered at an inn among the Alps. The feather-brained youths drank deeply and grew very noisy and impertinent. A quiet man at a small table in a corner attracted their attention, and presently the loud-voiced braggart in question, who had denied the existence of God and the soul in the most vehement language, turned to the quiet man and challenged him to defend the opposite view. Zschokke—for it was he—saw, as in a moving picture, the whole of the boaster's life spread out before him, and replied by asking him whether he would admit the existence of a soul if he, the speaker, should tell him the secrets of his past career. The young man laughed the proposition to scorn, and dared Zschokke to expose all, even the most important of his secrets. Thereupon the latter proceeded to do so, and among other disgraceful scenes described one where the young fellow was robbing

* The Prince has died since the above was written.

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his master's till. The bursting of such a bomb, it may be supposed, put a stop to the idle debate, and the philosopher left the room in quiet dignity unmolested.

On landing at Bimlipatam I found the Maharajah's carriage and pair awaiting me, and after a pleasant drive of some hours, reached Vizianagram. I had "Bawaji" with me as Private Secretary, and my Mussulman servant, Abdullah, to look after my luggage and myself. After making a toilet I drove to the Fort, and was met at the door of his residence by the Prince, who welcomed me with the extreme courtesy for which he is known to the whole European community of Madras and Calcutta, and which has earned from them the title of Prince Charming. He is quite a book-collector, and has a very fine library, most of the books in rich bindings. He talked earnestly and fluently about religious and philosophical questions, but not with the evidently deep interest and conviction shown by the Maharajah of Kashmir. In fact, it struck me that he had no very well formed belief at all in religion, but was mostly concerned in the affairs of the world, its pleasures, and his personal position. I fancy that he had had some anticipation that I would show him phenomena, and that his lack of interest in our Society during the subsequent years marks his disappointment in that respect. However, nothing could have been nicer than his behaviour as host, and his conversation, on the four days of my stay, was very enjoyable. Before we left, he refunded to Bawaji the expenses of our journey, gave a considerable order for theosophical

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literature, and made a gift of rs. 500 to the Society's treasury. Two lectures were given, and a Branch organized at Vizianagram, and on the 11th January we sailed for Madras, which was reached on the third day.

I had hardly got back before a small disturbance was created by the brother of one of our Hindu colleagues, who demanded that the latter should at once quit our house under penalty of being outcasted—an ordeal that few Hindus care to face, however zealous they may be as "reformers." Under the ponderous mass of ancient custom, backed by public opinion, the individual is crushed unless he have money to bribe influential "pûjaris" (family priests). This case being referred to me, I ordered both parties to go outside the compound and settle their differences, as I should not permit any caste battles to be fought out within our precincts.

It may be as well to say a few words about the attitude of the Society towards caste and other social abuses that swarm about us. I bracket caste with them, because in the present state of India and the world I regard it as an abuse and even an infringement of personal liberty of action. What it was in the beginning, and why instituted by the unseen Managers of the Aryan race, has been explained to us by Mrs. Besant in sublime language and with masterful ability: as a working part in the plan of spiritual development its excellence is apparent. But like the rusting machinery of an abandoned mine, it is useful to nobody, a cumberer of the high road. I speak my own opinion, of course,

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and that binds nobody save myself. Unquestionably we find all groups of the race, called nations, differentiate themselves into the four chief classes that correspond with the four castes of the Aryans, viz., the hand-toilers, the traders, the fighters, and rulers, and the teachers of various kinds; undeniably, therefore, the institution of caste by Srî Krishna was a wise act and bore splendid fruits. But the Western class is not a fixed but a changeful thing; the peasant of one day may become the trader, general, or teacher of the next decade: this is proved by a thousand examples. The class, therefore, is not so great an evil in our modern social order as the fixed and immovable condition of hereditary caste, which has fallen from the dignity of a nursing school for reincarnating souls, to the low state of trades guilds, social tyrannies, and unspiritual panditism and miseries of religious hypocrisy. Admitting all this, there is a necessary reformatory work to be carried on by specially-fitted caste reformers, individuals, and societies. It is as much outside the field of our Society's corporate activity as diet, intemperance, widow re-marriage, chattel slavery, the social evil, vivisection, and fifty other outlets for philanthropic zeal. As a Society we abstain from meddling with them, though as individuals we are perfectly free to plunge into the thick of either of the fights that they occasion. The Theosophical Society ignores the differences of sex, for the Higher Self has no sex; also of color, for that is neither white, black, red, or yellow like the human races; of rank,

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wealth, and political condition, worldly power or literary rank, for It is above all these limitations of the physical man—spotless, immortal, divine, unchangeable. That is why, as President, I never commit the Society to one side or the other of these questions. Mrs. Besant's Central Hindu College at Benares, my three Buddhist Colleges and two hundred schools in Ceylon, and my Pariah free schools in Madras are all individual, not Society, activities.

The Sinhalese Buddhists having secured my promise to go to London and try to settle their religious disabilities, I now began to make the necessary preparations, first for a visit to Colombo for the final arrangement of matters with them, and then for the European journey. In view of possible contingencies of accident to me, I held a Council Meeting on January 20th, at which I put the management of the Society into their hands until my return, and the next day left by train for Tuticorin, the southernmost station in India, whence the British India Company's boats sail for Colombo. The Council deciding that H. P. B. should accompany me to Europe, she also began her preparations during my absence in Ceylon. On the boat from Tuticorin I met two young Russian nobles and a wealthy friend of theirs who had been enticed to India by H. P. B.'s romantic stories in her "Caves and Jungles of Hindustan," as they appeared originally in the *Roussky Vyestnik*. The young men told me that all Russia had been charmed and bewildered by them.

Reaching Colombo the next morning at dawn, I called a

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meeting of leading Buddhists, under Sumangala's chairmanship, to consider the situation; and on the following day, at an adjourned meeting at Maligakanda, that useful body, the Buddhist Defence Committee, was formed, with suitable officers and a very simple and common-sense code of Rules. It was then decided that I should go to London as an Honorary Member and special delegate of the Committee. Visits of conference to the Governor, Government Agent, Inspector-General of Police, and other officials, various meetings with the Buddhists, the drafting of several petitions and addresses and other work followed. In view to possibilities, the Chief Priests of the two ancient Royal Viharas at Kandy, together with Sumangala, Subhuti, Dhammalankara, and other priests of the Maritime Provinces, united in giving me full powers to represent them in the admission of candidates into the ranks of Buddhism, on their "taking Pansil"—the Five Precepts.

The primary objects that my European visit was intended to realize were: 1. To convince Government of the actual disabilities under which the Sinhalese Buddhists suffered in a case of criminal assault, like the recent bloody attack by Roman Catholics on a Buddhist religious procession, the culprits in which riot had escaped punishment. 2. To induce Government to appoint a Buddhist Registrar of Marriages, so that the Buddhists might not be compelled to get married by an official of hostile religious belief. 3. To get some action taken on the questions of the management of the Temporalities of Buddhist Viharas, whose rights had long been trampled on by their own lay

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administrators, to the shame of the Colonial officials, who had neglected their duty. 4. To try and secure an order declaring Wesak—the May Full-Moon day, Buddha's Birthday, and consequently the Buddhist Christmas—a public holiday. While each of the great sects in India enjoyed their own special holidays, the patient, long-suffering Sinhalese had no such act of justice done them. Before sailing, on February 10th, I took Sumangala to the Government House to see the Governor, and a discussion which I had previously held with His Excellency about the Wesak, was resumed between us three, and Sir Arthur gave us encouragement to count upon his friendly action when the question should be referred back to him in due course from the Colonial Office, where I was to broach it.

On reaching Adyar I found there waiting for me Mr. St. George Lane-Fox, the electrical engineer, a new recruit to our ranks. H. P. B. had gone away to Kathiawar with Dr. Hartmann, on a visit to the Thakur Saheb of Wadhwan, one of our members. I hurried up affairs, and on the 18th February the Wadhwan party met me in Bombay. On the 20th we sailed for Marseilles, on the "Chandernagore," Captain Dumont—an excellent French steamer and a super-excellent French Commander, whose friendship I have kept ever since. He is now chief manager of the Suez Canal traffic. Our party consisted of H. P. B., myself, Mohini M. Chatterji, and B. J. Padshah, one of the cleverest Parsi graduates of the Bombay University. Then there was Babula, our trusty servant. Before sailing I enlarged the Managing

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Committee left in charge of Headquarters, by adding to the Council Members Dr. Hartmann, Mr. Lane-Fox, and—Mr. Coulomb. Considering what happened later, this last appointment may surprise some, but nothing whatever had occurred up to that time to make me have a bad opinion of him. As for his wife, I was as far as possible from suspecting that she had been a party to tricks, either with or without H. P. B.'s knowledge. Not a word of suspicion had been dropped, nor a thing done by her, to my knowledge, of that sort. Of course, if I had had even an inkling of her real character, instead of making her husband (at her request—she saying that he was a proud man and his feelings would be hurt if I left him out) a Committee man, I should have had our servants chase both of them out of our compound with bamboo switches. She seemed to me a hard-working woman, who was doing all she possibly could to keep the house tidy and take care of H. P. B.'s physical comfort: she bought the food, had meals very properly served, and looked after the servants. Often I felt quite sorry for her when H. P. B. scolded her for trifling faults and, I thought, showed ingratitude for her services. Her character I did not admire in the least; she was a gossip and tale-bearer, and gabbled too much about religious matters that she did not in the least comprehend. But she seemed faithful as a dog to H. P. B., and well earned the food and shelter she and her husband got from us. He was handy with tools and fond of using them, so he was given in charge the work of masons and carpenters, that in a large place like

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ours is constantly needed. He was a quiet, well-behaved person, seemingly perfectly honest, and I liked him well enough to put him on the Committee. A few words of explanation as to the house will be useful.

The main building at Adyar is nearly 100 feet square; there are six large rooms and the Convention Hall (100 × 28) on the ground floor, and when we moved there, there were one large and one very small room upstairs: the rest brick-and-cement terrace. The large room upstairs was used by H. P. B. as her bed-room, a piece curtained off from which made her sitting-room. I put up a temporary kitchen for her at the N.W. corner of the roof, and the little room over the stairs was given to Damodar. My quarters were in a detached, one-storied brick bungalow in the grounds, distant an hundred yards from the house. To gain access to the upper floor of the main building, one had to go outside on the back verandah and mount by an inclosed brick staircase. When the door at its foot was locked, no one could get to the upper rooms. This should be kept in mind. Soon after coming we had built a room for use as a "shrine," and cut down a blocked-up window in H. P. B.'s room into a door to give access to it. When the room was finished, she moved her desk in and installed herself in it. But her bed-room did not suit her, so she set Mr. Coulomb to work to building another for her at the N.E. angle of the terrace, and this was in progress when we left for Europe. He having charge of the work, and his wife that of H. P. B.'s effects, they kept the key of the staircase, and nobody had the least concern in what the

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workmen were doing upstairs, as even the materials were carried in at the back verandah without troubling anybody. Damodar was now sleeping and working in the office-room downstairs. The Coulombs occupied another detached bungalow in the grounds that matched my own. Dr. Hartmann, Mr. Lane-Fox, and the rest of the house-party had quarters either in the downstairs rooms or over in my bungalow, according to their choice. The easy and natural isolation of the upper floor apartments will now be clearly understood, and should be kept in mind when reading the S. P. R. report of the "Coulomb case." We may now return to the "Chandernagore," where day after day we shall find H. P. B. working in the Captain's cabin on a French translation of *Isis Unveiled* which she had undertaken at the request of our French colleagues.

Barring a very little rough weather in the Mediterranean, our voyage was exceptionally calm and delightful: in fact, the Captain said he had never had such an one, taking it throughout. I see that I have taken special notes of the lovely picture that we sailed through when passing the Straits of Messina: a cloudless azure sky, the town of Messina, picturesque Reggio, on the Calabrian side, the winding blue strait, the lighthouse standing out in high light, a red-piped coasting steamer, and a sombre contrast of black clouds massed above Ætna's smoking peak. Along the Italian shore ran the trains with their puffing engines, looking from the deck of our distant steamer like a toy railroad run for dolls. Reaching Marseilles on the 12th March, we were sent over to Trioul to be quarantined

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twenty-four hours for the sanitary sins of Bombay—a vexatious experience just at the end of a long voyage, when we were impatient to set foot again on the solid ground. Trioul is a basin-harbor amid barren rocks, with clusters of silent grey pavilions and godowns in stone, and a Roman Catholic chapel perched on a rock and capped with its great cross. A tremendous gale had sprung up—the *mistral*, I presume—and our ship was so pushed by it that we broke three cables at our moorings; if the fourth had parted we must have inevitably been wrecked within the very basin. Happily it did not, and we left the Quarantine early the next morning and got safely to Marseilles; passing on the way Château d'If, about which rather commonplace, if somewhat old fortress, Alexandre Dumas has woven the golden spell of romance. No wonder tourists actually ask to be shown the cells of Edmond Dantes and the good Abbé Faria, and the rocky precipice from which the future Comte de Monte Cristo was flung as a supposed corpse; and no wonder the guides actually do show them. When Mark Twain can be forgiven for weeping at the bogus grave of Adam in Palestine, and the whole of Christendom was collectively bamboozled by toe nails of the Holy Ghost, phials of Liebfraumilch, winking statues, etc., and French Spiritistes have recorded improving messages from "Tartuffe," who shall blame the breadwinners at the Château d'If for truckling to the ignorant and harmless curiosity of a public who have been so hypnotized by Dumas' genius as to believe that D'Artagnan and Athos, Dantes and Danglars, were men of blood and bone like our-

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selves? Surely their offence is not equal to that of a travelled New York ignoramus, who told me that he had seen the dungeon in the Castle of Chillon where "Lord Byron had been imprisoned so many years that he had worn a track in the stone floor of his cell!"

We were met, on landing, by our two staunch, highly-cultured friends, Baron J. Spedalieri, the pupil of Lévi, and Captain D. A. Courmes, of the French Navy, who showed us every possible attention and H. P. B. a sincere reverence. Among the throng of her admirers not one was so capable of gauging her literary and mystical abilities as the good Kabbalist of Marseilles. It is my delight to revisit his house every time I pass that way and be folded to the breast of the affectionate patriarch, whose mind is as vigorous now at 85 as it was when my chum and I first sat at his table in 1884.* The fidelity and unflagging sympathy of Captain Courmes in our work is matter of common knowledge among all readers of theosophical literature.

* Our good friend has since died.

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CHAPTER VII.

PHENOMENA AND HEALING AT NICE.

ON the second day after arrival, H. P. B. and I went to Nice for a promised visit to Lady Caithness, Duchesse de Pomar ; and Mohini and Padshah preceded us to Paris. Our hostess did everything within her power to make us feel at home in her Palais Tiranty, and to draw around H. P. B. the cream of the nobility that flock to the Riviera in the colder months. Daily they visited us to talk of Theosophy, and on most of the evenings there were meetings at which discussions and expositions were followed by light suppers, for the arrangement of which Lady Caithness had a special talent. If I was delighted by this first intimate view of Continental high life, H. P. B. was still more so in meeting, after many years of voluntary expatriation, her compatriots with whom she could talk Russian by the hour, and get news at first hand of the fortunes and misfortunes of families in whose intimacy her own had always dwelt. Iconoclast she may have been as to some things, but a more enthusiastic Russian than she was never

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born, albeit she took out her naturalization papers at New York and forswore allegiance to the Czar and all other monarchs or princes. I fancy she did that, as she did her two marriages, either as a caprice or for some occult reason not apparent on the surface.

We made two friends extremely well worth having, in Colonel and Mrs. Evans, of Cimiez, a couple who lived in a splendid villa, which was made for us altogether sunny by their cordial welcomes. We also met at Nice Madame Agathe Hæmmerle, of Russia, a lady of high culture, an astonishing linguist, and the regular correspondent of half the noted savants of Europe who give themselves to research in the different fields of Psychology. Then there was an evening with the astronomer Camille Flammarion, of the Paris Observatory, at that time a member of our Society. Two evenings were given in part to mesmeric experiments by M. Robert, the Parisian professional, which were very instructive; and on another occasion Mme. Hæmmerle and I attended a public lecture, with experiments, on the same subject, by Prof. Guidi, the Italian specialist. The disbelievers in thought-transference should be called upon to explain one of these experiments to which I was a party. The lecturer had two lady assistants, of whom one played the piano and the other was the mesmeric subject. He bade us notice the effect of the music on the latter—whom he had proved to us to be in a state of insensibility to pinches, pullings, and loud noises. He willed her to hear the music, and she responded in physical move-

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ments to every change in its character, expressing in highly dramatic postures the feeling appealed to for the moment. Pride, anger, mirthfulness, affection, disdain, defiance, terror, were successively portrayed by this cataleptical being, as though she had been some musical instrument played upon by the pianist's fingers. Signor Guidi then said that if any gentleman present wished to satisfy himself of the power of the subject to receive mental suggestions, he would be glad to give him the chance. I rose at once and offered myself for the experiment. The lecturer came over to me, told me that I must concentrate my thought at the moment when I wished to fix the subject in the *pose* in which she might be at the time, and when he was satisfied that I understood him, grasped my hand for a moment and then stood aside. The pianist was then told to resume her playing, and the hypnotized subject began once more her statuesque poses. I took one good look at her, after which I leaned my chin on my cane and turned my eyes downward, so that I could see her movements through my eyelashes, but she could not get any hint as to my purpose. I let her go on until, in expressing the feeling of sublimity, she was leaning backward, seemingly past the centre of gravity, and was kept from falling only by the contraction of the leg-muscles: it was a posture so difficult, that in the natural state one could scarcely have retained it a minute. Then, without making the smallest gesture or muscular contraction to show my object, I mentally ordered her to become rigid. She re-

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sponded instantaneously; the thought had barely been formed in mind before she caught and obeyed it. With her head thrown far back, her torso bent back from the hips at an oblique angle, her arms held at their full length pointing upward, her knees bent forward, she seemed as immovable as if she were a statue of bronze. It was to me a most instructive experiment; the more so in that the mere clasping of my hand for a moment by the mesmerizer sufficed to put me in psychical rapport with his subject, without the speaking of a word by him or by me.

The mention above of M. Robert's experiments at the Palais Tiranty recalls to my mind a story that he told us, and which conveys a useful lesson to all mesmeric experimentators. He had a certain very good clairvoyant subject who, one time when he was asleep and lucid, told his mesmerizer that a certain jeweller's shop in Nice would be entered by burglars on a certain night. Thereupon, Robert, seeing a fine chance to help the mesmerist party, and, very likely, to advertize his own business of *Masseur*, went to the jeweller, handed him his business card, and told him to take extra precautions against burglary on the night in question. The jeweller thanked him, but said that he did not believe much in clairvoyance, and that, in any case, his premises were quite secure against burglars. Yet it so happened that the predicted burglary actually was made at the time mentioned. Then there was a fine excitement, a running to the Prefect of Police, and the usual wailing on housetops.

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Ah! that address card of the mesmerizer—happy thought! He must have known something about it and tried to buy him off by the offer of a bribe, failing the receipt of which he had allowed his pals to do the burglary! So the card is taken to M. le Prefect, and the poor innocent M. Robert summoned to come and stand an investigation. He went, was examined, and politely told that the Police were as incredulous as the jeweller about clairvoyance, and he must explain on some more reasonable and common-sense ground his fore-knowledge of the intended burglary. The wretched Robert managed to get off by citing a number of the most eminent personages in Nice to testify to his good character, but he had to pack off secretly his equally innocent clairvoyant, to put him beyond the clutch of the Nice detectives. Perhaps these facts will give a valid reason for the extreme reluctance of every respectable mesmerizer to allow his clairvoyant to aid in the tracking of criminals and the unravelling of crimes. The narrow escape of H. P. B. from arrest in Russia for suspected complicity in a murder, the perpetrator of which she discovered clairvoyantly at her Father's request and the special solicitation of the District Inspector-General of Police, is familiar to many of her friends, and bears me out in the precautionary word I offer to all mesmerizers who are so fortunate as to have under their control a good clairvoyant, whose aid the police would obtain :—DON'T.

It so happened that the annual "Bataille des Fleurs" (Flower Carnival) came off while we were in Nice, and I

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was very glad to see one of the most charming ways in which the fashionable world contrives to kill time. The Duchess could not go out herself, but sent me, in charge of one of her lady friends, in her carriage to fall in with the procession. Almost every carriage but ours was bedecked with flowers and garlands, and bunches of them adorned the horses. From every house fronting the street, flowers were showered down upon us; the sun shone resplendently, the bosom of the Mediterranean lay like a pavement of sapphires, the cool grey-greens of the olive orchards on the hilly slopes refreshed the eye, and all was joyous laughter, gay trifling, and prankish little tricks of flower-pelting along the route. A pretty Russian Countess up in a balcony asked, by dumb show, of her friend the lady by my side, who I was, and was answered with a mysterious nodding and winking to indicate that she should hear the facts later. She did, and no mistake: the mutual friend told her that I was the Governor of Madras and her affianced husband! The flower-battle was very pretty foolery, to be sure, yet a saddening spectacle; for one can realize, in seeing the round of childish amusements followed year after year in changeless monotony, how indisposed the higher circles are to think of serious things, how completely submerged in sensuous pleasures. Yet their religious feelings can be excited to even the point of frenzy by a great preacher or a great idea set in circulation at the right time. At this moment there are many women of the highest social rank, some even among the royalties, who read theosophical literature

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and think the theosophical things: this is a fact well known to me. A bit of leaven is working in the mass, and the influence will grow. But for the several scandals that have been attached to our movement since 1884, an open connection with Theosophy would not be so shunned as it has been, and, to some extent, still is, by the European aristocracy and upper middle class. The greatest obstacle in our way, however, is the iron hold that social routine has upon those classes, and the almost hopeless submergence of the individual in the fashionable, time-killing, oblivion-seeking round of daily life. Apart from the crowd, these reading and thinking entities would be free to develop all the good in themselves: as it is, they are wasting this present incarnation.

Although I thought, before leaving Adyar, that I had done with my healings, I let myself be tempted to take, at H. P. B.'s request, the cases of three Russian ladies whom we met at Lady Caithness' house on the evening of the 25th March—a Princess, a Countess, and a Baroness: the second, a cousin of H. P. B.'s; the last-named, one of her playmates in childhood. The Princess had a stubborn remnant of a stroke of hemiplegia, which, since twelve years, had prevented her raising her left hand to her head and using her left foot properly. Within a half-hour I freed both limbs from their bonds. The Countess was extremely deaf: after a treatment of fifteen minutes she could hear ordinary conversation, and was enchanted to be able to enjoy the music of a concert that evening, as she had not for years. The third lady I relieved

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of a minor spinal trouble. H. P. B. and I left Nice for Paris, March 27, many of our new friends seeing us off at the station.

We reached Marseilles at 9.30 P.M., and Paris the next evening at 11 P.M. Mohini, Dr. Thurman, F.T.S., and W. Q. Judge—who had left New York for India—met us at the station and conducted us to our apartments at 46, Rue Notre Dame des Champs, which Lady Caithness had hired for us, and H. P. B. occupied, three months. Visitors thronged, and a multitude of questions were asked about our Society and its aims. It had then about 100 Branches or a sixth of its present strength. The Parisian press, always in search for sensations, gave us many columns of notices; Victor Hugo's organ, *Le Rappel*, leading off with an article of three columns on "The Buddhist Mission to Europe."

Our old Albany friends, Dr. and Mrs. Ditson, we found living in Paris, and the Doctor and I went together to see the famous healer, Zouave Jacob, a few days after our arrival. The exceptional healing power of this man was first exhibited during the Second Empire, and the press of Europe and America teemed for years with stories of his wonders. We were courteously welcomed, M. Jacob saying that he knew me by reputation as a founder of the T. S., and a healer. He was a spare man of medium size, lithe, active, and full of nervous force, with his hair cut short, black firm eyes, and a black moustache; he was dressed in black, his frock-coat buttoned, his linen scrupulously clean. He led us to his clinique-room—a

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long narrow basement chamber, with a bench against the walls all around. On the average he was treating fifty patients a day, and having been at the work twenty years, there must have passed through his rooms some 300,000 patients. I was much struck with his method. At the appointed hour the entrance door would be closed, the patients seated on the benches, and in silence, and with an air of solemnity, the Zouave would enter and take his stand, with arms folded, at the centre of the lower end near the door. After a moment of meditation, he would raise his head and slowly glance at every patient, letting his eyes rest on every face deliberately and scrutinizingly. Then, beginning with the nearest on his left hand, he would stop in front of him and gaze as if trying to look his body through; then he would perhaps touch him in some part, or not, as the case might be, and ask, "*Est-ce là?*" (Is it there?), and upon receiving the affirmative reply, would give some order, or make a pass or two, or let the hand rest on the affected part, and either let the patient stop, or send him away and pass on to the next. Sometimes, after gazing at a patient, he would shake his head and say, "*Rien! Allez,*" intimating that he could do nothing and the patient should go away. So he would move around the whole room, always silent, grave, impressive; effecting many cures, rejecting some cases, directing others to return the next day for further treatment, taking no fees, but trusting for his support to sales of his photograph and literature. A striking personality, a rather vain man, bitterly resenting the petty persecutions of the doctors of medicine and the

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priests, which had followed him throughout his career. I had—it will be remembered—but just completed my fifteen months of healings, and his method greatly impressed me with its efficacy and simplicity. It was pure hypnotic suggestion, and called for no outpouring of the healer's own vitality as mine had done. His impassive calm and mysterious insight into symptoms, the silence maintained, the gliding noiselessly from patient to patient, the joyful words and expressions of such as were relieved of pains in the sight of all, combined to create a vivid expectancy, which his repute as a great healer intensified, and effected spontaneous cures at the moment when his pointing finger touched the spot of suffering. The one indispensable factor was that he should show in his every motion and whole demeanor a sense of absolute self-confidence as the Master of Pain. It was collective auto-suggestion, the mighty power that helps General Booth and all great revivalists to "convert" their thousands and tens of thousands. In fact, the method of the Salvation Army is one of the most effective hypnotizing agencies ever adopted. Last summer I saw it used to perfection by Booth himself in Exeter Hall, and seventy-five subjects drawn by Braid's and Charcot's system to the "anxious bench." The rhythmic pounding of the big drums and swells and falls of the music were identical in potency with that of the tap of the huge tambourines of the Aïssouas in their blood-curdling hypnotic phenomena.

The next day Dr. Ditson and I called on another healer, a spiritualist medium named Eugene Hippolyte,

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fils, who was said to have made many cures under "control." He was a large, sallow-complexioned man, and on testing him, with his consent, I found him quite sensitive to my mesmeric control—a patient whom I could have relieved of almost any functional disorder in two or three treatments. We then paid our respects to still another, M. Adolphe Didier, brother of the very celebrated "Alexis," whose marvellous clairvoyant faculty is historical. M. Adolphe had only recently resumed residence in Paris after many years spent in London in practice as a medical clairvoyant. He gave me his brother's address and we called on him, but had no opportunity of witnessing a display of his powers.

Meetings for conversation and discussion were being held by H. P. B. and myself at the houses of Lady Caithness and other friends, some of the results of which her ladyship has embodied in her work, *The Mystery of the Ages*.

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CHAPTER VIII.

A STRUGGLE IN THE LONDON LODGE T. S.

ON the 5th of April I left H. P. B. and took the train for London with Mohini M. Chatterji. As a serious dispute had grown up in the London Lodge between Mrs. Anna Kingsford, Mr. Edward Maitland, and their party, on the one hand, and Mr. Sinnett and the rest of the members, on the other, about the comparatively superior value of the Indian teachings as compared with the Christo-Egyptian teachings which she was giving out, and as it lay with me to settle it or see the members divided into two camps, as it were, I had issued from Nice a circular to each registered member of the London Lodge, asking them to send me, separately, to Paris, in confidence, their views respectively on the situation. These letters I had brought with me to read in the train. I had just come to a passage in the letter of Bertram Keightley, where he affirmed his entire confidence that the Masters would order all things well, when, from the roof of the railway carriage, above Mohini's head, a

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letter came fluttering down. It proved to be addressed to me and to be in the K. H. handwriting, giving me necessary advice for the treatment of the difficulty. It was as if intended as a marked response to the loyal thought of the writer of the letter I was reading at the moment. I wish that everybody in the Society could realize how certain it is that those Great Brothers who are behind our work keep a vigilant eye upon all of us who with a pure heart and unselfish mind throw our energies into it. What more comforting than to know that our labors are not in vain nor our aspirations unheeded?

The trouble in our London Lodge, like all such misunderstandings, tended to increase and ultimately to disrupt the once harmonious group. It was imperative that I should put a stop to it, if possible, and this was my principal business in going over to London. If I had had the least doubt of it before, it would have been dispelled by a letter which I received phenomenally in my cabin on board the "Shannon," the day before we reached Brindisi, and in which it was said:

"Put all needed restraint upon your feelings, so that you may do the right thing in this Western imbroglio. Watch your first impressions. The mistakes you make are from failure to do this. Let neither your personal predilections, affections, suspicions, nor antipathies affect your action. Misunderstandings have grown up between Fellows, both in London and Paris, which imperil the interests of the movement . . . . try to remove such

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misconceptions as you will find, by kind persuasion and an appeal to the feeling of loyalty to the cause of truth, if not to us. Make *all* these men feel that we have no favorites, nor affections for persons, but only for their good acts and for humanity as a whole."

A great truth was stated in this same letter, viz.: "one of the most valuable effects of Upasika's (H. P. B's) mission is that it drives men to self-study, and destroys in them blind servility to persons." What a pity that some of her most ardent disciples could not have realized this, for they would have been spared the bitter pain that has been caused them and all of us by the many successful exposures of her defects of character, by opponents who accepted their foolish challenge and proved her to be the reverse of infallible. She was great enough and had quite sufficient claims upon our gratitude, without our trying to make of her a goddess, immaculate and unerring.

In the London struggle in our Branch I had to deal with a learned, clever, self-confident woman, ambitious and eccentric: a unique personality, who believed herself the angel of a new religious epoch, the reincarnation of Hermes, Joan of Arc, and other historic characters. By canvassing the opinions of all the registered members of the London Lodge T. S., I had ascertained that as between her teachings and those of the Indian sages, the verdict was almost unanimous against her. It was not that they did not appreciate her great qualities as they deserved, but that they valued those of the Masters more. Perhaps,

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also, they found her inclined to be too masterful for British notions. The first step was naturally to call on her, which I did. I cannot say I altogether liked her, although it did not take many minutes for me to gauge her intellectual power and the breadth of her culture. There was something uncanny to me in her views about human affection. She said she had never felt love for a human being; that people had told her, before her child was born, to wait its appearance and she would feel the great gush of mother-love and the fountains of her affection would be unsealed: she had waited, the child had been shown her, but her only feeling was the wish that they should take it away out of her sight! Yet she lavished excessive love on a guinea-pig, and, in his *Life of Anna Kingsford*, Mr. Maitland's splendid pen has made us all see, as in a mental Kinematograph, his great colleague carrying the little beast around with her in her travels, lavishing on it her caresses, and keeping the anniversary of its death as one does that of a near relative.

The annual election of officers by the London Lodge was to come off on the following day, so I had no time to lose. I made Mrs. Kingsford the offer to give her a charter for a separate Branch of her own, to be called The Hermetic T. S., first having discussed it with Mr. C. C. Massey, her sincere friend and mine. The offer was accepted, and the election passed off harmoniously; Mr. G. B. Finch being chosen President, Mr. Sinnett Vice-President and Secretary, and Miss Arundale Treasurer. Things were proceeding smoothly, in the usual manner,

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when they were interrupted by the sensational appearance of H. P. B., whom I had left in Paris, but who took a flying trip so as to be present at this meeting. The Kingsford-Maitland party, who had notified me in advance that they would not be candidates for re-election to office in the London Lodge T. S., presented me, before leaving, a formal application for a charter for the new Branch, which I promised to grant. On the 9th (April) the meeting for organization was held at the chambers of Mr. Massey, and the "Hermetic Lodge T. S." became an established fact. Besides Mr. Kingsford, Mr. Maitland, Mr. Kirby, and Mr. Massey, there were present Lady Wilde, her sons Oscar and William, and the wife and daughters of the late Dr. Keneally, the erudite and eccentric counsel of the noted Claimant. These three ladies applied for, and were admitted into, membership. Mohini M. Chatterji accompanied me, and made one of the excellent addresses on the occasion.

On the Easter Sunday I went with Miss Arundale and Mohini to Westminster Abbey to hear a preacher of high repute, and then to the Central Hall and Barracks of the Salvation Army. We all gave the palm to Mrs. Booth and the other speakers who followed her, over the stately and soulless inanity of the fashionable Abbey priest, whose discourse had not warmth enough in it to vitalize an amœba, whereas those of the others boiled over with fervor. The kingdom of Heaven will never be carried in white bands and cassocks, unless the man they hide be a bit more like "flames of fire"

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than like a boxful of dictionary words and rhetorical phrases.

The change from the tropical heat of India to the bitter winds and damp days and nights of London, and the lack of warm clothing, laid me up with a pleuritic cold for two or three days, and might have been more serious but for the unselfish care of Mrs. and Miss Arundale, my hostesses, who were kindness personified. Out again on the 16th, I was given a dinner at the Junior Athenæum Club by Mr. W. H. Coffin, of the Society for Psychical Research. He had bidden to meet me Messrs. W. Crookes, F.R.S.; Prof. W. F. Barrett, F.R.S.E.; Col. Hartley, LL.D.; H. J. Hood; A. P. Sinnett; F. Podmore, M.A.; Edward Pease; Rev. Dr. Taefel; F. W. H. Myers; and Edmund Gurney. Truly a brilliant company of scholars and literati! This was in the early pre-Coulombian days, when the Theosophical Society had not been declared *taboo*, and H. P. B. had not been branded by the S. P. R. as the most accomplished and dangerous charlatan of the present world-period!

On the 17th Mohini and I visited the laboratory of Mr. Crookes, and were shown a variety of most interesting experiments. The next day we two and Mr. Sinnett dined at a private house, where Mohini saw for the first time a lady partisan of the Esthetic Reform movement, dressed in the utterly absurd style of costume affected by that body of cranks, and having her hair tousled, like a rat's nest, all over her head, and far too much of her bust exposed to suit our Hindu's notions of decency. As luck would have

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it, she was given to Mohini to take in to dinner. He glanced at me hopelessly, not knowing what was expected of him, with a strange expression of eye that I could not make out and had no time to inquire into at the moment. When we were driving home, later, in the cab, the mystery was explained in a way that was nearly the death of me. "That lady that I took in to dinner," said he, "does she sometimes get dangerous?" "Dangerous? What do you mean?" I replied. "Why, she is insane, isn't she? She must be. She asked me at the table if we ever laughed in India! It was when you were telling that comical story, at which they all roared. The fact is, I kept my eyes all the while fixed on my plate, lest by catching hers I might send her off into a paroxysm and she might use one of the knives beside her plate: how *could* I laugh? Don't you think it was inhospitable in them to put such a lady in my charge without telling me what to do in case a fit should come on?" He said this in perfect sincerity, and stared in astonishment when I burst into fits of laughter; which made it worse than ever for me. He was much relieved when I at last was able to explain matters, and assured me that he thought the lady was a mad relative of the family, who was, perhaps, harmless, ordinarily, but subject to recurrent crises of the nerves, and was "allowed to dress like that to keep her quiet."

My Diary shows that the making of the "Hermetic" group did not quite settle the disturbance in the old lodge. The members generally wanted to profit by both courses of instruction and to belong to both lodges. The effect was

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to keep up the excitement, so I was obliged to issue a new rule, to the effect that multiple membership would not be allowed; no person to be an active member in more than one Branch simultaneously; and where double membership existed, choice should be made in which group the individual preferred to remain. The effect was to threaten the disruption of the "Hermetic" lodge. So, after consultations with Mr. Massey, I suggested that Mrs. Kingsford should return her charter and form her friends into an independent society, and thus make it feasible for them to belong to both. For, the Hermetic being an outside body, its relation to us would be the same as that of the Asiatic, Geographical, Astronomical, or any other foreign society. Mrs. Kingsford returning a favorable answer through Mr. Massey, this plan was carried into effect, the Hermetic Lodge of the T. S. ceased to exist, and the "Hermetic Society" was born, with Mrs. Kingsford as President and Mr. Maitland as Vice-President. Calm followed the storm and all went well. The first meeting was held on May 9th, and, by request, I made a friendly address of good wishes and sympathy for the new society.

The interest in theosophical ideas was now spreading throughout all London social circles. Virtually begun by the publication of Mr. Sinnett's *Occult World*—of which the late Mr. Sam. Ward gave away 250 copies among his friends—it had been fostered by a number of agencies, literary and social, and one could pretty well foresee the extension that has since occurred. A number of persons of high standing in the world of letters, as well as in the

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nobility, joined us. I had my full share of dinners to eat in company with social lions, some of whom impressed me most amiably—others didn't. At Mrs. Tennant's house I met Sir Edwin Arnold, was invited to lunch with him, and he gave me the valuable present of some pages of the original manuscript of the *Light of Asia*, which is now one of the curios of the Adyar Library. At Mrs. Bloomfield Moore's Mr. Sinnett and I met Robert Browning, and talked some Theosophy with that master of verse. Earl Russell had me up to Oxford for a night, and Lord Borthwick, F.T.S., to his place in Scotland for a fortnight. At one table I met an officer of the Queen's Household and a famous General; at another, one of the greatest of modern painters. Everywhere the theme of talk was Theosophy: the tide was rising. The ebb was to follow, but as yet no one foresaw it in Europe, for it was to begin at Madras: the Scottish Missionaries its engineers, the high-minded Coulombs their tools. We shall come to that chapter of history very soon now, as we are recalling the incidents of the month of April 1884, and the grand explosion occurred only a few weeks later.

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CHAPTER IX.

H. P. B. AND THE S. P. R. REPORT.

TWO distinct and very different streams of the Society's karma were now converging, though we then realized very little their prospective importance. One was the outcome of my special mission for the Ceylon Buddhists, which had brought me to Europe this year; the other, our first contact with the Society for Psychical Research. The former, beneficent in itself, brought honor to us and joy to a whole nation; the latter cast a disrepute upon the S. P. R., caused us undeserved grief and sorrow, tarnished our reputation, and pierced the heart of that unrewarded servant of the race, H. P. B. In the sequence of events it comes first, and shall have first attention.

There had been the making of acquaintances between us and the S. P. R.; entire cordiality and unsuspicious friendliness on our part; an equally apparent sympathy on theirs; agreeable social meetings at the houses of their leaders; and, finally, a consent on my part to be examined by a Committee of the S. P. R. The sky was

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purely blue, without the tiniest cloud to indicate the hurricane in preparation for us. So those were joyous days in London and Paris, and H. P. B. and I were in exuberant spirits. On the 11th May (1884) I had my first sitting and examination with Messrs. F. W. H. Myers and J. Herbert Stack. A stenographer reported the Questions and Answers. The printed Report is in a pamphlet of 130 pp. 8vo. (Private and confidential to members of the S. P. R.), which was issued in December 1884, and which also contains reports of similar examinations by the Committee of Mohini M. Chatterji, and forty-two documentary appendices. The ground covered by the inquiry was as to the appearance of phantasms of the living; the projection and material constitution of the human Double; appearances and communication with the same at distances from the physical body; visits to the witnesses from living Adepts or Mahatmas; *apports* of ponderable objects; astral bell-sounds; the phenomenal receipt of written documents; the precipitation of Mahatmic writing within closed letters from ordinary correspondents while in transit through the mails; the giving of flowers by an Adept's double to a group of observers, etc. I think that any candid reader of the Report will notice the perfect candor, openness, and evident good faith of the witnesses, and the amplitude of corroboration contained in the documents which were laid by us before the Committee. But to understand our feelings when, later on, the S. P. R. made its merciless attack upon H. P. B.,

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our Masters, and ourselves, one should try to put oneself in our places. Here were we laying bare a series of personal experiences which had for us a most private and sacred character, for no possible benefit that could accrue to ourselves, but solely that our testimony might help the cause of spiritual science and give comfort to other students not yet so favored as ourselves; going before the Committee with no prepared case, but answering the questions sprung upon us, and hence putting ourselves at the mercy of those who had none of our enthusiasm, whose policy was to criticize, analyze, and pick flaws in our statements, and who in rendering their final judgment were unsparing of our feelings, sceptical as to our motives, and merciless to a degree. Worst of all, they were then incompetent through inexperience of psychical laws, misled by the conclusions of an agent—Dr. Hodgson—whom they sent out to India to verify our statements and collect evidence, and by an utterly incompetent handwriting expert's report, and so put themselves on permanent record as the self-righteous calumniators of a woman—H. P. B.—who had neither done an injury to a living person, nor asked or received any benefit or reward for her services to the world, yet whom they dared to brand as "one of the most accomplished, ingenious, and interesting impostors in history" (see *Report of the Committee appointed to investigate phenomena connected with the Theosophical Society*. Members: Messrs. E. Gurney, F. W. H. Myers, F. Podmore, H. Sidgwick, and J. H. Stack. Published in 1885).

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This Second Report was received by poor H. P. B. at Adyar when she lay apparently on her death-bed, and it nearly killed her. With an agony of pathos she has written in blue pencil, in the copy that now lies before me, the following:—

"Madame Blavatsky, who will soon be dead and gone, for she is doomed, says this to her friends of the P. R. S. (S. P. R.): After my death these phenomena, which are the direct cause of my premature death, will take place better than ever. But whether dead or alive, I will be ever imploring my friends and Brothers never to make them public; never to sacrifice their rest, their honor, to satisfy public curiosity or the empty pretext of science. Read the book. Never, throughout my long and sad life, never was there so much of uncalled for, contemptuous suspicion and contempt lavished upon an innocent woman as I find here in these few pages published by so-called friends.

"H. P. BLAVATSKY."

"ADYAR, *Feb.* 5, 1885,
"on my death-bed."

She adds the remark that she shall never forgive me for "thrusting our phenomena upon the attention of the gentlemen scientists of the P. R. S. (S. P. R.)," which was rather hard on me, considering the innocent part I played in the whole affair. I knew of nothing to be concealed, had no suspicion whatever of bad faith anywhere, and was perfectly willing to put every facility in the way of those who wished

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to investigate the facts. This is conclusively shown in Dr. Hodgson's Report on his investigations in India, as the special agent of the S. P. R. On page 311, he says of me: "His candor was shown by his readiness in providing me with extracts from his own diary, and the freedom with which he allowed me to inspect important documents in his possession; and he rendered me every assistance in his power in the way of my acquiring the evidence of the native witnesses. Not only so, but observing, as I thought, that Mr. Damodar was unduly endeavouring to take part in my examination of a witness, shortly after I arrived in India, he desired me not to hesitate in taking the witnesses apart for my private examination, and he made special arrangements for my convenience."

Now there are several points not to be overlooked in finally revising the wholesale condemnation of Madame Blavatsky and the discrediting of her phenomena by Dr. Hodgson and his colleagues of the S. P. R.:—

1. No prepared case was submitted to the Committee in London, Mr. Sinnett, Mr. Mohini, and I having come forward and answered questions *impromptu*, according to our best recollections about events stretching back over several years. When the incidents occurred there had been no measuring by feet and inches, consulting of watches, tying up of H. P. B. in a bag or fastening her to chairs by sealed threads, as in the case of mediums; nor did either of us think for one moment of daring to banter with the august Personages in momentary view, or to tell them to move here, or stand there, or let themselves be weighed or

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handled or pinched, to satisfy us that they were real. I have never heard of anybody's so treating any saintly personage. So we simply made ourselves the easy game of a Committee who cared not a whit about our feelings, motives, or opinions as to the Living Teachers, but concerned themselves chiefly in trying to break down the standing of the great rival Society, and sweeping our rubbish off the ground which they aimed at occupying alone. This is the tone that seems to run through the whole Report.

2. That when, later on, in India, they cross-examined the Hindu and other Indian witnesses who had signed the certificates published in the *Theosophist*, in Mr. A. O. Hume's *Hints on Esoteric Theosophy* and other pamphlets, every stress was laid upon their contradictions, while no allowance whatever was made for (*a*) the utter inexperience of Asiatics in psychical research methods, and (*b*) their mental incompetency to restate accurately what had been their observations and impressions at the time of witnessing the phenomena, when no tests had been applied, measurements taken, or other details looked to: since nobody had had an idea that they would have to recall the incidents four or five or even more years later. A judicially-minded investigator would have seen at a glance that self-contradictions would, under those circumstances, have been the most natural, and mnemonic accuracy the least so, to expect. Every cool observer at mediumistic circles would know that. I have attended the late Dale Owen, Epes Sargent, and other equally honest and cultured men, to circles where they proved to me their perfect inaccuracy of

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observation. How much less, then, ought to have been expected from Hindus who had never had the least personal experience in such matters?

3. The chief accuser of Madame Blavatsky was Mme. Emma Coulomb, whose moral worth is shown in her confession to the Missionaries that she had been cognizant of the fraudulent character of H. P. B.'s phenomena all along, and had served as her lying and dishonest accomplice! Inquiries at Cairo, of the ladies of the Royal harem, would yield highly interesting facts about her.

4. That the pretended letters of H. P. B. to her were *never shown me by anybody*, although I was within easy reach, a fact which does not go towards proving their genuineness.

5. That the unqualified opinion of the caligraphic expert who declared the K. H. and other alleged Mahatmic letters to have been written by H. P. B. (from certain resemblances between them and her admitted handwriting), upon which the S. P. R. Committee largely based their denunciation of her, is that of a man notorious for having declared, on like professional analyses, the "Pigot Forgeries" to have been genuine letters of Mr. Parnell, while the forger himself later killed himself in prison after confessing to his forgeries. Moreover, his professional opinion is opposed to the categorically opposite one of the chief caligraphist of the High Court of Berlin. Letters of H. P. B. and of the Mahatma K. H. were submitted for his decision by Herr G. Gebhard, Persian Consul, and he declared in writing that "it was impossible that the two letters could have been written by the same hand" (*Theosophist*, June 1886, Supplement).

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6. That even if the resemblances in the handwritings to Madame Blavatsky's had been much more striking than they were, this would have been no proof of her *mala fides*, since every tyro in spiritualistic research knows that, whether a psychic message is written on a closed slate, or precipitated on a paper or card laid on the floor, or on the ceiling, or anywhere else at a distance from the medium, the writing will usually resemble that of the medium. The same rule applies to all intermediary agents through whom messages in psychic writing are transmitted. Neither Dr. Hodgson, nor either of his colleagues, nor their infallible "expert" seems to have known this elementary fact; yet this did not deter them from rendering an unjust and cruel judgment on a woman whom they almost seem to have fallen upon to claw to pieces, like so many wolves on a victim's carcase. I wish to keep my feelings within bounds, but it becomes very hard when I think of the injustice done to my old colleague. The attitude of the Committee of the S. P. R. seems to me that of a body of gifted, scholarly men, blinded by self-righteousness so as to make them incapable of seeing facts as they were, and daring to lay violent hands upon the reputation of a person entitled, under every principle of human justice, to the benefit of the doubt.* Was any

* The character of Mr. Podmore has been just recently drawn by the veteran Editor of *Light* (see issue of November 27th, 1897) in a way that will show how little chance of fair treatment H. P. B. had at the hands of his S. P. R. Committee. "Patient, unspeakably painstaking, with a wonderful eye for a crevice, and an equally wonderful wrist for jerking an incident off the rails, and putting an up-train on the down-line . . . . Mr. Podmore is an enthusiastic unbeliever. He starts with a vehement assumption against all things spiritual, and

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mercy shown her? One searches in vain throughout the published *Report* for the smallest sign of it.

"Oh! for the rarity
Of Christian charity."

7. That Dr. Hodgson, the agent-detective sent by the S. P. R. to India to ferret out the facts, has since then become an avowed spiritualist, to the extent of pronouncing the medium, Mrs. Piper's phenomena, spiritualistic after six years' scrutiny of them! In his earlier days he devoted fourteen hours to the writing up of a single slate-writing seance—*i.e.*, at the time when he was as sceptical and incompetent to pronounce upon 'psychic powers' as is Mr. Podmore to this day. It is sad to think what a different report on H. P. B.'s phenomena he would have made to the S. P. R. but for his incompetence as an observer of psychic facts; sad, because he might then have done her justice instead of injustice, and spared her years of agony undeserved. The congeniality of Dr. Hodgson's mind at that time with Mr. Podmore's is apparent throughout his report of observations: a single example will suffice—*ex uno disce omnes.* Mr. S. Ramaswamier, District Registrar of Tinnevelly, Madras Presidency, encountered in Sikkim my Guru,

strictly attends to business as one whose business is to detect crevices, and stuff them up with anything that comes to hand; and if there is nothing substantial to stuff them up with, he jams in an unfailing supply of innuendos, assertions, and assumptions. But a passage, towards the end of the book [under review] gives us the key to it all. . . . 'We are bound to assume abnormality somewhere, and, of the two, it may be easier to suppose the medium abnormally dishonest than to credit him with abnormal psychic powers.'"

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Mahatma M., on horseback, and had a long conversation with him, which he describes at length (*Theosophist*, Dec. 1882). Dr. Hodgson says: "I see no improbability in supposing that the Mahatma was personated by one of Madame Blavatsky's confederates." As though this penniless woman had a paid army of cheats scattered over India, even to Sikkim!

8. That weird phenomena occurred in H. P. B.'s presence from her very childhood, as is proved by the testimony of her family, and that similar ones were witnessed by myself and many other persons in America and India, long before the Coulombs came out of their obscurity, and under circumstances precluding the theory of confederacy or bad faith.* This fact should, it would seem, have great weight in the making up of the public verdict in the case at issue. The misfortune was that the S. P. R. Committee, owing to ignorance and lack of experience, doubted the possibility of such phenomena, and hence—as Mr. Podmore puts it in the passage above quoted—as they had "to assume abnormality somewhere," it was "easier to suppose the medium abnormally dishonest than to credit him with abnormal psychic powers."

If the reader will but think a moment, he will see how impossible it was that the members of the Committee could have been qualified to pronounce upon phenomena of the class of H. P. B.'s. There had been plenty of mediums in Europe and America, but no alleged adept proficients in

* See *Old Diary Leaves*, "The True History of the Theosophical Society," London, New York, and Madras, 1895.

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psychical science since Cagliostro and Count St. Germain. Where is the record of verified phenomena with which H. P. B.'s could be compared and tested? In the whole range of scientific research no branch demands of the experimenter such intuitive insight, such capacity for delicate weighing of facts, such a profound knowledge of man in his physical, mental, and spiritual aspects, such an intimate acquaintance with the ancient schools of philosophy and of occultism, such a memory of the recorded powers of adepts, such a power to experimentally verify at first hand the number and play of the finer forces of nature, as this field of transcendental physics. What were the special qualifications, then, of Messrs. Myers, Gurney, Podmore, Stack, Sidgwick, and Hodgson for this inquest? What weight ought to be given to their hasty verdict? We scorn the raw opinions of the uneducated tradesman upon astronomy, mathematics, symbology, spirit survival, or any other of the great questions of human knowledge with which he has had no familiarity whatever. Yet is his case worse than that of these gentlemen amateurs in Practical Psychology, who possessed no more qualification to render a just judgment on H. P. B.'s psychical powers than our supposed greengrocer, tailor, or blacking-maker? If the S. P. R. had had to convert the public to a belief that ran counter to its preconceptions, or to some new aspect of a fixed error, such as the geocentric theory, for example, does any sane man believe that they would have brought forward so weak a case as this, and so hastily risked the indignant censure of a more enlightened posterity? But the chance of dis-

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crediting a dangerous personality, by merely calling her a clever impostor and thus appealing to popular ignorance and popular prejudice, was too tempting to be resisted; so they slandered and passed on, leaving their poisoned shaft to rankle in the breast of this poor, race-loving, imprudent, impulsive thaumaturgist and teacher. They have had their day of triumph, but divine justice has still its inexorable policy to vindicate.

Whatever her other friends may have done, I, at least, have always tried to deal with H. P. B. as a natural, not a supernatural, personage. In relating my observations of her phenomena I have done my best to speak the plain truth and present my facts without bias. This policy has been adhered to in the face of the resistance of many of my colleagues who would have liked to cover up her weaknesses. What they might think of me was of no consequence whatsoever; I had my duty to do to my benefactress, friend, and co-founder of the Society. I have done it all the better, I believe, by telling the truth, adding nothing pleasant, concealing nothing unpleasant. I have taken H. P. B. as a being of different sides of character, some almost angelic, others the reverse. Often, when on lecturing tours in far-away lands, I have been asked what I had to say in defence of her against the charges of the Coulombs and Hodgson. My answer has always been that the case against her had never been judicially presented, but very crudely and in an unconvincing way; that I myself had seen so many of her phenomena produced under circumstances of an unimpeachable character, as to make me know that she was a

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great adept in handling nature's occult forces; but that, even if one had to accept as proven every charge brought against her phenomena, she was still a benefactress of mankind in the teachings she had left behind, and had won the fervent gratitude of thousands of men and women to whom her writings had first shown the path up the hill of spiritual truth. And I have challenged my questioners to tell the audience whether they or any other of Mme. Blavatsky's flippant accusers dare claim the right to a tithe of the love and gratitude given her by the public, for what *they* had done for humanity. I never yet failed to win the applause of my hearers. For there is beneath all social movements, down in the heart of human nature, a passionate love of fair-play, and this will vindicate the now besmirched reputation of Helena Petrovna. In short, all of us instinctively believe in Karma. As for the victim of the S. P. R., she is beyond their reach, and can smile at their most malicious attempts to do her harm. Her Karma thrust her under this crushing burden of sorrow, but the ordeal is past, and she can now

> "Know how sublime a thing it is
> To suffer and be strong."

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CHAPTER X.

SUCCESSFUL ISSUE OF BUDDHIST MISSION.

TURNING our backs upon the tragical episode of the attack of the S. P. R. upon Madame Blavatsky and her associates, we will now take up the pleasanter task of recalling, for permanent record, in greater detail than was given in Chapter VI., the incidents of the Buddhistic commission with which the Sinhalese nation had honored me, and which had brought me to London in the spring of 1884. The events preceding this action are historically so important, and their consequences have been so serious, that I feel it a duty to expand the brief narrative above mentioned, and to quote, from the original documents in my possession, facts that must otherwise go unrecorded. My duty was, as above stated, to lay before the Colonial Office certain grievances for which no redress had been obtained in Ceylon. They struck at the very root of the principle of religious neutrality, so clearly and so wisely announced by Her Majesty, the Queen, as the future policy of her Government throughout her dominions.

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Of course, the British Empire would not hold together under any other system than the absolute guarantee to all the followers of the various religions under its sway, of the right of private judgment as to their creeds and of personal freedom as to their forms of worship. When the Portuguese conquered the Maritime Provinces of Ceylon, they adopted the opposite policy and employed the brutal agencies of the sword, fire, confiscation, and rapine to compel the mild and inoffensive people of the Island to adopt the Christian religion, but without avail. The poor creatures saw their houses burnt, their females dishonored, and their friends put to the sword, but they only fled to the jungles and clung to Buddhism. Under the rule of the Dutch, who supplanted the Portuguese, the same stress was put upon them, but by chiefly legal enactments and appeal to selfish motives, rather than by military cruelty. Cruel enough, though, were some of their laws as, for instance, the denial of legitimacy to children born in lawful Buddhistic wedlock and of their right of inheritance, unless the parents were married in a Christian church: an infamous bit of cunning. A Jubilee Report of the C. M. Society, noticing the past and then present state of the Christian churches in Ceylon, says that these harsh measures of the Dutch bred "Christians"—*i.e.*, hypocrites—prolifically, and when the British drove out the Dutch and conquered the Maritime Provinces, the church registers bore the names of thousands of this sort of Christians, but within a brief time after the proclamation of religious freedom was made, "the flourishing

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tree was wilted as though stricken by a black frost." I quote the substance of this avowal from memory, but I think I am fairly accurate.

However warlike the Sinhalese of the seaboard may have been in the far past, the fight has all been drawn out of them by three centuries of foreign rule*; yet its potentiality is always there, according to the law of sociological evolution, and it only needs the right concatenation of circumstances to set their passions ablaze again. On Easter Day, 1883, a crisis occurred which, under less wise self-restraint in the leaders of the Buddhist community, might have caused serious riots and blood-shed. If the leaders had not been under what we may call the conservative training of membership in the Theosophical Society, which had taught them the benefit of union and patient persistence in the conduct of public movements, the masses might have broken loose and taken that Lynch law redress for their wrongs which they could not get from a vacillating Governor and unsympathetic officials. Briefly, the facts were that on the Easter Day a procession of peaceful, unarmed Buddhist worshippers was passing through the streets of Colombo to Kotahena, a suburb where one of their most revered temples is situate, to make the customary offerings of flowers, fruits, and other things at the shrine, when they were assaulted violently by a large mob. To quote from the Petition laid before

* The Portuguese held the seaboard for 153 years; the Dutch, from A.D. 1658 to 1795, when the British expelled them and made themselves a present of the sovereignty. "In the interests of Christianity and civilization," of course!

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the Governor: "They were murderously assaulted by a mob of Roman Catholics and other evilly-disposed rioters, who bore painted upon their persons the sign of a cross, who had inflamed their passions by intoxicant drinks, and who were armed with bludgeons, sharp weapons, and other deadly instruments; that in the affray which followed, the lives of women and children were imperilled, great bodily harm was done to a number of Buddhists, five head of cattle drawing their carts were slaughtered in the Queen's highway, and the carts themselves, with their valuable contents, were consumed by fire." It goes on to state that a Buddhist named Juan Naide was murdered, the Police looking on without interfering; that the mob was collected by the ringing of tocsins on the bells of the Catholic churches, and that certain noted persons were seen by the Police painting white crosses on the dark-skinned bodies of the rioters, organizing the attack, and giving them liquors. Although these outrages were witnessed by thousands, and the leaders were all well known, no action was taken by the authorities, and it was but too evident that the whole thing was to be ignored. After waiting some days, the leaders of the Buddhist community, taking counsel together, brought a criminal action against certain suspected parties, with such proofs as, without Police help, could be discovered. The Justice of the Peace recommended that twelve of the accused should be committed for trial, but the Acting Queen's Advocate, acting in violation of the "Ordnance (Ord. XI., of 1868) and of the settled policy of British justice,

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the sitting Justice of the Peace was obliged, under instructions of the Acting Queen's Advocate, to assume the functions of the Supreme Court, and, without trial by jury, to decide the validity of the complaint and the value of the testimony offered by the accused. . . . Thus, then, as events proved, the ordinary course of justice was interrupted and the accused were released. . . ." "The result being," says the Petition, "that, notwithstanding we have spent rs. 5000 in legal and other expenses to secure justice, the murderers of an unoffending Buddhist are unpunished, no recompense has been given for property destroyed, to the value of some rs. 4000, and the whole body of Sinhalese Buddhists . . . . are left to face the possibility of similar bloody attacks in future by the various enemies of their religion. . . . So serious has the agitation upon this subject already become, that, but for the remonstrances of counsel, ten thousand Buddhists would have presented this petition in person to your Excellency; and a committee of our influential men have, in despair, taken the preliminary steps to ask of the Home Government and the Commons of England such help as may be practicable to redress their wrongs and give full effect in future to the assurances of religious neutrality in Her Majesty's Asiatic dominions which have, from time to time, in the Royal name been solemnly pledged."

Things went from bad to worse. The Buddhists, smarting under a sense of their wrongs, and goaded by the jeers and taunts of the unpunished rioters, were getting ripe for bloody reprisals. Government had not turned

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over a finger to right them in more than a year. In short, there was a crisis that menaced the destruction of law and order.

The first thing that occurred to the Buddhist leaders in their time of worst trouble was, as stated in Chapter VI., to telegraph me an urgent request to come over and help them. Accepting, as in duty bound, I crossed *viâ* Tuticorin and reached Colombo on Sunday, the 27th January 1884. I went straight to Sumangala's College and organized a meeting of leading Buddhists. The next day I got them to form a Buddhist Defence Committee, with old Mr. Goonewardene, Mohandiram, as Chairman, Don Carolis, as Vice, H. A. Fernando as Treasurer, and C. P. Goonewardene as Secretary; that is to say, all most respected persons in the community. They elected me an Honorary Member, as the following extract shows:—

"At the suggestion of the High Priest, and upon the motion of Mr. Don Carolis, seconded by Mr. H. A. Fernando, and supported by Mr. J. P. Jayatilleke, it was unanimously

"Resolved, that Colonel H. S. Olcott, of Madras, be respectfully requested to generally assist the Committee to carry out the objects of its organization.

"And that provided he consent, he be made an Honorary Member, and asked to proceed to London as the Chief Agent of the Committee, with full power to represent it under any circumstances that may arise, and in its name and that of the Sinhalese Buddhists in general, to ask for

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such redress and enter into such engagements as may appear to him judicious."

The next day I went to Kandy to personally confer with the new Governor, Sir Arthur Gordon, who had just succeeded Sir James R. Longden, the Feeble. I found him quite another sort of person, and from his intelligent grasp of the situation felt much encouragement for our case. He promised to forward immediately to London any papers we might wish to lay before the Colonial Office, and altogether expressed his sympathy with our party under the afflicting circumstances. Messrs. Wm. de Abrew and Goonesekara accompanied me to the interview. These preliminaries being satisfactorily settled, we returned to Colombo on the next day.

At the College I held, on the following day, a private conference with the High Priests, Sumangala, Dhammalankara, Subhuti, and Weligama, who, among other things, joined in giving me a written commission to accept, in their names, any persons, in Europe or elsewhere, who might wish to formally declare themselves Buddhists. The ranking High Priests of Malwatte and Asgiri, the Royal Temples at Kandy, had given me similar powers already. Having done all that was possible in Ceylon, I returned that evening to India, to arrange affairs at Adyar and make as early a start as possible for London.

The idea of H. P. B's accompanying me to Europe was an afterthought, it having been decided in a Council

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meeting after I had foreseen that I would have to go to London for the settlement of the Ceylon business.

H. P. B., taking time by the forelock, preceded me to Bombay so as to make a promised visit to our colleague, the late Thakur of Wadhwan.

On the 15th of February I left for Bombay with Mr. St. George Lane-Fox, F.T.S., and on the 18th was rejoined by H. P. B., Dr. Hartmann, and Mohini, who had extended their Kathiawar trip as far as Sihor, to visit our always beloved and loyal colleague, Prince Harisinhji Rupsinhji. On the 20th, at noon, we sailed for Marseilles on the s.s. "Chandernagore," of one of the French lines, receiving demonstrations of affection from a large number of friends who came, with the usual bouquets and flower-wreaths, to see us off.

The particulars of our delightful voyage, our arrival at Marseilles and Nice, the incidents which occurred while we were the guests of Lady Caithness, our arrival at Paris, my leaving H. P. B. there and proceeding on to London with Mohini, the settlement of the teapot tempest in the London Lodge, and the melancholy results of our intercourse with the S. P. R., have been recorded above. We will now resume the thread of our narrative of the results of my Buddhist mission.

A long familiarity with the methods of public business as followed in governmental departments restrained me from hurrying to the Colonial Secretary's antechamber with my papers in my hand. Instead of committing that indiscretion, which has caused so many aspirants for official

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favor to spend weeks and months outside the door behind which the great man sits, I made it my first business to find out how the business of the Colonial Office was transacted, which bureau had special charge of Ceylon affairs, and what was the character of the gentleman in charge of it. These inquiries—which, of course, I might have completed in an hour had I been so fortunate as to meet with the right man—took up a fortnight. Seeing at last my way clear, I called at the Colonial Office and sent in my card to the Hon. R. H. Meade. Mr. Meade received me with the utmost politeness, and showed himself entirely familiar with the details of our case. He was good enough to enlighten me about the forms of correspondence used in the British public offices, and I addressed to Lord Derby the following letter:—

77 Elgin Crescent W.,
London, *the 17th May* 1884.

To The Right Honorable The Earl of Derby,
Secretary of State for the Colonies.

My Lord:—

1. The despatch of the 18th of Feb. of H. E. Sir Arthur Gordon to your Lordship will have informed you of my having come to London as the representative of the Sinhalese Buddhists, to obtain redress for the gross wrongs done them in connection with the riots of Easter Sunday last year.

2. I have personally conferred with the Hon. R. H. Meade of the Colonial Office with respect to the matter,

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and now have the honor to ask your Lordship's consideration of the enclosures herewith forwarded, copies of which are not on file in the office. They are:—

3. A copy of an official report of a meeting of Sinhalese Buddhists held at Colombo on the 28th day of January 1882, to consider the present state of Buddhism in the Island of Ceylon, and adopt such measures as may be necessary for obtaining redress for certain grievances.

4. Copy of a letter and appeal to H. E. Sir Arthur Gordon, Governor of Ceylon, asking him to take certain specified lawful steps to secure redress for the Buddhists: the writer being Edward F. Perera, Esq., leading Proctor for the Buddhists in the late riot proceedings. To which letter, although written and delivered to its addressee on the 5th of February, no response had, I believe, been received up to the most recent dates from the Island.

5. Extracts from a private letter to myself from Mr. J. R. De Silva, one of the best and most intelligent Buddhists of Ceylon, and the gentleman who was Secretary to the meeting for forming the Defence Committee named in the Document; the information showing the despairing state of feeling with regard to the prospect of getting justice from Government unless my present mission should succeed.

6. I have also shown to Mr. Meade a copy of a Colombo paper, which sets forth the unlimited power habitually enjoyed by the second law officer of the crown—the local official primarily responsible, as alleged, for the apparent miscarriage of justice complained of.

7. That your Lordship may know what the Sinhalese

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people hope for as measures of justice, I would state that I am asked to beg your consideration of the following points:—

(*a*) That the Attorney-General of Ceylon * be instructed, if not illegal, to order the parties accused of the guilt of the Easter Riot and of its consequences to be committed for trial.

(*b*) That, either by extending the terms of the Imperial Indian Proclamation of religious neutrality by the British Government, or otherwise, some absolute guarantee of their religious rights and privileges shall be at once given the Sinhalese Buddhists, so that the prevailing inquietude may be done away with, and all officials be made to feel that Her Majesty's Government will hold them to stern account should they henceforth fail in the impartial performance of duty.

(*c*) That the Birthday of Buddha, viz., the Full Moon day of May, be proclaimed a full holiday for Buddhist employees of Government, as the sacred days of Mussulmans, Hindus, and Parsis are officially recognized holidays in India for employees of those several faiths. The Buddhists, who are always most loyal subjects, are compelled to either work on this, their most holy day of the year, or lose the day's pay.

(*d*) That all restrictions upon the use of their national and religious music shall be removed, and the Buddhists permitted to hold their religious processions as always hitherto since the remotest epochs. Though your Lordship's despatch to Sir Arthur Gordon of December last, as transmitted

* The title of the Queen's Advocate under the New Code.

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to Mr. Perera through the Ceylon Colonial Government, declared that instructions had been given which your Lordship trusted "will enable all Her Majesty's subjects in Ceylon to practise the rites of their respective religions without interference"; yet the most revered and respected monk in the Island—Sumangala Thero, High Priest of Adam's Peak and Principal of Widyodaya College, Colombo—was, only the other day, denied the privilege of a procession with tom-toms, and thus forced to bring his religious fair, or *pinkamma*, to a premature close. Harsh and unpleasant as the sound of the tom-tom may be to European ears, yet it is music to the Asiatic, and a festival without it is lifeless and uninteresting to them.

(*e*) That Buddhist Registrars of Marriages, etc., shall be appointed in Buddhist villages and wards of cities, and the Buddhists not forced as hitherto to depend for these services upon their bitter enemies of other faiths.

(*f*) That immediate steps shall be taken to decide the question of the Buddhist Temporalities, and, by taking financial matters out of the hands of the priests who, by their ordination laws, are prohibited from meddling in worldly affairs, but nevertheless have been greatly corrupted by the hasty action of the British authorities in turning over to their custody (see Ordnance No. 10, of 1856) the vast estates of the Church, to aid in restoring the pristine virtue of the priesthood. An examination of Ceylon official records shows that the British authorites have, unwittingly, helped to a great extent to injure the tone of Buddhist morality, by first extinguishing the ancient sovereign power

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of ecclesiastical discipline vested in the King, and then failing to either exercise it themselves or to vest it in a Chamber, or Board, or Council of Priests. The High Priest of the Dalada Maligawa, at Kandy, himself bitterly complained to me about this when I was at his temple in January last.

I am sorry to inform your Lordship that discontent and despair are rapidly spreading among the Sinhalese Buddhists; a fact to be the more deplored, since there is not in all the Imperial realm a more simple, peaceable community. Before the manufacture and sale of arrack was promoted for revenue purposes, they were—unless history belies them—a most kindly, quiet, and virtuous nation. Their devotion to Buddhism appears in the fact that, despite the bloody policy of the Portuguese, and the despicable and crafty one of the Dutch, they ever remained secretly true to their forefathers' faith, and as soon as it became safe under British rule, openly professed it. They feel just now, however, as though the ruling powers were secretly willing to deliver them over to the Romish mob, and determined to deny them common protection. No seer is required to foretell what the legitimate outcome of such a feeling must be, and on behalf of the better part of the nation, I do most earnestly implore your Lordship to take such steps as shall, without dangerous delay, prove to them the sincerity of the professions of Government as made from time to time.

I have the honor to be,
Your Lordship's obedient, humble servant,
(Sd.) Henry S. Olcott.

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A few days later, having received further communications from Colombo, I supplemented it with a second letter, to the following effect :—

77, Elgin Crescent, Notting Hill,
London, *27th May* 1884.

To The Right Honorable The Earl of Derby,
Secretary of State for the Colonies.

My Lord,—I have the honor to enclose, for your Lordship's information, the following additional papers on the matter of the late religious riots at Colombo, Ceylon :—

Copies of eight letters and endorsements, included in a correspondence, in February last, between H. Sumangala, Thero, High Priest, and certain Government officials, with respect to a Police permit for a religious procession.

The venerable High Priest, as your Lordship will perceive, asked for permission to perform the well-known, popular rite of conveying about the city, with appropriate music, a sacred relic. The object was to help ally the prevalent apprehension "with respect to sicknesses now prevailing at Colombo," the relic being supposed to possess a certain power in itself. If this be regarded as a mere superstition, it is to be observed that it is identical in character with the popular feeling in Catholic and Greek Protestant countries, which demands the similar bearing of relics about the streets in times of pestilence. Moreover, among the Sinhalese Buddhists the ceremonial is hallowed by the custom of many ages.

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The documents show that their innocent request was virtually denied, notwithstanding the benevolent assurances of your Lordship, as communicated through the Colonial authorities in January last.

My latest advices from Ceylon—May 5th, instant—indicate a continuance of the unsettled feeling among the Buddhists; and I venture to hope that, in view of the fact that they have now been patiently waiting for about thirteen months for justice, your Lordship may be able to give early and favorable consideration to the appeal which, on their behalf, I have had the honor to make. With assurances of profound respect,

I have the honor to be,
Your Lordship's obedient servant,
(Sd.) H. S. Olcott.

About this time some of the London editors, coming to know of the nature of my business in London, expressed their sympathy; and one Conservative organ, at least, intimated that there had been a miscarriage of justice, and that it was the duty of Government to make proper amends.

I will now complete the record, by giving the text of the reply of the Earl of Derby to my communications, and of the letters which subsequently passed between us:—

Downing Street,
17th June 1884.

Sir,—I am directed by the Earl of Derby to acknowledge the receipt of your letters of the 17th and 27th ultimo,

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relating to certain grievances which the Buddhists of Ceylon are alleged to be suffering.

2. Lord Derby has already expressed his great regret that it has not been found possible to prosecute the ringleaders of the riots of Easter Sunday last year, and is ready to acknowledge that the sufferers on that occasion have real grounds for complaint in this respect; but in the absence of fresh evidence, it would be impossible to reopen the matter.

3. Her Majesty's Government are resolved that in Ceylon, as in other parts of the Empire, the principles of religious liberty shall be strictly adhered to, and will do their utmost to remove any grievance under which any religious community can be shown to labor, and to put an end to any appearance of disregarding the proclamations of religious neutrallty which were made at the time when the English took possession of the Island. It is impossible to make any more explicit statement of the firm intention of the Government to abide by the spirit of those ancient proclamations than has already been made by the Governor, under the instructions of the Secretary of State, as given in Lord Derby's despatch, to which reference is made in your letter of 17th May.

Lord Derby has confidence in the loyalty and good sense of the Buddhist community in Ceylon, and feels sure that they will loyally accept his assurances in this matter.

4. The question of dealing with the Buddhist Temporalities is a difficult one, and has already engaged the attention of Her Majesty's Government, and of Sir Arthur Gordon's predecessors. No doubt Sir Arthur Gordon, to whom your

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letter will be referred, will carefully consider the whole matter, and Lord Derby will be glad to give his attention to any practicable scheme suggested to Sir A. Gordon and recommended by him, which would enable the Buddhist community to control the management of the Properties vested in their church, though clearly the exercise of any such control should be by the Buddhists themselves rather than through the instrumentality of any Government officials.

5. As regards the suggestion that the Birthday of Buddha should be observed as a full holiday for all Buddhist servants of the Government, and the questions of allowing tom-toms in the religious processions, and of the appointment of Buddhist registrars of marriage, Lord Derby can express no opinion without first referring to the Governor, but he is confident that it will be the wish of Sir Arthur Gordon, as it is that of Her Majesty's Government, that every consideration possible should be shown in these matters.

Your letters will accordingly be referred to the Governor by the outgoing mail.

I am, sir,
Your obedient servant,
(Sd.) R. H. MEADE.

77, ELGIN CRESCENT, NOTTING HILL, W.,
19th June 1884.

To The Right Honorable THE EARL OF DERBY,
Secretary of State for the Colonies.

MY LORD,—I have the honor to acknowledge the

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receipt of your Lordship's letter of the 17th inst., replying to mine of the 17th and 27th ultimo.

II. On behalf of the Buddhists of Ceylon, I have to thank you for the frank and unequivocal declaration of the intent of Her Majesty's Government to rigidly enforce the neutrality of the Crown in the matter of religious liberty as regards the Buddhist community of Ceylon, equally with other religious communities in all parts of the Empire. Or, as you state it, "to put an end to any appearance of disregarding the Proclamations of Religious neutrality which were made at the time when the English took possession of the Island." This assurance, if published in the *Gazette* of the Local Government, and made obligatory upon all local officials, will go far towards re-establishing the confidence of the Sinhalese nation, now so deeply shaken by recent events. What the nation wants is the full conviction that they are not to be made the victims of a mob of religious fanatics who, by threatening the peace of Ceylon, can intimidate officials and escape punishment of their crimes.

III. I beg your Lordship's attention to the 2nd clause of the letter under reply, as it really touches the most vital point of the present question. It is there remarked that "*in the absence of fresh evidence*, it would be impossible to re-open the matter" of the trial of the alleged ringleaders of the riots of Easter Sunday last year. By implication this, of course, affirms that if such "fresh evidence" had been by me brought forward, Her Majesty's Government

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would have felt it their duty to instruct the Colonial law officers of the Crown to proceed to prosecution, as by statute provided. If I am not mistaken in this deduction, I would most earnestly beg of your Lordship to put that affirmation into so many words. For that alone would, in the opinion of the Sinhalese, restore them to their vested rights as subjects, by showing them that the Courts are as open to them as to their foes, and they need not sue for justice in vain. Until this moment, in the absence of some such assurance since the riots, they have felt the contrary, and it was their despair which drove them to organize the "Buddhist Defence Committee" on the 28th of January last, and send me to England upon my present mission.

IV. A reference to the archives of the Colonial Office will convince your Lordship of the fact that the question of the Buddhist Temporalities is in the state of a case awaiting decision, after a full report by a Special Commission appointed to look into the entire subject. Their report is dated 17th October 1876, and the delay of Government in acting upon its recommendations has been productive of much injury to the morals of the Kandyan priesthood.

V. I thank your Lordship for the promise to refer to H.E. Sir Arthur Gordon, Governor of Ceylon, with the expression of the wish of Her Majesty's Government "that every consideration possible should be shown in these matters"—the questions of making Lord Buddha's Birthday a Government holiday for Buddhist public

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servants, of allowing tom-toms in religious processions, and of the appointment of Buddhist Registrars. I have the full conviction that Sir Arthur Gordon will do all he can to give effect to the expressed sympathies of Government, and in all official matters to treat the Sinhalese with justice, when his attention is called to grievances.

VI. To complete the files of the Colonial Office to date, I hand your Lordship herewith copies of documents received by me by last mail from the Buddhist Defence Committee. They show that permission was denied for a Buddhist religious procession upon the Birthday of Lord Buddha (May 9th), and for another on the Sinhalese New Year's Day (April 11th), although permits were issued for processions, with tom-toms, during the months of February and March, to Mohammedan and Hindu applicants. Can it be that to the representatives of the most ancient religion in Ceylon these simple privileges are to be denied, while granted to communities of all the other and later faiths? That permission to march in religious procession was actually given the Buddhists in one or two instances within the past year, but was of no practical benefit to them, since they were prohibited the use of their tom-toms; and therefore the permit or permits were not availed of. For, as the correspondent shows, a procession without those musical instruments is a tame and lifeless affair. It is the commonest of things in Great Britain for the ordinary street traffic to be suspended in streets along which authorized processions are passing. It would be no great concession, therefore, for the same

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thing to be done in the small town of Colombo—where the street traffic is usually very small—upon the rare occasions of Buddhist processions, seeing that the Sinhalese people have ever been loyal and peaceable subjects of Her Majesty, and the privilege for which they are contending has been enjoyed from the remotest antiquity.

I am, my Lord,

Your Lordship's obedient servant,

(Sd.) H. S. OLCOTT.

DOWNING STREET,

27th June 1884.

SIR,—I am directed by the Earl of Derby to acknowledge the receipt of your further letter of the 19th instant, on the subject of the late unfortunate riots which took place in Ceylon on Easter Sunday last year.

A copy of your letter will be sent to Sir Arthur Gordon, with the previous correspondence, for his consideration. As Governor of the Island he is responsible for the peace and order of the community, and no final decision can be taken without first referring the matter to him.

Lord Derby, however, desires me to acquaint you, with reference to paragraph 3 of your letter, *that your inference is correct that if any fresh evidence had been forthcoming, such as would justify legal proceedings, a* **prosecution would have been instituted and pressed to its conclusion.**

I am to add, what must be well known in Ceylon,* that when the new Queen's Advocate arrived in the Island,

* As above shown, this fact was not known to the Buddhists.

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he was instructed to review the whole proceedings, with the view to ascertaining whether then, late as it was, those who took part in the disgraceful riots of Easter Sunday might not be brought to justice, and Lord Derby much regrets that this has not been found possible.

I am, sir,

Your obedient servant,

(Sd.) R. H. MEADE.

COLONEL OLCOTT.

The London business being thus satisfactorily disposed of, I waited, by appointment, upon Lord Derby, to take leave and to thank him for the prompt attention paid by the Colonial Office to the representations made through me by the Sinhalese Buddhists. His Lordship's reception of me was most cordial. He said that the members of Government had been much pained on hearing of the lawless events at Colombo, and he was very sorry not to be able to do more than he had; but he said that if, at any future time, the Sinhalese Buddhists should have occasion to seek the protection of the Colonial Office, he hoped that I would have no hesitancy in writing or speaking to him about it: I should always be most welcome.

The sequel to this interesting case is soon told. The demands of the Buddhists, so far as they could be in law, were complied with. Their right of religious processions was recognized. The birthday of Lord Buddha was proclaimed a full holiday for the Buddhists of Ceylon.

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The displeasure of Government for the failure of justice, in the matter of prosecuting the rioters, was made known in the Island. Buddhist Registrars of Marriages were appointed; and finally, the Buddhist Temporalities problem has been recently put in the way of settlement, by the proclamation, in the Government *Gazette*, of the Buddhist Temporalities Ordinance No. 17, of 1895, which placed the vast land endowments of the *Viharas* under the control of committees of laymen, whose duties and responsibilities were defined in the Ordinance itself. In the *Gazette* of November 12th, 1897, Sir E. Noel Walker, Colonial Secretary of Ceylon, proclaimed, by the Governor's command, the rules of the Colombo Provincial Committee, of which not the least important are those relating to the trial and punishment of Buddhist priests for offences against the rules of their ordination, and to the qualifications necessary for candidates for incumbencies of temples. This being the first step in what, I sincerely hope, may be the beginning of the entire reformation of the Ceylon priesthood, I shall quote the Rules in question in this connection.

"1. A representation of an offence committed by an incumbent of a temple or any other priest or priests in violation of the 'Vinaya,' made in writing by five or more laymen, or by two Buddhist priests, or a Committee member, or by the President of District Committee of the district wherein the offender lives, shall be considered a sufficient cause for the Provincial Committee to institute an inquiry.

"2. The Provincial Committee and a chapter of five, ten,

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or twenty Buddhist priests selected by the Committee shall constitute a competent body to inquire into offences committed by priests in violation of the 'Vinaya.'

"3. The chapter of Buddhist priests shall belong to the same sect as that of the offender against whom a complaint is preferred, and its opinion is to be taken by the Committee only on 'Vinaya' matters.

"4. The Provincial Committee alone shall have the power of finally deciding on the removal or otherwise of the accused from the incumbency, and in the event of the nature of the offence established at the inquiry requiring that the offender or offenders should be disrobed, it shall be competent for the said Committee, provided the action be acquiesced in by the said advisory council or a majority of its members, to entrust a Committee of priests especially appointed with the execution of this part of the finding.

"5. All charges preferred against priests shall be fully inquired into, and the proceeding duly recorded. Every such inquiry shall be in the presence of the accused, who shall have full liberty to make their defence, unless in case of their absence it is proved to the satisfaction of the Provincial Committee that they have had ample and distinct notice of the inquiry, and the Committee is satisfied that they have no valid excuse for being absent therefrom, and satisfied that they purposely evade the inquiry.

"6. If any priest who is not duly ordained a priest, or who has been disrobed under the above rules, is found wearing the robes of a Buddhist priest, the Provincial

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Committee shall have the power to prosecute him at the nearest Police Court.

"7. The characteristic qualifications required in a priest of the Buddhist faith (adherence to an observation of the rules laid down in the 'Vinaya' for their guidance, knowledge of the Buddhist doctrines, and education) shall be considered essential qualifications in candidates for incumbencies, and the Provincial Committee shall give due weight and consideration to such qualifications.

"8. In selecting a candidate to fill up an incumbency Nâti-sisya and Sisyânu sisya Parâmpara successions shall be observed, provided the Provincial Committee is satisfied that the election is not liable to operate against the interest of the temple, and the candidate possesses the qualifications prescribed in rule No. 7."

The following excerpt from my address before the convention of Buddhist Priests, which met at my invitation at Galle, on July 4th, 1880, will also be of interest as showing that my original plans for the elevation and purification of the Buddhist Sangha have now, after the lapse of seventeen years, been realized in the official proclamation of the foregoing Rules. Events have clearly proved the truth of my forecast, that what a nation really needs and persistently demands, any wise Government will concede. I said, in the address in question:—

"I have noticed a very sad apathy among the priests about the question of disrobing such as have been proved immoral and to be disgracing their religion and their

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Order. At a recent convention of Chief Priests and Kandyan Chiefs I spoke of this as doing enormous injury to both priests and laity. The explanation given was that the Church has no power to unfrock a bad priest, and he can continue to wear the robes in defiance of their authority. In the time of the Kandyan Kings, I was told, the King had the power and used it, but under the present Government there was no remedy. Well, my answer to this is, to point to the Vth clause of the Kandy convention rules, and to have the two million Buddhists of this Island petition and demand that its spirit as well as letter shall be strictly obeyed. The Government has there solemnly bound itself to protect and maintain Buddhism, and, if you demand it, believe me, the clever lawyers of the Crown will find a way to disrobe your bad priests and not violate Buddhist Law. Nothing would be easier than for a High Ecclesiastical Tribunal with adequate powers to be constituted by law. If the Government does nothing, no one is to blame except the Buddhists themselves. How can you expect a Christian Government to help to maintain, 'inviolable,' the religion of Buddha, *when Buddhists will not even open their mouths to ask it to do so?* . . . .

"It is my deliberate conviction, based upon these two months' observations, that the entire structure of Sinhalese Buddhism is in danger, and that if this apathy of yours continues, and no determined effort is made to reform the abuses and dissensions that now prevail among both priests and laity, in one more century all Ceylon will have become infidel or Christian—probably the former.

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"One more important idea has come to me. The children of Buddhists should be taught their religion, regularly, on specified days, at a specified hour, *at every temple in the Island*. How can we expect them to grow up strong Buddhists if they are not taught the elements of their parents' religion in their childhood? The Christians do not neglect their children; why should Buddhists neglect theirs?"

It was the large endowments of the *Vihāras* by former Buddhist sovereigns that demoralized the Order of the Yellow Robe, so far as it was enriched. Private purity, piety, and spiritual aspiration have never survived the acquisition of wealth; the spirit becomes less willing as the flesh grows more and more pampered. However, we are now at the parting of the ways, and the future of Ceylon Buddhism looks brighter. To the spread of our educational movement we have every right to look, in Ceylon, for that gradual raising of the popular intelligence and purging of the national ideals which, infallibly and invariably, react upon all priestly fraternities that develop out of the body of the people.

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CHAPTER XI.

REALITY OF THOUGHT-TRANSFERENCE.

OF the various methods of propaganda, I am not sure but that I should give first place to the conversazioni at private houses. True that from the lecture platform one addresses his hundreds or thousands, yet I doubt if conviction is so driven home to individual minds, if so many real inquirers are made, and so many members won for the Society, as when one is brought into close relation with the smaller company of a drawing-room. This idea first occurred to me on seeing Mohini leaning against the mantel-shelf at Mr. Sinnett's house in London, and, after a brief exposition of some given theme, answering, *seriatim*, the questions put by the interested company. Since then I have held many such *soirées* in various countries, and been present at many at which the incomparable Mrs. Besant was the expositor of our teachings, and my conviction has been strengthened by experience. I can now recommend the practice to all our Branches and groups with perfect confidence. At the house of Mrs. Campbell-Praed,

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in Talbot Square, there was such a gathering on the evening of May 24th, 1884, and by the request of our gifted hostess I explained the principles and scheme of our Society to as brilliant a party of literary notables as even London could bring together. Questions followed each other rapidly and were answered, and thus in the simplest of ways everybody present came to know something of our great work. Conversazioni like this have been constantly held over the United Kingdom ever since, and, in fact, throughout the whole world wherever there is an English Colony; for the literature of Theosophy has penetrated everywhere, and in most countries its name is familiar as household words.

On the evening of the 28th May, at the private house where Mohini and I were guests, I tried the now famous experiment with our colleague, Mr. E. D. Ewen, of Scotland, which suggested the means of proving the nature of thought and the process of its evolution, that has been several times described by me, but which has its place also in this detailed historical sketch. As it interested both Mr. (now Sir William) Crookes and Prof. Balfour Stewart, besides other men of science, at the time, it is not right that I should omit it from my present narrative.

The reader of Stewart and Tait's *Unseen Universe* will remember its being said in that suggestive work that, as the evolution of a thought is accompanied by a sort of galvanic discharge from the grey matter of the brain, and as this vibration passes beyond the periphery of the brain into the ether, and no one can say how far it may extend,

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it is conceivable that the evolution of thought in a human brain may affect a distant planet. (I am now quoting from memory while writing on the ocean, and from a book read many years ago, yet the above is substantially the idea as expressed by the learned authors of the work in question.) Now, this was but a scientific hypothesis, and at the time, I believe, had not been experimentally supported. It was my object to see if any facts could be obtained that might throw light upon this great problem. Circumstances came to my aid at this juncture. Mr. Ewen inherits from his Scotch forebears the gift of second sight; not one that he can exercise at pleasure, but which comes sporadically; he finds he has it on awaking some morning; the next, it is gone and he cannot recall it at will, but must wait until it chooses to reappear. It is usually active throughout the day.

At that time I was, at the urgent request of the lady's husband, giving psychopathic treatment to a well-known literary lady, and, with her permission, one day brought Ewen with me. The lady was confined to her bed, and I treated her as she lay. Mr. Ewen was present. I made the "long passes" over her, downward from her chest towards her feet: not always, however, with "mesmeric intention"—*i.e.*, with concentration of the will—but mechanically, yet without making the passes differently in the one case than in the other. To my surprise, Mr. Ewen suddenly said that he could see that my mind was not always equally bent upon the work in hand; that sometimes I made the vital fluid to flow from me, some-

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times not: the difference was most palpable to his clairvoyant sight. Thereupon, I put his powers to the test, but found that he could unerringly distinguish my real from my simulated curative passes. He described it to me in this way: The patient's body was enveloped in a pale bluish aura, seemingly elastic and compressible, like a loosely-inflated toy balloon. Over the pelvic region—the seat of her disease—the aura was of a yellowish color. When I made by will a curative pass with my hands, there flowed from my finger-tips strong, clear streams of vital force, in color a bright and clear sapphire. This strong current, impinging upon the patient's pale blue aura, was met with a feeble resistance from the latter, but, overcoming this by its own strong rush, it mingled with the weaker aura, tinged it with its own hue, and set it into quick vibration; the result being a reinvigoration of the invalid's system, and the creating of a tendency towards convalescence. I am convinced of the accuracy of this description, and, in fact, in the case under mention, the lady, instead of lying in bed for months, as her doctor had predicted she must, was up and about within the next ten days. The improvement was so striking, after even the first treatment, that her medical attendant was astounded at his next visit, and said she must have something uncanny about her constitution, some extra spring in her machinery that was out of the common run. This she conveyed to me in a gleeful note the next day, and said that she and her nurse were laughing together over the doctor's illusion as to the success of his remedies, and his ignorance of the

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fact of my having treated her and thus put in the suspected "spring" that had worked such a wonder.

The evening after our visit to Mrs. M. C., I was called upon by Mr. Herbert Stack to arrange for a meeting between myself and the S. P. R. Committee, and, as he was a man of high culture and of scientific tastes, I told him of Ewen's powers, and suggested that this would be a good chance for us to see whether Stewart and Tait's theory of thought-evolution was a sound one. As our Scottish friend was still possessed of the vision, and willing to assist in the experiment, it was thus arranged: We were to sit in the unlighted back drawing-room, he with his back to the solid partition to the right of the sliding doors, we two facing him, over against the opposite wall; one of us was to concentrate his thought upon any subject he might choose; if Ewen should be able to fix the moment of concentration, he was simply to say the word "Now!" and we all should then be able to see whether his power extended so far or not. The object in giving him but the one word to utter was to preclude the necessity for his making any sustained mental effort at the time when his consciousness would be functioning on the other and higher plane. Two experiments made by Mr. Stack were successful; the moment of mental concentration being detected by the clairvoyant watcher. Mr. Stack then asked me to try, as, he said, I was much more in the habit of doing these mental feats than himself. Just as I was about to do so and Ewen was all ready, it occurred to me that if I should hold Mr. Stack's hand and press it at the moment of concentrating my

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thoughts, both he and I could know whether or not Ewen's power was real, and the evidence would be doubly strong. So we agreed; I took Mr. Stack's hand, and, after a moment's calming of the mind, concentrated. Instantly, before I could transmit the order to my finger muscles, Ewen cried out "Now!" and our plan was frustrated. I was vexed at this, for some instinct made me anxious that the committee-man of the S. P. R. should get such a bit of valuable proof at first hand. His ingenuity, however, was equal to the occasion, for he proposed that he should hold my hand and give me the signal for concentration. This proved all sufficient; he pressed my hand, I fixed my thought, and Ewen, as before, detected the moment of the act. So far so good; we had now four tests between us two, but I suggested, as an extension of the experiment, that we should see if Ewen could trace the *direction* of thought if it were fixed upon a certain point within the two rooms. Of the two tests made, both were successes. The first time he said: "I think your thought is directed to the ceiling over my head"; the second time he said: "I see the thought-current passing by me, to the left, as if directed to some point in the front drawing-room." In both cases he was right: the thinker, at the second attempt, directed his attention to a lady, Mme. De Steiger, who sat at the farther end of the lighted front drawing-room.

Mr. Ewen's description of the luminous appearance of a thought-current was very interesting. When one concentrates his mind upon some subject, not of an exciting nature, a shimmer of light goes forth from his brain, like the pulses

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of light in an electrically charged cloud on a warm summer night. When, on the other hand, the mind sends its outflowing aura to a fixed spot or object, a ray darts from the brain towards its target, like the flash of lightning in a thunder-storm. These revelations, it will be remembered, were made in May 1884; they received no corroboration for twelve years, but then the accuracy of Mr. Ewen's observations was, I think, fully proven by those of other and more highly trained students of occult science, as will presently appear.

An acute scientific mind like Mr. Crookes' could not fail to be interested with facts like these, which pointed the way towards a splendid field of psychological research. I took Mr. Ewen to him the next morning and described what Mr. Stack and I had seen. He frankly said that this was an important matter, and he would like to follow it up if Mr. Ewen would be so obliging as to lend his services to the inquiry: he further wished to test the physical nature of the thought-current, and see whether it would pass without deflection through sheets of glass and other materials; whether the luminous wave could be focussed by lenses, reflected by mirrors, etc.; in short, whether it had any properties which would make it function on the physical plane, in any degree to be tested by laboratory appliances.* Unfortunately, Mr. Ewen's clairvoyance had not shown

* Writing from memory, without notes, and so many thousand miles away from London, I beg the indulgence of Sir William Crookes for any minor inaccuracies that may have crept into my narrative of the incidents of fourteen years ago.

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itself that day, and he had to leave for Scotland in the afternoon, so that he could not aid in the suggested experiments—much to his own regret, for he is deeply interested in this branch of scientific investigation, and needed no urging. At a large public meeting of the S. P. R., on the evening of May 28th, Mr. Stack and I made our reports on the preliminary experiments, and thus made it a matter of historical record.

The bearing which this discovery has upon certain familiar phenomena will be evident to the intelligent reader; for instance, the *jettatura* and *mal occhio*, or killing glance and "evil eye," with which certain persons are congenitally cursed—the late Pope Pius IXth among them. Ignorant persons like to call this a superstitious folly, but it must be confessed that no popular belief has been more strongly supported by evidence. And it is one that is not confined to one nation or country, but is spread all over the world and recorded in all history. The glance of a human eye may either soothe or slay, according to the mental impulse behind it, provided that the person thought of is sensitive to its vibration. Find the key-note of a glass vessel or globe, and, by playing it with the right intensity on a violin, the glass will be shattered, while no other note will affect it. So man, the most sensitive of organizations, has each his key-note which, if found and played by a thought-current, will carry him out of his equilibrium, perhaps upset his moral nature, or even destroy his life. The world-history of magic and sorcery proves this amply. Thus, it is a truism of ancient date that the hateful will-current of a

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black magician, if hurled at a pure and saintly person, fails to harm him and is thrown back against the sender, to his possible destruction. No woman was ever seduced, no young man ever made a criminal, unless in their moral systems there was some sympathetic tendency which had been set to quivering and vibrating by the impact of the influences of their environment. It was Horace who said: *Hic murus æneus esto, nil conscire sibi, nulla pallescere culpa.* And the experience of mankind teaches that this innocence of evil, this absence of consciousness of sin, is indeed a wall of everlasting bronze about us. Mr. Ewen's second-sight makes it possible for us to realize the truth of this old mystery. So, also, does it make clear the rationale of the charming power of animals and men. It has been denied by some scientists that the bird-charming of serpents is a fact, yet here we have the key to it. We once had at Adyar a yellow cat, which I have seen sitting under the branches of a tall tree and gazing up at a squirrel. The pretty little rodent would move uneasily, squeal, and then drop to the ground before the cat, which would quietly catch it and carry it off to her young. In *Isis Unveiled* (i. 380) is told the story of Jacques Palissier, a French peasant of Le Var, "who made a living by killing birds by simple *will power*." His case is reported by a savant, Dr. D'Alger, who saw him at work, and declares that the man, by merely fixing his gaze on a sparrow, robin, goldfinch, or meadow-lark, from a distance of twenty, twenty-five, or even thirty paces, would cause it to drop paralyzed on the ground, when he would walk up to and do what he liked with it. If asked, he

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would not completely paralyze his victims, but only partially, and then restore them to animation. Or, if asked, he would kill them absolutely, before laying his hand upon them. Mme. Blavatsky says that this destructive current is a "bolt of the astral fluid," or ether, and warns against the misuse or cultivation of a power which enables one to commit murder at a distance, without detection, leaving no visible mark upon the victim's person. In such cases, she says, "the Coroner's inquest will never disclose anything but sudden death, apparently resulting from heart disease, an apoplectic fit, or some other natural but still not veritable cause."

The great mesmerizer, Regazzoni, is reported to have stricken down and instantly paralyzed a blindfolded girl-subject, by his unspoken will, when the scientific observers present requested him to give them this proof of his power.

The facts above cited deal mainly with the effect of a thought-current which operates upon objects visible to the eye. Many others offer themselves for use in the argument, but I shall take only one or two. In India, if a cultivator has a good crop of paddy or other grain that is likely to excite the envy or cupidity of passers-by, he drives a stake in the ground near the middle of the field, and hangs on it an inverted clay pot (*ghurra*) with a grotesque face smeared on it with lime, so that the evil glance may see it first and be "drawn" before it can injure the crop; for it is the first glance that does the mischief. So, too, the Hindu mother of a handsome child will smear its face with some charcoal or mud to protect its young life from

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the envious glance of some childless woman. This bolt of hate or envy, if hurled, cannot quickly be followed by a second, and hence these devices to draw it away from its target.

If the reader will now turn to the number of *Lucifer* for September 1896, and read Mrs. Besant's striking article on "Thought-forms," he will see how completely her observations and those of her advanced fellow-students support the descriptions of Mr. Ewen, given me twelve years earlier, and also the folk-lore teachings about the evil eye, and the observed facts of healing of the sick by gaze alone. Here she describes, from actual vision, the luminous flashes of color that come when the thought is of a general character, and the sharp, dagger-like, darting flash when an evil thought is shot against an individual. The colored illustrations given with the text make the law of thought-evolution very clear to us. Her *figure* 4 shows a zigzag flash of dull red aura breaking out of a mental storm-cloud, for all the world like the lightning-bolt that rives an oak in a thunderstorm. This is the thought of brutal violence, sent by a man who has just stricken down a woman in an East London slum. The thought-form in *figure* 5 is that of a murderer, and exactly like the blade of a poniard. Such must have been the "air-drawn dagger" that the guilty Macbeth saw, yet could not clutch: a "one-pointed" thought, indeed; a wicked, life-taking thought. Human speech is full of expressions which indicate that their first users had an instinctive, if not a clairvoyant, sense of their fitness. For example,

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the common one, "He looks daggers at me," exactly represents the shape and motion of a thought of hatred when directed towards some one: a "bright mind," a "sunny mood," a "clouded intellect," the often reiterated confession of the murderer that "all looked red about me," "green-eyed jealousy," "his glance seemed to pierce me through and through," etc., similarly support these observations of our clairvoyants.

The same rule holds as to the loving, helping, unselfish thought that would help instead of harming, do good instead of evil. No ocean is too wide, no continent too vast, to obstruct the running of such a good thought to its goal. The ancient *shastras* teach that it will even bridge the chasm of death, and follow its object into the trans-sepulchral states of existence. The moral to be drawn from these observations, none the less powerful from its being so evident, is that we have it in our power to ban or bless our fellow-men by the one-pointed thought-currents we send forth from our minds. But this has been indicated by so many speakers and writers of our literature in that of the ages which preceded our own, that I need not dwell upon it, but for the one moment needed to drive it in upon the mind of everyone who aims at spiritual advancement and the doing of good to the race.

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CHAPTER XII.

THE PAINTING OF ADEPT PORTRAITS.

TWO days after the thought-testing experiments with Mr. Ewen, I went to Paris and remained there a fortnight with H. P. B. Meetings for the instruction of inquirers were held at our own rooms in the Rue Notre Dame des Champs and at those of several friends. Among them was one at the palace of Lady Caithness, at which we met M. Yves Guyot, the famous publicist, and some of his friends as sceptical as himself about things spiritual. H. P. B. and I were made by our hostess, to our great discontent, to sit in two huge throne-like gilt arm-chairs, as though we were royal personages holding a levee. M. Guyot and the others drew from us a full explanation of the principles of our Society and of the views of the Eastern school of mystics as to the constitution of nature and the alleged powers in man. All went well until they said they would now feel obliged if we would show them the phenomenal proof of the correctness of our teachings. I, for my part, had not expected this, as Lady Caithness had

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not prepared us for any such demand. H. P. B. refused point blank to do the smallest marvel, and could not be moved even by the urgent request of Lady Caithness. I told M. Guyot that we had done what lay within our power to explain the Eastern views as to states of matter beyond those hitherto discovered by Western science, and must leave him to accept, reject, or test them as might seem best to him; I assured him, however, from my own experience, that if any man really wished to get the proofs at first hand, he could do so if he would but take as much trouble as he would cheerfully undergo to gain knowledge in any other department of scientific research: but I regretted as much as himself that Mme. Blavatsky was not willing to do as much for him as I had often seen her do for other inquirers. But so it was, and we must leave the matter as it stood for the present. Of course, M. Guyot and his friends were much dissatisfied, but I never expected that a man of his standing would descend to such insulting and disparaging remarks about H. P. B. and myself as he did some time later. As things turned out, I now believe that H. P. B.'s stubborn refusal was a wise one, and that she or those behind her foresaw that compliance would have been worse than useless, for spiritual phenomena can only be comprehended by the spiritually-minded, and to that class M. Guyot most certainly did *not* belong. If H. P. B. had shown him anything, the most that would have happened would, probably, have been that, on leaving the house, he would have said to his companions, "I wonder how that fraudulent old witch did that trick." What he did say

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about us subsequently fully warrants the suspicion. I fancy that he and Mr. Podmore and the late Prof. Carpenter and some hundreds more of the sort, will have to be reincarnated many times before they will be able to understand the laws of spirit-action on this physical plane.

I first made the acquaintance of that illustrious man, the late Prof. Charcot, at the Hospice de la Salpétrière, Paris, on the 7th June 1884. I called there with Dr. Combret, F.T.S., a former pupil of his, and the Professor kindly showed me various experiments in hypnotism. This subject has now become so widely known, that it is useless for me to dwell at any length upon the things that were shown me fourteen years ago. It must be familiar to most of my readers, at least to those outside India, that there are two very antagonistic schools among hypnotists, viz., the one of Charcot at La Salpétrière, Paris, and the other of Nancy, Lorraine, founded by Dr. Liébault and his great disciple Dr. Bernheim. From a remote period there have existed the two parties which these schools now represent, and especially among alienists or physicians who treat patients mentally deranged. The one party, that of Charcot, attribute the abnormal mental and other phenomena of hypnotic subjects to physiological causes; while the other party, that of Nancy, trace them to psychological, *i.e.*, operative mental causes. My readers will find the questions treated at length in back numbers of the *Theosophist*,* together with an account of my

* Vol. xiii. pp. 61 and 391; art. "My Hypnotic Research in France," *q.v.*

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experiments at the Salpétrière and Hôpital Civil (Nancy) in the year 1891. The observations of 1884 were valuable, as giving me my first chance to see for myself how far the so-called new science of hypnotism agreed with the century-old science of mesmerism, which I had been studying for the previous forty years. Dr. Charcot provoked in his patients the three stages of hypnosis which he claims the credit of classifying, viz. (1) the cataleptic; (2) the lethargic; (3) the somnambulic. In the first, the position of the patient's limbs is easily changed by the operator, and every position given them is unresistingly retained for some time; in the second, the subject is unconscious, and if a limb be raised and then let go, it will fall like a dead weight, the eyes are relaxed and the muscles abnormally excitable; in the third, the eyes are closed, or half closed, the muscles may be made to rigidly contract by gentle stimulation of the skin over them, and many other phenomena are producable by suggestion. The Nancy school admit the fact of all these phenomena, but ascribe them solely to the influence of suggestion upon the mind of the patient: "suggestion" covering not only ideas conveyed to him verbally by the hypnotizer, but also silently by gesture, or voluntary or involuntary movements of his body, or even the expression of his face. No one who has not made a deep study of the subject has an idea of the tremendous potentialities included in this matter of hypnotic suggestion: there is scarcely any limit to what may be done by it as regards the control of one mind over another. Charcot produced for me an artificial paralysis of a patient's limb by applying to it a strong

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magnet: I can do the same without a magnet, without even touching the patient with my hand, simply by suggestion; he transferred the paralysis from one arm to the other by the same agency, viz., the magnet; I can do it without one: so can a man of the Nancy school, so can any experienced mesmerizer. Then why must we believe the effect physiological when the provoking cause is mental and lies outside the physical system of the subject?

On the 13th June I returned to London in company with Mr. Judge, who had come over from New York to see us on his way out to India, his intended future field of work. A little while before this I had instituted a friendly competition between certain of our London associates who were either professional or amateur artists, to try an important psychical experiment. My earlier readers will recall my description (see London edition *Old Diary Leaves*, ch. xxiii. pp. 370–373) of the way in which my adept Guru redeemed his promise that he would give me his portrait at a convenient time. This was a profile likeness, drawn by an amateur who was not an occultist, either trained or untrained, and so, while the resemblance was unquestionable—as I verified later in personal intercourse—it did not show the soul-splendor that lights up an adept's countenance. Naturally, I wanted to get a better portrait if possible, and bethought me to try whether my sympathetic artistic colleagues in London could get clearer, more life-like, spiritual glimpses of his divine face. Upon broaching the subject, the five—three professionals

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and two amateurs—whom I addressed, very kindly and willingly consented, and I lent each in turn the photographic copy of the original crayon sketch that I had with me. The results were very instructive. One had got the right idea of his complexion, another of his profile, and a third, my respected friend Mme. De Steiger, of the luminous aura that shimmers about his head. But neither of the five was, on the whole, a better likeness than the New York sketch by Monsieur Harrisse. Before this competition was finished, Herr Hermann Schmiechen, a very well-known German portrait-painter, domiciled in London, joined the Society and, to my great delight, at once agreed to have the inspirational test tried with him. The photograph was handed him with no suggestion as to how the subject should be treated. He began work on the 19th June and finished it on the 9th July Meanwhile I visited his studio four times alone and once with H. P. B., and was enchanted with the gradual development of the mental image which had been vividly impressed upon his brain, and which resulted in as perfect a portrait of my Guru as he could have painted from life. Unlike the others, who all copied the profile idea of Harrisse, Schmiechen gave the face in full front view, and poured into the eyes such a flood of life and sense of the indwelling soul as to fairly startle the spectator. It was as clear a work of genius and proof of the fact of thought-transference as I can imagine. In the picture he has got all—the face, complexion, size, shape and expression of eyes, natural pose of head, shining aura, and majestic character. It

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hangs in the Picture Annexe of the Adyar Library that I had built for it and the companion portrait which Schmiechen painted of our other chief Guru, and on entering the room the visitor feels as if those grand eyes were searching his very heart. I have noticed the signs of this first impression in nearly every case, and the feeling of awe is enhanced by the way in which the two pairs of eyes follow one about the room, still seemingly reading one, no matter where he may take his stand. Then, again, by some trick of the artist's brush, the shining aura about the two heads seems to be actually in a shimmery motion, just as it is in nature. No wonder the religiously-minded visitor finds himself, as it were, impressed with a sense of the holiness of the room where the two portraits hang, and meditative introspection is easier there than elsewhere. Grand as they are by day, the pictures are even more striking by night, when properly lighted, and the figures seem as if ready to step out of their frames and approach one. The artist has made two or more copies of the portraits, but they lack the life-like character of the original; he evidently lacking the stress of inspiration under which the latter were produced. As for the photographs which were—against my passionate protest—permitted to be made from the copies, they are as inferior to the originals at Adyar, as a tallow candle to the electric light. And it has made me inexpressibly sad that these glorious faces, in cheap photographs, have been sold over the counter by Judgeites, and published in a magazine and a book by Dr. Hartmann.

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Does it not seem as if this foregoing experiment threw a great light on the mystery of art-inspiration, and helped us to see what makes the difference between a great painter or sculptor and the general rabble of the professions. The great artist must be a man whose lower mind is sensitive to the impressions that can be impressed on it by his higher, or spiritual, consciousness, and his best works would be produced in those so-called moments of "inspiration," when this transfer of consciousness is going on. Is it not illustrated in the case in point, when the artist, guided and fired by an influx from without, paints such pictures as he cannot duplicate in his normal state of independant mortality? And is not the Titian, Rubens, Claude, Cellini, Leonardo, Praxiteles, or Pheidias, one who is open to the guidance of the Higher Self, capable of receiving in "flashes" those race-lifting glimpses of the divine reality behind these walls of flesh? A point of interest in this instance is that the Schmiechen portrait of my Guru was the seventh attempt to get a worthy reflection of his image, for the helping of those who cannot as yet go in *sukshma sharira* to the *Ashram* and converse with him face to face.

At about this same time, in July 1884, occurred at the house of our dear hostess, Mrs. Arundale, the afternoon reception by H. P. B. which Mrs. Campbell-Praed has so vivaciously sketched in one of her novels, *Affinities*. It brings the scene vividly to mind, and I can see the lion-faced H. P. B. sitting there, smoking her cigarettes and resisting all the attempts of Professors Barrett, Oliver

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Lodge, Coues, Mme. Novikoff, and several others to get her to make some phenomena for them; the while, an insinuatingly kittenish and supple-framed American lady sitting on the arm of her chair, and now and then snuggling her face under the old lady's double-chin, to her evident disapproval. I stood as spectator in the doorway, greatly amused at the comedy that was going on. Mrs. Campbell-Praed has it all in her story, down to the details of Babula's coming into the room, and Mohini's participation in the conversation and discussions.

The making of the acquaintance of Sir Edwin Arnold, briefly alluded to in Chapter VIII., was one of the notable incidents of that London summer. I met him at the dinner table of a well-known society lady, and shall not forget my astonishment when he was pointed out to me by the lady whom I took in to dinner. The reading of a poem or great novel gives one a sort of ideal of the probable appearance of its author. I had expected to find in the writer of the *Light of Asia* a person of a romantic type of countenance, pale, with delicate features, a dreamy eye, and a frame of rather the feminine type; instead of which, there sat at the opposite side of the table a portly man, with a large nose and mouth, thick lips, more of a worldly than cloistral look, and wearing a black silk skull-cap. "You must be mistaken," I said to the lady, "that cannot be Arnold!" But it was, as I found on going around and talking with him after the ladies left the room. He kindly asked me to lunch at his house, and was good enough to present me, as above noted, with some pages of the original manuscript of

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the *Light of Asia*, which are now treasured in the Adyar Library. It was from that original that I read when we celebrated, at Adyar, the first anniversary of the death of our dear H. P. B., in compliance with the terms of her Will.

In the same month I went to the seat of Lord Borthwick, Ravenstone, in Wigtonshire, Scotland, on a visit, and thence on to Edinburgh, where I founded the Scottish Theosophical Society, with the late Robert M. Cameron as President, and E. D. Ewen as Secretary. Despite the liberalization of modern thought, the old Presbyterian influence is still so strong in the Northern Capital, as to prevent the very learned and influential men composing this excellent Branch from openly avowing their interest in our movement. Their names are concealed from the public, and admission to their meetings barred against all outsiders. It seems ridiculous that this should be so, and I, for my part, if I lived in Edinburgh, would defy the bigoted public to do their worst, even, if they dared, to burn me for a heretic, rather than submit to such moral slavery. However, men are not all of one opinion as to these questions of expediency, and the spread of our ideas goes on all the same, whether on or below the surface of contemporary society. The only other country in the world where we have encountered the same state of things is Russia, where persecution is the order of the day for such as dare swerve from the straight lines of the State religion.

On the day after the Branch was formed, I lectured on "Theosophy" in the Oddfellows Hall, to a crowded

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audience. The incident is worth recording for what happened at the close. Among those who came up to shake me by the hand, was a gentleman who said that the views expressed in the lecture were identical with those which he preached from his own pulpit. I found, upon inquiry, that he was the most popular Presbyterian minister in Edinburgh, and I must say I was astonished that he had recognized in Theosophy the spirit of his particular form of creed, for, having been brought up in it myself, I had always associated it with all that was narrow, bigoted, and hateful: the embodiment of religious tyranny. The conviction now sank into my mind that the followers of even the most intolerant sects will soften and spiritualize their creeds if themselves superior to them, and that even a Scottish Presbyterian may, in exceptional cases, be as kind to his fellow-men outside his sectarian fence, as though he had not been brought up on the iron-and-thunder theology of Knox and Calvin. Do we not see it exemplified in the history of Islam? At one time, the courts of its Khalifs were homes of tolerance and religious amity; at another, hell-centres of bigotry and massacre. "In the tenth century," says Draper, "the Khalif Hakem II. had made beautiful Andalusia the paradise of the world. Christians, Mussulmans, Jews, mixed together without restraint. . . . All learned men, no matter from what country they came, or what their religious views, were welcomed. . . . His library contained four hundred thousand volumes, superbly bound and illuminated. . . . Almansor, who usurped the Khalifate . . . . put himself at the head of the

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orthodox party. He therefore had the library of Hakem searched, and all works of a scientific or philosophical nature carried into the public places and burnt or thrown into the cisterns of the palace." Averroes, the ornament of Islam, a star of the first magnitude in the sky of learning, "was expelled from Spain . . . . denounced as a traitor to religion. There was hardly a philosopher who was not punished. Some were put to death, and the consequence was that Islam was full of hypocrites." *

This is the holding of the mirror up to human nature, for what happened under the Khalifs has always happened, is happening now, and ever will do the same. For the moment, the learned men who belong to our Scottish Branches may be forced to hide their connection with us, and go to meetings under cover, but as surely as the sun will rise to-morrow, the day is not far distant when Theosophy will be preached, not in one but the majority of Scottish pulpits, and it will be deemed an honor to hold our diplomas of membership. For Scottish nature is but human nature, and the national intellect is powerful beyond the average of the intellects of human races, and cannot be prevented from following wherever the thinkers of the past have been able to soar. When the day of liberty dawns, then—as I told the Edinburgh colleagues when forming the branch—I shall expect Scottish Theosophists to outstrip all others in spreading the Ancient Wisdom throughout the world.

On the 8th July there was an open meeting of the London Lodge T. S. at the Prince's Hall, Piccadilly,

* *Conflict between Religion and Science*, p. 142.

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intended as a public and farewell demonstration to H. P. B. and myself. Many distinguished people in science, literature, diplomacy, and society were present, and addresses were given by Mr. G. B. Finch, then President of the London Lodge, Mr. Sinnett, Mohini, and myself. My topic was "Theosophy"; Mohini's, "The Wisdom of the Aryans"; and Mr. Finch's, a welcome and farewell to us.

My next move was towards Germany, where what happened was so interesting from the theosophical as well as the personal point of view, that I shall reserve the narrative for the next chapter.

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CHAPTER XIII.

GERMAN EXPERIENCES.

I CROSSED from Queensborough to Flushing, on the night of the 23rd July, in one of the splendid boats that ply on that line, and reached Elberfeld (Germany) at 3 P.M. the following day. A most sisterly welcome was given me by Frau Gustav Gebhard, since, alas! deceased. A sweeter or more loyal character I never met. She was one of those women who shed about them an atmosphere of love and virtue, fill their homes with sunshine, make themselves indispensable to their husbands and adored by their children. Frau Gebhard possessed for her colleagues in the T. S. the special attraction of being a born mystic, and for many years a student of the occult, so far as her family duties allowed. For seven years she had been one of the two pupils of Eliphas Levi,* and after the siege of Paris was raised, that half-starved and ill-starred Occultist found generous hospitality in her house for a long period. Her impressions of him were

* Baron Spedalieri was the other.

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contributed by her to the *Theosophist* for January 1886. She speaks very kindly and appreciatively of him as a learned Kabbalist, a teacher, and a friend, but says that his Epicurean nicety in the matter of eating was his weak point and was often to her "a matter of wonder." As both of them are dead, there is no harm in my saying that Mrs. Gebhard told me that Eliphas was an enormous eater, craved rich food, both animal and vegetable, and drank much wine at his dinner. Mrs Gebhard's intercourse with him was chiefly in writing, he taking her through a long course of occult instruction by this medium. A large portion of these teachings were, with the kind permission of Frau Gebhard, translated for the *Theosophist*, and will be found in the volumes for 1884 (Supplement), 1885, and 1886. The Gebhard mansion was furnished in the best taste, and, in the temporary absence in America of Herr G. Gebhard, the host, his whole family vied with each other in making the home delightful to their guests. On the upper floor Frau Gebhard had an occult room for herself, where she had a choice library of rare books on her favorite subjects, and on the wall a portrait from life, in oils, of her master, Eliphas Levi. It represented him just as he is described by her in the article above mentioned—"of a short and corpulent figure; his face was kind and benevolent, beaming with good nature, and he wore a long grey beard which covered nearly the whole of his breast." It was an intellectual face, but that of a man whose attractions were for physical rather than for spiritual things; a face totally unlike that of the type of our Indian

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Adepts, upon which the majesty of a divine aspiration is enthroned. Two days after my arrival, the first of a group of expected Theosophists came in the persons of Mme. Hæmmerlé, of Odessa; Dr. Hübbe Schleiden, of Hamburg; and Dr. E. Coues, of Washington; and on the following day, at a meeting held in the "occult room," our first German Branch, the "Theosophische Gesellschaft Germania," was formed. The officers elected were: *President*, Dr. Hübbe Schleiden; *Vice-President*, Frau M. Gebhard; *Treasurer*, Consul G. Gebhard; and *Secretary*, Herr Franz Gebhard, the worthy son of excellent parents. This was the beginning of the movement in the most intellectual country of Europe, a field which in the course of time must yield a splendid harvest, though, like Scotland, local causes will long keep back its full development. While in Scotland our obstacle is the unexhausted power of Calvinism, in Germany there are several, viz., the tumultuous mental activity within the circle of pecuniary interests, the enormous development of physical science with its accompanying spiritual prostration, and the surviving distrust of mysticism, mystical teachers, and systems, which was caused by the overdose given to Germany by the Rosicrucians, the Egyptian Masonry of Cagliostro, and the misunderstood claims and labors of the mediæval alchemists. A century ago and more, Germany was the centre and hottest nucleus of all this occult research, and if we now see a reactive tendency, it is but the natural working of unchangeable law. The capacity for this high spiritual aspiration is innate in the German character, and

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it is quite possible that in future some change of circumstances will bring it once more into activity. If it were wise to do so, I might mention names of high Germans secretly inclined towards our Theosophical ideas, that would make my remark seem quite warranted; but all will be made clear in time. Meanwhile, my duty is to go on as I have throughout so many years, keeping many secrets about persons and things locked up in my breast, and suffering myself and others to be maligned and misunderstood for the sake of the cause to which we have devoted "our lives, our fortunes, and our sacred honor."

We have at Adyar a souvenir of the above incident, in an excellent photograph of the group of friends who assisted in forming the new German Branch, and Frau Franz Gebhard has one of myself in an oil portrait for which I gave her sittings. In the interest of the movement in Germany, I left Elberfeld on 1st August with Dr. Hübbe Schleiden for Dresden. It was on that day that the good Doctor received in the train a letter from one of the Masters which answered a question that he had just then put to me. As his account of the incident has been published by the S. P. R. (with their usual sniffings and suspicions), there is no impropriety in my saying that he had begun a conversation about certain painful experiences of his early years, which he was then relating for the first time, and about which he had not spoken to Mme. Blavatsky. While we were thus occupied, the railway guard came to the right-hand window of the carriage for our tickets. I sat to the Doctor's left,

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He took both his and my ticket and leaned to the right to hand them to the guard, across the knees of the person who sat to his right As he was resuming his seat, he saw between his body and the next passenger a letter: it was addressed to himself in the K. H. handwriting, was in a Tibetan, or, rather, Chinese envelope, and its contents not only explained the cause of the misfortunes he had just been complaining of, but also answered certain questions he had addressed to H. P. B. (then in London) in a posted letter, to which, in due course of mail, there had not been time to receive her reply.* The case *seems* free of taint of fraud, but the kind, generous S. P. R. critic who reviews it hints at the possibility of an agent of (the penniless) H. P. B. having been in the train with us! Really, with such people is it worth while to waste time in taking them seriously? At all events, poor Dr. Hübbe was much cheered up and encouraged by the contents of the letter, which, after all, was the principal thing. And I too rejoiced in his joy—as my Diary records it.

At Weisser Hirsch, a summer resort near Dresden, we visited that noble soul Herr Oskar von Hoffmann, a gentleman in every instinct as well as action. He was then engaged on a translation of *Esoteric Buddhism*, which he subsequently published at his own cost. It was at his house in Leipzig that Zöllner and the other Professors of the Leipzig University held their memorable seances with Slade, the medium, which confirmed Zöllner

* Second Report on H. P. B.'s Phenomena to the S. P. R., pp. 383-4.

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in his theory of a Fourth Dimension. The Germans are a handsome race, with a suggestion of the lion, very often, in their faces, and Herr von Hoffmann was a marked example of the type. Both he and his brother who resides in England have been my dear friends for many years, and the latter, especially, has helped the Society when it most needed help.

The same evening Dr. Hübbe and I called on Herr Schroeder, the famous magnetizer, who does—or was then doing—wonders in psychopathic healing. His method was simplicity itself; he sets up an auric communication with his patient, and then just lets his superfluous vitality flow into the other's system until he is cured or helped, as the case may be. Puts himself on tap, as one might say! Well, that is what the Jewish doctors made the Shunamite woman, Abishag, do for old King David, and it is scientific therapeutics. After two more days at Dresden we went to Bayreuth, where we were in time to attend a representation of *Parsifal* in Wagner's own theatre. The performance lasted from 4 to 9 P.M., and was deeply impressive. The effect was, in fact, indescribably grand. The Doctor and I called on Baron Hans von Wolzogen, Vice-President and Manager of the Wagner Verein. He received us in his library, where he was standing at a high desk correcting proofs of an article on "Theosophy and Wagner." The coincidence struck us all as strange, and this impression was enhanced when, on hearing my name, he turned to a book-shelf and, with the remark that a friend at Helsingfors had sent it him the day before,

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handed me a copy of my *Buddhist Catechism*, gilt-edged and bound in white velvet! Wagner, he told us, was deeply interested in Buddhism, and *Parsifal* was originally written to represent the Buddha's struggles after wisdom and his attainment of the Buddhahood. But at the instance of the kings of Saxony and Prussia and other august patrons, he had recomposed it into its present form, a search after the Holy Graal.

Dr. Coues and Herr Rudolph Gebhard, F.T.S., joined us at Bayreuth in time to attend the opera, and Coues went on with Dr. Hübbe and myself to Münich, which we reached at 8 P.M. on the 5th August and went to a hotel. We called on Dr. Franz Hartmann's most estimable sister, the Countess von Spreti, wife of a retired German army officer, and visited the great galleries of paintings and sculptures. The same evening those excellent people, with a Captain Urban and Herr Diesel, another popular mesmerizer, came and spent a pleasant time with us at our hotel. It was here also that I first met Baron Ernst von Weber, the veteran anti-vivisectionist, whom my Indian colleagues will recollect as a Delegate from Germany at one of our Adyar Conventions, and a F.T.S. who was proud of the title. The next morning he accompanied Dr. Hübbe and myself to Ambach, the summer villa, on the lovely Starnberger See, of Prof. Gabriel Max, the great German painter. We returned to town in the evening, but went back again the next day to Ammerland, another lake-side bit of Paradise, where Baron Carl du Prel, the Philosopher, was in the habit of spending his hot-weather seasons,

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He was a short, stoutish, hardy, sun-browned man, with an honest face and a noble head, inside which worked one of the grandest brains of our times. Du Prel was the most esoteric and theosophical writer of his time in Germany. We dined at Prof. Max's. He is a short man also, with a thick and long body, a great intellectual head, and is very shy with strangers. We stopped at Ambach that night and the next day and night, returning to Münich on the 10th. A most charming and memorable experience it was throughout. Add to the grand company of high-thinkers, a perfect, sunny day, a clear sky, a lakeshore spread with velvety turf, picturesque villas, a smell of pines in the air, and before us, open, like a heavenly mirror of cloud and shore, the unruffled expanse of Starnberger See. Amid such surroundings I admitted into the Society's membership, on the 9th, the Baron and Baroness Du Prel, Prof. and Frau Max, the latter's sister, Fräulein Kitzing, Count and Countess von Spreti, Baron E. von Weber, and Captain Urban. Mme. Hæmmerlé, of Odessa, had joined us on the 8th, and was present in the capacity of an old member. That there was some high talking may be inferred from the quality of the company present. We returned to Ambach by moonlight in rowboats. A few notes on some of the new members will be interesting outside Germany, where their personal history is less known than it is at home.

Gabriel Max was born 23rd August 1840 at Prag; studied there at the Academy from 1855–58, and in Vienna until 1861; returned to his native town; in 1862

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surprised the world by a series of thirteen pictures which very effectually, yet fantastically, illustrated pieces of music; from 1863–69 continued his artistic studies at Münich, and has since become, by his various pictures, one of the greatest artists of Germany. His subjects are usually of a weird and mystical character. He is also a great anthropologist, and owns a splendid ethnographical collection.

Hübbe Schleiden, Juris Utriusque Doctor, was born 20th October 1846 at Hamburg; studied jurisprudence and political economy; was, during the War of 1870–71, an *attaché* of the German Consulate General in London; travelled over almost all Europe, and lived in West Africa from 1875–77. He is the author of several very important works, and the author of the German colonial policy, his statesmanlike scheme having been adopted by Prince Bismarck, and since carried out by the Kaiser.

Baron Carl du Prel was born 3rd April 1839 in Landshut (Bavaria); studied at the University in Münich; in 1859 entered the Bavarian military service, which he left in 1872 as Captain. In 1868 he was graduated Doctor Philosophiæ by the University of Tübingen for his magisterial work on dreams, and his fame was constantly enhanced by other books until his lamented death in 1898; one of them, *The Philosophy of Mysticism*, which appeared in 1885, has been splendidly translated by my dear friend C. C. Massey.

Such were the men who clustered about me on that green slope by the shore of the sweet lake, which that

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unfortunate mad king Louis, of Bavaria, loved so romantically and covered with so sad a pall by his suicide in its blue waters. My friendship with them remains unbroken, although two of them have since retired from their membership.

From Münich we passed on to Stuttgardt, Kreuznach, and Heidelberg, where we, of course, visited the Schloss, the giant wine-tun, and the other sights. We slept at Mainz, and went thence to Kreuznach to pay a visit to Mme. Hammerlé. This is a summer resort for invalids, and is very interesting to strangers. They have there an Ozone Kurhaus (Cure house) which is very curious. The walls are of birch twigs piled up on each other between the timbers of a skeleton frame. A fine spray of water is caused to trickle through the twigs from top to bottom, and in evaporating is said to liberate ozone, which serves as a very healing atmosphere for patients with weak lungs. There are baths, fine gardens lit up at night, a splendid band of musicians—one never hears a bad one in Germany—and in the Bazar numbers of little shops where one can buy at almost nominal prices jewelry and other objects in agate, onyx, carnelian, and the other stones that are found in the neighbouring mountains. Countess von Spreti and Frau Max and her sister suddenly turned up, having determined to give us an agreeable surprise. Mr. Rudolph Gebhard and I got them to consent to come on with us to Elberfeld, our faces being now turned in that direction. We all sailed down the Rhine from Mainz to Cologne, and as the day was bright, the steamboat good, and our company

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congenial, we had a very happy time of it. The cloud of the Missionary plot was not yet visible, but it was approaching.

The Gebhard mansion could contain us all, and the next five days passed away like a bright dream. Dr. Coues, whom we had left behind at Kreuznach, rejoined us on the 15th (August); and on the 17th, H. P. B., Mrs. Holloway, Mohini, Bertram Keightley, and Mrs. and Miss Arundale came in a body from London. I gave up my room to Countess von Spreti, and went over to Mr. Franz Gebhard's villa. Herr Consul G. Gebhard had returned from America, and was the very type of an ideal host. In fact, I never met a more courteous gentleman nor more sympathetic friend. We celebrated his birthday on the 18th with enthusiasm. Mme. Hæmmerlé arrived that day from Kreuznach. On the 19th the Münich ladies left and Dr. Hübbe arrived. Dr. Coues departed on the 20th, and Mme. Hæmmerlé on the 21st. The reader may imagine the tone of conversation that went on during this memorable week, with H. P. B. sparkling like champagne with her witty talk, and everybody contributing his or her best to the enjoyment of the others. Dr. Hübbe, debilitated by severe mental work, left us to go to the Black Forest to recuperate his nervous system in the balsamic air of that vast piney wood. This reminds me that I have omitted mentioning an important incident of my visit to Prof. Gabriel Max.

In the compound of the villa stood some majestic old pine trees, under whose shade it was pleasant to lie and look out

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upon the lake. It suddenly came to my mind that I had been told that a certain Adept in Tibet is in the habit of lying at the foot of a pine tree, resting his back against the trunk, and so absorbing into his system the pure healing aura of the tree. Now, as I have already said, my nervous system had been pretty effectually drained of vitality by the thousands of sick folk whom I had treated psychopathically, and I did not recuperate; my general health was perfect, but the ganglia along the spinal tract felt empty; after five months of rest it was no better. So I tried the tree experiment. It worked like magic, the aura poured through my system, and within two days I was as well as possible.

"H. P. B. savage," is one of my Diary entries of 24th August; which means that she was in a mood the opposite of mild, and that we all caught our share of the thunderbolts! She had an attack of rheumatism, poor thing! besides her regular ailments. On the evening of the 25th there was a letter phenomenon, strange and convincing enough to satisfy even Mr. Rudolph Gebhard, one of the cleverest conjurers in Europe. He described it in his address before the Annual Convention at Adyar in December 1884, which he attended as a Delegate (*vide* Official Report of that year's Anniversary, p. 111). He said that "from the age of seven he had studied conjuring. At the age of nineteen he went to London, and took lessons from Professor Field, the best sleight-of-hand man there. He had met the leading conjurers of the day and had exchanged tricks with them. He had made a

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special study of sleight-of-hand. He then gave an interesting account of the dropping of a letter from a picture in the drawing-room of his father's house while Mme. Blavatsky was in the room. The letter was (by request) addressed to the speaker's father, and treated of the exact subject he was thinking about at the time. He offered a reward of rs. 1000 to anyone who would repeat the same thing under the same conditions. He was himself an amateur conjurer and had his eyes open." (Cheers.)

In passing judgment on this incident, one important fact is to be considered, viz., that the company present, some twelve or fifteen in number, themselves voted that the letter, if any should come, was to be addressed to Herr G. Gebhard and to be a test to him. They might equally as well have had it addressed to any other person in the room, and as the choice was made only a minute or so before the letter dropped on the piano, it is hard to imagine a more self-evident proof of H. P. B.'s real power to effect these phenomena.

Happily, we have now passed beyond the cycle of psychophysical phenomena of this sort since poor H. P. B.'s death, yet, all the same, they were of the greatest importance at that time, and did more than anything else could have done to focus public attention on the Society and open the way for the diffusion of the ideas of which it was the channel. Prof. Max Müller has done me, personally, a grievous wrong in declaring and repeating in print that in a private conversation between us, at his

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house in Oxford, I had spoken of false miracles as the natural manure of new religious movements, with the implication that if H. P. B.'s phenomena were of that category it was all right. I cannot lay my hand upon the place where the statement occurs, but I believe he first printed it in the *Nineteenth Century*, and repeated it in a Gifford Lecture, though of this I am not sure. The important fact is that—probably without malevolent intention, and only because he misunderstood my remark—he made me appear to uphold trickery and falsehood as a necessary means for pushing a religious movement. As we were alone in his library when the conversation occurred, it becomes a question of his memory against mine, and all I can do is to solemnly deny having ever said anything that would bear such a construction, and offset it with the record of my whole life, which in nothing shows me to have been governed by such low principles. My word will go as far as Prof. Müller's with those who know me intimately. What I did say was that "miracles" had attended the birth of all religions, and that when real phenomena had not been forthcoming, the priests usually employed bogus ones as manure for their crops. But that had no reference to the Theosophical movement, and it was only Prof. Müller's hatred of it which caused him to misunderstand me. "You have done nobly," he said, "in helping so much to revive the love for Sanskrit, and the Orientalists have watched the development of your Society with the greatest interest from the commencement. But why will you spoil all this good reputation by pandering

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to the superstitious fancies of the Hindus, by telling them that there is an esoteric meaning in their Shastras? I know the language perfectly, and I assure you there is no such thing as a Secret Doctrine in it." In reply, I simply told the Professor that every unspoilt (*i.e.*, unwesternized) Pandit throughout all India believed, as we did, in the existence of this hidden meaning; and that, as for the *Siddhis*, I personally knew men who possessed them and whom I had seen exhibit their powers. "Well, then," said my erudite host, "let us change the subject." And we did, and since then, and until his death, he attacked us and our movement whenever the spirit moved him.

Several other letter phenomena occurred during our stay at Herr Gebhard's house, but I need not relate them, as the one above described will do for all. Among the visitors of H. P. B. was that talented Russian Solovioff, whose book, which appeared long after dear H. P. B.'s death made it safe for him to tell his falsehoods about her, shows him to be as heartless and contemptible, though fifty times more talented, than the Coulombs. On the 1st September he related to all of us the wonderful waking visit he had had from an Adept and the striking phenomena attending it, not as a questionable delusion of the senses, but as an actual experience so perfect and realistic as to banish all theory of doubt. But, as Prof. Max Müller said, "let us change the subject."

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CHAPTER XIV.

THE COULOMB MISSIONARY CONSPIRACY.

OUR last chapter brought us up to the 1st September. There were more days of sunny friendships and bright surroundings at Elberfeld, but on the 10th day the first growl of the coming tempest was heard, for we received from Adyar a lugubrious letter from Damodar, intimating that the Missionaries were hatching a plot, evidently with the help of Mme. Coulomb. He said that this woman was going about here and there, breathing vengeance against H. P. B. and the Society. The members of the Board of Control, to which I had confided the management of our affairs at Headquarters, became so tired of her and her wretched gossip, that they tried to get her and her husband to go to Colorado, where Dr. Hartmann offered to present them with a gold-mine claim of his. They were both willing and anxious to go, and a day for their sailing, *viâ* Hong Kong and San Francisco, had been agreed upon, when they spoilt everything by saying that they held compromising letters of H. P. B.'s, and that if they did not receive a bonus

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of rs. 3000, they should give the letters for publication. Of course, that stopped all negotiation; the Board held a meeting to which the accused were summoned, affidavits of their slanders were read in their presence, and they were expelled from membership in the Society. Then came a wrangle and contention about their quitting our premises, they contending that Mme. Blavatsky had left her rooms in their custody, and that they should not leave Adyar until an order was received from her to that effect. Under advice of counsel, the Board wrote and cabled H. P. B. to send the required order; she cabled it back, and at length, after weeks of most disagreeable disturbance, the worthy couple were turned out of the compound, and went and settled themselves at St. Thomé in a house provided for them by the gentle, Christlike Missionaries! Their bombshell mortar battery was fired off in the September number of their Madras organ, the *Christian College Magazine*, and then they stood by to see the superstructure of the Theosophical Society crumble and bury its founders beneath the ruins. No reasonable person was deceived by the pretence that the employment of the self-discredited Coulombs as tools to attempt our ruin was "in the interest of public morals"; the partisan spirit underneath the attack shone clearly through. If it had been a question of attacking the leaders of one of the sects of their own religion, it is very doubtful if the interests of public morals would not have been left to take care of themselves; but when the chance of discrediting the Society which of all others had the strongest hold upon the con-

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fidence of the Indian peoples offered itself, the temptation was irresistible, and even such unsavory accomplices as these were paid their price—partly in cash, partly in promises—and the Rev. Mr. Alexander is said to have served as their literary *chef de cuisine*. Very ably, too.

Naturally enough, so sensational an article achieved instant notoriety; the Calcutta correspondent of the *Times* cabled its substance to that paper on September 20th, and it very soon became known throughout the whole civilized world. Only by the reaction was it now seen how widespread the interest in our views had become, and it is doubtful if any Society had ever before had to sustain so terrible an attack. It almost seemed as if the very reactive bitterness of public denunciations of Mme. Blavatsky was the strongest proof of the deep impression which her revelations of the existence of the Eastern School of Adepts, their individual characters and spiritual attainments, and the part they play in the progress of our race, had made on the public mind.

Though I have traced the development of this conspiracy to its culmination within a single paragraph, weeks passed between our first warning from Damodar and the appearance of the Calcutta despatches in the *Times*. These were weeks of painful anxiety to us and others, but to H. P. B. herself of strong mental agony. Her supersensitive temperament made her suffer mental tortures proportionate to the length of her enforced inaction. A perfect parallel can be found in the case of my distinguished compatriot J. Fenimore Cooper, the author, of whom his biographer, Prof. Lounsbury, says:—

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"The extent to which Cooper was affected by hostile criticism is something remarkable, even in the irritable race of authors. He manifested under it the irascibility of a man not simply thin-skinned, but of one whose skin was raw. Meekness was never a distinguishing characteristic of his nature; and attack invariably stung him into defiance or counter-attack." *

What H. P. B. could do under the circumstances, she did. She wrote to the *Times* of October 9th, denouncing the alleged private letters of herself to Mme. Coulomb as forgeries, and in published interviews in the *Pall Mall* and other journals declared her intention of returning to India and prosecuting the Coulombs and the Missionaries for libel. Following her letter to the Editor of the *Times*, appeared one from Mr. St. George Lane-Fox, who had just returned from Madras, and who said that, in common with all who were acquainted with the circumstances of the case, he had "no doubt whatever that, whoever wrote the letters, they were not written by Mme. Blavatsky"; moreover, that he did "not believe that the true theosophic cause suffers in the slightest degree." The accuracy of this judgment has been abundantly proven by subsequent events, for, as statistics show, the growth and strength of the theosophic movement have, year by year, been double what they had been up to the moment of the attack.

I have no intention at this late day to flog this dead

* *James Fenimore Cooper*, by Thomas R. Lounsbury, London, 1884. Kegan Paul, Trench & Co.

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horse; the public have taken their sides, H. P. B. has cast off the burden of her earthly sorrows, and time is daily vindicating her greatness of character and dignity of life-aims. Her personal faults and weaknesses are well-nigh forgotten, and her reputation now rests upon the books she gave us, whose paramount value is being brought to view after the dust and smoke of the conflict have passed away. In company with Mr. Rudolph Gebhard, I returned to India in the first half of November, and Mme. Blavatsky followed in December, bringing with her Mr. Leadbeater and Mr. and Mrs. Cooper-Oakley, of London, and three Delegates from Ceylon, to attend the Annual Convention. Dr. Hartmann and I had joined the party at Colombo, whither I had gone to report to the Sinhalese the grand results of my mission to London in their interest.

Before her departure from Europe, H. P. B. received the most gratifying proofs of the unshaken confidence of our European colleagues in her integrity; the London Lodge and the German and French Branches unanimously adopted resolutions of a complimentary character, and the first two cabled their decisions out to Adyar. Meanwhile letters and telegrams poured into Headquarters from the Indian Branches, and the reports from our colleagues of the Board of Control—all of which are now lying on my table as I write—became bright and reassuring; we felt that the storm had passed without doing us such grievous damage after all.

Landing at Bombay on November 10, I lectured on the 11th, on "Theosophy Abroad," in Framji Cowasji Hall, to

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a packed audience, and one of the most enthusiastic I ever addressed. Madras was reached on the 15th, and what sort of reception I had the local papers of the day show. More than 300 students of the very Christian College whose professors had attacked H. P. B., and a large number of our Society members, met me at the station, with cheers, a band of musicians, addresses, garlands, and perfume-sprinklings. Their joy and enthusiasm seemed boundless. The address read to me by the school-boys is very flowery, but quivers with true affection. In certain of its sentences they touch the very heart of the mystery of the failure of the Missionaries to weaken our hold on the Indian public—for a mystery, indeed, it must have seemed to them. These Indian lads identify the Theosophical Society with the revival of Sanskrit Literature, the reconciliation of Religion with Science, the throwing of light upon man's future state, the welding of the "incohesive" Indian castes and creeds into one brotherhood feeling of mutual sympathy, and the defence of Aryan wisdom and Hindu honor against all critics and all comers. With such convictions as these possessing their minds, and with such thrills of gratitude pulsing through their hearts, the poor conspiracy against H. P. B. and the Blessed Ones was foredoomed to failure—nay, was predestined to do us infinite good instead of infinite harm in the long run. One sees this in the tone of the influential Indian journals of the day. Noticing the return of Mme. Blavatsky and her party, the *Indian Mirror* of December 20 said :—

"The Hindu community, in general, is the more attracted

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to Mme. Blavatsky, because they believe that the Missionaries have, in reality, attacked the ancient Hindu religion and philosophy under the guise and pretence of exposing the lady's 'trickery.' On that account the feeling of the Native community against the Missionaries and for Mme. Blavatsky is very strong."

The *Indian Chronicle* said: "We are not Theosophists ourselves . . . . but we have a great respect for the founders of the Theosophical Society. It is the only foreign movement which appeals to the national feeling of India . . . . and instead of being made the butt of ridicule, and its leaders the subject of persecution, it ought to be patiently nourished. The Christian scoffers . . . . are perhaps not aware that the existence of Mahatmas . . . . is universally believed throughout India, and it is preposterous to suppose that the Padris of Madras will do any serious harm to that belief. . . . Theosophy, though it may have to bear much temporary annoyance . . . . will come out of the fiery ordeal purer for having gone through it." The *Sahas* of 3rd November expressed the same opinions, saying that the Hindus believed in occult science before we two persons were born, and that this belief—in the case of hundreds, knowledge—cannot be affected by anything that may happen to us. The *Amrita Bazar Patrika* said that the Christian accusers were incapable of grasping the possibility of facts such as Theosophy dealt with, but the Hindus, knowing Yoga, believe in the Mahatmas implicitly. In trying to discredit the existence of such men, the Missionaries, as the tone of the whole Indian press showed, were slapping

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the faces of, and offering deadly insult to, the whole Indian people.

Her reception at Madras on her return was even more tumultuously joyous than mine had been. She was met at the pier by a large Committee, garlanded, along with her party of fellow-travellers, and escorted in procession to Pacheappa's Hall, where an assemblage that crowded the place to suffocation was waiting. They rose to their feet and gave vent to their feelings in a roar of cheers and vivas, as she slowly walked through the press to the platform, her hand nervously gripping my arm, her mouth set like iron, her eyes full of glad light and almost swimming in tears of joy. The new-comers from London received each a separate ovation also. Mr. C. Ramiah, the Tahsildar of Madras, bade her welcome on behalf of the local Branch; Judge P. Sreenevasrow requested permission for the address of the Christian College and other College students, bearing some 500 signatures, to be read; and she assenting, it was read by A. G. Krishnasawmy Iyer, a student of the Christian College, amid great excitement. When the outburst of cheering at the end had somewhat subsided, H. P. B. made her first and, so far as I know, only speech from a public platform. She said that "of all the letters published, not a single one, as it stood, had been written by her. She would deny them all *in toto* . . . . she would be the greatest fool in the world to commit herself so that she might be fairly accused of such vile, disgusting things. . . . As for her accusers, she and the Colonel had treated them with all possible kindness, and what should she say of their going over to the enemy's

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camp, when her back was turned, and selling her like Judas Iscariot? She had not done anything against India of which she should be ashamed, and she was determined to work for India while there was health in her." (Report in the *Madras Mail*.)

Other speeches were made by Mrs. Cooper-Oakley, Mr. Leadbeater, and myself, which were vehemently applauded, and the presentation of garlands and bouquets to H. P. B. and the rest of us terminated the proceedings.

H. P. B. came back fully determined to prosecute the Coulombs and the Missionaries; she had so declared in London and so wrote me from Cairo, where she had stopped some time to collect testimony about the antecedents of the Coulombs. From thence Mr. Leadbeater, then an Anglican curate, or clerk in Holy Orders, wrote to the *Indian Mirror* (issue of Dec. 16) about what he and the others had discovered—facts certainly not much to the credit of these champions of "public morals." He says that the information, derived from the members of Mr. Coulomb's own family, showed that his (M. C.'s) wife, formerly a Miss Emma Cutting, had been employed for a short time as governess in the family of S . . . . Pasha, "but was expelled from his household upon the discovery that she was endeavouring to instil vicious ideas into the minds of her charge"; that she pretended to be able to see clairvoyantly buried treasures; that several were induced to dig where she told them, but discovered nothing save once, when they found some doubloons—which a little girl had seen her place in the hole the

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night before." Mr. Leadbeater further says that he was assured by Mr. Gregoire d'Elias, Vice-Chancellor of the Russian Legation at Cairo, that he knows Mme. Blavatsky intimately, and saw her daily during her (former) stay there, and "esteems her most highly, and has never till now heard the slightest reflection on her moral character." I think we may fairly offset this testimony of a high Russian official against the calumnious falsehoods of an accuser like Mme. Coulomb. And a fair-minded person would be disposed to look with great suspicion upon her statement that Mme. Blavatsky, one of the most brilliant women of her time, had put her reputation so completely in her power as the wretched letters in question would show. Of course, never having seen the letters themselves, nor being as infallible in determining the genuinesses of handwriting as professionals like Netherclift and Berthelot—the Government expert in the recent Zola trial, who made as ridiculous a failure about Dreyfus's writing as the other did about Parnell's — I cannot express any opinion as to their genuineness; moreover, since poor H. P. B. is dead, the truth will never be known*; but I can and do say, for the hundredth time, that I have had numberless proofs of H. P. B.'s occult powers, of the clear altruism of her motives, and the moral purity of her life; and I thrust

* In his *Leaves from a Life*, p. 263, Mr. Montague Williams, Q.C., says that in a case in which he appeared, Netherclift and Chabot swore positively to a writing as that of a certain man, and it was proved to be by quite another one; that their evidence from handwriting is quite worthless. "In fact," he says, "in my opinion they are utterly unreliable."

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those old scrap-books and bundles of letters and papers back into their boxes, with the sense of relief that one feels on putting out of sight a loathsome thing. Yet not until I have shown *why* H. P. B. never redeemed her promise to prosecute the Coulombs; for that fact has been used ever since to her discredit, and most unjustly. Fortunately, it is all a matter of record. For it, we must now turn to the Annual Report of the T. S. for the year 1884.*

She sent me from Cairo the following cable: "Success complete. Outlaws. Legal proofs. Sail Colombo, *Navarino*." The meaning of this is that she had what she regarded as legal proofs of the fact that the Coulombs were outlaws who had fled the country to escape arrest for fraudulent bankruptcy. This I learnt on reading the written statements of reputable witnesses which she brought with her; statements which, however suggestive as to the line of inquiry that should be followed up in case the matter should come to trial, I saw at once were not in form for production in Court. Acting without legal advice, she had made a mess of the affair. From the day she landed, she kept urging me to take her to a judge, or solicitor, or barrister, no matter which, for her to file her affidavit and begin our action, but I positively refused. I told her that within the next few days the Convention would meet, and that our paramount duty was to lay her case before the Delegates, have a special Committee formed, of our ablest

* Cf. also my article on the death of H. P. B. in *Theosophist* for August 1891.

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lawyers, and let them decide what steps she should take; that she and I had so merged our personalities into the Society, that we ought not to move until we should know the wish of our colleagues. She fretted and stormed and insisted, but I would not stir from my position, and, when she threatened to go by herself and "wipe this stain off her character," I said that I should, in that case, resign my office and let the Convention decide between us: I knew too much about legal practice to do any such foolish thing. She then yielded.

The Convention met in due course on the 29th, and in my Presidential Address I laid the matter before it. The following paragraphs will be pertinent to our present narrative:—

"With regard to the proper course for Madame Blavatsky to adopt in the matter of a lawsuit, there is a difference of opinion among her friends. She herself naturally feels anxious to go to Court with her proofs, and have her accusers punished. That was her first thought when we received the news in London, and I am not aware of her having changed her opinion. Some of her friends and all her enemies also urge it. Her assailants especially display a very eager and unanimous, not to say suspicious, anxiety for her to do so. But the vast majority of our members throughout the world have expressed a decided objection to this course. Their opinion is that, do what our counsel may, it will be impossible to avoid having the trial of Madame Blavatsky's reputation turned into a trial of the truth of the Esoteric Philosophy and of the existence of the

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Mahatmas, and, as these are subjects the most sacred, not only to Hindus but to occultists of all religions . . . . the prospect is shocking to their feelings. They represent that, in view of the angry prejudice against us among the Anglo-Indians as a class, the utmost latitude is likely to be given to opposing counsel to ask the most insulting questions, and goad to desperation our witnesses, especially Madame Blavatsky, whose extreme nervousness and excitability all know. This strictly within the limits of legal practice, and without our having any redress. I have the written opinions of eminent London counsel upon this point, which will be submitted for your consideration. In face of this divergence of opinion, and in deference to the views of so many of the leading men in our Society, I have represented to Madame Blavatsky that it is her duty to be governed by the sense of the General Council and not undertake to decide for herself. . . . If for (the Society's) sake we should be required to sacrifice even our lives, we ought to be ready to do it without a moment's hesitation. And, finally, I have insisted that the present imbroglio shall be unreservedly laid before a special Committee of the best lawyers and judicial officers, selected from among the Delegates, who shall be required to examine persons and papers, and submit their recommendations for the decision of the Convention before its final adjournment; she to hold herself ready to sue or not to sue her traducers, as the Convention may order. To this she has with some reluctance finally consented."

A Committee was chosen, and, before the adjournment, duly reported as follows:—

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"*Resolved*:—That the letters published in the *Christian College Magazine* under the heading "Collapse of Koot Hoomi," are only a pretext to injure the cause of Theosophy; and as these letters necessarily appear absurd to those who are acquainted with our philosophy and facts, and as those who are not acquainted with those facts could not have their opinion changed even by a judicial verdict given in favor of Madame Blavatsky, therefore it is the unanimous opinion of this Committee that Madame Blavatsky should not prosecute her defamers in a Court of Law. Signed by Norendro Nath Sen,[1] *Chairman*; A. J. Cooper-Oakley,[2] *Secy.*; Franz Hartmann, M. D.; S. Ramasamier [3]; Naoroji Dorabji Khandalvala [4]; H. R. Morgan, Major-General; Gyanendranath Chakravarti, M.A. [5]; Nobin K. Bannerji [6]; T. Subbarow [7]; P. Sreenevasrow [8]; P. Iyaloo Naidu [9]; Rudolph Gebhard; R. Raghoonath Row [10]; S. Subramania Iyer.[11] The high character and competency of this Committee cannot be questioned, and if a client is ever justified in acting in legal matters under the advice of counsel, assuredly H. P. B. was in this case.

In the course of the debate upon the above Report of the Committee, Babu Norendranath Sen cited the case of an

[1] Editor *Indian Mirror*, Honorary Magistrate, Calcutta; now a Member of the Legislative Council. [2] M.A. (Cantab.); now Registrar, Madras University. [3] District Registrar, Madura. [4] Judge. [5] Formerly Professor of Mathematics, Allahabad; now Inspector of Schools. [6] Deputy Collector and Magistrate. [7] B.A., B.L., Pleader, High Court, Madras. [8] Judge. [9] Deputy Collector (Ret.). [10] Deputy Collector, Madras, formerly Prime Minister, Indore. [11] Since knighted by H.M. Government, and now a Justice of the High Court, Madras.

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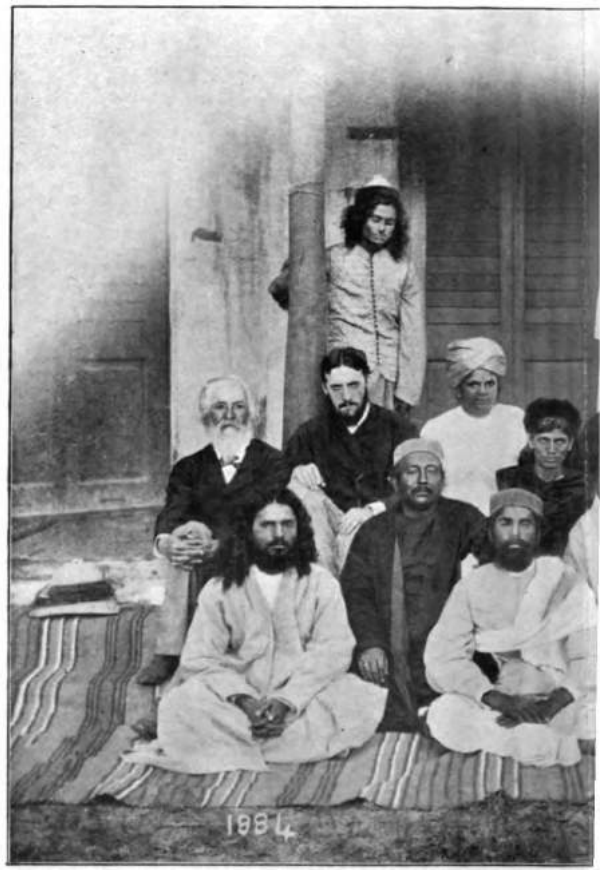

GROUP OF DELEGATES T

Bavaji.

Major-Gen. Morgan. W. T. Brown. T. Subba Row. B

Narendranath Sen. Damodar.

Bhavani Shankar. T. V. Charlu.

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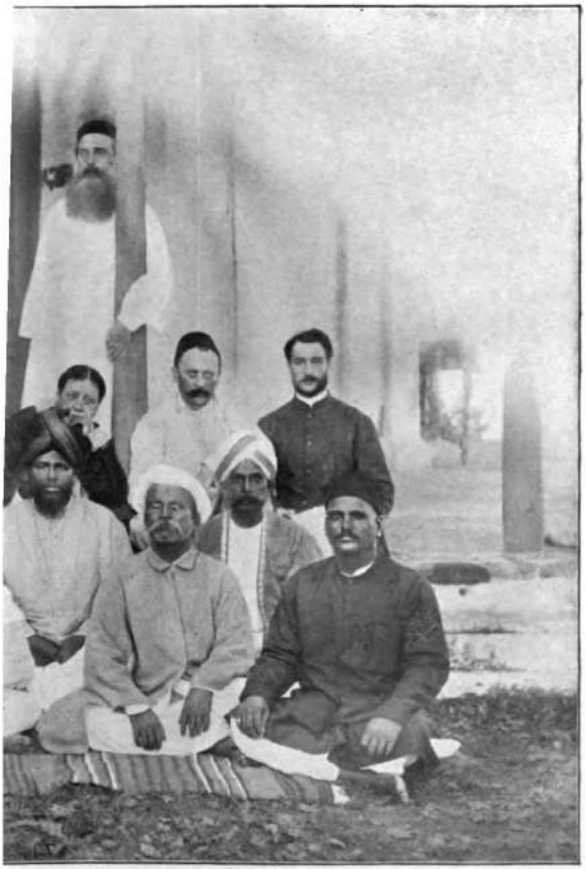

) CONVENTION OF 1884.

Col. Olcott.

me. Blavatsky. Dr Hartmann. R. Gebhard.

. Ramaswamiyer. Judge P. Sreenevas Row.

Tukaram Tatya. V. Cooperswami Iyer.

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action for libel brought by his cousin, the late Keshab Chunder Sen, and said that "the position of plaintiff in an Indian libel case is much worse than that of defendant." This was his professional experience as a Solicitor of many years' standing. Judge Khandalvala said that, after giving the Coulomb letters a careful study, he was convinced that the one in which his own name occurred was "a perfect forgery." General Morgan said that, for reasons stated, he believed that the whole series of letters were forgeries. Judge Sreenevasrow narrated the circumstances which attended his own receipt of Mahatmic letters, and which made a deep impression on his audience; finally, he felt convinced that there was no legal proof of the genuineness of the letters in Mme. Coulomb's possession: "at the best it is but a matter of opinion." Mr. (now High Court Judge) S. Subramania Iyer's remarks were full of the luminous impartiality and common-sense which have elevated him to his present position on the Bench.

"From my experience," he said, among other things, "I know the difficulty of proving the genuineness of letters in a Court of Law, a difficulty which has existed in cases in which I have been engaged myself. It is merely a question of opinion, and I would ask if it is not better to form such an opinion from the evidence embodied in a pamphlet than by the surrender of one's judgment to the verdict of a Court of Justice. The question is whether this Society, putting itself forward as a Society for the promotion of peace and order, is justified in making an appeal to a Court of Justice in this matter. I think that every reasonable man is at

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liberty to form an opinion on the evidence placed before him . . . . without going into a Court of Justice in which results are very often contrary to the truth. If Theosophy has only strength in itself, I consider it will survive such difficulties. . . . We cannot bind Madame Blavatsky, but as a member of our Society I do not think it is the proper course for us to give the world the spectacle of a spiteful cross-examination. Many are insisting that it will be necessary, *simply because it would make an interesting trial*, but as sober men engaged in spreading the truth, we ought to take a different view."

Other speakers took part in the discussion, and, the question being put to vote, "the Report of the Committee was then unanimously adopted by acclamation. Three cheers were then given for Madame Blavatsky, who was deeply (and very naturally) affected by this fresh proof of affectionate confidence." On her appearance the next evening before the audience of 1500 persons who attended the celebration of the Society's ninth anniversary, she was cheered to the echo, and every allusion to her in the speeches of the several speakers aroused great enthusiasm.

One fact, reported confidentially by a very respected colleague of ours, made a deep impression on the minds of the Committee. He had overheard a conversation between two influential Madras civilians about Madame Blavatsky and the charges against her. In reply to a question by one of them as to what would be likely to happen, the other said, "I hope she *will* bring an action, for . . . . who must try it, is determined to give the greatest latitude for cross-

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examination so that this d——d fraud may be shown up, and it is not at all impossible that she may be sent to the Andaman Islands." Of course, this was equivalent to saying that the case was already prejudged, and that H. P. B. would not have a chance of getting justice. What it was that was calculated upon seemed pretty clear from the fact that when the Missionaries saw that H. P. B. had been kept from walking into the trap, they caused Mme. Coulomb to bring an action for libel against General Morgan, intending to subpœna H. P. B. as a witness and cross-examine her, but immediately withdrew it when she was sent away to Europe by her attending physician, as will hereafter appear. Their anticipated victory proved a defeat; H. P. B.'s persecution doubled the love felt for her by the Hindus and her foreign colleagues; and they were left with their disreputable informer on their hands. The Rev. Mr. Patterson, "Editor *Christian College Magazine*," in the *Madras Mail* of 6th May 1885, appealed to the public for money to send them to Europe, "as the genuineness of the Blavatsky letters may now be considered (by them?) settled, and there is therefore no longer any necessity for M. and Mme. Coulomb to remain in India. . . . They are penniless, and it is impossible for them to earn a livelihood in this country. . . . They are not without some claim upon the consideration of the public. . . . There are many who, feeling that *a good work has been done*, will be willing to contribute, etc." He acknowledges receipt of the following sums: The Rt. Rev. the Bishop of Madras, rs. 50; the Hon. H. S. Thomas, rs. 100; the Rev. Dr. Miller,

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rs. 100; the Rev. J. Cooling, B.A., rs. 10. Poor Missionaries! poor Coulombs! This was their last resource, after the ghastly failure of a lecture scheme, in which the Coulombs —personally conducted—were to have made the grand tour, showing up the fraudulent tricks of H. P. B., with accessories of bladders, muslin, wigs, and pulling-strings. The one trial given them at the (Missionary) Memorial Hall, Madras, was such a *fiasco* that it was never repeated, and the poor traitors sank gradually out of sight into their congenial mud. Up to that time the Society had chartered 95 Branches in all the world, up to last December (1897) it had chartered 492.* Evidently the crumbling which was expected to follow the Coulomb episode did not happen: the engineer was 'hoist with his own petar.'

While the party were in Colombo, *en route* for Madras, an interesting episode occurred. The Rev. Mr. Leadbeater, with H. P. B. and myself acting as sponsors, "took *Pansil*" from the High Priest Sumangala and Rev. Amaramoli, in the presence of a crowded audience. This was the first instance of a Christian clergyman having publicly declared himself a follower of the Lord Buddha, and the sensation caused by it may be easily imagined.

As we are not likely to have to recur to the Coulomb scandal in any detail, it is proper that I should say what its actual effects were upon us. We have seen that the growth of the Society, as a whole, was quickened to an unexpected degree, and I must also add that very few individual resignations of members were sent in. Yet, so far as the great

* Up to the close of 1902 we had issued 714 charters.

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public is concerned, undoubtedly both H. P. B. and the movement were for a long time under a cloud. It is so much easier to think ill of others than to judicially decide upon their merits and shortcomings, and "where much mud is thrown against a public person, some of it always sticks": a venerable truism. Until the attacks of the Coulombs and the S. P. R. were made, H. P. B. was simply an exceptional, eccentric, and brilliant woman *sans pareil*; after that, she was as one who had been arraigned before a Scottish jury and dismissed with the verdict "Not proven," which was very different from "Not guilty." Among our members were quite a number, and some influential ones, who had acquired doubts of her perfect innocence, yet excused her in their minds for the sake of the public benefits and private consolations she had given.* We were still under the spell of phenomena-hunting, and to have doubt cast on H.P.B.'s phenomena was to shake the whole superstructure—that now solid edifice of Theosophy which settled on its base later on. My correspondence shows the existence of this feeling of gloom and unrest, and in my succeeding chapters it will be shown how I handled the situation. As these nineteen years have gone by since that tragical 1884, the relation of H. P. B. to the movement

* This same charity has been extended to W. Q. Judge, whose guilt was much more capable of proof. One might almost fancy the author of these lines had poor H. P. B. in mind when writing them :—

"A thousand blacker names, worse calumnies,
All wit can think and pregnant spite devise,
Strike home, gash deep, no lies nor slander spare;
A wound, though cured, yet leaves behind a scar."

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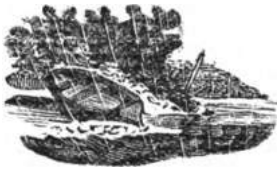
has greatly changed, and for the better. She is now remembered and appreciated, not so much as the thaumaturge, but as the devoted agent of the Elder Brothers for the spreading of long-hidden truth to modern times. As time goes on this will be more and more so, and in the growing effulgence of this new day the shadows cast about her martyr personality will melt away and the calumnies of her foolish foes be forgotten, as are those libels against Washington which were so rife in his lifetime. For she was the herald of truth and, as Bacon said, "the sun, though it passes through dirty places, yet remains as pure as before." He might have added, "it illumines the faces of those who stand in its glory."



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CHAPTER XV.

FIRST VISIT TO BURMA.

THE attendance of Delegates at the Convention of 1884 was double that of the preceding year, and the feeling exceptionally enthusiastic. The first gold medal of the Subbarow Fund was awarded to Judge P Sreenevasa Row, of Madras, for a very able paper on the identity of two great personages as traced in the Puranas. The Convention adjourned *sine die* on the 31st December, and the Delegates gradually departed for their homes, some of them 1500 miles distant. The last left on the 8th January (1885), and the house settled down to its normal quiet. During the night before I was visited by Dj. K.—then an advanced pupil, now a Master—who talked with me about sundry persons and things. Mr. Leadbeater, who had at that time all his great spiritual enlightenment before him, sleeping on another *charpai* in the same room, heard the two voices and saw a column of light by my bedside, but could not distinguish the form of my visitor. On the following night —as my Diary entry states—"H. P. B. got from her

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Teacher the plan for her *Secret Doctrine*, and it is excellent. Oakley and I tried our hands at it yesterday, but this is much better." Meanwhile, the accumulation of materials for the book had long been going on. It will be news to some that this was not originally intended to be a new book, but only a recasting and amplification of *Isis Unveiled*, with the late T. Subba Row, B.A., B.L., as co-editor with H. P. B. As first advertised in the *Theosophist*, it was to have been issued in monthly parts of 77 pp. each, and to have run to about twenty parts. This new scheme, given her by her Teacher, changed this programme, and the gradual building up of the present grand work was the result.

One night, about this time, H. P. B., unsolicited, produced for Dr. Hartmann a caricature sketch of a woman whose double, leaving the body, is waited for by a devil; while the divine ray of the Atma escapes. "Dr. H. says" —notes my Diary—"that the picture answers a question that has been mooted in his mind for several days past, and has a significance of which H. P. B. is not aware." Just so: *perhaps*.

The late King of Burma, Theebaw III., having heard of my work for Buddhism from an Italian official at Mandalay, a member of our Society, had invited me to his Court for conversation about the Ceylon Buddhist movement, and in the month of January, just after the Convention above described, I sailed for Rangoon with Mr. Leadbeater to help me in my general work. We had an easy time of it until we got abreast of Monkey Point just at the lower end

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of the city, where the current of the Irrawady ran like a mill-race, and our poor, broken-down old steamer, the "Asia," had to come to an anchor and wait for high-water. At last, however, we reached the jetty, and I was received by a Burmese gentleman on behalf of a well-known English official, one of our members. He found us hospitable quarters at the private house of the late Moung Htoon Oung, an advocate and an enlightened man. The same evening our reception-rooms were crowed with the "Elders" (I forget the Burmese name) of the Buddhist community, who plied us with questions and evinced an appreciative and friendly spirit. The next morning Oo Nyoung, Municipal Commissioner, came and escorted us to the golden-domed Shway Dagôn, the finest and most revered pagoda in the Indo-Chinese countries. It is built on a spur of the Pegu hills, and the platform is in part artificially constructed of numberless baskets of earth, brought as an act of piety by Buddhist pilgrims from all parts of the country. The bell-shaped dagoba, gilded from base to apex with gold-leaf at a cost of over a lac of rupees, given by the people, is a resplendent object to one who approaches the city by steamer. When the sun shines on it the effect is very grand indeed*: one might fancy it the pharos of the mythic Jerusalem the Golden. It stands upon the upper of two terraces, which rises 166 feet from the level of the ground, and has diameters of 900 by about 700 feet. At the two sides of the foot of the grand staircase stand

* For a full description of Shway Dagohn (Dagôn) Payah, see Shway Yeo's *The Burman*, p. 193, and many other books on Burma.

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monster leogryphs, built of brick covered with plaster and gaudily painted. The ascent is very tedious, but, reaching the top, one finds himself on a great flagged open space which runs all around the pagoda, and on special days is thronged by a multitude of worshippers, picturesque in costume and colors beyond any other crowd I ever saw. The dagoba stands on an octagonal plinth pierced at four sides with worshipping chambers or temples, each of which enshrines one large and many small statues of the sitting Buddha lit up by thousands of candles, and resounds with the hum of voices of devotees reciting the Five Precepts. Smaller and larger dagobas, chapels, image-houses, bells, and carved figures of lions and other animals are seen around the edges of the platform. One of the bells is so large that six men can stand inside, it being 7 feet 7½ inches across the mouth and weighs 94,628 lbs. (*op. cit.*, 197). It is the third largest bell in the world, and has a history that is worth reading.

From its eight-sided plinth springs the gold-covered pagoda, whose perimeter is 1355 feet and height 370. Think what a grand object must be this ovoid structure or hillock of masonry enveloped with gold on a bright, sunny day! But I shall not give time to mere architectural details when they can be so easily gotten from Shway Yeo's charming volumes on Burma. The peculiar sanctity of the Shway Dagôn is due to the fact "it is the only payah known to Buddhists which contains actual relics, not only of Shin Gautama, but of the three Budhs who preceded him in this world." In the relic chamber, in

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the heart of the dagoba, are said to be eight hairs from the head of Gautama Sakhya Muni, and the drinking-bowl of one, the robe of another, and the staff of a third preceding Buddha. Whatever be the fact, the assertion is believed throughout Burma, Siam, Cambodia, and Corea, from all which countries pilgrims swarm to pay their homage. Its actual historical date is not easily fixed, for, though Buddhist authorities assert it to have been built in 588 B.C., yet, as Shway Yeo says, it may have been sacred for cycles upon cycles, if it contains relics of the Buddha's predecessors. The pagoda is crowned with a *htee*, or umbrella, one of the emblems of sovereignty. It is an iron, cage-like structure, gilded and hung all over with gold and silver jewelled bells "which tinkle melodiously with every breath of air." Mr. Oo Nyoung introduced me to various important personages connected with the pagoda, and arrangements were made for me to lecture there on Buddhism.

The news of my arrival having been spread, I very soon was visited by large numbers of both Burmese and resident Hindus, coming to discuss their respective religions. January 24 was a very busy day. I had a three hours' interview with the Tha-tha-na-bang, or Buddhist Archbishop, so to say, from Mandalay, and, later, the house full of Burmese and Hindus, each in a separate room, and Lead-beater and I going from one group to the other, discussing now Buddhism with one, and then Hinduism with the other party. On Sunday, the 25th, I lectured in Krishnam Koïl on "Hindu Religion, its Enemies and Friends."

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A band of Native Christian rowdies attended, and by their bad behaviour created great excitement. There was every prospect of a hand-to-hand fight, with bloodshed, but I managed to stop it. My throat was, however, the worse for the excessive use of my voice at the lecture and in the interminable discussions with our visitors.

I had the opportunity for seeing a number of instructive mesmeric experiments here, by a private gentleman named Moody, upon Indian subjects. I have notes of a series involving the question of thought-transference which were tried at my suggestion. They were made with a pocket-handkerchief. The operator having brought his subject into the state of suggestibility, stood before him holding a white handkerchief in his hands. Recognizing its nature and normal color at first, he subsequently saw it, without any spoken orders, as red, blue, green, yellow, purple, black, brown, or whatsoever other color I whispered in the operator's ear. The color sensation underwent an instantaneous change when the mesmerizer visualised in his own mind the color designated by me. We also proved the community of taste and feeling between mesmerizer and subject, by the usual experiments of making the former, with his back turned towards the subject, taste successively sugar, quinine, ginger, salt, vinegar, etc., etc., and by pricking or pinching him, every taste and every physical sensation being immediately reproduced in the subject. To a reflective mind this field of mesmeric research produces most serious thoughts; there is something so awesome in the idea that two

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human beings can be thus identified as to mental and physical action. Such an experiment is, in fact, a key that unlocks awful mysteries.

My first lecture at Shway Dagôn was given on the 27th January in a crimson-and-gold rest-house, beautifully carved outside and intoxicating with color inside. Pansil, or the Five Precepts, was first given by a Burmese priest, some introductory remarks were made, and I was then given speech. I spoke for an hour, but, as three interpreters had to translate me by turns, I very much doubt if my huge audience got a very clear idea of what I said. The scene, however, vividly appealed to my artistic sense, and I took in the whole picture piece-meal, while keeping an attentive ear upon my interpreters to see if they seemed to be rendering, if not my words, at least my ideas, correctly. For one of average intuitiveness of temperament can do so much by thought-reading, even though ignorant of the vernacular employed. My reasoned discourse finished, I was put through a public examination in Buddhistic theology and metaphysics by several priests, and pronounced satisfactory. I don't wonder at their taking precautions before giving me their confidence, considering what a marvel, almost an impossibility, it must have seemed to them that a *pucca* white man (that is, a pure-blooded not a mixed-blooded one) should come and, at that sacred shrine, in open day and in the presence of thousands of Burmans, avow himself a Buddhist from conviction, without ulterior motive. In fact, this suspicion followed us for years in Asia, and we had to live it

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down before we won the sure place in the confidence of the Asiatic peoples which we now hold.

At 1.27 A.M. in the following night I was awakened by a telegraph peon who brought me this despatch from Damodar: "Return at once, Upasika (H. P. B.) dangerously ill." It was a thunderclap out of a clear sky. "Poor old chum!" my Diary says. "No more sleep for me that night." I spent the time in perfecting plans for carrying on the Burmah mission. At an early hour I went with Leadbeater to carry the bad news to our dear Mrs. Gordon, of Calcutta, then in Rangoon on a visit to her adopted daughter. After that to a Buddhist meeting where I was engaged to speak; then to bid farewell to the Mandalay Archbishop; and then, at 11 A.M., to the steamer "Oriental" in which I sailed for Madras. Leadbeater was left behind to go on with the work.

My older colleagues will have no trouble in figuring to themselves my state of mind while on that sea voyage. Here were we two with our vast work not yet even shaped out, the Society still staggering under the blow struck by the Missionaries; for, while we were floating along on the full tide of our co-workers' sympathy, yet outside our ship, to borrow the metaphor, the billows of angry outside hatred and suspicion were swelling, and foaming, and dashing against it all around. With us together and united, each supplying what the other lacked, and linked together in one intense thought of service to man, there was nothing to fear for the future, our cause had in it the spirit of victory. But with her stricken down, perhaps lying on

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her bed of death, perhaps doomed to die before I could get back to receive her last word and close her eyes, how heavy my heart must have been needs no seventh son of a seventh son to comprehend. No wonder I wrote in my Diary, when the ship was running through a silvery sea: "My poor Chum, and is thy life of adventure, of anguish, of violent contrasts and of unswerving devotion to Humanity, ended? Alas, my loss will be greater than if thou hadst been wife, or sweetheart, or sister; for now must I carry alone the immense burden of this responsibility with which the Holy Ones have charged us."

The transit across the Bay of Bengal was as calm as a summer yachting voyage, and passed without incident, beyond my being spied out by Hindu friends at Bimlipatam, and taken ashore and made to lecture that evening. We reached Madras at 4 P.M. on the 5th February; I hurried home and found H. P. B. in a state between life and death, with congestion of the kidneys, rheumatic gout, and an alarming loss of vitality. Added to this, an enfeebled action of the heart had brought her to a crisis where her life trembled in the balance. She was so delighted to see me that she put her arms around my neck, as I came to her bedside, and wept on my breast. I was unspeakably glad to be there to, at least, bid her farewell and assure her of my steadfastness. Her attending physicians, Dr. Mary Scharlieb and Dr. Franz Hartmann, M.D., said it was simply a miracle that she was alive. Our Teacher had worked the wonder by coming one night when they were waiting for her last gasp, laying his hand

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on her, and snatching her back from death. Wonderful woman! This same thing happened with her at Philadelphia, when Dr. Pancoast told her that her leg must be cut off to save her life; but she was out of the house the very next day, with her mortifying limb cured. Readers of the first volume of these O. D. L. reminiscences will recall the facts. She hung in this state the next four days, we at first not knowing whether she would live a year or years, or suddenly die from syncope. As her strength served we talked over the situation, and she rejoiced in my promise of undying loyalty to the cause we represented. But I was not left to commune with her in peace. Mr. Lane-Fox had returned from London, and he and Hartmann and the other new-comers had put their heads together, and hatched a scheme for what was simply my putting aside, and the transfer of the governing power to a Committee, composed mainly of themselves. It was an ungracious and ungrateful project, and I revolted at once. They had even got poor H. P. B. to sign the papers, which they formally handed me (and which, you may be sure, I have in the box of archives for that year). When I went to her with the paper, and asked her if it coincided with her sense of justice that I, who had watched over and built up the Society from its first germ until now, should be turned out on the road to go hang, without a word of thanks or even so much as the "chit," or character certificate, one gives to the rest-house keeper after a day's stay, or to the dhobie (washerman) or one's water-boy; she moaned out that she had signed something they had

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brought to her dying-bed, and which they said was very important for the Society, but she never understood it to mean what I described, and that she repudiated any such ingratitude. She told me to tear the papers, but I said no, I should keep them as the story of an episode that might be useful to the future historian. So it passed. While we two were talking, H. P. B. got a note from our Guru in a phenomenal way, saying that she might assure Subbarow and Damodar that, upon her dying, the link between the T. S. and the Masters should *remain unbroken*. A promise which has been amply fulfilled.

By the 10th H. P. B. was about again, and so much better that, when a telegram came from Leadbeater urging my return to Rangoon as there was a very promising opening for the T. S., she consented to my going. So I sailed on the "Oriental" on the 11th. My "Chum" wept when we parted, and I should too if I had thought it was for the last time, but my mind was now completely reassured on that point. The recollection that she would not be permitted to die before her work was accomplished and somebody was ready to fill the gap she would leave, came back to me. I had forgotten that in my momentary grief at the thought of parting from her.

Mr. Leadbeater, with deputations of Burmese Elders and Hindus, received me at the jetty at Rangoon on my arrival on the 19th February. On the following day I paid my respects to the late beloved and respected Bishop Bigandet, author of *The Legend of Gaudama*, one of the most authoritative books on Southern Buddhism. His

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sweet manners and noble character had earned for him the confidence and homage of all educated Burmese as well as of all Christians. We had a most agreeable talk together about Buddhism and its literature. He was past seventy and quite feeble. He expressed his regret that he should never be able to bring out another book, and, although I offered to supply him with a secretary to whom he might dictate according to his strength, he sadly shook his head and said that his work was all but finished, and the affairs of the world were receding from his sight. With that perfect courtesy of an old French courtier of the time of the Louis, he said it was now my turn to supply this want, and when I protested my incapacity, shook his finger at me and smilingly said he could not accept that excuse, since he had read my *Buddhist Catechism* and there was no more useful book on the religion of Sakhya Muni. Of course I put that down to his amiable politeness, but his manner was so charming that I could only answer by my blushes. He was a tall, spare man of graceful carriage, with white, small hands and small feet, and wore the episcopal purple cassock with red buttons, a long gold chain and cross, and the ring of his episcopal rank. When I took my leave he insisted on accompanying me downstairs to the gate, and after a final exchange of kind expressions we parted—for ever, for I never saw him again.

The next day we breakfasted in the Burmese fashion, on the floor, at a Burmese rest-house, and later received the calls of several European gentlemen interested in Mesmerism,

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to whom I showed a variety of experiments in thought-control. A large Committee of English and Pali Native scholars sat the next day to complete a revision of the Burmese translation of the *Buddhist Catechism*, and accomplished it after some hours of work. Some 20,000 copies were subscribed for on the spot for gratuitous distribution, and the Elders showed quite an enthusiasm about the affair. After the adjournment Leadbeater and I called on Messrs. Duncan and Badelier, two new acquaintances, and I received the former into membership along with eight others. On the Monday following I lectured in the Town Hall on "Theosophy no Sect" to a large audience including Missionaries, and later organized the "Rangoon T. S.," a Hindu Branch with all Tamil members. On the Wednesday we dined at Mr. Duncan's, where we witnessed and assisted in some very instructive mesmeric experiments. I recollect one which recalls some narratives in Baron Du Potêt's classical work *La Magie Dévoilée*. In the centre of the drawing-room stood a large round table, and the company sat against the walls all around the room. The subject, a Hindu servant, being in another room where he could hear nothing of our conversation, I asked Mr. Duncan to draw on the floor with his finger an imaginary line from the table outward, and will that the subject should not be able to cross it. The company present chose the place where the line should be drawn, and then Mr. Duncan, approaching his finger tips to the carpet, but without touching it, willed that his subject should not be able to pass the invisible barrier. The subject was then sent for. On enter-

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ing, he was told to walk around the table twice, after which he would be told what next to do. He began the circumambulation, and went on well enough until he came to the enchanted spot, when he suddenly stopped, tried to lift one foot to step forward, failed, shrank back, and said he couldn't go farther. Why? "Why, don't you see that line of fire; how could I get past it?" he answered. I told him there was nothing there; to try again. It was quite useless, he could not advance an inch until Mr. Duncan, who had all this while been standing silent, made a dispersive sweep with his hand and said "All right!" when "Tommy" completed the circuit of the table. He described it to me as a low wall of flames about six inches high.

Our preliminary discussions with the Burmese finally resulted in the formation of the "Shway Dagôn T. S.," a Buddhist Branch. They were very urgent that I should stop in Burma at least a couple of months to organize the movement, and it was really desirable, but the claims on my time elsewhere forbade it and I had to decline. I told them they must get on as best they could, on the lines I laid out for them.

Saturday, the 28th February, was a great holiday with the Burmese, as the anniversary of the Buddha's alleged descent from the Tusita heaven into his mother's womb under the form of a white elephant! We went again to Shway Dagôn and saw a great crowd of pilgrims. Meetings, talks, and Branch reunions engaged us during the next few days. Meanwhile, I was collecting the opinions of the most re-

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spectable Elders about King Theebaw, with the result that I decided that I should not accept his invitation to Mandalay, as he was a monster of vice and cruelty, and his motive in asking me was not to satisfy his thirst for religious knowledge, but only to gratify an idle curiosity to see the white Buddhist. I had too much respect for the dignity of the Society and its President to put myself on show before a debauched tyrant, and sacrifice my American self-respect by kow-towing to him, merely on the chance of getting a costly ruby ring, or a sum of money, some expensive silken cloths, or such-like toys. So I sent word to that effect to our Italian colleague through whom the King's message had been transmitted, and when, a few days later, I was urged to reconsider by King Theebaw's local agent and another Burmese noble, I held my ground and gave my reasons with perfect frankness. I am not sure, but I think that at heart even the Burmans respected me for my independence.

The incoming *Madras Mail* brought us disagreeable news. Hartmann reported that the Central Committee at Adyar had resigned, and some Branches would dissolve if H. P. B.'s case were not made good against the Padris. H. P. B., with her usual inconsistency, reproached me for having prevented her—as she said, although it was not I but the Convention who had done it—from bringing suit against them; and copies were sent me of the latest Missionary pamphlet against us. As I wrote in my Diary, there was "something hostile in the air." How true is that expression—so-and-so is "in the air"; for assuredly we are constantly acted upon by currents, mental, moral, spiritual,

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and physical, that are set flowing by our fellow-men. So, likewise, are others acted upon by our own thought-currents —as we now all have been taught by our advanced students in occultism. The next day came a cable from Adyar that H.P.B. had had a relapse and I must cut short my projected tour in Burma and Bengal, and come back at once. With that exhilarating intelligence on my mind, I had to lecture in the evening to an audience of 1000 in the Town Hall. The dear Missionaries had a fellow posted at the door to sell the above-mentioned pamphlet, and I saw many in the hands of my auditors; but nothing is so bracing as a savage opposition, and nothing so stirs up all the resisting power one has in him. I took the adversary by the throat, so to say, and shook him, and made my sympathetic Burmese and Hindu hearers join together in peals of applause. I don't believe our esteemed enemies made *much* profit out of their speculation of importing this poisoned weapon to use against us.

We had already a Buddhist and a Hindu Branch in Rangoon; I had now to form one of European and Eurasians interested in Mesmerism and practical Psychology in general. I gave it the name of the "Irrawady T. S."

A second urgent telegram came the next day, but I could not get a steamer until the following day, the 11th, when I sailed in the "Himalaya" for Madras. The Captain, Mr. Allen, was an old acquaintance, having commanded the "Chanda" in 1880, when H. P. B. and I returned from Colombo to Bombay. Having a day at

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command before sailing, I profited by a visit from Mr. Duncan to our house, to make further and better mesmeric experiments on his boy "Tommy." The boy was made to sit with his back against the wall of the room, just beside a large French window opening on a sunny verandah; his mesmerizer, Mr. Duncan, stood facing him, with a white handkerchief in his hands; I stood in the verandah, out of Tommy's range of vision, with a book of samples of bright-colored papers, used by bookbinders and others. Mr. Duncan would say to Tommy, showing the handkerchief, "What is this?" "a handkerchief." "Color?" "white." I would then show Duncan, say, a red paper, and he, still holding the handkerchief out to Tommy, would repeat: "Color?" "Red," the boy would answer. So color after color would be silently shown to the mesmerizer, and the next moment he mentally imparted it to the linen handkerchief, and it was seen by the hypnotized subject. This was, I fancy, about as fine a proof of the possibility of thought-transference as can be found on record.

While in Paris in the October preceding, Mr. Rudolph Gebhard and I had been present on the 18th at some mesmeric experiments of M. Robert, the well-known *masseur-magnétiseur*, on one of his clairvoyant subjects. Among other things, the latter told us that he saw us sailing in a steamer on a far-off sea; a man falling overboard; the steamer stopped; a boat put out, and the steamer sailing in a circle. That sounded queer, as neither of us recollected the evident fact that a vessel, especially

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a steamer, usually does sail in a circle to pick up a person who has gone overboard; however, I made a note of it at the time, and it now came vividly back to me, for, while crossing the Bay of Bengal on March 14, a Hindu deck passenger fell overboard, and the "Himalaya" sailed in a circle to pick him up. The coming event of March had, therefore, cast its astral shadow before it on the clairvoyant brain, five months in advance of its happening. I reported the fact to M. Robert by letter at the time, and he can confirm it to anybody who may have the curiosity to ask him to let them see my letter.

We touched at the usual coast ports, among them Coconada, Subbarow's native place, where I went ashore and organized the local Branch T. S. which still survives. Our steamer landed us at Madras on the 19th March, and on reaching Headquarters I "found Atra Cura enthroned and everything looking bad." But we need not sail into that cloud-bank just as we have reached port. Leave it for the next chapter.

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CHAPTER XVI.

H. P. B. LEAVES FOR EUROPE.

YES, indeed, Black Care was enthroned at Adyar when I got back from Rangoon; the very moral atmosphere was dark and heavy; H. P. B. was struggling for life and as vehement as an enmeshed lioness; while certain of the European new-comers were displaying a special talent for meddling with the Headquarters' business, plotting to have me reduced to subjection to a faddish Central Committee, in which I should not have the least influence and keeping my quasi-dying "Chum" in a perpetual state of nervous explosion. Brief mention was made of this matter in Chapter XV., but it is important enough for extension. The wonder is she did not die before I could get there and fight for the *statu quo ante*. One ostensible revolt was against my autocracy, demand being made—to quote from one of the documents before me—that:

"The President-Founder should be asked to select out of the General Committee an Executive Committee consisting of five persons, including Mr. T. Subba Row and

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four European gentlemen residing at Headquarters, and to transfer upon them all the supervisory, financial, and executive affairs of the Society, to distribute and direct the work of the Society, to appoint all officers—the President-Founder excepted—and to ratify all documents concerning the Society."

If this was not modesty, what would be? I was to step aside, after conveying all my powers to a group of five persons, self-picked for me out of the whole Council—four of them Europeans, recently arrived from Europe and America, having but the briefest experience in the executive management of the movement, next to no personal intimacy with the majority of our members, no association whatever with the Ceylon Buddhists, whose educational programme was then getting into full swing, no recognized hold on the affections and confidence of the Hindus and Parsis, nor, with one exception, any private means to contribute towards the up-keep of the Headquarters and of the movement generally. This last difficulty, however, they would get over by forcing H. P. B. and myself to convey our *Theosophist* and its book business to the Society, without compensation, and without reserving out of the property we had ourselves created, without a rupee's help from the Society, even the pittances needed for our modest support: they thought it highly detrimental to the Society's interests that the magazine should be private property! A fine scheme, worthy of the Red Republicans of Ninety-Three. Damodar, Bawaji, and Alnanda, our three devoted Hindu fellow-officers, denied the validity of each of the complaints,

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and protested vehemently against the plan in all its details; while Mr. Leadbeater coincided with them in a very temperate yet firm paper, which is before me. But on the 5th February 1885, when poor H. P. B. was thought to be dying, they got her to scrawl the following:—

"Believing that this new arrangement is necessary for the welfare of the Society, I approve of it, so far as I am concerned. H. P. BLAVATSKY."

Mr. Leadbeater says, in his paper: "Mme. Blavatsky withdraws her endorsement of the writing, as having been given without a clear perception of the construction it bears upon its face." The imminence of death being past, her mind worked again, and she repudiated her endorsement and—as remarked in the last Chapter—begged me tear the paper, which I refused. This is but one of a number of proofs of ingratitude that I have had since the Society was founded. If I mention it at all it is not by way of protest, but as a striking corroboration of the old truth, that he who sets himself to work for his fellow-men should expect no thanks, but much unkindness. H. P. B. and I had given rs. 9000 out of the *Theosophist* fund towards the Society's necessities within the preceding twelve months, and, of the nett profits of the magazine to that date, viz., rs. 15,600, had paid the Society rs. 14,994-4-6, as I find noted in my Diary. If the charge of "autocracy" lay against me, it was because, until then, I had had to shoulder all the responsibility alone and push on all the movement. Our present helpers had not yet stepped into the ranks,

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and it was not until two years later that Mr. Judge began to work in America.

The Europeans being leagued against us, I naturally turned for counsel and sympathy to my most trusted Hindu advisers, and long consultations ensued between them and myself, at the residence of Dewan Bahadur R. Raghoonath Row. The result was the adoption of a policy which shortly after I carried out; Mr. Hodgson, of the S. P. R., was still at Madras, and hearing that at an Anglo-Indian dinner-table he had expressed his belief that H. P. B. was a Russian spy, I called on him with Mr. Cooper-Oakley to discuss the matter. Both of us gave our views so clearly that we came away with the impression that Mr. Hodgson thought the charge as puerile and unfounded as we did. Yet he stuck to it, and put the cruel slander into his report to his employers of the S. P. R. Since then I have had no respect for him, for it was a stab in the back to a helpless old woman, who had never done him the least harm. He made me suffer intensely in mind for a couple of days by declaring that Hurrychand Chintamon, of Bombay, had shown him a letter of H. P. B.'s to him, from New York, in which she said I was so under her hypnotic spell that she could make me believe what she liked by just looking me in the face. I saw that such an assertion, however transparently childish and absurd, would be taken up by our opponents to do us harm. While I did not mind what they might do, if even ten times worse than this, it went to my heart that H. P. B., whose loyal friend I had been through everything, should

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have done this act of treachery to me; and merely to gratify her vanity, as it would seem. But that is the inconsistent creature she was, *in her physical self*, and it was these traits which made it then so very hard for anybody to live and work with her for any length of time. I have always said that the trouble of getting on with her, *as Helena Petrovna*, was infinitely more difficult than to overcome all the outside obstacles, impediments, and opposition that stood in the way of the Society's progress. In my whole experience in the movement, nothing ever affected me so much as this. It made me desperate, and for twenty-four hours almost ready to go down to the beach and drown myself in the sea. But when I put the question to myself what I was working for, whether for the praise of men or the gratitude of H. P. B., or that of any other living person, all this despondency drifted away and my mind has never gone back to it. The sense of the paramount obligation of doing my duty, of serving the Masters in the carrying on of their lofty plans—unthanked, unappreciated, misunderstood, calumniated—it mattered not what—came in to me like the flash of a great light, and there was peace.

March 25th, I wrote to Mr. Sinnett and suggested the formation of a Central Committee or T. S. Board of Control, with Headquarters at London, to have charge of our interests in Europe; thus anticipating the idea of a Section, which was adopted later. He, however, did not like it, for, in fact, this would commit him to the policy of a popular propaganda, which H. P. B. and I, under

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superior encouragement, had always followed out, but which to him was always repugnant; as it had been to Mr. Massey and Dr. Wyld before him.

March 28th was a tempestuous day at Adyar, it seems, for I have written: "A day of disagreeable experiences: H. P. B. wild and violent; news of a further step in the plot of the Missionaries against us; threatened suit against General Morgan by the Coulombs. A bazaar rumor, and improbable." But it was true, as the sequel proved. All this excitement told almost fatally upon my dear Chum's health. It was awful to see her, with her face empurpled by the blood that rushed to her head, her eyes almost standing out from their orbits and dead-looking, as she tramped up and down the floor, denouncing everybody and saying wild things. Her physicians said this could not last, she must have rest and quiet or she would drop down dead some day without giving us a moment's warning. So she listened to them, and, on the 29th March resigned her office and gave Babula orders to pack her trunks. Dr. Hartmann and I went the next day to town and took passage tickets for her, Miss Flynn, of Bombay, the Doctor, who consented at my request to go and look after H. P. B., and "Bawaji," then a devoted follower of hers. The party sailed for Naples on the Tuesday in the Messageries Co.'s steamer "Tibre." She was so helpless that Dr. Mary Scharlieb's husband, one of the Presidency Magistrates, procured the use of a hospital chair, and she, sitting in it, was lifted from the boat on board by a hoisting tackle. That night, by her request, I moved

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over into her room and slept in it for the first time. She particularly asked me not to give it to any other occupant.

The following passages are copied from the official report that appeared in the *Theosophist* (Supplement) for May 1885 :—

"At about this time Madame Blavatsky was having severe attacks of palpitation of the heart, and all at Headquarters were kept in a state of alarm, as the physicians had expressed the opinion that under any sudden excitement death might be instantaneous.

"Following is the certificate of her medical attendant :—

"'I hereby certify that Madame Blavatsky is quite unfit for the constant excitement and worry to which she is exposed in Madras. The condition of her heart renders perfect quiet and a suitable climate essential. I therefore recommend that she should at once proceed to Europe, and remain in a temperate climate—in some quiet spot.

(Sd.) 'MARY SCHARLIEB,
'*M.B. and S.L. London.*'"

"The local members of the General Council, meeting at Headquarters as an Executive Committee on the 12th instant, adopted unanimously the following :—

Resolution.

"'Resolved that Madame Blavatsky's resignation be accepted, and that the President be requested in the name of the Council to inform her of the great regret with which they have learnt that she is compelled, on account of her

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extreme ill-health, to relinquish her duties as Corresponding Secretary of the Theosophical Society. The Council further record their high sense of the valuable services she has rendered to the cause of science and philosophy.

(Sd.) 'R. RAGHOONATH ROW,
'*Chairman.*'"

"To mark our respect for Madame Blavatsky's exceptional abilities, the vacancy caused by her retirement will not be filled, and the office of Corresponding Secretary is hereby abolished. Official correspondence upon philosophical and scientific subjects will, however, be conducted as heretofore by other members of the Executive Staff, and inquiries may be addressed to the Recording Secretary at Adyar."

Her resignation, as acted on by the Executive Committee, read as follows:—

"ADYAR, *March 21st*, 1885.

"To the GENERAL COUNCIL
of the THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY.

"GENTLEMEN,—The resignation of office, which I handed in on September the 27th, 1884, and which I withdrew at the urgent request and solicitation of Society friends, I must now unconditionally renew. My present illness is pronounced by my medical attendants mortal; I am not promised even one certain year of life. Under these circumstances it would be an irony to profess to

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perform the duty of Corresponding Secretary; and I must insist upon your allowing me to retire. I wish to devote my remaining few days to other thoughts, and to be free to seek changes of climate, should such be thought likely to do me good.

"I leave with you, one and all, and to every one of my friends and sympathizers, my loving farewell. Should this be my last word, I would implore you all, as you have regard for the welfare of mankind and your own karma, to be true to the Society and not to permit it to be overthrown by the enemy.

"Fraternally and ever yours—in life or death,

(Sd.) "H. P. BLAVATSKY."

I believe that by taking this wise step she saved her life, for it was to the last degree unlikely that she could have borne the strain much longer; and her colleagues are, in a way, indebted to Dr. Mary Scharlieb for the subsequent appearance of the *Secret Doctrine*, the *Key to Theosophy*, the *Voice of the Silence*, and all the other valuable writing she was spared to do after getting out of the psychic maelstrom that had been created about her at Adyar. Apart from the motive of her ill-health and incapacity for work, she was influenced by the wish to relieve the Society from the responsibility which her continuance in office would lay upon it. Later, at one of the Annual Conventions, she was unanimously and enthusiastically invited to return if her physician should consent, and although she could never do that, she resumed her old official status.

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"The Headquarters," I wrote on April 1st, in my Diary, "is desolate, yet peaceful as it has not been before. We can now face the situation calmly. General Morgan writes that he has received a letter from Mme. Coulomb's counsel, demanding an apology for calling her a 'forger' and a 'purloiner of letters.'" On this, a Council meeting was called, and we telegraphed the loyal old veteran to ask a week's delay to give him time to prepare his answer. At an adjourned meeting, the next day, "the whole Morgan case was discussed, and the unanimous opinion was that the General had better defend the case, as he would most probably win it and expose the worthless characters of the Coulombs." He did so, but—as noted in a previous Chapter—the Missionaries withdrew the suit, as they could get no benefit from it now that H. P. B. was out of their reach!

At a Council meeting on the Sunday following (5th April), I brought forward as a tentative measure a plan for the creation of a real Executive Committee, which should share with me the management of the Society, and it was adopted. My circular was worded as follows:—

"ADYAR, *April 7th*, 1885.

"With a view to improving the administration of the Theosophical Society and relieving the President of a portion of the responsibility which now devolves upon him, I have determined to form, as an experimental measure and subject to ratification by the next Convention, an Executive Committee, of which I invite you to become a member.

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"My wish is that this Committee should assume, in connection with myself, the entire management of the Society's affairs during the recess—each member and myself to have an equal vote, the President to have a casting vote in case of a tie; all questions to be decided by the majority present; the Secretary to the Society to act as Secretary to the Committee; the entire proceedings to be kept strictly confidential, save with the consent of the majority present; and the Committee to meet at least once a week for business.

"The design being merely to form a convenient working Committee of Councillors most accessible from the Headquarters, I propose that a circular be sent to each and every one of the members of the General Council, notifying him of the appointment of this Executive Committee, and inviting him to attend the sessions when in Madras, and at all times to communicate through any one of his colleagues among your number any matter he may think it advisable to have acted upon. Thus practically the entire General Council would have a share in the management of the Society throughout the year.

"It is to be understood, of course, that the present measure is adopted tentatively, and that the right is reserved of rescinding this special Rule in case difficulties should arise (as in the late Board of Control) of so serious a nature as to prove its inexpediency."

In pursuance of the invitation appended to the above circular, the Executive Committee met, and in obedience to a Resolution unanimously adopted, the following gentlemen

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signed an acceptance of seats "under the conditions mentioned in the President-Founder's circular letter": R. Raghoonath Row; P. Sreenevas Row; S. Subramanier; C. Ramiah; P. Parthasarathy Chetty; T. Subba Row; A. J. Cooper-Oakley; and C W. Leadbeater.

The Committee as thus organized went on harmoniously for some months, but was ultimately abandoned, for the practical reason that nobody save myself had all the details in his head, nor the personal acquaintance with individual colleagues and their local environments, which were needed for acting with judgment in specific cases. The meetings resolved, finally, into mere sittings to agree to all my recommendations, one member after another absented himself, and it was the general wish that I should go on as previously, doing what seemed best without further obstruction. The marplots, Messrs. Lane-Fox and Hartmann, had left the country, and no one else was disposed to make trouble. Yet autocracy was my abhorrence, and I asked nothing better than that somebody should come forward and take a share of the great responsibility for the administration of our difficult business. I looked on the Society as a free and open republic of altruism, in which there should be no sect, or caste, or privileged class, nor any strife or emulation save as to who should best work for the good of the world. I put my views into a leader in the *Theosophist* for June 1885, entitled, "Infallibility." It was *à propos* of a recent move of Keshub Chunder Sen towards the assumption of quasi divine honors from his following, I said :—

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"A Brahmo organ charges us with the purpose of building up 'a new order of priesthood.' Perhaps the theory is based upon the fact that certain phenomena have been shown in connection with our movement, and that the authors of two or three Theosophical books, possibly to give them more weight, have affirmed their personal relationship with Mahatmas. But whatever the phenomena, their exhibition has always had for its object to prove the existence in all mankind of certain psychic potentialities, which, under favoring conditions, develop. Was it ever pretended that only certain chosen 'vessels of election' could have these powers, or that their exercise proved their possessors to be infallible teachers? Is it not, on the contrary, absolutely true that, from the first page of *Isis Unveiled* to the last line printed about Theosophy, the uniform burden of Theosophical teaching has been that man, as man, possesses to-day exactly the same psychic and other capabilities as his remotest ancestor possessed; that in successive cycles these have been alternatively developed and latent; and that religious knowledge results from psychic development? Where is the room for a priesthood among us in the exoteric sense of the word? or the necessity, in a Society like ours, for leaders? The writer, for his part, is convinced that, whatever mental sufferings, and whatever injury to personal reputations may result from recent events, the price is not too high to pay if the last chance be destroyed of ever building up a sect and 'priesthood' in the Theosophical Society. Rather than see that calamity befall the movement, he would prefer

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that the respect now felt by any friend for anyone concerned in its inception or direction should be lost; for then the field would be cleared of obstructive personalities for the consideration of first principles. In neither his official nor private capacity has he evinced any sympathy with the yearning after inspired teachers or infallible teachings. Quite the reverse: for he has never let slip an opportunity to affirm the dignity of private judgment; the necessity of individual research and interior development for the comprehension of truth; the absolute independence of Theosophy of all special teachers or groups of teachers—all sects, dogmas, confessions of faith, forms, ceremonies, and national or geographical limitations. If this is not broad enough; if, in any other language besides English, there be any stronger words to express an absolute repugnance to the idea of any thinking person blindly giving up his sovereign right of inquiry to any other person, high or low, adept or non-adept, and of giving any value to a teaching beyond its own intrinsic weight by appealing to an authoritative authorship—then those are the words the writer would wish to employ. There never was an Adept or Mahatma in the world who could have developed himself up to that degree if he had recognized any other principle. Gautama Buddha is held to have been one of the greatest in this august fraternity, and in his *Kalâma Sutta* he enforced at great length this rule, that one should accept nothing, whether written, spoken, or taught by sage, revelator, priest, or book, unless it reconciled itself with one's reason and common-sense.

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"This is the ground upon which we stand; and it is our earnest hope that, when the founders of the Theosophical Society are dead and gone, it may be remembered as their 'profession of faith.' With stout old John Hales, the preacher of the 16th century, we maintain that 'to mistrust and relinquish our own faculties, and commend ourselves to others, this is nothing but poverty of spirit and indiscretion.'"

For my part, as one of the co-founders of the Society, I had persistently adhered to that policy of personal freedom and personal responsibility of the member from the beginning, and have stood for it and fought for it down to the present day. When I can no longer have such freedom within it, I shall leave the Society, and grieve over it as a lost cause. If I needed a Pope I should go to Rome, where a so-called Vicegerent of God is enthroned, and a brazen toe of a statue is always waiting to be kissed. Docile obedience to a TEACHER, who has mastered the secrets of life and death, of man and nature, is natural and proper; but servile obedience to a bald creed, or to a person no better nor spiritually wiser than oneself, is the worst of serfdoms — undignified, unmanly, a spiritual suicide. This, I repeat, is my own feeling about the matter, and nobody save myself is responsible for it. It does not bind another member of the Society, and, free-thinker as I am, I am ever ready to stand by my neighbour and defend his right of private judgment, howsoever orthodox he may be to whatsoever form of religious faith. If he is unable to reciprocate, I should ask or compel him

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to resign his membership, for he has no natural place within our ranks, and "an empty house is better than bad company."

Two consoling things happened at this time, two rifts of clear sky amid the gloom: the Berhampur (Bengal) T. S. sent us a letter of sweet sympathy, and the Ceylon Buddhists reported that the Buddhist National Holiday which I had asked Lord Derby to grant them had, with their Governor, Sir Arthur Gordon's consent, been gazetted.

Under the circumstances of the situation we had the choice of two policies, the passive and the active: we might keep quiet, carry on our current business without attracting public attention, or we might adopt the bolder course of challenging public opinion, by giving lectures in the principal centres of Indian influence and thought. I declared for the latter, and, my colleagues of the Executive Committee concurring, a lecture at Pacheappa's Hall, Madras, was arranged for the 27th April—the 117th day of the year; hence, to our notions, one of good omen. The result exceeded our highest expectations; the Hall was packed in spite of the fact that, to prevent a rush, the Managing Committee made a small charge for admission. The sum of rs. 150 was taken at the doors, and given away in charity. Five professors of the Christian College attended, but their presence did not dampen the ardor of their students, who almost cheered themselves hoarse.

I see that the lecture was very fairly reported the next day in the local papers—an encouraging circumstance in

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itself. T. Subba Row brought back, on the same day, our copy of Mohini's and Mrs. Holloway's *Man, a Fragment of Forgotten History*, and made a very severe criticism on it. "He condemned it utterly"—I write—"saying that its mistakes are calculated to throw discredit upon the Mahatmas, while its dogmatic tone is insufferable." When the book was announced in London, with the intimation that it embodied authoritative teaching from the Masters of Wisdom, I at once wrote to the *Pall Mall Gazette* to deny the claim *in toto*, and warned the public that the authors of the book were alone responsible for its contents. Moreover, I had pasted inside the cover of every copy sold by the *Theosophist* Manager the same notification.

The European Mail of that week brought dispiriting accounts of the feeling among our people: the result, no doubt, of H.P.B.'s not having been allowed to prosecute her slanderers in court. Still, it could not be helped; to have done otherwise than we did would have been most unwise.

If the Missionaries did not let Mme. Coulomb loose against General Morgan, it certainly was not for lack of provocation, for the *Madras Mail* of April 29 contained his reply to her plaint, in which he renewed his former insults and defied her to do her worst; the Editor, at the same time, giving notice that the discussion should not be carried further in his columns.

As a mental recreation, on the principle of offsetting one disagreeable thing by another even more lugubrious, I read a good deal just then about the Witchcraft and Witch

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Trials of the 17th Century. It strikes a Theosophist, in particular, most forcibly what revolting proofs those tragedies afford of human bigotry, stupid prejudice, and densest ignorance of the laws of life, mind and soul. It is enough to make one weep to recall the pictures of ignorant and innocent hysteriacs and mediums persecuted, imprisoned, even judicially murdered, because phenomena, which they could not help, occurred in their presence, spreading panic and horror among the eye-witnesses, who were equally ignorant and powerless as the neurotic patients themselves. D'Assier has made good use of some of the thousands of recorded facts, and Prof. Charcot and his colleagues have drawn upon the judicial archives for a basis of argument; but we have only to turn over the pages of Des Mousseaux and the host of writers upon these psychical and mediumistic mysteries, to see that there exists an inexhaustible fund of proof of the occasional interplay of occult forces and the mutual interference of the planes of the living and the dead.

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CHAPTER XVII.

CONCERNING SIBYLS.

AFTER a residence of only five months, Mrs. Cooper-Oakley found her health suffering so much in India that about this time she had to leave us for home under medical orders. Our loss has been the very great gain of the London Headquarters, where, under a more bracing climate, she has done a prodigious amount of work.

Our London news of that week was more calming, as it appeared that, besides Mr. F. W. H. Myers of the S. P. R., nobody had resigned his membership. Whether or not a popular disbelief in the infallibility of professional hand-writing experts influenced public opinion, or whether it was just the instinctive feeling that an accused person ought to have the benefit of the doubt, the fact above stated was gratifying to the colleagues of H. P. B. There was in the *Theosophist* (June 1898) a reference to the late Mr. Montagu Williams Q.C.'s opinion of the value of this expert testimony. Since then a copy of Mr. Williams' *Leaves from a Life* (Macmillan & Co., 1890) has been sent me by a

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friend in New Zealand, and I am able to show, by the testimony of that eminent leading counsel, how unnecessary was our grief and distress on hearing that Mr. Netherclift had declared the K. H. letters forgeries by H. P. B. Mr. Williams tells (*op. cit.*, p. 263) the story of a case of alleged libel by publication on a postal card, brought against Sir Francis Wyatt Truscott by one John Kearn. Messrs. Poland and Grain conducted the prosecution, while Sir John Holker, Mr. Williams, and Horace Avory represented the accused. The prosecutor and a lady swore to the identity of the handwriting, and the evidence of Charles Chabot and Frederick George Netherclift, professional experts, was then taken. Both swore positively to the writing on the postcard as being that of the defendant, Chabot pointing out in detail to the jury the turns of letters and flourishes, the dots, cross lines, and up and down strokes which bore him out in his decision; and Netherclift, pet of the S. P. R. and slayer of the Blavatsky Medusa, said "he had made handwriting a study during more than thirty years . . . . and that, after minutely comparing the letters (of the defendant) with the postcard, he had independently come to the conclusion that the writer in both cases was the same. He produced *a most elaborately written report, calling attention to the various similarities existing between the handwriting on the different documents*, and, on being cross-examined, he adhered absolutely to the position he had taken up." Alas! for the poor man. The defence put upon the stand one Mr. Thomas Flight Smith, an acquaintance of both the parties, the accused and accuser, who

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swore that he had himself written the postcard as a friendly warning to Sir Francis, yet without malice to Mr. Kearn! His father, Mr. T. J. Smith, bore him out in the assertion, and produced three other postcards written by his son. Mr. Alderman Swan Nottage, who stated that he was a friend of the accused and the witness, Mr. T. F. Smith, and had received many letters from both, and was acquainted with their respective handwriting, swore "that the postcard was undoubtedly written, not by Sir Francis, but by Mr. Smith." Mr. Williams adds: "The jury stated that they did not wish to hear any further evidence, and proceeded at once to pronounce a verdict of 'Not Guilty.' So much for the evidence of experts in handwriting!"

So much, indeed; and notwithstanding the Arab proverb about the malodorousness of proffered advice, I will venture to recommend that copies of Mr. Montagu Williams' book and of the Report of the Parnell case be placed in the library of the S. P. R., for the benefit of those who care to know what the professional opinions of handwriting experts are sometimes worth. Poor H. P. B., how those S(leuthounds) of P(sychical) R(esearch) made thee suffer under the knouts of these experts!

On the Good Friday of that year I had had an interview with a Telugu Brahmin astrologer, the possessor of a palm-leaf copy of that wonderful old book of prophecies, the *Bhima Grantham*, who had greatly astonished me by his readings in that volume. In the *Theosophist* for May 1885 (vol. vi. number 8) will be found my account of it, under the title "Indian Sibylline Books." As prophecies

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acquire no value until their fulfilment, but after that become most important as proofs of the predictive faculty in man, my habit is to put on record all I hear of this sort, so that they may be cited at the proper time. That is why I published the revelations of the Telugu Brahmin at the time, and as thirteen years have now passed since then, it will be interesting to turn back to that number of the *Theosophist* and see what he foretold and how he did it. Several friends of ours told us that they had had read out of one of these ancient *ollas* accurate details of their own lives, and prophecies about their affairs which had been literally fulfilled. They had also been allowed to verify the astrologer's readings by consulting the book themselves. These friends told me, moreover, that in the course of their consultations it had transpired that their connection with our Society had been mentioned, and that the book contained much about the Society itself. On this account they had arranged the interview between the astrologer and myself, but only with much difficulty and after overcoming his objections to have a sitting with an European. Even then he would not do it until he had *consulted the book itself*, and learned from it the day, hour, and minute for the interview, the number of witnesses permissible, and the positions (relative to the cardinal points) to be assumed by the Brahmin and myself. At the appointed time we took our seats on the floor, on mats, in the Indian fashion. The book, on being unwrapped, proved to be an ordinary palm-leaf volume, the characters etched on the leaves with a stylus. I judged it to be very old. The edges were much

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discolored and worn, and the characters black with age. The book was laid before me, the edges of the leaves upward, and I was told to take in my two hands the unwound binding-cord which passes through holes punched in every leaf, insert it between any two leaves I chose, and open it at that place. I did so, and the astrologer then read the contents of that and following pages. Notes were taken by one of the witnesses. The book said: "The inquirer is not a Hindu, but of foreign birth. He was born with the Moon in the constellation Pleiades, having the sign Leo in the ascendant." Here follow some particulars of the personal sacrifices which I was said to have made for the public welfare. It then continued: "With a colleague, he organized a society for the propagation of Esoteric Philosophy (*Brahmagnyanum*). This colleague is a woman, of great power (*sakti*), high family, and, like himself, a foreigner. Though born so well, she too gave up everything, and for thirty years has been working in this same direction. Yet her karma is such as to compel her to endure great trouble and anxiety; and she is hated by her own kind (the white race), for whom she has worked so hard." It then spoke of two white persons who had been most friendly, but had turned about, published bad stories about her, and tried to make the public doubt the genuineness of our movement. "Many phenomena have been shown in connection with the Society," it went on to say, "and letters received by the Founders from their Teachers have been injudiciously made public: *this has been the cause of all the present trouble.*" The prophecy then

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followed that our Society would survive me by many years, and, to my surprise, for the two friends present were not aware of it any more than the astrologer, the book told about a private meeting of myself and others (that at Dewan Bahadur Raghoonath Row's private house which I have mentioned in the last chapter) held the day before, with the subject of our discussion, and prophesied the issue correctly. "The Society," said the book, "is now passing through a dark cycle, which began seven months and fourteen days ago, and will last nine months and sixteen days more; making for the whole period seventeen months exactly."

Counting backward from the date of the interview, we come to the time, in 1884, of the attack of the Missionaries upon H. P. B., which goes to the book's credit; and, tracing forward in the light of events, the prophecy as to the passing away of the Society's dark cycle and the beginning of a brighter one we find corroborated. Meanwhile, what had happened was my Indian tour of 1885, which proved a very great success, adding seventeen new Branches to our roll, and which certainly was not to be anticipated by either the astrologer or my two Hindu friends who brought him to me. That "dark cycle" of 1885 was a more serious crisis than any we have traversed since, even that of the Judge secession, for the Society was not then as impregnable in its organization, the numerical strength of its membership, or its geographical distribution, as it was when the great blow was struck at its life by its quondam Vice-President across the Atlantic.

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The question, so often put me as to my belief in astrology, will naturally recur in this connection. I must answer it as I always have, that I have not yet had evidence enough to warrant my saying I either believe or disbelieve. Many facts in the experience of others, some in my own, go towards proving the truth of this alleged science, yet not enough for a cautious man to base thereon a positive belief. I am waiting, most ready to be convinced, yet determined not to say I am unless I have a good case to go with to the jury of sensible men. It seems as if we can never say what there is in astrology until we have learned all there is in thought-transference. Who is to say that when I sat with that Telugu astrologer he may not have clairvoyantly read my history and traced out its sequel in my own mind or my aura? And although I was permitted to examine his time-worm book of palm-leaves, and his readings were verified by the two Telugu friends who took notes of his readings, that leaves open two questions, viz. (1) Did he throw a glamor (hypnotic) over our eyes to make us see what was not on the pages? (2) Was he a cheat who had by hook or by crook found out about the T. S. and its founders, prepared fresh pages of ollas, made them look old by discoloring them, and inserted them among the rest? There is not much weight in either of these hypotheses, still one must think of all alternatives and suspend judgment until all the needed proofs are in. The astrologer, or let us say his book, ventured one prophecy which ought to be recalled from time to time as a test of the science. He said that at the time of my death "the Society would have 156 principal

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Branches, not counting minor ones, and in them will be enrolled 5000 members. Many Branches will rise and expire, many members come and go before then." I, myself, was to live from this hour (viz., 3rd April 1885, afternoon) "28 years, 5 months, 6 days, 14 hours," which would bring us to early morning of September 9, A.D. 1913. Here we have accuracy, beyond dispute, and it only remains for somebody who survives me to enter this prognostic in his common-place book and write to the then Editor of *Theosophist* about a thing which, probably, everybody else will have forgotten! I am quite ready to believe that the prophecy will be correct to within a year or two. As to the strength of the Society at that time, it seems as if there is a mistake, for already we have about 400 living charters and more members. However, we shall see.

The interested reader will find much about the books of the Cumæan and other Roman Sibyls, and those of Egypt, in the article above mentioned (May 1885, *Theosophist*). It is a historical fact that the Sibylline Books were so accurate in all their fateful prophecies about the Roman state, that for over two centuries they were kept under the strict custody of *duumvirs*, until Sulla increased the number to fifteen. They were consulted only at times of great national crisis. St. Augustine (*De civitate Dei*, lib. xviii. c. 23) defends their veracious character, and the Early Fathers generally held them in reverence, as it is alleged they prophesied the advent, life, and sufferings of Jesus Christ.

Whatever the actual value of the astrologer's revelations

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to me on that Good Friday, it is the fact that they cheered us up at a time of gloom, and no doubt helped to give me the courage to go forth on my public tours of that year. Mr. T. Subba Row went with Judge P. Sreenevas Row to consult another astrologer in Madras, who also possessed a *nadigrantham*, but with most unsatisfactory results, as he tells the public in an article on "Nadigranthams and their Interpreters," which he contributed to the *Theosophist* for July 1885. He was an extremely enlightened and advanced esotericist, and his views are entitled to the most serious consideration. The astrologer visited failed in every instance to give a correct answer, and what he read or pretended to read from his book proved to be rubbish. The one case therefore offsets the other, and leaves us as far as ever from having a satisfactory answer to the question whether the Nadigranthams deserve to be held in the high repute they enjoy throughout India. But then, again, we have the verified prognostics of my astrologer, and still further, the open question of telepathy and clairvoyance. The late Mr. Judge took a hand in the discussion of the question, giving his views in an article ("The Nadigranthams") in the *Theosophist* for October 1885. He contends that my case and that of Mr. Subba Row are not identical, as I seem to have got hold of a genuine *nadi*, and the other gentleman of a false one and a tricky astrologer. "It is," he writes, "by no means proved that no nadi is trustworthy, and that at no time could they be relied on . . . . can, then, books or leaves be made or procured which may be used in the

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way pretended? I say that they can, and that there are two or more modes of doing it." He first postulates the astrologer's having the faculty of prevision or clairvoyance with which "he could have given all the details related quite easily with the aid of a few figures, letters, or verses. His second is that "it is possible to cast up certain astrological figures to be used on certain days and hours, and for certain classes of questions, from which a large number of replies and predictions can be given that would startle the average hearer, and be true not only to the past but also to the future. . . . A large number of leaves could be prepared which would enable one to make replies to any kind of question at once"—*i. e.*, at that same sitting. This again I give for what it may be worth, having no great belief in Mr. Judge's having possessed any very notable predictive power of an occult kind. The one fact that there is throughout the world at this present moment an intense and growing interest in astrology and all the "occult" sciences is sufficient excuse for my having diverged so widely from the episode of the astrologer's visit to Head-quarters, at the time with which our historical narrative is now concerned.

As I had no mind to accept blindly the revelations of the *Bhima Grantham*—the palm-leaf book in question—and as I had not had time to handle and examine it during the seance with the Telugu Brahmin, I went to Mylapore with A'nanda to hunt him up. I was allowed to examine it as closely as I chose. Any doubt I may have had about the Pandit's having befooled me with bogus leaves inter-

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calated among the others was set at rest, for every lea was unquestionably ancient and equally time-worn with the rest. My notes say: "I saw the book, handled and examined it. It contains 300 answers to questions written with an iron stylus on palm ollas, is perhaps 500 years old, and written in Telugu. There seems no doubt as to its genuineness." And yet the wonder but deepens that out of those mere 300 answers, the Pandit should have found a number relating to the history and destiny of our Society. Had these verses been waiting five centuries to be read to the right questioner when he should appear in the year 1885? It seems absurd on the face of it, yet the incidents of the interview have been truthfully reported, and my account will be corroborated, I am sure, by Mr. G. Soobbiah Chetty, now the incumbent of an influential office in the Madras Sea-customs Bureau. How, then, explain the riddle? First, fraudulent conspiracy between the Pandit and the brothers Chetty who brought him to me. But they were ignorant of facts read, or seemingly read, from the *Bhima Grantham*; for example, the private meeting at Dewan Bahadoor R. Raghoonath Row's house, the nature of our discussion, and the policy determined upon; then as to the outcome of the events at that crisis, with the fixing of the exact times of their fruition. Secondly (if the Pandit had the faculty of psychic vision), the reading by him of the pictures stored up in the "Astral Light." Thirdly, his power to compel subservient elementals to cast a glamor over the eyes of the two Telugu witnesses, to compel them to be blind to the actual writing on the

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leaves turned over, and to read there the totally different sentences about the Society and its Founders which he read out to us. Fourthly (and lastly, for I can form no other hypothesis), instead of his compelling enslaved elementals to cast the glamor over our eyes, it is conceivable that he might have been an ordinary medium, like the famed Govind Chetty, of Kumbakonum, and under the control of elementals or other entities who made him, their passive agent, see what they wished him to see, and not what was on the page before his eyes. In either case it is a very interesting problem.

The Council decided, April 18th, to finish the rebuilding of the former "Shrine Room" upstairs, which, in disgust at its defilement by the Coulomb conspirators, I had had demolished on my return from Europe, and to use it as a library, collecting together our several small stores of books. Our modest plan was very soon altered by the rapid accumulation of Sanskrit MSS. and other literature which about this time began. The Adyar Library building was soon projected and built, as we shall see later on.

Meanwhile our dear H. P. B. and party were on their way to Europe. I heard from them from each port of call, and, May 20th, their arrival at Naples and landing. They found cheap lodgings at Torre del Greco, near Vesuvius, and settled down to bear their exile as best they might.

To be able to answer one of Mme. Coulomb's shocking slanders about H. P. B. having been the mother of illicit offspring at Cairo, I sent for a respectable Tamil woman who had helped nurse H. P. B. throughout her dangerous

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illnesses of February, and, of course, had had to discover her exact physical state. As might have been expected by all who knew H. P. B.'s character intimately, the *ayah* affirmed and declared her willingness to go into court and testify that her late mistress had never been a mother. She even went so far as to say that whatever marriage she had contracted must have been a merely nominal one. Adult readers will understand my meaning.

At about this time news was received from Paris that our sole surviving French Honorary Fellow, Alphonse Cahagnet, was dead. He and the late Baron Du Potêt were our only two, and both were distinguished authorities in psychical science. The first book of Cahagnet's that I read was his *Celestial Telegraph*, which appeared in its English translation at New York in about the year 1851 It was almost the first of my reading about the clairvoyant faculty and modern ecstatical visions of the world of spirits. Unfortunately I never had the chance of conversing with its honest and enthusiastic author, but he sent me his photograph and that of his wife, the ecstatic "Adèle," which I keep hanging in my private rooms. Not a visitor has ever guessed that the heavy-bodied peasant woman of the picture was even a clairvoyant at all, let alone that soaring visionary whose soul-flights through space took her to supernal planes, where she was swallowed up in a great blinding light, that drove back the less ethereal clairvoyants whom Cahagnet sometimes set to watching her in her upward progress. Elsewhere, when writing on the subject of clairvoyance, I have quoted from Cahagnet's book his

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description of the agony felt by him on finding himself powerless to draw Adêle's soul back into her body when she felt so merged in the spirit sphere as to declare she should never re-enter the "corpse" that seemed so repugnant to her. He tells us that the body began to even change color like a real corpse, and show the preliminary signs of decomposition; while he, in the greatest distress and fear, vainly brought his strongest will to bear upon her soul to come back, and not leave him to be perhaps tried for murdering the adored wife of his bosom. Poor man! his plight is one that many have, and anyone may, experience. The last resource that he employed was prayer to God, which succeeded. Of course it would in the case of a man of his temperament, for by praying he raised his consciousness and yearning to the celestial levels on which Adêle was functioning, and so got into touch with her as he could not by the mere use of his brain-power. If one sets out to chase a bird, one must get bird's wings and fly after it; to walk on the ground will be useless.

In pursuance of the policy of propaganda adopted by the Council, I left Madras, May 9, for Vellore, in company with Messrs. R. Raghoonath Row, P. Sreenevas Row, C. Ramiah, and L. V. V. Naidu. Addresses were delivered by the Dewan Bahadur in Tamil, and myself in English. The Councillors returned to Madras, but Doraswamy kept on with me. Our next station was Arcot, where we reorganized the local Branch, then in that sort of compulsory pralaya because of the transfer to other stations of active members in Government service, which is so often happen-

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ing throughout India. We went to Arnee next, where a new Branch was organized; thence to Chittoor, where there was prepared for our delectation much music, many fragrant garlands, and a procession of the 90 boys in the Sanskrit school that our Branch had formed. At 8 P.M. on the 17th we started for Madras and got home the following morning. The results of this short tour were:—1 Branch revived, 1 new one formed, 10 new members admitted, and the T. S. movement put on a healthy footing throughout that district.

Another short tour began on the 21st when I started for Madura, where a lecture was given and two candidates admitted to membership. "But for the Coulomb blight," says my Diary, "the number would have been from 20 to 30." Yet the visit stopped the retrograde tendency, and the two men gained being of influential standing, I felt that we had done well. At Trichinopoly my audiences were large, especially that in an inner court of the ancient Sreerangam Temple, where the people massed in thousands. As on the occasion of my visit in 1882, the scene was most picturesque and striking, the dark-skinned multitude and the massive stone walls, huge gateway and carved monolithic columns being lit up by hundreds of torches, and the Brahmin priests with their snowy cloths thrown up into dazzling whiteness in the glare. With this picture vivid in my mind I left at 1.30 that same night for Tanjore. My first public discourse there was given at the Reading Room; my second, in the vast open enclosure of the Temple, standing on the plinth of the colossal Bull, a monster measuring about twelve feet from the ground to

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its shoulder in the sitting posture. One feels dwarfed in such an environment, and as I stood with the Bull beside me and the lofty pyramid, or *Goparam*, in front, towering up towards the sky, its numberless life-sized figures of Indian gods, goddesses, and mythological heroes brought out in high lights and deep shadows by the moonlight, the thought of the strangeness of it all rushed in upon me and gave a peculiar tone to my impromptu discourse. The sense of my American modernity, in contrast with the hoary antiquity of the temple and the race which worship in it, was overpoweringly real. A visit was paid, as usual, to the Tanjore Royal Library, once the richest literary collection in India, and even now extremely important; but it was a not too cheerful experience, for the library is but little used by scholars, since scholarship is so poorly recompensed in these utilitarian days. These repositories of the high thoughts of ancient sages are like so many granaries where the seed-corn of future harvests is kept against the time of sowing.

A little tired and used up by the heat and travel, I laid my straw mat and cotton rugs on the stone platform of the station that night and slept a deep sleep, despite hurrying trains, until 3 A.M., when I left for Kumbakonam, a two-hours' journey. I was kindly welcomed at the station, and lectured that evening at the Porter Town Hall, a fine and large room, to a very large, attentive, and appreciative audience. Kumbakonam, known as "the Cambridge of Southern India," is a centre of culture and, of course, of religious scepticism—the two going too much together.

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Naturally I attacked materialistic agnosticism, vindicated our Society's policy and record of usefulness, and defended H. P. B. as a true and brave friend of India, whose unselfish exertions on its behalf put to shame the majority of modern educated Hindus, who acted as if it were a shame, instead of an honor, to have been born in the land of the Rishis. Whether I did any permanent good is impossible to say, but most assuredly the sleepers were aroused to enthusiasm for the passing moment, and who knows what are the consequences of even a moment's awakening to the sense of duties neglected and opportunities slipping away? The next day's audience, in the same hall, were extremely demonstrative as I went on to treat Idols and Idol Worship from the side of psychological science. There were many college men present who had no clear conception of the actual process by which a mere block of stone, metal, or wood, carved into a certain conventional shape, is changed into a sort of psychic dynamo, soaked with human aura and efficacious for the production of psychological and physiological effects upon sensitive worshippers. The process is called in Sanskrit *Prana pratishtha*—the focalizing of auric power (*prana*)—and is intensely interesting to the amateur of mesmerism. Without going into details, it will suffice to say that the image goes through a process which extends over forty days and includes the withdrawing from the image of all innate impurities, and the subsequent imbuing or saturating of it with a purified human magnetism—*i.e.*, aura. Then to fix this supply, as it were, it is customary for the officiating adept, or Chief Brahmin, to prepare, or

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have engraved on a sheet of copper, a geometrical symbol, called *chakram*, into which a magic power is imparted by the concentration of the trained Will.* This copper-plate is placed under the image when fixed in its place, and there left so long as the temple stands. Now, the wiser and purer the adept-consecrator, the more real, effective, and permanent the infusion of *prana* into the image; and the more carefully the *chakram* is prepared and placed, the more lasting its efficacy as a storage-battery of divine power. One sees, from all this, that the good Bishop Heber was more or less silly in saying:—

> "The Heathen in his *blindness*
> Bows down to *wood and stone*."

In point of fact, neither is the Heathen blind, nor does he bow down to wood and stone: quite the contrary, and the average Missionary is the real blind one, since he knows nothing at all about the Powers, symbols, customs, or ceremonies which he reviles.

On to Cuddalore, my last station of this tour, where I lectured on Idols in the Temple, where I was surrounded by them; and on the 1st June I got back to Adyar, with a thankful heart for having escaped sunstroke or heat-apoplexy, and, despite the high temperature, having done so much to restore the old kindly feeling between the South Indian people and ourselves.

* *Vide* the standard Western books on Magic for an explanation of the occult connection between geometrical signs and the Powers of the Elementary kingdoms.

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CHAPTER XVIII.

FINAL DEPARTURE OF DAMODAR.

AN official tour in Northern India having been planned as part of the year's programme, I sailed for Calcutta in the French steamer "Tibre" on the 3rd June. It was a relief most blessed to get to sea and enjoy its pure, cool breezes and its ozone after my recent tour in the South, with its concomitant heat and dust, its crowds, mental anxiety, and physical strain: never did I so gladly go out from land upon the deep blue Bay of Bengal, badly as it had treated me at times. I was in the thick of the fight for the salvation of the Society, my courage and faith rising in proportion to the obstacles; and everyone will understand what must have been the physical and mental effect of this temporary escape from the strain of public work. Life seemed pouring into my body from the physical mother of all terrestrial life, the germ-hatching sea. I could well have cried out with Uhland:—

"Take, O boatman, thrice thy fee;
Take,—I give it willingly;
For, invisible to thee,
Spirits twain have cross'd with me."

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The weather fine and the sea smooth, I was well rested and refreshed by the time we reached Calcutta, on the 6th, at 5 P.M. About twenty friends met me on landing and gave me cordial welcome. A crowded meeting of the Branch was held on the next evening, and a stream of visitors kept me busy throughout each day. Instead of losing members I began to admit fresh candidates almost at once; but my first public lecturing work was fixed for Darjiling, so I took train for that mountain-cradled station on the second day. The journey occupies but twenty-five hours, and one has scarcely time to prepare his body for the change from 100° to 60° Fahrenheit before one is there. It is a most delightful little trip, provided one has good weather and is not too much delayed by landslips in the mountains.

The whole Darjiling Branch met me at the station, and with them was that excellent, philanthropical young millionaire, the late Tej Narain, of Bhagulpur, founder of the prosperous Anglo-Sanskrit College that bears his name and perpetuates his memory. He and I were old acquaintances, and the founding of this College, for the accomplishment of which act credit is largely due to Babu Ladli Mohun Ghose, L.M.S., one of our Bhagulpur members, is directly traceable to our Society's influential appeals to the Hindu heart and conscience. Tej Narain brought Sarat Chandra Dâs (the now famous Founder and Honorary Secretary of the Buddhist Text Society, a C.I.E. and Rai Bahadur for his services to Government and achievements in Philology) to see me, and many others called daily. Sarat Babu is a

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most interesting man to talk with, if one cares about Tibet and Northern Buddhism, for he knows more about them than any man in India—or outside it, for that matter. He was a teacher in Government service, in charge of a Bhutia and Sikkimese school at Darjiling, and had learned a good deal of the Tibetan language, when the idea came to him to try the feat, which has baffled so many European explorers, of reaching Lhassa, the mysterious Tibetan capital. In the character of a Pandit and Indian doctor he went and actually succeeded; not only that, but he brought back with him many Tibetan versions of early Buddhistic books and a very complete knowledge of the Tibetans, their Lamas, religious ceremonies, and holy days, not to speak of the geography of Tibet between the Indian frontier and Lhassa, his notes on which had to be collected with the greatest care and preserved with the greatest cunning. For example, as he could not use a surveyor's chain, he counted distances by telling the beads of his rosary. His two reports to the Indian Government are highly interesting and instructive, the narrative comparing favorably with the best works of the kind by the world's most famed explorers; and, what is strange for an Oriental, they are free from bombastic exaggeration and extravagant hyperbole—*cf.* the "Mahavansa." In conversation, as confidence was established between us, he told me most interesting things about the white and black magic of the "yellow" and "red" Lamas—things which amply support the evidence of the Abbés Huc and Gabet, and of Mme. Blavatsky as well. But, being a Government servant, he seems to think that if he should

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tell the public what he told me several times and once Mrs. Besant in my company, his reputation as a scientific observer would be jeopardized and his interests have to suffer: in short, he takes the selfish view of it, and has for many years now been hiding truth because he can't afford to give it out. He actually lived thirteen months at Teshu Lumpo, in the household of the Tashi Lama, the second in rank in the Lamaic hierarchy; made the journey thence to Lhassa under favorable auspices; saw and talked with the Dalai Lama, or Supreme Pontiff, and brought back manuscripts, printed books, and other souvenirs of his memorable journey. He was good enough to give me one of the soft silken scarfs that the Tashi Lama, at a reception, laid across his hands, after the national custom, when they were held out with joined palms in reverential salutation. I have it at Adyar among our curiosities. Woven into the tissue is a picture of the Lord Buddha, seated, with his two disciples, Sariputra and Moggallana, at his right and left.

Among my frequent visitors was Babu Parbati Charan Roy, one of the best educated of Calcutta University graduates, and then holding a position of influence under Government. Like too many of his class, his feeble spiritual belief had been submerged by Western educational influences, and he was a thorough disbeliever in the future state, though always ready to discuss those questions. I am glad to say that his contact with H. P. B. and our literature eventually worked a complete change in his ideas; he became a member of our Society, and some years later published a book giving the history of his repudiation of his ancestral religion, his

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return to it, and the peace of mind and joy which this brought him.

The then young Prince of Nuddea came to see me and spent many hours in my company, seeming happy to be under the influence of one who loved his country and people. His tutor, a brilliant graduate, was another free-thinker and sceptic, so that, for all the religious good he got by it, the Prince might as well have been brought up by one of those disbelieving European tutors who have checked the pious inclinations of their young royal pupils. I could name cases if I chose or it would do the least good, but as it is, the friends of India can only grieve over the too common spectacle of heirs to ancient thrones being led out of the path trodden by their ancestors, and turned into irreligious billiard-players, pleasure-seekers, and toadies to the whites, instead of being encouraged to patronize religious men, learned scholars, and the classical literature of India which, in the good old days, shed lustre on the courts where its custodians were supported and honored. It is not the fault of the poor boys, but of the Europeanizing system under whose masterful influence they come—a system perhaps good enough for Western princes, who are not expected to shine as religious exemplars, but bad for Indian chiefs, who are called to rule over millions of unspoilt Asiatic subjects. I once visited a Rajkumar College in Northern India—*i.e.*, a school for the sons of ruling chiefs and nobles—and was taken through the rooms by the Principal, the most liberal-minded European teacher I have met. Being requested to address the lads, I tried to impress

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on their minds the responsibilities imposed upon them by the fact of their princely birth, and begged them to try to emulate the examples of Ikshavaku, Harischandra, and Dharmaputra, rather than that of some of our contemporary princes, whose hoarded wealth is wasted on flitting pleasures, and whose minds are never given to holy thoughts. I have heard since from one of those boys that my offhand remarks made such an impression on them that they formed a society among themelves, to encourage each other to be good Indian rulers and leave honored names behind them. Admitting, what is more than likely, that, for want of following up, the influence was but transitory, yet I think it was a gain to have even planted the seeds of higher ideals in those receptive boyish minds, and that the forming of their society is an indication that the adoption of such a system would be a great blessing to India. We need give no weight to the objection that it would be an evil thing to encourage these future petty sovereigns to fall into gross superstition and idolatry, for that comes from the class of persons who do not know, or, if they know, dare not reveal, that when Hinduism is read with the key of Theosophy it represents no superstition, nor does its idol-worship tend to degrade the lofty conceptions of the Supreme Being which are presented in the Gîtâ and the Upanishads. What is desirable is that, not only the Indian princes, but all intelligent Indians, should realize the dignity of the religion imparted to the Aryan race in the present Manvantara, and the real meaning of their religious stories, folk-lore fables, and carven symbols, which teach, by carefully-chosen object-

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lessons, the limitless power, wisdom, and justice of the One Divine Reality.

Damodar K. Mavalankar is one of the best-known characters in the early Indian history of the Theosophical Society, and has been frequently mentioned in the course of these memoirs. He left Adyar, while I was away in Burma, for the last time on the 23rd February 1885, for Calcutta, in the s.s. "Clan Graham," with the intention of going to Tibet *viâ* Darjiling. This was thirty-six days before H. P. B.'s own final departure for Europe. Four persons on this side of the Himâlayas had voices in this matter, of whom three were H. P. B., T. Subba Row, and Maji, of Benares: the chief agent, of course, was H. P. B., Mr Subba Row having merely some questions to be answered, and Maji some clairvoyant information to give. The name of the fourth party I shall not mention, but merely say that he is equally well known on both sides of the mountains, and makes frequent religious journeys between India and Tibet. Damodar hoped to be allowed to go with him on his return to Lhassa, though his constitution, naturally delicate, had run down from overwork, consumptive tendencies had shown themselves, and he had had some hæmorrhage. The most disquieting rumors were circulated, soon after he left Darjiling, about our dear boy's having perished in the attempt to cross the mountains. In the first week of July it was reported to me from Chumboi, Sikkim, that his corpse, frozen stark and stiff, had been found in the snows, and his clothing at a little distance. Despite the transparent improbability of his having thrown

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off his clothing in that climate merely to die, the tale was believed by many, chiefly by those who denied the existence of the White Lodge, and who wished to cast some opprobrium on us for allowing a young fanatic to sacrifice his life in so evidently vain a quest. Well, we bore it, as we did, and ever since have, similar malicious stories, with as much equanimity as we could summon. But at Darjiling, through the courtesy of Babu Saratchandra Dâs, who interpreted for me, I had a long talk with the chief of the coolies who went with Damodar from Darjiling through Sikkim, and who brought back his superfluous luggage and his pocket Diary. From this latter important document I am now tracing Damodar from Madras to the time when he sent back the coolies and passed under other protection than ours. The value of his past work and the possibly important part he may be destined to play in the future of this movement of ours, makes me think that it is as well that I should include the chief parts of the Diary in this history.

DAMODAR'S DIARY.

"*Feb. 23rd*, 1885.—In the evening embarked on the "Clan Grant" to go to Calcutta. *Feb. 24th.*—Steamer sailed before 6 in the morning. Did not suffer from sea-sickness. *25th.*—Made friends with the Doctor of the ship, who seems to be a very nice man, but to know or care little for philosophy, though he has the capacity if he would only develop it. *27th.*—Reached Calcutta at about 4 P.M.; was met at the jetty by Norendro Babu and others, whom I told about

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my illness and of the necessity for a change." [Of course, concealing the ultimate purpose of the journey. O.]

Here follow entries about his talks with friends, his visit to the local Branch, and his opinion about its activity, which was not too favorable. Then come his notes on his leaving by rail for Berhampur, where we then had about the best Branch in India, under the leadership of Babu Nobin K. Banerji, President; Babu Dinanath Ganguli, Vice-President; and Babu Satkauri Mukerji, Secretary—three as good colleagues as any man could ask for in any great public movement. After spending three days with them he moved on to Jamalpur, where we had (and still have) another Branch. I note that once in Calcutta and once at Berhampur he was recognized by persons who had seen him in their dreams, an experience that I have often had myself in different lands. The Jamalpur brothers, he says, put to him much more interesting and intelligent questions than those propounded in Calcutta, showing that they had thought deeply about the great problems of life.

"*March 8th.*—Reached Benares and went to Maji's *ashram.* Had long talks with her both morning and afternoon. She spoke about Subba Row, and told me things which he had only lately spoken to me in private. Also spoke about Bawaji and said things known only to Mme. B. and myself. Said various other startling things.

"*March 9th.*—Conversations with Maji continued. She

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spoke about the portraits of the Masters at the Headquarters and told me many surprising things. Four Benares Theosophists called in the evening. Maji's talk was very interesting and instructive. In the afternoon she told me about Subba Row's Guru and about himself.

"*March 10th.*—Commenced to take internally some medicine she prepared for me. Had private talks with her during the day. Mme. B., she says, will not die for a year or more yet. When she does, she will probably reincarnate in Subba Row's family, and reappear in public life after ten years.*

"*March 11th.*—Talks continued. In the afternoon attended a meeting of the Benares Branch. The Munsiff of Benares is President. The members are all new, but earnest and intellectual. Later, Maji showed me a portrait of her father which was precipitated after his death.

"*March 12th.*—A morning talk with her, and one at noon, entirely private, in her *gupha*,† when she discussed the plans in view and the persons concerned. She tells me startling facts and something about the future. She says that for about a fortnight I am not to go to . . . . [the personage with whom he wished to go to Tibet], but then it will be determined whether I shall proceed further.

* As neither of these prophecies has been fulfilled, we must discount all of Maji's revelations to Damodar. At one visit I myself paid her, she predicted that H. P. B. would die within two years of that time and at sea. Neither of these proved true.

† A cave such as Yogis excavate for themselves to live in. The one at Maji's was used by her father, a Yogi.

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"*March 13th.*—Left Benares at 11 A.M. Travelled all day and night. Reached Calcutta the next morning."

He spent the next fortnight in Calcutta, and his Diary records the visits exchanged and conversations held on different occasions.

"*March 30th.*—Received a telegram, through . . . . from . . . . that I might now come to Darjiling and matters would be arranged."

He left town on the 31st and got to Darjiling on the 1st April, where he was cordially welcomed by our members and became the guest of Babu Chhatra Dhar Ghose, F.T.S., one of our excellent colleagues. Three days later a representative of the personage who was leaving for Lhassa came to see him, and told him to keep himself in readiness, although the day of departure was not yet fixed. Damodar saw the agent several times, and all details were agreed upon. At last, on the 8th, the party arrived, and Damodar received his orders to start, which he did, as the following entry shows.

"*April 13th.* — Left Darjiling at 10.15 A.M., and reached Runjeet (about 11 miles) in the evening. Halted there.

"*April 14th.*—Left Runjeet about 7 A.M. Took rice (*i.e.*, broke his fast) at Tasding, about one and a half miles from Tasding Bridge. Reached Vecha, about four miles

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beyond Kalingpong, in the evening at about 6 o'clock. Halted in a cow-shed for the night.

"*April* 15*th*.—Left Vecha after morning coffee. Took *bhât* (rice) at Podaon,* where I met Babu Opendranath Mukhopadhyaya. Reached Renanga in the evening, where I sent ——'s coolie back with the pony.

"*April* 16*th*.—Took *bhât* instead of coffee the next morning, and went on without stopping to Sanangthay, about a mile beyond Dichbring. Reached there before 5 P.M. Stopped in a Bhutia house.

"*April* 17*th*.—Left Sanangthay in the morning after taking *bhât*, and got to Bhashithang in the evening at about 5. It is about two miles from Ranevon, which is on top of a hill at whose foot is this village.

"*April* 18*th*.—Left Bhashithang in the morning, after *bhât*. Reached, about 4 P.M., the river Dichoo, at the place called Doomrah, about three miles from Longboo. After crossing the river there is an ascent for about five miles before reaching the capital of the Sikkim Raja. Stopped for the night by the river.

"*April* 19*th*.—Left the river in the early morning, after *bhât*, and reached Sikkim at noon. Stopped with the . . . (the personage with whom his journey was to be made). Saw him for an hour in the afternoon. Nothing in particular said. Am to have a talk to-morrow. Had another interview with him at night. He will tell me positively

* Some of the names of places are almost illegible, Damodar having written his Diary in soft pencil, which in the course of time has got rubbed.

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to-morrow about effecting my purpose. He leaves Sikkim the day after to-morrow.

"*April* 20*th*.—Another talk with him.

"*April* 21*st*.—Saw him again to-day. I wanted to go on to Longboo, but he wants me to remain till to-morrow, when he will be a little more at leisure.

"*April* 22*nd*.—Left Sikkim in the morning at about 10 o'clock. Reached Kabi (about half a mile from Longboo) at 3 P.M. Halted there for the day. The . . . . said he had not yet fully known me, but that I am destined for some important work within the next month or two; that I must probably be a big Tibetan lama reincarnated in Tibet. The karma is great.

"*April* 23*rd*.—Took *bhât* in the morning, and proceeded on from Kabi alone, sending back my things with the coolies to Darjiling."

Here the Diary ends, and this is the last written trace of this devoted, high-minded, enthusiastic young Brahmin, whose record since joining H. P. B. and myself at Bombay is one of unbroken energy and unfaltering zeal in the cause of humanity. A nobler heart never beat in a human breast, and his departure was one of the hardest blows we ever received. As above remarked, he had almost broken down his constitution by incessant official work, and when leaving Adyar had begun to spit blood and show signs of a rapid decline. Yet, with undaunted courage, he undertook the hard journey across the Himâlayas, indifferent to the biting cold, the drifted snow, the lack of shelter and food,

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intent upon reaching the Guru whom he had first seen in his youth when lying on a sick-bed, of whom he had lost sight for many years, but whom he had recovered soon after joining the Theosophical Society, as his spiritual faculties developed and he was able to seek him in the *sukshma śarira*. What made him so devotedly attached and unswervingly loyal to H. P. B. was the discovery that this Guru was one of the Adepts behind our movement, the intimate associate of "Upasika," as he always subsequently called H. P. B. From the chief coolie of his escort I got particulars about him of great interest. After the pony was sent back to Darjiling, Damodar tried to proceed on foot up the steep acclivities of the mountain track, but his strength soon gave out, and after that the coolies carried him by turns on their backs. To conceal his connection with the Tibetan functionary who had promised his protection and aid, Damodar was ordered to go on ahead two-days' marches and then wait for the other to come up. That the junction should be unwitnessed, the coolies were ordered back to Darjiling. Damodar would not keep any more clothes than the ascetic costume he was wearing, nor any of the rice, meal, pulse, or other dry provisions with which his friends had supplied him. The most he would do was to let the chief coolie bake him a dozen *chapaties*, or unleavened pancakes. The last that was seen of him by the coolies was when, with face turned towards the Tibetan frontier, he trudged painfully on and disappeared behind a turning of the road. On their way back the coolies passed the personage who was following after our dear lad; and

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the *jemadar* heard subsequently that the junction had been effected, and the caravan proceeded on towards the pass through the mountains.

It is quite possible that Damodar's rejected clothing may have been found in the snows, for it was agreed that he should receive Tibetan dress, and be supplied with food, shelter, transportation, and all necessaries. The finding of his frozen corpse is quite another matter. That is certainly a lie. A mâyâ of his body *may* have been left there to make it appear as if the pilgrim had succumbed; but that he reached his destination safely, and has ever since been under the protection of his Guru, I have reason to believe. So far, however, as intercourse with him in the ordinary way is concerned, he might as well be dead, for he is inaccessible by post, telegraph, or messenger. Though he has written thrice to two persons in India, he has passed out of our reach as effectually as though his body had been dropped into the sea in a shotted hammock, and I have refused the most urgent requests to disclose his place of abode or the possible time of his return. This latter for the good reason that I do not know when, if ever, he will come back to us. That he will, I believe; and I should not be surprised if he came when H. P. B., reincarnated and, like himself, changed beyond all recognition, shall resume the world-work she had to drop on "White Lotus Day" in 1891. It would be too unreasonable to imagine that the Lords of Karma would keep any one of the best workers of the Theosophical movement idling about on the other planes of existence, when the cry of the suffering world for light and guidance

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is rising to their celestial abodes. Their chief desire and paramount duty is to help our human race to climb the path to the higher levels, where delusions, born of spiritual ignorance, wither away in the blaze of Wisdom like flowers bitten by a frost.

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CHAPTER XIX.

IN NORTHERN INDIA AGAIN.

I WAS loath to exchange the cool, bracing climate of Darjiling for the hot, vaporous temperature of the Plains, but I had still many hundred miles of journeying before me before my tour should be finished and I could take rest at green Adyar, with its refreshing ocean breezes and its river running just beneath my chamber window. So, after more talks with the Tibetan traveller and my other friends, more conversazioni, and a public lecture at the Town Hall, I descended the mountain to Siliguri, the junction-place of the Himâlayan Railway and the Northern Bengal, and sweltered in a temperature of 100° to a most uncomfortable extent. It suggested to me the change from the outer air on a crisp morning to that of a greenhouse. However, work had to go on all the same, and I organized the Siliguri T. S. that same evening, sat up late talking and answering the metaphysical conundrums they are so fond of putting in this country, and slept on the stone platform

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of the station as the coolest—say, rather, the least hot—place to be found.

Saidpur, the next place on the programme, was reached at noon on the 19th (June 1885), and at 6 P.M. I lectured to a very large gathering on "Theosophy and the Aryan Revival." There was another lecture on the next day and the admission of several new members, as the happy proof that the malign influence of our persecutors had not spread that far. I went next to Rajshahye *vid* Nattore, and I mention the detail merely because the distance from Nattore to my destination had to be made in a palanquin—the most ignoble of all modes of conveyance, I think, to a healthy man. Fancy yourself lying at ease on your back, smoking, reading, or dozing, in a coffin-like box carried by poles on the shoulders of six or eight undersized coolies, in a pouring rain, over a sticky clay road, twenty-eight miles in nine and a half hours; the wretched pole-bearers gasping a droning refrain the whole way, except when they would groan to excite your pity and get bakshish—and say whether I am not right. True, they are trained to it from boyhood, and at the end of such a heavy journey as this would come in to your place on the trot, but still I felt thoroughly ashamed of myself, innocent though I was of any part in the business. "Talk, talk, talk"—says my Diary—"with all the clever men in Rajshahye, including a German Professor of Physics in the local College"; and there were the usual public lecture and admissions into membership. The return transit to Nattore was even worse than the other, for, leaving at 2 P.M., we did not get there until after 2 A.M.! By that

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day noon we were back in Calcutta, and I went from the Sealdah station straight on to Bhowanipore to see Maji, who had come from Benares on a visit to Nobin K. Bannerji at his family house. I had a three-hours' talk with her through Nobin, and she told me that Damodar was then at a place four-days' journey from Darjiling. This we now see, on referring to his Diary, was not the fact; so it goes to make another point against the accuracy of Maji's revelations—for which I am sorry. I saw her daily during the fortnight that I spent in Calcutta, and was always much interested by her discourse. She was always surrounded by a small crowd of inquirers, and her answers displayed erudition and insight. Her attractive manner and sympathetic voice added to her popularity. Finally, there was that glamor of supposed mystical powers which attaches in India to every respectable yogî and yoginî, and which is a survival of the traditions of the olden times. These powers she must have had to some extent, for we have seen that on our first meeting, in 1879, before anything was known in India about H. P. B's connection with two certain Adepts, she told me things about them that she could not have learnt from third parties, and in Damodar's Diary we read how she astonished him with her revelations about Subba Row and others. It was my early enthusiasm about her that mainly caused Nobin, Dinanath, Bihari, and Shama Charan Babus to come to her as disciples, and to do so much to make her known and popular in Bengal and Behar; so that, naturally enough, I was most anxious for her reputation as a mystic to be fully sustained. If it has not, it is not my fault.

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The local Committee had me lecturing in all the quarters of Calcutta during my fortnight's stay. Among other topics given me was a defence of Hinduism against the missionary charge of gross superstition and immorality. It will scarcely be credited by those who have even a superficial knowledge of the ethical teachings of the Aryan sages, that the chief of the Scottish Mission in Calcutta had the effrontery to put in print the assertion that Hinduism tends to make its men liars and its women unchaste; yet he did this, and it fell to me to refute this outrageous calumny. To hear me, the elite of Hindu society were invited, on the 3rd July, to the house of the venerable scholar and nobleman, Raja Radhakanta Deb, Bahadur, author of the great lexicon, *Sabdakalpadruma*. I believe every local Indian scholar of note was present, and that I had no great difficulty in proving my case.

So far from encouraging untruthfulness, dissoluteness of behaviour, or any other vice, the Shastras teem with exhortations to noble conduct and the striving after the very highest ideals. Manu (VI. 92) enumerates the following "ten-fold system of virtuous duties": Contentment; abstention from injury to others, active benevolence, and returning good for evil; resistance to sensual appetites; abstinence from theft or illicit gain; purity, chastity, and cleanliness; correction of the passions; acquisition of knowledge; acquisition of Divine Wisdom; veracity, honesty, and fidelity; freedom from wrath and hatred. A little farther on he says: "Persevere in good actions, subdue thy passions, bestow gifts in a suitable manner, be

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gentle, bear hardship patiently, associate not with the malignant, and give pain to no sentient being." Again, he says (II. 239, IV. 178): "Walk in the path of good people, the path in which thy forefathers walked. Take examples of good conduct from all, as nectar is taken from poison, gentleness of speech from a child, prudent conduct from an enemy, and gold from dross." Again: "Though reduced to penury in consequence of thy righteous dealings, give not thy mind over to unrighteousness." Then, we find in the Taiteriya, the Mundaka, and the Sandilya Upanishads this injunction: "Speak the truth (*Satyam*). Truth alone conquers, not falsehood. No religion or morality is higher than truth. Nothing is higher than truth." It was hence that the Benares royal family took their motto, which, with the late Maharajah's permission, I adopted as the legend of the Theosophical Society. "Mercy is the might of the righteous," says the Vishnu Purana (I. 21), an axiom that matches the noble definition of Mercy that Shakespeare put into the mouth of Portia. And how poetical and touching is this sentiment from Hitopadesa: "A good man thinks only of benefiting all and cherishes no feelings of hostility towards anyone, even at the moment of his being destroyed by him; just as the sandal tree sheds perfume on the edge of the axe when it is being felled." Manu (VI. 47) goes so far as to say: "Being treated cruelly, do not return the cruelty. Give blessing for curses." Is there anything more noble in any other Scripture? So we might go on multiplying similar quotations from the teachings of the Aryan sages,

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to prove the cruel injustice of those who concur with the Calcutta missionary that Hindu religion is the nurse of vicious tendencies. How can such people ever hope to convert intelligent Hindus to their religion? How far the sympathies of the Indian public went with us may be judged from the fact that, whereas my public audiences ran from 1500 to 2000, only a score or so of persons, and they Christians, went to listen to an address, given after my departure by one of the ablest preachers of the missionary party, denunciatory of our views!

On the 7th July I left Calcutta for Bhagulpur, but was intercepted at Nalhati Junction by our dear brothers of Berhampore, and, so to say, compelled to diverge in their direction. Between Azimgunj and Berhampur is the Palace of the Nawab of Murshedabad, an old friend of mine; and he had arranged for me to break journey, spend part of the day with him, and dine at the Palace. I did so, and he and I had a long talk about religious and scientific matters, and parted with expressions of mutual goodwill. My reception by the friends at Berhampur was, as usual, most cordial, and my four days there were full of pleasant experiences. With one exception, however; for on the 9th we heard by telegraph from Calcutta of the sudden death of Nobin K. Bannerji, President of this Branch, of whom I have spoken above. He was to have met me at Berhampur on the 9th, but died of an attack of cholera. Among our Indian colleagues not one was more prized and beloved than he, and it is a consolation for me to know that he is likely to soon reappear in the

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ranks of our workers in a better body than he had in the last incarnation.

I reached Bhagulpur, my next station, on the 12th, and became the guest of Tej Narain, whom I have mentioned in my notes on the Darjiling visit. Here I met Babu Baidyanath Bannerji, my blind patient of Calcutta, whose sight I restored, as the reader will probably remember. Well, I found him again blind. His restored sight lasted only six months and then faded out, and the pall of black night again descended upon him. As before, a boy now led him into my presence, and he looked up into my face with that inexpressibly touching expression that one finds in the eyes of the sightless ones. I felt very sorry, and not altogether hopeful of being able to do any good. However, I drew him into the room, kept him standing, and began the same course of manipulation that I had employed so successfully two years before. I touched my finger-points to his closed eyes, sometimes those of one hand, sometimes of both; when it was the former it was the right hand that I held to the eyes, and the left was laid on the nape of the neck. Then I made passes before the eyes and the brow, and, finally, breathed gently on the eyeballs through a glass tube. All the while, of course, I was willing with my whole strength that the sight should be restored. Thus keeping on for a half-hour, I was at last rejoiced to hear him ask: "Is that a table behind you?" It was, and thenceforward and by degrees the blessed light came back into his darkened orbs, until he could at last distinguish every object in the

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room. Ah, if you could have seen the heavenly smile that spread over his features then! You would have stood there, as I did, amazed at the discovery that you had this sort of divine gift of healing, and that it needed but a few passes of your fingers and a few breathings over a blind man's eyes to draw him out of midnight gloom into the sunlight of sight, with the whole panorama of surrounding objects opened before him.

This case of Baidyanath teaches a great scientific fact, viz., that blindness, when due to suspended nerve action, may be removed by mesmeric treatment, provided that the right conditions as to mesmerizer and patient are given; that the sight, thus restored, may fade out after a time, when, presumably, the nerve-stimulus has subsided for lack of renewal; that, even after an interval of two years, the sight may be again restored and after even a very brief treatment. The reader will recollect that when Badrinath (or Baidyanath) Babu was first treated by me at Calcutta and elsewhere, after ten treatments he was able to read fine print with one eye and see a bed of flowers at some distance with the other. On this second occasion, two years later, I made it possible for him, after a bare half-hour's treatment, to read the smallest type in a newspaper and, of course, to distinguish every object within the range of ordinary vision. It is true—as I learned subsequently—that his sight failed him a second time, but only after twice the number of months that it had before. This made me believe that if I could have had the patient under constant treatment for, say six

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months, the optic nerves would have been restored to normal function and the cure completed. The lesson to professional healers is that they should never despair if there should be a relapse after a first success. Moreover, they should note that, whereas the confidence of the patient may have been shaken by the loss of sight after the first operation, it can be restored in spite of that, with one-tenth the trouble as before. The *sine quâ non* is that there shall be no lesion in the nerves, for that makes a break that can never be mended.

At Jamalpur, when lying in bed one morning, I had my first experience of an earthquake, and it was curious. It seemed to me as if the house were solid but built on a stratum of bog, or jelly, which was all of a quiver, like the generous paunch of St. Nicholas when he was laughing—if we may believe the famous Christmas poem! While it lasted, my memory recalled sundry stories of historical earthquakes, and I was not sure whether the house would not tumble about my ears; still I thought I might as well take the chances where I was, as to rush outdoors and perhaps drop down some crack.

Among the topics of discourse given me here by the local Committee was: "Theosophy not antagonistic to Hinduism." On thinking it over, I invented a new plan. Among the members of the Bhagalpur T. S. was the late Pandit Nityânand Misra, a most excellent man and capable Sanskrit scholar, who had come to Jamalpur with me. So I arranged with him that he should sit beside me at the lecture, I should go on and make my points one by one,

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should pause after each, and he should then rise, repeat some sloka of Gitá without a word of comment, and then sit down, and I would go on to my next stage. Both he and I spoke extemporaneously—*i.e.*, without notes or any defined plan previously agreed upon—and this made all the more interesting and striking his flexibility of mind and thorough familiarity with his national literature. The effect on the audience may be guessed.

At Bankipur I was kept up to a very late hour, the day of arrival, by visitors, and on retiring I sank into one of those deep sleeps which I can always get when there is nothing else to do, and which brace me up for the wearisome round of a travelling tour. At the College, the next day, I had a very crowded audience, including several hundred students, the ones I most love to address. One of the Professors, an English gentleman, was good enough to preside, and his boys were particularly enthusiastic. The Principal, however, moved by an unreasoning prejudice, refused the hall for the second lecture, and the Committee had to make other arrangements. If these narrow-minded men could only realize how they weaken their personal influence with their pupils by these futile attempts to do us harm; how, in fact, they largely increase their sympathy and their enjoyment of our discourses on the national literature and religion, surely they would not be so tactless as they usually are. Not one of them ever heard a theosophical lecturer say one word that was opposed to good morals, or that had the slightest tendency to make his or her hearers worse than they are; quite the contrary: yet they go on nourishing hatred against

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us, and vainly trying to belittle our strong influence in every way by word and action. Poor creatures, they might as well try to pull the stars out of the sky! While they are dreaming their impotent dreams of malice, the influence of Theosophy is travelling the whole earth, like a thrill of electric force that might run around the planet. One has to come to India to realize how a whole community of European people can become steeped in besotted prejudice against us. Their own relatives at home throng Mrs. Besant's lectures, buy our books, take in our magazines, and join our Branch Societies; but these hold themselves aloof, and use the name of our dear H. P. B. as a word to curse by. More's the pity, for I am perfectly sure that it would only need the aid of some ardent society man, like the late Samuel Ward, or society woman, like some I know of in our European and American Branches, to bring around nine-tenths of the community. But then we public speakers should have to lecture to them and such few of the higher-class Hindus as they might choose to invite, or to confine our talks to their drawing-rooms where no ordinary Hindu is welcomed. In a word, the color line is drawn across the gateway of almost every Anglo-Indian bungalow, and our obliviousness to this fact is one of the strongest causes of our unpopularity. One could see, when Mr. and Mrs. Sinnett and Mr. Hume were introducing us into Anglo-Indian society at Simla, that there were no insuperable obstacles between them and ourselves, and that if we could run in their grooves we might in time become quite friendly. But this we could never do, for that would

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mean almost cutting ourselves adrift from Hindu society; and so we must go on as hitherto, close to the hearts of the Indians and far away from the other community, our blood relations and nearest of kin in the flesh—of this incarnation. It seems a pity, but we can't help it; for one reason, that we can neither afford the money that we should have to spend in society, nor the time that would have to be consumed in visiting and going to "functions of sorts" to keep up acquaintances.

At Benares, Pandit Bhavâni Shankar Ganesh—then doing duty as one of our Branch Visitors—joined me for the rest of the tour throughout the N. W. P. We took boat on the Ganges to pay a visit to Maji's *ashram*, to which she had returned from her Calcutta visit. We were caught in a heavy downpour of rain and well wetted.* In

* By an interesting coincidence, just after the above had been sent to the printer, I read in the *Indian Mirror* of a very recent date the following obituary notice of this remarkable woman:—

"We are much concerned to hear of the passing away from this worldly plane of the venerable lady, known to the numerous visitors to the holy banks of the Baruna at Benares, and to the wide circle of her admirers, as *Majee*, the *Mother*. In every respect the deceased lady was a remarkable personality. She was a Sanskrit scholar, and something of an adept in occult studies. She was easily accessible, and all those who had the privilege of close acquaintance with her, literally worshipped her as a divinity. *Majee* was one of the few who thoroughly believed in, and testified to, the mission of the late Madame Blavatsky, and bore testimony to the existence of the Great Teachers who have done so much for the propagation of Theosophical truths in the world."

Maji was a Guzerati Brâhmini by caste, but spoke other Indian languages, including Sanskrit, fluently. She was a thorough Vedantin, and of a very cheerful temperament.

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the afternoon H.H. the old Maharajah of Benares presided at my lecture at the Town Hall, and the notorious Raja Siva Prasad interpreted; which did *not* give satisfaction to the better part of the audience, as he indulged in remarks of his own, adverse to my views. At the close, that ripe scholar and ex-professor at the Anglo-Sanskrit College, Babu Pramada Dasa Mitra, made a very dignified and acceptable speech in moving the vote of thanks. He was my Chairman the next day at a lecture to Indian Youth, in the course of which I gave a summary digest of the Six Schools of Indian Philosophy, and which caused an orthodox Hindu gentleman to call on me next day and say that I had now brought the orthodox community to realize that our Society was not a mere Buddhist propaganda. He said I was to be elected a member of the Sanskrit Club, which held daily sessions to recite and discuss Shastras.

We next moved on to Mirzapur, at the request of the Maharajah of Durbhunga, then stopping there at one of his many palaces. He sent Col. Jung Bahadur, of Nepal, and Babu Juggul Kissore, his own Political Agent, to meet us at the station and see us housed, and later in the day came and took me for a drive and a three-hours' talk. We spent two days with him, and before leaving he expressed his great appreciation of our Theosophical movement, which, he said, he felt sure was destined to do immense good to his country. He then handed me a Government Promissory Note for rs. 1000, which sum, he said, I might count on his giving us annually. This was done without the slightest preliminary expectation on my part, and I felt

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very grateful indeed. How he kept his promise will be shown in due time.

On to Fyzabad next, where there are almost as many wild monkeys swarming over the house and shop roofs as there are people in the place. And pestiferous creatures they are: they will dart into your very room and snatch and run off with any fruit, article of dress or toilet, or any other loose and portable object that may be lying about. One tall chap sneaked at night into my servant Babula's window, carried off his trousers, leaped across the narrow street to the roofs, called his friends together, and went to biting and tearing the garment, out of sheer mischief.

At my lecture here the very large audience was swelled by the presence of some two or three dozen Europeans—an unusual circumstance. H.H. the Rajah of Ayodhya, the ancient kingdom of Srî Râma, came to call on me, as did also a number of Pandits and a Committee with the usual address and garlands.

On the 29th July I rose at 3 A.M., crossed the swollen Ghogra River in an open boat in a heavy rain-storm, took train, and reached Gorakpur at 7 in the evening. Here, as at all the Northern stations, there were long discussions on the Coulomb-Missionary case, the putting of questions, the showing of letters and papers by me, an invitation of full inquiry, and the re-establishment of confidence and good feeling between us. A tour of this kind seems to acquire a sort of spiritual force as it goes on, which follows and surrounds the lecturer, making him increasingly confident and influential, and more and more able to drive

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back hostile currents that may be flowing into his vortex. I fancy this has not occurred to all the travelling representatives of our Society; they may have felt the power without having stopped to analyze its cause. To get at that, one must look on the next higher plane of consciousness above this one of our everyday world.

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CHAPTER XX.

PROGRESS OF THEOSOPHY IN INDIA.

ON my fifty-third birthday (August 2nd, 1885) I reached Bara Banki, the home of that most esteemed, able, and honorable colleague, Babu Parameshri Das, where I lectured, admitted new members, and encouraged despondent old ones. Thence on to Lucknow, former capital of the Kings of Oudh, one of the immoral sinks of India where, on the whole, spirituality seems drowned in animalism, though there are many bright exceptions. We were received at the station by committees of the Kashmiri National Club, Bengali Club, Rafiam Association (a Mahomedan body), and our local Branch. They put me up in the Kaiserbagh, or King's Pleasure Garden, a great park full of palaces and kiosks, and surrounded by a quadrangle of houses which were formerly occupied by the princesses and other women of the royal harem. From all accounts this must have been the scene of debauched pleasures hard to parallel. The late King used to have all sorts of sports for his amusement, some of a most immoral character in which his

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women folk played their parts. His life flowed on in a current of ignoble recreations, until he and his kingdom and all the paraphernalia of licentiousness were swept away by the thunder-burst of the Mutiny tragedy and the success of the British arms. It needs no great gift of clairvoyance to picture to oneself those ribald scenes as one sits at an open window, looking out on the square, with its artistic buildings, its close-shaven lawns, and meandering walks bathed in the tropical moonlight. Fancy brings them all back, and one cannot refrain from being thankful that this cesspool of animalism has been purged by the inrush of a purer and nobler civilization.

Almost as soon as I arrived I received a shock in the calmly announced fact that the local Committee of our Branch had engaged that I should give a public lecture the next day on the subject of "Islam." I was in a pretty fix when I found out that there was no escape, as the posters and handbills were already issued, and the whole Mussulman public were to be present. The novelty of a white man being about to lecture in a friendly spirit about their religion was, doubtless, an irresistible attraction. I could have given the Committee a good thrashing, for I had then no more than the slight knowledge of the subject which one gets in the course of his general reading, and I felt very reluctant to speak before so critical an audience as awaited me. Escape being out of the question, however, I borrowed a copy of Sale's *Koran* and another Mahomedan book, and sat up all night to read them. Here I found the immense advantage of Theosophy, for, as I read, the key to

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the exoteric teachings helped me to grasp all that lay between the lines, and light was shed upon the whole system. I think I never before realized so fully its incomparable value as an interpreter of religious systems. On entering the huge Baradari, or Royal Pleasure Hall, I found it packed with an audience which included most of the notable Mahomedans of the place, together with some hundreds of educated Hindus. I treated the subject not as a professor of the religion but as an impartial Theosophist, to whom the study of all religions is equally interesting, and whose chief desire is to get at the truth beneath them and boldly announce it without fear or favor. Some good genius must have inspired me, for, as I proceeded, I seemed to be able to put myself in Mahomed's place, to translate his thoughts and depict his ideal, as though I were "a native here, and to the manner born." I could see this inspired camel-rider incarnating where he did, to work out a tremendous Karma as the Founder of one of the mightiest religious movements in history. The audience were certainly aroused to a pitch of enthusiasm, for they gave it tumultuous expression, and the next day a Committee waited on me with an address of thanks, in which every blessing of Allah was invoked for me, and the wish was expressed that their children knew "one-tenth as much about their religion" as I did. Ye gods! how cheaply a reputation is sometimes made. From this experience I venture to say that an intelligent Theosophist is better qualified than any other man to take up the study of any given religion, and will be more likely to get at its inner

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meaning than the most learned philologist who has sought the key only in the crypt of his rationalistic mind. This recalls a most amusing experience at my first public lecture in London about a dozen years ago. I had gone on, in what I thought a very unpretentious way, to explain Theosophy as I understood it, and incidentally cited ideas from some of the ancient religious works. The house was packed, galleries and all, and great good feeling prevailed until the close. Then began the usual "heckling" with questions that every lecturer in Great Britain has to face, and which kept me busy for a full three-quarters of an hour. On the whole this cross-questioning is good, for it tends to draw out points which may have been overlooked by the speaker. Just when it seemed as if the ordeal was finished and the audience might be allowed to disperse, a man in the right-hand gallery cried in a loud voice: "Mr. Chairman, I should like to know how it comes that Colonel Olcott has such a general knowledge of all the Eastern religions, when I have studied one of them more than twenty years without getting to the bottom of it." Of course it was a foolish question, an exhibition of mere pique, since I had made no pretence whatever to *knowing* all or even one of the ancient cults, but many years' residence in the East and personal intercourse with learned Asiatics had certainly given me some chance to learn about the spirit and meaning of the various Scriptures. I was just about to say that much, but was saved the trouble, for instantly another voice from the opposite gallery shouted out the word "Brains!" and the whole house burst into

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a roar of laughter. The chair dismissed the audience, and amid the confusion we could see the indiscreet questioner waving his hands and saying things that were lost in the hubbub. I felt greatly grieved on learning later that the gentleman was one of the best-known Orientalists of Europe, and that he was so annoyed by his discomfiture as to conceive a violent hatred for myself and the Society—both absolutely innocent of offence!

On the three remaining days of my stay in Lucknow I gave public lectures and private addresses to our Branch and other bodies. By the former I was put through a searching inquiry into the pros and cons of the Coulomb case, but was able to remove all doubts, and left our people in good spirits on our departure from the station.

On the 8th August we reached Bareilly in a drenching downpour of rain, our colleagues, Messrs. Cheda Lal, Piari Lal, and Gyanendra Nath Chakravarti receiving us at the station, with the water dripping from them as though they had been out in a surf-boat. A malicious busybody had done his best to foment suspicion against us at this station, and I underwent a very stiff examination, happily with entirely satisfactory issue. Mr. Chakravarti was one of several of our leading Indian members to write H. P. B. that I had saved the Society in India by making this tour, as I had cleared away doubts, enlisted public sympathy, and restored strength to the movement. And why should not I, considering the Powers that were gathered behind us and going forth with us to touch the popular heart? It would have been a black time for me if I had forgotten that for one

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moment. But I never did; not for an instant did my faith and confidence in the Masters waver, never once did the idea of possible defeat enter my mind. That was my shield and buckler; that my tower of strength. Those who were for us were an hundred times stronger than those who were against us. On the heels of the Coulomb disaster we chartered seventeen new Branches within that year: let the reader take note of the mystical number. Neither at Bareilly, nor Moradabad, nor Meerut, nor at any other station included in my long programme, did the heavy rains of the wet season prevent my having full, even crowded audiences; though it must be admitted that the watery elementals seemed somehow to be leagued together to help me. It happened so often as to be remarked by many that, by some mysterious chance, the pouring showers would hold up just when it was time to go to my lectures, recommence while the audience was safely housed, and cease again when they had to leave for home. We all know about Queen's weather, so why should there not be some similar provision by benevolent storm-spirits to help their friend and expositor of the Theosophical Society? I leave the conundrum to answer itself, meanwhile just noting a fact that came under the personal observation of many intelligent witnesses.

At each of the stations mentioned in the foregoing paragraph, there were the like questionings and clearings up of doubts, the same lecturings, admissions of candidates, strengthening of Branches. We got to Cawnpore on the 16th, and were most kindly received and entertained by our

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staunch and tried friend Capt. A. Banon, F.T.S., then with his regiment there. This is the gentleman who—it will be remembered—so valiantly backed us up against the travelling calumniator, the Rev. Joseph Cook, and caused him to run away as fast as he could to the other side of India, to escape meeting me in public and making good the malicious slanders he had uttered. In all these years this gifted yet eccentric man has remained our loyal supporter, a friend such as an Irish gentleman of good family always proves himself to be. His holding an army commission and being in a military mess unsympathetic to Theosophy, did not weigh a feather's weight with him, as it does with so many; he drove me about, took me to the mess, and was conspicuous at my lecture. In short, he displayed the same quality of moral courage that Sir William Crookes has just shown so nobly as President of the British Association.

My lecture at Cawnpore was delivered in the theatre, a long, narrow room which seems to me full of the most disagreeable influences: if it had been the scene of a massacre it could not have been worse. To make it still more unpleasant, the Committee followed the detestable custom of giving all the front seats to the most unsympathetic class, the Anglo-Indians, Eurasians, and Native Christians—the latter, low-caste people, of course, in nine cases out of ten. This made a wall of aura right across the room, through which I had to force my own auric current to reach my friends and sympathizers. One can't help getting sensitive to these influences after awhile; a sort of finer sense of

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their quality, or perhaps we should say polarity, becomes developed, and in such instances as this one has to concentrate all one's will to break down and burst through this cross current, so to speak. The phenomenon is confined to India, and is due to the silent, yet irresistible auric antipathy of races: take either alone and one does not feel it, but bring them together, and at once there comes this note of discord. I got over it in this way: I placed myself opposite the aisle, the weakest point in the barrier, and pulling myself together, projected my current towards the Hindu majority until they and I were blended together in magnetic unity. The reality of this law of mutual attraction and repulsion has been too often felt and mentioned by public speakers and actors to be open to question, and anyone who has not discovered it experimentally can hardly be called spiritually sensitive. Cases have been recorded where one single person in an audience has drawn to himself or herself by an irresistible power the attention of the speaker, and actually compelled him, as it were, to address his speech or play his part to him or her. On the next evening I obliged the Committee to reserve the front seats of the left side of the aisle for Hindus and get them filled very early; and when I began speaking, I stood at that side of the stage, thus presenting my strongest, *i.e.*, most positively magnetic, side to the least sympathetic part of the audience. Thus all went well.

Among our friends at Allahabad as much unrest had been created by the Coulomb-Missionary conspiracy against our Society as at any station in India. Certain agents had been

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very active in sowing distrust, and I had my work cut out for me; but I had a good case, and all came out right in the end. With Mr. Janaki Ghosal I went to pay my respects to Swami Madhavdas, an English-speaking ascetic who is much respected. Curiously enough, he is the author of a compact compilation of *Sayings of the Grecian Sages*, in whose wisdom he found the echo of the teachings of the wise men of his native country. He was good enough to lend me the MS. to read, and allow us to publish it for him, or for his disciples rather, for a man of his sort abstains from meddling in worldly concerns. Among my interrogators about the H. P. B. case was a clergyman named Hackett, who came with an armful of books and pamphlets, with his points all marked. I was very pleased with his courtesy and evident fair-mindedness, and gave him as much time as he required to go to the bottom of the business: he stopped three hours and we parted the best of friends. When I left for Jubbulpore the next day he was at the station to see me off. I wish all Missionaries were like him: but then all Missionaries are not gentlemen.

At Jubbulpore I presided at the anniversary celebration of the Sanskrit school founded by our local Branch, and which is,—thanks to the unflagging devotion of Kalicharan Bose—still flourishing. This is but one of at least a score of Sanskrit schools that our people have started, but in too many cases the others have been abandoned because of the lack of that peculiarly necessary quality of stubborn perseverance in their promoters. Not one would have failed if it had been under good European management. I am sorry

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to say it, yet the Hindu is enthusiastic, loving, and faithful, but in public affairs he is at his best only when under the lead of colleagues of the more practical race. A contrast to Mr. Hackett was the character of a clique, comprising a Padri of the C. M. S., a pretended Christian doctor, and some other alleged Christians (I can't recognize them as followers of Christ because of their narrow prejudices and intolerance) who attended my second lecture and tried to create disturbance at the close. Seeing their tactics, I refused to let them address my large audience, advising them to hire a hall for themselves and say what they liked. The next day they sent me a challenge to "do a miracle" under conditions of their own prescribing! Poor creatures, let them read their Bible's description of their prototype: "Wiser in his own conceit than seven men who can render a reason." The wheel of Karma must turn many times before they can be fit to even clean a lamp in the hut of a pupil of a Master of Wisdom.

My route turned towards the West through the Central Provinces, Hoshangabad and Nagpur being my objective points. I don't know why, but from Jubbulpore onward I seemed to be passing through a better atmosphere; the dark distrust, wavering courage, and captiousness which had beset me in the N. W. P., and which I had had to dispel, were absent from this part of my circular journey. Friendly hands were offered, kind words spoken, ears opened to hear my message, and many loyal friends and well-wishers made. The Government rest-house at Hoshangabad is most beautifully situate on the banks of the Nerbudda River, and the

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scene, when I stood in the bright moonlight on the top platform of the bathing ghât, addressing a multitude, was most poetic and picturesque. Among my visitors were a number of Europeans in Government employ, and they attended both of my lectures. An even more warm welcome was given me at Nagpur, where the moving spirit was Mr. C. Narainswamy Naidu, the principal pleader of the place, since unfortunately deceased, but from that time onward to the last, one of the most useful, wise, and loyal members of our Society. At his house I formed the Nagpur T. S., with himself as President, and as Chairman of the monster audience which packed the theatre to hear me discourse on "The Aryan Rishis and Hindu Philosophy." He laid over my shoulders, after the old Hindu fashion, a crimson embroidered *chadda*, or shawl. An interesting incident which happened on that evening will be remembered by the spectators. In the midst of my discourse there suddenly broke into the dead silence one of those raucous, uncanny cries that epileptics utter at the beginning of their seizures. The whole audience rose to their feet and anxiously looked towards the right, where a man stood beating the air, his face convulsed with an expression of agony, and the next moment fell to the floor. He had hardly touched the ground before I sprang from the stage, pushed my way to him, took his forehead and the nape of his neck between my hands, breathed on his face, and concentrated my will upon his disease. In less than a couple of minutes his moanings ceased, the fit passed off, somebody gave him a sup of water, he rose and passed out of the house. Then I

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climbed back to the stage and took up the thread of my argument. This simple experiment showed, for the thousandth time, that epilepsy, one of the most formidable of afflictions under orthodox treatment, is quite amenable to the well-directed power of the mesmeric aura. I hope it may be remembered by all who have the power and the wish to help suffering humanity.

We reached Bombay on the morning of September 3 and were affectionately welcomed. Among other visits I paid one to Tookaram Tatya at his Bandora country-house, where we dined together in Hindu fashion. Tookaram was a man of the Sudra caste, and, like all intelligent persons of his rank, felt the pressure of the higher castes galling to him. To get rid of this in a measure, at least in his own mind, he had got me to obtain the permission of the High Priest Sumangala to give him the Pancha Sila and admit him as a Buddhist. At the same time, in view of the certain ostracism of his family by Hindu society if he openly seceded, he kept his status among them, and in later years, when Mrs. Besant's open profession of Hinduism and defence of the Aryan caste system turned the tide backward, I believe he reverted to his hereditary faith with much zeal. At any rate, of late years I heard no more about his Buddhism. After giving one lecture at Framji Cowasji Hall to a large audience, I passed on to Poona with our colleague the late Mr. Ezekiel, a member of the great Jewish family of the Sassoons and an ardent Kabbalist. At his house I met a Rabbi Silbermann, of Jerusalem, and his wife. They were put up in one half of a detached small bungalow in Ezekiel's

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compound; he, an old and feeble man, with a middle-aged, bright wife and a Hebrew maid-servant. He wore the Oriental costume, as also did Mr. Ezekiel Senior, who lived in the other half of the little house. I was wearing the cool cotton Hindu dress which I find so much more comfortable than our tight European costume in the Tropics, and which I should always wear if the Salvationists had not vulgarized it so effectually. The old gentleman and I were sitting alone together one day, he watching me so closely that I thought something must be wrong about my dress, but he soon undeceived me. Beckoning me mysteriously into his bedroom, he took from a press a complete Jewish costume—turban, gabardine, and all such as he himself wore—and asked me to put them on. When I had done so, he led me by the hand along the verandah to the adjoining rooms, intimating that he was going to pass me off as a Jew. Entering into the spirit of the joke, I gravely saluted the Jerusalem family after the Eastern fashion, and was led by my guide across the room to a chair. The aged Rabbi was sitting on a mat to the left of the door, and on my unexpected entrance saluted me with great respect, pronouncing the special form of words used when greeting a Jerusalem rabbi. He then began putting me a lot of questions in Hebrew, and refused to believe that I was a mere Gentile, when young Ezekiel, laughing heartily at his bewilderment, told them who I was. No, he insisted that my nationality was too evident, and would go on with his Hebrew cross-questioning until the facts had been reiterated to him over and over again. His wife, sitting in a rocking-

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chair over against the side wall of the room, with her maid on the floor at her feet, looked me over most scrutinizingly, and confirmed her husband in his belief as to my Hebraic origin. "Why," said she to the maid, "who can deny it? See, has he not the *shekinah*?" meaning the shining aura, the *tejas* as the Hindus call it. Both the Ezekiels were immensely amused at the success of the old gentleman's trick, and it was gravely proposed that Mr. Ezekiel Senior and I should be photographed together in the costume, as a souvenir. But my stay at Poona was too brief to allow of its being done. I lectured once in town on "Aryan Morals," with the eminent Mr. Ranade in the chair; and once at Ferguson College to 1000 Hindu boys, on "Education." The leading Native gentlemen were present. To illustrate my idea of what bad education is, I turned to the nearest student and took from him his Geography and glanced at the portion allotted to India. I found that to the whole of Asia—India, Burma, Siam, Ceylon, China, and Japan—were given only seventeen pages of description, while to the United Kingdom something over forty pages! Of course, I said, it is most evident that the compilers of this book thought it quite useless for Indian youth to know anything about their own native land, its history, products, capabilities, etc., but indispensable that they should know about every English county, its resources, population, industries, towns, and villages, so that they might be prepared to make a pedestrian tour over there. What nonsense to call that an enlightened system of education!

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The last public event during my stay was a lecture at Hirabâg, the picturesquely placed Town Hall, on "Karma and Kismet," after which I left the station for Hyderabad, the Nizam's capital.

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CHAPTER XXI.

PHENOMENAL MEMORIES OF PANDITS.

THE Nizam's Hyderabad, as it is called, to distinguish it from Hyderabad, Sind, is one of the most distinctively Asiatic cities in India. It has a picturesqueness and artistic interest in strong contrast with other large towns, especially the Presidency capitals. The streets are alive with fighting men armed and equipped like the figures in an illustrated edition of the *Arabian Nights*, elephants and camels are seen in processions, the stamp of Orientalism is upon every shop in every bazaar, and life goes on in the ancient fashion with little coloring by Western influence. At the same time, Hyderabad is one of the worst centres of dishonesty and immorality, as bad as Lucknow; bribery and corruption are said to be rife, and public mal-administration to be the normal condition of things. Yet, despite all this, there has been a centre of Theosophical work there for many years, and a few earnest souls have kept the torch burning amid the spiritual gloom. All honor to them!

I reached this place on the 11th September (1885) at

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4.30 P.M., and received the usual welcome, with an address and garlands, and had to make the expected reply. An American colleague was quite right in saying in a recent letter that, with my keen sense of humor, it must often sorely tax my powers of self-restraint to listen to some of the fantastically extravagant panegyrics that are read to me on arrival at Indian stations. It would be simply impossible if it were not for my knowledge of the heartfelt sincerity that is usually covered over by these perfumed garlands of compliment. There is a voice of the soul which makes one pay no heed to mere speech, and which stirs up the responsive emotion in one of my nature.

On the day following my arrival I had the good fortune to witness a display of that superlative mnemonic training of which India affords so many examples. The reader will find in the *Theosophist* for January 1886 an article by myself on "Some Aspects of Memory," which, besides a general inquiry into the subject, covers also a report on the Hyderabad experiments under notice. Thirteen years having elapsed, it may be as well to recall the marvellous details in the present connection. I shall therefore reprint the certificate which the spectators handed to the Brahmin Pandit: it reads as follows:—

"HYDERABAD (DECCAN), *the 14th September* 1885.

"The undersigned have much pleasures in certifying to the following intellectual achievement by Vedanta Dasigachárya of Theruvellur, Madras Presidency, of which they were eye-witnesses.

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"The Acharya, having arranged ten of us in two lines, simultaneously kept in mind and did the following eleven things:—

"I. Played a game of chess, without seeing the board.

"II. Carried on a conversation upon various subjects.

"III. Completed a Sanskrit sloka from the first line given.

"IV. Multiplied five figures by a multiplier of four figures.

"V. Added a sum of three columns each, of eight rows of figures.

"VI. Committed to memory a Sanskrit sloka of sixteen words—the words being given him out of their order, and at the option of the tester.

"VII. Completed a "magic square," in which the separate sums in the several squares added up to a total named, whether tried horizontally or vertically.

"VIII. Without seeing the chess-board, directed the movements of a knight so that it should make the circuit of the board within the outline of a horse traced on it, and enter no other squares than those.

"IX. Completed a second magic square with a different number from that in the above-named.

"X. Kept count of the strokes of a bell rung by a gentleman present.

"XI. Committed to memory two sentences in Spanish, given on the same system as No. VI., and correctly repeated the same at the end.

"As a study in mnemonics this was a most instructive experiment. The Acharya has, it seems, acquired the power of creating in his mind, for each of the several things he does,

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a separate mnemonic point, or thought-centre, and around this forces the ideas relating to it to cluster and group themselves."

Signed by H. S. Olcott, Bezonji Aderji, G. Raghoonath, M. Raghunayekaloo, A. T. Muthukistna, Darabji Dossabhoy, Hanumant Row, Bhimaj Raojee, and Iyaloo Naidu—all members of our Society.

The plan is for the Pandit to go around the group of testers one by one, as many times as may be necessary to complete the mental tests, doing with each, each time, one part of the whole mental task set him by that person. Thus, with the first, he will think out and order one move in the game of chess; with the second, follow his lead in the conversation which is meant to disturb his mnemonic labors; to the third, dictate one line of the desired Sankrit poetry; to the fourth, name the first part of the quotient, etc., etc. He would thus have to fix in his mind every fact related to the result expected by each of his testers, and at the close reel off the final results without error. From me he took from dictation the two lines of Spanish in this fashion: the words were privately written by me on a slip of paper, and under each its proper number in the sequence was placed; thus:—

Ay	*de*	*mi!*	*un*	*año*	*felice*
1	2	3	4	5	6
Parece	*como*	*uno*	*soplo*	*legero.*	
7	8	9	10	11.	

Here we have eleven words running in a certain sequence, but I was allowed to give the Pandit any one of the eleven

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out of its order each time that he stopped in front of me in his circuits. Only two things are required, viz., that the word shall be distinctly pronounced until he can catch the sound, and that as we give each we shall tell him its number in the sentence. It is his business then to keep all in memory until the eleven rounds of the circle are made, when he will ponder a moment and then recite the couplet correctly, giving each word its place in the sequence. He must do the same in the case of each of the other testers. Thus he carries forward his sum in addition, multiplication, subtraction, division, etc., one stage at each round, and when he comes again to the same person must pick up the thread of the suspended mnemonic feat and proceed on another stage. So all around the circle. Figure for yourselves the number of separate mental activities he is obliged to keep going throughout, and if this does not amaze you, you must have been reborn from some anterior wonder-breeding planet. This evident overstraining of the brain brings on at last primarily a lassitude and then an exhaustion of the mentality. I have this at first hands; in fact, the Principal of one of our Sanskrit schools who had been a proficient Asthâvadhâni, had had to give it up completely to save his "wits from falling into ruin." Whoever wishes to go farther into this important subject will find the best authorities cited in the number of the *Theosophist* above mentioned.

My audiences at the Nizam's capital and at the adjacent British military station of Secunderabad were very large and attentive. The topics given me by the Committee

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were "The Unity of Religions," "Mesmerism and its relation to Occult Science" (doubtless suggested by the recollection of my healings during my previous visit), "Who am I? whence came I? and whither am I going?" These were the usual conversation (or puzzle-putting) meetings, Branch gatherings, and admissions of applicants into membership.

Adoni, the cotton carpet-weaving centre, was my next stopping-place, and here I was asked to lecture on "The Aryans and their Religion." On to Bellary next, where one of our staunchest colleagues, Mr. A. Sabhapathy Moodaliar, lives. After spending three days with our friends there, I went to Gooty, which for many years has been made a stronghold of Theosophy by our local members, especially P. Cassya Pillay, J. Sreenevas Row, and T. Ramachendra Row, than whom no society has three more active and useful workers. Before leaving Bellary I had the chance of testing the alleged efficacy of my snake-stone which, my earlier readers may recollect, I got from a snake-charmer at Bombay soon after our arrival in India. At that time the mere approach of the stone (which was no stone, but a bit of bone) to an angry cobra would make it sway on its coils, lean over backward, and finally subside to the ground; but it did not work so at Bellary. The cobra on which I tried it was apparently trained to obey the signs of his Master's hand, and paid no attention to me or the stone. So I put the failure as a counterbalance to the Bombay success.

Our Gooty friends had bought at Government auction,

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a fine stone building for a nominal price, and had not only installed in it a Sanskrit school which they had established, but made it the Branch Headquarters and the chief place for lectures and other public meetings. Just at the back of the town rises a rocky hill of 1000 feet in height, crowned with a strong fort which had been captured and recaptured at different times in battle before the British occupation. Within its walled enclosure is the alleged tomb of Gautam Rishi (not the Buddha), which is a place of pilgrimage. The fort is now dismantled, and might be bought of Government for a nominal sum. As there are many good rooms that could be made habitable at trifling cost, I thought it would be an admirable place of retreat for some European friends of mine who had a mind to realize in practice Mr. Sinnett's ideal of a castleful of mystics, as described in his novel, *Karma*. So, after getting all needed information, I proposed it to them, but nothing came of it.

To reach the last station on my tour programme, Anantapur, I had to travel all night in a bullock carriage, which shook me about to such a degree that sleep was almost impossible, and I was not sorry when, a mile from the place of destination, I found ready for me a tent pitched, with bath and breakfast ready. Anantapur was all dressed out with flags, a band of musicians obstreperously greeted me, there was a public address to reply to in presence of a great crowd, and in the evening an overflowing audience listened to me on the subject of "Modern Scepticism and Brahma Vidya." The next evening I

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organized the Anantapur T. S., and, later, took the "bandy" again for Gooty, which was reached at 8 A.M., after another sleepless night. Thus closed my long tour of 115 days, of 1885, in the course of which I had visited 51 Branches and given 56 public lectures besides uncounted private discussions and answerings of questions. Beyond doubt the tour did good in restoring the courage of friends, enlightening the outside public as to our views and aims, removing unjustifiable suspicions as to H. P. B. and the Masters, strengthening old centres with new members, and creating fresh ones where previously we had not been represented. In a word, the bolder policy had been vindicated, and it was very easy to see, on giving a retrospective glance over the year, that it would have been a great misfortune if I had listened to timid counsellors and stayed quietly at Adyar, waiting for the clouds to roll by.

Again I must emphasize the fact, which I tried to make clear in the last Chapter, that I did not count upon my own powers or abilities only to do this work, but also, and especially, upon the help I derived (and still get) from Those who stand behind this movement. Without them, I should have been powerless to breast and push back the adverse current of hatred which was sweeping in against us. With their aid I untwisted every coil of the Missionary serpent which was trying to crush us into a mass of broken ribs and bruised flesh. Not one of my readers can realize what we had to go through, and I especially, in those dark days. On the one hand, the active opposition of the sneering public and the faint-heartedness of many of our colleagues

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whom I had the right to count upon as standing beside me, staunch and true; the outright desertion of others; a poorly filled treasury with increasing expenses to meet; a pressure on me to consent to certain radical changes in the Society's policy and platform; and, finally, my compulsory separation from H. P. B., who for eleven years had been working with me in close accord of general aims and ideals. On the other hand, the tragical situation of H. P. B. herself, virtually an exile packed away in a cheap little Italian inn on the slope of Mount Vesuvius, racked with rheumatic gout, ordered imperatively by Dr. Mary Scharlieb to keep herself perfectly quiet on peril of life, suffering privations that I had not the money to alleviate, chafing like a wounded lioness over her inability to fight her slanderers, and writing me the sharp and angry letters that might naturally be expected from her under the circumstances.

My earnest desire was to carry out the Doctor's wishes, which I knew to be based on simple common-sense; the one absolutely necessary thing for H. P. B. to do, if she would save her life, was to keep perfectly quiet in some retired spot out of reach of her friends or enemies, and especially to abstain from correspondence or newspaper reading. She was like a powder-magazine, and just an incautious bit of gossip in a letter was enough to make her explode. The Doctor so warned her before leaving, and I so wrote her in the letter, to which she replied in March. "Calm your fears," she said, "for, *with the exception of Solovioff* and Miss . . . . I know of no European theosophists with whom I would correspond, or to whom I would divulge my

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address." To Solovioff—fancy that! To that contemptible person, who took advantage of her guileless confidence and her fervent love for her countrymen, to watch and spy upon her daily actions, inveigle her into confidential correspondence, and betray her in a book gotten up for pecuniary profit and written in her very mother language and published in the motherland she so adored to the day of her death. The staunch souls who were only anxious to prove how loyal they could be, she saw not before her mind's eye; but to this poor creature of a professional *litterateur*, because he was a Russian and played the devoted friend, she gave her confidence and revealed the necessary secret of her retreat. And to crush me with the sense of her displeasure for daring to doubt her discretion, she addresses me, after ten years of chumship, as "My dear Colonel Olcott!"

"Writing as I do," she says in a letter of no date, but from Torre del Greco, "in a damp room at the North side of Vesuvius, my feet on uncarpeted stone flags, and in Italy, where people suffer indoors of cold more than in Russia, for stoves are unknown and the cold air circulates from under doors and through windows *ad libitum*, I feel pretty sure to have, notwithstanding my every precaution, a relapse of rheumatic gout, unless you do what I must ask you to do. If you have not sent me away to die, and since there is no money for a better *appartement* or to buy carpets and rugs, please send me . . . . the old carpet bought at Bombay, with a few other things we want. . . . I can cut the carpet in two and thus avoid agony and suffering. It is raining and cold and damp even now, while in September it becomes so

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cold that even the old landlord told me no one, least of all an invalid, could stop here after August. Wherever I go, I shall need carpets, and they are a luxury unknown in Italy and France, etc., etc."; the letter being full to the end with a statement of her miseries. How would any of our readers have felt under such a state of things? And to think that she, whose teachings have been the consolation and guiding lamp of thousands, and of many who are surrounded with luxuries, that this poor, stricken woman, this lighter up of dark paths and dispenser of spiritual brightness, should have been crying out across the seas to her old chum, as poor as herself, in accents of distress; thus doubling and quadrupling the load of care he had to carry behind his smiles and jests, for the sake of the growing multitude who had embarked in our movement and would have felt themselves dropping into a gulf of despair if it had failed. Is it too much, then, to say that naught but the knowledge of the Unseen Master Helpers would have carried me through that time and landed me at last on the farther shore of success? "For lo, the winter is past, the rain is over and gone: the flowers appear on the earth; the time of the singing of birds is come, and the voice of the turtle is heard in our land." Later on, she settled among friends in London, who saw that she lacked no comfort and did their best to lighten her every burden; but think of her in the cold spring of 1885 on the northern slope of Vesuvius, living from hand to mouth, and writing at "a rickety old table" that with great difficulty she had procured, and with her poor gouty feet on the cold stones of the uncarpeted floor!

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CHAPTER XXII.

H. P. B. IN EXILE.

"CHAFING like a caged lioness" is just the expression to use to convey an idea of H. P. B.'s state of mind throughout that period of three months which she spent at Torre del Greco in 1885. What wonder, when one recalls to mind the circumstances of her compulsory exile from the Adyar home that we had built up together and that she loved. This is one of the things most distasteful about which she complained in her letters to me. Then it was most galling to keep quiet, to so brave a hereditary fighter, child of an ancient family whose swords had always flashed in the forefront of battle from generation to generation, when called for by their sovereign. To her, as to them, the ultimate chances of conflict were of no account; the overpowering instinct was to give battle without counting the odds. But we, her colleagues, mindful of the quips and and quillets of the Law, and of what her discomfiture in Court would mean to the Society, overbore her wish and wrung from her an acquiescence in the policy of silence and

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forbearance towards our enemies. While at Adyar with us, she saw that we were right, but in her lonesome exile in Italy the aspect of things changed, and she upbraided me in letter after letter for what she called our "cowardice," and our haste to sacrifice her as our scapegoat. She was utterly wrong, of course; but argumentation was useless, and remonstrance a waste of time and ink. She was of a most trustful disposition in one side of her character, and hence we see her constantly deceived and victimized by people whose effusive protestations masked sometimes the basest plans of treachery.

From this present point of view, after the lapse of thirteen years (viz., 1899), when people have been sifted through the sieve of time, it is mournful to read her letters and see how her most lauded courtiers have rewarded her trust with blackest treason. To emphasize her charges against us of Adyar, she quotes their names and sayings over and over again; she even sends me notes of theirs to her, condemnatory of myself and fulsomely laudatory of herself. Solovioff had passed five weeks with her at Würzburg, her second place of refuge, so-and-so a fortnight, so-and-so was coming—all of whom turned enemies later on.

The form of the *Theosophist* was changed—it will be remembered—at the beginning of Vol. VII., from quarto to octavo, as the larger size was found to be inconvenient for binding and also for carriage through the mails. She was in sole charge of it then, but had appointed as her assistant Mr. Cooper-Oakley, M.A., a fine scholar, and put

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him in full charge when leaving home for Naples. Certain malicious persons, whose identity is now known by me since looking over her papers and our correspondence, had put it into her head that I meant to remove her name from the title-page, because we dare not carry the obloquy of the connection any longer, and that this was but part of a scheme to pitch her out altogether. Certainly there was not a shadow of truth in all this, but she was so ill, her mind was in so distressing a state of nervous commotion, that she at once plunged at me. I was called all the harsh names conceivable, my supposed delinquency was stigmatized as sheer poltroonery, and she gave me solemn notice that if any other name than hers, save T. Subba Row's or mine, were put on the magazine, she should not write another word for it! But in due course the new issue of the *Theosophist* reached her, and she then wrote:—

"Well, I *knew* that the accusation of your taking off my name from the *Theosophist* was all bosh. But they all understood it and 'felt sure' it was so—even to H. S. It was in consequence of Nivaran Babu's innocent remark: 'The magazine is coming out in its new garb, and Mr. Cooper-Oakley is to be its Editor.' They said that since C.-O. had been its Editor for nearly a year already, why should Nivaran write this as news unless his name were to appear on the cover of the magazine, etc.? Well, I caught fire too. But now that's at an end. . . . Anyhow, the *Theosophist* looks very neat now—of course, a great deal better than before. I send for it a long

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article, 'Have Animals Souls?' I shall write, this week, one or two more."

Then she does the very unusual thing, for her, of asking my pardon, but on the basis of mutuality. "Let us," she says, "forgive each other, be indulgent for each other's failings, and cease fighting and back-biting like Christian sectarians!" That shows the wonderfully elastic quality of her mind. In an instant she withdraws from an *impasse*, and carries off the other fellow in her retreat! Fancying this sort of thing as recurring weekly or fortnightly, along with the normal strain of executive duties at that crisis, the reader may gauge the inner life I had to lead until our ship came into smoother waters. For all the grief caused me by her cruel letters I do not, now, hold her responsible; for her wounded spirit was played upon by unprincipled third parties, whose hope was to separate her from the Society and use her power and talents for their own selfish ends; she was not in a state to be reasonable, and ten years of trial had proved to her that I should be ready to let myself be chopped into mincemeat rather than desert my duty or be unfaithful to my holy Teacher; so let her say or do what she liked, it would make no difference.

When she really set herself to looking into people's motives, however, she could do it. Thus, she unmasks to me the secret plans and speculations of one man closely connected with her Society work at that time, and whose unfavorable remarks about myself she often quotes. No doubt all this heckling was just the discipline I needed,

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and undoubtedly still need as much as ever, to bring me down to my bearings, but I can't say it was nice. I am not like the negro boy who, on being found pounding his finger on an anvil, explained that it was done because "it felt so good when getting well." I could have spared three-fourths of the discipline to any other needy neophyte without regret, although, doubtless, it was best for me to have it.

H. P. B. had one trait of character that has made her memory so precious to most of her former colleagues—winsomeness. She might drive you almost mad with her sayings and doings, might make you feel ready to run as far away from her as possible, yet when she changed from one extreme to the other in her treatment of you, as she would in a flash, and looked and spoke to you with a sort of childlike blandness, your anger would vanish and you would love her in spite of herself.

There were, besides, special elements about H. P. B. which gave her power over others, viz. :—

(*a*) Her amazing occult knowledge and phenomena-working powers, together with her relation to the hidden MASTERS.

(*b*) Her sparkling talents, especially as a conversationist, with her social accomplishments, wide travels, and extraordinary adventures.

(*c*) Her insight into problems of philology, racial origins, fundamental bases of religions, and keys to old mysteries and symbols; certainly not the result of study, for a more restless and eccentric student there never was. She was not all smoothness or courtesy—far from it: when

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the mood was on her she was all that, but at other times she spared nobody, no matter how rich, powerful, or highly placed they might be. As to trained literary faculty, she had none; she wrote under inspiration, thoughts flashed through her brain like meteors, scenes painted themselves before her mental vision and died out often when but half caught, parenthesis bristled through her paragraphs so as to sometimes interminably stretch out her sentences, and she would—as it now appears—catch up and use other men's writings as though they were her own—intent only on fitting their formulated thoughts into the working out of her theme. In short, she was a genius in the same sense as Shakespeare and others, who took materials as they were found, and worked them into the amalgam upon which they put the stamp of their own individuality. Take her two great books, for instance. She has sinned an hundred times against the canons of literary usage as regards acknowledgment of authors drawn upon, but upon both is spread the golden web of her own high powers, and the *Secret Doctrine* is found, year by year, more and more like an inexhaustible mine of occult knowledge. That is what makes widening circles of students reverence her memory, and turn their backs in scorn upon those pigmies, like Solovioff, who work like ants to distil acids to squirt on her clothing.

Her occult powers made her run after by Spiritualists, impelled by avid curiosity; discredited by men of science who mistrusted all such pretensions; hated by the modern priests and pastors, who ought to have been able to cap

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her phenomena by like ones of their own, but could not; and feared by the orthodox multitude, who saw in her a black sorceress and dared not come near her. This uncanny evil reputation even extended to myself by reason of our association. "Dear me! Colonel Olcott," said Lady X to me one day at her luncheon-table, "how very different you are from what I had expected." "And what—may I venture to ask"—I said, "had your ladyship expected?" "Oh, you know," she replied, "we all thought that if we should meet you, you would throw on us some magic spell; but, really, you are just like ourselves!" This feeling among her acquaintances accounts for much of the latitude accorded her as to conduct and conversation. The same instinct makes the courtier think the King can do no wrong, and society pass over as "eccentricity" the millionaire's solecisms in manners, which they would revolt against in a poor man. One never knew at what moment she might do some wonderful feat of magic, or perchance whisper in their ears some message from the unseen Powers. Then, again, it was a frequent experience that the scoldings she gave her intimate friends proved subsequently to have been most timely checks in a wrong path, turnings into the right one and blessed kindnesses. Association with her was a continual excitement, and the most sluggish temperament was roused into some show of activity. She was truly a great woman—to confound, if we may, the carcase with its indwelling entity, which seemed to me as far removed as possible from the ideal of the gentler sex.

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After stopping three months at Torre del Greco, she went to Würzburg which, as she writes me, bids fair to become a sort of theosophical Medina, since she was exiled from the Mecca of her heart, Adyar. "I have not much time now," she writes (Oct. 28, 1885), "with the *Secret Doctrine*. I am only at the middle of Part I., but shall in a month or two send you the first six sections. I take from *Isis* only facts, leaving out everything in the shape of dissertations, attacks on Christianity and Science—in short, all the useless stuff, and all that has lost its interest. Only myths, symbols, and dogmas explained from an *esoteric* point of view. It is actually and *de facto* a new work entirely. Cycles are explained, along with everything else, from their occult bearings. I wish you had sent me the Preface, or Introduction."

In this same most interesting letter she sketched out a form of communication she wanted me to put into the *Theosophist* in her name. I find in it the outline of the whole teaching now being given out by our chief theosophical writers, as to the persistence of the Individuality: "the same Divine monad, plus all its essence of compound spiritualities from its endless rebirths, must come down again and be reborn in a higher, hundredfold more perfected and pure earth or planet—in short, commence again its grand cycle of reincarnations."

Among the devoted friends who thronged to her at Würzburg were the Countess Wachtmeister (ever the same faithful, loyal woman of generous heart and invincible devotion), and Frau Gustav Gebhard, of Elberfeld, whom

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I loved so dearly and regret so sincerely since she left us. These dear ladies nursed H. P. B. in her sore illness, being like younger sisters in their assiduous ministrations. Dr. Hübbe Schleiden and Madame Gebhard's son Franz were there also, and from this group I received a most important document. It is a complete vindication of my beloved 'chum' H. P. B. from the foul charge of the woman Coulomb and those who echoed her falsehood, that while at Cairo she became the mother of illicit offspring. The author of the document was (perhaps still is) the Royal Medical Director of that District, and the certificate was given by request of Madame Blavatsky's friends, who foresaw the immense future importance it might have. Following, is a translation of its text:—

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"MEDICAL CERTIFICATE.

"The undersigned testifies, as requested, that Madame Blavatsky, of Bombay—New York Corresponding Secretary of the Theosophical Society—is at present under the medical treatment of the undersigned. She suffers from *Anteflexio Uteri*, most probably from the day of her birth; because, as proven by a minute examination, she has never borne a child, nor has she had any gynæcological illness.

(Sd.) "Dr. LEON OPPENHEIM.

"WÜRZBURG, *3rd November* 1885.

"The signature of Doctor Leon Oppenheim is hereby officially attested. WÜRZBURG *3rd Nov.* 1885.

"The Royal Medical Officer of the District.

(Sd.) "Dr. MED. RORDER.

"We, the undersigned, hereby certify that the above is a correct translation of the German original before us. WÜRZBURG, *Nov. 4th*, 1885.

(Sd.) "HUBBE SCHLEIDEN.
(,,) "FRANZ GEBHARD."

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The document, worded as delicately as possible, was intended to cover the whole question of H. P. B's moral history from her youth upward. She herself, as well as the friends in question, wrote me about the circumstances, and expressed the hope that I would keep the paper with care against the future time when I could make the best use of it. I think that time is the present, for now that the bitterness of that olden epoch has given place to a more charitable feeling towards her, and her underlying greatness has gradually become more and more recognized, I believe that the publication of this document, of unquestionable authority, in its proper place in this chronological narrative, will give pleasure and consolation to her friends and pupils, and afford them some sort of a shield with which to ward off the arrows of slander, shot at the heart of our benefactress. As the years roll by and this movement of ours consolidates itself upon its permanent foundation, this rugged personality behind which a giant Individuality worked for humanity will be more and more uplifted, grow brighter and brighter. For sayeth not the Buddhist aphorism: Good men shine from afar, like the snowy peaks of Himavat; while bad men are unseen, like arrows shot in the dark? "Peace to thee, H. P. B.!" is now the loving cry of thousands.

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CHAPTER XXIII.

TENDER OF RESIGNATION.

LIVING in a country where omens and portents are traced in the chirp of a lizard, the cry and flight of a bird, and in innumerable other natural phenomena, what wonder if one should in time be more or less affected by such ideas, and that on the occurrence of any unusual thing the idea of its possibly occult significance should present itself to one's mind? On awaking, on the morning of the 7th October (1885), I received an unpleasant shock. The splendid portrait of one of the Masters lay inverted on the floor, the top downward, having been detached from the nail where it had hung in my room,* at some time during the night. The cord had been cut as if with a knife, and the picture had turned a summersault over a tall bookcase, and leaned itself against the glass doors without injuring them or itself, save at one corner where its heavy gilt frame had been a little crushed. I was amazed at the accident and distressed

* Previously to the building of the present picture-annex of the Adyar Library.

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lest it might indicate the displeasure of the Master for some serious fault that I had committed. I stood there and looked and pondered a long time, trying to recall any sin of omission or commission which had brought upon me so phenomenal a rebuke, but I could find nothing. Yet the clean cut through the cord belied any accidental rupture of the fibres, and the fact that the canvas had not been torn when the picture was falling and striking the tiled floor made the affair mysterious. No one whom I consulted gave me any reasonable explanation, and I was worried all that day. At last the puzzle solved itself; the accident had been caused by the squirrels, which then infested the house and made their nests in the drawers of our furniture and behind the books on our shelves, doing much damage in various ways. They had gnawed the cord to get fibrous nesting material, and the picture had probably been let down easily by the friction of the dragging of the cord over the nail. But this did not weaken my resentment against the little rodents, for I got very angry when I bethought me of the irreparable loss that would have been caused by the destruction of the canvas on which was painted that divine face. So I straightway had wire-gauze frames fitted in all the doorways and window-openings of rooms where protection was needed against the ravages of these pretty little pests.

I do not recollect whether or not I have mentioned a scheme propounded by an eccentric member of the Society to buy up the *Theosophist* with the idea of suppressing it and in its place starting a new magazine, under the title of

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Karma. At any rate, such a proposal was made to me, which only as a matter of news I reported to H. P. B., never imagining that she would think that I should seriously entertain it; but one day I received from her a cablegram declining to sell (which cost her, as she wrote me, forty marks, or £2 !). In due course of mail a letter came, in which she said she would "as soon think of cutting off her hand" as do it! She added some uncomplimentary remarks about the person making the offer.

A few days later I lectured at Pacheappa's Hall on "The Peril of Indian Youth." A Committee of Hindu school-boys took notes and wrote out the lecture for publication at their own cost. Thousands of copies have since been sold. Their peril, I showed, lay in the fact of their irreligious education by Government and their anti-nationalistic education by the Missionaries, whose policy was to destroy their reverence for their national religion, which to a Hindu is the spur of all action, his guide and pole-star: to rob him of this is to leave him like a rudderless ship on the sea of life. This, in fact, has been the keynote of all our teaching in Asia from the very commencement; and the creation of the Central Hindu College at Benares by Mrs. Besant has been made possible thereby; it is the harvest after twenty years' sowing of thought-seed.

In November I went to Karur and formed a local Branch. One of the 18 Siddhas or high Adepts, recognized in Southern India, by name Karura, is buried in the temple at this place, and, according to popular tradition, is still alive in his tomb, sitting in *samádhi*.

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On my return home, "A'nanda" and I spent a good deal of time in planning, measuring, and calculating the cost of the alterations of the house-front and *porte-cochère*, which resulted in making the present Convention Hall. According to our closest ciphering, we thought it could be done for rs. 2500, whereas the plan approved at the previous Convention for a separate building called for an outlay of about rs. 15,000. The approval of our resident councillors, Messrs. R. Raghoonath Row, P. Sreenevas Row, and T. Subba Row, having been obtained, workmen were set to breaking ground the very next day, and from that time onward they were driven at a rate of speed more often seen in America than in slow-moving India. The foundations and retaining walls were built, the earth-filling done, the marble steps transferred to the outside of the extension, a temporary roof of posts and palm-leaves lined with white cotton cloth constructed, decorations made, crystal lustres hung, and the Hall made ready for occupancy within twenty-seven days—deducting four days when it rained heavily. The Convention met at the usual time (December 27) in its own premises, and all the delegates expressed their complete satisfaction. A photograph of the empty Hall that was taken at the time, now possesses historical interest. The improvement saved us over rs. 400 that year, which we should have had to pay for the hire of a temporary *pándal* or wigwam. The improvements cost only rs. 2600, one hundred more than the estimate.

The news from France at that time was encouraging, no less than four or five leading magazines having admitted

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serious articles on Theosophy by first-class writers. But the public mind of France has for many years been uncongenial to the discussion of metaphysics. The friends of that "distressful country" and of her cheerful, enthusiastic people —none are more so than Americans—have long been saddened in looking critically upon her spiritual condition. As a reaction from her crass materialism there has been a recrudescence of superstitious belief, as evidenced by the pilgrimages to Lourdes and other presumably favored shrines, and by the excitement over the jeremiads of Mlle. Couêdon: a great attention has also been given to the subject of Hypnotism. But her public men seem to be madly clutching for money and the pleasures of sense, and the current of egoism sweeps everything before it. The books of Zola are, I fear, not so much exaggerations as social photographs. Moral corruption, formerly confined to the effete aristocracy, has rotted the middle and is rotting the peasant class. This is not only an impression from personal observation during my frequent visits to the country, but I have it from long talks with persons of the highest social rank and most conservative views, who have bemoaned the facts while admitting them. When a country descends so low as to crown vice with laurels and make virtue a butt for jest; when it fills its shop windows with pornographic books and pictures, and crowds a theatre to see a shameless hussy undress herself on the stage, and she sits to the photographer for a series of views of herself in her lascivious scenes, which are sold by thousands; when a Dreyfus case—*i.e.*, the death of personal liberty and civil

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law—has become possible; when all these things are, what is the use of talking Theosophy to the general public and inviting the nation to rise to the higher ideal of human perfectibility? Yet things were never, can never be, so bad but that a large minority of true, noble souls can be found, and so let every one of us send to Capt. Courmes, Dr. Th. Pascal, M. Gillard, and their little contingent of valiant workers, the fervent prayers of our hearts for the success of their efforts to spread theosophical teachings in their sunny, smiling land—the cradle of many a hero, many a genius, many a great teacher, many a divinely-inspired poet, many a master of science and arts.* For my part, I shall never altogether despair of France until she commits national suicide. *Absit omen!*

In the same month of December Mr. W. T. Brown, the "Poor Brown" of Dr. Hartmann and Mr. R. Harte, published his autobiographical pamphlet entitled *My Life*, to the regret of his well-wishers at Adyar. It shows him to have been at the time an earnest young man but an emotional sentimentalist, quite unfit for practical life in the world. He had chopped and changed before coming to us, and has been doing it pretty much ever since; the latest news being that he has turned Catholic, taken the soutane, kept it on only a few days, became again a laic, and is now teaching in a Roman Catholic college in Madras Presidency, and married to an Eurasian widow lady of ripe age. May

* Since the above was published (1899) a great change for the better has occurred. Our movement has quadrupled its strength in France.

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he prosper in his undertakings, and find that peace of mind for which he has so long been hoping.

The Delegates to the Tenth Annual Convention began arriving on the 23rd December, and thenceforward poured in by every train and steamer until the 27th, when the sessions began. Among the most welcome was Baron Ernst von Weber, President of the (German) International Antivivisection Society, who represented our German Branch. In my Annual Address I gave a retrospect of the history of our first decade as well as my usual glance over the movement in all parts of the world. I strongly pleaded for the creation of an Oriental Library at the Headquarters, showing how we had helped in the revival of Sanskrit learning in India and the opening of Sanskrit schools, citing the unanimous testimony of the Indian press as to the national services we had rendered. "What an anomaly it is," said I, "that we have not at Headquarters a Sanskrit library! We ought to be able to attract to Adyar the cleverest Brahman Pandits and the most learned Western Orientalists by the size and value of our library. If we and our successors do our whole duty, this can be made a second Alexandria, and on these lovely grounds a new Serapion may arise. . . . It may sound strangely for us to be mentioning these august names in connection with our infant theosophical movement, but, gentlemen, wait twenty years and you shall see what it will grow into. We are but agitators and poor scholars now, hardly able to push on through the obstacles, but let us keep a dauntless soul and an unwavering faith in ourselves and our cause, and there

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will arise, perhaps in far-away lands and least-expected ways, friends who will snatch the laurel of imperishable fame by giving their names to our desired Adyar Library and Museum." I suggested that we should begin the work as a monument of the completion of our first decade. Was this not prophetic? See how friends, not then members of the Society—Carl H. Hartmann, of Brisbane; Charles A. White, of Seattle; Annie Besant, of London; Salvador de la Fuente, and others—have arisen to help us with their money and influence to build up the Society and make the Adyar Library what I had hoped for it before the twenty years have come and gone. We had no ancient MSS. then, and only a couple of hundred or so of books; whereas now we have sixteen thousand volumes in the two beautiful libraries that we have opened, and the prospect of the command of ample means in due course. With all the earnestness I can express, I again appeal to our members and sympathizers to hasten, by their individual exertions, the day when scholars will make pilgrimages to Adyar to study what they may make the finest Oriental literary collection in the world.

In the same official Address I tendered my resignation of the Presidency. "If you will allow me," I remarked, "I shall gladly retire to that life of study and self-improvement which has such attractions for me—and which neglected early opportunities make so necessary. The time is a suitable one, for I have served my decade, and some other person ought to be given his chance to display his abilities. I pray you to consider this seriously. . . . I hope, therefore, with all seriousness and earnestness, that you

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will suffer no personal liking for myself, no thought of the brotherly affection that binds us together, to prevent your choosing as my successor some one of our colleagues who would be better able to carry the movement on to the end of the next decade."

An intelligent person knows better than anybody else his or her own limitations, and I have ever from the first been convinced that an abler and better man than myself ought to fill the post of chief executive in so vast an organization as ours. I had had every advantage of early education that the best American schools and universities could supply, but, like hundreds of other sons of good families, had idled away the time which ought to have been given to study, never having dreamt that I should ever be called to take up such serious public duties as these. As for the bare honors of office, I cared absolutely nothing, and I was perfectly sincere in asking that the Convention should let me retire and choose my successor. But my too lenient colleagues would not listen to it: in the second day's session, when I was temporarily absent and Maj.-Gen. H. R. Morgan was in the chair, Resolutions were adopted requesting Madame Blavatsky to return to Adyar as soon as her health should be restored, declaring that "the charges brought against her by her enemies had not been proven, and that our affection and respect for her continue unabated," and that "the President-Founder has, by his unremitting zeal, self-sacrifice, courage, industry, virtuous life, and intelligence, won the confidence of members of the Society and endeared himself to them throughout the

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world; and (2) that as this Convention cannot for one moment entertain the thought of his retiring from the Society which he has done so much to build up, and has conducted safely through various perils by his prudence and practical wisdom, they request him to continue his invaluable services to the Society to the last."

I hope I may be pardoned the possible bad taste of publishing these too complimentary Resolutions, in view of their historical importance. They show that the policy which the Founders had pursued from the beginning and throughout the first decade of the Society's career was approved; that H. P. B. had the unbroken confidence and love of her colleagues, despite the worst attacks of the Missionaries and their allies; that the length of her exile was to be governed entirely by the state of her bodily health, and that she would be gladly welcomed on her return; finally, that it was the general wish that I should continue to hold office throughout my life. What public servant would not be glad and proud to have on record so gratifying a testimonial of the approval of his colleagues of the way in which he had done his duty? And how sad it is to see the dishonest policy of falsehood that is being followed out by the leaders of the party who seceded from the Society under the leadership of the late Mr. Judge. Poor babies in practical experience!

On the third day of the Convention a Resolution was adopted approving of the plan suggested by the President-Founder for the completion of the Convention Hall and the erection of a building for the Sanskrit Library and

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Picture Gallery, and he was "requested to carry it out as soon as practicable."

The Recording Secretary's Report showed that 117 Branches had been chartered within the decade; that the two Founders had given about rs. 35,000 to the Society, and that it went over to the next year with an almost empty cash-box but unlimited confidence and enthusiasm. On the whole, the Convention proved a very great success, and it broke up in the best of feeling all around. One of the pleasantest features of the meeting was the glowing and eloquent speech made at the Anniversary celebration in Pacheappa's Hall, by Prof. G. N. Chakravarti, Delegate from the N. W. P.

A fearful tragedy occurred, however, in the People's Park, Madras, during the days of the Convention; some three or four hundred persons were burnt alive in a panic that seized them when some palm-leaf shops and fences accidentally caught fire at a People's Fair that was in progress. The reason for my mentioning it is that the wave of agony that it created in the Astral Light reached H. P. B. in her lodgings in Belgium, and threw her into the greatest excitement about our safety. She tells the story thus:—

"OSTENDE, *January* 4, 1886.

"MY DEAR OLCOTT,—This is the first time that I have smoked and passed a whole New Year's Day quite alone, as if I were in my tomb. Not a soul the whole day, as the Countess is gone to London, and I have no

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one but Louise (her maid) with me in the big house. A queer thing happened. I had been writing all day, when, needing a book, I got up and approached my *table de nuit*, over which hangs the photograph of Adyar and the river. I had looked long and earnestly at it on the 27th Dec. and tried to imagine what you were all doing. But on that day (New Year's), occupied in finishing the *Archaic Period*, I had not given it a thought. Suddenly I saw the whole picture blazing as with fire. I got scared, thinking it meant blood to the head; looked again; the river, the trees, and the house were all glowing as from a reflection of fire. Twice a wave of flame, like a long serpentine tongue, crossed the river and licked the trees and our house, and then receded and everything disappeared. I was struck with surprise and horror, and my first thought was that Adyar must be on fire. For two days all Ostende was drunk (from the festival excesses) and I had no papers. I was in agony. Then on the morning of the 2nd January I wrote to . . . . (in England), begging him to look over the papers and see if there was no fire at Adyar or in Madras on that day. On the 3rd he telegraphed me: '*Great fire at People's Park, Madras*: 300 *Natives burnt. Don't bother.*' To-day I saw the notice in the *Independance Belge* myself. What is it? and why should I connect Adyar with that Fair and the poor 300 Hindus burnt? Are there any victims among the Theosophists? I am positively in great fear. I hope *you* were not there. You could not leave Adyar on that day, could you? It is terrible, that. And that young fool

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to telegraph: 'Don't bother; only 300 Natives burnt!' Well, I wrote him to say that I would have felt less 'bother' if it had been 600 Europeans—confound his impudence!"

This is a most instructive psychological phenomenon. The "wave of agony" of which I spoke touched Adyar, of course, first of all, being so near, and from me passed on to H. P. B., with whom I was spiritually so intimately connected. In the fact of her seeing the sheet of fire reaching us from the direction of the People's Park—the North—across the Adyar River, on whose Southern bank our house stands—we see that my explanation is valid; while, as for the tragedy being communicated to her from me, that was as natural as that, when she died in London in 1891, I was made aware of it in Sydney, N.S.W. We used to call ourselves "twins," and twins we were so far as community of sympathies within the lines of our work was concerned. No great wonder, considering how we had worked together. Moreover, one of our Madras members was burnt. I had visited the Fair with Mr. Cooper-Oakley and Dr. J. N. Cook, and left it just before the fire broke out; so that our narrow escape intensified the horror which the awful tragedy caused us to feel. But my thoughts did not go out to H. P. B. in connection with it, else in all probability she would have received telepathically from me a more accurate picture of the occurrence.

Near the Sea Customs building, opposite the Harbor at Madras, stands a solid, two-storey brick building,

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ornamented outside with inlaid encaustic tiles, and which is occupied as a Police Station. I have been told that it was built out of the money realized by the sale of the melted gold and silver ornaments that were found in the pile of cremated corpses at the Fair grounds. The bodies were consumed beyond possibility of recognition, and the jewels reduced to formless metallic masses. I had had it in my mind to take two of the lady Delegates in our Convention to see the Fair, but something (what something?) put it out of my mind. I shudder to think what might have happened if they had gone with me; been enticed by the novelty of the spectacle to get me to stop until the fire had broken out; had been themselves seized with panic, and broken away from me and rushed with the mad multitude into the raging flames.

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CHAPTER XXIV.

CREMATION CEREMONY IN CEYLON.

HOW much was done by us, in the first decade of the Society's existence, towards realizing the objects of its formation, will be seen in a few statistics. The *Theosophist* was founded in October 1879, and there appeared in its first ten volumes 429 pages (royal 8vo.) of translations from the Sanskrit, and 935 pages of original articles on Eastern religious, philosophical, and scientific subjects, mainly by writers of Oriental birth; several hundred lectures were given by myself, besides hundreds more by our colleagues in India, America, and Ceylon; the Buddhistic educational movement was started and vigorously pushed in Ceylon; a number of Sanskrit and Anglo-Sanskrit schools were begun in India; H. P. B. visited Europe once, and I several times; Branches and Centres were established in Europe and America; a considerable number of books were published in different languages; I travelled thousands of miles in India and went to most of the villages in the Maritime Provinces of Ceylon; a heavy correspondence

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was kept up with all parts of the world, and as we crossed the threshold of the eleventh year, the erection of the building for the Adyar Oriental Library was begun at the lovely Headquarters which had been bought for the Society and paid for. In my Diary of 1886 the entry for January 1st says :—

"In the name of the Masters and for the sake of their cause, I, Henry S. Olcott, President of the Theosophical Society, this day turned the first sod for the Sanskrit Library and Museum at Adyar. The only witnesses present were T. Vijiaraghava Charlu and two of the gardeners. The impulse to do it came so strongly—after staking out the ground for the building—that I did not call any of the other people in the house."

A very simple affair, one will see: no speeches, no music, no processions, no humbug of any sort, just a real beginning of what is meant to be a great work, accompanied by a declaration of the motive at bottom: one which, though not heard by more than two or three spectators, yet certainly must have been heard and noted in the quarter where the Wise Ones sit and watch the actions of men.

Work was not begun on the building for some little time, however, as plans had to be perfected, money provided for, and materials bought. On the 8th I consulted Mr. C. Sambiah, F.T.S., a retired Sub-Engineer and most excellent colleague of ours, about the building, and he agreed to take it in charge in conjunction with "A'nanda" and myself. I made myself personally responsible for the money, and we

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were soon ready. But there were first the religious prejudices of the bricklayers to be considered; they would not begin a new work save at the auspicious hour, whatever temptations might be offered. Saturday morning, the 16th, proved to be the critical moment, so a Brahman was called, and at the north-east corner of the ground, where I had started the trench, he recited slokas, laid out a broken cocoanut, red powder, betel nuts, saffron and mango-leaves, on a tray; then he burnt camphor and threw into the thick, smoky flame seeds of various varieties of gram (pulse), sprinkled the place with drops of water from mango-leaves, and recited many Sanskrit mantrams of supposed fiend-smiting potency. Bits of ripe plantain, roasted gram, chopped rice, and brown sugar were laid about the fire for the benefit of any hungry bhutas and pisachas who might be idling about, and, finally, flowers were showered into the trench and the ceremony came to an end. After that, the masons were ready for work, and so we set them at it. Mr. Sambiah took professional charge and opened a book of accounts in which every load of bricks, sand, lime, and other materials, every foot of teak timber, and every day's "coolie" (work) was entered with scrupulous care and integrity. He and we two others (T. V. Charlu and myself) have always been in close accord upon every work of construction or repairs that the exigencies of our corporate property have demanded, and have used the utmost economy possible. It is necessary that this should be stated, because it has sometimes been uncharitably said—of course by those who never had practical experience in the

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owning and care of real-estate like that of our Society—that I have wasted money in bricks and mortar: such people have no idea of the cost of keeping up such large buildings, bought when they were some forty years old, nor realize that as a society grows it must have increased accommodations, the same as a family. However, this need not be dwelt upon further.

In my entry of January 3rd I find it recorded that our friend Judge P. Sreenevas Row, F.T.S., "generously pays not only the cost of feeding the delegates, but also for the *pandals*, decorations and lights used at the Convention." He had drafted for me the *Dwaita Catechism* for my proposed series of elementary handbooks of the ancient religions, and at this time I received from him the MS. and edited it for publication.

Baron Ernst von Weber had gone on a short tour at the close of the Convention, but returned on the 11th January and sailed for Calcutta on the 17th. He was a good-natured man, and heartily entered into a joke of mine for the amusement and instruction of the resident Indian members of the Headquarters staff. On the evening of the 15th he donned his gold-embroidered court dress, with his orders, cocked hat, silk stockings, pumps, sword, and all, and pretended to have been sent to me as special Ambassador from his Sovereign, to convey to the President of the Theosophical Society His Majesty's compliments and congratulations on the completion of our first decade. I made the Hindus take up positions to the right and left in the vestibule, advanced as Marshal of Ceremonies to the columned front

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entrance to receive and conduct the Ambassador, led him up the vestibule, and announced his name, dignities, and functions; then wheeled around to face him as P. T. S., heard his (coached) address, responded to it with solemn gravity, and hung on the Baron's button a small tin shield emblazoned with H. P. B.'s escutcheon, to which I gave the dignity of an order with a fanciful name, and begged him to wear it as a proof to his august Master of the value I placed upon his brotherly message. The mock levee being then broken up, the Baron and I had to laugh heartily on seeing the unsophisticated wonder displayed by the auditory at his whole "outfit," every article of which they successively inspected and asked about. His white kid gloves surprised them quite as much as anything else: they did not know what to make of them, but said they were very strange things to wear, "very soft and smooth." Of course, I know that this innocent bit of tomfoolery will be deprecated by those of our members who take life lugubriously and fancy that the P. T. S. must be a yogi-ascetic, but it would have been just the thing to suit H. P. B.'s temperament, and she would have entered into it with zest. In how much of such harmless nonsense did she not indulge in those old days, when we laughed and joked while carrying our heavy burden up hill. In truth, but for our light-heartedness it would perhaps have crushed us: a good laugh is more restful than laudanum, and mirth than morphia. I know Mahatmas, my lugubrious friend, who actually laugh!

On the day of Baron von Weber's departure, a British army captain called and asked permission to look at the

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River Bungalow, in which he had been born. This will give an idea of the necessary age of the Adyar buildings.

On the 19th occurred the annual "floating festival" at the Mylapore temple tank, and we went to see it. It is a very striking picture of Indian national life. Symbolically, it typifies the floating of Vishu on the face of the waters at the beginning of a Manvantara or new cosmic period. The ascending steps on the four sides of the tank, which mount from the water's brim, are lit up with *chirâgs*, or clay lamps; and the small temple at the tank's centre blazes with light, while its white stucco of chunam is turned into the semblance of old ivory by the soft light of the silvery moon. On a raft of catamaran fishing-boats, that has been prepared by the coast fishermen as an act of time-honored feudal service, the temple idol has been placed in a small pagoda covered with glittering tinsel. Its hereditary attendant Brahmans, naked to the waist, but with two white cloths, one wrapped about them from the waist downward, the other folded into a strip and laid across the shoulders, chant slokas. Standard-bearers wave their quaint banners. Devadasis, or temple nautch-girls, sway before the idol in graceful motions. Colored fires of all bright hues blaze at the corners of the raft. Musicians waken the echoes with their strident sounds, and the floating raft is poled seven times around the tank, in the presence of a vast multitude of dark-skinned people who watch it from the bank, the disturbed water reflecting back the while the shining splendor of the earthly lamps and fires, and the silver radiance of the moon and stars far up in the blue vault.

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Anything more picturesque in the way of a human festival would be hard to find.

On the 23rd of the month I gave my first and only lecture in India on practical agriculture, at the Saidapet Agricultural College—a Government institution. It was a pleasant break into the monotony of perpetual lectures on religious and metaphysical subjects, and aroused my old interest in the great problem of helping the earth to fully nourish mankind. The President of the College presided, and the whole thing went off very nicely. But as this subject properly belongs to the pre-theosophical portion of my life, it need not be mixed up with the present one, the history of whose chief events we are now tracing.

On the 27th Mr. Leadbeater and I sailed for Colombo to take up a lecturing tour on behalf of the Buddhist National Education Fund that I had promised to make. The sea was smooth, the weather pleasant, the ship's officers old acquaintances of other voyages, and the stretch of 640 miles from port to port was made in due course. On arrival we were met on board ship, at the jetty steps, and at the new quarters of the Colombo Buddhist Theosophical Society, where a hymn of welcome was sung by some of our school children. I found Mr. (now Sir) Edwin Arnold, his wife and daughter, in town, and at once set to work to organize a fitting public reception to one who had laid the whole Buddhist world under deep obligations by the writing of his *Light of Asia*. But a very few Sinhalese knew this, however, although Sir Edwin was happily ignorant of the fact, and I had to get my intelligent Colombo Buddhist

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colleagues to go with me to the priests and secure their co-operation. Fortunately the *Ceylon Observer*, a most abusive and dogmatic paper, made a virulent attack upon him for his sympathy with Buddhism, which made our task a light one. With the High Priest Sumangala we arranged that the reception should be given at his College on the second day thereafter, and fixed just where the priests and visitors should sit on the platform and what the High Priest should say. A copy of the proposed address was given Sir Edwin at his request, and the function duly came off with complete success. My next neighbor on the platform was George Augustus Sala, who chanced to be passing homeward from Australia. When the guests had departed, Mr. Leadbeater and I were asked by the High Priest to address the people, and did so.

The next day we took train for Kalutara with some of our Colombo members, to attend the cremation of Ambagahawatte Indasabha, Nayaka Terunnanse, the learned founder of the Ramanya Nikaya (sect) of Ceylon Buddhism. The occasion was so striking that I think I may as well quote some of its details from an account which I wrote for the *Theosophist* while the circumstances were fresh in my mind.*

As it has been more than once explained, the Buddhist sects of Ceylon are not at variance as to dogma, they have the same books and the same beliefs; their distinction from each other is in the several sources of their priestly ordination (*upasampada*), one brotherhood getting it from

* See the issue for May 1886, p. 491.

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Siam, the other from Amarapoora, in Burma. Buddhism originally went to those countries from Ceylon, but a series of wars of invasion and conquest, waged by kings of India against the rulers of Ceylon, caused the almost complete extinction of the religion of Buddha in that country. To so low an ebb had it come, that when, finally, a Sinhalese warrior-king drove out the Tamil invaders and recovered his ancestral throne, he could find no worthy monks to conduct public worship and preach the Dhamma. He accordingly sent to the King of Siam for learned bhikkus to come and re-establish the religion, and the best of the Sinhalese candidates were duly ordained. This formed what is known as the Siam Nikaya. The priests, being mainly of high social rank, would not confer ordination upon candidates of lower caste, so the more energetic and learned of these went to the King of Burma and got what they sought from the chief priests. This formed the Amarapoora Nikaya. But in the course of time that happened which always happens in the religious affairs of men: piety relaxed, learning became confined to the minority, idleness and sanctimoniousness prevailed, and now and again a monk who grieved over the decay of true religion would break out in protest, and either start a new sub-sect or withdraw into the jungle for a life of seclusion and meditation. Ambagahawatte was one of these protesting rebels; he gave up his connection with the Amarapoora Nikaya, went abroad and took a fresh ordination, and founded the Ramanya Nikaya, just before H. P. B. and I came to the Island, if I remember aright.

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On the 23rd June 1880 he joined the priests' division of what I called the Buddhist section of the T. S., the other division being that of the laymen who formed our Ceylon branches. Four days earlier the great leaders of all the other sects and sub-sects—Sumangala, Subhuti, Weligama, Bulatgama, Piyaratana, Potuwila, and Megittuwatte, the silver-tongued orator, *par excellence*, of Ceylon, had preceded him in entering our Society; and thus were united on our common platform those leaders who had been hitherto divided more or less seriously. Ambagahawatte was learned, ascetic, a great stickler for the minute observance of every detail of rule of conduct prescribed for the Sangha in Vinaya Pitaka. His head was of a highly intellectual type, his eye full of thought and power, his manner gentle and repressed, and his private conduct blameless. We were great friends, for I fully sympathized with his yearning for reformation of the bhikkus and extension of Buddhism throughout the world. Naturally, therefore, I was invited by his followers to attend the cremation of his body at Kalutara, and gladly went to pay the last act of respect to his memory. He had died on January 30th, and his cremation occurred on February 3rd. Meanwhile the body had lain in state at his own monastery, five miles from the town of Kalutara, whence it was borne in procession on a catafalque erected on a decorated car, to the place of cremation. Mr. Leadbeater and I with our Colombo friends saw everything. Before the coffin was removed from the Dharmasala (preaching hall) where it was lying, the assembled priests, to the

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number of some two hundred, filed thrice in silence around it, faced inward with joined palms raised to the forehead, knelt, and laid their faces to the ground, as if paying their final homage to their dead chief. The coffin was then raised by the senior disciples, borne outside the house, and laid upon the car. Native musicians then, with booming drum and wailing pipe, thrice circumambulated the bier, the people cast flowers, roasted grains, and sweet waters upon the coffin; the village headmen closed in about the car, gorgeous in gold lace and buttons and towering combs of shell; the yellow-robed friars extended in single file before and behind the car, each with his fan, his cadjan sunshade, and his begging-bowl slung at his back. The line of march was then taken up in a glare of hot sunshine that made vivid the colors of vestments and gold lace, of amber-yellow robes, and of the gaudily bedecked catafalque on wheels. Behind the rear end of the line of bhikkus walked hundreds of men and women bearing the spices, the citronella and sandalwood oils, and other portable materials which they were contributing towards the pyre.

In a grassy basin, bordered at two sides by steep hillocks clothed to the top with forest trees, stood a pyre of logs of mango, cachu, cinnamon, and cocoa-palm, built nine feet square, so as to front the four points of the compass. At each side three heavy posts of about fifteen feet in height were provided to serve as a sort of frame to support the additional fuel that might be brought by friends. Outside all was a quadrangular structure of young areca-palm trees,

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framed in squares after the native fashion for triumphal arches, and prettily decorated with the split and festooned tender leaves of the cocoanut tree in the charmingly artistic fashion which comes naturally to the Sinhalese. On the side facing the road was a canvas screen inscribed with the name, titles, and chronological history of Ambagahawatte; on the east side a larger one painted with emblems; over the pyre stretched a cloth canopy with a painted sun at the centre and stars at the corners; and around the cornice of the areca framework fluttered crimson pennons and bannerets. At the distance of fifty yards towards the east, a long arbor of cloths upon bamboo supports awaited the occupancy of the monks coming in the procession. Leadbeater and I, who had pushed on ahead by a cross path, sat in a cool shade looking on. Presently we heard the sad, sobbing wail of the pipes and the roll of the bass and kettle drums and the tom-toms, and the procession came into sight and all took their assigned places. The car was drawn to the pyre, the chief disciples mounted the latter, white cloths were drawn about it as a temporary screen, the coffin was lifted and placed, and then an eloquent, clear-voiced monk recited the Pancha Sila. Response was made by the 5000 people present in a great volume of sound that produced a most striking effect. The same priest then pronounced an eloquent discourse upon the dead master, and enlarged upon the mysteries of life and death, the working of the law of Karma, and Nirvana as the *summum bonum*. Turning towards me, he then asked me to make some remarks as a friend of Ambaga-

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hawatte and President of our Society, which I did. The contributions towards the funeral pile were then brought forward, and the pyre was built up to a height of nearly fifteen feet, and gallons upon gallons of fragrant oils and gums were scattered over the logs. All being now ready, the disciples removed the cloth screen, descended to the ground, thrice circumambulated the pyre, reciting prescribed Pali verses, called Piritta, thrice knelt and made obeisance, then slowly, with downcast eyes and grief-stricken countenances, stood back. The firing of the pyre in such cases is the privilege of the chief disciple and the brother of the deceased, but these two paid me the unusual compliment of asking me to apply the torch. I, however, declined the honor, as I thought it an intrusion, so the usual course was taken. Presently the great structure was sheeted in curtains of flame, that licked up the wood, the spices, and the oils, and waved long yellow-red streamers towards the clear sky. It was a grand sight: how infinitely nobler than the ceremony of burial, one could see who had the least poetical instinct in him. After awhile the huge pyre was a mass of glowing coals, the corpse was reduced to ashes, and the gifted and courageous founder of the Ramanya Nikaya had passed out of the sight of men whose view is limited to the physical plane, and moved on another stage in his evolutionary orbit.

Cremation was the universal custom of sepulture in Ceylon before the Portuguese conquest, save for the most ignoble class. In the case of a laic the pomp of it was proportioned to the wealth and the consequence of the deceased. This

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we learn from the ancient Pali and Sanskrit writings. But with the new masters came innovations—the result, in part, of bloody persecutions and the necessity for hiding in the jungle from their savage conquerors. Burial replaced cremation for the laity, until now it is only given to priests and the nobles of the Kandyan districts. Some of the friends of the Sinhalese, myself among them, have urged them to revert to the older and better fashion, and I hope that in time this may be done. No obstacle whatever in the form of ancient custom, social prejudice, or religious prescription stands in the way; the Sinhalese are just stupidly continuing a bad method of sepulture that their forefathers would have regarded as a terrible disgrace, one which was forced upon them by foreign conquerors who were as bigoted as fanaticism could make them, and as cruel as tigers in dealing with the captives to their sword. It is a curious instance of national auto-hypnotism. Some fine day a few leading men among them will realize that they are doing to the bodies of their deceased relatives just what, in the olden time, the Government would have done to an outcast or criminal—one, in short, who was outside the pale of respectable society and not entitled to better treatment for their carcases than a dog; and then the spell will be broken, ostentatious burials will be given up, and the bodies of the dead will be put into the bosom of the all-purifying fire, to be reduced to their component elements. The embalming of corpses with spices and natron, and the laying of them away underground to turn into poisonous carrion, are customs begotten of false theological

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beliefs as to the *post mortem* importance of our mortal shell: cremation, the noblest, most honorable of all forms of sepulture, was the natural outcome of those higher, grander, and more reasonable concepts about the perishable and imperishable parts of the human Ego, which are taught in Brahmanism and Buddhism.

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CHAPTER XXV.

ESTABLISHING A BUDDHIST FLAG.

THE American Consul sent me, on the 5th February, a gentleman's visiting-card, which rolled back the panorama of my life, twenty-odd years, to the period of the American War of the Rebellion. It was that of a Mr. Miller, of Sacramento, who had been one of the clerks under me when I was attached to the War Department. A greater contrast between myself as I was then and now could not be imagined; and it was with a feeling of real pleasure that I called on my friend and his wife at their hotel, and, in the exchange of reminiscences about persons and things, the magic of memory brought up in my mind the long-bidden pictures of those awful days when our nation was fighting for its existence, and my hair was turning grey with the load of responsibility which was cast upon me by my official position. The chance of his voyage around the world having brought him to Colombo was grasped by our leading Buddhist to get from Mr. Miller, at first-hand, some details about my public record and private character at home, to serve as weapons of defence against the hostile parties in

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the Eastern pulpit and press, who trod as near to the line of actionable slander as they dared, in their attacks upon our Society and its Founders. A great calamity impended, however, over the head of my friend, for within the next week his wife died at the hotel, and the Consul and I followed her remains to the grave.

It was at this time that our Colombo colleagues had the happy thought of devising a flag which could be adopted by all Buddhist nations as the universal symbol of their faith, thus serving the same purpose as that of the cross does for all Christians. It was a splendid idea, and I saw in a moment its far-reaching potentialities as an agent in that scheme of Buddhistic unity which I have clung to from the beginning of my connection with Buddhism. With the many points of dissemblance between Northern and Southern Buddhism, the work of unification was a formidable one; yet still, in view of the other fundamental features of agreement, the task was not hopeless. My *Buddhist Catechism* was already circulated in Japan in two translations, and now this flag came as a powerful reinforcement. Our Colombo brothers had hit upon the quite original and unique idea of blending in the flag the six colors alleged to have been exhibited in the aura of the Buddha, viz., sapphire-blue, golden-yellow, crimson, white, scarlet, and a hue composed of the others blended.* The adoption of this model avoided all possible causes of dispute among Buddhists, as all,

* In Pali the names of the colors are *Nila*, *Pita*, *Lohita*, *Avadata*, *Mangasta*, and *Prabhasvara*.

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without distinction, accept the same tradition as to the Buddha's personal appearance and that of his aura: moreover, the flag would have no political meaning whatever, but be strictly religious. As the Colombo Committee had sketched the flag, it was of the inconvenient shape of a ship's long, streaming pennant, which would be quite unsuitable for carrying in processions or fixing in rooms. My suggestion that it should be made of the usual shape and size of national flags was adopted, and when we had had a sample made, it was unanimously approved of. Accepted by the chief priests as orthodox, it at once found favor, and, on the Buddha Birthday of that year, was hoisted on almost every temple and decent dwelling-house in the Island. From Ceylon it has since found its way throughout the Buddhist world. I was much interested to learn, some years later, from the Tibetan Ambassador to the Viceroy, whom I met at Darjiling, that the colors were the same as those in the flag of the Talai Lama.

The importance of the service thus rendered to the Buddhist nations may perhaps be measured with that of giving, say, to the Christians the Cross symbol, or to the Moslems the Crescent. The Buddhist flag, moreover, is one of the prettiest in the world, the stripes being placed vertically in the order above written, and the sequence of the hues making true chromatic harmonies.

In pursuance of the policy of unity, I held a Convention in Colombo on the 14th February (1885) to agree upon a line of action as regards the tour I had come to make in the interest of education and religion. Suman-

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gala, Megittuwatte, and personal representatives of Wimelasara and Ambagahawatte were present, and we were able to come to a perfectly unanimous conclusion. Waskaduwe Subhuti, who was unavoidably absent, called on me the next day, and was, as usual, extravagantly liberal in promises and compliments.

On the 20th, in company with Messrs. Leadbeater, W. d'Abrew, Dharmapala, and my veteran Buddhist servant "Bob," I started in my travelling-cart for Negombo. But man proposes and God disposes, it is said, and I had my first and only serious attack of malarial fever since coming to the East. I could only lecture once, when we retraced our steps, and during the next fortnight Leadbeater had to do my work, while I lay abed and drank nasty herbal decoctions given me by a Native doctor, that were enough to make a horse sick. I was out again on the 5th March and took the platform at a place called Ratmalana. The tour in the Negombo district was resumed, and we visited the stations on our list, whose names may be judged from these few specimens: Pamankada, Hunupitiya, Naranpitiya, Wilawalla, Mokallangamuwa—which I commend to the managers of American "spelling bees" as good practice.

Returning from one of these outstations to Colombo, we held a bumper meeting at the Colombo Society's Headquarters, and broached the scheme of placing small earthen collecting-pots at private houses, into which the family and their friends should drop as many coppers as they felt they could afford in aid of the Buddhist National Fund.

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The packed audience responded fervently to Leadbeater's and my appeals, and fifty names were given in by persons who were willing to take pots. Our zealous brothers of the Colombo Society, accordingly, had a number of these money-pots made at a pottery, and, putting them into a cart, went through the streets of Colombo and distributed them. They would stop from time to time, call the neighbors around, make them a stirring address, and give pots to all who asked for them. Within the next twelve-month a sum of about rs. 1000 was thus collected, if my memory serves me

The cocoanut palm has been the theme of hundreds of poets, for it is one of the most beautiful objects of the vegetable kingdom. But to see it as we saw it on the night of 23rd March, at Ooloombalana, on the estate of Messrs. Pedalis de Silva and R. A. Mirando, was to take into the memory a picture that could never fade. The stars shone silvery in the azure sky, and in the extensive cocoanut grove many bonfires had been built to protect the fruit from the depredations of thieves. The effect of these lights upon the enamelled surfaces of the huge fronds was marvellously artistic. Their lower surfaces were brought out into high relief, and, standing at the foot of a tree and looking upward, one could see the great circle of star-studded sky that was opened out by the outspringing foot-stalks, while, as the wind shook the fronds, their spiky points would wave up and down and bend sidewise and back again, so that the hard, smooth, emerald-hued upper surfaces would glint and sparkle in the yellow glare of the fires. It was one of the most

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entrancing pictures I ever saw in my life. Our pitched cart with its white tent-top, the white oxen, our camp-fire, and our group of persons, were vividly lighted up, and I could not but fancy what an exquisite painting Salvator Rosa would have made of the quiet scene.

We entered the village of Madampe with a great procession that had come to meet us, and made noise enough with their barbaric tom-toms and horns to frighten away all the *pisâchas* within the circuit of five miles. Of course, our public lecture was attended by a huge crowd, who displayed much enthusiasm. Leadbeater, who is now working in America, will doubtless be entertained by these notes of our associated tourings. I doubt, however, his recalling with pleasure the trip from Madampe to Mahavena, in a country cart without springs, over a fearfully rough road, on which we got, as Horace Greeley did over a Kansas railroad, more exercise to the mile than was good for the soul. Every bone in our bodies was shaken up so as to make us painfully conscious of its anatomical position, while, as for poor Leadbeater, he suffered agony with his weak back. However, we came out of the experience alive, and that was something.

At one village, which I shall not name, we found the Buddhists killers of animals for food and drinkers and vendors of arrack—a pretty mess indeed—quite after the Indian Christian model. Well, it may be safely said that I walked into them in my discourse, citing the Silas to show what a real Buddhist should be, and pointing to what they were. The very headman whose hospitality was offered us

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was an arrack-renter, and fish-catching and selling was the order of the day. In defining Nirvana and the Path towards it, I gave them one and all to understand, on the authority of Lord Buddha himself, that if they imagined that they could get to Nirvana with a jug of arrack in one hand and a string of fish in the other, they were mightily mistaken: they had better go over to the Christians at once if they believed that, for fishing and arrack-drinking put a man quite outside the pale of Buddhism!

On the 7th April we closed the tour and started back for Colombo, but in the night our driver, having fallen asleep, dropped from his seat, and the bulls drew the heavy cart over his foot, so my servant "Bob," who was up to any emergency, took his place and brought us at 3 A.M. to the house of our good friend Hendrik Aracchi, where we stopped until 9 o'clock the next morning and then proceeded on towards home. We got to the Headquarters at 3 P.M., and I went at once to my desk to deal with arrears of work.

Sunday, the 11th April, being the Sinhalese New Year's Day, Leadbeater and I and others went to Kelanie temple, a very sacred shrine, a few miles from Colombo, to offer flowers and address the multitude. It was an animated scene indeed, what with the crowds of worshippers, the flower offerings before the images of Lord Buddha, the babel of chattering voices, the drawling intonations of the Five Precepts by the priests, and the full roar of repetitions by the people, the thousands of little lamps alight around the Bo trees, dagobas, and buildings, and the general stir and bustle. Buddhist "worship" is simplicity itself. The

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pilgrim, carrying flowers of the lotus, lily, champak, and other sweet-smelling plants and trees, doffs his sandals at the threshold of the house of statues, holds his joined palms to his forehead, lays the flowers on a marble slab before the image, bends his body reverentially, pronounces a phrase or two of the sacred teachings, and then quietly retires to give place to the next comer. That is all, and what could be simpler or more unobjectionable? The image is not worshipped; the devotee offers his fragrant blooms to the ideal of the world-savior, Gautama Buddha, whom he professes to follow in the Eight-fold Path (*Aryastaṅga Marga*) which He traced out for all men, and whom he holds enshrined in his heart of hearts. The Buddhist monk is no mediator, his prayers can do nobody good save himself, and then only as practically worked into his daily life, thought, and conversation. The Tathâgata was a man who, through countless rebirths, had at last reached the goal of Wisdom and Divine Powers, and who had preached the doctrine that Nirvana was attainable by all men who would profit by His discoveries and walk in the path of good and wise men. No infallibility had He claimed, no dogma enforced on assumed authority of divine inspiration. He had taught in the *Kalama Sutta*, on the contrary, as I have above noted, that one should believe nothing taught by a sage, written in a book, handed down by tradition, or supposedly proved by analogy, unless the thing taught was supported by human experience. Full of compassion for all beings, moved to heartbreaking by the volume of human woe, He had voluntarily taken rebirth after rebirth to learn

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more and more, develop more and more His insight, and gradually fit Himself to be the Leader of ignorant mankind out of the quagmire of Ignorance on to the firm ground of Truth. One has only to mix with such a crowd as we saw at Kelanie to realize how deep is the devotion and love for the Buddha in the hearts of His followers of to-day; ignorant, and petty, and backward in civilization as they may be.

The next important public work that I had to take up was the reorganization, on a stronger basis, of the Buddhist Defence Committee, a body which—as may be remembered —we formed in 1884, when I was leaving for London, to represent certain grievances of the Ceylon Buddhists to Lord Derby, the Colonial Secretary. The results of the Colombo Riots of that year, when a peaceable Buddhist procession was murderously attacked by Roman Catholics, showed the necessity for some permanent committee which should be the channel through which the community might transmit their petitions to Government and secure redress for grievances. Until then, the Sinhalese had had no organization of a national character, and, consequently, no semblance of public opinion that carried any weight. To the Theosophical Society is due the state of affairs now prevalent, viz., a Committee of Defence and a popular newspaper, circulating throughout the Island and even reaching those who live in the most distant countries as merchants, servants, or in other bread-winning capacities. The remodelled Committee, formed on the 18th April 1885, had the High Priest Sumangala as Honorary President and the most influential laics as active members. I was elected

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an Honorary Member, and have had frequent occasion to assist with counsel and otherwise my co-religionists. The remaining few days of my stay in the Island were taken up with business in Colombo, and on the 26th I sailed for Madras on the "Chindwara," on board which comfortable ship I found in the Captain and other officers old "ship-mates" of former voyages in Indian waters. During the tour I lectured thirty-two, and Leadbeater twenty-nine, times; tours were made among the villages of the Western and North-Western Provinces; several hundred rupees were collected for the National Fund; a new Sinhalese edition of 5000 copies of the *Buddhist Catechism* and 2000 of Mr. Leadbeater's *Sisya Bodhya*, or elementary Catechism, were published; the accounts of the Colombo Buddhist Theosophical Society, and of our Vernacular paper, the *Sandaresa*, were overhauled and audited; subscriptions amounting to rs. 3000 were collected towards the cost of Headquarters' buildings; the Defence Committee was permanently organized; and, last but not least, the Buddhist Flag was devised, improved, and adopted. A fair show of work, one would say. I returned alone, as it was arranged that Mr. Leadbeater should stay as my local representative and take the general supervision of Buddhist (secular) affairs.

I found all well on reaching home on the 5th May, and dropped at once into work. T. Subba Row came to see me on the next day, and we had a long talk about H. P. B. and the project of her return to India. For some reason his feelings towards her had entirely changed; he was now

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positively inimical, and protested that she should not be recalled for another year or two, so as to give time for the public animosity to subside, and avoid the scandal that would be caused by the Missionaries setting on again the Coulombs to sue her for libel. His views were shared by only a few of our members, however, the great majority inclining towards her return as soon as her health should be sufficiently restored to permit it. Subba Row came again a few days later, bringing with him a letter from one of our Indian members, in which was found, on opening it, a postscript in blue pencil, in the K. H. handwriting.

After showing me it, he re-mailed it to his correspondent, asking him if the blue writing was in the letter before it left him. His reply came in due course and—to me at least—was unsatisfactory. At about this time some man in Northern India was advertizing widely in the papers that he had been allowed to photograph Mahatma K. H. in the Tibetan Borderland, and that he would sell copies at two rupees each. Of course, we knew that it must be an impudent swindle and did not send for a copy, but one was sent me by a friend, and it was far worse than even we had expected. Instead of the Master's Christlike face, this was the picture of a brutalized Dugpa lama, with his paraphernalia of human leg-bone pipe, drinking-cup made of a skull, coarse red dress, peaked red cap, and heavy rosaries. It was like a personal insult to me, who had seen the real Personage face to face, talked with him, and seen the spiritual radiance which lights up the countenances of the Wise Ones. No doubt the scoundrelly speculator made a

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good thing of his photograph, and much good may the money have done him.

On the 24th several of us attended the wedding of one of our younger Madrassi members, Mr. Ramanjulu Naidu, and were much amused by the performances of a buffoon, who, with a simple bit of betel-leaf held by his two hands to his lips, imitated the singing and whistling of various birds, and, by breathing through his nose, the sounds of brass and stringed instruments. He also caricatured cleverly a missionary trying to preach in Tamil, a European scolding his servant, and some types of Hindu character that one meets from time to time in social intercourse.

A most sad case of the suicide of a young lad, the son of beloved European friends of ours, was reported to me in this month. He was only about twelve or fourteen years of age, had a happy and luxurious home, and parents who loved him dearly; his father was in a position to ensure him just such a career in life as he might have preferred. But suddenly, without provocation, he shot himself dead in his own room. This was not all; his brother had done the same, at about the same age, in the same house, a year or two before. The two events seem to have been related, and it is an interesting problem what peculiar karma could have made it necessary that these two bright, affectionate lads should have taken their own lives at the same age, and thus have wrenched with a double agony the hearts of their noble parents. Can anyone imagine my happiness in hearing from the dear mother that, but for the support and consolation of

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Theosophy, she should in all probability have gone mad? The complete realization of the truth of the theory of Karma dried her unavailing tears and calmed her affrighted soul. How admirably has Mr. Fullerton stated the case for the beneficent and consolatory working out of karmic results, in his pamphlet, *Theosophy in Practice, and Consolations of Theosophy.* If these parents suffered, it was no accident, no "mysterious Providence" that caused it, but they themselves: of what they had sown long before, they now reaped the harvest.

"The father, in some past time, when himself a father, had made life bitter to his children, or had been unsympathetic to those dependent on him, and had then formed a record which had to be expiated later on. Then the conditions were reversed, and the iron which he had driven into the souls of the helpless is now driven into his own. The pain is hard to bear, yet he knows that thus only can atonement be made, the debt to Justice be wiped out, the future freed from anxiety and sorrow. And so he becomes reconciled to an expiation which is reassuring, and is consoled at the thought that he has but brought upon himself what he deserved, etc."

This would explain why these two entities, self-doomed by self-generated karmas to suicide in boyhood, had drifted into this particular family circle to take birth. The antecedent karmic tie between them brought it about that one should first rush into Kamaloca, and then hypnotically draw his companion culprit along the same dark path. As for the present mother of them, if there

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was ever a woman and mother more lovable, I have never seen her. But that she had done something in a past life to draw upon herself the suffering resulting from such a tragedy is plain enough, if we live in a world of balanced cause and effect, and are not the sport of devils and astral tramps.

In an earlier chapter I have noted a peculiar case of family karma that came under my notice in Northern India. Two sons of a respectable and healthy family had each been stricken with paralysis on attaining his twelfth year. When I saw them, one was fourteen, the other twelve years old; and although I had cured some two hundred paralytics by my curative passes, I could do nothing for these poor lads: evidently it was their karma to suffer in this way, and their cases were incurable.

The book of Adolphe d'Assier on the state of man after death * pleased me so much that I asked and, in due course, obtained his permission to bring out an English edition with annotations of my own. I began the task on the 27th May (1886), and, with intervals of other duties attended to, finished it on June 24th. It was published in a neat form by Mr. Redway, and had a gratifying success. To my mind, it is one of the most useful books of reference in our occult literature, especially so because of the author's having been a Comtist, and having led us, as it were, past the tomb, into the shadow-land. That he deserts us midway through the gloom, matters not; he has at least disposed of the objectors

* *L'Humanité Posthume.*

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in his old party who refused to stir one step beyond the sill of the door of the sepulchre.

On the 6th June the Council met and approved of my plan for the organization of an American Board of Control to have charge of our movement in the United States of America. Shortly after, however, a quarrel sprang up between Mr. Judge and Dr. Coues, the latter wanting to be appointed President for life of the American Section —an anomaly, since a society can have but one head if it be really an entity, or corporate body. He wrote H. P. B. and myself the most fantastical, self-adulatory letters, in which gross flattery was mingled with boasting and peppered with covert threats. He explained to us how he played upon the American public, now exciting its curiosity and wonder, anon destroying its hopes of ever solving the mystery which he was hiding from the profane. In short, he gave me the impression that he was a most dangerous and undesirable man to have dealings with; and when he had brought things to a certain point, I got the Council to agree to dissolve the American Board of Control and replace it by a sectional form of organization, based on purely republican lines, and having in itself the elements of stability. How well the scheme worked, under Mr. Judge's direction, is now a matter of history. Dr. Coues was ultimately expelled from our membership.

A letter came to me from Bombay, from Tookaram Tatya, which gave us all a great surprise. On the first page he writes feelingly about the disappearance of

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Damodar and of our not knowing whether he was dead or alive. On the second page, left blank, I found a long message from Mahatma K. H., or at any rate in his familiar script, giving me full information in answer to Tookaram's plaint. Damodar, it said, was alive and safe; he had tried to pass through a terrible ordeal of initiation, but had failed through physical weakness; he would, however, ultimately succeed. The time had come for us all to realize that there was an inexorable law of Karma and act accordingly. The tone of the message was admirable, and I felt rejoiced to see its stern reminder of our personal accountability: it seemed the harbinger of better days, the knell of sham holiness, of which there had been too much. I re-posted the letter to Tookaram, and asked what he knew about it, as Subba Row had in the previous instance. He answered in a letter, received on the 17th of that month, expressing his great joy over the occurrence, and telling me how other leading men of ours shared his feelings. As H. P. B. was in Europe and Damodar in Tibet, this phenomenon could not be attributed to them by even their most dishonest critics.

The news from Europe was now cheering. At the head of our movement in France we had a gifted and extremely able man, M. Louis Dramard, who, most unfortunately for us, went into a rapid consumption a little later, and died just when a field for unlimited usefulness was opening before him. Had he lived, we should have had, within the next five years, a very large following among the higher class of French Socialists, of whom Bernard

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Malon and Dramard, pure altruists, were types. Even as it is, we have members in the National Assembly—or had, at all events, three years ago, when I was last in Paris. The fact is, this pollen of Theosophy has been wafted all over the world, and fructified thought-seeds in thousands of brains that the world does not suspect of such affinities. When Tennyson died, a copy of *The Voice of the Silence* lay by his bedside on the night-table, and more than one royal personage has our books on the shelves of his private library. And why not? Thoughts are things, and great thoughts more potent than the most absolute monarch on earth: before their majesty even he has to bow in reverence. Cry out, then, O warders on the walls of our citadel! for the wind will waft your call to the ears of those whose clairaudient sense is waiting to hear it, and whose hour of karma has struck.

A letter from H. P. B., about the writing of *The Secret Doctrine*, that I have just come across, is so suggestive that I shall use it in this place. She says:—

"Sinnett has left, after stopping with me three weeks, and Mrs. . . . . remains for ten days more. She is very kind, and copies for me the *Secret Doctrine*. The enormous (volume) of Introductory Stanzas, the first chapter on the Archaic Period and Cosmogony, with numberless appendices, is ready; but how to send it to Adyar? Suppose it is lost! I do not remember one word of it, and so we would be cooked! Well, old boy, Z. has read it through twice and begun again for the third time. He has *not*

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found one part to be corrected in the English, and he is amazed, he says, at the 'gigantic erudition and the soundness of reasoning in its showing of the esotericism of the Bible and its incessant parallels with the Vedas, Brahmanas, etc.' This is a little more wonderful yet than *Isis*. Then you corrected, and Wilder suggested. *Now, I am absolutely alone*, with my arm-chair and inkstand before me, and no books to speak of. I wrote a whole section and the interpretation of a whole stanza (about 40 pages), without any books around me, and without stopping, for about four hours, simply listening. This is no humbug, old boy, anyhow."

Now for a coincidence. As I write, among the exchanges laid on my table is the copy of the *Banner of Light* for February 25th (1899), in which appears an article entitled, "Was Talmage Inspired?" and apparently from the pen of the editor. It says:—

"Many of our readers will remember a poem published some months ago in *The Banner*, entitled, 'The Stage of Life,' by Madge York. This poem was received, laboriously spelled out word by word, on the Ouija board, by a gentleman, who, though not widely known in spiritualistic circles, has been singularly blessed in his own medial powers. A year ago last summer the editor was informed by this gentleman that he had received another most remarkable communication on the Ouija board, of many pages in length, concerning occupations in spirit-life. He and a friend sat several evenings to receive it, one

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transferring the words to paper, and the other furnishing the power with which the intelligence guided the pointer to the letters. Oftentimes a word was spelled over and over again in order that there might be no mistake. Being uncertain regarding many historical characters referred to, the gentleman sat up nearly the whole of one night verifying by the encyclopædia names and statements given. In every instance he found them absolutely correct.

"While the communication was received in response to queries and a personal desire for knowledge, he yet felt that the information was given for the benefit of others as well as himself, and fully intended sometime to share it with the world. He hesitated to do so because of the assurance that the message was not quite completed. In the meantime he read it to many friends. About a year and a half ago he took it to a typewriter in New York and had it copied. Lawyers, merchants, and prominent business men read the document, or heard it read, and speculated as to its source.

"We now come to the strange part of our narrative. On January 22, 1899, Rev. T. De Witt Talmage delivered from his pulpit in Washington, D. C., a sermon entitled, 'What Are Our Departed Friends Doing Now?' taking his text from Ezekiel i.: 'Now it came to pass in the thirtieth year, in the fourth month, as I was among the captives by the river of Chebar, that the heavens were opened.'

"This sermon was reported by the Washington *Post*, copied by the *Progressive Thinker* last week, and will

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appear in the next issue of the *Banner of Light.* Excepting the introduction, certain other embellishments, and an orthodox coloring given by the brain through which it passed, the sermon is identical with the communication received on the Ouija board two years previously by our friend. Whole paragraphs are the same, without the variation of a word.

"From whence came the inspiration? The gentleman tells us he did not request the name of the intelligence who gave him such rich spiritual food. He does not care to have his name published at present, but he will communicate by letter with any who wish to verify the above, and will furnish them with the names and addresses of the typewriter and others who will cheerfully testify."

Every experienced occultist who reads this must see the bearing the case has upon the whole question of H. P. B.'s alleged plagiarisms. In the most merciless and savage manner her books have been dissected by her evil-wishers, and on the strength of their containing a large number of citations from other authors without giving credit, she has been charged with wilful and dishonorable plagiarism. Some of these traducers have, themselves, been Spiritualists of many years' experience with mediums and their phenomena, who ought, therefore, to have known that we have not yet learnt the secret of thought-currents on the several planes of mentality. Not one of them is able to explain the simultaneous or almost simultaneous discovery of scientific truths by students far removed from each other and not in

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mutual communication, or the putting of the same ideas into books issued at about the same time in different parts of the world.* Presumably, not one of H. P. B.'s cruel critics would venture to say that Mr. Talmage had plagiarized his sermon from an unpublished mediumistic message two years after it was received by the medium, read by his friends, and, so far as appears, never brought to Mr. Talmage's notice. If, therefore, he is to be given the benefit of the doubt, why should less kindness be used in the case of H. P. B.? One can see, from the instance under notice, that H. P. B. may not have been guilty of a single conscious plagiarism in the writing of either of her greater books, but that she may have spiritually drawn them direct, or received them at second hand spiritually, from that great storehouse of human thought and mental products, the Astral Light, where, as drops are merged in the ocean, personal begetters

* Just while I am writing, the current issue of the *Bombay Gazette* publishes the following paragraph :—

"It is a singular fact (says a correspondent) that at the time of the publication of Kipling's first 'Jungle Book,' Mr. Fred. Whishaw actually had a Jungle Book of his own ready for publication. The coincidence was complete, for Mr. Whishaw had used the names of animals and animal expressions in much the same manner as Kipling had done. Suddenly the latter's 'Jungle Book' was announced, and albeit this incident happened several years ago, Mr. Whishaw cannot be persuaded to place his own work upon the market. It is among the most singular of literary coincidences. He has the manuscript still."

Which plagiarised from the other? Again: In 1842 Dr. J. R. Buchanan, then of Louisville, Ky., and Mr. J. B. W. S. Gardner, of Roche Court, Hants, England, acting independently of one another, announced their discovery of the power to suspend or excite cerebral organs by mesmeric action. Which plagiarized?

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of thought are lost in the totality of the Infinite Mind, save to those most advanced Intelligences who can count the sand-grains and the ocean-drops and pick out the atoms in their respective vortices. In her letter to me H. P. B. cites the fact of Mr. Z. having sat with her for hours while she was transcribing what was spoken to her clairaudient sense by a Master, invisible to him but seen by herself. The reader will find in the second volume of this series (p. 467) my description of her method of writing from the dictation of an invisible Teacher as I myself saw it at Ootacamund. This very same thing I saw unnumbered times while she was writing *Isis Unveiled*: I have described it exactly as it occurred,* and quoted her own description of the process in a letter to her sister; it agrees perfectly with what she writes me as having occurred at Ostende. Shall we call this phenomenon plagiarism, then, or shall we not modestly confess our ignorance of that most awe-inspiring fact of the transmission of thought-vibrations from man to man physical, man to man spiritual, and man spiritual to man physcial; its laws, its limitations, and its potentialities?

* Cf. *Old Diary Leaves*, vol. i. p. 242.

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CHAPTER XXVI.

FOUNDING THE ADYAR LIBRARY.

IT had been originally intended to erect a separate kiosk to contain the pictures of the two Mahatma patrons painted by Schmiechen, but as the building of the Library and Convention Hall proceeded, it became evident that it would be better in every way to house them in a special annex to the Library, which was done. The superbly carved screen which H. P. B. had had made to go in her own big room, was of just the right size to serve as a partition in the arch between the Library and Picture Room, and was finished in due course and set up in its place. The black and white marble flooring-tiles which were in the verandahs when we bought the property, were now taken up and utilized for paving the Library and its approach, while new tiles were presented by Mr. C. Ramiah, of Madras, for the floor of the Picture Annex. Building operations were being pushed as energetically as possible, under the professional superintendence of the good Mr. C. Sambiah; our aim being to have everything finished in time for the next

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Convention. The want of money hampered us greatly, but somehow it all came out right in the long run, as it always does.

On the 17th May I left for the lovely hill station of Bangalore, at the invitation of a number of influential men, to come and lecture and form a Branch of the Society. A century ago the Battle of Seringapatam crushed the power of Tippoo Sultan, the warlike ruler of Mysore, and under the protection of the British brought the old Hindu dynasty to the throne. Since then the affairs of this State have been so well administered that it has been made one of the most prosperous and progressive in the Empire. Its advancement, within the past fifteen years especially, under the management of Sir K. Seshadri Iyer, the Dewan (Prime Minister), has been astounding; its wealth increasing by leaps and bounds, its taxation lightened, its mineral resources opened up, and its education policy for both sexes made a model to copy after. When it is stated that the Dewan has been an avowed member of our Society since the time of the visit I am now mentioning, it will be seen that we have reason for a just pride in seeing how the welfare of a people is promoted under the rule of a statesman who practises theosophical principles.*

I was received on arrival at Bangalore by a large number of people, who escorted me to a fine house in the Cantonment, where the customary address was read and then handed to me in a carved sandalwood box, having inside the cover a silver plate appropriately inscribed.

* This eminent man has died subsequently.

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Drives through the wide tree-bordered avenues to points of interest, visits to important personages, receipts of their return visits, private and public discussions on philosophy, metaphysics, and science, filled in the time between my hours of reception and made the visit a charming one throughout. On the day after my arrival I had a two-hours' talk with the Dewan upon Yoga, Advaita, and Theosophy, and found him one of the most enlightened and attractive men I had ever met. He consented to take the chair at my first lecture on the 20th. It was given at the Central College, in a great pillared hall with galleries, which was packed to overflowing. A crowd equally as large stood outside the building. The subject given me was "Theosophy and the T. S.," and certainly I never faced a more enthusiastic assemblage. The Dewan's remarks went right to the point, and were both lucid and benevolent. One result of the meeting was to send me a stream of visitors the next day and to cause thirteen persons to enter the Society. Nine more offered themselves the next day, and on the third day there were twenty-eight names on the roll. My second lecture was on "Brahma Vidya," and the audience was a large one, although, to prevent such an uncomfortable crowding as before, the Committee sold tickets of admission. The next evening there was a lecture on "Mesmerism," with experimental demonstrations for the instruction of the new members only; and earlier in the day one to schoolboys, of whom hundreds were present.

Bangalore City spreads over a large area, and is divided into two parts—the Cantonment, where Europeans and the

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highest officials live; and the City proper, the more ancient quarter. My third lecture was given there, upon the distinctly Hindu subject of "Vayuloka and its Inhabitants," the term being almost the equivalent of the Purgatory of the Roman Catholics. The popular beliefs in India about this post-sepulchral state of existence are very interesting and, on the whole, identical. The student of this branch of folklore and occultism will profit much by reading D'Assier's excellent work on the state of man after death.* At the time of my Bangalore visit I was engaged in compiling information about Vayuloka, and some of the matter in my lecture had been obtained from two Mysorean gentlemen of the place. The natural term of the soul's sojourn in this purgatorial region, this half-way house between earth and Swarga, people greatly differ about: in Mysore they fix it at from ten to sixteen days, and the ceremony of Shraddha takes place only after that. Soldiers killed in battle pass on at once to Swarga—a belief singularly like that of the Scandinavians and other ancient nations of Europe; but their rulers have to pay a heavy karmic penalty if their cause was not just. Suicides and the victims of accident have to linger in Vayuloka as many years as they would have lingered on earth had they lived out their natural life-terms. The Mysoreans say that after the Vayuloka, the transitive state, come Naraka and Swarga—hell and heaven—and the soul cut adrift from its earth-anchorage, so to express it, is drawn to the one or the other state according to the pre-

* *Posthumous Humanity*, English Trans., London, 1887, George Redway.

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ponderating attractions which it has created in itself. After it has exhausted all the effects of the karma of its last preceding incarnation it comes again into earth-life, obedient to its unexhausted *trishna*; and so the wheel of birth and death keeps on revolving, ever revolving, until the extinction of desire gives release. I am giving here an outline of the popular belief in this hilly state and, to a great extent, among primitive people, as it was told me during the delightful visit I am now describing.

At the house of Sir K. Seshadri Iyer, the Dewan, I was having a most interesting talk about Vedanta with him and his Guru, a venerable and learned Brahman pandit, when the harmonious spiritual atmosphere that we were engender ing about us was suddenly thrown into turbulence and confusion by an inrush of the aura of political cunning and selfishness in the person of the late Sir T. Madhava Row, K.C.S.I., ex-Dewan of Baroda. The whole life of this gifted statesman had been devoted to worldly affairs, and what he liked best was to realize the schemes for increase of wealth, industrial progress, and mental shrewdness, which his fertile brain planned, and which he did his best to put into operation within the several States of which he had been Prime Minister, viz., Travancore, Indore, Baroda. His model was the British administrative policy, and his success had always been remarkable: at London, as at Simla, Bombay, and Madras, he was *persona grata*. A man like this would not be expected to care for the philosophical and metaphysical excursions along the higher levels of Indian thought, and so, when he joined our little party in the

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Dewan's drawing-room, Advaita flew out of the window when Mr. World-Wisdom came in by the door. To say that we were satisfied would not be true, we were quite the contrary, but there was nothing for us but to let him lead the conversation along his own "practical" level. Now, whether because of my boldness in uttering heterodox and unworldly opinions, or because my experience in the management of public affairs at home had taught me how to meet such minds as his, I can't say, but the fact is that I had no better friend in India in a certain way than Sir T. Madhava Row, wide apart as we were on religious points. Shortly before his death he organized a public subscription to get my bust modelled by Mr. Havell, Director of the Madras School of Arts—a pretty good sign of his friendly regard. But on the occasion under notice he—as my Diary records—disputed with me in favor of giving Hindus what he called "a belly education," and drawing them away from their ancestral philosophies which, he contended, had only reduced them to political national subjection. Poor man! he died rich but scarcely happy, I fear, for he once offered Mme. Blavatsky to give the Society rs. 100,000 and devote the rest of his life to its work if she would "show him some miracles going to prove the existence and survival of the soul." How many, alas! are ready to barter wealth for spiritual knowledge, if it can be conveyed to them without interfering with their business engagements.

Lectures, nightly, to an ever-increasing group of new members, at my lodgings and publicly on general subjects, together with visits and drives, took up all my time. I was

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interested much in a lecture, given by special request, of the "Queen's Own Sappers and Miners," in the schoolroom of their battalion, this being my first experience of an address to an exclusively military audience. I was most kindly received and treated by the Committee throughout, and, of course, garlanded on leaving.

The Dewan of Mysore joined our Society on the 1st August, as many of his principal colleagues had previously done, and I was able to form two large Branches in the city and the cantonment before returning to Madras, after farewell addresses from Committees of both, on my departure —at 7 P.M. on the 1st August. This visit was one of the pleasantest I ever made, and after the lapse of thirteen years I am happy to say the friendships then formed are still alive.

I got to Adyar on my birthday (August 2), and spent its hours, as usual, at my desk until far into the night.

When H. P. B. left us for Europe, she particularly requested me to shift over my own quarters in the Riverside bungalow to her new room which Coulomb had built for her in 1884, while we were abroad and he and his *cara sposa* were still in charge of the housekeeping. I did so, but when the rainy season came there was not a spot in the chamber where I could keep my bed dry, the terraced roof leaking like a sieve. So I had to tear down and rebuild, and while I was about it, I extended the Northern end and opened windows at the East and West sides, so as to give H. P. B. a chance for currents of air and pretty views of the river when she should come back to her beloved Indian home.

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Poor thing! she never had the chance to enjoy it again, and so I am sleeping in the room where she lay twice dying in 1885, with some of her own furniture, pictures, and knick-knacks about me as perpetual reminders of her dear old self. As usual, she mixed up the Society's practical business when she put her finger into the pie. The Overland mail of August 12th brought me the consoling news that (of course without the shadow of constitutional authority) she had cabled our people in New York to dissolve the American Board of Control—to pacify Coues, I presume—and she also offered to turn over her share of the *Theosophist* to Judge and make him her successor (one of two or three dozens). What a pity that one cannot collect into one letter-file the many similar offers she made to men and women from first to last! To offer anyone the successorship was as liberal and practical as to offer him a farm in the Moon, for she never could have a real successor, for the excellent reason that nobody was ever likely to be born just like her and so fill her place. At the same time the case of Mrs. Besant has proved that it is possible for another to create as commanding a place as hers was, and to do as much as she to spread Theosophy throughout the world. Still, "there is one glory of the Sun and another glory of the Moon, and another glory of the stars," and so, while there can be no more than one H. P. B. Sun nor one Annie Besant Moon, there are places in our sky for hosts of stars, which certainly differ from each other in glory. If Judge had only realized that!

Work tumbled in upon me on my return, as Oakley

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went away for a change and recuperation, and I had to take over the whole editorial work.

Among the clever Hindus whose languid patriotism had been stirred up by contact with us was the late R. Sivasankara Pandiyaji, an assistant teacher in Pacheappa's College. He was an eloquent and intense man, with a clarion voice and the capacity for great enthusiasm, so that, when he turned his nervous force into the channel of work, he moved with power. He founded the Hindu Theological High School at Madras, and gathered into it hundreds of boys. His leisure was employed in compiling readers, tracts, and leaflets, full of high moral teachings culled from the Hindu scriptures, and he trained a number of children of both sexes to recite Sanskrit slokas in a charming manner. His lectures and their recitations at several of our annual gatherings are remembered with pleasure. His first exhibition of the children to me was made at the time above specified.

The growth of the library making it expedient that the Oriental and Western books should be kept separate, I fitted up H. P. B.'s first bedroom at Adyar—the large one upstairs where many recorded phenomena occurred—as the Western Section, and we moved the books into it in September, put in a huge table, and utilized the place for Council meetings as well. As fate would have it, the room could only be got ready by the 7th of the month, despite my desperate attempts to hurry on the carpenters; so, when I was struck by the coincidence, I myself carried in *Isis Unveiled* as the first book and put it on its shelf.

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H. P. B., as the readers of Mr. Sinnett's *Incidents* may recollect, being born in the seventh month of the year, went by the name of *Sedmitchka*, she who is connected with the number Seven. Moreover, she was married on the 7th July (1848), reached America on the 7th July (1873), and died in the seventh month of the seventeenth year of our theosophical collaboration; and when it is seen that the number seven has played and is playing a similar important part in the history of my own life, we find ourselves in a pretty tangle of fateful numerical relationships.

We saw a good deal of T. Subba Row at Headquarters at this period, and enjoyed many opportunities to profit by his instructive occult teachings. I have a diary note to the effect that he told us that fully "one-third of his life is passed in a world of which his own mother has no idea." How few parents do know what are the nightly occupations of the entities to whom they have furnished the present facility for reincarnation! And how few of of the entities themselves bring back recollections of those transcorporeal activities!

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CHAPTER XXVII.

THE OPENING CEREMONY.

THERE was much building to do in 1886, and the sound of the hammer and trowel was heard almost throughout the year. Besides the rebuilding of H. P. B.'s bedroom upstairs, which M. Coulomb had made as rain-proof as a sieve, and the conversion of her first large bedroom into a library for Western literature, we had the work of building the Oriental library to push on with great despatch, so as to have it ready for opening during the Convention. To avoid the encroachment of pillars on our limited floor-space, we had ordered steel girders out from England, and when they were fixed in place, suffered a spasm of anxiety on finding that the weight of the brick terrace caused a deflection of $\frac{1}{8}$ in. The span of 27 ft. was a long one, and, in our inexperience, we feared that the terrace might come down by the run some day and perhaps kill somebody, or, what was almost worse, crush the priceless portraits of the Masters into ruin. I think either of us would have consented to death rather than that. But the girders sank to their bearings at last, and the work was hurried on as fast

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as we could push it. By the end of September, seeing that the library would certainly be ready in time, a circular was sent around inviting learned men to contribute poems in Sanskrit, Pali, and Zend for the occasion, and asking our colleagues throughout India and Ceylon to arrange for the priests of their several ancient religions to come and take part in the opening ceremonies, which I meant to be of a character to show the eclectic attitude of the Society towards the various religions of the world. In the literary department there was plenty to do, the editing of the *Theosophist* being supplemented with the preparation of a handy monograph on *Psychometry and Thought-Transference*, cataloguing the Western library books, preparing a new edition of the *Buddhist Catechism*, and other things. Besides which there were lectures to give.

We were all rejoiced by the arrival, on the 3rd October, on a visit, of Prince Harisinhji and his family, for, as my readers know, he has always been beloved at Headquarters for his sweet character and loyal friendliness. He has worn as well as any man who has joined us from the beginning. Among Indian princes he is the best as man and friend whom I have met, and if all were like him, religion would be on a far better footing in India than it is in these degenerate days. He stopped with us four weeks, occupying the Riverside bungalow and having his meals prepared by his own servants.

Just before the Prince left Adyar, his sweet wife, the worthy type of the noble Rajpoot race, gave us a considerable sum of money in her son's name, for the erection of a stone gateway of ancient design. Circumstances of one

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kind and another baffled all our attempts to carry out the idea until quite recently, when we brought from a ruined temple in Southern India the ponderous sculptured pillars and cross-beam which are being erected on the entrance avenue in our grounds. The Princess, her son and elder daughter having died meanwhile, their three names were cut in the cross-beam; and the structure, already 2000 years old, as surmised, will for ages stand as a tribute of affection to their memory.*

The Overland mail brought me, about this time, a most cordial letter from a Christian bishop, blessing our Society for what it was doing to stem the tide of scepticism and strengthen the religious spirit; he wished to become a member, and asked permission and directions for forming a T. S. Branch! Fancy that: a Bishop, and his letter stamped with the Episcopal seal. That was something brand new in our experience, for the clergy had for the most part been denouncing us in the pulpit and classifying us as sons of Belial. True, he was black, a full-blooded negro, as his photograph too plainly showed, yet a Bishop, all the same; orthodox, consecrated in the Episcopal or American section of the Anglican Church. His diocese, Haïti. What good results might have followed for our cause it is hard to say, if the Island had not been upset shortly afterward by one of those political revolutions which are so common in Haïti and the South American states.

* While this book has been going through the press, the Prince Harisinhji, who was present at the Convention in Benares, lost his life from an accident on the morning of January 2, 1903.

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THE FIRST CONVENTION HELD AT

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HEADQUARTERS, ADYAR, MADRAS.

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In November I had by the same mail letters from Dr. Elliott Coues and Mr. Richard Harte, of New York, announcing the collapse of the Society in the United States; the former attributing it to my refusing to play the autocrat, or let him do so, and the latter to Coues having tried to "boss" everybody! My Diary note on them is that "Perhaps both are wrong and the T. S. is *not* collapsed over there," the reasonableness of which events have proved.

A flying visit was made between the 19th and 22nd November to Cuddapah, where I lectured and formed the Cuddapah T. S.

By the first week of December Sanskrit poems for the Library opening had been received from Benares, Bengal, Bombay, and Madras Pandits; and Sanskrit and Pali verses from the most learned Buddhist priests of Ceylon. About the same time I received from H. P. B., for reading and revision by T. Subba Row and myself, the MS. of Vol. I. of the *Secret Doctrine*; but in his then captious mood the former refused to do more than read it, saying that it was so full of mistakes that if he touched it he should have to rewrite it altogether! This was mere pique, but did good, for when I reported his remark to H. P. B. she was greatly distressed, and set to work and went over the MS. most carefully, correcting many errors due to slipshod literary methods, and with the help of European friends making the book what it is now. It must be said of her that she was always most eager to have mistakes pointed out, and most ready to correct them. Especially was that the case with such of her writings as were not dictated

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to her, psychically, by the unseen Helpers who presided over the production of her two great books, *Isis* and the *Secret Doctrine*, which will be the Jachin and Boaz of her perpetual monument, a wonder to coming generations.*

The last touches to the Library were being given up to the 22nd December, the lovely carved screen which has been the admiration of all visitors was set in place on the 19th, the Picture Room marble floor laid on the same and following day, that of the Library on the 22nd, and then the work was done. The first Delegates arrived on the 21st, and on the same evening I wrote my address for the opening Library ceremony. By every train more Delegates came from Bengal, the North-Western and Central Provinces, Bombay, Madras, and Ceylon, until the buildings were full to overflowing. As usual, I wrote my Annual Report on

* I think she would have felt deeply mortified if she had lived to read the scathing and complete exposure of Keely's fraudulent demonstrations of his "Inter-Etheric Force," in her own magazine, the *Theosophical Review*, for May (1899), after what she had written about it in the *Secret Doctrine* (i. 556–566, first ed.). She knew nothing personally about Keely, taking her impressions and facts at second hand from a friend at Philadelphia—a shareholder in Keely's original company, and from Mrs. Bloomfield Moore, his enthusiastic disciple and backer; but she did know a great deal about the etheric and other forces and their potentialities, and had often proved, experimentally, her ability to handle them; so, without stopping to test Keely's theories or verify Mrs. Moore's alleged facts, she flew off at a tangent into a most instructive essay on cosmic forces, and by her unguarded half-endorsement of the now-proven charlatan, exposed one more large joint in her armor to the shafts of her sneering enemies. But what does it matter, after all? She was just H. P. B., and strode along with us, a giantess in various aspects, though perhaps a *gulowonche* when accepting unchallenged the statements of those who had too easily won her confidence.

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the evening of the 26th, and on the 27th at the fixed time the Convention organised and disposed of its work. This year's session was made memorable by a course of four lectures on the Bhagavad Gîtâ, by T. Subba Row, which charmed his hearers and, in book form, are now among the most precious treasures of our theosophical literature. They were a foretaste of the intellectual character which has been stamped upon our Adyar annual meetings by the discourses of Mrs. Besant. On the afternoon of the 27th the Buddhist priest, Medankara, of Ceylon, lectured in Pali, and—a fact which proves the close connexion between Pali and Sanskrit—his remarks were interpreted to us in English by the late Adyar Library Pandit Bhashyacharya, who did not know Pali, but understood the speaker perfectly from his own deep knowledge of Sanskrit. A word must be said about this Medankara. He was of the Ramanya Nikâya, a young man, truly holy in his life and aims to a degree that I have never seen equalled among the bhikkus of Ceylon. A part of each year it was his custom to retire into the forest and spend the time in meditation, subsisting on berries and such other food as came in his way. Almost alone among the monks, he believed in the existence of our Masters, and his strongest yearning was to go to Tibet in search of them. He would have started in that very year had I not dissuaded him and used all my personal influence with him. He reluctantly went back to Ceylon, but so far from abandoning his project, sent me several urgent requests that I would let him go to the Himâlayas and help him on. But alas! it was not his karma like Damodar's to seek and

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find the Teacher, for death soon caught him away from our sight, perhaps that he might soon reincarnate in a body better adapted to the accomplishment of his heart's wish.

The Library opening on the 28th was a complete success. Brahmin, Buddhist, and Parsi priests and a Muslim Maulvi participated. The scene was most impressive to a thoughtful mind.

However tinged with sectarian inclinations some of my colleagues may have been and are, even my ill-wishers must do me the justice to say that I have stubbornly opposed all attempts to put forth *ex cathedrâ* teachings. In fact, it has been my passion to uphold the platform of tolerance on which H. P. B. and I laid the foundations of the Society in the beginning, and I grasped the chance, which the opening of the Adyar Library offered, to put that idea before the world in a way that could not be misunderstood. Such a thing had never been seen in India as the religious teachers of the antipathetic sects of the East uniting in a ceremony like this; but, for that matter, India had never, before the uprising of the Theosophical Society, seen men of all the castes and Indian sects meeting together to celebrate the anniversaries of a religio-scientific body of foreign inception. We have been "making history" in a very real sense ever since we had that momentous drawing-room meeting in New York, when the idea of our Society was first broached by myself and supported by H. P. B., Judge, and others. And now these chapters are collected in book form to serve as a contribution to the history of our movement, it is well for

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us to recall the incidents of the official opening of the Adyar Library on the 28th December 1886.

As stated, priests of Advaita and Visishthadvaita Hinduism, of Southern Buddhism, of Zoroastrianism, and of Islam were in attendance, and, as they were called, mounted the speaker's platform, and with ceremonies appropriate to their several religions, invoked blessings and prosperity on the enterprise. The crowded audience of Asiatics and Europeans showed the deepest interest in the proceedings. Each group of priests, after finishing its part of the programme, left the platform and gave place to the next, we laymen sitting there and watching the events whose like had never been seen or even dreamt of in India before. It was one of the happiest days of my life. A Pandit from Mysore invoked the favor of Ganapati, the god of occult research, and of Sarasvati, the Indian Pallas-Athene, or Minerva, patroness of learning; some boys from one of our Sanskrit schools chanted benedictory verses in the classical language of the Vedas; two Parsi Mobeds offered a prayer to Ahura Mazda and lit the fire of sandalwood in a silver brazier; the saintly Medankara and a colleague intoned the *Jayamangalam* in Pali; and a Muslim Maulvi from Hyderabad, with strong, clear voice, recited a prayer from the Koran. Then followed my official discourse, of which the following extracts are made from the report of the *Madras Mail*:—

"We are met together, Ladies and Gentlemen, upon an occasion that is likely to possess an historical interest in the world of modern culture. The foundation of a Library

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of such a character as this is among the rarest of events, if, indeed, it be not unique in modern times. We need not enumerate the great libraries of Western cities, with their millions of volumes, for they are, rather, huge storehouses of books; nor the collections of Oriental literature at the India Office, and in the Royal and National Museums of Europe; nor even the famed Saraswati Mahal, of Tanjore: all these have a character different from our Adyar Library, and do not compete with it. Ours has a definite purpose behind it, a specific line of utility marked out for it from the beginning. It is to be an adjunct to the work of the Theosophical Society; a means of helping to effect the object for which the Society was founded, and which is clearly stated in its constitution. Of the three declared aims of our Society—

"The first is: 'To form a nucleus of the Universal Brotherhood of Humanity, without distinction of race, creed, or color.'

"The second: 'To promote the study of Aryan and other Eastern literatures, religions, and sciences.'

"The first is the indispensable antecedent to the second, as the latter is the logical consequence of the former. It would be impracticable to bring about any friendly co-operation by the learned of the several ancient faiths and races for the study of comparative religion and archaic philosophy and science, without first getting them to consent to work in mutual kindliness; and, on the other hand, the establishment of this fraternal spirit would naturally stimulate research into the records of the past, to

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discover, if possible, the basis of religious thought and human aspiration. Strife comes of mutual misunderstanding and prejudice, as unity results from the discovery of basic truth. Our Society is an agency of peace and enlightenment, and in founding this Library is but carrying out its policy of universal goodwill. We want, not so much number of books, as books of a useful sort for our purposes. We wish to make it a monument of ancestral learning, but of the kind that is of most practical use to the world. We do not desire to crowd our shelves with tons of profitless casuistical speculations, but to gather together the best religious, moral, practical, and philosophical teachings of the ancient sages. We aim to collect whatever can be found in the literature of yore upon the laws of nature, the principles of science, the rules and processes of useful arts. Some Aryaphiles are thoroughly convinced that the forefathers had rummaged through the whole domain of human thought, had formulated all philosophical problems, sounded all depths and scaled all heights of human nature, and discovered most, if not all, hidden properties of plants and minerals and laws of vitality: we wish to know how much of this is true. There are some so ignorant of the facts as to affirm their disbelief in the learning of the ancients and the value of the contents of the old books. To them, the dawn of human wisdom is just breaking, and in the Western sky. Two centuries ago—as Flammarion tells us—the Jesuits, Schillers, and Bayers proposed to have the stars and constellations rechristened with Christian instead of

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Pagan names: the Sun was to be called *Christ*; the Moon, *Mary Virgin*; Saturn, *Adam*; Jupiter, *Moses*; etc., etc.: the orbs would have shone none the less brightly, and sectarianism would have been gratified! In something of the same spirit, some of our improved Aryans seem disposed to obliterate the good old orbs of knowledge and set up new ones—putting out Vyasa, Manu, Sankara, Kapila, and Patanjali, the Aryan luminaries; and lighting up Comte, Haeckel, Huxley, Spencer, and Mill. It would not be so reprehensible if they would be content to see all great and shining lights

'. . . . admitted to that equal sky.'

We are all for progress and reform, no doubt, but it is yet to be proved that it is a good plan to throw away a valuable patrimony to clutch at a foreign legacy. For my part, I cannot help thinking that if our clever graduates knew as much about Sanskrit, Zend, and Pali literature as they do of English, the Rishis would have more, and modern biologists less, reverence. Upon that impression, at any rate, this Adyar Library is being founded.

"With the combined labor of Eastern and Western scholars, we hope to bring to light and publish much valuable knowledge now stored away in the ancient languages, or, if rendered into Asiatic vernaculars, still beyond the reach of the thousands of earnest students who are only familiar with the Greek and Latin classics and their European derivative tongues. There is a widespread conviction that many excellent secrets of chemistry, metallurgy, medicine, industrial arts, meteorology, agri-

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culture, animal breeding and training, architecture, engineering, botany, mineralogy, astrology, etc., known to former generations, have been forgotten, but may be recovered from their literary remains. Some go so far as to affirm that the old sages had a comprehensive knowledge of the law of human development, based upon experimental research. I confess that I am one of such, and that I am more and more persuaded that the outcome of modern biological research will be the verification of the Secret or Esoteric Philosophy. This firm conviction has made me so anxious to begin as soon as possible, while we are in health and strength, the gathering together of the present Library, and it shall not be my fault if it does not achieve its object within the lifetime of the majority of the present audience. If the ancient books are as valuable as some allege, the sooner we prove it the better; if they are not, we cannot discover the fact too speedily. That intellectual marvel of our times, Sir William Jones, had a better opinion of the merit of Sanskrit literature than our improved Aryans, it would appear. 'I can venture to affirm,' says he, in his Discourse before the Asiatic Society, delivered at Calcutta, February 20th, 1794—'I can venture to affirm, without meaning to pluck a leaf from the never-fading laurels of our immortal Newton, that the whole of his theology, and part of his philosophy, may be found in the Vedas, and even in the works of the Sufis. The *most subtle spirit*, which he suspected to pervade natural bodies, and, lying concealed in them, to cause attraction and repulsion; the emission, reflection, and

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refraction of light; electricity, calefaction, sensation, and muscular motion, is described by the Hindus as a *fifth element*, endued with those very powers; and the Vedas abound with allusions to a force universally attractive, which they chiefly ascribe to the Sun, thence called Aditya, or the Attractor.' Of Srî Shankara's commentary upon the Vedanta, he says that 'it is not possible to speak with too much applause of so excellent a work; and I am confident in asserting that, until an accurate translation of it shall appear in some European language, the general history of philosophy must remain incomplete': and he further affirms that 'one correct version of any celebrated Hindu book would be of greater value than all the dissertations or essays that could be composed on the same subject.'

"An entire Upanishad is devoted to a description of the internal parts of the body—an enumeration of the nerves, veins, and arteries; a description of the heart, spleen, and liver, and of pre-natal development of the embryo. If you will consult the most recent medical authorities, you will find the very remarkable fact—one recently brought to my notice by a medical member of our Society—that the course of the *sushumna*, or spinal tube, which, according to the Aryan books, connects the various *chakrams*, or psychic evolutionary centres in the human body, can be traced from the brain to the *os coccyx*: in fact, my friend has kindly shown me a section of it under a strong lens. Who knows, then, what strange biological and psychical discoveries may be waiting to crown the intelligent researches

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of the modern anatomist and physiologist who is not above consulting the Aryan text-books? 'There are not in any language (save the ancient Hebrew),' says Sir William Jones, 'more pious and sublime addresses to the Being of beings, more splendid enumerations of his attributes, or more beautiful descriptions of his visible works, than in Arabic, Persian, and Sanskrit.' But the theme is inexhaustible, and I must resist the temptation to collate the many accessible testimonies of some of the greatest scholars of our own time to the richness, value, and interest of the ancient books of Asia. In Europe and America these profound students and thinkers are working patiently, in sympathetic collaboration with colleagues, Asiatic and European, in India, Ceylon, Burma, Japan, China, Egypt, Assyria, and other Eastern countries.

"You will observe, Ladies and Gentlemen, from what precedes, that the Library we are now founding is neither meant to be a mere repository of books, nor a training school for human parrots who, like some modern Pandits, mechanically learn their thousands of verses and lacs of lines without being able to explain, or perhaps even understand, the meaning; nor an agency to promote the particular interests of some one faith or sectarian subdivision of the same; nor as a vehicle for the vain display of literary proficiency. Its object is to help to revive Oriental literature; to restablish the dignity of the true Pandit, Mobed, Bhikshu, and Maulvi; to win the regard of educated men, especially that of the rising generation, for the sages of old, their teachings their wisdom, their noble

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example; to assist, as far as may be, in bringing about a more intimate relation, a better mutual appreciation, between the literary workers of the two hemispheres. Our means are small, but sincere motive and patient industry may offset that in time, and we trust to deserve public confidence. As an example of one branch of the work we have mapped out for ourselves, I beg to ask your present acceptance of copies of a catechetical synthesis of that branch of Hindu religious philosophy known as the Dwaita Doctrine of Srî Madhwacharya. The compiler, our learned and respected townsman M. R. Ry. P. Sreenevas Row, intends to follow this up with similar works upon the other two great religious schools of the Vishishthadwaita and Adwaita, founded respectively by Srî Ramanuja Acharya and Srî Sankaracharya. The *Buddhist Catechism*—of copies of which, in the name of Mrs. Ilangakoon, a worthy Buddhist lady of Ceylon, I also ask your acceptance—will be succeeded, as my time shall permit, by catechisms of the Zoroastrian and Mahomedan faiths, written from the standing-points of followers of those religions respectively.

"On behalf of the subscribers to the Library Fund, and of the General Council of the Theosophical Society, I now invoke upon this undertaking the blessing of all Divine powers and of all other lovers of truth, I dedicate it to the service of mankind, and I now declare it founded and duly opened."

The reader will see in this inauguration discourse the

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groundwork laid for that Oriental Institute which it is our hope to bring into existence at Adyar in the fulness of time. The work is, in point of fact, already half done. We have (*a*) in the Headquarters property buildings and grounds that leave but little to be desired; (*b*) five dwelling-houses in the Indian style for the free use of Library Pandits; (*c*) a large bathing-tank for castemen; (*d*) large permanent out-door brick dining-floors for use at any time; (*e*) large wells of pure, sweet water; (*f*) two libraries of Oriental and Western books, with shelf-room for 10,000 more; (*g*) a superb meeting- and lecture-hall and commodious class-rooms; (*h*) bedrooms for European staff officers; (*i*) a tidal river under the house windows which cools the air, the blue sea a half-mile off in full sight, from which fresh breezes blow towards us daily, and groves of cocoanut palm, mango, banyan, and coniferous trees to give shady walks and retreats to those who incline towards meditation; (*j*) towards the £20,000 capital, without which it would be childish for me to float the scheme, we have rs. 25,000 of Permanent Fund invested; the possible proceeds of the White Bequest, which within the next few years may (so thinks the executor, Mr. Barnes) give us some £8000, but which cannot now be counted as an asset; and the capital, stock, and income of the *Theosophist* and other belongings which have been bequeathed to the Society. Little as these may seem at first sight, yet no one can deny that the prospects of the Adyar Oriental Institute are infinitely better than they were on that opening day in 1886, when the Library's carven doors were swung open

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for the first time, and my inaugural address was delivered before that mixed audience of people of many races and various creeds. Any day, some enlightened and philanthropic friend may send me what is lacking to start the Institute on a sound financial footing; in fact, I am sure of it.

Most of the Delegates stayed over for T. Subba Row's fourth and last lecture on the Gîtâ, on the morning of the 30th, which was a masterpiece of literary and oratorical ability; after which the crowd melted away, and when the year 1886 closed, the house was restored to its normal quiet. Thus ended the eleventh annual chapter of the Society's history.

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CHAPTER XXVIII.

MORE TOURING IN CEYLON AND WESTERN INDIA.

WE now cross the threshold of 1887, one of the busiest and most fruitful periods of our history. The year's programme was sketched out in Executive Council on the 9th January, and on the 22nd I sailed for Colombo, where I arrived on the 24th. The leaders of the Ramanya Nikâya at once took me to Piyâgale to assist in celebrating the first anniversary of the death of their chief priest, Ambagahawatte, whose cremation was recently described in this history. I addressed the large crowd present, and, later, privately met in consultation the whole body of priests of the Ramanya. I warned them solemnly against allowing themselves, on the strength of their deceased leader's reputation, to cultivate self-righteousness and its concomitant, hypocrisy; I had observed, I told them, the symptoms of sectarianism and narrow-mindedness showing themselves, which I deprecated as diametrically opposed to the spirit of the Lord Buddha's teaching. The warning

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was needed, and, I fancy, it would do no harm if it were repeated at the present day.

On the 27th I started for Badulla, a thriving station in the Uva District, situate about 4000 ft. above sea-level, and possessed of a climate thoroughly renovating to European constitutions which have become debilitated by too long residence in the tropical lowlands. The railway from Colombo, *viâ* Kandy and Nanu Oya, which now runs to Bandarawela through some of the finest and most picturesque scenery in the world, had then been carried only as far as Nanu Oya, in the heart of the richest planting country, and so I was taken on the rest of the way in a special mail-coach. From the driver's seat we enjoyed the exquisite treat of the landscape views that opened out before the eye at every bend of the post-road. We stopped for the night at "Wilson's Bungalow," a Government rest-house, which we were glad enough to reach, for the road after dark was dangerous enough at any time by reason of its short curves and precipices, but now made much more so by the fact of our driver's being half drunk. I don't think I ever had a more anxious time than then, between nightfall and our arrival at the rest-house; I must have invented a half-dozen different ways of leaping or climbing over coach and driver towards the land-side, in case our bibulous Automedon should chance to drive his team over the brink of the chasm. All this was, however, soon forgotten with the appearance of a hot supper and a blazing wood fire, which the sharp, frosty air of the plateau made most grateful. And, by the way, nothing is more

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delightful and suggestive of home to the dweller in the Tropics, than the sense of shivering one gets at the hill-stations and the longing for a big fire in one's room. One can have this experience after a few hours' climbing travel from the steaming plains to Simla, Mussoorie, Darjiling, Ootacamund, or Kodaikânal; he can mount from India to Europe, so to say, within five hours.

Our coach started at 6.45 the next morning, the air fresh, the sun shining, the landscapes like pictures freshly painted on the slopes and valleys and peaks about us. At the seven-mile-post from Badulla one party of friends met and escorted us, at the four-mile-post another, and we entered town in a far-stretching procession of all the Buddhist notables of the place. We were lodged in comfortable quarters and given every necessary thing; the new Buddhist flag waved everywhere in the breeze, and a "Welcome" arch and escutcheon stood before our door. At 4 P.M. I lectured in the Sapragamuva Divali, and, later, offered flowers to the image of the Buddha in the temple Mutyânangané, a shrine said to be 2000 years old. Here occurred a striking incident. W. D. M. Appuhami, a Vedarrachi, or Native Doctor, had a remarkably clever son of ten years, who was showing much precocity in picking up Sanskrit from his father's books, and whose young mind had a strong religious bent. The parents, especially the mother—a gentle, sweet-eyed woman—being also full of religious fervor, wished to consecrate their child to the ascetic life of the pansala, or viharé, and so brought him to me at the time of my flower-puja, and gave him into my

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hands to do with him what I liked. So, taking the little chap into my arms, I thrice held him out towards the old statue of the Buddha, each time repeating the familiar ascription: *Namo, Tassa, Bhagavatto, Arahatto, Sammá Sambudhassá.* Then, returning him to the parents, I told them what to do to accomplish their object. To anticipate events somewhat, the boy did enter the Sangha, and I saw him at Galle in 1893 when there with Mrs. Besant and the Countess Wachtmeister.

The next day I had started for Colombo on my return; that night slept again at the Wilson Bungalow; rose at 3, to go on to Nanu Oya; took train for Kandy and reached there at 2 P.M., only to fall into the toils of a Committee who had got up a big *perahéra*, or procession, which took me (blushing with shamefacedness under the wondering gaze of European loiterers, and feeling every inch a fool) through the streets to my lodgings, with rattle of drum, screech of pipe, clang of cymbals, and contortions of devil-dancers—whose antics were made familiar to Londoners at the India-Ceylon Exhibition at Earl's Court three years ago. In fact, those very dancers had all danced before me in *perahéras* at one or another place in Ceylon during past years. At Kandy I gave various lectures to adults and children, held meetings of the local T. S. Branch, and went on to Colombo on the 3rd February.

I had the pleasure of presenting to the High Priest, Sumangala, Captain Fiéron of the French Navy and two others, on behalf of my dear old friend, Captain Courmes, of the same service. Sumangala is always glad and much

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interested to see Europeans who have given attention to Buddhism, and always thanks me for bringing them to the College. Captain Fiéron was well versed in the principles of the religion, and a long conversation was held between the visitors and the High Priest, through myself as interpreter, with the results of which both parties were apparently much delighted.

Among the lectures delivered in and about Colombo this time was one to the lepers, who had sent a very urgent request to me to visit them and give them the Pancha Sila and a religious discourse as to their meaning. This unhappy class are segregated at Colombo on a grassy, palm-embellished islet a few miles from town, where Government has commodious buildings for their occupancy and medical treatment. They themselves have built a little preaching-hall in which Buddhist religious emblems are kept, and are overjoyed when they can get any Buddhist to come and teach them something about their religion. It is a frightful experience, however, to face such an audience and see the distortions and mutilations caused in the human body by this pest of mankind. I had to shut my eyes a moment and brace myself up to the revolting sights before me, before beginning the Sila ceremony with the solemnly resounding Pali words of the opening sentence. Then, again, some extra interest was given to the occasion by the thought that perhaps one might get infected with the microbes of the awful disease, as Father Damien had and others. Of course, it was but a remote chance at best, yet it was one, just as it depends on one's

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karma whether the bullet of Private X. of the enemy's regiment in front of one's position shall find its billet in one's body or elsewhere; and until our doctors know more of the cause and cure of leprosy, such precautionary reflections are excusable. Well, the afflicted ones at Leper Island were very grateful for the visit and forgot the mutilations of their hands and their necessarily unlovely appearance, when they joined their palms together in front of their foreheads, and sent after me towards the flower-festooned barge their mournful cry of *Sadhu! Sadhu!*

The same evening I found myself in quite a different scene, when, at our Colombo Headquarters, we held the annual elections for officers of the Branch, and all, of every caste, sat together at the usual dinner.

To Galle my programme took me next, and thither I went by coach on the 7th. Outside the town the late Mr. Simon Perera, President of our Branch, and the other chief Buddhists, met me, and we entered Galle in procession. During the week I spent there, I was, as usual, kept busy with lectures to adults, talks to youth, arbitrating in quarrels between rival societies, seeing Bulatgama—H. P. B's "Father-in-God" of 1880—and doing other things that came my way. I was pleased with a visit made me by Cornelis Appu, my first paralytic patient of 1883, the predecessor of thousands who came after him. His paralysis had not returned after my treatment of him, and his gratitude was correspondingly fervent. But all my patients did not have such good luck.

On my return to Colombo I began compiling the

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epitome of Buddhist morals, since widely known under the title of *The Golden Rules of Buddhism*. It is incredible how ignorant the Ceylon Buddhists were of the merits of their own religion, and how incapable of defending it from unscrupulous Missionaries who were then much more than now—though too much even now—in the habit of reviling their neighbor's faith in the hope of advancing the interests of their own. To meet this want the little monograph in question was compiled.

It is not a pleasant thing to say aught against the dead, but the dead and the living are alike in the eye of the historian who but records events and leaves Karma to work out its own adjustments. At the time in question I had every reason to be dissatisfied with the behavior of Megittuwatte, the orator, the champion of Buddhism at the famous intellectual tournament at Panadure which proved a terrific blow to Missionary work. He was a man of mixed characteristics and motives. He had helped me to raise the Sinhalese National Buddhistic Fund in the Western Province, and when the Trust Deed was being drafted had given us no end of bother. His aim seemed to have been to get the absolute control of the money, regardless of the rights of all who had also helped in the raising of the funds; and at this time, four years later, his vindictiveness and combativeness burst out afresh. He attacked the Colombo Branch, asked why they had not opened schools throughout the Province, and raved away as though a lac or two or three had been collected instead of a beggarly rs. 4000, the interest on which would

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be only rs. 400, and of that only one half, under the terms of the Trust, could be used for aiding Buddhist schools. From having been my enthusiastic panegyrist, he had now turned to the other side, and, always a specious and silvery-tongued man, had begun to drag the amiable High Priest into his way of thinking, and to make inevitable a breach between us, which to Sinhalese Buddhism at that time would have been very harmful. He had asked me to lecture at his temple at Kotahena on the 18th, which I did to a great crowd; but one may guess my feeling of anger and disgust when I learnt that the fiery discourse in Sinhalese, with which he followed my lecture, was a venomous attack on the Colombo B. T. S. and myself. Sumangala was present and seemed shaken in his friendship for me, but joined with Megittuwatte in asking me to lecture on the following evening at the same place. The next morning, while thinking how I could escape from the trap that was being fixed for me to walk into, I learnt that a steamer of the British India line would sail that forenoon for Bombay, so I got my things quickly packed, called a carriage, bought my ticket, and by 11.30 A.M. was on the wide ocean, sailing away from the wily fowler who had spread his net for a bird too old to be caught so very easily. I left my parting compliments for him, with a message that he might lecture in my place!

During the nineteen years of close intercourse between Sumangala and myself, this was the only time when there was even a small chance of a breach being made in our

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friendship. Megittuwatte did his best to crush our brave little group of hard workers in the Colombo Branch. He even started a small paper, in which, for months, he exhausted his armory of invectives, but all to no purpose. The only result was to weaken his influence, lessen his popularity, and expose himself as a selfish, uncharitable, and pugnacious man, while actually strengthening our hold on the public sympathy.

Reaching Bombay on the fifth day, I was kindly welcomed by our colleagues and put up in the Society's rooms, from the windows of which I had one of the prettiest panoramas of land and sea imaginable. The large audience which greeted me at our old lecturing-place, Framji Cowasji Hall, showed that our removal to Madras had not destroyed our hold on the affections of the Bombay public. After a week there I went on to Bhaunagar, the very misnamed "model Native State" of Sir Edwin Arnold, which, with much that was fair-seeming on the outside, had more or less moral rottenness, I fear, inside.* Sir Edwin was treated with lavish hospitality, and having revisited the East predisposed to see everything rose-colored, he did not lift the lids of the gorgeous caskets in India and Ceylon and see the foul linen so often kept within. During the minority of the late Maharajah many public works had been carried through by the agents of Government, and so Bhaunagar is called a progressive State, and we may let it pass at that. My host and friend on this occasion was, of course, the Maharajah's cousin, Prince

* Of late years things have greatly improved, I am happy to say.

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Harisinhji, F.T.S., and my visit to him was a most pleasant episode.

I exchanged visits with most of the high officials of the State, had an audience and long talk with the Maharajah, and also paid my respects to the late ex-Dewan Udaiyashankar Gouriashankar, C.S.I., then an octogenarian and nominal sanyasi. I say nominal because, while officially retired from the world and clad in the red-yellow cloths of the Indian ascetic, and wearing a large string of beads around his neck, he still clung to his immense fortune, and his three anterooms were crowded with the same worldly-looking courtiers as one sees in the apartments of all Native prime ministers. I tried to get him to promise to devote large sums to religious purposes, but he always changed the conversation, and I finally took my leave with a different opinion of his sanctity from that which Sir Edwin gives in his book of travels, and has expressed elsewhere. It is the rule, not the exception, throughout India, that retired Government pensioners who, throughout a long official career have been immersed in worldly interests, assume the externals of piety when the goal of their incarnation comes within sight; but I have my own opinion about their having any real "change of heart" and inward purification.

I had the pleasure while at Bhaunagar of being joined by Mr. E. T. Sturdy, of New Zealand, who has since then played a prominent part in our Society's affairs. He accompanied Prince Harisinhji and myself to Junagad, the next Native State on our programme. In the Hindu

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Dewan of this Muslim State, Mr. Haridas Viharidas, I found one of the ablest, most energetic, and highminded men I had met in India: in nervous activity and clearness of judgment he was of the Western rather than the Oriental type. Everything possible he did for us. Among other things he took us to see a very fine collection of Indian lions and other animals in the Nawab's Sirkar Bagh, and what was still better, to see the world-famous rock at Girnar on which the Emperor Dharmasoka had had inscribed, two thousand years ago, one of his noble Edicts. By request, this being a Muslim State, I lectured on "Islam," the Nawab's brother-in-law occupying the chair. The next day, in the High School, by request of the Hindu community, I lectured on Theosophy, as from the Hindu point of view. The Dewan Sahib was chairman, and kindly headed a subscription for the Adyar Library with the sum of rs. 200. He also arranged for me a Durbar of the strange religious sect founded by the Swami Narayan a few years before. It differs from all other Indian sects in its Head *being a family man* and dressing in layman's clothes. Under him are a great body of ascetics, who wear the red-yellow cloths of the ordinary sanyasi, and another group or class of householders, who attend to all the business affairs of the fraternity—a sort of lay brothers, so to say. Though but a young sect it had amassed a good deal of wealth, I was told, and the richness of the temple where the Durbar was held, especially its floor of pure Italian marble skilfully matched and laid, and its gilt railing behind which were the cloths, wooden

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sandals, and staff of the late Swamiji, confirmed that impression. I asked the presiding functionary to tell me what signs of spiritual power the Founder had given, and was told that he had healed some diseases and done certain phenomena beyond the power of ordinary persons. It then appeared to me as plain as day what H. P. B. and I *might* have done in India for our own enrichment and glorification if we had displayed our respective gifts —hers of phenomena, mine of healing—and played upon the ever-ready credulity of the masses by the falsehood of a special divine mission.

We left for Bhaunagar again on the 15th (March), and visited other places of interest there. The grand carved doors of the Adyar Library, on which are represented the Ten Avatâras of Vishnu, were the gift of Harisinhji, and at Bhaunagar were awaiting my inspection before shipment. Imagine my surprise on finding that each avatâra panel was flanked by tiny medallions in which were carved emblems which the Native artisan thought would be most acceptable to the European taste. There they were, a silent sermon for our edification; on one, a pistol; on another, a corkscrew; on a third, a soda-water bottle; on a fourth, a padlock, etc.! And the innocent carver could not understand in the least the expression of horror that came into my face when I saw these artistic monstrosities. His own look of blank astonishment was too much for my gravity, and I exploded in laughter, giving him, no doubt, a suspicion that I was not altogether sane. The doors were *not* shipped until the offensive symbols had been cut out and replaced with lotus

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buds, as they now stand. On the 18th Mr. Sturdy left me for Ceylon to attend to some Society business there, and on the next day I went on with Harisinhji to his private estate at Varal. We reached the confines of the village after dusk, and a torchlight procession, with Brahmanic chants, floral showers and wreaths, escorted me to the Prince's house. Then followed sixteen days of sweet rest and friendly intercourse; by day working at correspondence and inspecting the farms and fruit-gardens, in the evening sitting together on Indian carpets laid on the grass, the air perfumed with floral scents, my friend and I smoking, his beloved wife talking to us in her soft, musical tones, and the household servants and feudal retainers grouped in the background to listen to the music and songs of the Prince's sitar player; above us the stars and the azure sky of the Indian night. On the evening of the 25th there came a troupe of Brahman jugglers and comedians, whose performances were most skilful. There were plate-spinning on sticks, with bodily twists and contortions; dancing on naked sword-blades with the bare feet, and on wooden sandal-soles, which had no peg or strap for the toes to catch hold of; balancing of a goglet (Indian decanter) of black glass on the head, and the working of it forward to the nose, backward to the nape of the neck, and sidewise to the temples, and many other feats of skill, all wonderful. I supposed this was the last of them, but the next evening, as we sat out in the starlight, there suddenly rose the cry, "Hari! Hari! Mahadé-é-va!" at the bottom of the garden, and I saw striding towards us a tall, majestic figure made up like the familiar picture of Siva himself as

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the Yogi—matted locks, staff, tiger-skin mantle and all, a most impressive surprise. He came to an appointed spot near us, and then we had a sort of mystery play enacted, Siva doing a number of ásanas, or yogic posturings, and other gods performing their respective parts, with as finished skill as our best actors could have done on our prepared stage. A—to me—jarring note was the buffoonery of a sort of clown, personating a Bania retail merchant haggling with customers, exceedingly well done, yet quite inharmonious with the religious play of the gods led by the mighty Siva. The next day this latter actor gave us a small proof of his yogic training by burying his head in the ground and keeping it there some time, the loose earth having been thrown in and pressed about his head by an attendant.

My visit reached its close at last, and on the 5th April the Prince and I left Varal for Limbdi, the enlightened ruler of which State had invited me to pay him a visit.

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CHAPTER XXIX.

THUGS—THE PRINCE OF WALES IN DANGER.

BOTH Nature and the Prince gave us a warm welcome to Limbdi, our next station, for the mercury stood at 102° Fahr. in the shade, and Thâkur Saheb Jaswantsinhji Fatehsinhji did everything to show his pleasure in our visit. Limbdi is a small Kâthiâwâr State of the second class (its area is 344 sq. miles), whose rulers are of the Jhala Râjput caste—that is to say, hereditary warriors and possessed of the usual vices and virtues of the class, the former active in the olden time of fightings and struggles, the latter now developing rapidly under the changed conditions of to-day. Among the Râjput Princes of Kâthiâwâr there are, however, some who do not throw great credit upon their stock—drinking, gambling, and amusement filling up the round of their years. But the Limbdi Thâkur is an honor to his family and his people, well educated, kindly, an enlightened ruler, and deeply interested in the profounder questions of thought. He and Harisinhji were schoolfellows, I believe, at

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Rajkumar College, where the reigning cricket favorite, Ranjitsinhji, and all the young Chiefs of Kâthiâwâr have been and are educated under the eye of the Government. His Private Secretary, Mr. Khimchund, F.T.S., and other gentlemen met us on arrival at the station, and conducted us to the place assigned for our entertainment. The Dewan, Harilal, called in the morning, and the Prince received us at the Palace at 1.30 P.M. We had a long and friendly talk together about Theosophy and Hindu religion, in which His Highness is greatly interested. He showed us in his fine library a shelf, where I saw *Isis Unveiled*, the volume of my lectures, and other theosophical literature, all bearing marks of having been much handled. The Palace, a new construction, is a handsome building, and in the Durbar, or reception-room, we had the opportunity to admire, if we so chose, a large gold and silver framed *gâdi*, or throne-seat, with a pair of carved, silver-mounted arm-chairs with lion-head ornaments, for visiting dignitaries to occupy on occasions of ceremony. Considering that the State has a population of only some 50,000, and an annual revenue of, say, £25,000 to £30,000, it seemed to me that so much display was rather unnecessary; yet that is the Râjput character, and there is nothing to be said by outsiders, save this—which I have said before—that if the commercial travellers for the great jewelry houses of Bombay and Calcutta were less glib as talkers and less cunning in playing off the vanities of Indian ruling princes against each other, there would be fewer of such costly toys as these thrones, chairs, and sofas in Indian palaces, and less financial

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embarrassment felt when paying the bills. There seems no remedy save the interference of the Paramount Power, and yet it is hard to see how even that can be resorted to without invading the private rights of both buyers and sellers. It would be possible to create some sort of a safeguard about the young Princes in one way, viz., by educating them at the Rajkumar Colleges as sensibly and practically as the Royal Princes of Great Britain have been educated, so that they might at least begin their rule with characters well grounded in the homely virtues, and not, as at present, spoilt in boyhood by sycophantic flattery, and left to be the prey of tradesmen who bribe the *durbaris* and charge the exorbitant commissions in the bill. I beg pardon for having been led into this digression, but the sight of the costly seats in the Palace of Limbdi brought up before me the recollection of this great evil as I have seen it exhibited throughout India. The poor victimized Rajahs, Thakurs, Nawabs, and Maharajahs of this country are sponged upon by whites to an extent that nobody would believe who had not seen it himself and got the facts at first hand. This, however, is not at all *à propos* of our host, the Thakur Saheb, whose sweet hospitality calls for my most kind and friendly remark. Each day of our visit he came and took Prince Harisinhji and myself out for a drive and to show us the sights. One day he took us to see his Guru, a Sanyasi, whose feet he worshipped in the Eastern fashion, by prostrations and the placing of the teacher's feet on his own head. We all sat on the carpet cross-legged, and for a couple of hours or so discussed religious questions. It was a pictu-

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resque scene, and would have made the subject of an excellent photograph.

One day, at the Prince's request, I lectured in the palace Durbar Hall on Mesmerism, and as my friend Mr. L. V. V. Naidu, who was with me as volunteer Private Secretary, is, fortunately, very susceptible to my influence, I was able to show some interesting scientific experiments. His Highness, after the usual evening drive, returned with us to our bungalow, and spent another hour in talk about Mesmerism and Hypnotism, with illustrative experiments on my friend. After we had called at the Palace (on the 8th April) to say farewell, the Prince sent to our lodgings a present of rs. 500 for the Adyar Library, with a very kind and too complimentary letter to myself.

From Limbdi we went on to Baroda, the grand capital city of the Gaikwar Maharajah, where we were received as State guests and lodged sumptuously. The new Palace is one of the finest buildings in India, and compares favorably with European palaces which are not fortresses. The Gaikwar is one of the premier feudatories of the British Government, and, at the same time, one of the most intellectual and best educated. My only complaint against him is that he was so thoroughly anglicized by his English tutor as to have got out of touch with his ancestral religion. In my various discussions with him at Baroda, Calcutta, and Ootacamund, he has always posed as agnostic, and shown a decided scepticism about the existence of spiritual powers in man. I have had talks by the hour, most interesting yet unsatisfactory, because of his ignorance of the facts now

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proven by modern psychical research. His manners are most courteous, and there is an entire absence of that reserve and hauteur one somehow expects to see in Asiatic Princes.

A much more congenial spirit to me is Mr. Manibhai Jasbai, then Naib Dewan (Under-Secretary of State, as one might say), a man of the highest character and most brilliant acquirements. When H. P. B. and I first came to Bombay, in 1879, he was Dewan of Kutch, and from the beginning showed a real interest in our work and in ourselves personally. Naturally one of my first visits was to the house of my old friend, in company with my other old and dear friend J. S. Gadgil, Judge of the Baroda Varishta (High) Court. The next day I lectured at the College to students, but many adults, including H.E. the Dewan Saheb, Mr. Cursetji, Chief Justice; Judge Gadgil, Mr. Manibhai, and others, were present. After the lecture the Dewan Saheb took me for a drive, and later he and several other notables of the State spent a couple of hours at my quarters in conversation, about Mesmerism among other things; and as the rumor of my Limbdi experiments on "Doraswamy" had reached town, I was asked to repeat them for the instruction of the company present.

On the following day the Dewan Saheb headed a subscription in aid of the Adyar Library, with the gift of rs. 200, and Messrs. Gadgil and Manibhai followed suit. I was very ill that day from having eaten some bad plantains and milk for breakfast, but I determined to stick to my programme, despite the friendly protests of Mr. Gadgil and

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others; so at 3.25 P.M. we took train for Surat, which we reached at 8, and were put up at the Travellers' Bungalow on the banks of the River Tapti. During my stay the Surat T. S. (an efflorescence of the Sanatan Dharma Sabha) was formed with that most respected, unselfish, and pious Mr. Navtamram Ootamram Trivedi as President. Under his fostering care the Branch has been ever since one of the best on our roll, and, with the accession of Dr. Edal Behram, Surat has been one of the strong centres of our movement in India. Among others who acquired membership during my visit occurs the notable names of the popular Guzerati poet, Vijiashankar Kavi, and Dr. Nariman, the Civil Surgeon, a learned Parsi gentleman.

We reached Bombay on the 17th, and from thence, two days later, went on to Poona, that great centre of progressive ideas and intellectual culture. Lectures were given at Heerabagh and the Albert Edward Institute to large audiences, after which we returned to Bombay and I took up the task of preparing the programme for my projected tour through Northern India—the Central and North-Western Provinces, Punjab, Behar, and Bengal. It was printed for circulation, and from the copy now before me I cite a passage or two as of general interest, viz.: it says that "by strict economy the tour expenses have been so reduced that the share payable by each Branch will not exceed rs. 17. . . . If 1 rupee (1*s.* 4*d.*) per diem be also given, this will cover every expense for fuel, milk, and food required at the station and bought elsewhere. Col. Olcott particularly notifies Branches to pay no more than this on his account

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to anybody for anything. This caution is suggested by the wasteful generosity often hitherto indulged in by his friends, as well as by impositions practised upon them in his name. The travelling expense account covers every item for tongas, bullock dâks, steamboat fares, meals at railway stations, extra luggage charges, porterage, etc., etc." It was most disagreeable for me to seem to wish to interfere with the hospitable impulses of my affectionate colleagues and friends, but I really could not stand by quietly and see sometimes hundreds of rupees thrown away on my visit, when the merest trifle would have satisfied all my necessities. Anyhow, the precaution was a good one, for the 10,000 miles of my tour of 1887 were made at the cost of less than £100, everything included. I was much amused, on arriving at a certain station in Bengal, to see how literally the following paragraph in the printed Programme Notes had been complied with :—

"Branches will kindly have ready upon Col. Olcott's arrival the following articles, the cost of which may be deducted from the per-diem allowance, viz :—2 large earthen water-pots; firewood; 1 seer of milk; 1 loaf bread; 1 seer sugar. Also one Mahomedan coolie to assist in the kitchen."

Before the greeting salutations were fairly over, one of the Reception Committee took me aside and showed me that the articles I required had all been brought—to the station platform! A queer place for me to set up my kitchen, to be sure.

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It must not be inferred from what precedes, however, that an outsider could travel so cheaply in India, for in my case there were no hotel bills to pay, I travelled second-class everywhere, I was a vegetarian, and my food cost less than a pet dog's would in England or France.

I note an entry in my Diary for April 25, 1887, to the effect that "very bad news is received to-day from Ostende about my dear 'chum's' health. The physicians report H. P. B. as lying between death and life. But she will *not* die yet." She didn't.

With K. M. Shroff, Dr. Rây, and Tookaram Tatya I paid a visit to the Bai Sakerbai Hospital for Animals, one of the worthiest charities in all India. The initiative of this benefaction was either made by our colleague Mr. Shroff, or he was the one who made it the great success it is. Mr. Shroff went into the great bazar of Bombay, got the shetts or headmen of the different classes of traders to call them together separately, addressed them upon their duties as Hindus to care for the brute creation, and actually persuaded them to self-impose a tax on their trade returns for the upkeep of such a Hospital: the headmen agreeing in each case to be responsible for the collection of the tax. In this way an annual income of some rs. 30,000—if I rightly remember—was assured. He then persuaded the high-minded, philanthropic wife of Sir Dinshah Maneckji Petit, Bai Sakerbai, to give a suitable piece of land and, I think, necessary buildings. The Hospital being thus founded, Mr. Shroff set other forces to work, and got the Bombay Government to take

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the wise step of attaching the Hospital to the Veterinary College, thus at once affording to the students the best possible chance for professional training, and giving the sick animals every necessary medical and surgical help. If a monument should ever be erected to Mr. Shroff he ought to be represented, as Srî Krishna is, leaning against a cow. For infinitely smaller services than his, hosts of men have been decorated by the Government of India.

On the 27th April I started for the North, my first objective point being Nagpur, in the Central Provinces. I was alone with Babula, my servant, Prince Harisinhji having left me in Guzerat, and L. V. V. Naidu at Bombay. It was the hot season and travelling was about the most unpleasant thing to do, the mercury standing even at midnight at about 100° Fahr. Some friends tried to persuade me not to incur the risk of heat-apoplexy, often so fatal to Europeans, but I was quite willing to take the chances, and so held to my programme. At Nagpur I was kept busy day and evening with conversazioni, initiations, visits, Branch formation, and public lectures to packed crowds, with the heat of a furnace, almost, to bear. We got at this station one of our most important members, Mr. C. Narainswamy Naidu, the leading Pleader of the Central Province, whose activity in Society matters, including the Adyar Conventions, up to the time of his death, everybody knows. No good scheme for promoting its interests went unhelped by him, no call was made in vain. At the close of my lecture in the Native theatre, Nagpur, on "Chitragupta," Mr. Narainswamy threw over

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my shoulders—as Indian Princes do to guests—a red Kashmir shawl, handsomely gold-embroidered. A number of European officials showed a considerable interest in Theosophy, attended the lectures, and some of them joined the Society. To Hoshangabad next, a day's train journey, with the heat at 106°, and nothing to suggest the need of a blanket or overcoat. Elsewhere I have described the beauty of a moonlight scene on the steps of the great bathing-ghât on the bank of the sacred Nerbudda River, the silvery splendor of the massive stone staircase, the white-domed temples, and the river flowing along between its history-crammed banks. The night of my arrival I received two addresses on the platform of the ghât, the company sitting on Oriental carpets and the whole picture an Asiatic one. There was not even one European costume to mar its effect, as I wore my Indian muslin dress because of the oppressive heat. I lectured at the same place the next evening on the necessity for promoting the study of Sanskrit. On the third evening the Branch celebrated its Anniversary, Brahman Pandits reciting benedictory slokas, after which the Branch members distributed wheat to beggars after the ancient custom. The evening's proceedings closed with another lecture by myself. Each morning, before sunrise, I enjoyed the luxury of a swim in the sacred stream. On the 5th May I went on to Jubbulpore, the home of my old friend, Nivaran Chandra Mukerji, and his family, all most interested in the work and welfare of our Society.

A notable incident of my visit to this station was a call

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at the Prison, where I saw some of the very Thugs, Dacoits, and Prisoners described in Col. Meadows Taylor's thrilling Indian tales. One old man told me he had "only killed one man," thus seeming to imply that he was a very pattern of moderation. He showed me how they handle the *roomal* (handkerchief) in strangling—a very simple and efficacious process. Shall I describe it? Perhaps not, lest it might suggest to some ripened yet not actually developed assassin the easiest, quietest, least brutal way of disposing of a troublesome witness or other chosen victim. Doubtless the thing has been described in print before, but that is not my fault; let everyone look to his own karma. I saw at another prison once an old Thug who had killed many men, and who, at the request of the Heir Apparent, had practically shown him how to do the trick, by putting the roomal about the Royal neck and giving a preliminary twist. I was told by a Jail Officer that on seeing a strange fire of ferocity flame up in the Thug's eyes at that moment, he stopped the experiment on the instant. Had he not, the Prince might have had his neck broken, for the skilful Thug kills his man by a single twist of the roomal, before his body has time to fall to the ground.

Thuggee is now practically extinct in India, but it was a fearful pest while it lasted. The Thugs were hereditary assassins, ostensibly cultivators, and, in fact, they did work their farms during a portion of the year, after which they would start out on their expeditions of pillage and murder, followed by the blessings of their families, the approval of their tainted neighbors, and the protection of Native rulers,

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who shared with them the fruit of their spoils, and gave them refuge when danger threatened. From father to son, generation after generation, the tradition of the glory of their calling was handed down, and the training of their youth was most carefully attended to. In the *History of the Thugs* (Nattali & Bond, London, 1851) the author says :—

"The children of Thugs, during their more tender years, are, it appears, kept in ignorance of the occupation of their fathers. After a time they are permitted to accompany them; but a veil is thrown over the darker scenes of the drama. To the novice, indeed, the expedition presents nothing but an aspect of pleasure. He is mounted on a pony; and being, by the laws of the Thugs, entitled to his share of the booty, he receives a portion of it in presents suited to his years—the delight attending the acquisition being unalloyed by any consciousness of the means by which it has been obtained. The truth reveals itself by degrees. In a short time the tyro becomes aware that his presents are the fruits of robbery. After a while, he has reason to suspect that robbery is aggravated by a fouler crime; at length, suspicion passes into certainty; and, finally, the pupil is permitted to witness the exercise of the fearful handicraft which he is destined to pursue. The moral contamination is now complete; but it is long before the disciple is entrusted with the performance of the last atrocity. He passes through a long course of preparatory study . . . . before being *elevated to the dignity of a strangler.*"

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The book from which the above is taken is doubtless out of print, but one can get a graphic account of Thuggee, that most detestable of crimes, by reading Meadows Taylor's *Confessions of a Thug*, which is procurable almost anywhere. My reader will understand with what painful interest and loathing I gazed at the conscienceless assassins before me in the Jubbulpore Prison, wondering how many times each had inveigled unsuspecting travellers to their doom, and broken their spines with a twist of his fatal noose. From the conquest of Mysore in 1799 to 1808 the practice counted its victims by hundreds annually, some of the more audacious villains had been concerned in above two hundred murders, and it has been computed that a Thug of fifty years has slain at the very least ten victims a year during the twenty-five years of his active work. Here is a nice problem in karma for the metaphysical Theosophist to work out. Whose the greater crime, the father strangler who deliberately corrupts his son and destroys his moral sense, or the child whose murderous arm has been trained to destroy life?

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CHAPTER XXX.

H. P. B. FOUNDS "LUCIFER."

THE disturbing factor in our Indian Branch formation is, as above noticed, the constant transfer of Government servants from one station to another. This makes it always impossible to forecast the term of a Branch's activity, as that depends upon the length of stay at the station of the one, two, or three leading spirits who caused the Branch to come into being, lead its members in theosophical work, and make it seem to their colleagues that without them the Branch must collapse. For this reason it is always wise, where possible, to put residents of the town, such as pleaders, merchants, doctors, or teachers, not in Government service, into the offices of President and Secretary, when the cleverer or more enthusiastic Government *employé* is likely to be transferred within the next few months. But, if the system of transfers sometimes causes the temporary collapse of Branches, it also tends to the resuscitation of collapsed Branches or the formation of new ones by the transfer of

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these precious theosophical workers to stations where their help is most needed. So moves on this ponderous Indian official machine, and, concomitantly, the theosophical movement in India surges ahead, ever broadening and strengthening, ever settling down upon the strong foundations which we have laid for it in the Indian heart.

The foregoing remarks are *à propos* of the languishing states in which I found the Nagpur T. S. and the Sanskrit School, for whose upkeep I had raised a generous sum at a public meeting two years previously. Several of our best working members had been transferred.

I reached Benares again on May 9th (1887), and was most kindly received at the station and put up in a garden-house of Babu B. S. Bhattacharji, of Gaya, a candidate for membership in our Society. I stopped here three full days, visited the late venerable Swami Bhaskarananda, whose welcome to me was most cordial, and Mâjji, the Yogini. One lecture at the Town Hall on "The Book of Chitragupta" was my only public appearance this time, and on the 12th I went on to Allahabad—now like a banquet-hall deserted, after the departure of the Sinnetts, in whose house had been the old local focus of the movement. Without them and without H. P. B. the town seemed empty. In fact, this tearing away of H. P. B. from me was constantly brought up in my mind by visiting the stations where she and I had been together, having our first Indian experiences and dreaming over dreams for the revival of Eastern learning and religion. One would need to have been so closely joined to her as I

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was in this world-work, to realize what it must have been to me to go over the old ground and see the old faces of friends. Ahi! Ahi! O Lanoo, these meetings and partings are fraught with sorrow. But you and I know how many ages we have worked together under the guidance of the One; how many more of like relationships lie before us. *Vale, Salve!*

The heat? Awful, wilting, metal-melting. I went to see my friend the Swami Madhow Dass, the compiler of *Sayings of Grecian Sages*, and had an agreeable talk with that good Sage. My rooms were thronged daily with conundrum-asking young metaphysicians and amateur agnostics, whose ardor was not damped by the rise of the mercury. On the 15th I lectured at the Kyastha Patshâla on "The Other World," but in so weak a condition of body that I had to sit during the last half of the discourse. This was the immediate result of dysenteric symptoms brought on by indigestible food, aggravated by the intense, debilitating heat. The next day I was worse, and felt so used up that my friends begged me to stay quiet a few days; but I could not afford to waste time with so long an itinerary before me, so I went on to Cawnpore, arrived there at 5 P.M., and was most affectionately welcomed. They put me up at the large bungalow of H.H. the Maharajah of Burdwan, where Damodar and I stopped in 1883, and at which occurred the convincing phenomenon of the introduction into my locked tin office-box of a letter from one of the Masters, which was described in an earlier chapter. Dr. Mahendranath Ganguli, F.T.S., finding me

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so weak, strongly recommended my taking chicken broth, which, after some hesitation, I did, thus breaking the vegetarian course of diet which I had been following for several years. The effect was instantaneous, my physical strength poured into me in full force, and by the next day I was quite recovered. From that time on I did not return to vegetable diet until about two years ago, when I did so on the advice of the French clairvoyant, Mme. Mongruel (queerly appropriate name for the occasion!), with the happiest results. A Hindu banquet to forty Bengali gentlemen, given in my honor by Babu Nilmadab Banerji on the same day, and a second lecture on the next, followed, and at midnight I took train for Aligarh, where three days were spent profitably in the usual way. Next came Bulandshahr. I was here publicly insulted by a boorish civilian, my first experience of the kind in India. This man was a bigoted cad wholly ignorant of Indian literature, correspondingly intolerant, and devoid of good breeding. However, I settled him, to the satisfaction of my audience. The weather was now so hot and the audiences so uncomfortably large, that we held our meetings out-of-doors whenever possible, carpets and mats being spread on the grass, and chairs placed for the more important personages, durbar fashion, in parallel lines facing each other. Meerut and then Hardwar, the pilgrimage resort at the head waters of the sacred Ganges, came next. A great Sanskrit Revival Convention was sitting, at the latter place, at the call of the aged Dewan Ramjas, retired Prime Minister of Kapurthala State, whose idea was to

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organize a large and strictly national Society of Sanskrit Pandits, to work together for the revival of the ancient religion and literature. By request, I addressed the Convention, or "Bharata Dharma Maha Mandal," and when my address was finished, Resolutions of thanks to myself and of confidence in the Theosophical Society were adopted by acclamation. This was a good point to score, for, owing to my open profession of Buddhism, and H. P. B.'s, the Society had always been looked at askance as, perhaps, secretly hostile to Hinduism, and, possibly, a Buddhistic agency of propaganda, though not the least cause had been given for so unjust a misrepresentation of our policy as a Society. The fact is, eclecticism in religion is the least conceivable attitude of mind to sectarians, whatsoever form of religion they may follow,* and our Society is to-day in Burma, and to a much less extent in Ceylon, suspected of ultra-Hinduism because of Mrs. Besant's bold avowal of her religious preferences, as it was, fifteen years ago, of being exclusively Buddhistic, because of its two Founders and Damodar having taken the Five Precepts from Dharmarama Terunnanse at Galle, in 1880, in presence of a great multitude of excited Buddhists. But time scatters all illusions, and the truth at the end prevails.

It is worth the while of an Anglo-Indian to visit Hardwar for the sake of the view of the grand scenery and the

* It almost seems as if they thought divine truth to be an inverted pyramid, of which the base, spreading upward and outward, receives the whole religious influx, and the apex—the discharge-point—rests upon their particular altar. Outside the pyramid, nothing, save untruth.

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bathing in the clear cold current of the rushing Ganges. I mingled with the throng of bathing pilgrims daily, in the water, to my great refreshment. On the 1st June, the great bathing day, I could compare the crowd to nothing else than bees swarming, and the noise to a prolonged roar of a storm-blast. The Police, under an European director, were very rough to the poor pilgrims, pushing and knocking them about like a mob of cattle. But so it is everywhere, in whatsoever direction one looks, harshness the rule, gentleness and patience the exception.

On the last morning of my visit I strolled up the paved way leading from the bathing-ghât towards the mountain, and was greatly shocked at something I saw. Squatting on the pavement was a group of three, an elderly Hindu woman, a young man—apparently her son—and a Brahman. Between them, some human bones and ashes done up in a dirty cotton cloth. A chaffering, like what I heard once at an Irish fair for a pig, was going on, the angry voices raised, offers and refusals—on the one part, humble faith; on the other, priestly greed. The issue was as to how much the priestly shark should have for throwing the bones and ashes into the swift-slipping water. A glance at the man's face was enough to fill me with disgust and indignation, and I felt the greatest inclination to pitch him into the river with the bones tied about his neck. This is one of the depths to which the sublime religion of the Rishis has sunk in the hands of the degraded scum who officiate in so many temples, defiling the sanctuary of the gods by their moral effluvia. The more honor to those who keep

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the faith of their forefathers as, consciously, custodians of a great treasure, and square their lives of usefulness with their religious professions.

Lahore next, where H.H. the late Maharajah of Kashmir had placed his palace—a dilapidated building—at my disposal, and where a company of soldiers could have been given quarters. The energetic Pandit Gopinath, F.T.S., had arranged all the details of my visit, and kept me busy with crowds of visitors and daily lectures in the several quarters of the city. This was the capital of Runjit Singh, the warrior king of the Sikhs, surnamed the Lion of the North. A great man was he and a great soldier, but not a lovable character—rather a man of iron. Every good work on psychology tells the story of the burial of the Hatha Yogi, Haridas, for six weeks, in a tomb specially built in the Maharajah's garden, his subsequent exhumation and resuscitation, and his dismissal by the king with costly presents. On this occasion, as during my previous visits to Lahore, I searched after elderly men who had been eye-witnesses to the marvel of Yoga, and found one in an old Sikh Sirdar, whose account agreed, in the chief particulars, with those of Dr. Macgregor and Sir Claude Wade. In fact, there can be no question whatever as to the prime fact that this man had, by Yoga, acquired the power of suspending animation to the limit of at least forty days, and could suffer himself to be tied up in a bag and kept all that time in a sepulchre, without the chance of eating, drinking, or even breathing, and with guards keeping watch over it day and night to prevent the possibility of trickery. He was no

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saint, was Haridas, as I have explained in previous notices of the case, but yet he could do this wonderful thing; and I should be glad if every student of occult science could realize that strictly moral attributes are by no means indispensable for the psychical phenomena exhibited by spiritual mediums, mesmerizers, hypnotizers, healers of the sick, clairvoyants, prophets of sorts, and other possessors of abnormal faculties which pertain to the astral body and function on the astral plane. Think, for one moment, of the worthless characters of many of these surprise-workers, in our day as at previous epochs, and the truth will be seen. At the same time, the reader must not run off with the idea that *all* disease-curing, clairvoyance, and seership is confined to the lower self; far from it, for the Adept acquires all the *Siddhis*, and can thus have access to all repositories of knowledge, and work manifold wonders for the good of mankind. But He takes no fees, creates no scandals, does no wrong to a living being; He is our benefactor, our Teacher, our Elder Brother, our exemplar; a sacred radiance broods over Him, He is a light of the race.

The outcome of my visit was the formation of a Branch under the name of the Lahore Theosophical Society, and I then went on to Moradabad. Here I found, as District Judge, our old friend Ross Scott, C.S., our fellow-passenger on the ill-fated "Speke Hall," and ever our brave colleague who had stood up for us through good report and evil report, despite the whole force of Anglo-Indian prejudice. On this occasion he most willingly took the chair at my lecture, and spoke most kindly of the movement and of ourselves.

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Next on to Bareilly for lectures, receptions, and inspections of our own Sanskrit School and another, both flourishing. While I was here the monsoon broke and the mercury dropped from 98° to 82°, and life was again bearable. At Bara-banki, the home of Pandit Purmeshwari Das, there was much interest shown in our work. I saw here a real curiosity in the shape of a dwarf, 32 inches high, perfectly formed, 23 years of age, a clever fellow, and a salaried office-messenger or *chuprassi*.

With the rains came swarms of bugs and all sorts of insects, which had been brought to life by the kindly moisture in the ground. I found this out beyond mistake at Fyzabad, where, the Museum Hall becoming uncomfortably crowded, we adjourned to a lawn outside. A table with two sheltered candles being placed for me, and the audience accommodated with chairs and carpets, I began my (extempore) lecture on "Chitragupta," and managed to go on for a quarter of an hour, but by that time I was surrounded by a swarm of evil-smelling bugs, attracted by the lights, and was forced to stop. It would have amused anyone to have seen me standing there, with my figure lighted up by the candles, going ahead with my discourse as best I could; bugs crawling up the legs of my pyjamas, crawling up the sleeves of my Indian *chapkan*, slipping down my neck, getting into my eyes, ears, nose, and mouth; I, shaking my garments and hunting after them in my neck, stamping my feet, and brushing them out of my hair; and the smell—well, think of that of the potato-bug, that malodorous pest, to touch which is to have one's fingers tainted.

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That was my predicament at Fyzabad, and one can imagine that it was not conducive to extemporaneous religious discourse. At last I had to give it up in despair, so, to put as good a face on my discomfiture as possible, I said: "Gentlemen: It is a law of physics that two bodies cannot simultaneously occupy the same space. We have, it seems, intruded upon a meeting of the National Bug Congress. The Delegates from the four quarters are, as you see, crowding me from the four quarters, so I close my speech and move an adjournment." The next evening I lectured inside the building, great open pans of water being placed on the floor, into which the bugs, under some mysterious attraction, fell, and I was able to get through my lecture more or less comfortably. While at Fyzabad I was driven to the beautiful park and bathing-ghât, at the site where Srî Rama, the Avatâr, is said to have made his last appearance on earth, and which possesses, on that account, a character of great sacredness.

All this district was Indian classical ground. From Fyzabad I travelled towards Gorakhpur, crossing the Gogra River from Ayodhya, Rama's ancient capital, by a steam ferry. What would Rama and his Court have thought of that!

Bankipur and Durbhunga followed after Chupra, which was next after Gorakhpur. At Chupra, among my foreign letters I received one from H. P. B. which distressed me much. She had consented to start a new magazine with capital subscribed by London friends of hers, while she was still editor and half proprietor of the *Theosophist*—a most unusual

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and unbusinesslike proceeding. Besides other causes, among them the persuasion of English friends, a reason which strongly moved her to this was that Mr. Cooper-Oakley, her own appointee as Managing Editor, had more or less sided with T. Subba Row in a dispute which had sprung up between him and H. P. B. on the question whether the "principles" which go to the make-up of a human being were seven or five in number. Subba Row had replied in our pages to an article of hers on the subject, and her letters to me about it were most bitter and denunciatory of Cooper-Oakley, whom she, without reasonable cause, charged with treachery. It was one of those resistless impulses which carried her away sometimes into extreme measures. She wanted me to take away his editorial authority, and even sent me a foolish document, like a power-of-attorney, empowering me to send him to Coventry, so to say, and not allow any galley-proof to pass to the printer until initialed by myself. Of course, I remonstrated strongly against her thus, without precedent, setting up a rival competing magazine to hurt as much as possible the circulation and influence of our old-established organ, on the title-page of which her name still appeared. But it was useless to protest; she said she was determined to have a magazine in which she could say what she pleased, and in due time *Lucifer* appeared as her personal organ, and I got on as well as I could without her. Meanwhile, a lively interchange of letters went on between us. She was at strife then, more or less, with Mr. Sinnett, and before this was settled, a number of seceders from his London

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Lodge organized as the Blavatsky Lodge, and met at her house in Lansdowne Road, where her sparkling personality and vast knowledge of occult things always ensured full meetings.

The Maharajah of Durbhunga, whose guest I was at Bankipore and his own capital, who was a member of our Society and professedly my warm friend, drove me out and spent hours in discussions with me, but on my leaving, neither came to bid me farewell nor sent me a rupee on account of his voluntarily offered yearly subscription towards the Society's expenses, nor even for my travelling expenses—a discourtesy that no Branch, however poor, had ever paid me. I have never said a word about it before, but I believe the cause of his sudden disaffection was his discovery that I would not do a certain act of sorcery for him, one that many Indian Rajas have had tried for them. If I am mistaken, then his behavior after this was perfectly inexplicable.

Jamalpur, a new town built up by the Railway Company, and where it has very extensive machine-shops and a great many houses and cottages for its *employés*, which it rents to them at fixed cheap rates, was my next objective point. I was enabled to get through a lot of my correspondence here, the office duties of our members giving me the necessary leisure. We celebrated the fourth anniversary of the local Branch, and I, after lecturing twice, proceeded on to Monghyr, where a new Branch was organized. I then came to Bhagulpur, the home of my blind patient, Babu Badrinath Banerji, about whose most strange recoveries

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under my mesmeric treatment, and relapses into blindness, I have written elsewhere. These relapses were sad enough, yet the enjoyment of a whole year's eyesight after one day's treatment was not so bad a bargain after all. Badrinath Babu profited by my healing passes, in the restoration of his sight for the third time, and when I left the station was quite able to get about without help and to read the papers of the day.

A gratifying incident occurred after an address of mine at the Taj Naraen College, to the Boys' Moral Society. Besides the Hindu students there were many Muslim ones, so I framed my discourse on "Man and his Duties" so as to make it applicable to the followers of the Prophet as well as to the others. On my resuming my seat a handsome Muslim Maulvi rose, and in a most eloquent discourse thanked me for my references to the moral code of Islam.

Berhampur, seat of an old, active, ever-staunch Branch which has played so noted a part in our early Indian history, gave me a royal welcome. I was the guest of Dr. Ram Das Sen, the Orientalist, so well known in Western lands, and after the usual public and private meetings, I left for Murshedabad, where my friend the Nawab had bidden me to visit him at his Palace. I stopped over night with him, lectured on "Islam" to a very uncomfortably packed house, took his Dewan into membership, and then returned to Calcutta once more. So ended this long circuit of my ten thousand mile Indian Journey of 1887.

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Henry Steel Olcott

The Old Diary Leaves - IV

OLD DIARY LEAVES, Vol. IV

by Henry Steel Olcott

EDITOR'S PREFACE TO FIRST EDITION

IT is six years since the Third Series of OLD DIARY LEAVES appeared in book form, and it is nine years since the contents of the present volume were published in the pages of the Theosophist. The author passed over in 1907, and, as all who knew him well are aware, the publication of the whole of this "true history of the Theosophical Society" was a matter that lay near his heart. There still remains sufficient material to fill one, if not two, additional volumes, and it is hoped this will appear in due course, for the longer the lapse of time that separates the present membership of the Theosophical Society from its early history, the more important it is that the facts should be placed on record. For the earlier part of the story, relating to America and India, there was no living authority so well able to bear witness to the facts as the late Co-Founder of the Society. In this present volume, however, we traverse a period when, owing to the world-wide spread of the organisation, the touch of the President with the whole of the Society was not so close, and maybe there are those well qualified to write of the development of different Sections, who could effectively supplement the present history so far as their own [vi] country is concerned. But such sectional or national histories remain to be written, and in meantime the record of Colonel Olcott is here to read—"and inwardly digest".

The volume before us deals with some five years during which the writer travelled all round the world, visiting Japan twice, Europe twice, Ceylon several times; Australia, America, Burma each once, besides, making long lecturing tours in India. These were years which saw the advent of Mrs. Besant—the present President—to the Theosophical Society, and witnessed the death of Madame Blavatsky, and of her learned Hindu colleague, T. Subba Row. Work on behalf of Buddhst Unity occupied much of the writer's time and energy in his Eastern travels, while, in the West, he devoted a good deal of attention to the study of hypnotism, both in Paris and Nancy. Many useful notes on this subject are embodied in these pages.

No revision of the "Leaves" as they originally appeared has been attempted. The Editor's work is confined to one or two explanatory notes, and the

correction of typographical and a few other obvious errors.

CHAPTER I

TOURING IN INDIA

(1887)

AMONG my visitors of the next few days was that very learned Sanskrit teacher and author, Pandit Jibbananda Vidyasagara, son of the greatest of Bengali Pandits of his day, the late Taranatba Tarkavachaspati, author of the Sanskrit Lexicon, known to old member of our Society as the one who gave me the sacred thread of the Brahmin, his own gotra and mantra, thus adopting me, so far as possible under the caste rules. His son asked me to partake of food at his house the following day, which I did with pleasure. This is, I believe, a case without precedent, as I was a declared Buddhist, and was asked to sacrifice nothing in the way of religious belief as a condition of the receipt of this distinguished mark of esteem and gratitude of the Brahmins for my services in India towards the Hindu revival.

One of my staunchest Indian friends from the beginning until now is the Honorable Maharajah Sir Jotendro Mohan Tagore, whose guest H.P.B., I, and other Theosophists have been. He is a highly educated [2] and thoughtful man, a great lover of religious discussions. In common with all Hindus, he loves the ancient ideal of the spiritual life, in theory, admits its vast superiority over the life of the world. I remember a talk we had one day, during a later visit to, Calcutta, about this very subject, and the good-natured laugh I had at his expense. He had asked me in great seriousness if I could not tell him the most effectual way to reach this high level while still living. “Of course,” I replied, “there is one way that can be tried by you, with a fair certainty of gaining your object.” “What is it? Do tell me,” he unsuspectingly asked. “Well, drive home in that splendid carriage of yours; go up to your marble reception-room, where the silver lustres, the paintings, the mosaics, and other things make it a real princely apartment; call your’ lawyers and dispose of your property by gift, keeping back not so much as one jewel; then send to the bazaar and buy the orange cloths, the staff, and the water-pot of a sanyâsi, bid farewell to your family, change your name, and go out in the world as a pauper ascetic; stick to this long enough, as the Buddha did, as Dayânand Saraswati and thousands more have in our own times, and you will find ample recompense for your self-denial and your

spiritual striving." A smile came over his refined features as he found how easily he had allowed himself to be entrapped, and he showed no annoyance when I laughed at his dilemma. But I told him, with that affectionate frankness which our long personal friendship permitted, that unless he was [3] brave enough to try the sovereign remedy for world-troubles which the Sages had prescribed, and which the experience of hundreds of generations had verified, he had better not think of treading, the Higher Path: the Buddha had said in the Dhammapada: "One is the road that leads to wealth, another the road that leads to Nirvana"; and more familiar to the Christian world is that story in St. Matthew of the rich young man who put to the Christ the very same question as my friend had just put to me, and got the same answer, with the result that "when the young man heard that saying, he went away sorrowful: for he had great possessions". Moreover, I told my valued friend that if I were in his place I should not run away from my wealth, but should stop and put it to the helping of the world, by which he would get further along the Path than by any amount of asceticism he might attempt. For unless, as the Hindu Shastras declare, he could come to look on gold as no more excellent than clay, the vivid recollection of his relinquished splendor would haunt him always: though he plunged into the heart of the forest, or shut himself up in a Himalayan cavern, or descended to the bottom of the sea, the very air about him would vibrate with the tinkle and chink of gold and silver coin. It is good proof of the innate sweetness of the Prince's, character that he has borne me no ill-will for my sharp frankness. In fact, these millionaires and princes get so much sickening sycophancy that, as a rule, they relish instead of resenting plain advice which has no [4] ulterior motive. But sometimes they think you a fool to pretend to despise the idol of their lifelong worship!

On the 23rd (July) I again lectured to an over-flowing audience in the Calcutta Town Hall—whose bad acoustic qualities entitle it to be called "Orators' Despair"—on the theme of "Social Reform on Aryan Lines". Two more lectures were given the next day, and on the 26th I left for Darjeeling, that peerless Himalayan station whose name now recalls the awful catastrophe with which it has recently been visited as the result of a cloud burst, cyclone, and earthquake. At the time of my visit, however, it was in the height of its picturesqueness and beauty, and I had a most enjoyable time. With my host, Babu Chhatra Dhar Ghose, local manager of the Burdwan Maharajah's estates, and President of our local T. S. Branch, I made a return call on that wonderful explorer of Tibet, Sarat Chandra Das, C.I.E., Rai Bahadur, Tibetan Interpreter to Government, etc., etc., who showed me the priceless MSS. and printed books he

had brought back from Lhasa, and introduced me to a venerable Lama-Pandit, with whose help he was compiling for Government a Tibetan-English Lexicon, which, when finished, will be his chief literary monument. At the house of my old friend, Babu Srinath Chatterji, Secretary of our Branch, we met Gyen-Shapa, a Tibetan Lama-Ascetic, who has long practised Yoga and developed certain of the siddhis. Srinath Babu had seen him that very morning, while "sitting [5] in dhârana," i.e., meditating, rise from the ground and remain, self-supported; in the air. I visited him twice more, and, with Srinath as interpreter, managed to get a good deal of interesting information from him about Tibetan lamaseries and lamas. There is, in almost all lamaseries, a school of Yoga under an adept teacher, and the feat of self-levitation is not uncommon among them. The height to which one can rise in the air depends upon his natural temperament in part, and largely on the length of practical training. His own Teacher could rise as high as the walls of the lamasery, and several of his fellow-pupils could levitate themselves higher than himself. A strict discipline, physical and moral, must be followed, and great attention is paid to diet. Such phenomena are performed in private, vulgar display being strictly forbidden. Needless to say, the curiosity of casual travellers, and especially of the beef-eating, peg-drinking European explorer, is not gratified: search as they may, they would never see a real adept, to know him as such, as the cases of Rockhill, Captain Bower, the Due d'Orleans, and Mr. Knight[1]1 sufficiently attest.

Sarat Babu's Narrative of a Journey to Lhasa in 1881-82 is one of the most interesting books of travel I have ever read It teems with accounts of dangers faced, obstacles surmounted, life imperilled, new peoples met, and plans and projects fully achieved, yet is free from bombast and vain boasting; in this, resembling that [6] peerless book of Nansen's, Farthest North[3] (whose Master of Ceremonies one of our own revered Mahatmas is). After living here several months, he managed to get permission to visit Lhasa, was received by the Dalai Lama, collected a large number of the most important Buddhist works, and, surmounting innumerable obstacles on the return journey to the Sikkim frontier, reached his home on 27th December, 1882. I noticed in the shape of his head a peculiarity which struck me in Stanley, the African explorer, viz., a marked fulness of the temples over the articulations of the jaw bones, a sign to physiognomists of hardiness of constitution, the power of resisting disease. Sarat Babu's whole body conveys the impression of physical toughness, and the reading of his Report to Government after meeting him, fully corroborated my first [7] impressions in this respect. His thorough mastery of the Tibetan tongue,

helped by his semi-Mongolian type of face, enabled him to travel to Tashi-Lhunpo and Lhasa in the character of a Tibetan Doctor. I had ample proof of his fluency myself when he served me as interpreter in my talk with the learned Lama-Pandit and with the head cooly, who had taken our beloved Damodar from Darjeeling to the distant station in Sikkim, where he was to meet with the high functionary who had promised to take him safely to the place where our Mahatma was to take charge of him as resident pupil.

On 1st August I left delightful Darjeeling and its bracing air, and plunged down the mountain by steam tram to the terminus station of Siliguri, where the mercury stood so high as to make the contrast very trying. I lodged and bad my meals at the station that evening and the next two days, and enjoyed the novel experience of lecturing on "Theosophy and Religion" to a good audience on the railway platform! I then proceeded towards Noakhally, in the Gangetic Delta; but was stopped at Khulna, where I had to wait for the boat. Being a perfect stranger in those parts I had anticipated a quiet and uneventful evening, but a clerk who had read my name on my portmanteau, having spread the news, my room at the dâk bungalow was soon crowded with educated Bengalis, who stopped until 10 o'clock to talk philosophy, after which they went home to dine, and left me free to do the same. Rising at 4 the next morning, I left by the [8] boat for Barisâl, and after a pleasant sail down the: river Bairab, which reminds one of the low-banked rivers of Ceylon, I got there at 5 p.m. and was put up at the dâk bungalow. Again I was caught by some local Hindu gentlemen, and pressed to give a lecture at 7 p.m. in the large schoolhouse. It only needed the sending around of tom-tom beaters and criers to collect a crowd, as I found on entering the hall, where fully a thousand people had gathered. My discourse was interpreted into Bengali by a Calcutta graduate named Aswini Kumar Dutt, with a fluency and fire that amazed me. I have always ranked him among the three or four very best interpreters I have had in India.

The Noakhally boat failing to arrive, I was obliged to stop over at Barisâl. My rooms were crowded all day with inquirers, and I had to give a second lecture the next evening to an audience quite as large as the first one. It was on emerging from the hall, and while standing in the verandah, that I heard the reverberations of that mysterious phenomenon called the "Barisâl Gun". Not one of the explanations thus far put forth by scientific men seems to explain the wonderful noises. Elsewhere[4] have discussed at sufficient length the Barisâl Gun, and the several scientific and quasi-scientific attempts at explanation. I think their

palpable insufficiency was shown. For the benefit of later subscribers, it may be briefly stated that the "Gun" sounds are identical as to loudness [9] and vibratory quality with those of a cannot-shot. They have the same peculiarity of suddenness of explosion without any premonitory rumbling to prepare the listener for what is to come. In my case the first explosion came so suddenly and so loud thought that I thought a gun had been fired in the village, and within a few hundred yards of me. My first supposition was that an 8 o'clock gun was habitually fired there as at other stations where there are military cantonments, but on looking at my watch I found 8.45, so that could not be the case. Presently a second report came, and then, at short intervals, five more, making seven in all. Upon asking what this all meant I was, for the first time in my life, told about the "Barisâl Gun". Bearing in mind the physical peculiarity of the sounds, the reader will be amused to learn that the following explanations have been gravely offered: the action of the tide (on the beach of the Bay of Bengal, 65 miles away); the surf; the crumbling of river banks (alluvial and only a few feet high); the crash of falling cliffs (non-existent); the impact of wind in caves or hill corners (non-existent anywhere near Barisâl); echoes reverberating from rock boards ("in the mind's eye, Horatio"); the escape of steam puffs from submarine volcanoes; electrical detonations. Even the explosion of fireworks at local weddings has been mentioned, but not the bursting of soda-water bottles—a last hint which is respectfully offered without charge to materialistic scientific guesser. While it is easy to say what the phenomenon is not, [10] it is not at all easy to say what it is, but I am best satisfied with the theory that the Barisâl Gun is due to the action of elementals, and has some relation to an event or events which probably occurred in that vicinity long ago, certainly beyond the memory of the present generation, for old men told me that they had been hearing them ever since their boyhood. Sometimes they occur in the rainy season, sometimes not, as in the present case, when the day had been sunshiny, and the atmosphere seemed too clear and the stars too bright to tempt one to adopt the theory of an electric disturbance. I noted the fact that I heard seven distinct explosions at regular intervals, and that the number was said to be unusual; which to my mind, as an occultist, seemed to mark a purpose on the part of some controlling Intelligence to give me a friendly salute. And no more guns were heard that night, nor the next day or night, nor so long as I was in the place. I tried two or three times to have a serious talk with H. P. B. about the matter, but each time something happened to interrupt our conversation. She once said it was an exhibition of the power of the "Sons of Fohat," and referred me to The Secret

Doctrine, but her ideas seemed to me so vague that I at last put the subject aside, and there it lies ready for the study of Mr. Leadbeater and his fellow-students of the Finer Forces of Nature. A couple of years or so ago, the matter was referred to in Nature by Dr. Francis Darwin, who asked for information. I sent him the back numbers of the Theosophist in question, [11] "but have heard nothing, from him since. Perhaps he was shocked by the other contents of our heterodox publication.

The Noakhally boat still not arriving, I was able to form a local Branch with excellent members under the name of the Barisâl T.S. It finally transpired that the missing boat had been disabled and was lying up for repairs, so I had to give up my Noakhally visit for the present and return to Khulna, whence I continued on to Calcutta, reaching there on the 12th. The next morning I took boat for Midnapur, but my visit was cut short by the steamer grounding in the canal and having to wait for the next tide, so the two lectures on the programme had to be given at one public meeting. I spoke on "The Spiritual Life" and "Karma," and I was kept on my legs two hours and a half. A special discourse to Hindu boys was given on the next morning, and at 8 p.m. I left by the same steamer for Calcutta. On the 17th I lectured at the Oriental Institute, and the same evening sailed by the "Euphrates" for Chittagong. She proved to be as buoyant as a cork, and rolled so badly that we had scarcely a moment of quiet. We reached our destined port on the third day and a grand reception was given me. The principal native gentlemen came aboard to welcome me, and the jetty presented a very gay appearance with the picturesquely dressed crowd that had come to cheer their white friend. On the 21st, at 7 a.m., I lectured to 1,500 people on [12] "Theosophy," and at 5 p.m., to as large a crowd, on "Body, Mind, and Soul". There was a third lecture on the 22nd and some admissions to membership. The next day I went by country rowing-boat to Pahartali, an island village 16 miles distant, the inhabitants all Buddhists, of the race of Maghs. The house assigned to me was a hut of bamboo frame and matting sides, the roof thatched with grass. The Mahamuni T.S. was formed the next day, with Babu Krishna Chandra Chowdry, a well-known leader and reformer of that community, as Secretary and Treasurer. The Maghs are the descendants of Arakanese fathers and Bengali mothers, the country having been conquered by an invading army from Arakan, who remained there and settled down. My lecture at Pahartali was given in a shamiana, or open pavilion, which has great advantages in tropical climates, where as much air as possible is indispensable for comfort. Many people present, I was told, had come in from distances of 30 and 40miles to hear what I had to

say about their religion. There is a gigantic image of the Buddha in the local temple, which has a royal diadem on its head, a feature I had never seen in any of my travels in Buddhist countries. True, one sees crowned images of the Bodhisattva, i.e., the entity who finally evolved up to the Buddhahood, in the Kapilavastu birth, but never of the perfected World-Savior. I, myself, have an artistically modelled brass statuette of the Bodhisattva as King of the Tusita heaven, sitting in Padmasan, which was given me by the Tibetan Envoy to the [13] Indian Government, who was here some years ago, and who had received it from the Dalai Lama himself. There is a copper plate beneath the figure, on which the conventional symbol of the Diamond Throne is engraved, and behind it, in the hollow of the image, a roll of Tibetan paper on which the Dalai Lama wrote with his own hand some prayer-charms or mantrams for the protection of the handsome young envoy from all harm from evil-wishers. This figure wears many jewels, on head, neck, breast, upper arm, wrist, waist, and ankles—huge ones in the old Indian style. The hair is built up in a towering mass with pendent locks hanging over the shoulders and down to the upper arm. The hands are laid together in the lap, and support a flowery ornamented vase or statuette, showing the "Three Gems" of Buddhist symbology. Altogether it is a precious curio for our little museum at Adyar.

As Noakhally could not be reached by boat from Barisâl, and as the earnest friends there had well deserved an official visit, I went thither from the other side of the Delta, driving in an open spring-cart through a heavy rain, through a tiger-infested country part of the way, and going on thence all night in a common springless ox-cart, so shore in the body that to sleep I had to stick my legs out in front as far as my knees. At 4 a.m. we got to Mahajan's Haut, where we took a heavy country boat up the river, in which I had twenty-eight hours for sleeping and resting before reaching Noakhally at 11 a.m. on the 27th.

[14]

My reception was extremely cordial, and I was most hospitably entertained. At 3 p.m. I received and replied to addresses in Bengali and English at the T.S. Hall, a neat structure in bamboo poles and chicks, or screens, and thatched roof, which had cost the Branch Rs. 600. A lecture was given at 4.30 under the chairmanship of the local (European) Magistrate, in the Native Theatre, and in the evening a representation was given of that touching old Indian drama, Prahlad Charita, by amateurs who displayed real histrionic talent. But my self-possession was sorely tried by a Prelude composed in my honor, which

embodied a striking incongruity. The curtain rose upon a forest scene, in which was seen an ancient Rishi (Bharata Rishi) sitting in deep meditation beneath a tree. Anon are heard joy-songs, and from the two sides enter a number of Chelas, who cluster about the Yogî and recall him to consciousness. Asked why they are singing so joyously, he is told that "Colonel Olcott, the friend of the Aryan religion, has come to the place". The Yogî answers that this is the fulfilment of ancient prophecy and the dawn of a brighter day for India. He then rises, takes a flower-wreath from the hand of a disciple (sishya), comes forward to the footlights, and beckoning to me to approach, throws the garland over my neck, uttering a blessing at the same time. The, comical anachronism involved seemed to have struck no one but myself and the European Magistrate sitting beside me. But the intention to show the national love for myself was so evident that the inclination to [15] laugh was overcome by a feeling of gratitude for this friendly ceremony.

Another lecture was given on the next day and my rooms were crowded with inquirers, of whom a number, including Nobin Chandra Sen, the great Bengali poet, joined the Society. At night I embarked on the steamer at Taktakally after a drive of 6 miles, and on the 29th got to Barisâl, slept on the Khulna-Barisâl boat, spent the next day on the river, took train for Calcutta, and got there at 5 a.m. on the 31st.

On 1st September there was a meeting of the Ladies' T.S. at the house of Mr. Janaki Nath Ghosal, a very well-known and influential Calcutta gentleman, whose wife I have spoken of elsewhere as one of the loveliest and most intellectual women of modern India. Miss Anna Ballard, the American journalist, then living at Calcutta, accompanied me.

One morning I went with my host, our long-tried, faithful colleague, Babu Norendronath Sen, to the Esplanade to see him feed his pets. I have often seen people in the public gardens of Paris feeding the birds, but Norendro Babu feeds every morning the cows, crows, mynas, and other birds, the fishes in the ponds, and the ants which swarm in the grass of the wide Esplanade. The animals and birds all seem to know his carriage, and gather together to his usual feeding-ground, and the fishes swim towards him in the pond. This thing has been going on for years, quietly and unostentatiously, unheralded by the reporter, unnoticed by the crowd. One could hardly find a [16] stronger example of the tender compassion sometimes felt by men towards the lower creatures.

My long tour was now nearing its close, the only portion to be covered being

the Coromandel Coast. On 4th September I sailed in the B. I. steamer "Khandalla" for Bimlipatam, and after stops at Gopalpur and Calingapatam, got there on the evening of the 8th. Landing on the 9th, I found the Maharajah of Vizianagram's landau waiting for me and drove to his capital, where the Dewan, P. Jagannathraz, gave me hospitality. The next day I was kindly received at the Palace by His Highness, who put a gilt garland around my neck and engaged in a long discussion on religious matters. He presided at my lectures on that day and the next, and kept me talking with him privately in his library from 3 until 8 p.m. on the question of the existence of the soul, about which he seemed rather skeptical. Before my departure from Vizianagram, he sent me a generous present for the Headquarters expense account, and wished me every success for our movement. His carriage took me to the seaport of Vizagapatam, a distance of 36 miles. My host there was Mr. Jaggarow, son of the late A. V. Nursingrow, F.R.A.S., F.R.G.S., the owner of a very fine, well-equipped astronomical observatory, which since his death has been given to the Government of India, and is now one of the chief meteorological and astronomical stations. At his house I assisted at an alchemical experiment by a native doctor named Bulushu Soobbiah,

[17] who claimed to be able to reduce beaten silver to a white powder, for use as a medicine. Not having any silver ready, we decided to experiment on tin. The process was as follows: He made on a piece of canvas a layer of margosa leaves, half an inch thick; on that was a layer of the same thickness of saffron; on this the tin was placed, and the whole was then rolled into a sort of sausage and tied around with stout twine. This was burnt for two hours in a heap of dried cow-dung fuel, four cubits in circumference and one cubit high. Upon taking out the "sausage" we found that some of the tin was calcined, but most of it only melted. The alchemist said that the fuel was not of good quality, else all the tin would have been calcined.

Rajah Gajapati Row, a well-known figure in the Madras Presidency, lives at Vizagapatam, and we exchanged friendly visits.

The two lectures I gave in this place attracted very large audiences, including an unusually large number of Europeans, who seldom attend Hindu meetings of the sort on account of the marked antipathy of the two races. On my way from the shore to the offing to board the "Ethiopia," on which I had booked my passage to Cocanâda, I had a narrow escape from what might have been a tragic accident. The surf Tan very high, and three big rollers had to be crossed in the

masulah boat in which I was. These boats are famous for surf work along the Indian coast, being not nailed or pinned, but tied together with coir (cocoanut fibre) yarn and caulked in the seams.

[18]

Ordinarily they are very safe, and I have made many trips in them between ship and shore. But this time, after we had passed the first roller and were atop of the second, the boat's prow was lifted so high up and the roller slipped from under her so quickly that she came down on the water with a tremendous blow, and one of the planks split from the cutwater to the bilge and the water began to pour in. All the rowers but one were, flung into the bottom and lay there in a mess together. I shouted to them to pick themselves up and go back to their oars, tore the calico covers off the stern cushions and made them stuff them into the crack, set half the men to bailing while the other half tugged desperately to get the boat's head around, did my best with the steering oar, put a safety-belt on Babula, and had him tie the handle of my cashbox to the boat, so that if she foundered there would be a rather better chance of recovering it and the Society's rupees inside, which were my chief concern just then. We finally got the boat around, rode over the roller a second time, and, by dint of very great exertions, just managed to beach her, half full of water. Another boat being soon procured, I started again, and this time reached the steamer without mishap. What made the accident most serious of all was that the sea swarmed with sharks, of which I saw some on our way out to the vessel.

Cocanâda, the birthplace of T. Subba Row, was reached the next morning, and after the usual lectures, receptions, and admissions to membership, I continued [19] my journey southward by canal, landing at Rajah-mundry, where I found a deep interest in our movement to prevail. During my stay of four days in the place, crushing audiences attended my lectures, in spite of the fact that the committee charged for admission, in the hope of avoiding the great rush of the first day. A large and strong Branch was formed, with one of the best men in India as President.

On the 24th I left by special boat for Bezwada, and spent the whole day and half the next slowly moving down the Godavery Canal. Friends intercepted me at Ellore, the beginning of the Krishna Canal, and induced me to lecture and to form a new Branch, under the name of the "Gupta Vidya T. S." Bezwada was reached on the 28th, and stopping there two days I organised a Branch, after which I moved on by bullock-cart to Guntur, an important place, the scene of

much missionary activity. Among my callers after my first lecture was the Rev. Mr. S., a Presbyterian missionary, whose case was a very hard one. For two years past he and his wife had been persecuted by the other missionaries, their pay stopped, and every effort made to drive them out of India, because, on discovering that the senior missionary had been behaving immorally with some of the women converts, they had tried their best to have him tried and removed. The policy of expediency, however, prevailed over that of justice, and these two honest Christian workers had been reduced to the direst straits. He had worked at carpentering and other odd jobs and she had done [20] sewing, but there were days when they had to go hungry. The Hindu community held the worthy couple in respect and told me these facts, so I had my cook prepare a good dinner for them, and sent it over and invited myself to come and help eat it. They received me with affectionate kindness as a compatriot and sympathiser, and Mrs. S. expressed the wish that I might leave the error of my beliefs and join them as a missionary; a proposal which made me laugh, and make them the counter-proposal that they should disconnect themselves from a party where such iniquities could prevail, and join me as earnest Theosophists!

On 3rd October I presided at the anniversary of our local Branch's Sanskrit School, which was established by the good Mr. C. Sambiah Chetty, and had then 193 pupils, who had gained the unusual proportion of 97 and 82½ per cent of passes, as against the average of 75 per cent. The same day I left for Bezwada by bullock-cart, and thence went on by special boat on the canal to Masulipatam, where I arrived on the 5th. My reception here was enthusiastic. The boat was bedecked with flowers, I landed under a leaf-pandal or canopy, there were ornamental arches, complimentary addresses, and jubilation generally. That evening I lectured to 3,000 people, among whom were all the local padris (missionaries), and to another monster audience on the next day, after which I formed the Masulipatam T. S. On the 7th I was honored with visits by the Revs. Stone, Clarke, and Peel, of the Church of England Mission, and enjoyed a friendly [21] talk of three hours with them. An address to Hindu boys about their religion closed my public labors, and my last night at Masulipatam was spent on my mats on the stone quay, where I slept the sweet sleep of the weary. On the 8th I embarked on the B. I. coaster "Umballa," got caught in the tail of a cyclone, and had a nasty wet and comfortless time of it. But the next morning we were off Madras Harbor, and I had hoped that my troubles were over for the year, but the sea was so rough that we could not enter, and had to steam off and on the whole day, in sight of our haven, yet unable to reach it. The next morning, however, I

got ashore, and with a feeling of immense relief saw once more our lovely Adyar, on the 262nd day from that on which the tour began. Whom should I find there but Mr. Alexander Fullerton, of New York, who had come to help me as Private Secretary. How that scheme prospered will be seen in the next chapter. Meanwhile, the reader who has followed me throughout my journeyings will appreciate the significance of the entry of October 11th in my Diary—"Blessed rest".

CHAPTER II

THE FEARS OF H. P. B.

(1887)

THOSE who follow me through all these incidents of past years are virtually watching the building up of the structure of the Theosophical Society, course by course, from its foundation-stone to its finials; the slow but sure erection of the modern temple of Theosophy. They know, as outsiders do not, who were its architects and builders, and what it would have been without them.

When I look through my papers of those days of stress and storm, and read the letters written me from exile by Madame Blavatsky, the solemn feeling comes over me that the binding mortar of its blocks was stiffened by the blood of her heart, and in her anguish were they laid. She was the Teacher, I the pupil; she the misunderstood and insulted messenger of the Great Ones, I the practical brain to plan, the right hand to work out the practical details. Under the Hindu classification, she would be the teaching Brahmin, I the fighting Kshattriya; under the Buddhist one, she would be the Bhikshu, I the working Dyâkya or [23] Laic. It is painful beyond words to read her correspondence from Europe, and see how she suffered from various causes, fretting and worrying too often over mares' nests. Out of the sorest grievances I select the defection of T. Subba Row; the admission into the Theosophist by the Sub-Editor (whom she had herself appointed) of articles which she considered antagonistic to the trans-Himalayan teachings; the refusal of Subba Row to edit the Secret Doctrine MSS., contrary to his original promise, although she had had it type-copied at a cost of £80 and sent me for that purpose; his wholesale condemnation of it; the personal quarrels of various European colleagues; the war between Mr. Judge and Doctor Coues in America; the threatened renewal of persecution against her if she returned t6 India, as we begged her to do; her lack of time for writing for a great Russian review; from which she derived the money for her support[5] and the consequent necessity for depending upon the liberality of some London friends; and, lastly, the discovery of the black treachery of two Western women whom she had regarded as her friends. She unravelled plots to oust us, to turn me away from Adyar and put another in my place, and to use her as the centre of a new Society to be formed in Europe, and again and again warned me to be on my guard.

Undoubtedly there was some [24] such scheme latent in the minds of some, but it never came to aught, for two reasons, viz., (1) she refused point-blank to lead any Society that did not recognise Adyar as its central head; and (2) I was not the sort of person to be easily driven away from a post where I had been put on guard by the Masters, and by them bidden to hold it to the end of my life. She begs me, on the score of the "real, more than fraternal affection" she has for me, her "internal, not external, loyalty" to me as her "colleague, chum, and co-worker in Master's work," to break up the Indian part of the conspiracy. In another letter she writes: "I love you: more than anyone on earth save Master, my friendship and brotherly affection for you are eternal; and if you believe me capable of going back on you, let alone the T. S., then—you are a—." Her use of the word "eternal" has a deeper meaning than appears on the surface, as those who have traced back the mutual relations of us two in past lives (both men in them all) will understand. Suffice it to say that this is not the first time that we have been closely associated in the evolutionary paths of our two entities. One day, in despair on the discovery of a case of treachery which had nearly cost her the friendship of some of our ablest colleagues, she writes that here is one more case going to prove that we two ought to place absolute trust in no third party whomsoever, but to stick together all the stronger as each new case of disloyalty shows itself.

In answer to my protest against her taking up the editorship of the projected new magazine, Lucifer, [25] while still nominally editor of the Theosophist,[6] she assures me most earnestly that it shall never be allowed to hurt our Magazine, but will be rather a "supplement to it," and sent me a joint note from the founders of the Theosophical Publishing Company that the scheme "emanated from members of the London Lodge who wish to see the movement active in England, Europe, and the West generally," and circulate the teachings which had been given them. She wrote me that to start Lucifer and publish The Secret Doctrine, a Theosophical Publishing Company, with a subscribed capital of £1,500, had been formed and registered. As, regarded her return to India, she had no heart for it if Subba Row was to be her enemy, so much had she loved and respected him; and, besides, it had been reported to her through third parties that if she returned the Government would send her to prison on some paltry pretext. This was the sheerest nonsense, but she did not realise it, so positive had been the correspondents (not Hindus, of course) of her informants. So there she was, hoping and yearning to be allowed to come back to, as she writes, at least die in, India,[7] yet unable to get out of her London engagements, torn by conflicting

emotions, made almost wild by the tone of my letters, which were sometimes very harsh—as I, too, had enough to drive a more nervous man crazy—and suffering [26] from mortal diseases which made life a burden. Yet through all, like the faithful sentinel of Pompeii, she stuck to her duty, passed many of the twenty-four hours at her desk, reconciled enemies, made new friends enthusiastic, and, little by little, poured into receptive minds the sublime teachings of which she was the channel. Ah! cruel world, when shall you have another Helena Petrovna to martyrise!

One very sore trouble at this time was an internal agitation within the body of the London Lodge, two factions having sprung up, under the leading of some of our strongest people. An energetic group, sharing the views of the Founders as to the necessity for carrying on a vigorous public propaganda, clustered about H. P. B., while what might be called the conservative party held aloof. The uneasiness kept H. P. B. in a state of nervous excitement, which is reflected in her letters to me. Finally, a party of fourteen of the younger persons joined to form the since world-famous Blavatsky Lodge, the choice of the title being meant as a public protest of loyalty to her whose name had been so tarnished in the Coulomb-Missionary plot. Writing on 25th May (1887) from Maycot, she says: "We have fourteen of the best of the members who have now formed a new Lodge and, my protests notwithstanding, have called it the Blavatsky Lodge of the T. S."; and later, she writes: "The Blavatsky Lodge (for which please send a charter, as it is already announced in the papers) met last night, the 7th July, at T.'s beautiful villa."

[27]

But we must return to Mr. Alexander Fullerton, whose arrival at Adyar was noticed at the end of the last chapter. I had never seen him before—in the body—but knew him for one of the best and most honorable and unselfish men in the "Aryan" Branch of our Society. We had grown so rapidly and the volunteer staff at Headquarters was so small, and duty so imperiously required me to devote the greater part of each year to travel, that I could not help letting our foreign correspondence fall into arrears. All constitutional authority then centring at Adyar, it was reasonably expected that from thence teachings would flow out to our distant groups of sympathisers. In point of fact, however, there was nothing of the kind; we received them as members, credited their fees, issued their charters and diplomas, and then had to leave them to swim for themselves. Our literature was then very scanty, our travelling lecturers few: there was no Annie

Besant nor Lilian Edger to fire their hearts with zeal and enrapture their ears with "word-perfect" discourses. I needed, above all, a Private Secretary, and, through Mr. Judge, this came to the knowledge of my compatriots, and Mr. Fullerton offered his services free of cost. He had been at Adyar six days when I arrived from my long northern tour, and I found him in a most uncomfortable state of mind. Instead of Adyar giving him the "blessed rest" it did me, it drove him frantic with its monotonous calm. He was like the naval engineer who cannot sleep when his engine stops, and he declared that if he [28] should stop there another month he should fear for his mental balance. It was a queer case for me, for while my dear colleague felt wretched away from the roar of New York streets, I was happiest when my long journeyings ended and I could have the absolute peace of Adyar. However, one man cannot feel for the other, and he is wise who acts accordingly. Mr. Fullerton stayed with me until the 13th, and then departed for Bombay and the mail steamer homeward, after an experience of nine days of our silence and our Spartan fare; for he was a Philadelphian, and I doubt if any native of that town of fat living and peerless house-keeping can be long content to domicile elsewhere, however resigned he may force himself to seem. It was I who urged him strongly to return to New York and help Judge build up our American movement, for I foresaw the utter hopelessness of his trying to fit into our Indian frame. I feared the worst might happen, and he was too valuable a worker to waste. He had been appointed a Delegate from American Branches to our Convention, so he left with us an official greeting and Report to read for him. In it he says: "I much regret that my sudden departure from India, necessitated by the state of my health, obliges me to leave in the hands of the Secretary a report which I should otherwise offer in person. Having come to India to place my services as Private Secretary at the disposal of the President, I was commissioned to act as delegate... After a stay at Adyar of little more than a week, my steadily increasing ill-health [29] compelled me to reluctantly abandon my post and to leave India" (Report 12th Convention, T.S., 1888.) It did not strike either of us then, as it does me now, that he was permitted to come to India just for him to get in touch with us, to take a plunge, as it were, into its all-potent aura so as to impregnate him with the occult influence, and then hurried back to work, as he has ever since then worked, with quenchless ardor and loyalty for the Great Idea; even when most of those he then followed as leaders fell off and became foes, he was "faithful found among the faithless". Surely the ways of the Unseen Ones are inscrutable.

The regular weekly meeting of the Executive Council was held on the Sunday

after my return, and, after a peaceful session, adjourned without a row, contrary to the expectations of some, as the strained relations of H. P. B. with two of the members made the more timid ones very nervous. I felt the strain at once, but managed things so as to prevent the hatching of mischief. Mr. Oakley having declared that he knew the Police had special orders to watch us and were keeping us under close espionage, I at once took up the gauntlet, and said I should call on the Police Commissioner the next day and bring him to breakfast. I had to laugh when a Hindu colleague carne to me after the adjournment, laid his hands on my shoulders, and said: "You always bring peace!" and fell to sobbing. "Capital idea," I exclaimed; "I shall adopt this as my motto—Ubi sum ibi pax!"—a good one for a P.T.S., it would seem.

[30]

As promised, I did bring Colonel Weldon, Inspector General of Police, to breakfast a couple of days later, and had to almost force him to look at our books, including our Membership Roll. He said he had no such special orders as I spoke of, and he was perfectly satisfied that our Society had no political character whatever. We were not under suspicion, and somebody had been telling me an untruth. But I determined not to stop there. From our landing in India, eight years before, neither H. P. B. nor I had, save while at Simla, even left a card at a Government House, nor curried favor. It now seemed to me that perhaps we had made a mistake, and by keeping aloof from Europeans had made possible the spread among Hindus of such stupid rumors as the above: I would call on the Governor. So, a little later, I was granted an audience by Lord Connemara, and we spent an hour in friendly talk about Theosophy and our Society. He expressed a wish to read some of our literature, so I sent him some. The next day came an invitation to a dance at Government House, and since then I have been on the "Government House List," i.e., am recognised as "respectable," and receive the official cards regularly to all the important functions. To keep myself en évidence, I always show myself there for a half-hour at least, and so the last vestige of constraint between the Government and ourselves has disappeared.

One of H. P. B.'s groundless worries was that, as she was the registered Editor and half owner of the Theosophist, it was possible for her to be put into an extremely [31] awkward position if her Sub-Editor should take it into his head to insert, while I happened to be one my travels, some paragraph of a seditious character. He being irresponsible, the whole legal responsibility would fall on

her shoulders, and if a criminal case were instituted it would prevent her from returning to India. She begged me to put my name on the cover as Editor, and to make the corresponding change in the registry. So I did this latter on 1st November (1887), and thus relieved her of her anxiety.

Repairs and constructions, the buying of books for the Library, and other domestic matters took up a good deal of my time. We have excellent chances at Madras for buying books at nominal prices, as there are many book sales throughout the year; some of the large British booksellers get rid of their surplus stock in this way, and there are always sales of private libraries being held. I have bought books worth £25 for less than the same number of rupees, and I do not think I have had to pay even as much as a rupee each on the average for the several thousand volumes I have put on the shelves of the Adyar Library. As for our 3,000 or so of old palm-leaf MSS., we have got them for nothing or next to nothing by the kind help of our South Indian members.

About this time the learned Pandit N. Bhashyacharya, whom I had appointed Pandit of the Adyar Library, made a visit of inspection to the Government Oriental Library in Madras. He reported that there were 4,000 MSS there, but prophesied that within a [32] very few years our collection would surpass it. It has not even yet (in 1899) got so far as to do that as regards numbers, but we have more rare and valuable ancient works, and our collection is said to be, on the whole, a better one. In the Government Library there are hundreds of MSS. of books which are now available in print, such as Râmâyana and Mahâbhârata, and consequently the olas are of comparatively little antiquarian value. When we realise the White Bequest, we shall easily double the size of our collection, and within a short time. Meanwhile, the Library is rapidly and steadily growing; and when we are in a position to organise our contemplated staff of Pandits, copyists, and translators, the collection will be quite big enough to keep them busy. As soon as may be, I hope to begin the regular issue of texts and translations of ancient classics, for gift and exchange with other libraries and learned societies, gifts to poor Pandits and Orientalists, and sale to regular subscribers. What a pity that Mr. White could not have lived to see how much good his bequest will do!

On 24th November Pandit Bhashyacharya and I left for Bangalore to fulfil engagements for lectures. He spoke once in Telugu, once in Tamil, and, on the 30th, lectured an hour and a half in Sanskrit as fluently as if it were his own vernacular. This was to an association of Sanskrit. Pandits especially, but a large audience of Hindus listened to him with the closest attention. I gave several

lectures in English, admitted many candidates to membership, presided at the [33] Anniversary celebration of our local Branch, and received daily roomfuls of inquirers. On 2nd December I was back again at Adyar, and resumed the usual round. My little compilation of Golden Rules of Buddhism, which I sent to the High Priest Sumangala for official approval, was now given to the printer and published, as also was Pandit Bhashyacharya's Visishtadvaita Catechism.

At a Government House function on 12th December I met the Hon. George N. Curzon, eldest son of the Earl of Scarsdale, who was on one of his long journeys to the East, and who seemed greatly interested in us and our ideas. He came over the next day to see our Library, and we had another long talk on Theosophical matters, to our mutual satisfaction apparently. I formed a very high opinion of his character and abilities; and now that he is back in India as Baron Curzon of Kedleston, in the post of Viceroy, this estimate has been amply borne out by his speeches and actions. Certainly, he bids fair to be the best Governor-General we have ever had, taking him all in all. When his appointment was announced in London I wrote him a friendly note of congratulation, and was very glad to learn in response that he kept a pleasant recollection of his visit and our discussions. Since I have been in India—say, twenty years—we have had no one to compare with him, in my opinion. He would make a splendid Theosophist. Let us hope he will when he retires from politics.

[34]

Among the events of the month was a flying visit, from London of Mrs. Cooper Oakley to her husband, and her departure on the 21st. On the same day the carpenters, finished the shelving in the Library and we began to transfer the books there. The first one placed on the shelves was Isis Unveiled, as being the pioneer of all our Theosophical literature.

The delegates to the Convention now began arriving, and soon the whole of our house-room was occupied, It is always a strange sight to European friends to see the place filled at night by camping Indian Delegates. Each brings his sleeping-mat and rug and his pillow, and makes his choice of his share of floor-area to spread them on. By 10 o'clock every corner is occupied, the lights are reduced to a minimum, and the snorers make music for the rest. I have in mind two or three of these trombone-players who are entitled to the championship medal. At times when sitting at my desk upstairs in our vast house, I have heard such a row downstairs that I thought there must be quarrelling, and have gone down to suppress it; but it has proved to be only our champions, lying on their

backs with open mouths, and doing their best to break up that Adyar silence which was so uncomfortable to Mr. Fullerton!

The Maharajah of Durbhunga (F.T.S.) played us a scurvy trick by telegraphing an offer to give us Rs. 25,000 in one lump sum instead of his usual donation of Rs. 1,000 per annum, as the larger sum, if put at 4 per cent interest, would yield us that amount in [35] perpetuity. But he never paid either it or even the yearly thousand thereafter! Yet his public charities amounted to an: enormous sum during the course of his life. What was his reason for his faithlessness towards us he never explained.

The autumn monsoon rains should, by good rights, be over by the second week in December, but this year (1887) they altered their programme. On the 25th it rained heavily all day, the next day "this fearful storm continues and upsets our calculations sadly," on the third the river ran bank-full and the grounds were flooded. This caused the greatest inconvenience to the Delegates, who had to go to some distance from the house for their meals and bathing, yet nevertheless we had sixty-seven at the opening. Leadbeater and Dharmapala arrived from Ceylon on the 29th, and the Convention went off very well. A very large Crowd attended the Anniversary celebration in town on the 28th. Before the adjournment of the Convention, 127 Delegates had registered. The Indian National Congress, a political body, met in Madras this year; and as most of its leading men 'were members of our Society, their absence from Adyar injuriously affected the numerical strength at our Convention. By the last day of the year all had gone, and so closed a fruitful and important chapter of our history. During the twelve month we had published 28 books, pamphlets, and magazines, added 25 new Branches, and largely increased our membership. On the 31st of December, after deducting 4 charters as lapsed, we had 133 [36] living Branch charters, geographically distributed as follows:

India 96; Burma 3; Ceylon 8; England 2; Scotland 1; Ireland 1; France 1; Germany 1; U.S.A. 13 (7 newly formed); Greece 1; Holland 1; Russia 1; West Indies 2; Africa l; Australia 1. These figures show how wide-spread our influence had become, how many seed-beds of thought had been established. In the President's annual address was given a historical résumé and explanation of the original constitution of the Society and its modification to keep pace with its expansion from one small group at New York to a world-covering body, with Branches to be counted by scores and members by thousands. It concludes with these words, which, for the benefit of new members, may profitably be quoted

here:

"This is a Society without means, without patronage, with social prejudice arrayed against it, and vested interests its natural foes; a Society which appeals to no sectarian loyalty, holds out no worldly inducement, but the reverse, to those who join its ranks; a Society professedly devoted to the study and propagation of philosophy, the declared foe of vice and censor of selfish indulgence; teaching the highest moral ideal, affirming the essential unity of religions, and the necessary supremacy of truth over all; yet we see it within the short space of ten years spreading over a good portion of the earth's surface, having chartered 137 Branches, of which only 4 have lapsed, and with men of all the old religions its enthusiastic [37] adherents. Whether the Society has been riding on the crest of a wave of thought, caused by the general upheaval of old prejudices, or itself has been a strong power behind the wave, it is not for us to say; but the pregnant fact is that it exists and is a social force of the day, with a prospect of a prolonged and useful career. It is—it must be—due to the breadth of its platform and the judiciousness of its policy of tolerance and brotherly good will towards all."

Twelve years have come and gone since then, yet the impetus behind us has never slackened, the vital force within the Society never been spent; disasters have not wrecked us, secessions not weakened us, the fountain of ancient wisdom has not ceased to flow. Hands across the seas and around the globe, brothers! for in union is our hope and our power to do good.

CHAPTER III

SCIENTIFIC AND OTHERWISE

(1888)

WE cross a threshold of time and enter the Society's thirteenth year, which will be found as full of incidents as either of its predecessors. For we have made history rapidly. Not with a blare of trumpets or waving of banners have we moved on, but impelled by a divine force for the arousing of thought and the moulding of opinions, a force as silent as irresistible.

In the January Theosophist of the year 1888 appeared a notable report on certain meteorological observations made in Baroda State according to the system laid down by the ancient Rishis, as found in that classic of Astrology, the Brihat Samhita, which was very important. It was made by that excellent gentleman and staunch Theosophist, Mr. Janardhan Sakharam Gadgil, F.T.S., a graduate of Bombay University, and a Justice of the Baroda High Court, and Rao Sahib Bhogilal Pravalabhadas, Director of Vernacular Education of that State, with the help of Joshi Uttamram Dullabharam and his pupils. Judge Gadgil's object was to test the ancient system of weather forecasts in [39] comparison with those made from day to day by the Government Weather Bureau, using the most improved instruments and the accessory of the electric telegraph to gather in the daily minutes of many scattered observers. The results were, on the whole, highly gratifying, and may be tabulated thus:

Rain predictions, exactly fulfilled on the day..... 30

Ditto, but with a shifting of dates..... 10

Days on which rain fell but was not predicted..... 11

Rainfalls when the dates were not accurately determined,

owing to Mr. Gadgil's absence from home..... 7

Total 58

To understand this, it must be remembered that the Hindu almanac-makers issue their predictions in the previous autumn, and derive them from patient observations of astronomical positions at that time, the results of which stellar aspects are calculated with great accuracy according to a theory quite unknown,

I believe, to our Western astronomers and meteorologists. The ancient theory is that clouds are positive and negative, male and female; that the latter become fecundated by conjunction with the former, and that they will shed rain six and a half months later (vide Brihat Samhita, chap. xxi, shloka 7). It is there quaintly affirmed that "if pregnant clouds appear when the moon is in a certain Asterism, the delivery of rain will Occur 195 days after, when the moon will be in the same Asterism". By close observation, therefore, of the number and places of clouds on the days beginning from the first of the bright half of the lunar month [40] Margasirsha (November-December), the Indian almanac-makers safely predict the days and quantities of rain-fall during the next monsoon season, a half-year later. Judge Gadgil printed tables of dates and measured rainfalls which go to support the claim of the Rishi rules to be regarded as strictly scientific. The late Professor Kero Laxman Chhatre, the great Poona astronomer, wrote that the predictions were wonderful in his sight. The facts accumulated prove, in Judge Gadgil's opinion, that "although the sun is the chief cause of the evaporation of water, the moon is the potent factor in causing watery vapor to assume the form of pregnant clouds which, at their maturity, are to fall in the form of rain, and to fructify the earth". [8] He specifies several other points of importance which [41] are also supported by his results, and the reader wilt do well to consult the number of the Theosophist indicated. I have recalled these researches by our fellow-members in 1888 as being most timely in the present year of drought and famine (1899), and as an indication of the wide field of scientific research which opens out before the educated man who applies himself to study the palm-leaf MSS. in our Adyar Library. The nett result of two years' comparison of the almanac prognostics with those of the Government Weather Bureau showed them to be of equal accuracy, while, as regards the cost of statistical collection, the comparison is, of course, very greatly in favor of the Indian system. Let us hope that this field may soon be properly explored.

I note that on 5th January I sent Professor Charcot, of La Salpétriére, a copy of the Tamil translation of that libidinous work Kama Shastra, that he might observe what it says about the effect upon the procreative function of pressure upon certain points in the limbs. In vol. lx of the International Scientific Series I had [42] read what the authors of the book (Animal Magnetism, by MM. Binet and Fêrê) say about this very thing, which is credited to Dr. Chambard, of France, as a new discovery.[9] I wanted Charcot and his pupils to know that the fact had been familiar to Indian physiologists for ages. Almost by return post Dr Charcot thanked me warmly for bringing the fact to his notice, and said I had

made une vraie trouvaille—a genuine find. I wish I could impress on the minds of all students of mesmerism, hypnotism, and spiritualism the gravity of the danger they run in making any experiments upon subjects of the other sex without the presence of responsible witnesses. While the French doctors say that the physiological excitement in question is aroused by pressure on the "erogenic" zones only when the subject is in the state of full somnambulism, the Hindu love-manual makes no such assertion, but lets us understand that it can be caused when the [43] subject is fully awake. How many unhappy victims have there not been who were perfectly innocent of wrongdoing, but who have unwittingly pressed upon the spot in the arm whose nerves react so as to throw the neuropathic subject into a frenzy of desire!

Things were growing more and more unpleasant at Adyar on account of the friction between' H. P. B. and T. Subba Row and certain of his Anglo-Indian backers. They even went so far as to threaten withdrawal from the Society and the publication of a rival magazine if H. P. B. did not treat them better. In fact, Subba Row and one of his friends did resign that year, but I gave myself no uneasiness about the projected magazine, for the basis of success—persevering effort and unselfish zeal for Theosophy—were not among the strong points of their characters.

The Governor's Annual Levee, to which I was invited, was a gorgeous spectacle, the vivid coloring and sparkling glitter of the robes and turbans of the Oriental magnates and of the uniforms of British officers producing a strong effect upon the eye in the Banqueting Hall of Government House, with its milk-white walls and lofty columns in polished white stucco that rival Parian marble in beauty.

I note that one of our Council members received from Meerut about that time a copy of his horoscope, as found in the Nadi Granthams of a great astrologer of that place. This was the second case of the kind which tame under my notice, and it is certainly enough to stagger anybody's faith to be told that a stranger [44] can walk into the Brahmin astrologer's house, give him no proper clue to his identity, and within the next few minutes have one of those mysterious old books placed in his own hands, opened at a page where he may read for himself the particulars of his present birth, the name, caste, and quality of his father, and the chief incidents of his own life. Yet this is alleged to be true, and, if I may believe friends whose social and official positions entitle them to credence, they have had this very experience with the Meerut astrologer. I saw him personally

once at that station and saw his collection of books, but he could find nothing in any of them about me, nor about Mrs. Besant (I think it was) who was with me. I then learned a thing not previously known to the public, viz., that the Grantham contains only the horoscopes of persons born in India, and within that portion of it known as Bhârata Varsha, i.e., between the Himâlayas and the Vindya Range. I should have been glad to have had it otherwise, as it would have been a pleasure to have reported to my Western scientific friends the fact that the outline sketch of my life had been found recorded in an ancient work written centuries before the date of my birth. Others have had that experience, so I leave to them the duty of bearing testimony. Meanwhile, if the reader will refer to the Theosophist for December, 1887, and the article on "Bhrigu Sanhita," he will see a very instructive narrative of Babu Kedar Nath Chatterjee's experience with the Meerut astrologer above mentioned. It is worth [45] while giving place to some extracts. From a relative of his, die author had learnt of his having got from the Meerut man a copy of his horoscope, taken from the ancient work in question, in which were given so many minute details of his past life as to amaze them both. Babu Kedar Nath accordingly determined to see whether he would have a like good fortune, and with this object went to Meerut and hunted up the astrologer. On his way he collected from seventeen friends their "Janma Lugnas" and "Rasi Chakras," together with a brief account of their lives written in English (of which the astrologer is ignorant), on separate pieces of paper. The Janma Lugnas and Rasi Chakras were, however, written in Devanagari characters, which he could read, but which would give him no clue to the identity of the parties concerned, since they were but the statements of the stars and constellations under which certain individuals were born, and would only serve to guide him as to the book in which to hunt up the horoscopes under corresponding astronomical signs. With this preface we will now allow Babu Kedar Nath to describe what happened to him, after he had handed the Devanagari memoranda of his seventeen friends to the astrologer, one by one, and been shown that each person's horoscope was actually recorded in the pages of his mysterious book:

"I had," he says, "lost my own horoscope, prepared by my parents at my birth; and consequently I did not know the date and time of my birth. One morning I simply asked him: 'Who am I?' He [46] ascertained the correct time of the day with the help of my watch, drew a Rasi Chakra appertaining to the time of my query, and, according to certain rules of astrology, drew a Rasi Chakra of the time of my birth, Then, without reference to the Sanhita, he told me, from his personal knowledge of the science, some of the incidents of my

past life. Some of his conjectures turned out to be correct, others were wrong. He then retired to his library, and after about fifteen or twenty minutes he brought out a book as usual, and I myself found my horoscope in it after a search of about ten minutes. I allowed the Pandit to read the whole of it, and it took him about three hours to finish it. I cannot now describe my feeling at that time; I thought indeed that I was in a state of dream. The horoscope proceeded, reminding me of the past events of my life from year to year; some of them I had nearly forgotten, and I sometimes had to task my memory to recall them to mind. I cannot imagine a greater wonder than going to a stranger, who, when you ask him who you are, gives you a book which contains minute details of your life from your birth to death. I assert that there is nothing in my horoscope which is not an actual fact, or which has not happened with reference to that portion of the horoscope which deals with my past life,...

"I shall now give a brief account of the contents of my horoscope, and make quotations here and there from it for a better elucidation, though by so doing I

[47] shall have to make my private life known to the public. My horoscope, like numerous others that I then saw and have since then seen, is divided into three parts, and is a dialogue between Sukracharya, the disciple, and Bhrigu Deva, the preceptor.

"The first part consists of (1) some of the chief events of my present life, (2) the chief characteristic of my body and mind, (3) a brief account of the members of my family, (4) the lines on the palm of my right hand, with their effects.

"The second part consists of (1) a brief account of the previous birth, (2) some of the principal acts done in the previous life which have produced some of the grand results in the present life.

"The third part consists of (1) a detailed account of my life from birth to death, (2) a brief account of the lives of my parents from year to year during my infancy, (3) a brief account of the other members of my family, (4) the diseases, dangers, and misfortunes that I shall be subjected to from year to year, (5) recipes to cure those diseases, and advice about warding off the dangers and misfortunes, (6) various Prayaschittas or atonements for removing some of the principal events of the present life which are the results of some of the misdeeds done in the previous life, (7) elaborate description of the manner in which these Prayaschittas should be performed and the various Mantras, (8) how I shall be born in the next life to come. Besides the above there are many other things in

the third part.

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"My horoscope, of course in manuscript, consists of 77 pages of bigger size than royal octavo. I have all along been speaking only of the twelve parts of my entire horoscope. This part which: I have in my possession is called the Tainibhavan—or that part relating to the body alone. There are other parts or Bhavans, called the Dhanabhavan (relating to wealth), the Dharmabhavan (relating to religion), the Pitribhavan (relating to a father), and so forth. These different Bhavans give a detailed account of the subjects of which they treat. But it is a matter of regret that the Pandit has got a few only of the other Bhavans. He has not even got the entire number of the Tainibhavan parts of all the horoscopes, and he had in several cases to refuse to give copies, for he had not the originals."

The long tour of 1887 left same effects of a very disagreeable nature an me, which showed themselves in an impoverishment of the blood and, an outbreak of boils, of which one took on a carbuncular character and laid me up for a while. But our kind friends, General and Mrs. Morgan, hospitably urged me to visit them at Oatacamund, which I did, and in that magical mountain air my health was soon re-established. I gratefully recall the kind attentions shown me by many European friends, even of mere acquaintances, up to that time, and am sorry that I am not at liberty to record their names in this narrative in token of my remembrance. Telegrams were sent me from all aver India, and sympathetic paragraphs appeared in the [49] Hindu papers. To add to my pleasure, I had an attack of gouty rheumatism in one foot, and this puzzled me more than a little, for my paternal ancestral stack passed on to me no such taint of blood. But eight years later, at Paris, the mystery was solved for me by Madame Mangruel, the well-known somnambule or clairvoyant, who advised me to abstain from meat eating, as that was the cause of my misery. I followed her prescription, and all gouty symptoms have disappeared. The disease was, then, not hereditary, but induced by the meat diet, and disappeared on my changing to a non-flesh dietary. The hint should not be lost by any reader who has not tried this remedy.

Portents of a coming storm in our European groups, stirred up or intensified by; H. P. B., begin to show themselves, and Judge complains of our neglecting him. Just then Dr. Coues was working hard for the notoriety he craved, and Judge was opposing him. In view of the very important bearing it has on the ethics of the secession move of June 1895, the text of same of Judge's letters

may as well be given:

"(New York) June 8, 1888, certain matters are occurring here which need attention and action... His (Coues') policy is to place himself at the head of some wonderful unknown thing through which (save the mark!) communications are alleged to come from the Masters. He also in a large sense wishes to pull the T. S. away from your jurisdiction and make himself the Grand Mogul of it in this country... I know that.'. policy is to retain complete control in you, and my [50] desire is to keep the American Section as a dependency of the General Council in India; hence you are the President. It was never my intention to dissever, but to bind, and the form of our Constitution clearly shows that. That's why no President is elected or permitted here... So I would recommend that you call the Council and consider our Constitution, which ought long ago to have been done —and decide that we are in affiliation and subordination to India, and that we are recognised as part of the General Council, with power to have a Secretary as an (official) channel, but not to have a yearly President, but only a chairman at each Convention. I cannot work this thing here properly without your co-operation."

"I am always striving to keep your name at the top, for until your death you must be at the head." (Letter of May, 21, 1888.)

"Until you two die it is folly for others to whistle against the wind. Masters and Federation!" (Letter of June 15, 1888.)

Alas! for the shortsightedness of men who leave behind them documentary proofs like the above, when setting themselves to the building up of a new structure of falsehood, fraud, and treachery in which to house new idols. No wonder the Secessionists adopted the policy of boycotting my name and falsifying history. To have mentioned me at all would have provoked too much inquiry. Alas! poor Judge.

In March the Burmese edition of the Buddhist Catechism appeared at Rangoon, making the seventh [51] language in which it had thus far been published, viz., English, French, German, Sinhalese, Japanese, Arabic, and Burmese. In April a Japanese friend wrote me from Kyoto that my Golden Rules of Buddhism had been translated into their language and published.

At a garden-party at Government House on the 21st of April, the Gaekwar of Baroda introduced me to the Maharajah of Mysore, who asked me to his garden-party of the next week. Thus began our friendly acquaintance, which lasted until his death. On 6th May, by his special invitation, I privately lectured to the above

two Princes and their staffs at the Mysore Maharajah's house, on the subject given me of "The Effect of Hindu Religion on Hindus". For a full hour after the lecture I answered questions put me by the Princes, the Gaekwar chiefly playing the part of spokesman, as the Mysore ruler had an impediment in his speech. This experience was not quite equal to that of Talma, who "played to a pitful of kings," but it was a rather unusual incident for me, and a very pleasant one, for the discussion was animated, and the questions and answers were followed with the closest attention by the intelligent, and in some cases eminent, men composing the two suites.

The Anglo-Indian community were so kind during my illness that I gladly consented to lecture for their special benefit at the Breeks School, under very influential patronage. The subject given me was "The Noble Army of Ghosts and Their Mansions": in short, a discourse upon other World Order in which [52] the Summerland theory of the Spiritualists was compared with the Eastern idea of Kamaloka. There was a large audience, and the proceeds went to a local charity. A second lecture followed.

During this visit to Ootacamund, I bought, on Mrs. Morgan's advice, the piece of land on which I built, as a hot-weather retreat for H. P. B., myself, and other European workers at Adyar, the cottage since known as "Gulistan"—the Rose Garden. She, poor friend! never had the chance to use it, but I have and others, and a more delightful sanatorium it would be hard to find.

An instructive experiment was made by Mr. Archer, R. A., at my request, which is worth reporting. We discussed the theory of "visualising," in connection with the real or pretended method ascribed to William 'Blake, the Irish painter-mystic, who, it is alleged, would paint a portrait after a single sitting; he having the faculty of visualising his sitter in the pose desired, and thus being able to paint from the astral phantom as if it were the living flesh. Mr. Archer had never tried it, but said he would if I would pose for fifteen minutes. I took my place and he steadfastly looked at me, now and again closing his eyes to fix the image the better upon his sensorium, after which I was dismissed and asked to return after three days. When I went again to his studio he had sketched in my portrait, and we were both greatly interested to see how he had retained parts of the face and lost others. As an experiment, it was valuable in its suggestiveness.

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Mr. Archer finished the portrait, and it is now at our London Headquarters.

At appointed interviews with the Baroda and Mysore Princes, the maintenance of the Adyar Oriental Library and the holding of an Inter-State Sanskrit Convention, for the purpose of putting the movement for a revival of Sanskrit literature on a broad and sensible basis, were discussed. His Highness the Gaekwar asked me to draft a plan for a Technological College at Baroda, for the endowment of which he was ready to set aside ten lakhs of rupees, and I did so. The Mysore Maharajah has since established a Sanskrit Department in his own State, the Gaekwar has introduced Sanskrit and Technological instruction into his, and the Inter-State Sanskrit Convention has been held at Hardwar, and is known as the Bhârata Mahâ Mandala. So seeds are dropped, and some fall on stony ground, but others strike root in fertile soil and bring forth their special harvests.

My health having been, entirely restored; I left Ootacamund on 31st May, and after a short tour to Coimbatore, Pollachi, Udamalpet, and Palghat, where lectures were given and two new Branches were formed, returned to Adyar and plunged into routine work, literary and official.

The last week in June brought me a vexatious letter from H. P. B., indicative of a storm of trouble that was raging in and about her, the consideration of which had better be deferred until our next chapter.

CHAPTER IV

FORMATION OF THE ESOTERIC SECTION

(1888)

IT was remarked at the end of the last chapter that we were now about to review some disagreeable incidents of the year in which H. P.B. was a conspicuous factor; If she had been just an ordinary person hidden behind the screen of domesticity; this history of the development of the Theosophical movement might have been written without bringing her on the stage: or if the truth had been told about her by friend and foe, I might have left her to be dealt with by her Karma, showing, of course, what great part she had played in it, and to how great a credit she was entitled. But she has snared the fate of all public characters of mark in human affairs, having been absurdly flattered and worshipped by one party, and mercilessly wronged by the other. Unless, then, her most intimate friend and colleague, the surviving builder-up of the movement, had cast aside the reserve he had all along maintained, and would have preferred to preserve; the real personage would never have been understood by her contemporaries, nor justice done to her really [55] grand character. That, she was great in the sense of the thorough altruism of her public work is unquestionable: in her times of exaltation self was drowned in the yearning to spread knowledge and do her Master's bidding. She never sold her rich store of occult knowledge for money, nor bartered instruction for personal advantage. She valued her life as nothing as balanced against service, and would have given it as joyfully as any religious martyr if the occasion had seemed to demand the sacrifice. These tendencies and characteristic traits she had brought over with her from the long line of incarnations in which she (and, in some, we) had been engaged in like service; they were the aspects of her individuality, high, noble, ideally loyal, worthy, not of being worshipped—for no human being ought to be made the cause of slavish adoration—but of aspiration to be like it. Her personality is quite another affair, and afforded a strong background to throw out her interior brightness into stronger relief. In the matter under present discussion, for instance, the front she presents to me in her letters is unlovely to a degree: language violent, passion raging, scorn and satire poorly covered by a skin of soft talk; a disposition to break through the "red tape" of the Society's mild

constitution, and to rule or ruin as I might decide to ratify or disavow her arbitrary and utterly unconstitutional acts; a sniffing at the Council and Councillors, whom she did not choose to have stand in her way, a sharp and slashing criticism of certain of her European co-workers, especially of [56] the one most prominent in that part of the movement, whose initials she parenthesised after the word "Satan," and an appeal that I should not let our many years of associated work be lost in the breaking up of the T. S. into two unrelated bodies, the Eastern and the Western Theosophical Societies. In short, she writes like a mad person and in the tone of a hyper-excited hysterical woman, fighting for her good name against the black maliciousness of the, Missionary-Coulomb-Hodgson assault, and for her life against a number of physical ailments which three years later carried her off. Yet, ill in body and upset in mind as she may have been, she was still a mighty factor for me to deal with, and forced me to choose which line of policy I should follow. The first count in her indictment against me (for, of course, more suo, it was all my fault) was that I had decided against her favorite in an arbitration I had held at Paris, that year, between two opposing parties among the French Theosophists; it was, she writes me, "no mistake, but a crime perpetrated by you against Theosophy (doubly underscored), in full knowledge of what X. is and fear of Y. "Olcott, my friend, you are—but I do not want to hurt your feelings, and will not say to you what you are. If you do not feel and realise it yourself, then all I can say will be useless. As for P.,[10] you have put yourself entirely in his hands, and you have sacrificed Theosophy, and even the honor of the T. S. in France, out of fear of that wretched little——." Encouraging [57] praises, these, for a poor fellow who was struggling with all his might to steer the ship on its course, keeping clear of the shoals and rocks which wreck so many societies, and are doubly dangerous to vessels manned by cranky crews. She had hatched out a new section, with herself elected as "President," taken a commodious house, and had a signboard ready to pave painted on it either "European Headquarters of the T. S." or "Western Theosophical Society". Seeming to suspect that I might not like it very much to have the whole machinery of the Society upset to gratify her whim, and remembering of old that the more she threatened the more stubborn it made me, she writes: "Now look here, Olcott. It is very painful, most painful, for me to have to put to you what the French call marché en main, and to have you choose. You will say again that you 'hate threats,' and these will only make you more stubborn. But this is no threat at all, but a fait accompli. It remains with you to either ratify it or to go against it, and declare war to me and my Esotericists. If,

recognising the utmost necessity of the step, you submit to the inexorable evolution of things, nothing will be changed. Adyar and Europe will remain allies, and, to all appearance, the latter will seem to be subject to the former. If you do not ratify it—well, then there will be two Theosophical Societies, the old Indian and the new European, entirely independent of each other." Hobson's choice, in a word! After this, one need not be astonished to see her saying: "I write in all calmness and after full deliberation, [58] your having granted the Charter to P. having only precipitated matters!"

This stand-and-deliver ultimatum naturally frightened the "mild Hindu" members of our Executive Council to fits, and involved another visit to Europe in 1889. The Paris arbitration above referred to occurred during my European visit of 1888, which kept me there, from 26th August to 22nd October, and was made, at the entreaty of the Executive Council, as the tone of H. P. B.'s letters had alarmed them for the stability of the movement in the West. The tour should, by rights, have been mentioned before the incidents of the threatened split above alluded to, but H. P. B.'s letter lying nearest to hand, and the trouble being continuous through the two successive years, I took it up first.

The Paris imbroglio sprang out of a disturbance in the" Isis" Branch, founded by the late regretted M. Louis Dramard. After his decease, a hypersensitive young man named Gaboriau, who showed an excessive, enthusiasm for Theosophy, but small executive faculty, and who had been taken up as a protégé by H. P. B., was spending a small patrimony, just inherited, on Theosophical publications, and trying to lead the Isis T. S. along its difficult path. In doing this he had become involved in disputes, in which H. P. B. had taken his side, and made a bad mess for me by giving him, in her real character of Co-Founder and her assumed one of my representative, with full discretionary powers, a charter of a sweeping and unprecedented [59] character, which practically let him do as he pleased. This was, of course, protested against by some of his soberer colleagues, recriminations arose, and an appeal was made to me. After my arrival in London a circular was issued to each registered French member appointing a time and place of meeting in Paris, and on 17th September my formal decision was read before the assembly. The impossibility of reorganising the Isis T. S. being evident, a new charter was granted to a new Branch, the "Hermes," and the now lamented M. Arthur Arnould, the well-known author, was elected President; M. Eugene Nus, the historian, and George Caminade d'Angers, Vice-Presidents; Gerard Encausse, Corresponding Secretary; and C.

Dubourg and Julien Lejay, Secretaries. A large roll of members was inscribed and the young Branch began its career. My action in this affair was taken according to my best judgment, after hearing all that was to be said and seeing everybody concerned; I believe it to have been the best under existing circumstances, though it threw M. Gaboriau out of the active running, caused him and some of his few followers to denounce me unqualifiedly, and led to a pitched battle, as one might say, between H. P. B. and myself on my return to London. The sequel is above shown in her revolutionary action with respect to the reorganisation at London.

It was during this tour that I made the acquaintance of Professor F. Max Müller, and visited him at Oxford, where he was good enough to have me meet Sir William [60] W. Hunter, K.C.S.I., and the world-famous Prof. E. B. Tylor, the anthropologist. Professor Müller was so kind as to say that the Oriental reprinting, translation, and publishing portion of the Society's work was "noble, and there could be no two opinions about it, nor were there among Orientalists". But as for our far more cherished activities, the discovery and spread of ancient views on the existence of Siddhas, and of the siddhis in man, he was utterly incredulous. "We know all about Sanskrit and Sanskrit literature," he said, "and have found no evidence anywhere of the pretended esoteric meaning which your Theosophists profess to have discovered in the Vedas, the Upanishads, and other Indian Scriptures: there is nothing of the kind, I assure you. Why will you sacrifice all the good opinion which scholars have of your legitimate work for Sanskrit revival to pander to the superstitious belief of the Hindus in such follies?" We sat alone in his fine library-room, well lighted by windows looking out on one of those emerald, velvety lawns so peculiar to moist England; the walls of the chamber covered with bookcases filled with the best works of ancient and modern writers, two marble statuettes of the Buddha sitting in meditation, placed to the right and left of the fireplace, but on the hearth (Buddhists take notice), and the grand old scholar, author, discoverer, controversialist, teacher, courtier, seated at his large morocco-covered mahogany writing-table, with the light of one window shining full in his face and another beyond the edge of the table bringing [61] out his aristocratic profile in sharp relief. How the picture of that temple of high-thinking comes back to my memory out of the latency of the âkasa! I see this greatest pupil of that pioneer genius, E. Burnouf, sitting there and giving me his authoritative advice to turn from the evil course of Theosophy into the hard and rocky path of official scholarship, and be happy to lie down in a thistle-bed prepared by Orientalists

for their common use. As he warmed with his subject, the blood rose to his head and suffused his delicate skin, his fine nostrils dilated, and his eyes sparkled. I sat facing the fireplace, at the nearer end of the table, where I could read the emotions in his face as they arose, listening with the respect to which so aged and so illustrious a scholar was entitled. When he had finished, I quietly said that his conclusions as to these occult things were at variance with the beliefs of every orthodox Pandit, from one end of India to the other; that the Gupta Vidya was a recognised element in Hindu religious philosophy, as, of course, he knew; and that what most drew the educated Indians into sympathy with us was the very fact that we believed exactly what they had believed from time immemorial on these subjects. Moreover, I would venture to declare to the Professor that I had had the clearest evidence at first hand that the Siddhas, or Mahatmas, live and work for humanity to-day as they ever have; and that the claims of Patanjali as to the siddhis and the possibility of developing them were, to my certain knowledge, true. The Professor, finding me so [62] self-opinionated and indisposed to desert my colors, said we had better change the subject. We did, but not for long, for he came back to it, and we finally agreed to disagree, parting in all courtesy, and, on my own part, with regret that so great a mind could not have taken in that splendid teaching of the Sages about man and his powers, which is of all in the world the most satisfying to the reason and most consoling to the heart.

The tour of 1888 took me to London, Liverpool, Cambridge, Glasgow, Paris, and Bologna. I called two Conventions at London of the British Branches, organised and chartered a British Section of the T. S., and issued an order in Council forming an Esoteric Section, with Madame Blavatsky as its responsible head. It was thus worded:

“LONDON, 9th October, 1888.

“THE ESOTERIC SECTION OF THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY.

“I. To promote the esoteric interests of the Theosophical Society by the deeper study of esoteric philosophy, there is hereby organised a body, to be known as the ‘Esoteric Section of the Theosophical Society.’

“II. The constitution and sole direction of the same is vested in Madame H. P. Blavatsky, as its head; she is solely responsible to the members for results; and the section has no official or corporate connection with the Exoteric Society, save in the person of the President-Founder.

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"Persons wishing to join the Section, and willing to abide by its rules, should communicate directly with Madame H. P. Blavatsky, 17 Lansdowne Road, Holland Park, London, W.

"(Sd.) H. S. OLCOTT,

President in Council.

"Attest:

"H. P. BLAVATSKY,

"Corresponding Secretary."

This was the beginning of the E. S. T. movement, now so very important an one as carried on by Mrs. Besant, the chosen successor of H. P. B. The reason for my throwing the whole responsibility for results upon H. P. B. was that she had already made one failure in this direction at Adyar in 1884, when she, with T. Subba Row, Oakley, Damodar, and others, tried to organise a secret class, or group, whose members were to have been brought more closely into relations with the Masters, but which failed, and I did not care to be responsible for the fulfilment of any special engagements she might make with the new set of students she was now gathering about her, in her disturbed state of mind. I helped her write some of her instructions, and did all I could to make the way easy for her, but that was all. Later, when I found that those who entered the E. S. were satisfied with what they were getting, I took a more decided stand in the matter, and now have nothing but praise to express for the way in which the present head of the school is dealing with her army of voluntarily enrolled students.

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At the same time, it must never be forgotten that the E. S. T. is not the T. S.; nor that its rules are binding only upon members belonging to that special school; nor that it would be a violation of the T. S. constitution for it to interfere with their rights of private judgment; nor that the President-Founder is compelled to guarantee to every individual member, of whatsoever religion, race, sex, or color, his or her personal liberty of belief and speech.

Nearly all the persons engaged in the Paris quarrel were to blame, they having given way to personal jealousies, obliterated the landmarks of the Society, fallen into a strife for supremacy, with mutual abuse, oral and printed. I first tried to get

the dissentients to work harmoniously under the old charter, and, this failing, offered the two parties, M. Gaboriau's and M. Arnould's, a charter each, on the most liberal conditions; but Gaboriau would not or could not form a Branch without the others, and so the one charter for the Hermes Branch was the result. The thanks of the Society were officially given to Madame the Countess d'Adhèmar, F.T.S., for throwing open her drawing-rooms for meetings during my stay, and doing all else within her power to promote the reorganisation of our affairs at the French capital.

My tour realised the objects in view, H. P. B. being pacified, our affairs in Great Britain put in order, and the E. S. started; but, as was above made plain, the calm was not destined to last, and a second visit to Europe had to be made in l889, after my return [65] from Japan. Yet the strife between us two was always on the outside, and as regards questions of management and policy; interiorly, we were linked together in an unity of purpose and ideals that not even death has broken asunder. To refute the many falsehoods spread by third parties who wanted to breed dissension between us, or give the impression that the Society was on the point of splitting—a belief held by many, my Executive Council included, on the strength of H. P. B.'s hysterical letters—she and I issued the following joint note:

"To dispel a misconception that has been engendered by mischief-makers, we, the undersigned Founders of the Theosophical Society, declare that there is no enmity, rivalry, strife, or even coldness between us, nor ever was; nor any weakening of our joint devotion to the Masters or to our work, with the execution of which they have honored us. Widely dissimilar in temperament and mental characteristics, and differing sometimes in views as to methods of propagandism, we are yet of absolutely one mind as to that work. As we have been from the first, so are we now united in purpose and zeal, and ready to sacrifice all, even life, for the promotion of Theosophical knowledge, to the saving of mankind from the miseries which spring from ignorance.

"H. P. BLAVATSKY. H. S. OLCOTT.

"LONDON, October, 1888."

On my way overland to Naples to take the P. and O. "Arcadia" for the return voyage, I stopped a [66] Bologna to see Count Mattei, the inventor of "Electro-Homoeopathy," and decide whether it would be worth while for Tookaram Tatya to try it in our Bombay Charitable Dispensary. I was prompted to this by what I

saw of the results of the application of one of the Mattei "electricities" as a lotion to the hand of a poor fellow, which had been terribly crushed in some machinery: in one night the pain had been much assuaged. The experimenter was "Major" Tucker, of the Salvation Army, who had implicit faith in the Mattei system. Signor Venturoli, now Count Venturoli-Mattei, the discoverer's adopted son and heir, kindly took me to Rioli, the station on the road to Florence, near which stands "Rochetta," the picturesque but ill-planned castle of Count Mattei, and I spent the day with him in interesting discussion. He was then a strong giant of a man, despite his eighty-four years, and vehement to a degree in his denunciation of orthodox doctors and their remedies. In his bedroom— in one of the turrets, if my memory serves—was a scathing caricature on them, done in fresco on the groined ceiling. He was justifiably proud of the numberless cures wrought by his Electro-Homoepathy, for I have heard too many stories about them at first hand to doubt its efficacy. When it comes to the "electrical" part of the matter, however, the case is quite a different affair. My belief is that, if the true name were given to the system, it would be "sun-bathed" or "chromopathic" medicine. I may be wrong, but, from all I can hear and infer from the [67] behavior of the medicines, I am persuaded that the words "blue-electricity," or green, yellow, red, or others, mean simply distilled water which has been exposed to the magical action of the sunlight, passed through panes or lenses of glass of those several colors; that in the Mattei system we are dealing, in reality, with Chromopathy. Of course it does not matter a pin, save as a trade secret, whether the concealed agency be solar or herbal; the prime fact is that the medicines cure, and human suffering is diminished. Nothing that the Count said warranted me to adopt this opinion, but on the face of it his electrical nomenclature is ridiculous from the scientific point of view, and one of his most successful and loyal disciples, an English doctor, whose diploma was cancelled by the Faculty because of his professional heresy, confessed to me his concurrence in my views. The Mattei pills and powders may be, as alleged by his opponents, the ordinary homoeopathic remedies mixed together, on the off-change that some one of them will cure the patient, or they may not; perhaps they are common remedies exposed to chromopathic influence, or possibly mesmerized to imbue them with a healing vital aura; this does not much matter; the fact is they effect cures by thousands, and the sale of the medicines is, I believe, fast enriching my genial friend of 1888, Count Venturoli Mattei.

As I was to pass through Rome, I halted there a day, not to pretend to see the city, but only to enter Saint Peter's and thus lay my hand, as it were, on [68] the

heart of Christendom to test the vibrations. The experience was a curious one. As I looked around me at the statues of kings, emperors, and pontiffs, with their usually false epitaphs, I seemed to feel the karmic current of their unholy alliances, offensive and defensive. What horrors, what injustice, what selfish pacts, what conspiracies to wrong and dominate the helpless victims of ruthless power and self-delusion, what rivers of blood set flowing in the name of God, but for the greed of tyrants! Who, with an open mind, could stand in that monstrous cathedral and not shudder at the thought of what it represented in world-history, the Walhalla of scourges of humanity? I stayed there for hours, walking about, speaking to no guide, asking no questions, simply psychometrising the place, and following the mental clues in all directions, that I might indelibly impress the pictures on my memory. The next morning I left for Naples, and on the following day embarked. As the "Arcadia" did not sail until 10 p.m., we had from her deck the chance to see the lovely panorama of the illuminated city mirrored in the glassy waters of the bay—a fairy scene.

The homeward voyage proved most interesting, as a great desire to know something about Theosophy, the Society, and occult sciences generally, was shown by the passengers of both saloons. Among them was that gracious student of mystical subjects, the Countess of Jersey, whom I found one of the most high-minded, pleasantest acquaintances I ever made. Doubtless, as a consequence of her example, the whole first saloon [69] fell to talking about Psychometry, Thought-transference, Clairvoyance, Palmistry, Astrology, and similar topics of the Borderland group; and practical experiments were made to test the correctness of theories. On the fourth day out I received an invitation in writing from Lord Jersey, Sir Samuel W. Baker, the African explorer, and other notables, on behalf of the saloon passengers, and with the captain's consent, to lecture on "Theosophy," which I gladly did. The vote of thanks was offered by Sir Samuel in a beautifully worded short speech, which was very gratifying. Three days later there was another call upon me, and I took, by request, the subject of "Psychometry". This set many to making experiments, and I myself made some that were instructive. A certain lady brought from her cabin a half dozen letters from persons of widely different characters, each enclosed in a plain envelope, so that the experimenter might get no clue whatsoever to the sex or character of the writer—a clever precaution. I made her sit in an easy-chair, and passed the letters one by one over her head to her forehead, where I bade her hold them and answer my questions. She was not to stop and think what the answer ought to be, but just to say the first thing that came to her mind. I asked her: "Is the writer a

man Or a woman? Answer quickly, please." Then I asked: "Is he (or she) old or young? Tall or short? Stout or thin? Healthy or ill? Hot-tempered or calm? Frank or deceitful? Generous or miserly? Worthy or unworthy of trust as a friend? Do you [70] like this person?" etc., etc., never putting a leading question or doing anything to confuse the spontaneous thought of the subject. Now, at first blush, it is perfectly plain that the closest scrutiny of a blank envelope—unless its shape were an unusual one and associated with a certain correspondent—would reveal nothing as to the sex, age, complexion, form, or mental or moral characteristics of the writer of the enclosed letter. The first lady experimenter proved herself devoid of the psychometric faculty, but another lady who next submitted herself to the test was successful in five out of seven cases—as subsequently verified on opening the covers; and the first lady's brother, an army officer and a rather flippant critic of the science, found to his amazement that he could psychometrise. The rumor of these instructive experiments running through the ship, caused the invitation to make my second lecture on the subject of Professor Buchanan's discovery. A well-known Member of Parliament gave very correct delineations in two cases submitted to him for psychometric reading. The scientific and practical value of the possession of this sense is evident, inasmuch as it arms a person with a super-refined faculty of feeling the true character and motive of a correspondent, or of one with whom one is talking, or whom one meets in the world, whatever mask may be used in the letter or put on the face of the individual. Then again, the developed psychometer ought naturally to be intuitive for learning the sense of an author and reading the meaning of a public lecturer, despite his, perhaps,

[71] clumsy way of putting things. It makes one instantaneously responsive to appeals to the higher nature, and guarded against being carried away by the sophistries of those who would deceive and cajole one with evil designs.[11]

The "Arcadia" landed her passengers at Bombay on 10th November, and our party, which comprised, besides myself, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Johnston, Baroness Kroummess, Mr. E. D. Fawcett, and Mr. Richard Harte, all members of the Society, were warmly welcomed by our friends of the Bombay Branch. Mrs. Johnston is the daughter of Madame Vera Jelihovsky, H. P. B.'s sister, and was married from her aunt's home, 17 Lansdowne Road, W., to the brilliant young Sanskritist and Indian Civilian in question, during the summer of 1888. Her mother being away in Russia, I represented her and the rest of the family at the civil marriage at the registrar's office. Her husband was now coming out with us

to take up his appointment in the Bengal Civil Service. The whole party were present at the Convention of that year, and were photographed in the annual group picture.

CHAPTER V

THE CONVENTION OF 1888

(1888)

OUR friends were delighted with their cordial reception at Bombay, and, like all strangers, struck with the picturesqueness of the city and its swarming and motley inhabitants. Our Branch members did—as they invariably do—all that lies within their power to make new-coming colleagues feel welcome. It is in some respects a model Branch, having had the good fortune to possess energetic, intelligent, and devoted officers from the beginning. When I look at this group, it seems strange to me that so long as our T. S. Headquarters remained there the Branch was almost inert. I made frequent desperate attempts to infuse life into it, but without encouraging success. Perhaps it was because the members felt that within arm's length of them were the Founders, and that at any time a half-hour's stroll would take them into the presence of H. P. B., whose average conversation was more instructive and stimulative of thought than any number of dull meetings, at which no one person could claim to be much more advanced in knowledge [73] than the others. But when we shifted to Adyar, and the responsibility for the Branch's activity was definitively thrown upon Tookaram Tatya, Rustomji A. Master and two or three more, the latent life in the Branch suddenly showed itself. We left the group in 1882 with a majority of Hindu members, whereas now, and for some time past, they have kept away, and the Branch is preponderatingly Parsi. Yet the selfsame studies have been pursued, the identical Theosophical ideas been taught and accepted, until now there cannot be found, the world over, a more thoroughly Theosophical group than the Bombay T. S.

All the party save myself went to Elephanta to see the caves, and were taken to see the other Bombay sights. On the 12th of November we had a public reception, Mr. K. M. Shroff presiding, and our welcome was warm enough to prove that the public were as ready as ever to see us back and hear us speak. Messrs. Johnston and Harte made addresses, and I lectured on "Thought-reading". The next day we left for Madras; our colleagues at Poona and Gooty meeting us at their stations, and bringing flowers, fruits, and delicious fresh milk. Adyar was reached on the 15th, and the newcomers showed great delight

with the house and grounds; more especially, even, with the home-like feeling of the place; for I have ever tried to give visiting members the impression that they are not my guests, nor the Society's, nor anybody's, but just co-proprietors of the property, coming to their own home. H. P.B. and I always [74] followed that policy, and I have tried to keep it up.

The Executive Council met as usual on the following Sunday, and passed resolutions thoroughly approving of my doings in Europe. Tranquil days of work and pleasant conversation followed, but before long I began to see signs of discontent spreading to some extent among certain few Branches, the result of underhand schemings by one or two malcontents who were unfriendly to H. P. B. This passed off in time, although a desperate attempt was made at that year's Convention to make trouble for me. The Bombay Branch sent me, on November 30th, a resolution recommending that T. Subba Row, who had resigned, be asked to comeback to us, but I have positively refused to lower the Society's dignity in any similar case, however influential might be the seceder—my conviction having always been that the cause we stood for is so infinitely greater and more majestic than any man or woman engaged in the T. S. work, that it would have been a lowering of my self-respect to beg anybody to stand by us against his inclinations. To my apprehension, a man could not enjoy a higher honor than the chance to help the Teachers in their benevolent plan for the uplifting of contemporary humanity.

On 3rd December, Mr. Noguchi, a representative of the Committee of patriotic Japanese who had sent me an invitation to visit their country in the interests of Buddhism, arrived. On the 18th I served, at the request of the Madras Government, as a Judge at [75] a public trial of ploughs at the Saidapet Agricultural College Farm, thus, after thirty years, resuming my practical interest in agricultural questions. H. E. the Governor of Madras, the Earl of Jersey, and other important personages were present, and expressed their satisfaction with the Committee's awards. The Earl and Countess of Jersey came one day and saw the Library and took tea with us, a hospitality which they subsequently returned to me both in England and at Sydney, where Lord Jersey was Governor at the time of my visit.

At a Council meeting in the same month, a resolution was unanimously passed to convert itself into an Advisory body and restore to me the full executive powers which, in 1885, I had consented to have curtailed, to satisfy some who thought it would be better to have several bosses instead of one. The

thing did not work well enough to continue it, and all my colleagues were but too glad to reshift the responsibility to my shoulders rather than keep it themselves. It was all the same to me, for even during the interval I virtually had to do all the work, and the Council meetings grew more and more perfunctory—as Council meetings usually do when there is some leader who may be counted on to pull the stroke-oar and get the boat on the straight course when cross winds blow.

I took Mr. Noguchi to the State Ball at Government House on the night of the 21st, and thoroughly enjoyed his expressions of wondering interest in everything [76] he saw, from the dazzling military uniforms, the gold-bestrewn court dress of the Governor, the dresses of the ladies, the dancing, the polished white columns and walls of the Banqueting Hall, the life-sized portraits of the Queen and other dignitaries, and the picturesque liveries of the turbaned servants, down to the supper-table in its inviting array—all complete novelties to him. The Governor was very pleased to see and talk with so intelligent a representative of his grand nation of heroes, and asked him various questions about the state of religion in Japan and the reason for my proposed visit. He was a nice fellow, was Noguchi, and made himself very popular at Headquarters and among the Hindu community in general, whom he electrified with his speech at our Anniversary celebration.

The Convention Delegates began arriving on the 24th of December. On Christmas Day I got a foolish cablegram from H. P. B. threatening the resignation of herself and the entire Blavatsky Lodge should Cooper Oakley be readmitted to membership, the act showing the state of nervous excitement into which the Subba Row imbroglio had thrown her. She used the name of the Blavatsky Lodge and of certain of its members so often in her letters, as condemning me utterly and backing her views unreservedly, that it became at last tiresome. Considering our personal relations, the identity of our ages, and our joint relationship to our Guru, it seemed to me ridiculous that she should imagine that the dicta of a group of junior colleagues, however warm partisans of hers, should influence me [77] to act against my own judgment in questions of management. I wrote her at last that if she sent me any more round robins or protests from the same quarter I should neither read nor answer her letters: our affairs must be settled between ourselves without the interference of third parties. Answering me, she admitted the correctness of my argument, and the exasperating documents ceased to arrive.

Our newcomers were much gratified on hearing a concert of Indian music given us by the Madras Gayan Samaj, under the management of our old member and friend Mr. Bulwant Trimbak Sahasrabuddi, of Poona. This gentleman, seeing the decadence of the ancient musical science, and the substitution of frivolous and sometimes immoral airs and songs, undertook, in or about the year 1878, the heavy task of trying to revive the Aryan melodies; to do which he formed, at Poona, the first Gayan Samaj. Undaunted by obstacles, he bravely stuck to his work, giving time, labor, and money, enlisting the sympathies of successive Governors of Bombay and Madras, and of other influential gentlemen, official and private. His self-denial has been rewarded by seeing this national movement getting foothold, and I hope he may live to see full success crown his endeavors.

The attendance of Delegates was small at that year's Convention, partly because of so many of our best men having been drawn to the political Congress at Allahabad, and in part because of the transient disaffection in the Bombay Branch. Tookaram Tatya [78] and the other Bombay friends stayed away, but still the affair went off successfully.

Consistently with my policy to give every chance to my colleagues to try experiments which seemed to them to promise well for the Society's interests, I acceded to their wish that we should try what effect the complete abolition of entrance fees and annual dues, and the trusting for the Society's support to voluntary contributions, would have. Personally, I did not believe in the scheme, though I officially supported it, for our fee-list was so modest that it seemed as if anybody who should object to paying them could not have any real sympathy for our movement, and it would leave us to throw upon our more generous members virtually the whole responsibility of keeping the Society going. But the Convention voted for the change, upon the motion of the representatives of the British and American Sections present; I concurred, and issued the necessary Executive Notices, to clear the way.

The first effect was that angry protests broke out in both the Western Sections; H. P. B. wrote me a violent letter, denouncing me as a vacillator, and liberally reporting what so and so, her friends and colleagues, said about my inconsistency, after having just effected the organisation of a British Section and giving it the right to levy the customary entrance fees and annual dues; while Judge and his party openly revolted, and refused to comply with the new order of things. Secretly, I was rather amused to see how much of a [79] mess was

being made by marplots eager to have a finger in the pie, and was disposed to give them the rope to hang themselves with. It was not long before the experiment failed and we returned to the old method, as will be seen later.

The other important thing done by the Convention of 1888 was the adoption of the policy of reorganising the Society's work on the line of autonomous Sections: this having been the motive prompting me originally to grant, in 1886, a Charter to the American. Section, and, later, one to the new Section at London. The plan had proved an entire success in America, and after two years of testing it in practice it seemed but fair to extend it to all our fields of activity. It was an admirable plan in every respect; local autonomy imposed local responsibility and local propaganda, and involved much personal exertion; the creation of Sections minimised the burden of dull details which had previously so hampered my command of time; and the Society changed from a quasi-autocracy to a constitutional Federation, each part independent as to its internal affairs, but responsible to every other part for its loyal support of the movement and its ideals, and of the Federal Centre, which bound the whole together, like the fasces of the lictor, into an unbreakable bundle. Under this plan the formation of a new Section adds but little to the work of the Adyar staff, but increases to a marked degree the collective strength of the Society, as the house's foundation becomes stronger and [80] stronger with each squared stone that is built into its mass.

In reporting to the Convention of 1888 the passage of the resolution in Council, recommending the change of its functions from an executive to an advisory character, I made in my Annual Address the following declaration of intention: "My offer to retire was rejected by unanimous vote by the Convention of 1885, and I was told that I must serve the Society during my life. I yielded my own inclinations to the sense of duty, and the time has come when I should say, most distinctly and unequivocally, that since I am to stay and be responsible for the progress of the work, I shall not consent to any plan or scheme which hampers me in the performance of my official duty. That duty is, first, to the unseen yet real personages personally known and quite recently seen by me and talked with, who taught me the way of knowledge, and showed me where my work lay waiting a willing worker; next, to my colleague, friend, sister, and teacher, who, with myself and a few others, founded this Society, and has given her services to it these past thirteen years without fee or hope of reward; and, thirdly, to my thousands of other associates in all parts of the world, who are counting upon my steadfastness and practical management for keeping the

Society moving forward in its chosen line of usefulness." In short, if I was to be again responsible, I meant to manage things as my experience in public affairs showed to be best, and "to be obedient and loyal to the Teacher we two [81] personally know, and loyal and staunch to the colleague you and I and all of us know, and a few appreciate at her true worth. This is my last word on that subject; but in saying it, I do not mean to imply that I shall not freely use my own judgment, independently of Madame Blavatsky's, in every case calling for my personal action, nor that I shall not be ever most willing and anxious to receive and profit by the counsel of every true person who has at heart the interests of the Society. I cannot please all; it is folly to try; the wise man does his duty as he can see it before him".

My voyage to Japan was one of the most important events in our Society's history; and as we shall be coming to it presently, and the results of the tour were astonishing, it will be as well if the clear statement of Mr. Noguchi, the special Delegate sent to persuade me to accept the invitation of the Japanese Buddhists, and to be my escort, as to the then religious condition of Japan, and his fraternal appeal for the sympathies of the Indian public, which so deeply moved his hearers at the Anniversary celebration in Pachiappah's Hall, Madras, should be included in this narrative. Mr. Noguchi spoke in his own language, but an English translation was read on the occasion. He said:

"Brother Theosophists and Hindu Friends—I am very happy and much honored to address you on the occasion of my first visit to India, a land sacred in the eyes and dear to the hearts of the Japanese and all other Buddhists, as the birthplace of the Founder of [82] our religion, and the country where his eloquent voice uttered its precious teachings. I come from the 'land of the Rising Sun,' which lies twenty days' sail from here by the ocean, in the fastest steamers. Yet it is not to be considered as further away than a single yojana, or even the width of this hall, when we realise the fact that the tie of a common brotherly love really binds us together in a golden chain. That tie is our common interest in a great movement for the revival of religion; the resuscitation of the morality taught and illustrated by our ancestors, and strictly illustrated in their own lives. This movement is that which was begun and has, during the past thirteen years, been directed by the Founders of the Theosophical Society. I am not here to prove that Buddhism is a better religion than yours, but to tell you something about the religious and moral state of my dear country.

"When you hear the facts you will, I am sure, give me and my co-religionists

your loving sympathy and good wishes. For you will at once recognise the truth that Japan is at this moment in almost exactly the same condition as your sacred India was ten years ago, when Colonel Olcott and Madame Blavatsky left America and came to your shores. For ten years they have been helping you to understand, and encouraging you to love, respect, and defend your religion from its unscrupulous enemies.

"They found it lifeless and its followers in despair. They have put life into its enfeebled body and courage into your hearts. You were then almost ashamed to [83] confess yourselves Hindus, but now you are proud to be so called. The day of unchallenged slander and misrepresentation of the faith of your forefathers has gone for ever. You now, knowing how much truth it contains, and what is your duty to your children as regards making them understand it, are brave and confident to silence the liar who attacks it. We, Japanese Buddhists, now ask you to lend us this worker of social miracles, this defender of religion, this teacher of tolerance, for a little time, so that he may do for the religion of my country what he and his colleagues have done for the religion of India. We are praying Colonel Olcott to come and help us; to come and revive the hope of our old men, to put courage in the hearts of our young men, to prove to the graduates of our colleges and universities, and to those who have been sent to America and Europe for education, that Western science is not infallible, and not a substitute, but the natural sister of Religion. He is a Buddhist of many years' standing. He has helped the Buddhists of Ceylon to work a change for the better in their religion so wonderful that no one could believe it without going to that island and talking with the priests and the people. When he first came there, in the year 1880, things were worse for the Buddhists than they were for you in India in 1879.

"Now Buddhism is reviving, the Buddhists are beginning to be full of hope and courage, schools for Buddhist children have sprung up everywhere, societies have been formed, books are freely published, a [84] semi-weekly journal has been started and has acquired a great influence, and the Colonial Government has gazetted the Wesak Day of May as a Buddhist national holiday. This is the sort of help we need in Japan as badly as a starving man needs food. Mr. Laurence Oliphant, the English enthusiast, a brilliant writer, of mystical and religious tendencies, formerly a member of the British Parliament, says: 'A moral pall shrouds this earth's surface, and it is densest where our Occidental civilisation most prevails. Japan was a relatively pure country until she felt the demoralising touch of Western civilisation, and now how sadly has she

deteriorated!' I am sent here by a very influential national committee to beg Colonel Olcott, our American Brother, to come and give religious food to us. Will you not spare him to do this meritorious work?"

A succinct survey of the names and tenets of the various sects of Japan followed, and his hearers were informed as to the rather demoralised condition of the priesthood, after which Mr. Noguchi closed his address as follows:

"But there are honorable exceptions among the priests; some are really working for Buddhism, but they are few. Where is the higher doctrine? The doctrine is there, but its vital strength is very much reduced. Old Japan is no more; the old grandeur and prosperity of Buddhism, alas! is no more visible. What shall we do? What steps must we take to reform the Buddhists and give life to Buddhism? How shall we wipe off the rust accumulated on the solid gold [85] structure of Buddhism, so that it may outshine the new-made brass structure they are trying to erect? The first important step we must make is the unification of all Buddhists, no matter of what sect they are, nor of what country. Of course, it will be a very difficult task. The second step is to begin to make every priest and layman educated; and this, too, is very difficult, and a work of time. The third step is to reconvert the Japanese to Buddhism: needless to speak of its difficulty, in view of what I have above stated. The fourth step is to encourage the Japanese to take all that is good from Europe, and to reject all the bad. Two opposing forces are now working to influence and mould the intellect of the educated Japanese—one asserting that everything European is good, and the other the contrary. The balance of thought must change towards one scale or the other, and on that the destiny of Japan hangs. What shall we do? This is the echo of the cry which is now reverberating throughout Japan. Our Buddhist brothers have been aroused from their long drowsiness, but there is no help within. To rescue our Buddhists from the thraldom of Western vices we have thought of only one way. I have hinted to you what that is. It is to obtain the unselfish help of Colonel Olcott, the Founder of the Theosophical Society, and Reformer of Religions. We heard of the name of this esteemed and honorable man, and of the good work his Society is doing for Buddhism in Ceylon and elsewhere. All Japanese Buddhists are now waiting his visit, and they [86] have named him (Jamashaka) 'Bodhisat of the Nineteenth Century'. My dear brother and colleague, Kinza Hirai, ex-President of Kin Society, sent letters asking him to give his services to Japan for the advancement of Buddhism. Mr. Hirai and the Reverend Sano, an influential priest, are forming and organising a Branch of the

Theosophical Society at Kyoto, and they are working vigorously in its interest. They have sent me to this twice-blessed country to attend the Annual Convention of the Theosophical Society at Madras, and after the close of its Session to escort Colonel Olcott to my country as a guest of this Society. In a few days I shall be leaving this for Japan. My stay here and among my Buddhist brothers in Ceylon has been very agreeable, and I leave you with sorrow. I shall not forget the hospitality that I have received here, nor the brothers with whom I have made lasting friendships. Let us help each other and work mutually for the advancement of our ancient religions. We, Buddhists, must form a strong brotherhood of co-religionists, of all parts of the world; and for the realisation of this grand object, work earnestly, constantly, and willingly. We must do good work for the sake of the world, as our Lord Buddha did, and as Colonel Olcott, in a lesser yet still most useful way, is doing. 'Give me liberty or give me death,' said Mr. Patrick Henry, the American revolutionary patriot. I will say, 'Let me die or else do a good work while living.'"

The earnestness of Mr. Noguchi's delivery seemed to strike a responsive chord in the Indian heart, and [87] he carried with him from the hall the best wishes of all. This was the first time that Japan had made an appeal to a foreign nation for religious help since that historical event in 1584, when a company of Japanese ambassadors, themselves of princely birth, were conducted into the presence of the chief pontiff. Escorted by the cavalry and Swiss guard, accompanied by the foreign embassies, all the Roman princes and nobility, with the officials of the cardinals and of the Vatican, they went in a glittering procession through the streets of Rome, the guns of the castle and those of the Vatican thundering their welcome. Prostrating themselves at the Pope's feet, they declared that they "had come from the extremities of the East to acknowledge in the presence of the Pope, the Vicar of Jesus Christ, and to render obedience to him in the name of the princes of whom they were the envoys". The reading of the letters of credence was followed by a most fervid discourse by Father Gonzalez, and the whole of Christendom was thrown into agitation by the dramatic aspect of this unique occasion.[12] The event was the sequel to the long and adroit labors of Jesuit missionaries, who had skilfully appealed to the Japanese sense of devoted loyalty to their sovereign, and by changing the external aspects of Christianity to conform to those of the ancestral Shinto cult, had made the Japanese believe that the Western religion was, of all others, the best fitted to exalt the [88] grandeur of the emperor and the happiness and dignity of the nation. But in a little more than three decades the steel hand under

the velvet glove was felt to be clutching at the throne and life of the nation, and there followed one of the bloodiest, most remorseless persecutions of perverts to be read of in history; the new religion was extirpated from the land, and its last missionaries swept into the sea. The ports of Japan were then closely sealed, and for two hundred and fifty years she continued to jealously guard herself by strict seclusion from the possibility of further contamination by foreigners. This is the secret of her isolation, known to comparatively few outside the class of sinologues.

When Japan was once again opened to foreign intercourse by the American Commodore Perry, and change became the passion of the day, an imperial Commission was ordered to report upon the advisability of adopting Christianity as the State religion, in order to improve the moral condition of the people. "The result," says Hearn (quoted by Mr. Knapp), "confirmed the impartial verdict of Kämpfer in the seventeenth century upon the ethics of the Japanese. 'They profess a great respect and veneration for the gods, and worship them in various ways. And I think I may affirm that in the practice of virtue, in purity of life and outward devotion, they far outdo the Christians.'"[13] The Commission reported against the adoption of the Western religion "on the ground that, judging, from the moral condition of the West, [89] Christianity was not there so potent an influence for right living as were in Japan the religions which had so long held sway among the island people". Neither Mr. Knapp, nor Lafcadio Hearn, nor any other unbiassed modern observer believes that Japan will ever come under the sway of Christianity so long as there survives any hope of independent national existence. During the mighty revolution in every other department of thought and life that the empire has been the scene of, none has occurred in that of religion. "From the benefits of this movement," says Knapp, "which bore so many features of Western life across the Pacific, Christianity has been the one thing excluded; and it was deliberately excluded because, after full investigation, it was deemed prejudicial to the interests of morality" (p. 218). "It is an open secret that the American commission recently sent to Japan to consider the crisis in mission work there was confronted with problems which the national spirit has evoked, not only in matters of administration, but also in those affecting supposed essentials of Christian belief. It is at least wholly safe to predict that every hope of sectarian aggrandisement on Japanese soil which has been cherished by any of the numberless denominations who have sent their propagandist forces there is doomed to disappointment. The Christianity which gains a foothold or any lasting influence in the empire will be neither

Presbyterian, nor Methodist, nor Unitarian Christianity. It will not be even American, nor English, nor German, [90] nor Roman Christianity. It will be, if anything at all, an essentially Japanese faith, based upon and assimilated with the old loyalties... In her faith, as in her polity, Japan will remain, as always in the past, the unconquered Island Realm" (p. 222).

At the time of the Noguchi commission I had none of my present familiarity with his nation, but I loved them as I do all Oriental peoples, instinctively, and with my whole heart, and in accepting his invitation I felt that with love and sincerity one may unlock all doors that lead to the popular heart. I knew, from experiences in India, Ceylon, and Burma, that modern education but paints a gloss over the outer man, leaving the inner self what heredity and Karma have made it: I felt that even so feeble an agency as one man's voice must arouse the dormant religious sentiment and call back at least the most earnest of the people from the slimy path of greed and worldly success into the clean, broad road traced out by the Buddha, in which their forefathers had trod for thirteen hundred years. It would not be I, but the resistless power of the Buddha Dharma that would be pitted against the forces of irreligion and moral revolt. When we were driving home from the place of meeting, Noguchi expressed his wonder that so huge an audience had listened to him in such perfect courtesy and silence; saying that I must expect nothing to equal it from my Japanese audiences, who were in the habit of interrupting public speakers with protests and comments, and sometimes making a good deal of disturbance.

[91] I bade him not distress himself on that score, for it had never happened within my experience to be interrupted when speaking, perhaps because I kept my hearers so busy thinking as to give their thoughts no chance to wander. The result—as will be seen later—proved me to be right, for a more courteous reception than that given me would have been impossible to conceive of.

The last Delegate to the Convention of 1888 left Adyar on the 30th (December), and we of the household enjoyed the calm after the storm of clashing opinions. On the last day I wrote: "Thus closes the year 1888, which has been rife with disagreeable incidents, trials, and obstacles of sorts, yet on the whole prosperous. The resignations of Subba Row, Oakley and others bring evil sequences, among them the discontent, almost rebellion, of Tookaram, who has been misled by hasty judgment prompted by X.'s machinations. The outlook for 1889 is much better. We have got rid of a certain pestiferous fellow who kept us all in misery."

Thus, then, we roll up the scroll from which our notes of the year's history have been copied, and lay it on the table of Chitragupta, the Record-keeper of Yama, for production at that future day when the deeds of our lives have to be scrutinised by the Lords of Karma.

CHAPTER VI

VISIT TO JAPAN

(1889)

MY departure for Japan having been fixed for the 10th of January, I had quite enough to do to get out the Annual Report and put things in order generally within the preceding few days. Dharmapala, who had decided to accompany us, left on the 1st for Colombo to get ready, and Noguchi and I embarked on the appointed day. The passage to Colombo was smooth and pleasant, and a lot of Buddhist friends met us on arrival. The High Priest, Sumangala Thero, awaited us at our Theosophical Headquarters in Maliban Street, and came again the next day for a long and friendly talk. Pandit Batuvantudave, the learned Sanskritist, as Buddhist Registrar of Marriages under the Ordinance which I had persuaded Lord Derby and Sir Arthur Gordon (Governor of Ceylon) to have passed, celebrated a marriage between co-religionists on the 14th, in my presence, and in his address to the bridal couple mentioned the part I had had in bringing about this reform in the old marriage laws.

[93]

Attendance at public meetings, reception, and making of visits, a grand dinner given by the Colombo Branch, a public lecture or two, presiding at school celebrations, and other matters, took up all my time, and sent me to bed each night tired and sleepy. On the evening of the 17th we had a most dramatic send off from a crowded meeting convened to hear the High Priest lecture on Bana. It was stifling hot in our packed hall, and the enthusiasm bubbled over. Sumangala Thero gave a most eloquent and kindly discourse, setting forth the magnitude of the task which I had undertaken, handing me an engrossed Sanskrit letter of credence to the Chief Priests of Japanese Buddhism, which assured them of the sympathy and good-will that they might count on from their co-religionists of the Southern Church. In the course of his remarks he reminded his hearers of the historical incident of the Buddhist monk, Punna Thero, who, when starting on a foreign mission of propaganda, was interrogated by the Buddha as to the course he should adopt in case he should be refused a hearing, should he be reviled, opposed, stoned, persecuted or killed, declared his readiness to bear all, suffer all, and yield up even life if needs be to spread the Dharma among foreign

nations who had not yet enjoyed the inestimable blessing of hearing it preached. He applied the lesson to my case, and exhorted the Sinhalese to prove their devotion by deeds of self-sacrifice. In conclusion, he said: "He is the only person who could undertake and carry out this missionary work for Buddhism. It [94] is well, therefore, that our Japanese brothers have heard of the great good that he has done for our religion, and have sent for him to help them also." After complimenting Dharmapala and saying that "he is worthy to share the high honor of his task, and be the first Sinhalese who sets foot upon the shores of Japan," [an error, since I met a Sinhalese merchant there], he added: "I invoke upon their heads the blessings of the Devas, and I ask you all to speed them on their way with your heartiest good wishes."[14] When, at last, we left the hall for the steamer and passed out into the moonlit street, the welkin rang with cries of "Sâdhu! Sâdhu"! and Noguchi's and Dharmapala's bosoms swelled with emotion, as mine did, and our hearts were warmed with hope and infused with courage to face the difficulties before us. Yet, in comparison with the striking pageantry of the scene at Rome in 1584, when the Japanese ambassadors to the Pope asked his religious help, how modest and unnoticeable were the conditions under which our present visit was taking place: a single schoolmaster, representing a small committee of enthusiasts, mostly young men, comes and takes me by the hand and leads me to Japan, not to build up Christianity, but to revive Buddhism. Yet the sequel will show that in this, as in many other cases, great results may follow the employment of insignificant agencies. So superstitious have I become in the matter of the association [95] of the numbers 7, 17, and 27 with our Society's most important events that I confess to having taken it as a good augury for this present tour that we embarked on the "Djemnah" on the 17th of the month.

This was my first long voyage on a French mail steamer, and I was delighted with the arrangements on board. Travelling second-class, as I almost always do, from motives of economy, I found that the whole deck was free to us to occupy day and night; we mixed on terms of equality with the saloon passengers, and were not made to feel as if we were social pariahs, as one is aboard the British liners. Our table was the same as that of the saloon save in the number of entrées and our not having a huge tiffin at 1 p.m. to gorge on top of a 10 o'clock breakfast: the officers were most courteous, the servants as respectful and attentive as those in good families, and the baggage-room was accessible daily between fixed hours, and one had only to descend a short staircase to get at it. We reached Singapore on the sixth day, and were visited by some Sinhalese who

are settled there, and with whom we organised, on the next day, a local T. S. Branch, with Mr. B. P. De Silva, the well-known jeweller, as President, and nineteen members. We sailed the same day and reached the coquettish little Cambodian town of Saigon on the 27th, Sunday. Like Pondicherry, Chandernagore, and all other French colonial towns, Saigon bears the distinct national stamp. There are cafés, marble-topped little tables on the sidewalks, blue and white signs on the street corners, shops that [96] remind one of the Palais Royal, a theatre subsidised by Government, military men walking about in uniform, civilians with tiny rosettes in their button-holes, and other external signs that unmistakably indicate the presence of Gallic occupancy. There was a performance of Romeo and Juliet as a grand opera that night, to which all of us passengers went. The auditorium would have astonished an untravelled Frenchman, as the building stood in its own large grounds, was open to all the breezes by arches at the sides, and there were broad verandahs on which one could stroll between the acts. It was a pleasant outing to break the monotony of a sea voyage. The Zoological Garden of Saigon is very pretty, and at that time possessed a splendid collection of birds of all kinds—as fine a one as I ever saw. I came near being compelled to remember it distinctly, as a gigantic scarlet-plumed flamingo took a notion to chase me, and I would have fared ill from his strong beak if his attention had not been diverted at the critical moment.

On the 28th we sailed for Hong Kong, and on our way began to feel the touch of winter, poor Dharmapala shivering and suffering from the cold, icy wind. Hong Kong was found in gala dress for the Chinese New Year (February 1), and we were greatly interested in all the sights. The men and women were gorgeously apparelled, the children, funny moon-faced mites, with their cheeks highly rouged and heads shaved, dragging after their parents, the streets full of jinrickshas, palanquins, and uncouth carts, fire-crackers [97] snapping, peripatetic restaurant men carrying their charcoal kitchen-stoves and cooked food by poles across their shoulders, and many other strange things to see.

The next, day we sailed for Shanghai, and went right into a cold air-current which made us huddle around the cabin stove, and me to realise what life in the tropics did for Western constitutions. Dharmapala began to suffer rheumatic pains in his feet and limbs, and to wish himself back in warm Ceylon. Anchored at Woosung, the river harbor of Shanghai, a snow-storm struck us, and the prospects were so uninviting that we stuck to the ship and the stove, and let the other passengers go up the river in the Company’s big launch without us. On the

6th we moved on towards Kobé (Japan) and had a bright, sunny day, fairly comfortable in the sun, but bitter cold in the shade. Up to noon on the 7th the ship made 284 miles within the twenty-four hours, and we got into the warmer air of the black current, which sweeps across the ocean to Japan, and modifies the temperatures of both air and water. A pretty island with snowy mountain peaks was sighted off the coast of Korea, and on the 8th we were sailing through the inland sea of Japan, amid surroundings that were so beautiful as to have made it world-famed. At times it seemed to me like sailing up past the Hudson River highlands or through Lake George.

We reached Kobé at daylight on 9th February, and before I had finished dressing, some members of [98] the committee of invitation came to my cabin and testified their delight in welcoming me to their country. On the pier, ranged in a line, were a number of Buddhist priests of all the sects, who saluted me with that exquisite politeness for which the nation is celebrated. Of course, the first thing to strike the eye of one familiar with the appearance and dress of the bhikkus of Southern Buddhism was the entire contrast in the costume of the Japanese monks. Instead of the yellow robe, the bare head, leg, arm, and foot, here we saw them clothed in voluminous garments with huge drooping sleeves, their heads covered in most cases, and the feet protected by tailor-made socks, and sandals with wooden or other soles. They wear under-cloths, and kimonos or outer coats, sometimes several, and, in the cold season, wadded with cotton to protect them from the severity of the climate. Some are made of silk, others of cotton. There are parts of Japan where snow falls to the depth of eight feet, and on some of the mountain peaks the snow never melts. Clearly, then, the robes of India, Burma, and Ceylon are quite unfit for the northern lands where Buddhism flourishes. Forming a procession of jinrickshas, and supplying us with one each, and taking charge of our luggage, they took us to the most ancient temple of the Ten Dai sect, crowds of priests and people following, where I was formally welcomed, and made a suitable reply. In the evening I held a conversazione which ran into a lecture. In the afternoon I had been to the American Consul and [99] procured my passport to Kyoto, without which I could not have travelled under then existing laws. The name of the venerable Chief Priest of the temple was Jiko Katto. He treated me with the greatest urbanity, and assured me that the whole nation were waiting to see and hear me, as a defender of Buddhism. After a second lecture, the next morning we left for Kyoto by train, and I found a multitude of well-wishers awaiting me in the station, and crowding the street in front. We were escorted in procession to Nakamaraya's Hotel, whence, after a

rest and some refreshments, I was taken to the great Choo-in Temple of the Jodo sect, and in the "Empress's Room" held a reception until nightfall. The display of costly lacquered screens and panels, artistic bronzes and paintings on silk was magnificent. The room is set apart as a royal apartment for the use of H. M. the Empress on the occasions of her visits. It was given me for use for functions of sorts during my stay at the ancient capital.

After dinner, American-like, I went sight-seeing with an interpreter and had my first experience with a jinricksha. It is an excellent vehicle—provided that the cooly be sober enough to keep his footing. Mine wasn't; and the first thing I knew, he had fallen flat, and I came sailing through the air over him, but, fortunately, being sure-footed, I landed with one foot at each side of his head, no worse for the adventure. We strolled through Theatre Street, or at any rate the street which is lined on both sides with theatres [100] and show-places of all kinds, and stopped to see a performance of trained birds, which did many wonderful tricks. But I was glad enough to get to bed early; as I was pretty well tired out. Poor Dharmapala was laid up with neuralgia in the feet, suffering cruelly.

The next morning I attended by invitation an imposing ceremony in Choo-in Temple, in which some 600 priests took part. It was to celebrate the voluntary promulgation of a Constitution by H. M. the Emperor, an act which has been rightly characterised as one of unprecedented magnanimity. The most undisputedly autocratic sovereign on earth, out of profound regard for the welfare of his country and his people, had given them the political blessing of a Constitutional Government; not driven to it by rebellious barons, like King John of England, but of his own free will, and because he loved his people with his whole heart. The ceremonies at the Temple included the chanting of hundreds of verses to the rhythmic tapping of drums, which produced vibrations of a strong hypnotic character. At the High Priest's request I stood before the high altar and in front of the statue of the Buddha, and recited the service of the Panch a Sila in Pali, as it is done in Ceylon. They were all so interested that not one moved until I had finished. Was it not a unique experience for an American man to be standing there, as one of his race had never stood before, in the presence of those hundreds of priests and thousands of laymen, intoning the simple sentences which synthesise [101] the obligations assumed by every professing Buddhist of the Southern Church? I could not help smiling to myself when thinking of the horror that would have been felt by any of my Puritan ancestors of the

seventeenth century could they have looked forward to this calamitous day! I am sure that if I had been born among them at Boston or Hartford, I should have been hanged for heresy on the tallest tree within easy reach of their infant settlement. And very glad I am to believe it.

The first Buddhist images and sutras were introduced from Korea into Japan, according to that historical book Nihongi, in the year A.D. 552, but the religion did not at once gain popularity. "In the beginning of the ninth century the priest Kûkai, or more generally known as Kôbô Daishi, compounded out of Buddhism, Confucianism, and Shintô (ancestor worship), a system of doctrine called Riôbu Shintô, the most prominent characteristic of which was the theory that Shintô deities were nothing more than transmigrations of Buddhist divinities. Buddhism, thus fairly introduced, ere long obtained complete ascendency; it became the religion of the whole nation. By different emperors grants were made to Buddhist temples and monasteries, but after the revolution of 1868 these were withdrawn, and Buddhism has been virtually disestablished since 1st January, 1874."[15] Certain temples do, however, still receive governmental patronage, but it is because the monks act as guardians of the tombs of sovereigns; [102] the others, to the number of some 70,000, if I am right, are supported by voluntary subscriptions and other gifts of the pious. Mr. J. Morris[16] notes the coincidence that just when Buddhism was being introduced into Japan by monks from China and Korea, Catholic missionaries were Christianising the kingdom of Northumbria; and as the influence of King Oswy was thrown into the scale in that country in favor of the new religion, so the announced preference of the Empress Gemmei for the rights of Buddhism aided very materially to establish it in Japan—both events going to prove, as one might say, the principle that at certain epochs and places nucleating centres of religious power are developed, making them the initial points of circling waves that run outward into the mass of mankind.

On the 12th of February I paid my respects to the Chief Priest of the Shin Gon sect, the Esoteric Buddhists of Japan, it is said. We had a long and interesting talk, during the course of which it came out that we held many ideas in common. The learned prelate showed me the greatest good-will, and promised me a welcome from his whole body of followers. At 2 p.m. I lectured in the vast preaching-hall of Choo-in Temple to an audience of about 2,000. Mr. Kinza Hirai interpreted, and my remarks on the state of Buddhism were received with storms of applause. The next day I had a grand reception at the chief temple of

the Western Hongwanji, one of the two [103] great divisions of the Shin Shu sect.[17] The sacred building was decked with the national ensign, and, in compliment to me and the Ceylon Buddhists, the Buddhist symbolical flag, which the Colombo Buddhist T. S. has introduced in the Island of Ceylon. This charming courtesy was shown me throughout my whole tour in Japan, the two flags being grouped together at every hotel, railway station, and temple visited. On the occasion in question 600 pupils of the Temple College were drawn up in two ranks to salute me as I walked between. By request I addressed them, their teachers and the priests, on the subject of education and religion, after which a collation of cakes, etc., was served. The visitor to Japan is astonished to see the exquisite taste displayed in the preparation of these products of the baker's art; the cakes being made into the shapes of flowers, so deftly colored and moulded that in the light momi wood boxes in which they are laid in cotton, in layers of trays, one might fancy one was receiving a present of hothouse blooms. This developed artistic sense shows itself in every detail of Japanese life—it is ingrained in the national character. In the serving of food, the very vegetables hidden under the inverted lacquer saucers, when uncovered, are seen to have been arranged with an eye to contrast of colors, and to make the meal more appetising by an appeal to the palate through the sense [104] of sight. Oh, the dear, kind people! who could help loving them after once seeing them in their own homes!

A similar reception was given me the next day at the Eastern Hongwanji, the body to which belongs Mr. Bunyin Nanjio, the brilliant Sanskrit pupil of Professor Max Müller, and with him co-editor of Sukhâ-vati-Vyûha, a description of the Land of Bliss.[18] and I am under obligations to him for kindly interpreting for me on several occasions. I was shown over the huge temple, which was then nearly completed, and which was the finest in the country. They showed me huge cables, each 15 inches thick and 18 yards long, entirely made of tresses of hair cut from the heads of pious women who had offered them to be thus used for hauling the timbers of the new shrine! Did anyone ever hear of a similar act of devotion? On this occasion I received my first present of books for the Adyar Library, the nucleus of the large and rich collection which we possess, thanks to the generosity of our Japanese friends. My third lecture in Kyoto was given that evening to the usual crowd of patient listeners. Later, I sat for my portrait to a very famous artist, whose name I was not fortunate enough to catch. Whatever came of it I have never heard.

On the 15th I went to Osaka, the second largest city of Japan, Kyoto ranking third. It is to the empire what Liverpool or Glasgow is to Great Britain, or Boston or Philadelphia to the United States. It is [105] the headquarters of one of the six military divisions of Japan. One of the quarters of the city bears the name of Tennôji, the Temple of the Heavenly Kings, from the existence there of one of the most sacred fanes of the Buddhist religion—the one, in fact, which I visited on the 17th. I was told that it is the oldest temple in Japan. There is an ancient revolving library arrangement there, the books being shelved on revolving frames which may be turned in search of any desired volume, just like the modern revolving bookcases, quite recently rediscovered, and now in general use; only these at Tennôji are huge structures, and have stood there for no end of years. An interesting feature of this place is a temple for the babies who have left their weeping mothers' arms to pass on towards Sukhâvati, the Japanese heaven. It is filled with the clothes, toys, and other loved objects which formerly belonged to the little ones, and a bell hangs there for the mother to ring as she offers up her prayer, that the ears now closed in death but reopened in the brighter sphere may hear her heart-cry, and the child answer by coming near to feel the love that rushes out in greeting. The senior trustee of the temple gave me an ancient Japanese gold coin, flat, thin, with rounded ends, and an inscription in the Chinese character. I lectured here to a Prisoners' Reform Society.

On my arrival at Osaka on the 15th, before reaching my lodging-place, the Un-rai-ji Temple of the Nichiren sect, I had to visit a girls' school called "So-gai-suchi-een" and address the pupils, and also a large [106] boys' school, "Kyo-ritsu-gakko," and address them. The damp cold at the former place was so trying to me, standing as I did, according to Japanese custom, in my thin cotton stockings, that I took a severe cold, which threatened an attack of pneumonia; but the timely use of a hot foot-bath and warmed blankets, followed by a refreshing sleep, averted the calamity. Dharmapala, however, did not fare so well, for it intensified the neuralgia in his feet to such a degree that he had to go to the hospital at Kyoto, and stop there until the very last days of my tour. The kindness shown him by all, young and old, hospital officials and outsiders, was simply marvellous. A Society of young Buddhists constituted themselves his nurses, and stopped with him night and day, anticipating his every want, and ministering to him in loving devotion. This national custom of putting off the shoes on entering a house or temple is a dangerous one for foreigners, and I suffered much from it until I learnt from a kind English friend at Kobé to carry with me a pair of woollen felt chaussons, such as the French peasants wear

inside their wooden sabots in winter, to put on at the door after removing my shoes. After that there was no further difficulty. I recommend friends who may contemplate a tour in Japan to profit by this warning. At 10 a.m. on the 16th I went to Cho-sen-ji Temple, of the Shin Shu sect (a ride of three miles in jinrickshas), and lectured; thence to the house of Mr. Tamuda for tiffin; and, later, to the Nam-ba-mido Temple, of the same sect as the above, and lectured to an audience [107] of 2,500 persons. On the morning of the 18th I returned to Kyoto, leaving Noguchi behind, sick abed.

Things had now reached a critical point as regarded my Japanese tour. It now came to my knowledge that the committee of young men who had invited me had not command of the money that would be needed for the tour, and that they had even been obliged to charge 10 sen for admission to my Kyoto lectures to cover the preliminary expenses. At this juncture the wealthy Shin Shu directors had come forward and offered to take over the tour and pay for everything, on condition that the original committee should withdraw and leave the management of affairs in their hands. This proposal at once put things on a footing of absolute certainty as regarded the success of the tour, but it did not satisfy me, for it would virtually hand me over to one only of the nine principal sects of Buddhists to escort me throughout the empire, thus possibly making the people at large to believe that I specially favored the views of Shin Shu. Now this sect presents the curious anomaly that their priests marry and have families, whereas celibacy was particularly enjoined on his bhikkus by the Buddha. They get over this by claiming to be only samaneras, or, as we should say, clerks in holy orders, not full priests. Be that as it may, it was clearly injudicious for me to consent to the arrangement—made with the committee without my knowledge—so I rebelled. I sent out invitations to the Chief Priests of all the sects to meet me in Council in the Empress's Room at Chooin-

[108]

Temple on 19th February and listen to what I should have to say. To attend this Council I returned from Osaka on the 18th, as above mentioned. The meeting was, I was told, unprecedented in Japanese history, such a thing as a General Council of the Heads of all the sects never having been held before. That did not trouble me, for I had been bringing together into friendly relations in India and Ceylon, for years past, priests, Pandits, and other people of various sects, and I felt within me that sense of power and of certainty which made me sure that I should succeed. The fact is that the instantaneous and enthusiastic

welcome given me from the moment of landing, and the vast crowds that had thronged to hear my message of brotherly love, had placed me in a position to dictate terms, and I had not the least intention to let my visit be exploited for the profit of any one sect, however rich or powerful it might be. I fancy that this decision of mine helped to influence the several sectarian Heads to come and hear my views, however determined they might be not to let themselves be persuaded into concurrence in any plan, even though most ingeniously and speciously set forth, which should seem likely to assign them individually a place that would lessen their importance in the eyes of their followers and the general public. At all events, the Council met at the designated time and was a complete success, as the continuation of my narrative in the next chapter will show.

CHAPTER VII

SUCCESSFUL CRUSADE IN JAPAN

(1889)

THE sun shone bright for our meeting; and its reflected light made every point of gold in the lacquer panels to sparkle, every sheeny surface in the embroidered satin decorations to blossom out in its lovely hues. A long table had been placed in the middle of the room, with chairs at each side, which were to be occupied, at my suggestion, by the Chief Priests, in the order of their seniority of age: a small table in one corner was meant for the interpreter, Mr. Matsumura, of Osaka. I was invited to take the seat at the top of the long table, but respectfully declined, saying that as I held no official rank in their order, no proper place could be assigned me; as an outsider and a layman, it would be more respectful if I sat at the small table with my interpreter. Second point scored, the first one being the arrangement of seats according to age, it being a fundamental principle among the Orientals to yield precedence to age. This brushed away, at the same time, the difficulty as to which sect was entitled to [110] the highest place at the board; a point of etiquette as scrupulously held to as it was by that fiery chieftain who said: "Where the Douglas sits is the head of the table." Among the delegates were several very old men with grey hair and bent forms, who kept their hands and bodies warm in the unheated room with brass braziers placed before them on the table and an ingenious contrivance, a curved tin case with perforated cover, to fit around the pit of the stomach, inside a sash, with a sausage of powdered charcoal in a thin paper cover inside, which, being lighted at one end, consumes away very slowly and gives a pleasant warmth to the body.

All preliminaries being thus disposed of, I first had read by Mr. Matsumura a Japanese translation of the salutatory letter in Sanskrit to the Buddhists of Japan from Sumangala Thero—mentioned above—in which he begged his co-religionists to receive me as a zealous and consistent Buddhist, and help me to realise my plans. Then followed the reading of a joint note of similar purport from the principal priests of both Sinhalese Buddhist sects. I then read in English my address, in which I defined my views and hopes with regard to the present tour, and my reasons for convening the meeting. Inasmuch as the consequences of the meeting were of a permanently important nature, and the event has

become historical in Japan, I venture to copy from the Theosophist Supplement for April, 1889, the text of the document in full.

[111]

"REVEREND SIRS,

"I have invited you to meet me to-day on neutral ground, for private consultation.

"What can we do for Buddhism?

"What ought we to do?

"Why should the two great halves of the Buddhist Church be any longer ignorant and indifferent about each other?

"Let us break the long silence; let us bridge the chasm of 2,300 years; let the Buddhists of the North and those of the South be one family again.

"The great schism took place at the second council of Vaisâli, and among its causes were these questions: 'May salt be preserved in horn by the monks for future use?' 'May solid food be eaten by them after the hour of noon?' 'May fermented drinks which look like water be drunk?' 'May seats covered with cloths be used?' 'May gold and silver be received by the order?'

"Does it seem worth while that the vast Buddhist family should be estranged from each other for such questions as these? Which is the most important, venerable Sirs, that salt shall or shall not be stored up for future use, or that the Doctrines of Buddhism shall be preached to all mankind? I am come from India —a journey of 5,000 miles, and a long one for a man of nearly 60 years of age— to ask you this question? Answer me, O chief priests of the twelve Japanese sects: I charge you upon your consciences to answer. I have brought you a written appeal from your [112] co-religionists of Ceylon and a Sanskrit letter from the learned Sumangala, High Priest of Adam's Peak, begging you to receive their brotherly salutations, and to listen to me and help me carry out my religious work. I have no special, private word to speak to any of you, but one word for all. My mission is not to propagate the peculiar doctrines of any sect, but to unite you all in one sacred undertaking. Each of you I recognise as a Buddhist and a brother. All have one common object. Listen to the words of the learned Chinese pilgrim and scholar, Hiouen Thsang: 'The schools of philosophy are always in conflict, and the noise of their passionate discussions rises like the waves of the sea. Heretics of the different sects attach themselves to particular

teachers, and by different routes walk to the same goal.' I have known learned priests engage in bitter controversy about the most childish subjects, while the Christian missionaries were gathering the children of their neighborhoods into schools and teaching them that Buddhism is a false religion! Blind to their first duty as priests, they thought only of quarrelling about unimportant matters. I have no respect for such foolish priests, nor can I expect them to help me to spread Buddhism in distant countries, or defend it at home from its bitter, rich, and indefatigable enemies. But my helpers and well-wishers will be all sincere, intelligent, broad-minded Buddhist priests and laymen, of every country and nation.

"We have these two things to do. In Buddhist countries, to revive our religion; purify it of its [113] corruptions; prepare elementary and advanced books for the education of the young and the information of adults, and expose the falsehoods circulated against it by its opponents. Where these latter are trying to persuade children to change their family religion for another, we must, strictly as a measure of self-defence, and not in any angry or intolerant spirit—condemned by our religion—collect and publish all available facts about the merits and demerits of the new religion offered as better than Buddhism. And then it is our duty—as taught by the Lord Buddha himself—to send teachers and preachers to distant lands, such as Europe and America, to tell the millions now disbelieving Christianity, and looking about for some religion to replace it, that they will find what will convince their reason and satisfy their heart in Buddhism. So completely has intercourse been broken between Northern and Southern Buddhists since the Vaisâli Council, you do not know each other's beliefs nor the contents of your respective Scriptures. One of the first tasks before you, therefore, is to have the books compared critically by learned scholars, to ascertain which portions are ancient and which modern, which authoritative and which forgeries. Then the results of these comparisons must be published throughout all Buddhist countries, in their several vernaculars. We may have to convene another great Council at some sacred place, such as Buddha-Gaya or Anuradhapura, before the publications mentioned are authorised. What a grand and hopeful spectacle that would be! May we live to see it!

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"Now kindly understand that, in making all these plans for the defence and propagation of Buddhism, I do so in the twofold character of an individual Buddhist and President of the Theosophical Society, acting through and on

behalf of its Buddhist Division. Our great Brotherhood comprises already 174 Branches, distributed over the world as follows: India, Ceylon, and Burma 129; Europe 13; America 25; Africa 1; Australasia 2; West Indies 2; Japan 1; Singapore 1. Total, 174 Branches of our Society, all under one general management. When first I visited Ceylon (in the year 1880) and formed several Branches, I organised a Buddhist Division of the Society, to include all Buddhist Branches that might be formed in any part of the world. What I now offer you is to organise such Branches throughout Japan, and to register them, along with our Buddhist Branches in Ceylon, Burma, and Singapore, in the "Buddhist Division"; so that you may all be working together for the common object of promoting the interests of Buddhism. This will be an easy thing to do. You have already many such Societies, each trying to do something, but none able to effect as much as you could by uniting your forces with each other and with the sister Societies in foreign countries. It would cost you a great deal of money and years of labor to establish foreign agencies like ours, but I offer you the chance of having these agencies ready-made, without your being put to any preliminary expenses. And since our Buddhist Division has been working for Buddhism without you for [115] the past ten years, I doubt if you could find more trustworthy or zealous co-operators. The people of Ceylon are too poor and too few in number (only some 2,000,000 of Buddhists) to undertake any such large scheme as I propose, but you and they together could do it successfully. If you ask how we should organise our forces, I point you to our great enemy, Christianity, and bid you look at their large and wealthy Bible, Tract, Sunday-school, and Missionary Societies—the tremendous agencies they support to keep alive and spread their religion. We must form similar Societies, and make our most practical and honest men of business their managers. Nothing can be done without money. The Christians spend millions to destroy Buddhism; we must spend to defend and propagate it. We must not wait for some few rich men to give the capital: we must call upon the whole nation. The millions spent for the missionaries are mainly contributed by poor people and their children: yes, their children, I say, for they teach their children to deny themselves sweets and toys and give the money to convert you to Christianity. Is not that a proof of their interest in the spread of their religion? What are you doing to compare with it? Where are your monster Buddhist Publication Societies, your Foreign Mission Societies, Missionaries in foreign lands? I travel much, but have not heard of them in any country of Europe or America. There are many Christian schools and churches in Japan, but is there a Japanese Buddhist school or temple in

London, or [116] Paris, or Vienna, or New York? If not, why not? You know as well as I that our religion is better than Christianity, and that it would be a blessed thing if the people of Christendom were to adopt it: why, then, have you not given them the chance? You are the watchmen at the gates of our religion, O chief priests! why do you slumber when the enemy is trying to undermine its walls? Yet, though you neglect your duty, Buddhism is rapidly spreading in Christian countries from several causes. First of all its intrinsic merit, then its scientific character, its spirit of love and kindness, its embodiment of the idea of justice, its logical self-consistency. Then the touching sweetness of the story of the life of Sakhya Muni, which has touched the hearts of multitudes of Christians, as recounted in poem and story. There is one book called The Light of Asia, a poem by Sir Edwin Arnold, of which several hundred thousand copies have been sold, and which has done more for Buddhism than any other agency. Then there are and have been great authors and philologists like Professor Max Müller, Messrs. Burnouf, De Rosily, St. Hilaire, Rhys Davids, Beal, Fausböll, Bigandet, and others, who have written about the Lord Buddha in the most sympathetic terms. And among the agencies to be noticed is the Theosophical Society, of which I am President. The Buddhist Catechism, which I compiled for the Sinhalese Buddhists eight-years ago, has already been published in fifteen different languages. A great authority told me recently in Paris that there were not less than 12,000 professed [117] Buddhists in France alone, and in America I am sure there must be at least 50,000. The auspicious day has come for us to put forth our united efforts. If I can persuade you to join hands with your brothers in Ceylon and elsewhere, I shall think I am seeing the dawn of a more glorious day for Buddhism. Venerable Sirs, hearken to the words of your ignorant yet sincere American co-religionist. Be up and doing. When the battle is set, the hero's place is at the front: which of you shall I see acting the hero in this desperate struggle between truth and superstition, between Buddhism and its opponents?"

To put everything on a practical footing, I suggested the formation of a General Committee of Buddhist affairs, to comprise representatives of all their sects, and to act for the general interest of Buddhism, not for anyone sect or subdivision. This plan I urged upon them very strenuously. I added that I positively refused to make the tour in Japan unless I could do it under their conjoint auspices, for otherwise my appeals would be taken as though made on behalf of the one sect having the tour in charge, and their influence minimised. I warned them that the Christian missionaries were vigilant and zealous, and would spare no effort to throw discredit upon my mission, not even the

employment of calumny and falsehood, as they had done in Ceylon and in India since we first began our labors there. Finally, I gave notice that unless they did form such a Joint Committee I would take the next steamer back to my place of [118] departure. Dharmapala, being somewhat better that day, was carried to the meeting in a chair and sat through the session. I am not sure, now that I come to look back at it, but that those venerable pontiffs, spiritual teachers of 39,000,000 Japanese and incumbents of about 70,000 temples, must have thought me as dictatorial a fellow as my countryman Commodore Perry..It doesn't matter now, since my terms were accepted; the Joint Committee, since known as the Indo-Busseki-Kofuku-Kwai—I think that is the title—was formed, the preliminary outlay of the Young Men's Committee was refunded to them, and thenceforth my programme was laid out by the Committee so as to take me to every important Buddhist centre throughout the empire, and to have me become the guest of each of the sects and give my lectures at selected temples of each. In the course of the tour a group photograph was taken of the members of the Managing Committee, myself and Mr. Matsumura, and may be seen by visitor's to our Adyar Headquarters.

The 20th of February is noted in my Diary as a quiet day, a rest after the stiff work of the Council. I consented to visit Yokohama on receipt of telegraphic advices that all was ready for us. I had many visitors on that and the three succeeding days, but the pleasure was marred by the sight of the sufferings of Dharmapala, who was in almost constant agony. I found time for a visit to a new silk-spinning mill, the machinery for which was being set up by a representative of the firm of Birmingham manufacturers. He called my attention [119] to the super-excellence of the plant, which was the best that money could buy—the finest, he assured me, he had ever installed in the course of his twenty years' connection with the business. It struck us both that if the Japanese practised the same wise foresight in all their commencements of manufacturing enterprises, they would become most formidable competitors in the marts of the world's commerce. We have seen during the succeeding ten years how safe was our prognostic.

On the 24th I went to Otsu and lectured in a great hall at the border of the Lake Biwa. A group of Christians were in the audience at first, but when they heard me expounding the beauties of Buddha Dharma they all left, poor things! Lake Biwa is one of the prettiest in the world, its waters glassy-smooth, its snowy mountains and its hills clad in piney woods, going to make up a charming

picture. There is a legend that in a dreadful earth-convulsion in 286 B.C. this lake was hollowed out in a single night, while simultaneously Fuji-San, the peerless conical, snow-capped mountain, two hundred miles away, shot up to its height of 12,000 feet above high-water level, with a crater 500 feet deep. Standing on the slope before Mee-de-ra Temple, with the panorama spread out before us, it was interesting to hear the folk-legends of gods and heroes who frequented the locality, and the valiant deeds they performed. At the same time I brought the minds of the party of friends around me to the paramount subject of my mission. Looking [120] down upon Otsu from it tea-kiosk that stood at the brow of a spur of the hill, and pointing to the great cluster of houses, I asked how many Buddhists the Lord Buddha would find there if he should be standing beside us. Why, so-and-so many thousand, they replied, mentioning approximately the population of the place. I don't mean that, I said, but how many out of those thousands would he call real Buddhists, the practitioners of his Five Precepts? Oh! hardly any, they said. Well, I rejoined, let us try and increase the number by our good advice, but chiefly by our example. They took it very good-naturedly, and, in fact, I always found them ready to laugh whenever a point was made against themselves: so sweet-tempered are they, they bore no malice when convinced of the friendliness and good-will of their visitor.

One legend of the lake deals with the slaughter of a monstrous serpent which ravaged the whole countryside. No man had the courage to attack it until the Queen of the Watery Kingdom, taking pity upon mankind, assumed the form of a beautiful lady of the Japanese Court, and appealed to Ben-Kei, the hero demigod, to exhibit his superhuman powers. Thereupon, the Japanese St. George bent his strong bow and sped a shaft so truly that it pierced the monster's brain and effectually silenced him. I purchased for a trifling sum a picture depicting the interesting event.

On the next day I went to see Dharmapala at the hospital and found him a little better. The rest of my time was taken up with visitors. The first application [121] for a Charter for a T. S. Branch was received this day. On the 26th I went to Kobé, where I was put up by Mr. T. Walsh, a paper-mill owner. He called with me on Mr. Jerningham, the United States Consul. The next day, with my committeemen, I sailed for Yokohama in an excellent Japanese steamer, and arrived there on the 28th at 6 p.m., after a sail through the Inland Sea, and having had a grand view of Fujiama, or Fuji-San. The slopes are so gradual as to deceive the eye as to its height, and make it seem much lower than it is.

Representatives of the General Committee met me on arrival and escorted me to the Grand Hotel, where I found myself very comfortable. Mr. James Troup, H. B. M. Consul, the well-known writer on Northern Buddhism, and I exchanged visits and had much agreeable conversation, and our party left for Tokyo (Yeddo), the capital, by the 4 p.m. train. A vast crowd swarmed about the station to greet me, and I could not doubt my being welcome. Nor could the Committee. In the evening Mr. Bunyin Nanjio called with Mr. Akamatsu, another Cambridge man of great intellectual powers and high culture, who has been advanced to a post of great responsibility in the Western Hongwanji, and a most delightful conversationist he is. Other important personages called. The next day I paid my respects to Mr. Hubbard, the American Minister Plenipotentiary, and H. E. Marquis Aoki, Under-Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, to whom I had a letter of introduction. The Committee took me to see the tombs of two former [122] Shoguns, where were superb carvings in wood, lacquered panels, and other ornamentations. I was told that a Shogun is interred in a nest of seven coffins, but nobody knew why. Can it typify the sevenfold constitution of man? Near one tomb was the great wardrum of the dead sovereign, which was formerly beaten at the head of his conquering army. The temptation to give them a surprise was so strong that I seized the beater and crashed out a booming note on the gigantic drum. "There," I cried; "I summon you in the name of this Shogun to the battle of your ancestral religion against the hostile force that would overthrow it," the next moment asking them to pardon me if I had been guilty of any breach of good manners; but they protested that I had done no more than my duty in reminding them of the obligation resting upon them to be active for their faith, and that they would make good use of the incident with the public.

On 3rd March I was invited to address a large gathering of the most important priests of the capital and environs, and I did so, showing them, with all the earnestness at my command, where their duty lay, and how closely it was associated with their best interests. As I had done in Ceylon, so here showed them that if they were only a little wise they would use every possible exertion to keep up in the rising generation the religious spirit which would make them when adults the willing supporters of the temple and priests, which their forefathers had been and their [123] parents now were; for if this was suffered to die out, the temples must crumble and the monks die off for lack of sustenance. For myself, I told them, I asked nothing, not the smallest recompense. I stood there as a mouthpiece only of the Founder of our religion, calling them to arouse and work before it was too late to ward off disaster. This was my keynote

throughout the tour, and, as will be seen later on, it was effective.

On 4th March I paid a ceremonial visit to the Chief Priest of the Eastern Hongwanji, Otani Koson San, a noble by birth, of the rank of Marquis under the new system. I found him a dignified, courtly man, who seemed to wish well to my mission, and promised all needed help. Thence to the American Embassy; and, later, Messrs. Nanjio, Akamatsu, and I had a long conference about Buddhistic affairs.

In the evening, with Marquis Otani and Mr. Akamatsu, I attended a party at the house of Viscount Sannomiya, Imperial Chamberlain, whose wife is a German Lady-in-Waiting of H. I. M. the Empress. As this was my first party in Japan, and I had been seeing all sorts of high officials in the national dress, I did not know what to wear, and asked Mr. Akamatsu and an American gentleman for advice. Both said it didn't matter; I might wear the frock-coat I then had on. I was afraid to expose myself to catching a pneumonia by donning our Western evening-dress, but remembering the old rule of Hoyle, "When in doubt take the trick," I thought it would be the wiser plan to conform to our established usage. Well was [124] it that I did. On arrival at the house, the host and other gentlemen met us at the door, some in our evening costume, some in Western military dress, all wearing orders. On ascending to the drawing-rooms I saw the whole company similarly clad, the ladies in the latest Parisian fashions. Fancy how I felt at the thought of what I should have looked like but for my instinctive precaution! I cannot say that I was pleased with the sight of all those Orientals doffing their own picturesque apparel, which suits them so well, for our European dress, which suits us, but decidedly does not an Asiatic. But it was a comfort to find, when I called on these personages at their houses, that almost invariably they wear their national dress, and put on the other in public as the imperial regulations prescribe. The party at Viscount Sannomiya's was in every respect like one of our own, even to the dancing, in which Japanese gentlemen, and sometimes even ladies, indulged. What struck me forcibly, after so many years of India and other Eastern countries, was the tone of respect and equality in the intercourse between the natives and the foreign residents. There was a total absence of that cringing and self-suppression, on the one part, and supercilious patronage, on the other, which are so galling to a lover of Asiatics and their countries. I can hardly express my delight in regard to this during my whole visit in Japan. Among Madame Sannomiya's guests were royal princes and princesses, and lesser nobles of all ranks. I also made the acquaintance of

Professor Fenolosa, of Boston,

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U. S. A., Director of the School of Fine Arts, his wife, and a friend, Dr. W. S. Bigelow, all three charming people, with whom I was fortunate enough to form most friendly relations. With Fenolosa I called, the next day, on an old army comrade of mine, Brigadier-General C. W. Legendre, of the Fifty-first New York Regiment, of the Burnside Expedition to North Carolina, with whom I passed through several battles, at one of which—Newbern—I saw him desperately wounded. Of course, we were delighted to meet again, after twenty-six years, in this remote corner of the world, and to talk over old times. At the Tokyo Club, where I was made an Honorary Member, I became acquainted with many of the most influential and cultured men of the day, among them Captain Brinckley, R. A., retired, Editor of the Japan Mail, Dr. Edward Divers, Professor of Chemistry at the University, Professor Milne, the seismologist of world-wide fame, Captain J. M. James, of the Japanese Naval Department, Hon. Mr. Satow, Dr. Baelz, Mr. Basil, Hon. Chamberlain, Honorary Secretary, Asiatic Society of Japan, and others. From one and all I received only the greatest courtesy.

At 3 p.m. on 6th March I lectured in Rin-sho-in Temple to an "educated" audience, without an interpreter, and then made calls. The next day the lecture was in Zo-jo-ji Temple, to junior priests on their duty, and I spoke as plainly as the occasion demanded. I dined at the same temple, and viewed a collection of paintings of alleged Rahans (Arahats,

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Rahats, Munis, Mahatmas), the originals of which I should never have taken for spiritually advanced persons if I had casually met them. In fact, I told the friendly monks who were conducting me about that if they had ever seen the sublime faces of real Rahans they would wish to burn these travesties. That same evening I had the pleasure of seeing a performance by a noted Japanese conjurer. He was dressed in a European walking-suit, his black frock-coat buttoned up high, and wore a small gold cross! This, it was explained to me, did not signify that he was a Christian, which he was not, but only that he could work miracles —the cross being associated by popular rumor with miracle-working! He marched in a short procession from a door at the side of the hall, preceded by a drummer and a flute-player, and followed by his assistants, male and female, in native dress. Among the striking feats that he did was to make a jet of water

spirit out of a closed fan, and another from the top of a man's head, while a jet of fire leaped from the same fan the next moment. A girl lying on a wooden bench was apparently transfixed by the blade of a sword, and another suspended by thongs at the wrists and ankles to a large wooden cross was pierced through the body at the point of the heart by a lance, and a torrent of blood poured from the wound. As, however, both damsels were presently walking about again as though nothing unusual had happened, I inferred that that was the real fact, and that I and the rest of the audience had been simply befooled.

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At 2 p.m. on the 8th I lectured at Higashi Hongwanji to a very large concourse of priests. On the next day my lecture was at the University, before the Educational Society of Japan, which counts the Princes of the Blood and most of the great men of the country among its members. I was told that no less a personage than H. I. M. the Emperor was present incognito. I was vexed to hear from Captain Brinckley, at the close, that my interpreter had mistranslated a sentence of mine so as to give it a political sense, which, of course, was farthest from my thoughts.

A lecture to the general public followed the next day, and another,on the 11th, both audiences huge and enthusiastic, and all the Missionaries at the second one, taking notes. Much good did it do them! On that same evening I attended a grand ball given by the merchants of Tokyo to the Imperial Princes. I was introduced to the Prime Minister, General Count Kuroda, the Vice-Ministers of the Treasury and of Communications, the Chief Judge of Kyoto, and many other important personages, Japanese and foreign.

On the 12th I lectured at Shinagawa, in Kon-o-Kong Temple; on the next day at Den-zu-een, a temple of the Jo-do sect, and paid my respects to H. E. Baron Takasaki, Governor of Tokyo, and a most affable gentleman. We had a long discussion about religious and educational matters. I also visited the Crematorium, "Nippori," and was greatly interested in all the arrangements, most of which are well worth copying. The building and furnaces are [128] of brick, the latter lined with fire-bricks and having raised floors of iron, which pull out and run in for the removal of the ashes and introduction of new corpses. The cost of cremating a body is only 28 cents, (about 12 annas), and the time required three hours. Tasteful glazed earthenware vases for holding the ashes and unconsumed portions of bone are available at the trifling cost of 30, 12, and 10 cents respectively for first, second, and third qualities. The charges for cremation

are $ 7, $ 2.50, and $ 1.30 (the dollar is now worth about Rs. 3) according to the "class" of cremation. In point of fact there is no difference whatever between the quality or quantity of fuel used, nor in any other detail; it is simply a question of family pride. The establishment belongs to a private corporation with a paid-up capital of $ 30,000, and the ground and buildings cost but $ 12,000. Thirty-one corpses may be cremated simultaneously, in as many separate furnaces or cubicles. The funeral ceremonies are held in an adjoining chamber, the body being packed in a tub, in sitting posture, resting on a trolley and covered with a white sheet. At the conclusion of the prayers, the tub is rolled into the cremating chamber assigned to it, and in due course the waiting relatives receive the ashes, and take them away for disposal according to fixed custom.

CHAPTER VIII

FURTHER TRIUMPHS IN JAPAN

(1889)

NOTHING could have been better than the Committees' management of the tour, it having been planned so as to give all classes the chance of hearing what was to be said on behalf of Buddhism. Under the mutual-benefit compact made between the sect-leaders at the momentous Council at Choo-in Temple, Kyoto, I was made to lecture at the temples of their several religious bodies, now at one, now at another, sometimes at two in one day. Such mutual good-feeling between them was unprecedented, and all did their best to swell the numbers of my auditors and gather together the learned and unlearned, priests and laity, nobles and commoners, military and naval officers, and civilians. Every paper and magazine in the country occupied itself with accounts of the mission, its objects, its arguments, the proposed creation of a good understanding between Northern and Southern Buddhist, and the physical appearance of the "American Buddhist". Meanwhile, poor Dharmapala lay in hospital at Kyoto, agonising with his neuralgia, and [130] attended with loving tenderness by his self-constituted young nurses.

My discussion with H. E. the Governor of Tokyo led to his inviting me to dine with him at the Nobles' Club, and meet the Prime Minister and his colleagues of the Cabinet. I was not a vegetarian then, so it is quite natural that I should have relished a meal out of the ample menu for the occasion, a copy of which, printed in Japanese and in French in parallel columns, I find pasted in my Diary, along with scores of visitors' cards in Japanese, Chinese, English, and French, kept as souvenirs of this marvellous tour. To anticipate the wishes of those among my readers who like their mouths to water even though the eating be done by proxy, I think I shall copy the bill of fare just to show how far Feudal Japan is vanishing into the mists at the coming in of the French cook and his batterie de cuisine:

DINER DU [19], 1889

Potage tortue, à l'anglaise.

Brochet au court-bouillon aux crevettes.

Cotelettes ae veau piquées aux petits pois.

Cailles au riz.

Filet de bæuf, marine sauce piquante.

Aspic de foie gras belle vue.

Asperge en branche.

Dindonneaux rotis. Salade.

Pouding au painnoir.

Glaces aux fraises.

Desserts.

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What do you, reader of old illustrated books of travel, with their pictures of the dresses of Shogun, Mikado, Daimio, and their trains of Samurai knights of two swords, as complete incarnations of chivalric valor as the world ever saw or troubadour ever celebrated; of pike-bearers, forerunners, harbingers, clerks, and cooks; of feudatory petty chiefs and retainers, with pikes, scimitars, bows, and arrows, umbrellas, palanquins, led horses, and other marks of their grandeur suitable to their birth, quality, and office, and an hundred other appanages of the dignity of the families of these very Cabinet Ministers who sat at H. E. the Governor's board with me, and ate his young turkey, his foie gras and his strawberry ices—what do you think of this spectacle of the 19th of March at the Nobles' Club? There's progress of a certain sort—backward, towards the kitchen and the stomach!

The dinner finished, H. E. the Prime Minister said that the gentlemen present would be glad to hear my views about the system of education which I thought most likely to advance the interests of a nation. Thereupon, I urged the necessity for blending the development of body, mind, and conscience in such a way that the ideal man and woman would be developed, declaring any other system faulty as tending to cultivate, as it were, monstrosities, abnormal growths, of athletes, opportunists, quibblers, casuists, seekers after mere worldly success. No nation could be really great whose foundations were not laid on character, and the loftiest ideal of human character was the individual [132] who did his duty in this world, while training his spiritual nature to prepare it for the environment of the future, and push him on faster around the orbit of his cosmic evolution. I

cited the examples of the nations which had fallen from great heights to the lowest of depths before disappearing from the face of the earth, and implored them to open their eyes to the strange operation of karmic law which had brought Japan to a front rank in the family of nations, aroused her wonderful latent potentialities, and brought my hearers and their colleagues and hereditary associates to the responsible opportunity of directing this revolution in the grooves of national progress.

Having made it widely known that I would thankfully accept gifts of books for the Adyar Library, kind friends and sympathisers daily brought such gifts, until by the time of my departure from Japan I had an accumulation of some 1,500 volumes. Included in these was the entire collection of the Tripitikas, over 300 volumes, formerly belonging to a deceased High Priest of the Jo-do sect. This was a very valuable present, as it enables one who knows both Pali and Japanese to compare the texts of the Northern and Southern Canons. Already we have had this done to some extent by Japanese priest-students who were guests at Adyar, but the real work is still to be done, and great results ought to come out of it.

On 18th March I lectured, by invitation, on "Practical and Scientific Agriculture" before the [133] Japanese Agricultural Society, and on the next morning received notice of my election as an Honorary Member, together with a present of two rare Satsuma-ware vases, now deposited in our Library. At 2 p.m. I lectured in English to a cultured audience on "The Scientific Basis of Religion." Showing the strong array of proofs which recent psychical research supplied towards the elucidation of the problem of the trans-corporeal extension of human consciousness. I also showed by diagrams on a blackboard how the basic idea of the correlation of spirit with matter for the evolution of visible nature had been expressed and preserved for our instruction in the arbitrary language of symbols, each of which had as definite meaning as the signs of algebra.

My appointed time for departure from the capital having come, I made farewell calls on the Prime Minister, the American Ambassador, and other acquaintances, got my passports from our Embassy, had a good-bye dinner given me at the Japanese Buddhist sects,[19] and on the 23rd at 6 a.m. left by train for Sendai, a station far to the north, which was reached after a twelve hours' run. Mr. Kimura, my Interpreter, and Rev. Shaku San, a most genial and excellent priest of the Zen-shu and Member of the Joint Committee, accompanied me. As

an indication of [134] the tome of the Japanese press, the following paragraph from the Dandokai, an influential paper of the capital, will be read with interest:

"The arrival of Colonel Olcott has caused great excitement among the Christians in Japan. They say that he is an adventurer, a man of bad principles, and an advocate of a dying cause. How mean and cowardly are they! They may use the unprincipled pens at their disposal as much as they choose, but they cannot weaken the effects of his good principles, nor fasten upon him any of their scandalous insinuations. They do not produce the least effect upon Colonel Olcott or upon Buddhism... How ridiculous all this is! How great has Colonel Olcott's influence become in Japan!"

From another issue the following is quoted:

"Since Colonel Olcott's arrival in Japan, Buddhism has wonderfully revived. We have already stated that he has been travelling to all parts of the empire. He has been everywhere received with remarkable enthusiasm. He has not been allowed a moment of leisure. He has taught our people to appreciate Buddhism, and to see our duty to impart it to all nations. Since his discourses in Tokyo, the young men of the Imperial University and High Schools have organised a Young Men's Buddhist Association, after the model of the Young Men's Christian Association, to propagate our religion; and some learned and influential gentlemen have given encouragement. An additional lustre has also been given to Buddhism by his coming."

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A correspondent of the Indian Mirror wrote: "One of the high functionaries who was present at the Colonel's lecture predicted that his visit to Japan would have a considerable influence on Buddhism and the Buddhist people." When we come to summing up the results of the visit, we shall see what remarkable testimonies have been given by Japanese authorities themselves. The tour must have been made at the real "psychological moment".

We found it bitterly cold at Sendai. The Japanese empire stretches, it must be remembered, from 24° to 50° 40′ N. lat., and from 124° to 156° 38′ E. long., and the climate, as might be expected, is extremely varied. Thus, while the Riukiu and Bonin groups of islands, lying in the tropics, enjoy perpetual summer, the northern boundaries have the arctic temperature of Kamtchatka. In these northern latitudes snow has been known to fall to a depth of 8 feet: at Tokyo itself they have several snowstorms during the winter, each of from 3 to 5

inches' fall, while in 1876 the whole city was covered to a depth of 2 feet or more. Add that, save in the few European-fashioned houses, there are no grates or heating furnaces, and that the screen-walled construction of most dwellings lets in every wandering air of heaven, and the reader can imagine what must have been the comforts of travel, and lecturing in huge, unwarmed temples, for me, a visitor from the tropics. I wondered how the Sinhalese priests would have enjoyed it in their loose yellow togas, their bare legs and feet, and their shaven scalps!

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On the 24th I lectured before H. E. Mr. Matsudaira, the Governor of Sendai Fu (Province), and the other principal officials of the place, and was, later, entertained by His Excellency at dinner. Fifty guests were present, and the evening was spent in interesting talk. The lecture in the great theatre to the public, on the next morning, was a grand success, to judge from the crush and the applause. Afterwards, Shaku San and Kato San, of the Committee, took me for a day's rest to see Matsushima, a pretty seaside place, where there is a small cave and an old temple. It was a sunshiny day, but snow lay on the ground, and our sail among the group of islets off the shore was not as balmy an outing as would have been a similar one in Colombo or Galle harbor! However, it was an outing after all, a day's respite from the fatiguing round of lecturings to overflowing audiences of thousands, and a break in the sense of deprivation of all privacy by day or night. My audience on the 26th numbered 3,500 as estimated, and they listened in deathlike silence, albeit they had fought and pushed and scrambled to get in. They consoled themselves, however, at the close by a furious outburst of applause that could have been heard a long way off. I paid a farewell visit to the Governor, and received, in the evening, a complimentary address from a deputation representative of all the sects, who gave me also a present of 30 yen towards the travelling expenses. On the 27th we went to Utsonomiya, where we stopped overnight. But at 9 p.m., tired though I was, I was [137] dragged out to visit a temple and make a ten minutes' speech! —like stirring up the animals in a travelling menagerie to make them growl. In the morning we started for Mayabashi. At a wayside station a body of priests in full canonicals paid me their respects, and presented me a silk handkerchief. We reached Mayabashi at 12.30, and an hour later I was on the platform again with a large audience to talk to. Some missionaries turned up after I had closed. But the next day's audience was tremendous: I lectured at 2, and at 5.30 moved on to

Tagasaki, where I spoke in a theatre to another big crowd. We left the next morning early, and dined and lectured at Kanagama. The view of the sea from the house of my host, Mr. Takashma, the great railway contractor, was very lovely, the harbor, shipping, and town of Yokohama being in sight. I slept at the Grand Hotel in that place that night, and at 11 A.M., the next day lectured in the Yokohama theatre, which, of course, was packed from floor to ceiling, though it was raining and the streets were very muddy. It was amusing to see the arrangement for caring for shoes and sandals at the door. When I arrived there must have been 1,000 each, in two different heaps, each pair tied together with a string of tough twisted paper, with a tag bearing a certain number, the corresponding ticket having been given to the owner on entering the building, a very simple and sensible plan. My own shoes were similarly cared for when I removed them and put on my warm, thick French chaussons. The Vice-Governor [138] was present and brought me a complimentary message from his chief. At 2.30 we took train for Shidzuoka, and got there at 9.30 p.m. Then "to wished-for bed" at the hotel, which was exquisitely neat and well-ordered. The furniture—well, shall I describe it? I would, only there was none to speak of. The floor, as usual, laid out in squares of 3 x 6 feet in frames, within which was very fine white matting, stuffed with something underneath, thus forming a soft surface to sit on. At one side a sort of recess in which stands a handsome porcelain jar, a dwarfed tree in a pretty box, a religious scroll hung on the wall, and—nothing more. Soft small cushions for us to sit on around a brassy brazier or fire-pot in a square wooden tin-lined box, where a charcoal fire is kept burning, a couple of movable iron rods laid across to rest the kettle on, a tray close by with tiny eggshell porcelain cups and a canister of green tea, ready to hand for anybody who wants hot tea to warm his stomach with, and--a cordial, well-bred, sweetly kind manner, which shows you that you are most welcome. Those are my recollections of the Shidzuoka Hotel. But not quite all, for there were the sleeping arrangements. Fancy stuffed cotton mattresses, six or eight inches thick, one to lie on, the other to cover yourself with, and pillows to build up for your head to rest upon. That is all; no bedstead, no cot, no stretcher, just the two fthoon, and draughts of cold air getting at one from under the movable screen partitions. I tried to tuck the end of the top mattress around my neck, but that [139] was impracticable, so I had recourse to my clothing, at the same time registering a vow to bring my own rugs with me, as we do in India.

It rained heavily that day, but I had to lecture in a Jo-do temple at 7 p.m. having previously called on the Governor and discussed politics and religion. We

had bright sunshine again on 2nd April, and I lectured at 2 p.m. Our dear enemies the missionaries tried the game of putting me questions on what they thought vulnerable points in Buddhism, but my Diary says they "got more than they had expected," so I may just leave the matter there. From a Dr. Kasuabara I received the unique gift of the large and ancient Mandara (religious painting) of woven silk, 1,200 years old, which is to be seen at our Library. It represents the doctrine of the Shingon sect as to the appearance of the Buddhas in the world and the glorious company of the Apostles (of Shin-gon orthodoxy). The generous Doctor told me that this had hung for centuries in a certain temple of which his family were the hereditary custodians; that this temple was burnt in, I think, some domestic internal war, and totally consumed with all its priceless art treasures save and except this very Mandara, which had been almost miraculously saved.

At 7 a.m. on the 3rd we left for Hamamatsu, on an open platform truck part of the way, and by trolley the rest, the railway being in course of construction then. I lectured in the afternoon, and, later, dined with seventy persons of influence, invited by H. E. the Governor.

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Okasaki was reached on the following day, and after an early dinner I lectured, with the Governor in the chair. The crowd was awful; hundreds could not get into the building, and I had to go out and show myself to them, and pacify their clamor. At 4 that afternoon we went on to Nagoya, Mr. Nanjeo's place of residence. He met me in the train and put me up in the Hongwanji Temple. Our welcome at the railway station was a real ovation: there were bomb-firings, groves of Buddhist and national flags, gay, laughing crowds, cheers, and a procession of thirty or forty jinrickshas in line after me, each containing a priest or some important layman.

The next day I called on H. E. the Governor, visited the ancient castle, one of the chief historical edifices in Japan, where I saw wonderful. paintings, wood carvings, brass lanterns, and lacquers, and lectured to 4,000 people in the Hongwanji Temple hall. It was a grand sight. Here let me note a fact that upsets our Western popular theories as to the cause of baldness. We say it is due to wearing the hat too much or keeping the head too hot, but I noticed in Japan, as I had always among the Bhikkus of Ceylon, about the same proportion of bald heads as one sees among us, and yet those people go bareheaded throughout life. It was amusing to stand facing the door, looking over the heads of thousands of

squatting persons, and see the shining bald heads reflecting the light among the multitude of stubbly, hairy scalps, like a shining saucer inverted in the grass of a field.

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If the 6th was not a busy day, I am much mistaken. At 8 a.m. we went to Narumi, a place 7 miles distant, and lectured; at 1 p.m. lectured in Nogoya in the other (Eastern) Hongwanji to 4,000 people; and at 7 p.m. gave a third lecture before the Governor, the Military Officers of the Province, and a picked company of 200 to 300 more, personally invited by the Governor. Mr. Kimura broke down, and Mr. Bunyio Nanjie finished the interpretation of the discourse. Kimura was a strong young man, I was 57. The Governor's friendliness cost me dearly, for he kept me talking in a private room after the lecture, with a strong, cold, side-draught blowing on me from an open window, and I caught a severe cold in the bowels, which brought on an attack of my old army complaint, dysentery, which gave me trouble until almost the last day of my stay in the country. It made it doubly hard for me to travel about in jinrickshas and all sorts of other conveyances, standing up to lecture, eating meals at irregular hours, sleeping anyhow and anywhere, and being overwhelmed by the auras of swarming thousands of all sorts and conditions of men.

Our next point was Gifu, where there was a great crowd to hear me. The next morning, at the Mayor's request, I gave a lecture at the Club to an audience of persons who would not come to the Hongwanji lecture: for which pettiness I gave them some plain talk, upbraiding them for frivolous quarrels with co-religionists when all ought to be united to promote the interests of our religion. I reminded them that, since [142] I had come 5,000 miles to see them, they had paid me a poor compliment in staying away from my public lecture, and compelling me, ill as I was that morning, to give them a special lecture. I cannot say how much of this was translated to them, but at least those present who knew English had the benefit of my opinions. We left for Ogaki, but upon arrival I was so done up with fever, pain, and diarrhoea that I was forced to lie abed. Two doctors came, but could not do much, and I had a bad night. The next morning, however, I bestirred myself again, and lectured to 2,500 people before taking train at 11.30 a.m. for Kyoto. Part of the journey was by steamer, 50 miles, on Lake Biwa. How lovely the picture of blue hills with snowy peaks, glassy water, luxuriantly green shores, pretty islands and islets, picturesque hamlets, and here and there native craft with their queer sails and hulls! We reached Kyoto at 7,

and I went straight to bed.

It is worth while to supplement my perhaps too optimistic narrative of the features and probable results of the tour with an occasional quotation from the press. The Madras Mail, a conservative Anglo-Indian journal, said:

"We observe, says a Japanese paper, that in Nagoya Colonel Olcott has been welcomed with extraordinary enthusiasm. His lectures were attended by fully 4,000 people on each occasion, and the wildest applause greeted his declarations of the close relationship that must, in his opinion, exist between the revival of Buddhism and the stable progress of the nation.

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Evidently the people's hearts are inclined towards such teaching, for it is not at all likely that addresses, which necessarily lose nearly all their verve in translation, could rouse an audience to sympathy so strongly marked unless a powerful feeling existed in favor of the speaker's idea. Of course the farther south Colonel Olcott goes, the warmer the response his preaching is sure to awaken. Religion in Tokyo and religion in Kyoto are two very different things. Nagoya occupies, perhaps, an intermediate position in respect of the vitality of its citizens' creed. It would seem that Colonel Olcott's Buddhist guides are determined not to let the grass grow under his feet. We read that he proceeded from Nagoya to Narumi and delivered a lecture there, returning at noon to address an immense audience in the Hongan Temple, and winding up with a third address to the Governor and a select party of about 250 at 7 o'clock in the evening. We have noted that the Tokyo critics express amusement at the notion that an American should be brought to Japan to propagate Buddhism. The criticism is certainly just if it be held that the Buddhist creed is essentially the property of the Orient, and that Westerners can have no proper share in propagating it. But the masses do not reason so closely. The coming of Colonel Olcott has evidently given Buddhism a fillip in Japan."

Wednesday the 10th was a bright day, so I went to the hospital to see Dharmapala, whom I found convalescent, and revisited that splendid silk mill, but [144] my physical troubles came again to the fore. The Indian mail brought me the latest Theosophist and a copy of The Secret Doctrine just out. On the Thursday Dharmapala was discharged cured, and with me visited Mr. Akamatsu for a long talk on Buddhistic affairs. My illness kept me rather quiet during the next four days, but I then went to Osaka and lectured on "India" to an audience

of 500 or so at the Military Club, on the invitation of the Mayor and the General commanding the troops of the district. This was followed by a dinner given me by the Mayor, and I slept at the principal hotel. The Rev. Arisawa gave me a valuable old printed work on rollers, and Mr. Tamura, the merchant, specimens of old Japanese coins. The next day we went to Nara, visiting on the way the ancient temple Ho-diu-ji, where I saw a vast number of swords, spears, bows, women's mirrors, combs, etc., etc., left as votive offerings in gratitude to the god Mu-nyak-ushi for cures of diseases and rescue from dire perils. We reached Nara in the afternoon, I very ill with the old army pest. I was shown the gigantic image of the sitting Buddha, the largest in Japan, as it measures 53 feet to the top of the head. It has been twice destroyed by fire, its last reconstruction dating back two centuries. The temple To-dai-ji (of the now almost extinct Kaygon sect) we visited. This sect is said to be a very old one, and the temple bears every appearance of it. At present the sect possesses only 5 temples, whereas it formerly had 1,000, the decadence being explained [145] as due to the monks having been tempted to play soldier in some domestic troubles, and having been worsted and decimated, as by rights they should have been, for it is not the business of the Sangha of the Lord Buddha to debase their monastic ideal by entering the military career. The lay monks of the Tibetan lamaseries numbering thousands and tens of thousands, are said to do it, but that is no excuse. On the Friday we returned to Kyoto in jinrickshas, a 20-miles ride, through the rain. On the following day we witnessed a grand ceremony in Choo-in Temple in honor of the memory of the Founder of the Jo-do sect, and I was presented a 30-volume book on the Nichi-ren sect, in a neat wooden case, which was a very fine example of the fine carpentry for which Japan is renowned. I had up to this time delivered 46 lectures since the 9th of February, 64 days, besides all the journeyings hither and thither. The 47th was given at Nagahama to an audience of 3,500, my interpreter being a charming young gentleman of noble rank, Professor Sakuma, of Kyoto College, whose acquaintance, it was an honor to have made. The next day to Nagasawa, on the shore of Lake Biwa, to lecture at 1.30 p.m., and then dine; after which our programme took us to Hikone by rowing-boat. The lake was smooth as a mirror, but a Scotch mist was falling. We slept at the country-seat (now a Club) of the late Prince Ji-ka-mon-mokani, Lord of Hikone, who was assassinated on his way to Court for opening intercourse with foreigners—a martyr to the Karma of progress. The next morning [146] I lectured at 8.30, despite my severe illness, and at 10 took the steamboat from Otsu to Kyoto. That evening I had the pleasure of witnessing the altogether

charming ballet of the Miako-odori. Fifty-one pretty and graceful damsels, apparelled in the old court costume, danced and sang with exquisitely artistic groupings and posturings. It is a dance which, I believe, represents the budding of the flowers at the opening of spring. With Dharmapala I visited the new and huge temple of the Eastern Hongwanji, then almost ready for the opening ceremony. Dharmapala, his hospital doctors and company of boy nurses, were photographed on the 25th. On the 26th I had a cable from London from H. P. B. to come for a proposed two months' tour. On the 27th I gave my 50th lecture at Choo-in Temple, and Dharmapala also spoke. There was an immense audience, and it was very demonstrative. On the 28th we started in jinrickshas with Professor Sakuma and some of the Committee for a mountain town hitherto unvisited by a European. We went 34 miles over an execrable road, and the ride was a very severe and trying one for one in my physical condition. We slept at Hinoke, and resumed our journey the next morning. By noon I was almost dead with fatigue, but I kept on after dinner (at To-no-ichi, where some rare books were given me), and reached our destination at last—Fu-kutchi-yama. The whole town was out to see our entry. A body of richly dressed priests came out to meet me, and headed the procession through the town. I was lodged at the [147] Fo-ju-ji Temple, and did not keep my bed long waiting for its occupant. I rested all the next morning, receiving visitors and presents of books from all the chief priests of the local temples (of the Zen, Nichi-ren, Jo-do, and Shin Shu sects). At 2 p.m., lectured to as many people as could crowd into the building and on its verandahs and steps. Again, the next morning, a lecture to a crowd, among them being many people who had come from Ayabe, a town 2 ri off, which I was to have visited, but was obliged to cut off the list owing to my fatigue. Over 200 boys from a Buddhist school visited me, and I found on cross-questioning that not one of them knew who the Lord Buddha was—an ignorance that only matched that which prevailed in Ceylon before the Buddhist Catechism came into circulation.

On the 2nd we rode in jinrickshas 12 ri to Sonobé, where we passed the night. On Friday we shot the rapids of the Origawa river from Sonobé to Arashiyâma, about 20 miles, and enjoyed it exceedingly. I retain a vivid mental picture of the mountain gorges, the green clear water, the rushing rapids, the touch-and-go between ugly rocks, and the whirl of excitement—a splendid souvenir. From Arashiyâma to Kyoto by jinricksha, but before starting we went to see a sandalwood statue of the Buddha, said to be nearly 3,000 years old, and to be one of the historic three sent from India. There is the legend for whomsoever

cares to believe it. The morning after our return to Kyoto we witnessed a gorgeous pageant in [148] the Eastern Hongwanji Temple, the Master, Otani San, typifying Sakya Muni himself. He was attended: by a group of gaudily dressed youths personifying Bodhisattvas! The Committee gave me an excellent corner from which to see the procession move past, and the splendor of the silk silver-and-gold embroidered clothing was something to make Southern Buddhists, nursed on the traditions of the austere simplicity of the dress and habits of the priesthood, stare. Mr. Otani paid me what was considered an extraordinary honor by stopping as he came opposite the place where I stood and giving me a low bow. This from one who is looked upon as a sort of demi-god by the multitude of his sectaries was about as great a shock to them as an earthquake would have been. Yet, while thankful for the intended courtesy, I cannot say that it seemed to me to be the salutation of a typical Buddha in view of the gorgeous robes he wore, worth, I fancy, twenty or thirty thousand dollars, but rather that of some noble of the feudal Court of Japan, possibly a high Ambassador, trained to graduate the shares of court ceremonial to a nicety, so as to definitely express an entire message by a stately obeisance at a given angle of inclination. At any rate I fully comprehended that the Chief of the Eastern Hongwanji had told me as plainly as if the words had been spoken that the Buddhists of Japan were grateful for my efforts to restore the influence of the religion which had consoled and comforted so many countless millions during the past fifteen centuries.

CHAPTER IX

RETURN TO CEYLON

(1889)

ON the evening of the same day I formed—well, no, I can hardly say formed, but went through the ceremony of forming—a local Branch, T. S., with Hongwanji officials for officers. The Branch never did any practical work as such, and, for commonsense reasons that were explained to me, I was not dissatisfied. When discussing the question of the extension of T. S. work to Japan with some of the most enlightened statesmen in the sects, they said that if I would come and settle in the country they would make as many Branches and give me as many thousand members as I chose; but otherwise it would be useless, for the spirit of sectarianism was so rife that they could never consent to come into an organisation where, of necessity, some must be officers and the others simple members, and it would be an even chance if the leaders were not of some sect antipathetic to their own. Only a white man, a foreigner outside all their sects and social groups, could carry on such a Society successfully: moreover, he would have to be a sincere Buddhist, else his motives [150] would be open to misconstruction; and as I was the only man they knew who possessed these requirements, they made me the offer in question. The knowledge of this circumstance, added to my intimacy with the Sinhalese and Burmese nations, caused me to see that, if I could be spared from the Theosophical movement proper, and were free to occupy myself exclusively with Buddhistic interests, I could very soon build up an International Buddhistic League that might send the Dharma like a tidal wave around the world. This was the chief motive which prompted me to offer my resignation of the Presidency, and to pass it over to H. P. B., for reasons specified in my Annual Address before the Fifteenth Convention of the T. S. (Theosophist, vol. xii). Old readers will be able to recall the effect of this offer on her. She found that she had crowded me too far, and that if she let me go, something like an avalanche of official responsibility would come tumbling on her head; so she wrote and cabled that if I resigned she would at once quit the Society. Still, this would not have stopped me if a far higher personage than she had not come and told me that the Buddhist scheme must be postponed, and that I must not leave the post confided to me. The Buddhist

League is, therefore, a great and splendid work that lies in the closed hand of the future; for it goes without saying that it can never be effected by any existing organisation known as a Buddhistic agency.

On 5th May I said farewell to the assembled Chief Priests of all the sects, advising them most strongly to [151] keep up the Central Committee, and use it as the best practical instrument in cases where something had to be done for Buddhism as a whole. At 3 p.m. I lectured for the last time in Kyoto before H. E. the Governor, the Chief Justice, and many other persons of influence—military, civil, and ecclesiastic. On the 6th I left for Osaka by the noon train, and thence took steamer for Okayama. The boat was small, the saloon a den into which eleven persons were packed—like an overcrowded sheepfold, it seemed to me; and as the between-decks was built far a smaller race than ours, I had to bend nearly double to walk through. We landed at San Banco at 3 in the morning, and took refuge in a hotel at the landing. The Governor of Okayama, Mr. Chisoka, kindly sent his carriage for me in the morning, and was very polite in his attentions during my visit to the place. I was put up at the Club, in a splendid garden laid out in the unique Japanese style, with stone and wooden bridges, little islets, artificial mounds, stone lanterns, dwarfed and quaintly-trimmed trees, and abundance of flowers. At 3 p.m. I gave my first lecture before the public. The local committee had, for inscrutable reasons, issued 10,000 tickets, but as not more than half that number could squeeze into the building, there was much confusion outside. Some medical students, who had came early and placed themselves near the platform with intent to create a disturbance, made just one little attempt. When I said that Buddhism had brought with it into Japan the refinements of life, a young [152] fellow sitting close by my feet cried out “No! No!” Remembering Noguchi’s forewarning at Madras, and knowing how to deal with such young conspirators, I stopped speaking, turned towards him, looked at him steadily until he felt that he was under observation by the whole audience, and then continued my remarks. After that a flock of lambs could not have kept more quiet. Later in the day, the Governor called and took me to an exhibition of autographs of noted personages, i.e., signatures, with or without accompanying sentences or single words, written vertically on large rolls of silk paper, in big characters, with brush and Indian ink. There were also some pictures, of which His Excellency purchased and gave me one representing a Japanese warrior of the old style, mounted on horse-back. A second public-lecture and an address to priests were given on the following day, after which we left in a small boat, sculled by four men, for Takamatsu, which was reached at 5 p.m. Mr. Tadas

Hyash, the Governor, formerly of the Japanese Legations at Washington and London, called on me, and in the evening I lectured to 2,000 people. The trip across the Inland Sea was lovely.

At 10 the next morning a lecture was given on "The Evidences of Buddhism" to a great assemblage, which was very cordial. That afternoon an exhibition of Japanese wrestling was given us in the public park, in the presence of the Governor. It is needless to describe it, since it has been so often described by travellers; suffice it to say that the style is quite [153] different from ours, and that the favorite athlete was a very fat man, whose weight was enough to crush down any antagonist on whom he might succeed in getting the upper hold. We left at 3 p.m. by steamer for Imabaru, and had a miserable time of it on board. There was almost every conceivable inconvenience to endure; but as the others seemed to regard them with indifference, I could do no less. It was a splendid day, and the picture before us on approaching the landing was striking. A stone-paved slope leading up from the water's edge was black with thousands of people, who also lined the crest and spread away to right and left. A boat, with purple silk awnings from the temple, and national and Buddhist flags flying, took me to the stone pier, amid the bursting of bombs, the ringing of bells, and the roar of shouting voices. The projection into the air of paper bells, umbrellas, dragons, fish, and other devices, when the clay bombs burst high up overhead, was something new to me. What charmed me most, however, was the projection of a Buddhist flag, made of thin strips of paper of the conventional colors, so arranged with a tiny parachute at the top end of a retaining string and 5 oz. of small shot in a little bag at the lower end as to stand up straight in the air as though nailed to a pole, while it fluttered in the gentle breeze and the sun shone vividly through the colors as it floated very gently away to leeward. Instantly the fiction of the seeing by Constantine of the figure of a Cross in the air, with the legend In hoc signo vinces, came to my mind. Pointing to the [154] lovely object before us in the sky, I said--referring to that story, that was probably false—"But there, my brothers, you see the symbol of our religion, under which we may conquer the minds and hearts of men of all nations if we unite for fraternal co-operation." The lecture was fixed for 9 the next morning, and after it we left by specially chartered steamer for Hiroshima, one of the most important political and military centres of the empire. The day was fine, the boat dressed with flags, the Buddhist flag at the fore and peak. After a run of five hours we arrived, and found an even more enthusiastic welcome awaiting us. The throngs at the pier and through the town were immense; a number of bombs were fired, from them

two very large and several smaller Buddhist flags emerging; a military company of boys, with muskets, fifes, and drums, as an escort, and hundreds of school children, boys and girls, drawn up in two lines for us to pass through. The Senior Army Surgeon, Dr. Endo, a staunch Buddhist and holder of the Imperial University Igakushi degree of Doctor of Medicine, drove me in his own carriage in the very imposing procession in which we moved slowly towards our assigned quarters. The Committee of Reception wore as a badge a gilt circular plate transpierced with the Svastika emblem, so pretty that I procured a supply of them to introduce among the Sinhalese, and it was adopted by the Women's Education Society of Ceylon as their badge. On the morrow I addressed an audience of 5,000, and, later, the school children. On the 13th

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(May) another 5,000 audience, and after that an address to the senior boys of the Buddhist School. Then came a special lecture before H. E. the Governor of Hiroshima, Viscount Nodzu, the General commanding the District, and the other principal officers and officials, after which the Governor gave me a collation. I considered it a very great privilege to make the acquaintance of General Nodzu, for he was at the same time a most staunch Buddhist, one of the greatest soldiers of the empire, and a man of the most blameless character in every respect. In the recent war with China, it will be remembered, he commanded one of the two wings of the invading army, and won for himself great renown. Letters have comparatively recently been exchanged between us about the religious state of his country, in which his friendly regard for myself was clearly shown.

Our Hiroshima visit ended that night, and we pushed on by water towards Shimonoséki. It poured in torrents when we got to the pier, yet the Committee had had it lighted up with torches as bright as day; flags were flying, friends thronging, the air was rent with cheers. We had to change boats at Bakwan and make a fresh start at 3 a.m. We got to Shimonoséki at 7 p.m., and found only a few waiting, for the boat had been expected at 2, and the multitude had dispersed after waiting several hours. We stopped only three hours and left at 10 for Nagatsu, where there were the usual crowds, bomb-firing, flags, parades of schoolboys, etc. From one bomb was flung out a [156] very long streamer of paper, on which was written in giant characters the words "Olcott San is come"! This, I was told, was to notify the inhabitants of the surrounding districts, so that they might come into town. (San is the common honorific suffix, having something of the same value as our Esquire.) At 1 p.m. I lectured in the theatre

to 3,500 people, some of whom had come 50 miles, and others shorter distances, from neighboring islands, and camped all night in the theatre. Others had taken their places at daybreak. We left Shimonoséki at 8 p.m. by the Yokohama-Shanghai mail steamer "Tokio Maru" for Nagasaki. She was a very fine and commodious boat, seeming quite palatial after my experience, in small coasting steamers, and the supper and breakfast served us were something to remember. To my great surprise and pleasure, the breakfast bill-of-fare contained those popular American dishes, boiled hominy and buck-wheat cakes, neither of which had I tasted since leaving home. There seems a confusion of entries in my Diary, so that I do not see how I got from Nagatsu to take the steamer, but I certainly did, and it appears that the Committee took the size of my audience there, 2,500, all admitted by tickets, as a measure by which to calculate the average size of my audiences throughout the tour. So that as 75 lectures in all were given, the gross number of my auditors at the above average would be 187,500, and when one remembers that the Committee managed to bring me before all classes and conditions of men, one maybe prepared to believe [157] the statements made to the Adyar Convention of 1890 by the Japanese Delegates in their address, to which place will be given in the proper connection. Certainly, it was one of the most remarkable events in contemporary history; and we Theosophists are compelled to see in the results the working beneath the surface of influences far more potent than the efforts of the inferior agent who helped to throw the shuttle in the loom of Karma.

The steamer landed us at Nagasaki at 10 a.m. on the 18th of May, and I lectured at 3 p.m. My excellent and respected interpreter, Professor Sakuma, was confined to bed the next day, and my experiences at the second lecture were not of the happiest kind, for I had two interpreters: one would listen to me and tell the other briefly in Japanese what I had said, while the second would render it to the audience. It is enough to make one shudder to think what misconceptions as to my views must have been given to the public by this roundabout plan. The Committee gave me a farewell banquet, and then there was a lantern-and-jinricksha procession to escort me to the harbor—all of which splendor made me lose my steamer for Kumamoto, my southernmost place on the programme. We got away the next day at noon, and landed at Missooni at 6, spending the night there, and going by jinricksha the next day. The intestinal troubles again attacked me and gave me much pain. I tried to lecture to a great crowd in the theatre on the 21st, but as Professor Sakuma was laid up at Nagasaki, and two amateur interpreters broke down [158] in an attempt to see me through, I had to give up

the attempt. Somehow, I seem to have succeeded better the next day, for I see that I lectured in a temple to a crowd which packed the building and filled the courtyard, and at 3 p.m. before the Governor and other chief officials, military and civilian, after which we returned by jinricksha to rejoin the steamer at Missooni.

We got to Nagasaki at noon on the 23rd, where I went ashore and passed a pleasant day. I was presented a dwarf orange tree on which were two or three dozen fruits growing, two Buddhist flags in silk crêpe, and other tokens of regard. A lecture on "Practical Religion" was given at a Hongwanji temple in the afternoon, and I returned to the steamer at bedtime. The next two days were passed at sea amid charming surroundings, and a part of the time, was utilised in drafting a Memorandum about the rules which should be adopted by the Chief Priests for sending students to Colombo to pursue their studies in Sanskrit, Pali, and Sinhalese, under the High Priest Sumangala. We reached Kobé on Sunday the 26th, and went to a town named Hameiji, two hours by rail, to lecture, and got back by 8.30 p.m. The morning of the 27th was taken up with getting my return tickets and with other preparations for leaving, and at 4 p.m. I gave my 76th and last lecture at a new preaching hall of the local Hongwanji to an overflowing audience. As I stood there facing the door, the whole town and harbor of Kobé was spread out before me like a beautiful [159] picture, lighted up by dazzling sunshine. I hardly ever saw anything more charming. A last dinner was given me at a regular Japanese hotel in the native fashion, my hosts being the members of the Joint General Committee, who were most kind and cordial. After dinner I had many invitations to write Buddhist moralities and my name in Chinese characters on the paper or silk scrolls called Kakomono, which, mounted on map-rollers, are suspended in Japanese houses as ornaments, or, when the scroll (then called mendara) bears a religious picture, as objects promotive of devotional feeling. I had done numberless things of the kind throughout my tour, until, as I told the Committee, I had squeezed my brain dry of Buddhistic axioms. But this being our time of parting, they urged me to compliance, so I went ahead as usual. Finally, a certain lay member of the Committee who was too much inclined to drink Saké, the national beverage—a slightly alcoholic liquor obtained from rice—importuned me to do a Kakomono for him. I protested, on the ground that while at Kyoto I had done two or three for his temple, but he said that was for others, not for himself; so, as he was an obliging, cheerful sort of fellow, I consented. He brought me a piece of fine silk, the Indian-ink cake, small water-bottle and mixing saucer, and a large hair

pencil. I asked him what he wanted me to write. “Oh, some sound Buddhistic maxim,” he replied. So, spreading the silk out on a little lacquered stand, I painted this: “Break thy Saké-bottle if thou wouldst reach Nirvana.” There [160] was a general roar of laughter when it was translated to him, and he was good-natured enough to join in the merriment.

The next day we were steaming down the Inland Sea on the French mail steamer “Oxus,” having left Kobé at 5 a.m. Among the passengers was a Father Villion, a Roman Catholic priest and savant, who had lived 23 years in Japan, and was thoroughly versed in the language and literature, as well as in Northern Buddhism. Shanghai was reached on the 30th, and the passengers went ashore to look about. I passed some pleasant hours with my compatriots, the American Consul-General, Judge O. N. Denny, Adviser to the King of Korea, Mrs. Denny, and others. I also had as close an inspection of the Chinese town as I shall ever care to make, and was almost choked with the foul smells, which excel anything of the sort I ever came to a knowledge of. In the evening the Master of the local temple of the Hongwanji, and the Chief Priest of a Chinese Buddhist temple, and Mr. Shevey Yessan, Minister of Provincial Military Affairs, came aboard to call on me. The Chief Priest made me the valuable present for our Library of a copy of the Lalita Vishtara, or Legendary Life of the Buddha, in folio, in several volumes, every other page being faced with a full-page picture engraved on wood. Every important detail of the life of the Buddha, as we have it narrated to us in the canon, is there depicted in outline engravings, which are simply admirable examples of the art. In some there are hosts of figures of men and gods. This [161] is the book first translated by Eugene Burnouf, and which really introduced the story of the Buddha to the notice of the Western scholars. From the Chinese General and the Chief Priest 1 had a warm invitation to come and make a tour in China like that in Japan, but I had to decline it for various reasons.

Under a queer arrangement of the Messageries Maritimes Company the homeward bound boats wait at Shanghai until relieved, a fortnight later, by the next ship in the list. Thus, we were transhipped at Shanghai to the “Natal” and dropped down the river to Woosung, in readiness to start with the next day’s ebb tide. That night I was aroused from sleep to receive visits from the Chief Priest of the Zen-shin Temple and a Delegate from the General, who brought a letter of thanks from him for a reply I had sent to a letter of his. Presents of books were also made me. The ship weighed anchor at 1 a.m. and sailed for Hong Kong. The

day was fine and clear. We reached Hong Kong on the second day, but the weather was so damp and hot that I did not go ashore until the morrow, when I found a scene of desolation in the city. A cloud-burst, two days previously, had discharged 24 inches of water and caused a loss of $1,500,000 to Government, besides enormous losses to merchants. The main street was buried 3 feet deep in sand washed down from the hills, the sewers had burst, some houses had been swept away, and great trees, uprooted, had been washed down into the town. The funicular railway track, climbing to the Peak,

[162] was broken up, and long stretches had completely disappeared. On the 6th, at noon, we sailed for Saigon, and got there on the 9th. A party of us went ashore to pass the time and see the quaint types of humanity and strange objects that abound. The steamer sailed the next morning for Singapore, and got there on the 11th, and to Colombo on the 18th, without notable incident, save that on emerging from the Straits of Sumatra we were buffeted by the monsoon and had rough weather the rest of the way. Our welcome was enthusiastic at our Theosophical Headquarters that evening. The High Priest presided, W. Subhuti and a representative of the Wimelasara sect were present, and an improvised audience filled the place to suffocation. The room was tastefully decorated with flowers, leaf compositions, and garlands, and brilliantly illuminated with Japanese flags, while trophies of Buddhist and Japanese flags increased the festive appearance of the hall. An hour before the time of meeting the Headquarters was packed, hundreds being turned away for want of standing room. The first number on the programme was the reading of an Address from the Women's Education Society by Miss M. E. De Silva, this being the first time when a Sinhalese young lady had ever read an address in English. A few brief remarks by Sumangala Thero preceded my report of the mission for international religious comity, in the course of which I introduced four young Japanese Samaneras (theological students), who had, on my appeal, been sent here to study under the High Priest [163] and Pandit Batuvantudawe, and take back with them copies of the Tripitakas of the Southern Canon. The Japanese each made short addresses, expressive of the hope of their sects that there might henceforth be a close brotherly relationship between the two hitherto isolated sections of the Buddhist family, after which the High Priest said: "You have all heard Colonel Olcott's account of his mission to Japan, and it must have made you all glad and proud to hear it. The propagation and improvement of Buddhism is the noblest work in the world, and that is the work in which Colonel Olcott has been engaged. It is true that there is a slight difference between the Northern and

Southern Churches, but still the Japanese are Buddhists as we are, and are struggling against the maleficent influence of Christianity as we are, and we therefore look upon them as brothers. We must never forget the cordial reception they have given to Colonel Olcott as our representative, and the brotherly love that they have shown towards us. I trust that this may be the commencement of a real spiritual union between all Buddhist countries." The four young priests from Japan preceded my return to Adyar by a steamer earlier than mine, under the charge of Dharmapala, and had settled down by the time of my arrival.

A glance at the map of Japan will show the large extent of area which my tour covered, viz., from Sendai, in the extreme north, to Kumamoto, in the far south of the empire. From day of arrival to day [164] of embarkation I was ashore 107 days; during which time I visited 33 towns and delivered 76 public and semi-public addresses, reaching, as above stated, 187,500 hearers. This was more work of the sort than I had ever done before, the nearest approach to it having been in my Galle Province tour for the Sinhalese Buddhistic Fund, when I lectured 57 times within 100 days.

To finish the story of the Japan tour, it will be better that we should insert here the testimony of Mr. Tokusawa, as given by him to the T. S. Convention of 1890, as it gives in a condensed statement the tangible and permanent results of my mission. Mr. Tokusawa said:

"Brothers,—My presence, and that of this Buddhist priest, Mr. Kozen Gunaratne, indicates the influence which your Society, through the President, has acquired in our distant country. With my little smattering of English, it is impossible for me to describe all that Colonel Olcott has done there. The effect of his tour through Japan last year has been so great and so lasting that the current of public opinion has been actually turned in the opposite direction. The letters and newspapers received weekly at Colombo by myself and compatriots prove what I have just stated. It is wonderful that one man could have done so much. When I think of the condition of my religion three years ago, I feel inclined to shudder, because it was then at its lowest ebb. The more I reflect upon these evil times, the more inclined I am to bless our Theosophical Society and Colonel Olcott. A comparison [165] between the state of Buddhism then and now justifies what I say... Till quite recently the more educated of our people regarded Buddhism and its priests with contempt. A few staunch followers of the Lord Buddha's doctrine tried to counteract the influence of the Christians, but it was in vain. It was at this dark moment that the Buddhists came to hear of the

work of Colonel Olcott, and asked his aid and sympathy. Therefore, last year, Mr. Noguchi was sent to this country to persuade the Colonel to go to Japan and make a lecturing tour through the whole country. This, I am happy to say, he did, and his success was far beyond our most sanguine expectations. Buddhism took life again, and Buddhists began everywhere to undertake the revival of their ancient faith. Among the most conspicuous effects of this revival are the three Buddhist Universities and various Colleges now about to be instituted, and the establishment of about 300 periodicals advocating and defending Buddhism. The spread of materialism and scepticism was checked; the insufficiency of Christianity for our wants was shown, and the truth of Buddhism vindicated. A reaction of a most marvellous character has—as I have remarked—set in favor of Buddhism. The founding of many Buddhist schools, Buddhist newspapers and religious journals are the visible results of the Colonel's mission. Imperial princes and princesses have begun to take a prominent part in Buddhistic education and propaganda. An imperial princess has become the patroness of the Buddhist Women's Society [166] of Nagoya, which was founded soon after he had lectured in that city, and in consequence of his tribute to women. An imperial prince has become President of the 'Dasa Sila Society,' a body founded ten years ago for promoting the observance of the Ten Precepts of Buddhism, but which, owing to the streng opposition of the Christian and sceptical classes, had died out. After the Colonel's mission it has been revived, and is now working. The people now look to the Colonel as their benefactor, and to many he is almost their father. The Christians have ceased to be so aggressive as before: their converts are inventing a new form of their faith. Yes, the mission of Colonel Olcott to Japan will be recorded in history. The Japanese will ever remain grateful to him and to his Society; and I hope, brothers, you will always take a kindly interest in our people."

Naturally, I should have liked to go home and have some rest after the Japan tour, but it could not be done, so I stopped three weeks in the island, visiting Anuradhapura, where I lectured under the shade of the historical Bo-tree (whose original stock, a cutting from the sacred Bo-tree of Buddha Gya, under which the Bodhisattva Siddhartha had attained enlightenment, had been brought from India by the Princess Sanghamitta, daughter of the Emperor Asoka); Matale (where I formed a T. S. Branch); Kandy (where a big procession took me through the streets, and where I gave two lectures); Gampola; Marvanwella, in the four Korales; Kaigalle; Kurunegalle, where I formed another Branch, and where the picturesque surroundings [167] at my open air lecture so vividly linger in my

memory that I must give them more than a parenthesis. How I wished for a photographer to take the scene! Back of me rose a hill in which is excavated a rock temple of Buddha. A spur called Elephant Rock sprang out from the hillside. A crowd of 1,500 or so were clustered in a natural amphitheatre at my feet; to the right, front, and left was a grove of old cocoanut trees without undergrowth, and from the trunks were suspended Buddhist flags and other decorations, giving the needed touch of bright color to make the picture perfect. Messrs. Leadbeater, Hogen, and Kawakami, the latter two from Japan, addressed the crowd, and received great applause. The name given to the new Branch, the Maliyadeva, was that of the last of the historical great adepts, the time of whose decease I am not acquainted with, but it was long ago. Since then Ceylon has had no recognised real Arahat, and it is no wonder that its Buddhism has been growing less and less spiritual, until now one would search in vain from Hambantotte to Uva for a single man to whom the Sinhalese could look up with adoring reverence as the embodiment of the truth of the efficacy of the esoteric Yogic system practised and taught by the Founder. That is what makes my work so hard among them; all they care for is the intellectual and moral training of their families; the spiritual is something beyond their grasp; and when I first went to the island, they even told me the ridiculous story that the time for development of Arahats had elapsed, whereas (as [168] shown in the Buddhist Catechism) the Buddha himself expressly declares that there would never be lack of Arahats so long as the members of his Sangha continued to observe the Ten Precepts.[20]

My tour also took me to several wards in Colombo and to Matara, far away down in the Southern Province, where that saintly woman Mrs. Cecilia Dias Ilangakoon lived, and where I lectured at her large house, in presence of the Chief Priests of the Province, all of whom were interested to hear about the state of Buddhism in Japan. It was during this visit of her that Mrs. Ilangakoon gave into my possession the splendid collection of the Tripitikas, in 60 volumes which she has had copied for me by 12 copyists at a cost of £300, and which work occupied two years in the doing. It is, perhaps, the finest collection of palm-leaf writings to be seen in India. Mrs. Ilangakoon also promised me to add to it the Tikka, or Commentary, which would fill about the same number of volumes; and an old relative of hers at Galle told me last season, when I called on him, that she had put a clause in her will to that effect, but all I can say is, that while I have reason to know that there is a clause ordering the Tikka to be prepared, it has not come to my hands as yet, although her estate was large, and the cost could well

have been afforded. Possibly her representatives or executors are not so [169] friendly in feeling towards us as she was, and so have indefinitely postponed the fulfilment of her wishes. I visited Kataluwa, and then Galle, where great courtesies were shown me; thence back to Colombo, and, on the 8th of July, sailed for Madras. The ever blessed Adyar saw me again on the 11th, as glad a person to get home as ever was.

CHAPTER X

A VISIT TO EUROPE

(1889)

THE arrangement of our Japanese books and pictures, the fitting together of the pieces of a huge brass lantern (a replica of those in the great Shin Shu Temple at Kyoto, which had been made specially for our Library at the expense of the Joint Committee of all sects at a cost of $250), and the reading up of back files of exchanges to get in touch with the movement, took up my time pretty thoroughly in the first days. Then there were no end of visitors always dropping in and visits to make. On the 21st (July) a reception at Adyar was arranged in my honor by the three "Commissioners" in whose hands I had placed the management of Society affairs, as a precaution against any complications that might happen during my absence from home. It was "largely attended, the Library looked splendid, and everybody seemed pleased"--so says the Diary. Certainly, this cordial good-feeling was very pleasant to me. A great curiosity prevailing in the Indian community to hear about Japan, I gave a public lecture in Pachaiappah's Hall on the 27th.

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Two hours before the time appointed the hall was crowded. Theosophists and others came from Kumbakonam, Coimbatore, and other distant places to hear me, and there was much enthusiasm shown and the best possible feeling for the Japanese. The Hindus seemed very proud of their achievements, and were thrilled when I told them that, invariably, when I had to address the select audiences of political and military personages and the nobles, they asked me to tell them all about the Hindus, and explain why they and the Sinhalese had "lost their countries". Evidently they determined to profit by the mistakes of other nations, and not do anything to break through the impregnability of the defensive wall of their patriotism. I told the Hindus that I had forewarned the Japanese that their overthrow, like their own, would date from the period when the religious spirit should almost die out of their national character, for then, being given over to the demoralising tendencies of purely worldly ambitions and the pleasures of physical life, the vital sap in them as a nation would dry up, they would become effeminate, and be vanquished and trodden underfoot by some more virile race. I

told the Hindus that I was sorry to see some evidences in Japan of national decadence from this very cause. I found religious observances becoming perfunctory, the priesthood largely slothful (like those of Ceylon and India), and losing their influence day by day. I recall an incident which occurred at a lecture of mine at one of the big towns included in the third portion of my programme, that through the [172] southern part of the empire. I called the attention of a monster audience to the fact that the Buddhist priests were growing less and less respected (there were some 400 present in the audience) because they were not observing the Ten Precepts. As these words were translated to them there was a loud roar of applause and the priests were abashed. I stood still until silence was again restored, and then, stepping forward one step and raising my hand, I cried out: "How dare you condemn the priests in this unthinking way? Are you any better behaved than they? Do you observe even the Five Precepts prescribed for the householder? These men in robes are your own kinsmen, born in your own families, of the same parents, and amid the same surroundings. They are no better nor worse than yourselves; and if they do not realise the ideal sketched for them by the Buddha, it is the fault of the Buddhist community, which shuts its eyes to their weaknesses, but still keeps up the form of saluting their outside dress, as if the man inside might be what he liked and it was nobody's business. If you want your priests to be good, be good yourselves; if you want them to keep the Precepts, keep them yourselves; if you show them that you know how they ought to behave, and will not support them unless they do so behave, then, believe me, you will see the Priesthood of Japan swept clean at once by a wave of reform, and their ecclesiastical rank will once more carry with it the right to be honored." The applause that thundered out after these words was something [173] wonderful. I begged the Hindus to take to themselves this admonition if they wanted to cleanse the foulness out of their most sacred shrines and give the temples of their gods a pure atmosphere in which a real Devata could breathe and act without the sense of suffocation. A pure village community, such as was everywhere to be found in the forefathers' times throughout Bharata Varsha, would make impossible such horrible scandals as turned up now from time to time in the British police Magistrates' Courts in India; no Mahants would have to be prosecuted for seduction, coining, embezzlement, and theft of temple treasures; no sacred fanes turned into brothels, no real jewels stolen and replaced with mock ones in glass, no ruining of families, or connivance in murders of marked individuals, be heard of. I think the better part of my audience approved of my plain talk, but to me it did not matter one cowrie whether they did or did

not: there was a truth to tell, and I told it—that was all.

Other events of no great importance followed, but on 8th August—just four weeks from the date of my return from Japan and Ceylon—I embarked for Marseilles on the French steamer "Tibre," from which we transhipped at Colombo into the "Djemnah" and went on our way. At Alexandria the two sons of the then reigning Khedive, of whom the elder is now his father's successor, embarked as passengers, amid the thunders of cannon, the manning of the yards, and bedecking with flags of the war ships in the harbor, and the attendance on board of the several Ministers of [174] the Egyptian Government. At Suez, H. P. B.'s and my old friend Captain Charles Dumont, Traffic Manager of the Canal Co., came aboard to see me. There were the usual dancing, charades, lotteries for charity, and singing on board during the voyage, and I only mention them because among the singers was a Batavian planter, an amateur vocalist, who had such a superb voice that I urged him strongly to go upon the stage. He could reach the ut de poitrine, of high C, with perfect ease.

We got to Marseilles on 1st September, and the venerable and learned Baron Spedalieri welcomed me again to France and took me to his house for breakfast. The Exposition Universelle of 1889 was then open, and I was, as usual at such shows, simply crushed with the sense of the vastness of its exhibits, and the impossibility of getting even a fugitive idea of the details. The fact is that one should visit at one of these World-shows only the department of Art and Industry in which he is specially interested, leaving all else to pass the eye as a flitting pageant. But my friend Count d'Adhêmar gave me a treat by taking me to see the revolting, yet marvellous, displays of psychical phenomena by the Aïsonas of Africa, the well-known sect of Mussalman mystics and sorcerers, whose feats surpass belief. I saw them stand on braziers of live coals with naked feet, pierce their cheeks, arms, and tongues with iron stilettos or long needles—some having heavy balls of iron or lead fastened to one end—lie with naked stomachs over [175] sharp sword blades while a second man jumped on their backs, thrust daggers through the skin of their sides, chew up and swallow broken glasses and lamp-chimneys, bite scorpions in two, and eat live snakes. The piercing of the tongue transversely by a ball-weighted skewer, and then letting the heavy weight pull it to the perpendicular by twisting the flexible tongue, was a gruesome sight. It was not a show to take hysterical women to see. Before the performance began, the party of Aïsonas sat cross-legged in a semi-circle, with their Chief or Sheikh at the middle, and all beat rhythmical taps on very large tambourines,

say, perhaps—as I recollect them—4 feet in diameter. This went on for a while, the rate of vibration never varying, until at last one of them cast aside his tambourine, sprang up with a shout, knelt before the Sheikh, who passed his hands over him, and then stepped on the live coals, or went on with one of the other feats. After a feat, the performer returned to the Sheikh, removed the weapon or weapons from the wounds, and the Sheikh would just stroke the place with his hand. Not a drop of blood would flow and the wound would close. Now this meant hypnotism, clearly and unmistakably, and the question is who was hypnotised—the performer only, or both he and the onlookers? For I not only saw the transpiercings of the flesh, but was allowed to handle the weapons, and feel the weight of the metal balls on them with my own hands. The rhythmic tapping of the drum-like tambourine was a hypnotic agency. One sees the [176] same thing at Salvation Army meetings, when converts get the "change of heart" as the result of the hypnotising cadence of beaten drums and booming brasses, and the swing of the moving tunes. But this conceded, what next? What is this hypnotic action which makes the human body invulnerable to fire and to wounds by sharp instruments, prevents the natural flow of blood, and makes the open wound to close and granulate on the stroking passage of a hypnotist's magnetic hands over the surface of the skin? We have not yet begun to get at the mysterious potentialities of this science of Anton Mesmer, widened out and re-christened by Charcot of La Salpêtrière, and other unpopularity-dodgers!

H. P. B. greeted me warmly on my arrival in London, 4th September, at 7 p.m., and kept me talking, after the good old New York fashion, until 2 a.m. I found Mrs. Annie Besant living in the house, having just come over from the Secularists into our camp, with bag and baggage. This was when her subsequent splendid career as Theosophical lecturer, author, editor, and teacher began, only ten years ago; does it not seem strange that she should have ever been anything else than a Theosophist? Is it not almost incredible that she should have once been so incredulous about our ideas, the existence of the Great Teachers, the possibility of infinitely extending human knowledge by widening the area of human consciousness? Strange that she should have been a Materialist, hard as nails against the claims of spiritual existence and the promoters of [177] that philosophy? One thinks she must have been but masquerading then in borrowed robes, while always in her heart a spiritualist. Certainly that is what I saw in her at our first meeting, despite her air of a woman of the toiling class, with her thick, laced boots, her skirts somewhat shortened to keep them tidy when trudging through the muddy streets of the East End, her red neckerchief of the

true Socialist tinge, and her close-cut hair—in short, an Annie Militant. Some of our people of the upper class in society were prepossessed against her, thinking that no great good could come from her importation of her fads and cranks into our respectable body! Some even protested to me against having her living at Headquarters, as it might keep influential women away. But what I found in her is written in my Diary of 5th September, the evening of our first meeting: "Mrs. Besant I find to be a natural Theosophist: her adhesion to us was inevitable, from the attractions of her nature towards the mystical. She is the most important gain to us since Sinnett." And note that her Autobiography had not then been written to uncover the shine of her awakened spirit "within the day lamp of the body," as Maimonides puts it; she had not, I believe, made one public discourse in support of Theosophy, nor had she said one word of the sort during the conversation between her and H. P. B. and myself, But when conducting her to the door I looked into her kind, grand eyes, and all this sense of her character passed like a flash into my own consciousness, I recollect taking her then by the hand [178] and saying, just at parting: "I think you will find yourself happier than you have ever been in your life before, for I see you are a mystic and have been frozen into your brain by your environment. You come now into a family of thinkers who will know you as you are and love you dearly." She will be able to say whether these were not my prophetic words at that first meeting. How marvellously she has altered for the better during these past ten years only those can realise who knew her in 1889; she is not the same woman—she feels her soul. Blessings on her!

On the following day she and I called together on Mr. Bradlaugh at his residence. I had made his acquaintance and heard him lecture in New York in 1873, and had been one of his sponsors for Honorary Membership of the Lotos Club, so our personal relations had a pleasant basis. I found him ageing fast, yet full of that virile strength which made him stand like an oak among men. In the course of the conversation I remarked how deep was my regret that our gain of Mrs. Besant was at his expense, but that the step had been taken of her own motion, not because of any solicitation on our part. He sadly replied that it was a great and deep loss to him, but that Mrs. Besant was a woman who would always act according to the promptings of her conscience, and he had nothing to say. Even if he should, it would be useless.

On the next Sunday evening I went to hear Mrs. Besant on "Memory," at the Hall of Science—a very able and forcible discourse, the first I had ever heard

[179] from her. So favorable a chance to hear so grand an orator was not to be lost, so I went alone or with others several times to her lectures, and escorted her to the Hall of Science on that memorable evening when she pathetically bade farewell to her Freethinker colleagues, since they had decided that she ought not to be longer allowed to work with them because she had taken up with views so diametrically opposed to theirs. Vivid indeed was her oration when she protested in the sacred name of Freethought against the disloyal attitude of Freethinkers towards an old and tried colleague, who had simply exercised the prerogative for which she had battled during so many years. She showed as clearly as day the inconsistency and shortsightedness of that policy. At the same time her speech brought back to my own mind the fact that their position towards Theosophy was the very one she herself had formerly taken up in the National Reformer, the organ of Mr. Bradlaugh and herself. A Madras Freethinker had written to ask of the editors whether a Secularist could consistently be also a Theosophist, and Mrs. Besant, for herself and co-Editor, had answered him editorially that the two were incompatible. We copied that decision with comments into the Theosophist, the comments being somewhat strong, with hints that the Secularists of the Mrs. Besant type were getting to be as dogmatic as the Pope. Neither of us then foresaw how soon she would have to drink at the hand of her own party of the bitter chalice she was once commending to our lips.

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Besides the desirable acquaintances made at that time was the undesirable one of the notorious Diss Debar, “the Precipitation Medium of the U. S. A.”: a showy, smooth-talking person, who was either a very remarkable medium or a very extraordinary humbug. The evidence of Mr. Luther R. Marsh, of New York, a great lawyer, and formerly law-partner of Daniel Webster, was enthusiastic in favor of her mediumship, and it was rumored that they were privately married. She told me that this was so, and that Mr. Marsh was shortly coming to London to meet her: moreover, she called herself Mrs. Marsh. She was a stout, black-haired woman, with an ample figure and a sort of fetching way, like that nameless gift of your Parisian woman. She was dressed in black and wore the cross of a foreign order (the Legion, I think) on her bosom—a hit of dramatic finesse, for it might mean so much. My entry says that I was “not convinced” of her good faith. She had picked up some American lady with much money, but not much brains, and had constituted her paymaster. She wanted lodgings for both, so I referred her to a place in the neighborhood and they went there, but

within the next few days there was no end of a row, a seizure of luggage—if I remember aright—bills unpaid, and the flitting of the decorated mistress of wonders. Subsequently, I believe, she was prosecuted for swindling and imprisoned, but my memory has not charged itself with the real facts of the case. She has plunged out of public sight, and I have heard nothing about [181] her for years. But I was informed that she had told wild stories of her intimacy with H. P. B., and some very occult and very wonderful work that they were doing together—all sheer falsehood.

On the 17th (September) I gave my first public lecture in London at South Place Chapel, Mr. Moncure D. Conway's place of worship. The building was packed Mrs. Besant took the chair. My topic was "The Theosophical Society and Its Work". At the close I was fairly bombarded with questions from all parts of the hall, and finally that serio-comic incident occurred which I have mentioned elsewhere, but which may be repeated here, as this is the proper connection. A voice from the right-hand gallery called out loudly: "I would like to know how it is that Colonel Olcott is so familiar with all the Eastern religions when I scarcely know one perfectly although I have given twenty years to its study?" It was a foolish thing to ask, for the answer was so obvious; but just as I was about to say something of a conciliatory nature, a loud response came from the opposite gallery—it was the one word "Brains". That sent the house into convulsions of merriment, and neither Mrs. Besant nor I could refrain from smiling. The querist was a great authority on Assyriology. The London papers gave long notices of the discourse, but a short quotation from the Pall Mall Gazette will suffice:

"It is no unusual thing to see an array of thoughtful faces at South Place Chapel, yet it may be questioned whether the walls of that simple, unpretending building [182] have hitherto looked down upon an assemblage bespeaking more respect, by reason of its high mental capacity and ability, than that which occupied the chapel's sitting and standing room at night. The occasion was Colonel Olcott's Theosophical lecture, Mrs. Besant presiding. There were present bronzed Anglo-Indians, Easterns in fez and goggles, medical, theological, and science students and teachers, representative South Place people, agnostics, freethinkers, and spiritualists—how many different 'ists' were really in evidence it is scarcely possible to set down. To this heterogeneous gathering Mrs. Besant introduced the lecturer Colonel Olcott is—as already mentioned in your columns—a man of striking and commanding personality. His hair is silvery, his flowing beard white and soft, his forehead massive, and his

whole aspect venerable. He neither makes any pretension to eloquence nor strives after effect. He says what he has to say in the plainest possible way. His manner is certainly sincere and his method convincing."

The Theosophist (Supplement, November, 1889), in taking over the P. M. G.'s report, says:

"There are in London, among a host of ways of making a living, offices called 'Newspaper-cutting Agencies,' which supply subscribers with cuttings upon any desired subject from the newspapers of Great Britain and the Colonies. From such an agency we have received already nearly one hundred excerpts from British journals which speak about Colonel Olcott's opening lecture and Theosophy in general.

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The prevailing tone is one of chaff or bitterness, though there are instances of sober interest in, and respect for, the themes we preach. What is conspicuously shown is the existence of popular interest in us and our doings and sayings. Another striking proof is, that at one and the same time Madame Blavatsky was writing an article on Theosophy, bespoken by the North American Review, the leading review of the United States, and Colonel Olcott one on the 'Genesis of Theosophy' for the (Conservative) National Review, of London—the latter article in reply to one on the same subject by Mr. Legge in the same periodical."

The lecture brought me one bit of bad luck in prompting Dr. Bowles Daly, an Irish journalistic writer and author, to seek our acquaintance. He manifested so much interest in our work and talked so smoothly as to win my confidence. He joined the Society, and after a while came out to Adyar. He had told me that he owned two houses in London, which he should sell, and then follow me out. He would give his services quite gratuitously. Later, it turned out that he had not a copper, and on that plea demanded a salary and allowances from the Sinhalese, among whom he ultimately went to work. He had a certain sort of ability and any amount of self-push, but proved to be quite ignorant of Eastern literature, and so was useless to me as an assistant editor, the capacity in which we had agreed that he was to be engaged. He went, as above said, to Ceylon; enlarged our Buddhist school at Galle into a weak College; did some hard work; gave rein [184] to a furious temper; drove the boarding scholars out of the school building with a belt buckle on Wesak Day because their recitation of the gathas and silas annoyed him upstairs; was chosen a member of a Provincial Buddhist

Committee; tried to wean from me the love of the Sinhalese; insulted and enraged some of the leading Buddhists; denounced wholesale the entire Sangha; and at last moved off to Calcutta, where he tried to prejudice the public against Theosophy, and finally became mixed up in several disagreeable public incidents. At last accounts he was in the Australian colonies. But for his ungovernable temper and his free indulgence in vulgar abuse, he might have done good service to a movement which always needs efficient helpers. I should not have ventured to invite him out to India but for his declaration that his services would be as free and unremunerated as our own; a declaration which he repeated to H. P. B. when I took him to her room, after the agreement had been arrived at between us (and after he had borrowed £20 of me on some excuse about having to make his preparations for leaving, a fact which caused H. P. B.'s eyebrows to rise when I told her about it). The loan was repaid at Adyar.

At the time of my visit I had the chance to see of what infinite tenderness and unselfish compassion Mrs. Besant was capable. An old friend of hers, a fellow-reformer and very well-known man, was utterly prostrated by overwork of the brain, and his life in peril. She took him into her house, nursed him like a sister,

[185] calmed his ravings, and, I believe, saved his life. It made it all the more sad for me when that same man, possibly—nay, probably, it must have been—in another access of nervous debility, turned upon his gentle nurse and said cruel things against her in the press. I was all the more sorry because of my great appreciation of his noble traits of character. I did a good deal of literary work for H. P. B. in those days. She had a table placed beside her own desk, and we fell at once into the old fashion of the New York "lamasery" when we toiled on the composition of Isis Unveiled, night after night, until the small hours of the morning. I wrote letters and articles for her magazine, and helped her on her occult teaching papers for her E. S. pupils. She resented my acceptance of invitations for parlor-talks on Theosophy, visits to important persons whom we wanted to interest, and lecturing tours—wanting to keep me tied to her desk-side. But this could not be, for the general interests of the movement had to be considered first of all; and though she called me a "mule" and all sorts of pet names of the kind, I did what was to be done. Yet it was a real sacrifice to have to deny myself the pleasure of the close companionship, for, as in New York, when we two were working together alone, the door between us and the Teachers seemed ever open; uplifting ideas came pouring into my mind, and the spiritual intercourse was very real. Her habit of counting on me as an ever

willing and loyal helper had become so fixed, and our tie was so much closer and so different from that [186] between her and our juniors, that she appeared to delight in the renewal of the latter. In those pleasant hours she used to tell me all she thought of those around her, and consult me as to how to treat them, and the best way to push on the movement. When certain persons would come in and pet and flatter her, she, when they were gone, should the occasion demand it, would paint to me their real characters. Meanwhile, the object of my European visit was silently yet surely being accomplished, H. P. B.'s angry feelings were subsiding, and all danger of a disruption was swiftly passing away. Things which had seemed to her as mountains became molehills when we came to look at them calmly. Thus had it always been. The new Rule about doing away with Entrance Fees and Annual Dues, adopted at the last Adyar Convention, and which had so exasperated the British and American Sections, and dissatisfied even the Indian, was temporarily got over, after much delay, by my issuing the following Executive Notice:

"Pending the final decision of the General Council regarding fees and dues, I hereby direct that the following rule shall be observed. Each Section is at liberty to alter within its own jurisdiction the amount of entrance fees and annual dues (hitherto fixed at, etc., etc.); and each Section, as an autonomous part of the Theosophical Society, shall collect said fees and dues, as determined by them, in the name and by the authority of the Theosophical Society, and apply the same to the Society's work as the sectional governing [187] body shall from time to time determine... The Indian Section... having unanimously recommended that the entrance fee and annual dues shall be restored to Rs. 10 and Re. 1 respectively, the recommendation is hereby approved..."

The fact is that the new resolutions passed by the Convention of 1888 were universally reprobated, and thus fell to the ground one more experiment which I allowed to be tried to stop the clamors of some who thought that in an ideal Society like ours things should not be managed on the prudent business plan, but that we should trust to the sporadic generosity of our members and the general public. The deficit in the year's account was made up by taking from the Theosophist cash-box Rs. 1,308-2-11. Verb. sap.

There was still another matter to be settled, viz., to please the two Western Sections and calm H. P. B. by giving her some delegation of my powers that would really facilitate the settlement of passing questions without the delay involved in a reference to Adyar. She, it will be recollected, wanted to act as my

representative with full discretionary powers; but as I had no great opinion of her discretion in matters of a practical kind, I concluded to make a compromise, to be tried as an experiment. So it was done in this way:

"LONDON, 25th December, 1889.

"In compliance with the unanimous request of the Council of the British Section, and to obviate the inconvenience and delay of reference to Headquarters [188] of current local questions requiring my official adjudication, I hereby appoint H. P. Blavatsky as Chairman, and Annie Besant, William Kingsland, and Herbert Burrows as Members, of an Appellate Board, to be known as 'The President's Commissioners' for Great Britain and Ireland; and, furthermore, I hereby delegate to the aforesaid Commissioners for the United Kingdom the appellate jurisdiction and executive powers conferred upon me under the Constitution and Rules of the Society, and declare them to be my personal representatives and official proxies for the territory named until the present order be superseded.

"Provided, however, that all executive orders and decisions made on my behalf by the said Commissioners shall be unanimously agreed to and signed by the four Commissioners above designated."

This looked to her a larger Xmas present than it really was, for the words italicised in the concluding sentence made the condition that the four Commissioners, and not H. P. B. alone, should make me responsible for their official decisions. I selected the other three from my respect for their practical good sense and steadfastness of will, believing that they would suffer nothing very revolutionary to be done to upset the steady working of the Society. Some of our worthy colleagues had--as H. P. B. so considerately informed me from time to time in her letters--made themselves merry over my fustian "Executive Orders," but if either one of them had tried to keep in sound and working order such an incongruous and [189] unmanageable body of eccentrics as the Theosophical Society, so that it might ultimately settle down upon a strong foundation of wise autonomy, being independent within constitutional limits, and yet coherent as a whole Federation, they perhaps would have felt more like crying than laughing. Even now, one very well known Secessionist, whose habitual impulse is to be against every semblance of orderly administration and follow only his personal caprice, is calling the skies to witness how the Society has degenerated into rival camps of slaves, following different popes, and bidding them join his guerilla company. Heaven knows where can be found

another society so conservatively conducted as ours, yet with so little restraint upon individual rights. But there are some whose military conceptions cannot rise above the level of bush-whacking. At any rate, the results have fully justified my policy; and if the Society is ready to enter the twentieth century as a powerful social force, it is because I listened to all good advice, let my cranky associates play with their fads until they themselves threw them aside as unworkable, and when a stress came, showed the "mulish" quality which H. P. B. so vigorously denounced. The complete restoration of pleasant relations between us was proved by her issuing the notice that she had appointed me her sole agent in Esoteric Section affairs for Asiatic countries, with very large discretionary powers, which has been above quoted. So, the cyclone having blown itself out, we went on with our joint literary work in her [190] writing-room at Lansdowne Road. Needless to say, our Indian friends breathed freer when they heard the news.

Before leaving England for home I received through the Rev. S. Asahi, Chief Priest of Tentoku Temple, Tokio, an ecclesiastic of great influence, the following highly gratifying imperial communication:

"TOKIO, 18th October, 1889.

"TO BARON TORUKU TAKASAKI.

"His Imperial Majesty has accepted the present of a stone image and five other articles which were offered him by Colonel H. S. Olcott with an explanatory memorandum accompanying each article. I beg Your Excellency to inform that gentleman of His Majesty's acceptance.

"VICE-MINISTER OF THE IMPERIAL HOUSEHOLD."

The presents accepted by His Majesty were, the original model of the Buddhist Flag, a carved stone image from Buddha Gaya, leaves from the sacred Bo-trees of Anuradhapura and Buddha Gaya, and photographs of several noted shrines. With this hint of imperial good wishes, no wonder the nation turned en masse towards the messenger of Southern Buddhism and took to heart the message! It should be added that an explanation of the instant popularity of the Buddhist Flag may be found in the fact that when first shown to the Japanese priests, they consulted their own sacred writings and found that the colors of the [191] vertical stripes were identically as therein described as to be seen in the aura of the Buddha. Some readers may also recollect that the Tibetan Envoy to the Government of India told me at Darjeeling that they were those of the flag of

the Dalai Lama. Our Colombo Buddhist colleagues were therefore wiser than they knew when they suggested the idea of the Buddhu râsâ for the proposed Buddhist Flag of all nations.

CHAPTER XI

TRAVELS AND LECTURES IN THE BRITISH ISLES

(1889)

I VERY often paste into my Diary visiting-cards of notable callers, small handbills of my lectures, specimens of admission tickets to our anniversaries, and such like mementos of current events, and find it sometimes useful and always interesting. For example, to those who know H. P. B. only as a name, and regard her as a sort of mysterious Priestess, it would be perhaps interesting to look at the card I am just turning to in the Diary of 1889:

MADAME BLAVATSKY

AT HOME

Saturdays, 4 to 10 o'clock

18 Lansdowne Road,

Notting Hill, W.

And this old one of the earliest days at Bombay:

[A CORONET]

H. P. BLAVATSKY,

Corresponding Sec. of the Theosophical Society,

New York,

Bombay

[193]

There are many cards pasted in the Diary for that year, among them those of some of the most eminent statesmen, soldiers, civilians, and nobles of Japan, and, most conspicuous of all, the cards of the Chinese General and Chief Priests who visited me on board ship at Shanghai. These are on thin crimson paper, 3½[7] inches in size!

On 1st October I left London for a short tour in Wales, during which I lectured at Merthyr Tydvil and Tenby, the audiences being, as I was told, unusually large. From the latter place I went on to Liverpool, where I had the joy

of meeting my sister after a separation of eleven years. She was, in the earliest days of the T. S. in New York, a staunch friend and defender of H. P. B., one instance of her magnanimous loyalty having been her inducing her husband to take a flat in the same apartment house where we had our headquarters and residence, so that by her presence a stop might be put to the silly and malicious gossip that our personal relations were not of a proper character. For this unsuggested act of devotion I was ever afterwards grateful. We talked, walked, and drove, and saw the sights together and lived the past over again. One thing that gave us exquisite pleasure was an organ recital by Mr., afterwards Sir, W. T. Best, at St. George's Hall. The great organ there, it will be remembered, has 8,000 pipes, and its tone and compass are magnificent. Under the master's playing we were enraptured to hear the sounds of rolling and crashing thunder among [194] crags, the echoing fall of waters, the rush of winds, the cries of animals and songs of birds, the strains of musical instruments, and the soaring voices of men and women. We sat spell-bound, and sighed when the last note was played.

My next move was across the rough Irish Channel to Ireland, the unhappy land of the lightest-hearted people in the world. On arrival at Dublin my ever esteemed friend, Mr. F. J. Dick, took me to his house, and, like all our local members, showed me every possible kindness. I found in the Branch T. S. some very earnest and thoughtful men and women, eager to know the truth and brave enough to proclaim it at every hazard. On the 14th, in the evening, I lectured in the "Antient Concert Rooms" on the locally revolutionary subject, "Have We Lived on Earth Before?" Whether because of it or not, the place was crowded, and many were turned away from the doors. The Dublin papers had their say about it, and the Jarvey, or local Punch, printed some funny verses that set the town laughing. But the criticisms also set many to thinking, and strengthened our movement; which being so, the jesting did not matter in the least. Some public speakers do not realise that the only fatal weapon to fear is that of silence; if one's book, article, lecture, concert, or play is left unnoticed, that is bad; abuse, however truculent, is almost as beneficial as praise—much better than flattery. Of course some unkind things were said against us, but what else could have been anticipated from [195] the Irish Press? Yet the Methodist Times showed an unexpected generosity when it said:

"Dublin is being honored by a visit from Colonel Olcott, the President of the Theosophical Society. There has been a Lodge of the Society meeting in the city

for some time, and it is said to number in its membership many students of Trinity College. Whether the President's visit will win adherents for Theosophy remains to be seen; but his lectures have roused much controversy, and public attention is being called to the movement."

With Mr. B. Keightley, who had accompanied me from England, I next went to Limerick, but nearly missed arriving in time for my advertised lecture. A stupid railway porter so misdirected me that at a certain junction we were being carried away towards Cork, and had got as far as Blarney in the wrong train before we could turn back. Of course, no lover of Irish humor would miss the chance of visiting the famous Blarney Castle, although it was raining, and we had to tramp through the mud to it, so we went, and came away satisfied. We got to Limerick in time to eat something at Mr. Gibson's house and make change of dress before the lecture, which was on "Among the Orientals". The next day we regretfully left our friends and returned to Dublin. On the 17th I went by a fast train, in four hours, to Belfast, and lectured in Ulster Minor Hall to a most thoughtful audience, taking the subject of Reincarnation, under the same title as in Dublin. Among the hearers were [196] a good many undergraduates who took copious notes. The Rev. J. C. Street, an Unitarian preacher, of great local fame, made an excellent presiding officer, and nothing could have been fairer than the tone of his introductory and closing remarks. The Northern Whig, the leading paper, I believe, in the North of Ireland, contained the following report of the proceedings:

"The Ulster Minor Hall was very well filled last evening, when Colonel Henry S. Olcott, President of the Theosophical Society, lectured on the above subject. From the composition of the audience, it was evident that curiosity to hear the tenets of the non-fashionable cult expounded by so eminent an authority as Colonel Olcott was the leading motive which had brought them together. There was a fair representation of local scientific men, including Professor Everett, and there were also several clergymen, among whom were Rev. Dr. A. C. Murphy, Rev. Dr. Magee (Dublin), Rev. W. R. L. Kinahan, and Rev. J. Bell. The Secularist Society were in strong force, as was also the student element—divinity and otherwise—while not a few ladies were among the attendance. Colonel Olcott, an elderly gentleman with a fine head and a commanding presence, was introduced by Rev. Mr. Street, who was his sole companion on the platform. The lecturer's style was fluent and forcible, yet quiet withal, and he dealt with his subject simply in an explanatory—never in a declamatory—

manner. His brief history of the origin and progress of the [197] Theosophical Society; and his still briefer treatment of the theory of pre-incarnation, was given with the air of a man who had an immense store of power in reserve. At the conclusion of the lecture a number of questions, more or less pertinent to the subject dealt with, were asked by different members of the audience, and answered by Colonel Olcott. It is not very probable that the Theosophical Society will recruit its membership very heavily from Belfast; but, however this may be, the Society could scarcely have a more able and courteous pioneer to represent them amongst us than their President.

"Rev. J. C. Street, in taking the chair, said he had been asked to do so by the Branch in Dublin, as there was no local representation of the Theosophical Society in Belfast. He was not himself a member of the organisation, and, until a comparatively recent date, he had been unaware even of its existence. He owed his first acquaintance with its objects and aims to the book published by Mrs. Besant, Why I Became a Theosophist; and last Sunday, in his own church, he had referred to the subject of that book at some length, quite independently, however, of any connection with Colonel Olcott's visit to Belfast. After all, therefore, it was not, perhaps, inappropriate that he should have been asked to preside that evening."

We had a still greater surprise in store for the prejudiced public; it was this:

Lepracaun! Banshee! Deence She! Matha de Danaun!

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A LECTURE

ENTITLED

"THE IRISH FAIRIES SCIENTIFICALLY CONSIDERED,"

will (by special request) be delivered by

COLONEL OLCOTT

(President of the Theosophical Society)

On Monday evening, 21st October, at eight o'clock, in the

ANTIENT CONCERT ROOMS,

Great Brunswick Street.

———

"Lay your ear close to the hill,

Do you not catch the tiny clamor,

Busy click of an elfin hammer,

Voice of the Lepracaun singing shrill

As he merrily plies his trade?"

This was said to be the first time that this most popular of Irish beliefs—superstitions, the conceited ignorants call it—had been handled in this serious manner. The Daily News (London) gave an editorial column to it, and said that unquestionably I must be a man of moral courage to stand up and defend a belief that it had been so long the fashion to laugh at—or words to that effect. The fact is, I wanted to give the tens of thousands of good people who secretly cherished this charming tradition the comfort of knowing that, under the classification of Nature Spirits, or Elementals, the existence of their fairies is believed in by a vast majority of mankind. To prepare for the lecture, I spent as much time as I could at the [199] National Library, in Kildare Street, looking up every book that treated the subject. I found most of the authors who pretended to speak in the name of Science displaying as much ignorance as prejudice; and one—I think it was Grant Allen—remarked that "the Irish fairies went out when the Board Schoolmaster opened his doors". He did not see that the easy way to account for this fact is that the cultivation of the lower rationalistic faculty tends to cut off the finer soul-perceptions which put man in close touch with the finer forces of Nature, and to destroy whatever clairvoyant faculty he may have inherited. So that while the "fairies" do vanish, it is only from the sight of the so-called educated brain, the unspoiled peasantry enjoying now, as they ever did, the realisation of the next subtler plane of consciousness.[21] One thing struck me, viz., that the Isle of Man is said by tradition to have been a great centre of magic and magicians; and when I put this in connection with the mysterious arms of Man, three bent human legs united at the [200] centre, I recognised it as a form of the Svastika deliberately adopted by the old Manx occultists, probably from still more ancient teachers, to preserve and hand down the concept of the action of spirit in matter which, in the Svastika, forms a component of the T. S. Seal. I had a large and attentive audience at the lecture, and the vote of thanks at the close was moved by that great Keltic scholar and authority, Douglas Hyde, whose words of praise were precious. Mr. W. Q. Judge, who was in Ireland on a visit to his relatives, was present.

Christendom, and only succumbing when the "Board Schoolmaster" opens his doors, and, as above remarked, drowns intuition by the abnormal stimulus of the intellect of the lower Manas. Blackwood's writer says:

[201]

The next day I returned to Liverpool after a heart-searching fit of seasickness, for the provocation of which this uneasy stretch of water is unequalled if we except that one to be crossed between Tuticorin and Colombo on those cockleshells, the "Aska" and "Amra," that the B. I. S. N. Co. provide for their passenger victims.

My sister rejoined me in London, and we had a week or so more together.

I was plied with an unusual number of questions after a lecture at Birmingham, in the Masonic Hall—before a large audience. This "heckling" is almost unknown in India, where the audience, after delivering their volleys of applause, let one quietly depart; but it is, I think, a useful custom, for it often makes one see his subject in new lights, and gives him the chance to drive home his arguments by fresh illustrations and altered presentations. It usually happens that the answering of these questions takes up as much time as the original lecture.

[202]

On 4th November I lectured at Lee, Staffordshire, and the next day at Westminster Town Hall, London. On Wednesday, M. A. Oxon, C. C. Massey, intimate friends of fifteen years, and I dined together, and spent a delightful evening in varied talk about persons and things, chiefly Spiritualism and Theosophy. Oxon showed me the cover of one of the mysteriously diverted letters that I describe in the first volume of these memoirs; letters addressed to me at New York from various parts of the world, but by some occult agency arrested in transit, and dropped on the sorters' tables in the Philadelphia G. P.O., by them stamped on the back and delivered to me at H. P. B.'s house by the city postman, without having passed through the New York G. P.O., or being stamped in the addressed city. This particular one was posted at Hartford (Conn.) and bore the stamps of Hartford and Philadelphia, but not that of New York, although addressed to my office in that city. I had sent the cover to Oxon as a curiosity, as I did all the others received to other friends and correspondents.

Among my visits of the month was one to Middleton Park, the country-seat of my friends the Earl and Countess of Jersey, where, with other notabilities, I had

the pleasure of meeting the recently appointed Governor of Madras, now Lord Northcote of Exeter, and Lady Northcote. I was glad to hear him say that the Conservative party as a whole had great respect for Mr. Bradlaugh for his abilities and his powerful character; they found him also always well prepared [203] for the debates in which he might engage, having evidently studied out his subject thoroughly and having his facts ready for orderly presentation. They would have been but too glad to have won him over to their side, had that been possible. On Sunday our house party went to the quaint old village church, full of ancient reminiscences, and I was greatly interested in the, to me, unique experience.

Returned to town, I had a serious consultation with Massey, in his capacity of a barrister, as to the expediency of allowing H. P. B. to go into Court to prosecute some of her slanderers. He most emphatically protested against it, saying that, however strong a case she might have, there was but faint chance of getting a verdict from the average jury or judge: prejudices were entirely too strong: it was better for her to continue to bear all in silence. This was my opinion also.

Dr. Lloyd Tuckey, now so widely known as an authority on therapeutic hypnotism, had me to dinner one day, and together we tried an instructive experiment. A certain subject whom he had found readily responsive to almost every suggestion he had made to her when hypnotised had suddenly become insensitive, and he could no longer control her mental action. The problem was to be solved, and we were to explore somewhat new ground. After much talk together, I found that her change dated from a certain former occasion when a lady and the Doctor were rather amusing themselves in the presence of the hypnotised, and presumably insensible, subject, with something [204] rather ludicrous in her expression or appearance. It at once struck me that very likely the hypnosis had not been deep enough to completely obliterate external consciousness; and that resenting, as almost every woman will, the idea of affording cause of laughter to another woman in the presence of a physician whom she held in high esteem, and whose esteem she coveted, she had created in herself the rooted determination never again to make it possible for her to be thrown into a state where she should not retain her perfect self-control The Doctor kindly allowed me to try if I could not remove this prepossession by kind discussion, so I sent him out of the room and remained with the subject alone. I appealed to her natural benevolence of heart to do what she could to make the Doctor better able to treat the sick by increasing his knowledge of abnormal

nervous states, representing as a highly meritorious act her willingness to share in the merit of such altruism. At first she shook her head and set her lips, but little by little the pure springs of her kindly ideal of helping the sick and suffering were touched, and she consented to once more make herself passive to the Doctor's suggestions. He then returned from the other room, hypnotised her, and she was as responsive as before. Has this not a strong bearing upon the question of the perversion of the moral sense in hypnosis at the pleasure of the experimenter? And yet experiments which I saw made by Professor Bernheim at the Nancy Civil Hospital seem to strengthen the view that a really good hypnotic subject can keep [205] no liberty of impulse against the will of an experienced operator. It is a puzzle still unsolved.

Speaking of hypnotism recalls an evening in H. P. B.'s sitting-room at Lansdowne Road, when Carl Hansen, the Danish professional hypnotist, made some experiments of an edifying nature. He is one of the most successful practitioners in the world, and, in fact, so successful have his demonstrations been that more than one Government has forbidden him to give them in public. It was, I think, on the evening above referred to that one of the company present —Mrs. Besant—was made to seem to the subject to have disappeared from the room. Although she stood directly in front of him and spoke to him, he seemed neither to see nor hear her. She took from H. P. B.'s whist-table a handkerchief and dangled it by one corner before the subject's eyes, but he did not see her hand holding it, though he did see the handkerchief, and was much amused at its self-suspension in the air. Turning to H. P. B., he said: "Madame, you must be doing some magic, for I see a handkerchief out there with nothing to hold it up: what is it?" Mrs. Besant then held against her back a playing-card, drawn at random and face downward from a pack, and again the subject saw it, and not Mrs. Besant: her body was transparent to his psychical vision. This was an astounding experiment, for neither Mrs. Besant nor any of the others in the room had knowledge of the value of the card until the subject called it out, and we each verified his accuracy. If Hansen had seen it [206] first, then we might presume that it was a case of telepathy, but he did not. Let the Materialist explain the phenomenon—if he can. A fortnight later, I presided at a private reception and conversazione given him by a lady friend, at which he made other excellent demonstrations. Among them was this: He applied to a person's right upper arm a small silver match-box, telling him that the skin beneath it would become red and inflamed, but the corresponding tract on the other arm would be perfectly insensible to touch or pricking. The experiment was a perfect success at the first

trial. At this, as at two previous soirées at which I had met him, he suggested that a certain one of the company would become invisible to the subject; and so the latter, when asked to count the persons present, invariably failed to count the one designated, or to see anything but empty space at the point where the person was actually standing. His bodily vision was inhibited as to that one individual, but all the others were visible to him.

A London paper having published a statement of its New York correspondent, early in October, to the effect that Dr. Coues had asserted that Madame Blavatsky had been expelled from the Theosophical Society, she addressed to the editor an amusingly combative letter, from which the following paragraphs are quoted:

"If you would have the truth, then I may as well give it you now. Madame Blavatsky, as one of the [207] chief founders of the T. S., cannot be expelled from the Society, for several good reasons, the least of which is that there is no one in the Society having authority to do so—not even the President-Founder, Colonel Olcott—and in such a case Madame Blavatsky might, with as much good right, return the compliment and expel him. But as it is not likely that our President will ever become a lunatic, no such event threatens the Theosophical Society just now.

"Let, then, the Yankee cock-and-bull story—just set afloat by its author, an ex-Theosophist, who WAS HIMSELF EXPELLED FROM our AMERICAN SECTION TWO MONTHS AGO FOR SLANDER, as the whole Theosophical Society knows—remain for what it is worth, and make the INITIATED readers merry.

"London, October 9."

[The capitals are Madame Blavatsky's.-ED.]

The comical picture she paints of the two Founders expelling each other reminds one of the equally amusing historical incident of the three Popes of unsavory memory—Gregory VI, Silvester III, and Benedict IX—who contended with each other in the eleventh century for the chair of St. Peter, hurled their bulls of excommunication at each other's heads, and resorted to military force to sustain their several pretensions!

As I could not return to India in time for the usual Convention, none was held in 1889, but in place of it a Conference at Bombay was arranged for and held.

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There had been something like a deadlock occasioned by the passage of the unpopular Rules of 1888 and the unrest provoked by H. P. B.'s revolutionary action in Europe, but as the Report of the Conference (Theosophist, January, 1890) says: "The meeting was in every respect a remarkable success... One circumstance which greatly contributed to the good-feeling and cheerfulness of the Brothers in Conference was the news that New York, London, and Adyar were in future to pull together in unity and unison, and that, for the present at least, the disintegrating forces... had been overcome and silenced." Our trusty veteran colleague, Judge N. D. Khandalvâlâ, occupied the chair, and conducted the business of the meeting with perfect and successful impartiality. The Conference recommended the retention of the policy of fees. At the close a very cordial vote of confidence in the Founders was passed by acclamation. As it mirrors the feeling of her colleagues towards H. P. B., and was a great solace to her in her retirement, I will quote it:

"Resolved,—That this Conference of the Fellows of the Indian Section of the Theosophical Society regards with unfeigned indignation the malicious attempts made lately to injure the Society by cowardly attacks on Madame Blavatsky, who, as well as her equally devoted colleague Colonel Olcott, has freely given her whole energies for the past fifteen years to the establishment of a nucleus of Universal Brotherhood, and the revival of Eastern Philosophy and Religion.

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"The Conference 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."

An attempt was made to form a Ceylon Section, under, first, Mr. Leadbeater, next, C. F. Powell, and lastly, Dr. Daly, but it proved impracticable, and was finally abandoned. The Sinhalese are not much given to study, being rather practical than ideal, more workers than dreamers; besides which, they have no class like that of the Brahmins, who have a hereditary proclivity for philosophical and metaphysical speculation. Although Branches which we organised in 1880 are still active and turning out excellent work, it is altogether within the lines of Buddhism. They neither understand nor wish to understand the contents of other religious systems; and when they speak of themselves as Branches of our Society, it is always with this reservation, that they do their best

for Buddhism and acknowledge the President-Founder as their principal adviser and leader—when anything particularly knotty has to be solved, or any great obstacle has to be cleared away.

In the month of December the Society lost a very important worker in Pandit N. Bhashyacharya, F.T.S., Director of the Adyar Library, who succumbed to blood poisoning. He was one of the best Sanskrit Pandits of India; wonderfully well read in that classical literature; a good English scholar; a public speaker [210] equally at home in four languages; a brave man and an enlightened reformer. He gave us his private collection of palm-leaf MSS., thus forming the nucleus of the now large and fine collection in the Adyar Library. A handsome commemorative tablet in chiselled brass has been placed in the Oriental section to his memory.

I was fortunate enough to make, during this visit, the acquaintance of the late Mrs. Louise Cotton, a successful palmist, and author of a handbook on the subject. She came one morning to see H. P. B., and read her palm and those of Mrs. Besant and myself all accurately. Yet, as I have elsewhere said, it seems to me as if this palm-reading partakes more than anything else of the nature of Psychometry, because I have noticed that the palmisters of India and those of the West are about equally successful although reading the hand-lines by two quite opposite systems. For instance, the Line of Life is traced downward towards the wrist in the one system, and upward from the wrist in the other. The same remark perhaps applies to readings by Phrenology, Physiognomy, and Buchanan's Sarcognomy: far better results are obtained by one observer than by another equally skilled, because the one reads character as much by psychometrical faculty, and could be as successful if he read with closed eyes, whereas the other goes by the physical signs observable on the surface of the body. One evening, in 1885, being in London, I took tea with the Governor of Newgate Prison, in company with a dear old friend, Captain Edward Costello, formerly of the Rifle Brigade,

[211] a Peninsular veteran. The conversation turning on Phrenology, as the Governor was showing me the skulls of some notorious criminals, I asked whether he had ever noticed in the heads of great malefactors that excessive development of the posterior portion of the cranium and smallness of the anterior and superior parts which Gall's system associated with criminal propensities. He said he had not noticed any marked difference between them and the heads of ordinary decent citizens. "Here for instance," continued he, "are the skulls of [I

won't be sure, but I think it was Jack Shephard and some other equally notorious rascal]... and... and yet you see they are quite like other men's." They were, in fact; but I told him that Professor J. R. Buchanan, of America, who had proposed some modifications in the rules of Phrenology, asserted that great activity in any organ of the brain caused a gradual absorption of the bone of the skull in the part which touched it. Thus, if that theory be true, we ought to find, on putting a lighted candle inside the skull, such and such parts translucent, while such others as cover the moral and spiritual faculties should be opaque. "Capital idea," said the Governor; "suppose we try the experiment." A lighted candle was brought inserted into each skull, and sure enough the bone over the criminal convolutions was thinnest of all, in some instances so very thin as to let the light shine as through an old horn lantern.

On 29th November I took train for Edinburgh to visit our Branch, which was originally formed in

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1884, under the presidency of the late Mr. Cameron, the penmaker. It may be remembered by my constant readers my surprise and gratification to be accosted at the close of my lecture by the most popular preacher of Edinburgh, with thanks and blessings for the eclectic religious views I had presented as those sustained by our Society, and fundamental in all the great religions; views which, he said, he was preaching from his pulpit every Sunday; and how he had bade me godspeed. It may also be recalled that after the lecture I formed the Scottish T. S., giving it, as I had the Bengal T. S. of Calcutta, a general superintendence and leadership over future Scottish Branches. Well, the continuance of this privilege had not been earned by work, but, on the contrary, the one Branch formed had been long inactive, and had now retired behind closed doors, veiling its activities and the personalities of its members under cover of privacy. As of partly Scottish blood—how many strains have not we Americans—and always an interested observer of the national trend of thought, I had, and have, the deep conviction that, when the chains of narrow sectarian dogmatism are flung off, a body of splendid philosophical leaders will step from Scotland into the European arena of our movement, and push it on to a brilliant future. I am counting on that; it will come.

My welcome at Edinburgh was cordial in the extreme, and I found a most congenial atmosphere in the company of the gentlemen whom I met at a private lecture at the residence of my host and hostess.

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Returned to London, I had a series of public lectures, private calls, conversation-meetings, and other functions to attend to, much to H. P. B.'s dissatisfaction, as above noted. Then came a visit to Bradford, where that joyous-hearted, keen-brained friend, Oliver Firth, has held the fort for us for many years. My visit was with the object of fulfilling an engagement to lecture on "The Awakening of Japan," in a "star" course in which Sir Charles Dilke, Bart., M.P., had given the opening discourse. Mr. W. Pollard Byles, Editor of the Bradford Observer (now M.P.), presided, and said some very kind things at the close. The same gentleman presided at my lecture on "Theosophy" on the next evening. On the 17th (December) I lectured at Newcastle, and the next day returned to London, to preside at a meeting of the British Section, T. S. Finally, my tickets for the return journey to India had to be taken, and on the 26th I left for Colombo via Marseilles, after a most affectionate farewell from H. P. B., and followed by the kind wishes of all friends. I was still feeling badly from the effects of a renewed attack of my old enemy, the diarrhoea of Burmese Expedition and Japan Tour fame, which had troubled me no little during my whole stay in England.

The advantage of a metaphysician putting aside his dreamings and taking to physics when travelling was humorously illustrated in the case of young E. D. Fawcett, the author, who was going out with me to help us at Adyar. At the Charing Cross station he lost the following things: his Gibus hat, railway ticket [214] to Marseilles (cost £6), two boxes of books, and 150 cigars. "Nothing surprising, then, that I should have entered in my Diary: "If he goes on moving about like this he will be in danger of losing his head!" As he does not mind being teased about his absent-mindedness, I have risked telling this story.

The old year going out and the new one coming in saw me on board the "Oxus" at sea, four days out from Marseilles, and bound for Colombo.

CHAPTER XII

TELLS OF THE WORK AND DEATH OF

C. F. POWELL, F.T.S.

(1890)

IT was so cold going down the Red Sea that the men wore their overcoats and the ladies their furs as far as Aden. To those who have only seen the sea in the hot season, when the air is like the draught of a furnace and the people on the ship gasp for breath, this will sound strange, yet it is true. We had as passengers the Siamese Ambassador and family, with whom I made pleasant acquaintance; there were also three members of the Japanese Imperial Commission at the French Exposition, who knew of me and were extremely friendly. A sad case occurred on the ninth day out. A poor young French conscript, bound for Cochin-China to join his regiment, died of starvation, his grief for leaving home being, for some cause or other, so poignant that he had long refused to eat, and at last succumbed on the day mentioned. He was buried on the morrow in a sea as clear and azure as a sapphire of purest water, but the forms observed revolted me, who had seen numbers of similar functions on British [216] ships. There was no appearance of interest on the faces of the crew; some masses were mumbled by a passenger priest, the boatswain blew a shrill blast on his pipe, the coffined corpse, with a shot at its feet and auger-holes bored in the rough box, was pitched through a port, and the ship sails on. But the poor boy piou-piou's heart had broken.

After passing Aden the temperature rose and the punkahs were set a-swinging in the saloons, for the warm hand of Mother India was now stretched out to us, with, to me, a welcome thrill. I had now to face another year of Indian work, and under pleasanter circumstances than when the London friction was grinding our wheels of action.

We reached Colombo on 16th January, at 9.30 p.m., and I went ashore to notify our people in Maliban Street and telegraph to Adyar, but our formal landing was made the next morning. I installed Fawcett at our Headquarters, and then took the Japanese Commissioners to see our College and the busy Headquarters, after which I bade good-bye to the Siamese Ambassador and other

new friends.

One of our very best and most beloved Buddhist colleagues, A. P. Dharma Gunawardene, Muhandiram, lay dying. He was in his 80th year, was President of the Colombo (Buddhist) T. S., Chief Dyakaya (lay supporter) of the High Priest Sumangala's College, and might be called the father of that institution. Respected by the whole Buddhist public, honorable in all his doings, successful in business, simple as a child, and [217] generous in all works of philanthropy, the progress of his disease was watched with deep concern. The Foundation of our Sinhalese journal, the Sandaresa, and our flourishing printing works, is due to his having headed the subscription list with the sum of Rs. 500. He died while I was in the island, and two days later his body was cremated. Three thousand persons walked behind the hearse, and a sea of heads could be seen from the pyre, a towering structure of sandal and other woods, 12X10 feet in size. Sumangala Thero, with about seventy-five other monks, the chief mourners, Mr. Fawcett, Mr. Powell, and I stood close to it. Sumangala deputed his pupil, Gnassira Thero, a very eloquent young monk, to pronounce the funeral discourse on his behalf and to give Pansil; after which, standing on the pyre itself, I spoke on behalf of the Society, and then the son of the deceased set fire to the pile, according to immemorial custom.

The relations between the Sinhalese Buddhists and Tamil Hindus in Ceylon are so friendly that the Hon. P. Ramanathan, M.L.C., the accepted leader of the latter community, had several conferences with me about the feasibility of founding a Hindu-Buddhist College for the benefit of the two nationalities. We consulted our friends respectively and were inclined to think it might be done, but, after all, the project failed to gain the necessary support. Mr. Ramanathan and I were also of one mind about starting a crematorium, which would be a real blessing to the whole public, and this is a thing for the future, when a less busy man [218] than I, and a resident, can devote his time to the business. The Hindus of Ceylon follow the ancestral fashion of burning their dead, but the Sinhalese, save in the cases of their bhikkus and the feudatory chiefs of Kandy, have forgotten that it was formerly considered a disgrace to bury the corpse of any but a very low caste person, and stick to burial for lack of somebody to arouse their attention to the immense advantages of cremation.

At this time Mr. Charles Francis Powell, F.T.S., was serving with us at Adyar, and on tour in Ceylon and Southern India. I found him in Ceylon, but anxious to get back among the Indian Branches. He had been doing excellent work in the

island, visiting schools, starting new ones, giving lectures in villages, and founding new Branches of our Society to the number of seven. He was the son of a Philadelphia millionaire, who must have been very eccentric, for in his will he left Charles the mere sum of $10. The son had served well and faithfully in a Volunteer regiment during the Rebellion, and later, after various vicissitudes and changes of employment, had found himself in California, where he was attracted into our Society. Possessing a most energetic and enthusiastic temperament, he determined to come out and offer himself to me in any capacity I might choose for him. I set him to the work above described, and the result justified my estimate of his worth. With myself and Fawcett, he now visited several of our schools for boys and girls before crossing over to India on the 27th (January)

[219] in compliance with an Executive Notice, dated 21st January, in which I commended him to the affectionate regards of our Indian members and thanked him for his work in Ceylon. In an address published by himself at Colombo on the same day he said: "Absence from India has shown how strong a love has sprung up in my heart for the land of my adoption and for her sons, and how much a life in that land means to me. That we may be permitted to journey on together to the goal of all our hopes is my earnest prayer." The goal was, of course, the attainment of spiritual knowledge. He was welcomed by the Hindus with open arms, and all seemed to promise for him and for them a loving relationship that would last for many years. True, he was living a life of extreme asceticism, taking far less food than he ought, and that of the simplest kind—a couple of handfuls of wheat, some curds, a few fruits, and tea as a beverage—but when we shook hands on his steamer at parting I thought he looked as strong and tough a man as I had seen for a long time. At Ambasamudram or some other village he had had his horoscope compiled by a good astrologer, and it prophesied that he would live to be 90; but, alas! ten days later he was dead. I shall come to that presently. Meanwhile, I went on with my Ceylon work as usual, finding plenty to occupy my time. H. E. the Governor, Sir Arthur Gordon, hearing of my return to the island, wrote and asked me to come and see him. I found a very kind reception awaiting me. His Excellency wished to know whether [220] I could not manage to secure from Japan a large number of immigrants of the cultivator and mechanic class to take up the extensive tracts of public lands which the repair of the huge irrigating tanks of the interior of the island would restore to their ancient fertility. He thought that, with their industrious and sober habits, Japanese would become most valuable residents, while the identity of their religious creeds with that of the Sinhalese Buddhists

would remove all cause of fear as to conflicts between the two races. It was a statesman-like and far-seeing scheme, and I did what I could in Japan to bring it about; but although the pressure of population there was considerable, and they were looking out for countries in which to colonise, the terms offered by Ceylon were not so good as those tendered to the Japanese Government by Australia, Mexico, and some other Governments. So I left the matter there for further consideration. The Governor and I also had some talk about the Buddhist Temporalities Bill, which was one of the subjects of my conferences with Lord Derby at the Colonial Office in 1884.

As I had become tired of the misrepresentations of Western scholars of the contents of Southern Buddhism, I profited by the presence of so able a metaphysician as Mr. Fawcett to arrange a discussion between him and Sumangala Thero, which should furnish an authoritiative exposition of the teachings of the Buddha, as understood by the Southern Church, and expounded in its version of the Abhidhama. The services of the ablest lay Pali scholar of Ceylon, the [221] late Wijesinhe Mudaliyar, Government Translator of the Mahavansa, were obtained, and Mr. Fawcett himself wrote the report of the discussion for the number of the Theosophist for March, 1890, to which the reader may profitably refer. Having my doubts, however, whether the views of the High Priest had been altogether exactly reported, I have submitted the article to him for comment before summarising its points for the present chapter of Old Diary Leaves. A very wise precaution it was, as the High Priest upset the greater part of the structure which Fawcett built upon the very erroneous interpretation of Mr. Wijesinhe. We now have what may be taken as an authoritative declaration of the contents of Southern Buddhism as the High Priest understands it—always provided that his views have not been again misreported. He is conceded to be the most erudite monk in the Southern Division of the Buddhistic Sangha. The interpreter this time was Mr. D. B. Jyatilake, Assistant Principal of Ananda (Buddhist) College, Colombo, and Editor of the Buddhist magazine.

Mr. Fawcett begins by saying that "there are two co-existent but mutually dependent principles underlying cosmic evolution.

"The first is Nama, which may be said to correspond in a general way to the concept 'spirit,' that is to say, to a formless subject reality which both transcends, and yet lies at the root of, consciousness. Nama is, in fine, the impersonal spirit of the Universe, while Rupa denotes the objective basis, whence spring the [222] varied differentiations of matter. Consciousness or Thought (vigñana)

supervenes when a ray of Nama is conditioned in a material basis. There is then no consciousness possible without Nama and Rupa co-operating—the former as the source of the ray, which becomes conscious, the latter as the vehicle in which that process of becoming is alone possible."

We here see the bias in favor of the doctrine taught in the esoteric school of the East, which was so strong as to make the author run away with an imperfectly grasped rendering of Sumangala's views, for which, as I now understand the latter to say, Mr. Wijesinhe was primarily responsible. The High Priest disputes these assumptions, as the Abhidhama Nama is only a collective name for the four immaterial skandhas, of which consciousness (vigñana) forms one. It is therefore inaccurate to say that Nama "both transcends, and yet lies at the root of, consciousness". There can be no other distinction drawn between Nama and Vigñana than that which exists between a whole and its part.

Nama and Rupa occur together, and in regard to their interdependence the High Priest furnished an illustration even more striking than the one given by Mr. Fawcett, and borrowed from Hindu philosophy. He compared their relation to the co-operation existing between two men, one born a cripple and the other blind. The cripple seated on the shoulders of the blind man directs the course which the latter should take.

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After disposing, as he thought, of the question of the relative functions of the supposed two factors in cosmic evolution, Mr. Fawcett passes on to the question of Nirvana. He says:

"On this moot issue we found ourselves, like Milton's dilettanti demon philosophers in hell,

In wandering mazes lost,

the cause of which deadlock was subsequently apparent when, in an answer to a not too premature inquiry, the High Priest expressed his opinion to the effect that the laws of thought do not apply to the problem. The Brahmanical idea of the absorption of the ego into the Universal Spirit was, however, he declared, fallacious, as any such coalescence involved the idea of Cause and Effect obtaining in Nirvana—a state pre-eminently asankatha, that is to say, not subject to the law of Causality. He then proceeded to deny the existence of any form of consciousness, whether personal or that of coalesced Dhyanic entities, in Nirvana; rejecting the most rarefied notion of the survival of any consciously

acquired memories in that state. Subsequently, however, he gave the lie to the annihilationists by admitting that this state was com-prehensible to the intuition of the Arhat who has attained to the 4th degree of Dhyana or mystic development, and furthermore that the 'true self,' i.e., the transcendental subject, actually entered Nirvana. The obscurity in which this avowal was veiled might be judged from the fact that, according to him, the refined [224] phase assumed by the ego on the confines of Nirvana cannot be described as one of either consciousness or unconsciousness, the problem as to its condition being thus altogether removed from the sphere of intellectual research. Ordinary empirical thought works piecemeal by establishing unreal relations between ideas, and is hence incompetent to seize upon the mystery."

I have italicised the sentence to which Sumangala Thero took decided objection. This objection is, of course, the logical outcome of the previous one, which implies that in the constitution of the being there is nothing beyond or behind the five skandhas. The High Priest would not, however, proceed to discuss the nature of Nirvana, which, he said, was beyond the comprehension of the ordinary mortal. To be candid, I must say that I did not like this attempt to waive aside the profoundest of all problems in Buddhistic metaphysics. If the state of Nirvana is something only comprehensible by an Arhat, then why should it be discussed at all by any less spiritually evolved intelligence; and why waste time on so confessedly obscure a teaching? It seemed to me too much like the hushing-up policy adopted towards me by my elders when my youthful mind naturally sought for an explanation of the evident shortcomings and inconsistencies in their theological dogmas: "These are mysteries which God does not mean us to penetrate." The High Priest put me off at this latest interview as he did Fawcett in that of 1890, and the question is left as obscure as ever. Nirvana, he said, is a condition [225] of perfect beatitude. "Very well," I replied; "but who can experience it if the dissolution of the four skandhas is synonymous with the extinction of the Arhat? He exists no longer; then how can he distinguish the beatitude from his previous miseries during his course of evolution? According to this definition of yours, he is only first to reach the goal of annihilation." Sumangala Thero is titular High Priest of Adam's Peak, so I asked him if he had ever been to the summit. He had. "A man jumping off the verge of the narrow platform would be dashed to pieces at the foot of the precipice, would he not?" "He would." "Then," said I, "the Arhat seems to be a man who could run ahead of the others and be the first to take the fatal leap?" The venerable High Priest good-naturedly laughed and said we would not go

farther in that discussion, so I changed the subject, but as unconvinced as ever that we had probed the secret of the Buddha's teaching.

From the above it will be clear that the High Priest is not prepared to accept in their entirety the conclusions arrived at by Mr. Fawcett. He would not admit the reality of an overshadowing soul or self which transcends consciousness. The wisdom of an Arhat is only a higher form of consciousness. In regard to the apparent difficulty of linking one life to another, in the opinion of the High Priest no such difficulty existed, as there was no break between the consciousness of the death-moment and the consciousness of the moment of birth in the next life. The law of cause [226] and effect held good in this connection in the same way as it did in the case of two successive consciousnesses in this life itself. Herein he but repeated the parallel between the linked consciousnesses and moral responsibility for actions in a man of 10, 20, 30, 40, 50, 70, or any other epoch in his life—the person being always the same maker and worker-out of previous Karma, although physiologically his body may have been completely made over and over in the processes of growth—and the beings of the present the anterior, and the succeeding births, which he gave me long ago when I was preparing the second edition of the Buddhist Catechism. It was this explanation which threw a bright light upon the whole puzzle of the responsibility of a man for what had been done by him in his next preceding birth, and led me to define for the first time in Buddhistic exegesis the distinction between the "Personality" and the "Individuality". I am glad to have again drawn from him this most important teaching. This point conceded, the intelligent reader may decide for himself the likelihood or unlikelihood of so persistent a consciousness becoming extinguished at the moment when the being reaches the goal of all his strivings —escape from the miseries of rebirth.

On the 29th, Fawcett took Pansil publicly from the High Priest at our hall and made an address. The High Priest and I also addressed the great crowd which had assembled to witness the ceremony. Mr. Fawcett and I sailed for Madras in the French steamer on 2nd February, and got to Adyar on the 5th, thus [227] finishing a twelvemonth of distant journeyings, of which I had made 29,000 miles by sea. Mr. Jun Sawano, Doctor of Agriculture and Agricultural Chemistry, and Mr. Enri Hiyashi, sent by the Japanese Government as Special Commissioners to report upon the best methods of tobacco raising, curing, and manufacture, and rice and cinchona cultivation, in India, came with me, having accepted my invitation to put up with us at Headquarters. I introduced them in

the proper quarters, and they were invited to a ball at Government House, and given every necessary facility for collecting the desired information. Dr. Sawano was a trained scientist and graduate of Cirencester Agricultural College, while Mr. Hiyashi was just a noted practical farmer, of excellent repute in every respect. Thus the Japanese Government showed its habitual wonderful foresight in so constituting the Commission that the facts brought back should be of the most practical value as a guide for its own treatment of the cultivators and manufacturers of Japan. What wonder that such rapid and complete success has crowned its efforts to raise the people to a high place among the nations when this same wise policy has been pursued throughout since Perry's mailed fist battered in the doors of her exclusiveness. Dr. Sawano told me that his Government was in the habit of engaging very successful farmers to go about in the slack season and explain to other cultivators, in different districts, the best way to raise the crops for which they themselves had earned the greatest credit. Was ever a wiser [228] course pursued? Have we anything to show to equal it? It was for this reason that Mr. Hiyashi was sent to India in company with his erudite colleague--practical and scientific farming experience equally contributing to make the Commission useful in its results.

Just a week after my return to Adyar I got the news of Powell's death from my old friend V. Cooppooswamy Iyer, then District Munsiff of Ambasamudram, in the Tinnevelly District. From his official report and private letters I compile the touching incidents of the decease of our regretted colleague.[22] The first news we had of the event was in a telegram from Mr. Cooppooswamy: "Brother Powell died peacefully, ten hours ago, of bilious diarrhoea." India is the land of surprises, no doubt, but this was one we were ill prepared for. I could hardly realise it, and I felt very much like blaming our Ambasamudram colleagues for keeping back from me the fact of his illness, but Cooppooswamy had a good excuse. He wrote:

"As he said it was owing to excess of bile in his system, and as he did not wish that we should alarm you by informing you of his illness, and we ourselves had no reasons to fear any fatal termination, we did not write to Headquarters about the matter. He continued in much the same state from Tuesday to Friday last. His physical wants were as carefully attended to by us as was possible under the circum-stances. Yesterday we all thought him in a fair way [229] to recovery; and from his calling for and taking a reasonable quantity of food, we thought he had no more than weakness to contend against."

He further reported as follows:

“Last night, at a few minutes after 8 o’clock, Mr. Powell called for and took a small dose of medicine, which seemed to do him good. He then threw himself on his couch, and while he was telling the Civil Apothecary, our Brother C. Parthasarathy Naidu, who had carefully attended him during his illness of the past few days, how to make for him a vegetable soup, the palm of his left hand was seen to tremble. His eyes and mouth opened. There were two or three hard breathings, accompanied by a low moan or sigh, and that proved to be the last of his life, though none of us could or would believe it. We thought him merely in a state of trance, but ere long we found he had drawn his last breath. Neither he nor any of us suspected he was so near his death. Thus quietly and without a pang did a good soul put off its mortal coil. There was no distortion whatever in the face. On the contrary, there was an air of serene calm, which made a deep impression on us all.

“In the course of general conversation, we had learned that he wished to die in India and to have his body cremated.

“All who have come into relations with Mr. Powell grieve for his untimely end. It would have been well if he had been spared a few years longer to continue his good work for the cause of humanity in general,

[230] and that of the Theosophical Society in particular. We all found in his daily exemplary life a good practical lesson in Theosophy. This is the first Branch founded by him in India. He used to call it his ‘first-born’. His personal influence upon all the members has been so powerful that it is sure to continue throughout life”.

My permission having been given by telegraph, the cremation was duly performed in the Hindu fashion on the evening of the 9th, and Mr. P. R. Venkatarama Iyer gave me the following particulars:

“The body was washed and clothed in his usual dress, Mr. Parthasarathy Naidu assisting us greatly in this. About thirty Brahmins—members and non-members of our Branch—assembled in the Reading-room, where the body was lying. Persons offered their services to carry the corpse on a cot to the burning-ground, thus showing how universally Mr. Powell was liked and respected here. The Taluq Magistrate and other respectable Brahmins walked in the procession, thus giving the event almost the character of a Brahmin ceremony. As he had asked for pomegranates and cooked vegetable food five minutes before his

death, these articles, duly prepared, were placed beside the body on the pyre, agreeably to our custom to scrupulously gratify the last yearning desire of the dying person, and thus prevent any unsatisfied bodily desire to follow the astral man after death. The cremation was scrupulously effected, and this morning (10th February) the Civil Apothecary himself gathered together the ashes and unconsumed portions of bones;

[231] the former to be sent to you for disposal, the latter being put into an earthen jar and buried under the channel of the sacred river Tambraparni, as is the custom among Brahmins."

Mr. Cooppooswamy added in a subsequent letter that it was the intention of the Branch to plant a teak or some other tree on the spot where the cremation took place, so as to secure it from possible pollution in the future. The Branch had also, at a special meeting, adopted Resolutions expressive of their love for Mr. Powell and regret for his loss, and requesting to be furnished with a photograph or other portrait of him to be hung upon the wall of their meeting-hall. In a word, these Hindu gentlemen did everything possible to testify their regard for our lamented colleague, and gave him the highest marks of respect which their religion prescribes. Needless to say how deeply grateful all of us at Headquarters were for this touching kindness.

CHAPTER XIII

DEATH OF SUBBA RAO

(1890)

As my older friends know, I was from 1854 to 1860, almost entirely absorbed in the study and practice of scientific agriculture. The taste for it has never left me, and on two or three different occasions the Government of Madras has availed of my experience in these matters. A few days after the events described in the preceding chapter I went to Salem, an ancient town in Madras Presidency, to serve as a judge of agricultural implements and machinery, by request of Government, and the Japanese Commissioners joined me there, after a short tour of inspection of farms, on which they were accompanied by an expert deputed by the Department of Land Records and Agriculture. Tents had been pitched for us within the railway station compound, and we were supplied with meals at the restaurant at Government expense. I gave one lecture on "Agriculture" at the show grounds, with Mr. Clogstoun, Director of the above-named Department, in the chair, but I refused several invitations to give public addresses on Theosophy, as, for the moment,

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I was a sort of Government officer, and did not think it right to mix up my private concerns in religion and metaphysics with my temporary public duties. It would have been in bad taste, as I told my friends the Indians, but I was quite ready to come to Salem for their special benefit later on if they wanted me. On the third day I returned to Madras and took up current work. Dr. Sawano and Mr. Higashi, having finished their inquiries, left for Japan on 24th February. Dr. Sawano wrote me later that after his return the Japanese Government kept him busy lecturing upon scientific agricultural topics, with illustrations based upon his observations in Europe, America, and India. In his letter to me he says:

"Your name has appeared in nearly all the Japanese papers, in connection with your kind treatment of our Commission and the help you gave us to gather useful information in India. Many Japanese, who yearn after you, come and ask me about the present condition of your Theosophical Society, and of your health. Some eagerly desire to go to India and study under you, and some without

private means would be only too glad to perform any service in your house or on the place, only to be with you, and able to devote part of their time to acquiring knowledge."

A queer creature of a Hatha Yogi, who leaped about like a kangaroo and made himself otherwise ridiculous, walked twelve miles to see me on 2nd March. He said he had clairvoyantly seen me at a certain temple the night before, and his goddess had [234] ordered him to pay me a visit for his spiritual good. The only phenomenon which he exhibited was to make fall from the air a number of limes, which he presented to me. I can't say how much, the visit profited him, but certainly it did not seem to have much effect on me, beyond making me realise once more how foolish it was for men to undergo so long and severe a training to so little purpose. He gets a certain small amount of wonder-working power—not an hundredth part of H. P. B.'s—some thought reading power, some troublesome elementals dangling about him, and that is all! He violated the good old rule not to prophesy unless you know, by predicting to Mr. Harte and Ananda, whom I sent to see him the next day, that within six years I should certainly be able to perform great miracles. The only miracle that happened within that time was the salvation of the Society from harm when Mr. Judge seceded, along with the American Section; but that was not of the sort he had in mind, though a very good and substantial performance. Ananda, however, was so much impressed by the Swami that he stopped away from Adyar two days, and brought me on his return a poita, or Brahminical thread, phenomenally produced for my benefit, some flowers which had been showered on his head out of space, and a number of stories of the wonders he had seen. The same Yogi paid a second visit to Headquarters on the 9th, and did some phenomena in the Portrait-room of the Library. An orange, some limes, and twenty-five rupees in money [235] were apparently showered about us, and my gold pen was transported from my writing-table upstairs to the Picture-room; a plate of broken stones and pottery was also converted into biscuits. But the affair smelt of trickery, as the man insisted on being left alone to "do Bhakti Puja" before we were admitted, and his movements were not at all satisfactory. The money I gave back to him, as I felt that it had been lent him for the trick by one of the persons who accompanied him.

In answer to an article of mine in the March Theosophist, asking who would come forward and help in the Indian work, Mr. C. Kotayya, F.T.S., of Nellore, volunteered his services, and I accepted them and made him a travelling

Inspector of Branches.

Dr. Daly at last arrived from Ceylon on 13th April, and Harte, Fawcett, and I talked with him for hours and hours—in fact, almost all the night.

As it was finally decided that he should be put to work in Ceylon in the capacity of my personal representative, I spent a good deal of time with Dr. Daly explaining my plans. Among these was the establishment of a woman's journal, to be the property of and edited by the ladies of the Ceylon Women's Educational Society, and to have for title Sinhala Stree, or The Sinhalese Woman: the journal was to concern itself with all the domestic, moral, and religious questions which should come into the life of a mother of a family. As Dr. Daly had had much to do with journalism, it was included in my plan that he should have the general supervision of the editorial work of the proposed journal.

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My first idea in inviting him to come to the East and help me was to have him act as sub-editor of the Theosophist, and during my absence do a good part of the more important correspondence. But as he was evidently unfit for this sort of work, and as the Buddhists wanted him in Ceylon, and he was nothing loth, I issued an official Notice assigning him for duty to Ceylon, and giving him a delegation of my supervisory authority. This Notice was dated 25th May, 1890. I heard nothing more about the journal in question for some time, but at last it was reported to me that he had called a meeting of the Women's Educational Society to broach the idea of the journal, and an issue of the Times of Ceylor in the month of July reported the meeting, and said that the intention was to call it The Sanghamitta; adding that "Colonel Olcott, as Chief Adviser of the Women's Society, has full sympathy with the proposed venture, and has promised his aid". Considering that I drafted the whole scheme from beginning to end, and added my personal pecuniary guarantee for the expenses of the first year, the above statement reads rather mildly. The fact is that Dr. Daly put forth the scheme as his own, and even went so far as to make the condition that the ownership of the paper should be vested in him, as that of the Theosophist is in me. Of course, when I heard that, I immediately withdrew from the scheme. It is a pity that it could not have been carried out, for I think that it would have been a success, and a very great aid to the cause of female education.

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Excellent news came now from Japan about the development of the Women's League movement, which had been one of the results of my tour. Mr. M. Oka, the Manager, wrote that it was indeed wonderful to see what the Japanese Buddhists had done within the half-year since my visit, and as a consequence of it. The Ladies' Association for "producing good mothers, educated sisters, and cultivated daughters," had, started on a career of surprising prosperity. "We have already induced 2 Princesses, 5 Marchionesses, 5 Countesses, 8 Viscountesses, 7 Baronesses, and many famous Buddhist priests, celebrated scholars, etc., etc., to become honorary members, while ordinary members are increasing in number daily." He asked.me to become an honorary member, and Dharmapala also. A month later he again wrote with enthusiasm, saying that the membership had increased by 1,000 within the month, and that the Princess Bunshu, aunt of H. M. the Emperor, had accepted the presidency: a journal had been established, and the outlook was most promising.

Another very important proof of the permanent effect of my tour in Japan is given in a letter from one of the most distinguished priests in the Japanese empire, Odsu Letsunen San, Chief Officer of the Western Hongwanji, Kyoto, who said that the fact that I had "greatly aroused the feelings of the people at large was beyond any dispute". But the striking point of the letter is that it breathes the very spirit of international Buddhistic tolerance and sympathy, to [238] arouse which was the object of my mission. Mr. Odsu expresses the hope that the inconsequential differences of sects in and between the Mahayana and Hinayana, the Northern and Southern Schools of Buddhism, "may henceforth be subordinated to the primary object of promoting the spread of Buddhism throughout the world".

On 28th April a public meeting of the Theosophical Society, for the purpose of introducing Messrs. Fawcett and Daly to the Indians, was held at Pachiappah's Hall, Madras. An enthusiastic crowd attended, and the speakers were received most warmly.

An atmosphere of unrest had been created at the Headquarters by the unfriendly agitation which followed after the London troubles and the withdrawal of Subba Rao and his two English followers from the Society; one other feature being the fomenting of unjust prejudice, against Ananda by certain persons I who did not like his ways. Up to that time the business of the Theosophist had been conducted in the same large room where that of the Society had been carried on, but it became unpleasant for both him and me, so I

fitted up the western riverside bungalow at my own expense and removed the magazine and bookshop there, after the usual purificatory ceremony had been performed by Brahmin priests in the ancient fashion.[23] And there it has been [239] kept until the present day. So disagreeable was the sullen hostility at one time that I actually formed a plan to remove the business to quarters in town. As for casting off the faithful Manager, that never entered my head. As a Master once wrote to Mr. Sinnett, "Ingratitude is not among our vices."

Our evenings have always been pleasantly spent in dry weather on the pavement-like terrace roof of the main building, where, on moonlit or starlit nights, we have the glory of the heavens to look at and the ocean breezes to cool us. I have visited many lands, but recall no more beautiful view than that upon which the eye rests from that terrace, whether by daylight, starlight, or moonlight. Sometimes we only talk, sometimes one reads and the others listen. Often on such occasions, in the months of the Western winter season, do we speak of our families and friends, especially of our Theosophical colleagues, and wish they could float over to us, as the Arhats are described in the Mahavansa as having done, and see and compare with their own climatic miseries the-delights of our physical surroundings. In those May days of 1890 we used to thus gather together, and the newcomers, with their varied knowledge of literature and men, contributed greatly to the pleasure and profit of the little gatherings. Mr. Harte wrote for the Theosophist a series of witty and comical articles, under the title "Chats on the [240] Roof" (spelt without the h in the galley-proof of the Hindu compositor), the discontinuance of which was much regretted by some of our readers.

The late Mr. S. E. Gopalacharlu, nephew and adopted son of the regretted Pandit Bhashyacharya, now took up the appointment of Treasurer of the Society, which I had tendered him. What a pity that neither of us foresaw what would be the tragical outcome of the connection!

When the late King of Kandy was deposed by the British army in the year 1817, he and his family were exiled to southern India, and the survivors and their descendants are still there. The present male representative, known as Iyaga Sinhala Raja, or the Prince of Kandy, came at this time in great distress of mind and besought my good offices to get from Government some relief for his miseries. It appears that, as in the case of all these deposed royalties, the original pension from Government goes on diminishing with the death of the chief exile and the natural increase in the families sharing the bounty. As they imagine their

royal state forbids them to work for their living like ordinary honest folk, and as their pride leads them to try to keep up some show of the old grandeur, the time comes at last when their respective incomes shrink into bare pittances, and, as this young man told me, the domestic attendants and their families come at every meal time and sit around like dogs waiting for a bone while the impoverished master partakes of his meagre meal. The picture which he drew made me, feel that if I

[241] should ever have the bad luck to be a vanquished king, I should adopt the old Rajput custom of killing myself and family, rather than go into exile as a pensioner of the victor. This young prince had had the moral courage to set the good example of preparing himself for civil employment under the Indian Government, and was then holding the small appointment of sub-registrar in a taluk of the Tinnevelly District, and was drawing a small salary; but, as he said, this was rather an aggravation than otherwise, for it was barely enough to give himself and family food, and his feelings were always worked upon by seeing these wretched dependants watching every mouthful he ate. He was a nice young fellow, and I gladly helped him with advice as to what he should do.

On the 3rd of June I visited T; Subba Rao at his request and mesmerised him. He was in a dreadful state, his body covered with boils and blisters from crown to sole, as the result of blood poisoning from some mysterious cause. He could not find it in anything that he had eaten' or drunk, and so concluded that it must be due to the malevolent action of elementals, whose animosity he had aroused by some ceremonies he had performed for the benefit of his wife. This was my own impression, for I felt the uncanny influence about him as soon as I approached. Knowing him for the learned occultist that he was, a person highly appreciated by H. P. B:, and the author of a course of superb lectures on the Bhagavad-Gîtâ, I, was inexpressibly' shocked to see him in such a [242] physical state. Although my mesmeric treatment of him did not save his life, it gave him so much strength that he was able to be moved to another house, and when I saw him ten days later he seemed convalescent, the improvement dating, as he told me, from the date of the treatment. The change for the better was, however, only temporary, for he died during the night of the 24th of the same month, and was cremated at 9 on the following morning. From members of his family I obtained some interesting particulars. At noon on the 24th he told those about him that his Guru called him to come, he was going to die, he was now about beginning his tapas (mystical invocations), and he did not wish to be disturbed. From that time

on he spoke to no one. From the obituary notice which I wrote for the July Theosophist I quote a few paragraphs about this great luminary of Indian contemporary thought:

"Between Subba Rao, H. P. Blavatsky, Damodar, and myself there was a close friendship. He was chiefly instrumental in having us invited to visit Madras in 1882, and in inducing us to choose this city as the permanent Headquarters of the Theosophical Society. Subba Row was in confidential understanding with us about Damodar's mystical pilgrimage towards the north, and more than a year after the latter crossed into Tibet he wrote him about himself and his plans. Subba Rao told me of this long ago, and reverted to the subject the other day at one of my visits to his sick-bed. A dispute—due in a measure [243] to third parties—which widened into a breach, arose between H. P. B. and himself about certain philosophical questions, but to the last he spoke of her, to us and his family, in the old friendly way... It is remarked above that T. Subba Rao gave no early signs of possessing mystical knowledge; even Sir T. Madhava Rao did not suspect it in him while he was serving under him at Baroda. I particularly questioned his mother on this point, and she told me that her son first talked metaphysics after forming a connection with the Founders of the Theosophical Society; a connection which began with a correspondence between himself and H. P. B. and Damodar, and became personal after our meeting him, in 1882, at Madras. It was as though a storehouse of occult experience, long forgotten, had been suddenly opened to him; recollections of his last preceeding birth came in upon him; he recognised his Guru, and thenceforward held intercourse with him and other Mahatmas; with some personally at our Headquarters, with others elsewhere and by correspondence. He told his mother that H. P. B. was a great Yogi, and that he had seen many strange phenomena in her presence. His stored-up knowledge of Sanskrit literature came back to him, and his brother-in-law told me that if you would recite any verse of Gîta, Brahma-Sutras, or Upanishads, he could at once tell you whence it was taken and in what connection employed."

I cannot remember how many similar cases have come under my notice in my visits among our Branches,

[244] but they are very numerous. Almost invariably one finds that those members who are most active and always to be counted on for unwavering fidelity to the Society declare that they have had this awakening of the Higher Self, and this uncovering or unveiling of the long-hidden block of occult

knowledge.

There being an annular eclipse of the sun on the 17th, every orthodox Hindu had to bathe in the sea. Mr. Harte and I went to see the crowd, which was dense and joyous. The surf was splendid, and the scene one of the greatest animation. Imagine several thousand brown-skinned Hindus, scantily clad in their white cloths, jumping about in the waves in pleasant excitement, hailing each other with joyous shouts, leaping over the small surf, sometimes splashing and ducking each other; other thousands standing or sitting on the sands, adding their shouts to the din, and out beyond the bathers the great rollers curling over and booming; overhead, the partly obscured sun, a mystery to the ignorant, and the source of an impurity which must be washed off in the briny water. This took place along the shore-front of Triplicane and Mylapore, villages included within the modern Madras municipality. I have seen nowhere in the world a Marina to match that of Madras, though Sir M. E. Grant-Duff, who had it laid out when he was Governor, tells us that he copied it from one in Italy which had given him great delight. Along the seashore, from the Cooum river to the village of St. Thome, a distance of some four miles, stretches this delightful [245] drive and promenade. On the side of the sea, a broad, gravelled sidewalk with stone curbing, then a broad, noble avenue with the road-surface as smooth as a floor, and inside that a tanned bridlepath for equestrians. The Marina is the sundown resort of the Madrasis, who come there in their carriages and enjoy the delicious sea breeze which almost invariably comes in from the ocean, bringing life and refreshment on its wings.

I was busy in those days revising the Buddhist Catechism for one of its many new editions, amending and adding to the contents, as its hold on the Sinhalese people grew stronger, and I felt that it was getting beyond the power of reactionary priests to prevent my telling the people what ought to be expected of the wearers of the yellow robes. When I published the 33rd edition, three years ago, I supposed that I should have no more amendments to make, but now that the 34th edition will soon be called for, I find that further improvements are possible. My desire is to leave it at my death a perfect compendium of the contents of Southern Buddhism.

On the 27th (June) I had a visitor from Madura, from whom I had the satisfaction of hearing that three of the cases of paralysis which I had psychopathically treated in 1883 had proved permanent cures, and that after an interval of seven years my patients were as well as they had ever been in their

lives. One of these cases I remembered very well, and have described it in my narrative of my tour of 1883. It was that of [246] a young man who came to me one day as I was about sitting down to my meal, and asked me to cure his paralysed left hand, which was then useless to him. I took the hand between my two, and, after holding it a couple of minutes and reciting a certain mantram which I used, made sweeping passes from the shoulder to the finger-tips, some additional ones around the wrist and hand, and, with a final pass, declared the cure completed. Immediately the patient felt in his hand a rush of blood; from having been without feeling, it suddenly grew supersensitive; he could move his fingers and wrist naturally, and he ran away home to tell the wonder. Then I went on with my dinner.

In the first week of July I went to Trichinopoly to preside at a public meeting on behalf of the Hindu Nobles' College, and while there gave two lectures and a brief address at the famous Temple of Ganesha, on the summit of the great rock, one of the most picturesque landmarks conceivable, and seen by every railway traveller passing through southern India.

The reader will easily understand the stress and strain that was put upon me at this time by the eccentric behavior of H. P. B., in herself interfering, and allowing her friends to interfere, in the practical management of Society affairs, a department which, as Master K. H. had distinctly written, was my own special province. In a previous chapter I have mentioned her revolutionary threat that she would break up the Society unless I endorsed their action in reorganising the movement in Europe with her as permanent [247] President; but to make the thing perfectly clear, since the case embodies a most vital principle, I will enter a little into detail On the 8th of July I received her letter, backed by some of her friends, demanding the above-mentioned change, and accompanying it with the alternative threat. On the 29th of the same month I received an official copy of a Resolution which had been passed by the then existing British Section, without having reported their wishes to me or asked my consent. The Theosophist for August had been printed, except the Supplement, which was then on the press. On receipt of the interesting revolutionary document in question, I drove to our printers, stopped the press order, destroyed 350 copies of the Supplement already run off, and inserted this Executive Notice:

"The following Resolution of the Council of the British Section of July 2nd, 1890, is hereby cancelled, as contrary, to the Constitution and By-laws of the Theosophical Society, a usurpation of the Presidential prerogative, and beyond

the competence of any Section or other fragment of the Society to enact.

"ADYAR, 29th July, 1890. H. S. OLCOTT, P.T.S."

"Extract from Minutes of the British Section, T.S.

"At a meeting of the Council of the British Section held on July 2nd, 1890, at 17 Lansdowne Road, London, W., summoned for the special purpose of considering the advisability of vesting permanently the Presidential authority for the whole of Europe in

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H. P. Blavatsky, it was unanimously resolved that this should be done from this date, and that the British Section should unite herewith with the Continental Lodges for this purpose, and that the Headquarters of the Society in London should in future be the Headquarters for all administrative purposes for the whole of Europe.

"W. R. OLD,

"General Secretary."

Who wonders that, after the note in my Diary mentioning what I had done, I added: "That may mean a split, but it does- not mean that I shall be a slave." What charming autocracy! Not one word about the provisions of the Society's Constitution, the lawful methods to follow, or the necessity of referring the matter to the President; nothing but just revolt. It only made my own duty the plainer. I must be true to my trust, even though it had to come to a break between H. P. B. and myself; for though we had to be loyal to each other, we both owed a superior loyalty to Those who had chosen us out of our generation to do this mighty service to mankind as part of Their comprehensive scheme.

I leave this on record for the benefit of my successor, that he may know that, if he would be the real guardian and father of the Society, he must be ready, at a crisis like this, to act so as to defend its Constitution at all costs. But this will require more than mere courage—that far greater thing, faith; faith in the inevitable [249] success of one's cause, faith in the correctness of one's judgment; above all, faith that, under the guidance of the Great Ones, no petty cabals, conspiracies, or unwise schemes can possibly stand against the divine impulse that gathers behind one whose only ambition is the performance of duty.

CHAPTER XIV

19 AVENUE ROAD, AND OTHER MATTERS

(1890)

I AVAILED myself of the presence at Headquarters of Mr. E. D. Fawcett to get up a course of lectures on the different schools of Philosophy, which he should afterwards bring out in book form under the title of The Power Behind the Universe. This young man, then of twenty-four years, has a brain which is remarkably adapted to the study of metaphysics and philosophy, impressed with his intellectual ability on reading the manuscript of his first lecture.[24] It was a summary analysis of the whole series of modern metaphysicians, eighteen in number, from Descartes to Von Hartmann. Yet at the same time, as his more recent contributions to the London magazines show, his mind is capable of flights into the realm of pure imagination, and he is very ingenious in inventing thrilling situations for the entanglement of the personages of his story.

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His first lecture was given in our hall at Adyar on the 19th of July. The room looked grand with its decking of palm-fronds, flags, lights, and a large picture of Sarasvati, the Indian Minerva, suspended over the speaker's platform. Every seat was occupied, and the audience, which was mainly composed of University graduates and College under-graduates, was as intellectual an one as any speaker could wish to address. To us who know the Hindus, it is hardly credible how little is known of this side of their character by their official superiors; the majority of military and civilian British officials return home, sometimes after thirty-odd years' residence in this country, with no other impression of the Hindus than that which they have derived in their superficial relations with them in public offices, or from their exasperating experience with their sycophantic, usually illiterate, and often intemperate domestic servants. How could they possibly expect to be on terms of good understanding with high-caste men (i.e., gentlemen) whom they treat in official intercourse with unconcealed disdain, commonly classifying them as "niggers," without caring at all whether it comes to the insulted gentlemen's ears or not? It is inexpressibly sad to me to see this awful waste of good opportunity to bind the Indian empire to the British throne with silken bands of love, which are beyond comparison stronger than all the

steel links that can be forged out of swords and bayonets. At the present writing we are blessed with a Viceroy, Lord Curzon of Kedleston, who has shown a tact [252] more exquisite than any of his predecessors within the past twenty years; and I feel sure that he will leave behind him, on returning to England, a better feeling than has prevailed for many years. Politics, however, are not my concern, and I have only been tempted into this digression because of my own love for the Hindus and my sympathy in all their troubles.

The second lecture of the weekly course was one by Dr. Daly on "Clairvoyance," which I read from the manuscript in his absence, and it was printed in the Theosophist. The third and subsequent ones were delivered at "Kernan Castle," the residence of Mr. Biligiri Iyengar, on the Marina, as we found that the distance of Adyar was inconvenient to the class of men who wished to hear the course. Two of the lectures I gave myself, and Mr. Harte gave one on "The Religion of the Future".

Among the many tokens of affection which I have received from the Hindus was a proposal that came to me in August from Babu Shishir K. Ghose, of Calcutta, informing me that a scheme was afoot for getting up an Indian National Testimonial to me, in the form of a subscription to ensure my future comfort. I declined it, of course, as my modest income from the magazine was quite enough to supply all my wants. The offer was, however, most gratifying. I notice in my Diary that the same proposal was made in a highly appreciative leading article in the Indian Mirror of 21st August.

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There was what the "cullud pusson" calls "a heap of trouble" in our Theosophical groups at Paris at this time. Dr. G. Encausse, better known by his literary sobriquet of "Papus," seemed disposed to play the part of an Ahriman in any organisation in which he was not supreme director, and fell out with his French colleagues, seceded from our Branch, made another one called the "Sphynx," and then asked me for a charter. A file of rather acrimonious correspondence was sent me, and by the same mail came one from the unquiet gentleman himself, giving me direful threats if I should decide to stand by H. P. B. in the current quarrel. She was driving me almost to desperation at about that time, even to the extent of sending out Mr. Keightley to India with a sort of letter-of-marque, apparently intended to destroy the prestige of Adyar, and concentrate all exoteric, as well as esoteric, authority in London. Fortunately for all concerned, he showed this document to one of our strongest Indian members,

who begged him not to show it to another person, for it certainly would give a deathblow to H. P. B.'s influence in India. This was the prickly side of my dear "chum". Yet I wrote by the returning mail a letter to "Papus", which left him, at least, in no doubt as to the unswerving loyalty which I felt for her who had shown me the way in which to climb towards the Higher Self. He inserted in his magazine at one time a dastardly attack on the characters of H. P. B. and Mrs. Besant, for which that loyal friend, the late M. Arnould, sent [254] him his seconds; but in that case, at least, the offender declined a meeting. I also refused the charter, and since that time the Society has not had the honor of counting him among its members; quite the contrary—it expelled him. Some years later, during one of my visits to Paris, he sent me an invitation to witness some most interesting hypnotic experiments at the Hospital of La Charité, at the same time holding out the palm-branch. Much as I wished to see Dr. Luys' experiments, I had to decline renewal of our personal relations until he had made in his magazine the amende honorable towards my two dear colleagues and friends.

I have noted throughout the summer months of that year that gifts, ranging from £100 to £3, for the support of Headquarters, came in from Europe and America; by one mail I received three. It is strange how this thing has been going on from the beginning down to the present day; my wants for the Society, whether great or small, are invariably covered by timely remittances. If I had no other assurance of the overlooking sympathy of the Great Ones, I should be dull, indeed, not to recognise it in these beneficent promptings to those who can afford to give what is needed. In this, as I have elsewhere observed, my experience coincides with that of all unselfish workers for the public good.

It was in 1890 that H. P. B. and her staff settled in the since famous Headquarters, 19 Avenue Road, St. John's Wood, London, and it was here that in the [255] following year she died. As the property has passed out of our hands within the past twelve month, it may be as well to devote a paragraph to a description of it. It was a large house, standing in its own grounds, which formed a pleasant garden, with bits of lawn, shrubbery, and a few tall trees. Mounting the front steps, one entered a vestibule and short hall, from each side of which doors opened into rooms. The front one on the left was H. P. B.'s working-room, and her small bedchamber adjoined it. From this inner room a short passage led into a rather spacious chamber, which was built for and occupied by the Esoteric Section. To the right of the hall on entering was an artistically furnished dining-room, which was also used for the reception of visitors. Back of this was a small

room, then used as a general work-room, afterwards occupied by Mr. Leadbeater as his bedchamber. A door cut through the north wall of the dining-room gave access to the new hall of the Blavatsky Lodge; while one cut in the south wall of H. P. B.'s room led into the office of the General Secretary of the European Section. The upper stories of the house were sleeping apartments. The meeting-hall of the Blavatsky Lodge was of corrugated iron, the walls and ceiling sheathed with unpainted wood. Mr. R. Machell, the artist, had covered the two sloping halves of the ceiling with the symbolic representations of six great religions and of the zodiacal signs. At the south end was a low platform for the presiding officer and the lecturer of the evening. The hall had a seating capacity of about

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200. On the opening night the room was crammed, and many were unable to gain admission. The speakers were Mrs. Besant, Mr. Sinnett, a Mrs. Woolff (of America), and Mr. Keightley. H. P. B. was present but said nothing, on account of the critical state of her health.

H. P. B.'s work-room was crammed with furniture, and on the walls hung a large number of photographs of her personal friends and of members of the Esoteric Section. Her large writing-desk faced a window through which she could see the front grassplot and trees, while the view of the street was shut out by a high brick wall. Avenue Road was a veritable beehive of workers, with no place for drones, H. P. B. herself setting the example of tireless literary drudgery, while her strong auric influence enwrapped and stimulated all about her. This very high pressure of work naturally tended to destroy the feeling of geniality and welcome which members and inquirers visiting London had every reason to hope to find at the social centre of the European Section, and which could always be found at Adyar and in New York when H. P. B. had fewer cares oppressing her mind. I have heard many complaints on this score, and have known of some persons who had intended joining us, but were chilled into a change of mind. Under all the circumstances, I cannot say that I regret that the residential Headquarters have been given up.

On 21st September a telegram from Colombo informed me of the death by apoplexy of Megittuwatte,

[257] the incomparable Buddhist priest-orator. Among Sinhalese Buddhists he had not his equal as a public speaker. He played upon his audience as though

they were some musical instrument which responded to his lightest touch. But he was not a morally strong man, and his behavior towards me was most reprehensible after he saw that I would not give over to his control the National Fund that I had raised for the support of Buddhist schools and other propaganda agencies, and had vested in Boards of Trustees at Colombo and Galle. He built, out of funds collected by himself in lecturing tours, the Temple in the Mutwal ward of Colombo, which most steamer passengers are taken to see by the local guides. Since his death it has fallen greatly in public esteem, and has about as much of the aroma of religion about it as a railway restaurant! And so passes from sight, and already almost from memory, a man who a quarter-century ago was one of the most influential monks in the island.

I have often remarked that the selfsame lecture on Theosophy, provided that its broad outlines are given, and the temptation to wander into the side-paths of details be avoided, seems to be recognised by people of various religions as in each case a presentation of the fundamentals of their particular religion. I have remarked this before, but it again forces itself upon my mind in reading the entry for 28th September in my Diary. On that day I went to a Mussalman meeting at Pachiappah's Hall to hear a Maulvi lecture on "Salvation". It was, I think, my first attendance [258] at a meeting of this community in Madras, and I expected nothing else than to quietly seat myself near the door, so that if the lecture should prove uninteresting I could slip out without being noticed. But the moment I crossed the threshold I was surrounded by Muhammadan gentlemen, who received me with great cordiality, and straightway had me elected as chairman of the meeting! Protests were useless; in vain I declared that I was not a Muhammadan, but a Theosophist and a Buddhist; they said that they had heard me lecture, and I was as good a Muhammadan as any of them. So I took the chair, and after a few preliminary remarks, which were received with great friendliness, invited the lecturer, Maulvi Hassan Ali, the well-known Muslim missionary, to address the audience. He was an eloquent speaker and fervent religionist, and his discourse was listened to with every mark of approval by his auditors. Two days later he called at Adyar and strongly urged me to publicly declare myself a Muhammadan, as I "was undoubtedly one at heart"; he only asked that I should go on lecturing just as I had all along! On my refusal, "he went away sorrowful". He is since dead.

I received, about this time, an urgent request from Colombo to preside at the opening of the Sanghamitta Girls' High School, by the Women's Educational

Society of Ceylon. The invitation urged it upon me as a duty, since it was the first school of the kind ever opened in the island, and the direct outcome of my own efforts. I went, and the function came off on [259] 18th October and was a brilliant success. Great enthusiasm was shown, and the sum of Rs. 1,000 was subscribed in aid of the school. In view of its historical importance, I may mention that the speakers were the High Priest Sumangala, the learned Pandit Batuwantudawe, L. Wijesinha Mudaliar, Mr. A. E. Buultjens, B.A. (Cantab.), Dr. Daly, Mrs. Weerakoon, Babu K. C. Chowdry, and myself.

As my visit to Ceylon extended over a few days, I was, as usual, kept busy with visits and lectures; I also opened a boys' school near Kotte, distributed prizes at the Boys' English High School, the one founded by Mr. Leadbeater, and was gratified to find that the Government School Inspector had given it credit for 90 per cent of passes; a figure high above the Indian average, yet still 5 per cent less than that obtained at last season's examination of the Pariah children in the Olcott Free School, Urur, thanks to Miss Palmer's most able management. I also presided at the anniversary of our Colombo Branch and at the annual dinner, where invariably the best of feeling prevails.

Meanwhile, before leaving home for Ceylon, I had written to H. P. B. my intention to retire from the Presidentship and to give her the entire executive, as well as spiritual management, which she seemed anxious to acquire; I reminded her that our pioneering work was practically finished, and she could easily find half a dozen better educated and more yielding men than myself to help her continue the movement. My intention was also communicated to a number [260] of our leading men, both of the East and West. I was so much in earnest that I wrote to Ootacamund to ascertain what was the best season for me to begin building a cottage which I intended for my old-age retreat—and where this very chapter is being written.

Protests came pouring in from all sides, and a number of my correspondents announced that they should leave the Society unless I consented to remain. H. P. B. cabled Keightley that she would not allow him to read to the Convention a friendly farewell address to myself, which he had drafted and sent her a copy of for approval; she said that the Masters disapproved of my resignation, and by the next mail she wrote him a positive order to return at once if I should retire, threatening to herself withdraw and dismember the T. S. By the next week's mail, which reached me on the last day of the year, she offered to make any sacrifice to keep me in office. As, in any case, the ruin of the Society was

prophesied by so many of my most valued friends, I consented to continue in office for the present, and my announcement of this decision provoked a storm of applause at the Convention when my Annual Address was read. In notifying H. P. B. of my suspended resignation, I told her that my continuance in office would depend upon her readiness to alter the form of obligation which candidates for the E. S. were then taking. It was worded so as to exact the promise of perfect obedience to her in all their relations with the T. S.; in short, giving her quasi-dictatorial powers, and quite nullifying [261] the basis of membership upon which the movement had been built up, and which left each member the most absolute freedom of conscience and action. I was very pleased when she adopted my suggestion, and altered the indiscreet pledge to its present un-objectionable form.[25] Had we been together, the mistake would not have been made.

I left Ceylon on the 27th of October for Tuticorin, whence I went on to Tinnevelly. Mr. Keightley met me here, and together we made a tour in southern India, which took us to Ambasamudram, Papanassum Temple and Falls, the hill called Agastya Rishi's Peak, Padumadi, Madura, Tanjore, and Kumbakonam, whence we returned to Adyar on the 10th of November. Our visit to the first-named place was very interesting. We were put up in the Albert Hall, a new building for the local library and public meetings, the erection of which was chiefly due to the enterprise of our local Branch, headed by, Mr. V. Cooppooswamy Iyer. In the large room hangs a tasteful brass Memorial Tablet to perpetuate the memory of my colleague Mr. Powell, who was greatly beloved in that place. On the evening after our arrival we had the real pleasure of hearing a recitation of Puranas in the ancient style by an actor-pandit; there was a musical accompaniment on Indian instruments by a very good band. One can imagine what a gratification it would be to European Sanskritists if, at one of their Oriental Congresses, [262] they could hear the sonorous slokas of the Aryan Scriptures recited so beautifully as they were by this orator on the above occasion. On the way to the Rishi's Peak we halted at the Banatitham Falls and slept in the Forest Officer's bungalow at Mundantoray! and although there were no doors to keep out the cold air, no furniture, swarming mosquitos to be counted by the cubic inch, and rumors of elephants and tigers being near, we slept the sleep of the weary. The next morning we were ferried across a river on a platform-boat worked by a wire cable overhead. At Papanassum we were the reverse of pleased by the appearance of the dandy ascetic in charge of the temple. His style will give the reader some idea of the stage of his spiritual

development. He was a sleek and sensual person, wearing on his head, coronet-fashion, a string of large rudraksha beads, had gold earrings, around his neck a large gold talisman-case or taviz, and about his body the usual orange cloth. One would as soon expect a fat sloth like that to help one to Moksha as one of the similar-looking spiritual shepherds of our Western sects who fatten on the gifts and tithes of credulous laymen. At Tinnevelly I got a young cocoanut from the tree, which was planted in the temple compound in 1881 by a Committee of Colombo Buddhists and myself. So the Hindus had not torn up our "Tree of Brotherly Love," as our loving friends, the missionaries, had widely reported!

Shortly before the meeting of the Convention, a Committee of Burmese Buddhists notified me that [263] they had raised Rs. 20,000 for a propaganda mission to Europe, of which they wanted me to be the leader and to start in February, all my expenses to be paid. Feeling that the time was not ripe, and foreseeing the uselessness of taking a Committee, with probably a very limited knowledge of English, to argue the claims of their religion with the ablest scholars of Europe, I declined.

In the month of December I suggested to the late Mr. Tookaram Tatya, of Bombay, a scheme to transfer the Adyar property to the Adyar Library, and have him endow it with the sum of Rs. 50,000, which he had long told me he intended to give the Society. My reasons were that by so doing we should give the Library a permanent existence after my death, and despite all chances and changes; the Society to retain, free of rent, as much room in the house and grounds as might be needed for Headquarters business. Even now, after the lapse of ten years, I think the idea a good one, for the Library is tenfold more valuable to-day than it was then; and if we should enlarge it, as proposed, into an Oriental Institute, increase the staff of Pandits, organise series of lectures on the different schools of philosophy and religion, and need classrooms, then it would be indispensable that the Library should be put above beyond all possible contingencies which could be anticipated. This could be accomplished by the plan above suggested. The Society has to face one serious contingency, viz., that my successor might find it impossible to leave his country—supposing [264] him to be a Western man—and take up residence at Adyar, where the temperature is that of the tropics, and where life is so tranquil as to be maddening to one whose nerves have been always mangling in the hurly-burly of a Western city: for particulars, inquire of Mr. Fullerton. No large society could ask for a better executive headquarters than ours; it offers everything to make a scholar's life pleasant, and

its surroundings one might almost call enchanting. When H. P. B. and I first saw it, it filled her with enthusiasm, and her love of it endured to the last. Then there is our collection of books, comprising more than 12,000 volumes and constantly growing; more than 700 new manuscripts have been added within the past two months. If my successor could not, or would not, live at Adyar, what would be done but break up this executive and spiritual centre of the movement which has cost so many years of loving labor, and become the strong nucleus of the noble aspirations of the Founders of the Society and their working colleagues? H. P. B. expressed in her Will a wish that her ashes should be brought here; and if it be true that she has taken with her into the Beyond her interest in the movement, surely it would give her pain to see our beloved home sold to strangers and our Library shipped away to a distant place. I am glad that the occasion is offered by the record in my Diary to bring this matter to the attention of my colleagues, and I sincerely hope that the way will present itself to settle this question to the best advantage of our Society.

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The Delegates for that year's Convention began to arrive on the 23rd of December; the attendance on the opening day was rather large, and the proceedings were unusually interesting. A large delegation attended from the Bombay Presidency; Mr. Fawcett gave three lectures on Herbert Spencer, Dr. Daly spoke on Technical Schools, and Mr. Keightley on Theosophy in the West. On the 28th—the second day—we constitutionally organised the Indian Section, which I had provisionally formed some time before, and Mr. Keightley was confirmed as General Secretary. There were lectures by Fawcett, Keightley, Nilakanta Sastri, Subramania Swami, C. Kottaya, and Pandit Gopi Nath, of Lahore. The Anniversary celebration on the 29th was a great success, as usual, and there were nine speakers. By the 31st the house was cleared of all visitors and we were left to take up the usual daily routine, and so we come to the last page of the year's Diary, where I have written "Good-bye, 1890"!

CHAPTER XV

BURMESE VISIT AND BISHOP BIGANDET

(1891)

AS soon as I knew that a Burmese Buddhist League had raised a large sum of money to send a preaching party to Europe, and that Delegates were being sent to Adyar to urge it upon me, I telegraphed for Sinhalese and Japanese Delegates to come from Colombo to meet the Burmese. Accordingly two Japanese gentlemen, Messrs. Kozen Gunaratna and C. Tokuzawa, two Sinhalese, Messrs. H. Dharmapala and Hemchandra, and two Burmese, Messrs. U. Hmouay Tha Aung and Maung Tha Dwe, met in committee with me on the 8th of January, 1891. The European mission being put aside, I then laid before them my views and invited full discussion, which went on day by day until the 22nd, when all points of belief in the Northern and Southern Schools of Buddhists having been compared, I drafted a platform, embracing fourteen clauses, upon which all Buddhist sects could agree if disposed to promote brotherly feeling and mutual sympathy between themselves. A fair copy of this document was signed by the Delegates and myself. Besides the nations above mentioned, the Chittagong [267] Maghs, a Buddhist nation in eastern Bengal, concurred through a special Delegate, acting as proxy for Babu Krishna Chandra Chowdry, the leader of the Maghs, who had requested me by telegraph to appoint one for him. Unquestionably this was a document of the deepest importance, for previously no mutual ground of compromise and co-operation had been found upon which the mighty forces of the Buddhist world could converge for the spread of their religious ideas. The platform, it is now generally known, was adopted by the leaders of the Northern and Southern Sections of Buddhism; and when the time comes for me to report the action upon it taken in Japan towards the close of the year, I shall give its text in full.

My programme for that year opened with a proposed visit to Australia for the double purpose of inquiring into the circumstances of the bequest of the Hartmann estate, at Toowoomba, and of visiting our Branches in the colonies. I had intended to start almost immediately after the Convention, but when the Burmese Delegates heard of this they made me an impassioned appeal to visit first their country. They even went so far as to say that the “whole nation”

expected me. Upon mature reflection, I decided to accept the invitation, as my time was my own throughout the year. The Convention had asked me to take a holiday—the first in the twelve years of my Indian service—and I had consented and put the Presidentship in temporary "commission," giving over my responsibilities and prerogatives to Messrs. Tookaram Tatya, [268] Norendro Nath Sen, N. D. Khandalvala, and W. Q. Judge to manage the Society until I should be ready and willing to return to duty. So, on the 17th of January, I sailed for Rangoon with the two Burmese Delegates. The tour in Burma was so very interesting that I shall use portions of the narrative which I wrote and published at the time, while the events were fresh in my memory.

Those who have followed my narrative throughout will remember the circumstances under which my first visit to the country was made. Towards the end of the year 1884, I received from the now-deposed King Theebaw an invitation to visit him at Mandalay to discuss Buddhism. The intermediary was his Italian physician, Dr. Barbieri de Introini, now the President of our revived Branch at Milano, Italy. On the chance of getting his Majesty to help the Sinhalese Buddhists, and to bring about more intimate relations between them and their Burmese co-religionists, I accepted, and in January, 1885, accompanied by Mr. Leadbeater, went to Rangoon. A week later I was telegraphed to return, as Mme. Blavatsky was apparently dying. Leaving Leadbeater there, I returned home, only to find that, by one of those almost miraculous changes which happened to her, she was convalescent, and after a week she let me go to Burma. I found that Mr. Leadbeater had worked up so great an interest that almost immediately I was able to organise three Branches. Meanwhile, the inquiries which I made among Burmans as to the king's character [269] so disgusted me with him that I determined not to go to Mandalay, and just at this time a cable from Damodar informed me that H. P. B. had had a relapse and her recovery was despaired of. So I immediately abandoned the tour, returned to Adyar, and thus ended my first visit to the fertile land over which the long line of Alompara kings had reigned in barbaric splendor.

My reception on this my second visit was most enthusiastic and brotherly. I was put up in the elegant house of a private Burmese gentleman, and called upon by many of the Elders (Lugyies) of the town. It was the season of the full moon, and, as I say in my published account, "to a Westerner it would have been a novel picture to have seen us squatted on mats on the flat roof of the house, discussing the subtle problems of Buddhistic metaphysics. They are a clever

people the Burmans; and as every man of them had passed his time in a kyourg (monastery), according to the inflexible national custom, the questions they put to me were such as to require distinct and thoughtful answers." I had made it part of my programme to win the approval of the leading priests of Burma for my compromise platform; so, as I found my Rangoon visitors so sharp and eager, I broached the subject and invited their opinions. The discussion led us far afield, and brought up the true and false views of Nirvana, Karma, and other vital questions. The discussion became very animated, and one old lugyie, a veteran wrangler, whose furrowed face, sunken cheeks, and emaciated body showed the ascetic training [270] to which he had long submitted himself, was particularly vehement. When a point was raised, he went at it as though he would not stop short of the complete dismemberment of his gaunt frame, and his nervous gesticulations and headshakings threw such a tangle of black shadows on the moonlit terrace as to produce a queer and uncanny effect. As it turned out, he was backing up my positions, and it was down the throats of the others, not mine, that he seemed ready to jump. "The upshot of the two nights' talk was that my several propositions were found orthodox and according to the Tripitikas: I had no misdoubts after that as to what would happen in Mandalay when I should meet the greatest of the Burmese monks in council."

On 23rd January I left Rangoon for Pantanaw, an inland town, situate on an affluent of the Irrawaddy, in a small double-decked sternwheel steamboat. With me were my Madras escort and a large committee of leading men of Pantanaw, headed by Moung Shway Hla, Headmaster of the Government School in that place, a genial, courteous, and kind-hearted gentleman. There were no cabins nor saloons on the little steamboat, only the open deck, crowded in every part with Burmese men, women, and children, and their personal belongings, together with a mixed cargo of sorts, including the fragrant n'pee, a condiment made of pounded shrimps, and ripened, by long keeping, up to that acute point where the Limburger cheese, the perfected sauerkraut, and. the air-tainting garlic come into odoriferous competition with the verbena and the [271] tuberose to subdue man's olfactory nerves to their intoxicating influences. To a veteran traveller like myself, the prospect of a night's sleeping on a blanket on a hard deck, in such a mixed company and such an atmosphere of spoilt fish, was a trifle—but one out of scores of experiences. So with my Pantanaw committeemen near by and Babula at my side, I got through the night very comfortably. We reached Yandoon at 8.30 a.m., and from thence went on in sampans—those buoyant, easily-oversetting, two-sterned boats, that are rowed by one man who stands to

his work and faces forward. In such frail craft we crossed the wind-swept Irrawaddy, ascended Pantanaw creek, and reached that place at 3.30 p.m. At the wharf the Buddhist flag was flying in welcome, and the chief officials and elders of the town, headed by Moung Pé, the Extra Assistant Commissioner, received me most cordially.

At Pantanaw I was lodged in the upper story of the Government School building—there being scarcely any travellers' rest-houses as yet in Burma—and was most kindly treated. I availed of some leisure time here to draft a scheme for a National Buddhist Society, with a subsidiary network of township and village societies to share and systematise on a national scale the work of Buddhistic revival and propaganda. On the 25th, at 6 a.m., I lectured at the Shwe-moindin Pagoda, the most graceful in outlines, I think, that I saw in all Burma. The next day I left Pantanaw for Wakema in a long Burmese boat, propelled by [272] three rowers, and with a cabin (!) made by arching across the boat some mats (chiks) of split bamboo. In that blessed place I and my party—U. Hmoay, Moung Shway Hla, and two servants—had to stop for twenty-two long hours, after which, with aching bones, we came to Wakema. We were accommodated in a suite of rooms in the Court-house. At 5 p.m. I lectured to a large audience, whose gay silken turbans, scarves, and waist-cloths made them look perfectly gorgeous. Shway Yeo (Mr. J. G. Scott), the historian of Burma, says of such a crowd, "wind-stirred tulipbeds, or a stirabout of rainbows, or a blind man's idea of a chromatrope, are the only suggestions which can be offered." At Wâkema I saw for the first time one of their national marionette plays, in which are represented the tribulations and final blissful union of a prince and princess, children of two kings who had had other designs in their heads for the young people. The play began at 10 p.m. and was kept up until 5 o'clock in the morning, that witching hour when the "mower is heard whetting his scythe" and Nature bathes her face in dew. The village was crowded with people come for the raising of a new temple, a congenial work to which all devote themselves with positive enthusiasm. My stay here was protracted until the 30th, as I had to wait for a steamer to take me back to Rangoon. She came at last, and on the "Syriam," a swift and perfectly appointed boat of the Flotilla Company, I made a pleasant night passage to the city which I had left a week before in the little.

[273] stern-wheeler. That same evening I took the train for Mandalay, and reached it on the 1st of February at about the same hour. The railway was in a wretched condition, giving one, as poor Hqrace Greely said of a similar road,

more exercise to the mile than any other in the world. My head ached and my bones were weary when I came to the journey's end, but, at any rate, here I was in Mandalay at last. And a forlorn, dusty, comfortless place it is; while, as for Theebaw's palace, it is a gilded wooden barn, with not one comfortable room inside where one would care to live, but with a series of roofs and towers that give it a lovely architectural appearance. Seen from a little distance, the buildings composing the palace are extremely pretty, an effect due to the curved roofs and the delicately carved eaves, gable-joints, and finials, where the carver has succeeded in imitating the flickering of flames as rising from the roofs under which those sons of splendor and sources of light, the king and princes, dwelt, like so many Nats in a palace of fairyland!

The brotherly kindnesses I received at Mandalay from the elders and others were such as linger in the memory for years. Truly the Burmese are a lovable people, and a manly, self-respecting, albeit awfully lazy people. Nothing delights them more than to bestow hospitality, and all writers agree in saying that with noble and peasant, rich and poor, the same spirit prevails. I was told, that if I had but visited the capital in the time of the Min-doon-min, the pious [274] predecessor of Theebaw, I should have been treated right royally, and experienced what Burmese hospitality means.

The purpose of my visit being known, I had first to undergo a close questioning by the leading laymen before my visit to the Sangha Raja (Royal High Priest) could be arranged. All doubts having been removed, the meeting was fixed for 1 p.m. on 3rd February, at the Taun-do-Seya-d-Temple, the shrine and monastery where His Royal Holiness—if that is the proper title for a king's brother turned monk—lives and officiates.

The Sangha Raja was a venerable man of 70 years, of an amiable rather than strong countenance; and with the wrinkles of laughter at the outer corners of his eyes. His head is high, his forehead smooth, and one would take him to have his full share of brains packed together under the skull. His orange robe was of plain cotton cloth like that of the poorest monk in the Council—a circumstance which made me, thinking of his, royal blood and of the show he might be expected to indulge in, recall the splendid silken brocades and embroideries of certain high priests in Japan, who are supposed to typify the Tathagatha himself in their temple processions, but who must resemble him rather as heir apparent of Kapilavastu than as the homeless ascetic of Isipatana. The old priest gave me a copy of his portrait, in which he appears seated on a gilded gadi, but still with his

yellow cotton robes wrapped around him, leaving the right shoulder bare.

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The other ranking priests at the Council were similarly enrobed, and I found upon inquiry of themselves that their ages ran from 70 to 80 years each. Behind the chief priests knelt a number of their subordinate monks, and the samaneras, or young postulants, filled all the remaining space to the walls—right, left, and back. I and my party knelt facing the Sangha Raja, to my right was the ex-Minister of the Interior under Theebaw, a cultured, gentleman and earnest Buddhist, who being very conversant with French from a long residence in Paris, kindly served as my interpreter, he taking my remarks in French and translating them fluently and admirably into Burmese. The Council opened at 1 and broke up only at a quarter past 5 o'clock, by which time my poor legs and back were so tired by the, to me, unaccustomed and strained position, that I felt as if I had been run over by a herd of Shan ponies.

Before reporting the proceedings of the Council, I must say a word or two about the room in which we met. Like most of the monasteries in Burma and Japan, this kyoung was built of teak wood. The lofty ceiling was supported on straight shafts of teak, without flaw or blemish, chosen for their perfection of shape and freedom from knots or flaws. They are painted or lacquered in venetian red, and embellished in parts with girdles of gold leaf laid on in graceful patterns. Ceiling and walls are panelled in cunning carpentry, and the whole thickly covered with the pure gold-leaf of Yunnan and Sou-ch'uen, whose rich tone gives a [276] beautiful effect without the least gaudiness or vulgarity. The various doors of the great apartment are bordered with exquisite specimens of the wood-carver's art, which in Burma is carried to a high pitch of perfection. The planks of the floor are spread with glossy, strong, and finely-woven mats of split rattan or bamboo, which come from the jungle-dwellers of the Sthin district. I think they are the best floor covering for the tropics I have ever seen.

Speaking of kneeling, it should be observed that this is the national posture in all social as well as ceremonial gatherings, and in daily life, as the cross-legged posture is in India. Like the Indians, the Burmans learn from childhood to sit on their heels, in which position they find themselves quite as comfortable as the European does on his chair or sofa. There were three or four chairs put away in a corner; and if I had been a British official, I should, no doubt, have been given one, and the chief priest would have taken another. But, considering me as belonging to their own party and religion, they treated me in this matter exactly

as though I had been a Burman born, and I took it as meant, viz., as a compliment, and sacrificed my muscles to the exigencies of custom, as the young damsel of the West does her feet and ribs to be in the fashion, and calls up her fortitude to seem to like it.

The proceedings of the Council were opened by my giving a succinct account of the work of the Theosophical Society in the field of Buddhistic exegesis and propaganda. I told about our labors in Ceylon, of [277] the state of religious affairs when we arrived, of the obstructive and often disreputable tactics of the missionaries, and of the changes that our eleven years of effort had wrought. As I found copies of the Burmese translation of my Buddhist Catechism in the hands of persons present, I spoke of the general adoption of this little work as a text-book in the Ceylon monasteries and Buddhist schools. I told them about our Sinhalese and English journals, the Sandaresa and the Buddhist, and about the tens of thousands of translated religious pamphlets and tracts we had distributed throughout the island. The statistics of our Buddhist boys' and girls' schools I laid before them. Then, as to Japan, I dwelt upon the various Buddhist sects and their metaphysical views, described the temples and monasteries, and did full justice to the noble qualities of the Japanese as individuals and as a nation. I did wish I had had some good photographer with his camera behind me to take a picture of that group of old, earnest-faced Burmese monks, as they leaned forward on their hands or elbows, with mouths half opened, drinking in every word that came from my interpreter's lips! And above all it was a sight to see their faces where my narrative gave them points to laugh at. They share the sweet joviality of the national temperament, and anything I said which struck them as funny made them smile in the most large and liberal way—anatomically speaking.

From particulars I went to universals, and put to them very plainly the question whether, as monks [278] of Buddha, professing his loving principles of universal human brotherhood and universal loving kindness, they would dare tell me that they should not make an effort to knit together the Buddhists of all nations and sects in a common relation of reciprocal good-will and tolerance, and whether they were not ready to work with me and any other well-meaning person towards this end. I told them that, while undoubtedly there were very great differences of belief between the Mahayana and Hinayana upon certain doctrinal points, such, for instance, as Amitabha and the aids to salvation, yet there were many points of perfect agreement, and these should be picked out and

drafted into a platform for the whole Buddhist world to range itself upon. My interpreter then read, section by section, the Burmese translation (made by Moung Shoung, of Rangoon, and Moung Pé, of Pantanaw) of the document I had prepared as a statement of "Fundamental Buddhistic Ideas". As each section was adopted, I checked it off, and in the long run every one was declared orthodox and acceptable. I then got the Sangha Raja to sign the paper as "Accepted on behalf of the Buddhists of Burma"; and after him, in the order of seniority, twenty-three other ranking monks affixed their signatures.

The first stage having been passed in our discussion, I then submitted to their criticism a second document, consisting of a circular letter from myself to all Buddhist high priests, asking them to co-operate in the formation of an international committee of propaganda; each [279] Buddhist nation to be represented on the Committee by two or more well-educated persons, and each to contribute its share of the expenses. I admitted in this circular that I knew the Burmese were quite ready to take the entire work and cost upon themselves, but said that I did not think this fair, as in so important a work the merit should in equity be shared by all Buddhist nations. A brief discussion, after several careful readings of the document, resulted in the adoption of the principles sketched out, and the Sangha Raja signed and affixed his official seal to the paper in token of his approval. After some desultory conversation, the expression of very kind good-wishes for myself, and the declaration of all the priests that I had the right to call upon them for whatever help I might need at their hands, the meeting adjourned.

That night I slept the sleep of the muscle-bruised, but not before receiving the congratulations of many callers upon the successful issue of my visit.

The next morning I had my audience of farewell with the Sangha Raja in his private rooms. I wish somebody who is familiar with the luxurious apartments of Romish cardinals, Anglican bishops, and fashionable New York clergymen could have seen this, of a king's brother, as he lives. A simple cot, an armchair, a mat-strewn, planked floor, and he kneeling on it in his monastic robes, the value of which would not be above a few rupees. He was kindness personified towards me, said he hoped I would soon get out a new edition of the Catechism, and declared [280] that if I would only stop ten days longer at Mandalay the whole people would be roused to enthusiasm. I could not do this, my other engagements forbidding, so he said that if we must part I might take the assurance that his blessing and best wishes and those of the whole Burmese

Sangha would follow me wherever I might wander. As I was leaving, he presented me with a richly-gilded palm-leaf MS. of a portion of the Abidhamma Pitaka.

While at Mandalay, I lectured at a splendidly gilt and architecturally lovely pagoda. After my discourse, I was given for the Adyar Library a silver statuette of Buddha, weighing about three pounds, and three volumes of palm-leaf MSS. in red lacquer and gold; the former by the ex-Viceroy of the Shan States, the Khawgaung-Kyaw, and the latter by three noble brothers, Moung Khin, Moung Pé, and Moung Tun Aung.

I visited the gorgeous Arecan Pagoda, Maha-Mamuni, built by the Arecan Rajah, Sanda Suriya; also Atoo-Mashi-Kaoung-daw-gye, the "Incomparable Monastery". It well deserves its name, for neither in Japan, nor Ceylon, nor elsewhere have I seen anything to match the splendor of the room in which sits the gigantic gold-plated, jewel-enriched statue of Lord Buddha. The image is 20 or 30 feet high, solid, and composed of the ashes of silken garments burnt for the purpose by pious Burmese of both sexes. The coup d'oeil of the whole chamber is like that of some djinbuilt palace of fairyland. Exteriorly, the building [281] is constructed in solid masonry, rising in terraces of lessening areas, and reminding one of the pyramidal terraced pagodas of Uxmal and Palenque. I must mention a circumstance in connection with this kyoung which redounds to the credit of the Burmese Buddhist monks. It was erected by the great and pious Alompara sovereign, Mindoon-Min, the immediate predecessor of King Theebaw, and he had given it the name it bears. He could get no monk to accept it as a gift or reside in it, because in their belief the title Incomparable should rightly be given to the Buddha alone. What do our fashionable Western prelates say to that? Yet this modesty and unselfishness is quite consistent with the whole character of the Burmese Sangha. Says Mr. Scott, the most authoritative writer upon the subject save Bishop Bigandet, whose testimony agrees with his:

"The tone of the monks is undoubtedly good. Any infractions of the law, which is extraordinarily complicated, are severely punished; and if a pohngyee, as the monks are termed, were to commit any flagrant sin, he would forthwith be turned out of the monastery to the mercy of the people, which would not be very conspicuously lenient. In return for their self-denial, the monks are highly honored by the people... Religion pervades Burma in a way that is seen in hardly any other country."[26]

I have good warrant, therefore, to expect great results from the auspicious

commencement of my work in this land of good monks and pious people.

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Another thing I visited at Mandalay was the Temple of the Pitakas, the Koo-tho-daw. This is one of the most unique, and at the same time noble, monuments ever left behind him by a sovereign. Its builder was Mindoon-Min the Good. Imagine a central pagoda, enshrining a superb statue of Lord Buddha, and 729 kiosks arranged in concentric squares around it—each of the little shrines containing one large, thick, upstanding slab of white marble, engraved on the two faces with portions of the Tripitakas, in Pali, in the Burmese character. Beginning at a certain point in the inner square, the slabs contain the text of the Sutta Pitaka, running on from slab to slab in regular order until that Pitaka is finished. Then, after a break, the next slab takes up the text of the Vinaya Pitaka; and finally, the outer rows of slabs give that of the Abidhamma Pitaka, or Buddhistic Metaphysic—the life and soul of the Buddhistic religion, its enduring substance and unimpeachable reality; though this fact seems to be unsuspected by nearly all of our commentators and critics, the late Bishop Bigandet being one of the exceptions.

This Koo-tho-daw version of the Tripitakas is regarded by every one in Burma as the standard for accuracy. Before commencing the work, King Mindoon-Min convened a council of monks, who carefully examined the various palm-leaf MSS. available, and out of them selected and compiled the most accurate text for the king's use. Copies of these were then handed over by him to the marble-cutters [283] for engraving. The project is entertained by Moung Shoung, F.T.S., to issue a cheap edition of this authenticated version. It would cost but Rs. 15,000, and he expects to be able to raise the money.

Setting my face homeward, I left Mandalay and its kind people on the 4th of February, many influential friends accompanying me to the station for a last farewell. Here I had to bid good-bye to that excellent friend and loyal gentleman, U. Hmoay Tha Aun, who almost wept because he could not accompany me to Madras, or Australia, or the world's end. My party was thus reduced to Moung Shway Hla, myself, and two servants.

For the second time—the first being in 1885, as above noted—I lectured at Shway Dagôn Pagoda at Rangoon. My audience was large, influential, and attentive. It cannot be said that I was very complimentary to the priests or trustees of this world-known shrine. When last in Rangoon, I found the trustees

collecting from the public a lac of rupees to pay for regilding the pagoda. Certainly it is a splendid structure, a jewel among religious edifices, but I urged it upon the attention of the trustees that a true social economy would dictate the raising of the lac for publishing the Scriptures of their religion and otherwise promoting its interests, and then a second lac for the gilt, if they must have it. This time, I found the gilt of 1885 badly worn off by the weather, and the trustees talking about going in for another large job of gilding. This was too much for my patience, so [284] I gave them some extremely plain talk, showing that the first thing they ought to do was to raise Rs. 15,000 for publishing the Mandalay stone-registered Pitakas, and after that a variety of things, before any more gilt was laid on their pagoda.

At Rangoon I also had the great good fortune of passing an hour in friendly conversation with the venerable and by-all-beloved Roman Catholic Bishop of Ava, Father Bigandet. The literary world knows him by his Legend of Gaudama, the earliest Western introduction to the life of the Buddha. I had had the privilege of forming his lordship's acquaintance in 1885 while at Rangoon, and would not leave Burma this time without once more paying him my sincere homage as a prelate, a scholar, and a man. I found him physically feeble, somewhat afflicted with trembling palsy, so much so, in fact, as to make writing a very irksome task. But his mind was as clear and strong as it ever was. He told me that the first edition of his book being entirely sold out, Messrs. Trübner had received his permission to reprint it at their own risk, they to keep all the profits to themselves. I urged him to write one more such learned, exhaustive, and impartial book as his first upon Buddhism. He asked what subject I would suggest, to which I replied, the Abidhamma, as contrasted with modern philosophic speculations. He smiled and said: "You have chosen the best of all, for the metaphysic of Buddhism is its real core and substance. In comparison with it, the legendary stories of the Buddha's personality are [285] nothing worth speaking of." But, with a solemn shade coming over his kind and intellectual face, he said: "It is too late; I can write no more. You younger men must take it upon yourselves."

I felt great reluctance to part with him, for he was evidently failing fast, and at his age, 78, one cannot count upon future meetings very far ahead; but at last, gladly receiving his blessing, I left his presence, never to meet him again, as it turned out. Living, he possessed the respect of all Burmese Buddhists who knew of his unselfishness and loyalty to conscience; and now that he is dead, his

memory is cherished with affection.

CHAPTER XVI

AUSTRALIA AND THE HARTMANN BEQUEST

(1891)

I REACHED Madras on the 12th of February and found awaiting me a pleasant surprise in the form of a letter from Professor Leon de Rosny, of the Sorbonne, informing me of my election as Honorary Member of the Société d'Ethnographie, of Paris, in the place of Samuel Birch, the renowned Orientalist, deceased. Professor de Rosny and I had been on friendly terms for several years, having been drawn together by our liking for Buddhistic philosophy. He told me once that he used my Buddhist Catechism in his lectures, and had told his pupils that they would find more real Buddhism in it than in any of the books published by the Orientalists.

Four days later I packed trunk and took the steamer for Colombo er route for Australia. I had to wait at Colombo from the 18th of February to the 3rd of March for the Australian boat, but every minute of my time was occupied. Among other things accomplished was the getting of my Fourteen Propositions, or Buddhist Platform, accepted and signed by Sumangala and Subhuti, the two ranking High [287] Priests of Kandy, and enough more of the principal bhikshus to give it the imprimatur of Sinhalese Buddhism. This answered for the whole of the Southern School, as the Buddhism of Siam is identical with that of Burma and Ceylon. At Wellawatte, Panadure, Kandy, Katugastota, Dehiwalla, and other places, I lectured on behalf of the Buddhist schools, raising public subscriptions in some places, distributing prizes at others. The Buddhists of Arakan, through Wondauk Tha Dway, of Akyab, telegraphed me an urgent invitation to visit their country, and, with the message, telegraphed money for my expenses, but I was obliged to postpone the visit until a future occasion.

At this time an experiment was going on to create a Ceylon Section of the T. S., and I had made Dr. Daly General Secretary. The result, however, was thoroughly unsatisfactory, and so I removed him from office, but experimentally made him General Manager of Schools. I also issued an appeal to the public for the creation of a Wesak Fund to be used for foreign propaganda. I have never been able to get the Sinhalese interested in this work, their whole sympathies and endeavors being concentrated on the regulation of Buddhist affairs in their own

country. The fact is, nowhere in the East have the people any very clear idea of foreign countries and nations, and rarely have I found them in India distinguishing between the white men of different nationalities, who are classified under the general name of "Europeans"; even Americans are so designated.

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There was lying in Colombo harbor at that time a Russian frigate on which the Czarewitch, the present Czar, was making the tour of the world, accompanied by a staff of eminent men. One of these gentlemen, during the Prince's Indian tour, had called at Adyar during my absence in Burma, expressed much interest in Theosophy, and bought some of our books. I was sorry to have missed him, as also the ball at Government House, to which the new Governor, Lord Wenlock, had invited me "to have the honor of meeting His Imperial Highness the Czarewitch". Learning from the Russian Consul at Colombo that some of the Crown Prince's staff would be pleased to make my acquaintance, I went aboard the frigate and spent an hour in delightful conversation with Prince Hespére Oukhtomsky, Chief of the Département des Cultes, in the Ministére de l'Intérieur, who was acting as the Prince's Private Secretary on this tour, and Lieutenant N. Crown, of the Navy Department at St. Petersburg, both charming men. I found myself particularly drawn to Prince Oukhtomsky because of his intense interest in Buddhism, which for many years he has made a special study among the Mongolian lamaseries. He has also given much time to the study of other religions. He was good enough to invite me to make the tour of the Buddhist monasteries of Siberia. He asked me for a copy of my Fourteen Propositions, so that he might translate them and circulate them among the Chief Priests of Buddhism throughout the empire. This he has since done.

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On the 1st of March Mr. Richard Harte arrived from Adyar on his way to England after about three years' service at Headquarters.

As above noted, I sailed for Australia on March 3rd, on that noble P. & O. steamer "Oceana". On the 5th I crossed the equator for the first time, but no tricks were played by the sailors on the passengers. The next day I saw what to me was a marvel, viz., a rainbow lying horizontally, instead of making the usual vertical arch. It seemed to me, as I noted it, "like a stiff rainbow melted down". The passage through-out was very smooth and pleasant. On the 12th, by request,

I lectured in the first saloon on “The Essence of Buddhism”. The chair was taken by Hon. J. T. Wilshire, M.P., who made a very nice speech at the close. We reached King George’s Sound on the 13th and anchored off Albany, but were quarantined because of the smallpox at Colombo, and were thus prevented from going ashore to have a look at the place. Port Adelaide was reached on the 17th, and Melbourne on the 18th. At the latter place I met Mrs. Pickett, one of our old members, at whose house at Kew there was a meeting of Theosophists to greet me. An old fellow-traveller in Japan, Mr. James Miller, of Melbourne, whom I had also met in London, breakfasted with me at my hotel, and I lunched with him the same day.

We sailed on the 20th for Sydney, and arrived there on the 23rd in the early morning. My old acquaintance, the Earl of Jersey, was Governor of New South [290] Wales at this time; and as I had notified Lady Jersey of my coming, they both received me with the greatest kindness. I attended her Ladyship’s garden-party that same day, and dined at Government House the next evening. A more beautiful view than that from this place is hard to imagine. The building is on a gently sloping point, running out into the world-famous Sydney harbor, and a panorama of exquisite scenery stretches out before the spectator. The old proverb was “See Naples and die,” but, for my part, I should rather substitute, the name Sydney for Naples. Lord Jersey was vastly amused over an exchange of bantering notes in comic verse between Lady Jersey and myself about her joining our Society, which I urged on the score of her intelligent interest in mystical studies, and she declined from an instinct of that conservatism which made her one of the founders of the “Primrose League”. More delightful acquaintances than they I have never met.

I had the pleasure of becoming acquainted with several Theosophists, and on the 25th sailed for Brisbane on the coasting steamer “Barcoo”. A note that I made on the attractive appearance of the dining-saloon, which was finished in light wood in artistic designs, with white and dark marble panels, reminds me to say that most of the steamers plying around the stormy coasts of Australia, Tasmania, and New Zealand give the traveller every comfort that he could wish. As for the table, it merits every praise. My trip on this boat is worth mentioning only for one reason

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—that I met, as a fellow-passenger, a man who seemed to me a sort of lusus naturae. He was a prize fighter by profession, and a light-weight champion, but

withal as quiet, gentlemanlike a person as one would want to meet; moreover, he was a pianist of great merit. He played with great feeling, and would sit there at the instrument and let his fingers ramble over the keys, bringing out sweet harmonies, while his head would be thrown back and a dreamy expression come into his eyes, as though he were catching at sweet sounds in a higher sphere. I wish I could remember the interesting story of his musical life that he told me; but as I only wrote in my Diary the words "three months' inspiration," it is all gone from me. A vague reminiscence that there was something about his having been overshadowed by the spirit of Harmony, and that this controlled him for the space of time indicated, and that the influence had never wholly left him since, floats before my memory. At any rate, there he was at the piano, improvising music while on his way to fill an engagement in the prize-ring, where he would pummel another brute and be pummelled by him until one or both should find themselves unable to "come to the scratch".

I reached Brisbane on the 27th at 10 a.m. The town is one and a half hours' sail up the river, and one is reminded, by the houses and farms along the banks, far more of America than of England. It being Good Friday, every office and shop was closed, and I could see nobody on business; but, with the "journalistic"

[292] instinct which runs so strong in my veins, I called at the office of the Observer and saw Mr. Rose, a liberal-minded Scotchman, the sub-editor, with whom I at once struck up a friendship. A paragraph in the next morning's Courier brought me a flood of visitors all the next day. Mr. Rose lunched and dined with me at my hotel, and Mr. Woodcock, Chief Clerk of the Colonial Secretary's Office, a very genial and pleasant gentleman, also dined with me. I spent the afternoon with Judge Paul, of the District Court, who has a Japanese house, all the materials for which were imported from the Flowery Kingdom, and set up by Japanese carpenters imported for the job. The Judge is decidedly one of the most interesting friends I ever made; and as we were almost constantly together during my stay in Brisbane, my souvenirs of the visit are delightful. My introduction at the Club brought me into contact with many of the cleverest men in town, among them journalists, and so my visit became town-talk; and when a long interview with me appeared in the Telegraph, it may be imagined how the stream of visitors at my rooms went on increasing. I became acquainted with a couple of charming people, Mr. and Mrs. Brough, the comedians, whose acting I greatly enjoyed, and both of whom became members of our Society.

The objective point of my journey was Toowoomba, as above stated, and for this place I left by train on the 30th and reached there after a ride through pleasant scenery, six hours, later. Mr. Wm. Castles, one of [293] the late Mr. Hartmann's executors, accompanied me, and the other one, Mr. J. Roessle, invited me to put up with him; but as there was friction between the heirs, the executors, and Mr. J. H. Watson, F.T.S., Superintendent of the Hartmann Nursery, I preferred to put up at the Imperial Hotel, so as to be perfectly impartial. I was delighted with the situation of Toowoomba, which has on one side great stretches of rolling meadows, and on the other, blue ranges of hills. On the morning after my arrival I met the Hartmann family—comprising his brother Hugo, his daughter Helena, his sons Carl and Herrman, his two executors, and his son-in-law, Mr. Davis, husband of Helena. Of course, as they had looked on me as an enemy, as legatee of their father, and had done their best to have the will broken without success, at first they received me with cold distrust. When, however, they came to see how little disposed I was to deal harshly with them, their ill-temper gradually disappeared, and at the end of the interview they placed their interests unreservedly in my hands, and declared that they would be satisfied with any partition of the estate, or compromise, which I might be willing to give. Poor things! they had been going about the town denouncing their father, complaining of their wrongs, and exciting prejudice against the Society, so that I was convinced that it would not have taken much to set the mob to stoning me out of the town, or giving me a coat of tar and feathers. And yet I as everybody else at Adyar was as innocent as the babe [294] unborn of all procurement of, or consent to, the deceased man's action, or sympathy with that sort of thing under any circumstances. I had had no suspicion that he intended to leave the Society a rupee, or that he had rupees to bequeath. If he had but hinted to me his purpose, I should have tried to dissuade him from doing a wrong to his family, and thus prevent them from sending their maledictions after him into Kamaloka. Those who are interested in looking through a full report on this case may do so by reading in the Theosophist for August, 1891, my article on "Our Australian Legacy: a Lesson". A good understanding having been arrived at all around, I accepted the invitation of Mr. Watson to come and take up my residence with him at "Hartmann's Gardens".

It is, or was, a charming show-place, of popular resort, with acres laid out in ornamental landscape gardening, a profusion of pines, palms, aloes, and ornamental and flowering shrubs and plants, testifying to the botanical skill of the deceased owner. There was an extensive conservatory full of rare plants, and

another attached to the house, with a lofty roof of wood, and a tower or lantern in the apex. In this latter room were cases of selected shells, corals, and butterflies, and jars of reptilia, all possessing a scientific value, while the four walls were covered with trophies, artistically composed, of strange weapons of war and the chase, utensils of husbandry, and fishing nets, spears, and tackle, as used by the savages of New Guinea. The nursery property is at the brow of a [295] ridge 2,000 feet above sea-level, and from the house-front the delighted eye sweeps over a varied landscape of wild eucalyptus and other jungle and detached clearings, stretching 70 miles away to a range of bluish hills, far beyond which lies Brisbane, the capital of Queensland. Entering the nursery property from the public road, one drives through an avenue of trees indigenous to Oceania, and others of tropical habitat—such as cacti, aloes, and palms—until the way is barred by a fence which encloses the ornamental gardens and admits only foot-passengers. Beyond this, a grassy road as wide as the entrance avenue conducts, in tortuous ways, up to the house, which is perfectly embowered in a grove of umbrageous trees. The place is famed throughout the colony for its beauty, and known to thousands in the other Australian colonies as the home of the winner of several hundred diplomas and medals at their various horticultural shows. Mr. Hartmann was a tireless worker, and, besides attending to his business proper, kept up a correspondence with the most eminent botanists and naturalists, and gave his name to some new species of plants and insects. The gardens comprise 42 acres. Besides this estate, he owned shares in productive mines, and had a nice sum to his credit in bank. This was the property bequeathed to me for the Theosophical Society, my title to which had been declared perfect by the highest judicial tribunal. My readers will see, doubtless, in my renunciation of my rights in favor of the injured natural heirs, a practical lesson [296] in what we Theosophists call altruism. At a rough estimate the estate was then worth about £5,000.

In thinking it all over, it seemed to me that if I gave back to the family four-fifths of the estate, from which they never expected to derive a penny of benefit, and kept one-fifth for the Society, I would, in some sort, be carrying out the wishes of Mr. Hartmann to give substantial help to our cause; it also seemed no more than right that the cost of my voyage both ways should be defrayed out of the money in bank. So, upon full reflection, I drafted and, at the next day's meeting, laid before the family the following offer:

RANGE NURSERY, TOOWOOMBA, 9th April, 1891.

"I made the following offer to the children and brothers of the late C. H. Hartmann:

"I. I will sell to them, or to anybody they may choose as their attorney, all my right, title, and interest as P. T. S. in the residue of the estate for the sum of £1,000 (one thousand pounds) in cash, and a sum sufficient to cover the cost of my travelling expenses from and to India—say £130.

"II. I will execute any necessary legal paper to this effect, and instruct the executors to make over the property, legally mine, to them, in my place.

"III. If they wish it, I will take one-half of the £1,000 in cash, or three-fourths —as they prefer—say £500 or £750—and loan the remainder upon a primary mortgage with interest at six per cent (6%)[27] per [297] annum, upon the Range Nursery Property (viz., 42 or 43 acres), with the buildings and improvements as they stand, but not including the nursery or hothouse stock. The mortgage may be left standing for five years or longer as may be hereafter mutually agreed upon between them and myself, or successor in office.

"IV. The family must all notify me of their acceptance of these terms, and of their desire that I shall execute the transfer-papers to one or two of their number as representatives of all the five.

"V. The family must undertake to settle all the legacies to individuals as made in the will.

"VI. This offer to be accepted on or before the 17th April instant.

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

Without leaving the room the heirs accepted the offer, with expressions of warm gratitude. The document bears the following indorsement:

"We accept the above offer, and request that Colonel Olcott will recognise the Hon. Isambert, M.P., of Brisbane, as our agent and representative. (Signed) C. H. HARTMANN, H. H. HARTMANN, HELENA HARTMANN DAVIS. In presence of F. Harley Davis and John Roessler" (one of the two executors under the will).

I quote this document from the published narrative above mentioned, as the event is ten years old, and hundreds or thousands who will read this chapter [298] will get from it their first intimation of this event and its sequel, which, I am delighted to say, received the unanimous approval of my colleagues in the Society. Somewhat later, there came a great panic in colonial real-estate values,

and so I cancelled my claim for the £1,000 and gave over absolutely the whole estate to the family, taking nothing out of it save the bare cost of my journey and a few New Guinea curios, worth, perhaps, £5, which may be seen in the Adyar Library.

I was amused to see the instantaneous change of public opinion towards the Society and myself: the heirs now went about singing my praises, and the Australian press echoed the feeling, some saying that I had acted in a more truly Christian spirit than the trustees of a Scotch Presbyterian Church, who, being bequeathed a fortune of £16,000 by a fanatical woman, refused to give her pauper sister even a small annuity to keep her out of the workhouse. The first effect at Toowoomba was an invitation to deliver a public lecture on "Theosophy and Buddhism," at which the chairman was an M. P. So it happened in every town which I visited. Even clergymen came each time to hear me, my rooms at the hotels were thronged with ladies and gentlemen of the highest social position, anxious to question me and join the Society; and—tell it not in Gath—Christian clergymen of orthodox repute and much influence joined the Society, whose bones the missionaries in India have been for years trying to gnaw!

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When I went to Australia we had but three weak Branches in that part of the world—those at Melbourne, Wellington (New Zealand), and Hobart (Tasmania). The one which Hartmann tried to open had utterly failed, and I found the unused charter among his papers, together with a number of diplomas of fellowship, dated 1881, but never delivered. When I left the country there were seven good ones, among whose members were thoroughgoing Mystics and Theosophists, from whom I then expected much, and who have not disappointed me. Before leaving Adelaide, S.A., I issued on 26th May the usual official Notice authorising the formation of a Section. I was not fortunate, as it turned out, much to my disappointment, in my nominations of the General and Assistant General Secretaries; but in the course of time everything has been settled for the best, and we have now in the colonies a body of men and women who compare favorably with the members of any other section of the Society.

I had bespoken my passage from Sydney to New Zealand, and on the 9th of May went to the company's office at 2 p.m. with the money for my ticket, but, it being Saturday, found it closed, and so came away again. I was expected at Wellington, Auckland, and elsewhere, and great results were counted upon, among others the formation of new Branches. The Tasmanian friends had also

engaged a public hall, and arranged for my accommodation and all other details. The death of H. P. B. changed my plans, made me cancel [300] the New Zealand and Tasmanian programme, cable orders for a London Council, and embark for "home," via., Colombo on 27th May, in the S.S. "Massilia"; on board which staunch vessel I lectured, by invitation of the passengers, and at kind Captain Fraser's request for the benefit of that deserving charity, the Merchant Seamen's Orphan Asylum. The tickets were one shilling each, and the neat sum of £4 l0s. was realised for the object specified. Captain Fraser was good enough to ask me to at least take half the proceeds for the Adyar Library, but I declined, as the money had not been paid for that purpose.

My first intimation of H. P. B.'s death was received by me "telepathically" from herself, and this was followed by a second similar message. The third I got from one of the reporters present at my closing lecture in Sydney, who told me, as I was about leaving the platform, that a press message had come from London announcing her decease. In my Diary entry for 9th May, 1891, I say: "Had an uneasy foreboding of H. P. B.'s death." In that of the following day it is written: "This morning I feel that H. P. B. is dead: the third warning." The last entry for that day says: "Cablegram, H. P. B. dead." Only those who saw us together, and knew of the close mystical tie between us, can understand the sense of bereavement that came over me upon receipt of the direful news.

CHAPTER XVII

FROM THE ANTIPODES TO AVENUE ROAD

(1891)

I CANNOT turn my back upon the Colonies without mentioning a few more of the notable acquaintances I made besides those mentioned in the last chapter. First, then, Mr. A. Meston, of Chelmer, near Brisbane, a well-known littérateur. He was a Magistrate, an ex-member of the Queensland Legislature, was leader of the Government Scientific Exploring Expedition of 1889, and an author and journalist of wide reputation. A sumptuously illustrated work on the British acquisition of Australia, which came under my notice, had filled me with a horror of the devilish cruelty and merciless extirpation of the dark races by the conquering whites; and in introducing to our readers an article contributed to the Theosophist by Mr. Meston[28] on the subject of the Aboriginals, or so-called blackfellows, I said that they were being treated "with the same concomitants of ferocity, selfishness, and [302] faithlessness as darken the history of Mexican and Peruvian conquests by the Spaniards. From what I have learned on the spot, from living witnesses and current histories, I am inclined to believe that my own Anglo-Saxon race is as devilishly cruel upon occasions as any Semitic, Latin, or Tartar race ever was". The historical work above mentioned gave among its illustrations a picture of armed white men hunting black-fellows in and out of a stone-quarry as if they were so many goats or monkeys; and one could see in one place murdered victims who had fallen, and in another, other poor wretches brought down from the steep walls of the quarry up which they were scrambling for their lives by the gunshots of their "civilised" pursuers. It was when my blood was boiling with indignation from this cause that I met Mr. Meston, who was recognised as the best-informed authority on the subject of the religions, languages, manners and customs, and ethnical traits of the black people. His article in the Theosophist embodies more information on these subjects than any other publication made up to that time; I recommend my readers to refer to it. It appears that there are many tribes, and almost everyone with its own dialect--in Queensland alone there are perhaps fifty. Mr. Meston described them to me as a light-hearted, laughter-loving people, with a keen sense of the ludicrous, excellent judges of character, and having astonishing powers of mimicry and

caricature. “Some of them,” he says, “are born low-comedians,

[303] and if trained as such would excite shrieks of laughter in any theatre in the world. They imitate the cries and movements of birds and animals with surprising fidelity. Some are capable of sincere gratitude, possess keen sensibilities, and can be faithful even unto death. Many are ungrateful, treacherous, revengeful, and as cruel as the grave; but exactly the same verdict may be passed on all civilised races of men. Human nature is the same in London as in the tropical jungles or western plains of Australia, in New York as in equatorial Africa. In fact, the great cities of the Old World can show human specimens far baser and more degraded than any Australian savages. The race would be noble indeed in comparison with the ruffianism of Paris and the scum of London.”

The other day Reuter published an interview with the Rev. S. E. Meech, the first refugee missionary to reach England from China since the recent dreadful massacres. Mr. Meech tells us that the Boxers, finding seventy Catholic Christians at Larshuy, hiding in a pit, threw in fuel and literally burnt them alive. Christendom stands aghast at these horrors, as it does, equally, at every similar tale of non-Christian savagery but after a few lip protests, it seems always willing to throw a veil of oblivion over identical acts of pitiless cruelty towards a dark race on the part of the representatives of Christianity. The last survivor of the slaughtered Aborigines of Tasmania died but a few years ago, and desolation has everywhere followed [304] in the track of the white man’s relations with the poor, usually helpless tribes, whose countries they wish to steal under the hypocritical pretext of “promoting civilisation”. Does anyone remember the story of the stormings of Badajoz and Ciudad Rodrigo by the British? In 1858 I lived two months in the Tower of London with one of Wellington’s veterans, who wore the medals of the forlorn hope given to the storming parties on those two occasions, and he told me the sickening details of the brutal cruelty shown when those places were captured. But why go back so far when similar black pages have been written ever since in the world’s military history? We have seen what the Boxers did to the Catholic Christians; on the other side, the correspondent of the Times at Neuchwang tells us in his letter of the 13th August last that the Russians butchered from 1,500 to 2,000 fugitives indiscriminately, and says that “outside the walls, men, women, and children were killed, and from all sides came reliable reports of violation of women. There is no possible doubt about the truth of these reports... The soldiers, both infantry and Cossacks,

have been allowed to do what they liked for some days". Furthermore, the N. Y. Evening Post of 21st September publishes an account by Mr. Wright, of Oberlin College, Ohio, giving details of the alleged massacres by Russians in Manchuria. The peaceful inhabitants of Blagovestchensk, numbering from 3,000 to 4,000, "were expelled in great haste, and being forced upon rafts entirely inadequate to the passage [305] of such numbers, they were mostly drowned in attempting to cross the river. The stream was fairly black with bodies for three days after". So that Mr. Meston was right in saying that the race of the poor black-fellows would come out nobly in the comparison of all the evil things they had done with the ruffianism of us whites. My interesting conversations with that gentleman were held at Brisbane and out at his country-place.

Two points struck me forcibly in his narrative. It is the custom of the southern tribes, when a man dies, to tie his hands and feet together, sling the corpse on a pole, and carry it off to the grave. It was there placed in a sitting posture in a hole about 5 feet deep, covered by sticks and bushes, overlaid with mould crumbled to the fineness of flour, and all crevices carefully closed to keep the ghost, or "Wurum," from escaping. He also, but another informant more fully (Honorable W. O. Hodgkinson), told me that for three days and nights the tribesmen carefully scrutinise the loose mould over the corpse for marks of a track or tracks of an animate creature—be it a bird, insect, or beast—as from them may be known what sorcerer has compassed the death of the supposed victim, and in which direction to look for him. It interested me much to hear this because, in his Travels in Peru, Dr. Tschuddi relates that among Peruvian Indians it is the custom to shut up a corpse in the hut, after sprinkling the floor with wood-ashes, and then watch and wail outside until morning. The door is

[306] then opened, and, from bird-tracks or those of animals or insects seen in the ashes, the state of the defunct is ascertained. How remarkable a coincidence that this mode of divination should be common to two dark races separated by the diameter of the earth! The other point which I noted was the black-fellows' use of the rock-crystal as a divining-stone, and the way in which it is carried by the wearer. Mr. Meston told me a legend of theirs that the tribes of the Russell River had been long engaged in deadly warfare, and so many of the young men were being killed that all the women assembled and united in a pathetic appeal to the souls of their ancestors for help. Then there came down from the stars the beautiful spirit of an old chief called Moiominda, who appeared in a gigantic shape, and in a voice of thunder that made the mountains tremble called the

hostile tribes together and ordered them to make peace. This being consented to, "the mighty Spirit called up the oldest man from each tribe, and advised them all night on the top of Chooreechillam, and gave each one a magnificent rock-crystal, containing the light and wisdom of the stars, and departed in the morning to the Pleiades, leaving the tribes at peace from that day to the present time.

"The rock-crystal is regarded as a mysterious power by many Australian tribes. With some it is always in the possession of the oldest man, who never, allows it to be seen by the women or the young men. I have seen famous chiefs wearing the crystal rolled up in the hair on the back of the head, or concealed [307] under the arm, attached to a string round the neck." Now if the reader will turn to Isis Unveiled, ii, 626, he will see what Madame Blavatsky says about a carnelian divining-stone in her possession, and its unexpected and favorable effect upon a Shaman to conduct her through Thibet. She says: "Every Shaman has such a talisman, which he wears attached to a string, and carries under his left arm." How the magical powers of the stone worn by the Shaman were proved she tells in a most picturesque narrative, well worth the reading.

I have just barely mentioned above Mr. Justice G. W. Paul, of the District Court of Brisbane, but he is worthy of much more notice than that. Judge Paul is —for happily he still lives—one of the most brilliant counsellors and erudite judges in all the colonies. The tie of the friendship which sprang up between us had, however, nothing to do with our common profession, but it was based originally upon our common interest in spiritual philosophy and practical psychical research. When I met him he had been for many years, like myself, studying these problems, and while in London on a vacation, had become intimate with the family of Florrie Cook, Mr. Crookes' medium. The stories he told me of the wonders he had seen in the privacy of the domestic circle were even more wonderful than any which I have seen reported in connection with the mediumship of Miss Cook. The Judge has also made many most successful experiments with mesmeric subjects. I could well believe all he told me because of his strong personal [308] magnetism. The evening when he went with me to my lecture at Centennial Hall, some Sinhalese were present, so, by request of the audience, I gave them "Pansil". To the several clergymen present this incident was especially interesting.

My return journey from Brisbane to Sydney was made by rail, which gave me the chance of seeing the back country of the two colonies. I was much struck with its resemblance to the rural districts of the Western States of America in the

appearance of the buildings, the fencing, the slovenly cultivation, and the appearance of the people whom we saw clustered at the railway stations. At Sydney I met a gentleman, a successful young physician, whom I mention because he was a type of a certain class whom every public man is continually meeting. I withhold his name because I shall have to speak of him in terms not quite complimentary. He had become interested, it seems, in Theosophy, and when my name was mentioned to him at our introduction, he seemed ready to explode almost with enthusiasm. He counted as precious every minute he could snatch from his professional engagements to spend in my company; went about with me, especially to the theatre, and took me every night to his house for supper, keeping me up to chat until the small hours of the morning. I never met a more enthusiastic candidate for membership in our Society. Out of the crowds of visitors who called at my hotel, I had no great difficulty in getting members, nor in forming the Sydney T. S. My fervent friend was [309] unanimously elected President, and I left the place with rosy hopes of the benefits that would accrue from the acquisition of this ideal President. But he was a Roman Catholic, and a considerable share of his practice came from the patronage of the Bishop. He, hearing of the monstrously heretical action of his protégé in joining a Society which was anathema maranatha, gave him very clearly to understand that he would have to choose between the loss of his practice or loyalty to his new connection. Alas! our colleague's courage was not equal to the strain; he swallowed all his fine professions, resigned office, and from that time to this—if he be still living—buried his Theosophical aspirations in the cesspool of self-interest. Many cases like this have combined to make me very suspicious of over-protestations of new members, and exaggerated declarations of affection for myself and other leaders of our movement. In Bulwer's play of Richelieu, the great cardinal, standing and looking after his familiar agent, Joseph, who had just left the room with a profound obeisance, says, in a thrilling aside: He bowed too low. How often and often have H. P. B. and I, after some unusually gushing visitor had departed, said as much as this to each other! Though no words would pass between us, my eyes would sometimes put to her Hamlet's question: "Madam, how like you this play?" and her responsive look would suggest the Queen's reply: "The lady doth protest too much, me thinks." Fortunately for the welfare of our Sydney Branch, it contained members, like Mr. George Peell [310] and some others, who were made of entirely different stuff, and in whose hands it has been carried on from that time to this on the footing of a working body, and has exercised much influence on contemporary thought in that part of

the world.

I was fortunate enough to meet some of the leading statesmen of different colonies whose names have figured largely in the recent Federation movement, such as Sir Samuel Griffith, Hon. Mr. Barton, Sir George R. Dibbs, Alfred Deakin, Hon. John Woods, and others. Two or three of them occupied the chair at my lectures, and my conversations with them, both upon occult and political matters, were highly interesting; they have enabled me to follow recent events with intelligent understanding of the undercurrent of colonial feeling.

On 17th May, at Melbourne, I enjoyed the rare pleasure of hearing a Christian clergymen, the Rev. Dr. Buchanan, in preaching to an audience of 1,500 people on "Buddhism and Christianity," praise our Society. Well, I thought, the old saying is true—wonders will never cease!

From Sydney to Melbourne, and Melbourne to Adelaide, as from Brisbane to Sydney, I travelled by rail, so that I may say that I have had very fair chance of seeing the country. No sleeping-berth being available in the train from Sydney to Adelaide on account of a crowd going to the races, I passed one of the most miserable nights in my life in a compartment crowded with horse-jockeys and book-makers. In the [311] abstract, it was worth while having experience with those animals on two legs, but the knowledge was gained at the expense of a whole night in an atmosphere of pipe-smoke, whisky fumes, profanity, and vulgar language, the like of which I never heard before: may I never have it again!

The notable person at Adelaide, for whose sake this paragraph is written, was Mr. N. A. Knox, who was a man extremely worth knowing. He was one of the most influential men in the colony, a member of, I think, the oldest law firm of Adelaide, prominent in the local club, and the owner of a beautiful place at Burnside, a suburb of Adelaide. Both he and his gifted wife are leading spirits in the local Branch which I formed during the visit in question. Miss Pickett, the devoted daughter of Mrs. Elise Pickett, of Melbourne, had volunteered to go to Colombo and take charge of our Sanghamitta School, and her steamer touched at Adelaide on the second day after my arrival there. Mr. and Mrs. Knox and I went by rail to Largs Bay, and thence by steam launch to her steamer, to visit her, but she had gone ashore and we missed her. Mr. Knox, finding that she was travelling third-class from motives of economy, and appreciating this proof of devotion and self-sacrifice on the part of a refined young lady, with characteristic generosity paid the difference and had her transferred into the second-class

saloon. This is one of those unconsidered trifles which indicate the character of a man as clearly as any amount of panegyric.

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My work in Australia being finished, I embarked on 27th May for Colombo on the P. & O. S.S. "Massilia," as above noted, and was warmly welcomed by Captain Fraser, the commander, whom I had met at dinner at Government House, Sydney, and who took me to his own table. Barring the lecture on Theosophy already mentioned, the voyage homeward was pleasant and uneventful. We reached Colombo on the 10th of June, and our steamer, leaving Adelaide two days later than Miss Pickett's, anchored in Colombo harbor a few hours earlier; so that I was able to go on board her boat with a committee of Sinhalese ladies, bring her ashore, and escort her to Tichborne Hall, the school building. Mr. Keightley, happening to be in Colombo at the time, was also present, and I made an address of welcome on behalf of the Women's Education Society. Calling up Mrs. Weerakoon, the President, I had her take Miss Pickett by the hand, give her a sisterly welcome, and acknowledge her as Principal. The hall was decorated with the taste for which the Sinhalese are conspicuous, and Miss Pickett was charmed with her first view of her new home. The next morning I took Miss Pickett to see the High Priest and his College; and as she was willing and anxious to become a Buddhist, the High Priest and I arranged for a public meeting at our hall the next evening, for her to take Pansil. The room was packed to suffocation, and there was a roar of applause after she had gone through with the simple ceremony. By request, I lectured on the Buddhistic incidents of [313] my Australian tour. The creation of a Blavatsky Scholarship Fund for the education of Buddhist girls being suggested, I took subscriptions to the amount of Rs. 500 towards it, but the idea was never carried out. On the following day a garden-party in honor of Miss Pickett was given at the Sanghamitta School. At this time Dr. Daly was showing the worst side of his nature, and he had grossly insulted the faithful Sinhalese Committee, who had been working so hard with me during the previous ten years. The situation was altogether very strained; and when I left for Marseilles with Mr. Keightley, on the French steamer, on the 15th of June, the feeling was very bitter on both sides.

The homeward voyage was smooth and without notable incident: we reached Marseilles on 2nd July, Paris on the 3rd, and London on the 4th, where I arrived at 6 p.m. W. Q. Judge, who had come over from New York in response to my telegram, met me and took me to the Headquarters at 19 Avenue Road, where I

had an affectionate greeting from Mrs. Besant and the other residents of the house. Mrs. B. and I visited the bedroom of H. P. B., and, after a time of solemn meditation, pledged ourselves to be true to the Cause and to each other. The death of my co-Founder had left me as the recognised sole centre of the movement, and it seemed as if the hearts of all our best workers warmed towards me more than they had ever done before.

A general Convention of our Branches in Europe having been called for the 9th of July, the Delegates [314] from Sweden reported themselves on the 6th, and others from different countries, including Great Britain and Ireland, kept coming up to the time of opening. I have noted in my entry for the 8th of July a domestic incident which I think worth registering here, because it is so illustrative of the spirit of devotion to our Society which has been showing itself at intervals throughout our whole corporate history. Although it poured in torrents on the day in question, a number of ladies and gentlemen, one or two, I believe, of noble birth, gathered together at Avenue Road and shelled peas by the bushel, scraped bushels of potatoes and other vegetables, and did a lot of miscellaneous housework in preparation for the entertainment of Delegates in a large marquee erected in the garden. There were grave literary men and women, artists, members of the learned professions, and others of dignified social position cheerfully undertaking this menial work for the sake of the Society which they loved. On that same evening, by request, I gave personal reminiscences of H. P. B. to an informal meeting of Delegates; and the questions put to me elicited an amount of detail about the private life, habits, and opinions of our dear, never-to-be-replaced, Helena Petrovna. It touched me to see the evidences of her strong hold upon the affections of all who had been associated with her. Smarting, as I was, from a bereavement which was to me inexpressibly greater than it could have been to any of the others who had been less mixed up in her life than I, their evidently sincere grief [315] strongly excited my emotions. It was only now, when I stood in her London home, where we had passed many pleasant hours together during my visits to London, and saw myself surrounded by the objects she had left on her desk, the latest books that she had been reading, the big chair she had sat in, and the dresses she had worn, that I felt the full sense of our irreparable loss. Although I had known for years that she would die before me, yet I never expected that she would leave me so abruptly without passing over to me certain secrets which she told me she must give me before she could go. So it seemed almost as though there was some mistake, and that, instead of having gone on the long journey to the higher

sphere, she must have just taken temporary leave of us, with the intention of coming back to have those last words with me, and then get her final release. I even expected that she would come to my bedside that night, but my slumbers were not interrupted. And so I braced myself up to carry the heavy burden that had fallen upon my shoulders, and do my best to keep the vital power unweakened within the body of the Society which we two had built up together.

CHAPTER XVIII

THE FIRST CONVENTION IN EUROPE

(1891)

THE meeting of the European Branches on 9th and 10th July, mentioned in the last chapter, was an important event in our history, as it was the first Annual Convention that we had held in Europe. At that time, it will be remembered, we had in Europe two Sections, viz., the British Section and the tentative European Section that H. P. B. had irregularly formed, and which was afterwards officially ratified. In the latter were included the London Lodge, Ionian T. S., Vienna Lodge, Swedish T. S., Dutch-Belgian Branch, Le Lotus, our French Branch, and the Spanish group of Madrid, from which Senor Xifré came as Delegate. Miss Emily Kislingbury was Treasurer, and Mr. G. R. S. Mead, General Secretary. In the British Section there were eleven Branches, viz., the Blavatsky, Scottish, Dublin, Newcastle, Bradford, Liverpool, Birmingham, West of England, Brighton, Brixton, and Chiswick; the Treasurer was Mr. F. L. Gardner; the General Secretary, Mr. W. R. Old. All the above took part in the Convention.

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The meeting was held in the hall of the Blavatsky Lodge, in Avenue Road. I took the chair, and appointed Mr. Mead, Secretary, and Mr. Old, Assistant Secretary of the Convention. Mrs. Besant then rose and, addressing the Delegates first, and then myself, bade me welcome in words so sweet, so characteristic of her own loving temperament, that I cannot refrain from quoting them here. She said:

"It is at once my duty and privilege, as President of the Blavatsky Lodge, the largest in the British dominions, to voice the welcome of the Delegates and members of this Convention to the President-Founder. It is not necessary for me to remind you of the past services he has rendered the cause to which his life has been dedicated. Chosen by the Masters as President for life of the Theosophical Society, associated with their messenger H. P. B., bound together by every tie that can bind, no words we can utter, no thought we can think, can add anything to the loyalty which every member must feel to our President. We welcome him with added warmth because of the promptitude with which, on receiving the

notice of H. P. B.'s departure, he has come from Australia, where he had gone to recover the health lost in the service of the cause. He came across the ocean without delay, in order that by his presence he might strengthen and encourage us here in Europe, that everyone may go promptly forward in the work. And in bidding you, Mr. President, welcome to this Convention, we can assure you of our steadfast loyalty [318] to the cause, you who are the only one who represents the mission from the Masters themselves. We are met here to-day to carry on the work of H. P. B., and the only way to carry on her work and to strengthen the Society will be by loyalty and faithfulness to the cause for which she died, the only cause worth living for and dying for in this world."

The full report of the Convention appeared in the Theosophist for September, 1891, but as a whole decade has passed, it has, of course, been forgotten even by the readers of our magazine; and as the book into which these pages are destined to pass will come into the hands of hundreds who have never known about this historical meeting, I take the advice of friends and reproduce here the substance of my Address to the Convention. I do this the more readily because there are certain views expressed in it which ought to be widely known in the best interests of our Society. I quote, therefore, as follows:

"Brothers and Sisters,—When I try to concentrate my thoughts to speak to you, I find a very great difficulty in translating them into words, because my heart is so oppressed by the grief that has fallen upon us, by the presence of this empty chair, by the memories of seventeen years of intimate association, that the tongue refuses its office, and I can only leave you to infer what my feelings are on coming to meet you here... It was not until I came to this spot that I realised that H. P. B. was dead. We had, for the last few years, been working apart. I had not been accustomed,

[319] as before, to see her every day and hour, and therefore I did not realise the fact that she was gone until I came here and saw her empty room, and felt that we had indeed been bereaved. I passed some time alone in her room, and I received there what was necessary for my guidance in the future; I may simply say, in one word, the gist of it was that I should continue the work as though nothing whatever had happened, and I have been delighted beyond measure to see that this spirit has been imparted to her late associates, and that they have become inspired by her zeal to that extent that, while their hearts have been wrenched by this blow, their courage has never faltered for a moment, nor has there been the least vacillation nor the least intimation that they were ready to

abandon the work in which she had enlisted them. Now, for the first time, I feel ready and willing to die. It has been the great anxiety of my life, since we left New York for India, lest I might die in the various exposures to which I have been subjected, and thus leave the movement before it has gained vitality to go on. 'If H. P. B. and I should die,' it has been said by the Hindus everywhere, 'the thing would collapse.' Now her death has shown that it will not collapse, and therefore I feel much more fearless than I have been heretofore as to exposing myself in different parts of the world. I feel now that this movement has acquired an individuality of its own, and that nothing in the world can drag it down. I have had recently in Australia the most striking proof of the existence [320] throughout the world of this yearning after the Secret Doctrine, after Mysticism, after the truths to be obtained by soul development. I found everywhere throughout Australia latent inclination, potency in this direction, which only requires an excuse to manifest itself. I found it in Great Britain, and Mr. Judge has found it in America, so that now I feel satisfied that though the most of us who are engaged in this work as leaders should die, the movement itself is an entity, has its own vitality, and will keep on. How it shall keep on is a question for us to consider. We have heretofore had within easy reach a teacher who, like an inexhaustible well of fresh water, could be drawn upon at any time that we were thirsting for information. This has been an advantage in one way, but a great detriment in another. The very inaccessibility of the Masters is an advantage to all those who wish to acquire knowledge, because in the effort to come near them, to get any communion with them, one insensibly prepares in himself the conditions of spiritual growth, and it is when we are thrown upon our own resources that we are enabled to bring out the powers latent in our characters. I consider that H. P. B. had died at the right moment. She has left work unfinished, it is true, but she has also done work which is quite sufficient, if we make use of it properly, to supply us for many years to come with the help that we need in Theosophical progress. She has not gone away and left us absolutely without unpublished remains; on the contrary, she has left a large body of them, and in the [321] custody of her chosen depositary, Mrs. Besant, who, in the proper way and at the proper moment, will give them out to the world. But I maintain that even though not another book had been written save Isis Unveiled, that would have been enough for the earnest student. I may say that my Theosophical education has been obtained almost entirely from that book; for my life has been so busy of late years that I have had no time for reading. I cannot read anything serious when I am travelling, and at home my

mind is so overwhelmed with the anxieties of my official position that I have no time and no inclination to sit down and meditate and read; so that of what I know about Theosophy and Theosophical matters, a large part has been obtained through Isis Unveiled, in the composition of which I was engaged with her for about two years. Our effort should be to spread everywhere among our sympathisers the belief that each one must work out his own salvation, that there can be no progress whatever without effort, and that nothing is so pernicious, nothing is so weakening, as the encouragement of the spirit of dependence upon another, upon another's wisdom, upon another's righteousness. It is a most pernicious thing and paralyses all effort. Now a method that is pursued in schools of Yoga in India and in Tibet is this: the Master gives at first no encouragemeat whatever to the would-be pupil, perhaps he will not even look at him, and frequently persons attach themselves to a Yogi as chelas, despite his trying to drive them away, perhaps with blows, or, at any [322] rate, despite their being apparently scorned and put upon in every possible way by the Yogi. They perform most menial offices, sweeping the floors, making the fires, and everything of the kind, while perhaps the Yogî will reward them with indifference for months or years. If the aspirant is really desirous of obtaining the truth, he is not discouraged by any of these rebuffs. A time finally comes when, having tested him sufficiently, the Master may turn to him and set his foot on the path by giving him the first hint. Then he waits to see how he will profit by that hint, and the rapidity of his subsequent progress depends entirely upon his own behavior. But we may say we have been far better off than that. We have had H. P. B. with us as an active worker for the last sixteen years, during which time she has given out in various channels, in the Theosophist, in Lucifer, her books, and her conversation, a great volume of esoteric teaching, and hundreds of hints which, if taken, understood, and followed up will enable anyone of us to make decided progress, in our Theosophical direction.

"I have been for a number of years holding Conventions of Delegates representing the Society. On these walls you see photographs of some of those Conventions. This is the first one that has been held in Europe. You are behind America, where they have been having splendid Conventions for several years past. But everything must have a beginning, and this is the beginning in Europe. We have a fair representation of our movement in different parts of Europe, but nothing [323] like as full an one as will come after this initiative has been understood and followed up. At the threshold of the work we have every promise before us of an immense extension of our movement. We have every reason to

be satisfied with the outlook. When we consider the enormous reactionary influences at work in different parts of Christendom; when we consider the progress of vicious tendencies and of materialistic opinions in European countries; when we look at the distribution of our literature, and see how devoted persons in different countries, like our splendid Spanish group, are rendering the works into their vernaculars and are circulating them in their countries, and see what results we are obtaining, I think my observation is correct, that we have great reason to be satisfied with the outlook. I wish that every Delegate in this Convention representing any country might take to heart to avoid as a pestilence the feeling of local pride or local exclusiveness. With political divisions we have nothing to do; with distinctions of rank and caste and creed we have nothing to do. Ours is a common, neutral ground, where the standard of respect is the standard of a purified humanity. Our ideals are higher than those of time-serving communities. We have no king, no emperor, no president, no dictator here in our spiritual life. We welcome everybody who is eager after the truth to a seat beside us on the bench, on the sole condition that he or she will help us in our studies, and will receive in a kindly and brotherly spirit any help that we are ready and able [324] to give. We should therefore know no England, no Scotland, no France, no Germany, no Sweden, no Spain, no Italy. These are geographical abstractions. For us the terms do not exist in our Theosophical consciousness. We have Swedish brothers, and German brothers, and French brothers, and Spanish, and English, Irish, Welsh, and so forth; as brothers we know them, as brothers we are bound to them, and in every way; so that in your work in your different countries you should try to imbue your fellows with the feeling that this is a union that has no regard to geographical or national boundaries or limitations, and that the first step in the development of the Theosophist is generous altruism, forgetfulness of self, the destruction and breaking down of the barriers of personal prejudice, an expanding heart, an expanding soul, so as to unite oneself with all peoples and all the races of the world in trying to realise upon earth that Kingdom of Heaven which was spoken of in the Bible, and which means this universal brotherhood of the advanced and perfected humanity which has preceded us in the march of cosmic evolution. And now, not to detain you longer, I welcome you with a full heart and an outstretched hand to this family meeting of the Theosophical Society.

“I wish you to feel that this is a Section of the General Council of the Society, that you represent the dignity and the majesty of the Society, and that your interest is as deep in the things that are transpiring in the American Section, and

in the Indian [325] Section, and in Ceylon and other Sections, as it is in what is merely transpiring within the geographical boundaries which are represented in your respective Branches. I hope the spirit of amity may dwell in this meeting; that we may feel that we are in the presence of the Great Ones whose thoughts take in what is transpiring at any distance as easily as what is transpiring near by, and also that we are imbued, surrounded, by the influence of my dear colleague and your revered teacher, who has left us for a while to return under another form and under more favorable conditions."

Resolutions in honor of H. P. B. were offered by the Countess Wachtmeister, seconded by Señor Xifré, and carried by acclamation. Mr. W. Q. Judge offered resolutions for the creation of an "H. P. B. Memorial Fund," which were seconded by Mrs. Besant in an eloquent speech, and supported by Mr. B. Keightley in a fervent address. The resolutions were carried unanimously. I then read a letter to the Convention suggesting a partition of the ashes of H. P. B.'s body, recommending that one portion each should be given to Adyar, London, and New York. I recalled the fact that this plan had been followed in the disposal of the ashes of Gautama Buddha and other sacred personages. The Theosophical career of H. P. B., I said, had been divided into three stages, viz., New York, India, and London--its cradle, altar, and tomb. I did not overlook that it had always been understood between us that the one of us two who survived should [326] bury the other's ashes at Adyar. I was moved to this plan of the partition because I could plainly see that if I took all the ashes back with me, feelings of resentment would be excited. In fact I noticed that, in seconding the motion of Mrs. Besant for the acceptance of the proposal, Mr. Judge said that "it was a question of justice; and if any other arrangement had been adopted, though he himself personally would have made no claim, he felt sure that the American Section would have done so". Of course the offer was at once accepted.

The Countess Wachtmeister transmitted an offer from the great Swedish sculptor, Sven Bengtsson, to make an artistic urn as a repository for the share of the ashes apportioned to London. Naturally, the offer was gratefully and enthusiastically accepted, and I appointed an art committee to examine designs and settle preliminaries, with the artist as a member.

The keynote of harmony having been struck, the proceedings of the two days' sessions were interesting and cordial throughout. Mr. Mead gave a masterly survey of the Theosophical outlook in Europe, which he declared to be highly encouraging. Results have proved his prognostic to have been fully warranted,

for the movement has spread and strengthened to an extent not then dreamed of.

The uselessness of having two Sections to cover in a great part of the same territory was so apparent that an arrangement was come to to dissolve the British Section, and further strengthen and consolidate [327] the European Section. To carry this legally into effect, I issued on the 17th of July, at London, an Executive Notice, officially recognising the latter, ordering the issue of a Charter to Mr. Mead and associates of the Executive Committee, and officially ratifying the unanimous vote of the British Section to dissolve its organisation. The European Section was instructed to take over the records, liabilities, and assets of the British Section as from the 11th of July. Mr. Mead was unanimously confirmed by the Convention as General Secretary.

I had just refused, in Brisbane, the bequest of one fortune, and now another was offered me. At a garden-party at Avenue Road, a French-Swiss member, M. C. Parmelin, F.T.S., a resident of Havre, until then stranger to me, took me aside and asked me to accept his small fortune of fcs. 30,000 in cash for the Society. He explained that he had no use for the money, and wanted to do something practical to help on a movement in which he felt the deepest interest: especially he wished to aid the work in France. In answer to my questions respecting himself, he told me that he was a bachelor, with no desire or intention to marry; that his salary as a bank employee was ample for all his wants; and that on the death of his mother he would inherit another handsome sum. In reply, I pointed out to him that it was unwise for him to strip himself of all his reserve capital, for in case of serious illness he might lose his employment and find himself in want; but as he had the prospect of an inheritance, and [328] also of the continuance of his income from his salary, and as I recognised the right of every member of the Society to give as freely as I did myself, I would accept half of the sum offered, leaving him the other half to use in case of necessity, with the understanding that when his inheritance fell in he could, if he chose, give me the other half. But, for the sake of a permanent record, I requested him to put the offer, as modified, in writing. This he did the same day. I then called Mrs. Besant and Mr. Mead into a consultation with M. Parmelin, and we came to the following agreement; (1) The offer should be accepted; (2) The money should be lodged in bank in the names of Mrs. Besant, Mr. Mead, and the donor himself, my determination being that he should give his signature with that of the others, on every cheque drawn, so that all disbursements should be made with his knowledge and consent; (3) That, as his wish was to help the movement

generally, as well as particularly the French portion of it, the sum of £100 each should be given to Adyar, London, and New York headquarters for general purposes, and that the remainder should be used in aid of the operations in France. This being agreed to, I received, ten days later, through Mrs. Besant, the £100 for Adyar, and it will be found in the Treasurer's report for February, as assigned to the Library Fund. I have given the foregoing details about this affair for two reasons: one, that so well-intentioned an act of beneficence should be recorded in our history; and the other, because, later on, the donor seemed to have [329] changed his mind about it to some extent, and to be disposed to cast imputations against us three persons, who were—as the above facts prove—only striving our best to carry out his own wishes and apply his gifts to the very purposes he had himself designated. Fortunately, I had induced him to put into writing the offer first made to me verbally, a precaution born of long experience in the study of human nature, and one which I strongly recommend for adoption by all my present and future colleagues.

I was extremely shocked on receiving news from Colombo of the accidental death by drowning of our dear Miss Pickett, only ten days after I had installed her as Principal of the Sanghamitta School. It appears that she was subject to occasional attacks of somnambulism, and that she rose in the night, passed noiselessly out of the house, wandered over the lawn, and fell into a well which was only protected by a low parapet wall. It was a very sad and tragical case. She had left Australia with her mother's blessing; her new home was a beautiful one; she began her work with zeal, and, as far as we knew, was in vigorous health; her reception had been so warm as to fill her heart with joy; there was even a strong probability of her mother's joining her very soon, and I had given half the price of the passage ticket. There was no apparent cloud on the horizon of her young life, while the future opened out before her a smiling prospect. The day after the accident 7,000 persons came to see the drowned body, and in a long, sad, strange procession,

[330] all clad in white garments, they followed it to the cemetery, where Mrs. Weerakoon, the President of the W. E. S., lighted her funeral pyre. I have, at the mother's request, the sacred ashes in my custody.

So serious an event as the death of Madame Blavatsky could not occur without exciting in timid minds throughout the world of Theosophy apprehensions as to its -probable effect upon our movement. At this critical movement it behoved me to step forward and lay down the policy which would

be pursued. We have seen that a stupid notion prevailed to some extent that the death of one or both of the Founders would mean the destruction of the Society. I dealt with this in the address above copied into this narrative; and to reach the many who would not be likely to read the Convention proceedings, I issued at London, on 27th July, the following Executive Notice:

"As the survivor of the two principal Founders of the Theosophical Society, I am called upon to state officially the lines upon which its work will be prosecuted. I therefore give notice—

"1. That there will be no change in the general policy, the three declared objects of the Society being strictly followed out, and nothing permitted which would conflict with the same in any respect.

"2. The Society, as such, will be kept as neutral as heretofore, and as the Constitution provides, with respect to religious dogmas and sectarian ideas; helping all who ask our aid to understand and live [331] up to their best religious ideals, and pledging itself to no one more than another.

"3. The untrammelled right of private judgment and the absolute equality of members in the Society, regardless of their differences in sex, race, color, or creed, is reaffirmed and guaranteed as heretofore.

"4. No pledges will be exacted as a condition of acquiring or retaining fellowship, save as provided in the Constitution.

"5. A policy of open frankness, integrity, and altruism will be scrupulously followed in all the Society's dealings with its members and the public.

"6. Every reasonable effort will be made to encourage members to practically prove by their private lives and conversation the sincerity of their Theosophical profession.

"7. The principle of autonomous government in Sections and Branches, within the lines of the Constitution, and of non-interference by Headquarters, save extreme cases, will be loyally observed."

Any officer of a Branch, or other person concerned in the management of any portion of the Society's activity, who will keep strictly within the lines placed in the above Notice, will not go far wrong nor compromise the Society in the eyes of the public.

CHAPTER XIX

HYPNOTIC EXPERIMENTS IN PARIS

(1891)

ON the 20th (July) Mr. Harte brought to see me a distinguished Hindu gentleman who expressed so much interest in my lifework as to surprise me; he went so far as to entreat me to either write, or let Mr. Harte write, my biography, offering to advance the whole cost of publication; he said that his compatriots, at least, would never forget me for what I had done for them and their country, and that I owed it to them to put on record the story of my antecedents and different branches of work. I thanked him sincerely for his evidence of good-feeling, but had to decline, as, being a firm believer in the evolution of the human entity through numberless reincarnations, I considered these vauntings of a single personality as trash. As he also, being a Hindu, was of necessity a reincarnationist, I bade him tell me, if he could, the details of either one of his past lives, among which some must have been very influential, or else he could never have evolved up to his present degree of intellectual and moral strength. I asked [333] him to recall to mind the thousand and one architectural monuments erected by sovereigns of Indian provinces, in their time considered mighty and never to be forgotten, but whose very names and epochs are now the subject of mere conjecture. He had to confess the justness of the position, but still continued to importune me until I gave him the decisive answer that I should refuse. What a pity it is that members of our Society, pretending to familiarity with our literature, and accepting the theory of reincarnation, cannot apparently show the least proof of their sincerity! They cling to and try to exalt their pigmy personalities, and to the end of their days live within the impassable ring of their nationalities and social or caste prejudices. Orthodoxy they spell autodoxy.

Mr. Judge and I, being such old acquaintances, and, until somewhat later, personal friends, passed most of our time together and discussed the situation in all its aspects. As I have before stated, he had developed enormously since the early days at New York, when he was a very insignificant party, both as to character and position; his capacity only developed itself in 1886, eleven years after our meeting. My confidence in him, however, received a severe shock, for he made pretences of intimacy with the Mahatmas which were absolutely

contradicted by the whole drift of his private letters to me since we parted at New York; he had been constantly importuning me to get messages from them, and complaining of their obstinate silence. He even went so far as to lay on my table,

[334] inside the open cover of another letter, a message to me in Mahatma handwriting, and then clumsily told me, when he found I had not said anything about it, that the Mahatma bade him tell me that there was such a note on my table. The message itself, when found, turned out to be a palpable fraud. A variety of other things happening at this same time lowered him very much in my esteem, and from that time forward I had no confidence in his pretended revelations and occult commissions. But all this is now a matter of history, and has been published in connection with the case instituted against him later on. The worst of his operations were the deceptions he practised upon that dear woman, Mrs. Besant, who was one of his most fervent admirers, and reposed in him a touching confidence. But we shall come to this in its proper place. However, the exposure had not yet come, and so we were on the footing of the old friendship. He and I went and bought two bronze vases and divided H. P. B.'s ashes; of which I carried the Adyar portion with me around the world, with a notification on the wrapper that in case of my sudden death en route the package was to be forwarded to Adyar by whomsoever should take charge of my effects. It goes without saying that if I had had the least prevision of the future secession of the American Branches and Judge from the Society, I would not have given him one grain of the precious dust.

Mrs. Besant and I arranged that she should come out and make a tour in India the next season, and a [335] preliminary notice was issued by me to that effect. This programme was, however, cancelled by her, although her passage was actually engaged, on receipt, through Judge, of a bogus Mahatma order, the particulars of which are now historical. My present conviction is that he had a double purpose in view, viz.; to keep Mrs. Besant within easy reach, and to prevent her from comparing notes with me at Adyar about his occult messages and pretensions. The tour was ultimately made in the year 1893-4, and will be described in a future chapter.

During my stay in London I paid a visit to a Working Girls' Club at Bow, which had been started by H. P. B. with the £1,000 given her by a sympathetic friend who ordered his name withheld, and who left to her discretion the way in which it should be used for the benefit of working women. Naturally, she

consulted Mrs. Besant, having had no experience whatever herself as to the needs of that class, and they decided to use it for the founding of a social club in the heart of the East End. A roomy, old-fashioned house, just opposite the church, was rented, plainly fitted up, and the good Mrs. Lloyd engaged as matron. I was very much pleased with the appearance of things, and did my best to help make the evening pass pleasantly for the working girls. Miss Potter, an American elocutionist, recited admirably a number of pieces; there was piano-playing and singing, an informal dance, a collation; and, laying aside my official dignity for the time, I yielded to a request of Mrs. Lloyd's and sang some [336] Irish songs. It will surprise no one to learn that this style of music was better suited to the tastes and capacities of the audience than the most brilliant pieces played on the piano. I was greatly amused on receiving next day, from the matron, a note begging me to send her the words of "The Low-backed Car," with the remark that the girls would give her no peace until she had written me. The experiment of the Bow Club, albeit superintended by Mrs. Annie Besant, whom the working girls fairly worshipped, proved a failure in the end, and the house had to be closed.

It was thought best that I should visit New York and pass through the country to San Francisco, so as to help to cheer up our American colleagues; this, moreover, would give me the chance of taking counsel with the principal Japanese priests about my platform of the Fourteen Principles. So this was determined upon, and I engaged passage for New York by the Atlantic greyhound "New York" for the 16th of September. My movements were closely calculated, so that I should get back to Madras in time to make the usual arrangements for the Convention.

Having determined to gratify a long-felt wish to study at first hand the theories and experiments of the rival hypnotic schools of Paris and Nancy, I crossed over with Mr. Mead to Paris on the last day of July, and we reached our destination without all notable incident on the way. Invitations to dinner from Lady Caithness (Duchesse de Pomar), Madame Zambaco the sculptress, and another lady member of [337] the Society awaited me. On the next day I had the pleasure of visiting again Professor de Rosny of the Sorbonne, and the honor of making the acquaintance of Emil Burnouf the Sanskritist, and brother of the world-renowned late Eugène Burnouf, the master of Professor Max Müller, from both of whom Mr. Mead and I received a most cordial welcome. M. de Rosny has been known throughout the literary world for years as a lecturer on and

advocate of Buddhism; he is one of the most erudite sinologues in the world.

At this time the brilliant and still handsome Countess of Caithness was enjoying excellent health and spirits, and was full of interest in the Theosophical Society, of which she had long been a member. We had become great friends during the visit of H. P. B. and myself to her favorite winter resort, the Palais Tiranty, Nice, and she was always extremely cordial to me on the occasions of my visits to Paris. During the present one she had me to dinner, drove me out to the Bois, invited friends to meet me, and showed other civilities. To signify her friendship, she had made for me, in diamonds and rubies, a miniature copy of our Society's seal, arranged to wear in the button-hole. She was a woman who in her youth must have been the great beauty which tradition affirms. Her first husband was a Spanish count and general, afterwards raised to the diginity of Duc. His family name was Pomar, and the fruit which the word represents was blazoned on his coat-of-arms. By him she had a son, now the holder of the title, and a young man of most agreeable manners,

[338] and known in literature as the author of several romances. Some years after her husband's death she married the eccentric Earl of Caithness, representative of one of the most ancient families of Great Britain. He was a great expert in mechanical science. Lady Caithness' father owned large sugar plantations and many slaves in Cuba. From all these sources her ladyship inherited, it is said, a large fortune; certainly, if the possession of a splendid palace in Paris, gorgeously furnished, and probably the finest diamonds outside royal regalia in Europe, go for anything, we may well believe the story. She had been for many years an ardent spiritualist; previously to that, a deep student of mesmerism. The natural graduation from such a preliminary course was Theosophy, which takes them both in and explains them as no other school of thought can. She was not a woman of fixed ideas, but, on the contrary, impulsive and changeful. As her son had no wish to marry—at least so she told me—she speculated much as to how she should leave her fortune, and at the time I speak of, was balancing between a little spiritualistic group that met at her house, and that she had christened the "Star Circle," and our Society. Later on, she summoned Mr. Mead and the Countess Wachtmeister to help her frame a will bequeathing us, I believe, the reversionary interest of her whole property upon the death of her son, with certain legacies to the medium or mediums who had helped her keep up the "Star Circle" meetings. But this was a flash in the pan, and in point of fact she made no bequest of the [339] kind, but her whole estate

passed to her son. She left behind her several books on occult subjects, of which one at least testified to her industry in compilation. Like most of us, she had her illusions, but they were harmless, the chief one being that she was a reincarnation of Mary Queen of Scots. She published one brochure entitled A Night at Holyrood, in which she describes a meeting between her and the spirit of the unfortunate queen. H. P. B., with characteristic frankness, posed her with the question how she could be at one and the same time the embodied Lady Caithness and the disembodied Mary. Her "Star Circle" was held in an exquisite little chapel in her Paris palace, built expressly for it. At the place where the altar usually is was a niche, at the bottom of which was a really splendid picture, in full-length, of Mary Queen of Scots. From gas-jets, masked behind the side pillars, an admirably arranged flood of light was thrown upon the picture, and the chapel being in deep shadow an effect of startling realism was produced; it seemed almost as though Mary would step out of the canvas and advance to receive the homage of her adorer.

Another old friend of H. P. B.'s and mine, of whom I saw much during my visit to Paris, was the Countess Gaston d'Adhémar, F.T.S., a great American beauty, married to the representative of one of the noblest families of France. She was a true American, a warm lover of her country and compatriots. She and her sister, also married to a French gentleman, were two [340] of the handsomest women I ever saw, but they were not alike in their love of Occultism; the Countess alone took up with Theosophy, and she proved her sincerity by editing and publishing for a whole year a Theosophical magazine called La Revue Théosophique, which filled the gap made by the collapse of our first French magazine, Le Lotus. In her introduction the Directress explains the intention of the magazine to be, "to make known a science as old as the world, and yet new for the West of our day". It was something really remarkable that a lady of her position should freely give her name as the founder of such a periodical, and request that all editorial communications should be sent to her, to the address of her private residence.

My first move in the direction of hypnotic research was to call on my acquaintance Dr. J. Babinski, formerly Professor Charcot's chief of clinic, and who had assisted at the experiments made by his master for me at the time of my first visit to La Salpêtrière. We had a most interesting conversation on our favorite subject. He told me that he had made many experiments pointing towards thought-transference, but, by Charcot's advice, he was keeping them

back. I have a note giving the bare mention of two or three examples which he related. The experiment was made with two hypnotic sensitives, of whom one was in an upper room, the other in one beneath it; let us call these Nos. 1 and 2. To No. 1 was given the suggestion that she was at the Jardin des Plantes, and her attention was specially called to the big elephant kept there;

[341] patient No.2 received the same hypnotic illusion. Again, No. 1 was, by suggestion, made speechless; No.2 also became mute. Again, No.1 was made to see red melons growing on a tree; to No.2 this illusion was gradually transferred. Then there were illusions of a flag, a staff, etc. Unfortunately, I only made this bare mention of these interesting facts, and the multiplicity of my mental impressions within the subsequent ten years has quite obliterated the memory of the details necessary to give scientific value to the experiments. He was going his daily round of visits to private patients, and took me along, leaving me in the carriage while he entered the houses. The way was enlivened by his many anecdotes, some of them very funny. Here was one. Charcot was holding his clinic one day when a white-aproned nurse came in and announced that a gentleman was waiting in the ante-room for an interview, as he had something very important to communicate. The Professor said that it was impossible for him to leave the clinic, and asked Babinski to see what was wanted. The latter found in the ante-room a thick-set, red-haired individual, with his coat buttoned up to his neck and his hands clasped behind his back, tramping up and down, and seemingly in a rather nervous state. When the young doctor appeared he approached, bowed impressively, and asked if he was speaking to the great Dr. Charcot. Babinski explained that he had been sent to inquire as to his business, as the chief was too much engaged to come out. “Then, sir,” said the man, “listen to me.

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I believe that your school denies the reality of thought-transference, but I, sir, can give you a most crushing proof.” “Ah, indeed; that is most important. Pray tell me what it is, for this is what science has been waiting for.” “Listen, then, M. le Docteur. My profession is that of a commis voyageur (commercial traveller), and my business takes me usually to South America. Between my wife and myself exists the closest possible sympathy; our hearts beat together, we share each other’s thoughts. We have acquired during the long years of our ideal marriage the power of holding communion with each other in dreams, howsoever far apart we may be in body. Well, sir, on arriving home recently after

fifteen months' separation, I found that we had an addition to our family." The hard-headed Babinski, being a disbeliever in thought-transference, could not prevent the shadow of a cloud of doubt from passing over his face, which perceiving, the visitor exclaimed. "You seem to doubt me, sir; but I can assure you that this is not the first time!" Dr. Charcot's emissary thereupon saluted him gravely, said he should certainly report this evidence to the chief, and dismissed the happy husband.

Professor Charcot being away from Paris when the letter announcing my intended visit came, he sent instructions to his then chef de clinique, Dr. Georges Guinon, to conduct the experiments for me in the laboratory.[29] My first séance was on 5th August, and the female patient operated upon a well-known [343] sensitive, whose case has been described in several medical works. The experiments made were so suggestive and intrinsically valuable that they deserve a more permanent record than can be gained in the pages of a magazine, and so I shall again draw from a back number of the Theosophist portions of my printed report, as I could not possibly make the narrative any clearer by rewriting it. In the first day's experiments, now under discussion, "Dr. Guinon produced the three stages of Charcot—'lethargy' by pressure upon the eyeballs, 'catalepsy' by simply lifting the eyelids and exposing the pupil to the light, and 'somnambulism' by pressure on the vertex or crown of the head. The patient was made to pass from one stage into another with perfect ease, and in whatever one she was, one of the characteristic phenomena described above was exhibited. As Dr. Guinon, on behalf of the Charcot school, denied the existence of a mesmeric fluid or aura, I suggested to him the experiment of making the patient stand with her face close to the wall, then extending his hand towards the nape of her neck as if it were a magnet he held, and then slowly withdrawing it, at the same time willing intensely that the head should follow his hand, as a suspended needle would a magnet. He did so, and some degree of attraction was proved. This, Dr. Guinon thought, might be due either to his having made a slight current of air to pass over the hystrical girl's supersensitive skin, or she might have felt the animal heat of his hand. Either of these might act as a suggestion, and put the idea [344] into her head that she was expected to let her back approach the Doctor's hand. To meet this theory, I suggested that her head and shoulders should be covered with a cloth. It was done, and there were still some signs of attraction.[30] I purposely abstained from making the experiment myself—one that I have made hundreds of times successfully in India—that whatever result there was might be produced by Dr. Guinon's own hand. I was led to believe that his

absolute scepticism as to the existence of such a magnetic or mesmeric force prevented his getting a much more satisfactory result, simply because he created no will-current. However, it was a beginning. Among other experiments this day, Dr. G. called in a second sensitive, and placing two chairs back to back, caused the two girls to sit thus with their heads close together, yet not touching, and put them into the hypnotic sleep. A paralysis (contracture) of the right arm of one of them was then artificially produced (by simple friction along [345] the muscles of the inside surface of the arm), and a large magnet being laid gently on the table against which both their chairs touched, the paralysis in the first girl's arm gradually disappeared, and the same arm of the second girl became contracted. This mysterious phenomenon, the Charcot school says, is due to the direct auric action of the magnet; for when the trick has been resorted to of using a wooden magnet painted to resemble the real one, or a magnet made of simple unmagnetised iron, the transfer does not take place. At least, it has not at La Salpêtrière, though Dr. Guinon admitted that it had in England and elsewhere. Professor Charcot showed Mr. Harte and myself this same experiment in 1888, but the next day Mr. Robert, the celebrated magnetiser, of Paris, did the same thing for us without using any magnet, but merely his meerschaum cigar-tube. So that it is still a disputable question to what extent, if any, the magnetic aura is an active agent in the experiment described. The school of Nancy says it has no effect at all—it has been tried a hundred times without active result, and the phenomenon is due to unconscious suggestion and expectancy.

"Another interesting experiment was shown me. One of the girls being sent away, the other was given a package of letter-envelopes, and told that she would find upon one of them a fine portrait of Dr. Charcot walking and followed by his big dog. (While both girls were out of the room, I had marked one of the [346] envelopes in the fold inside the flap with a slight pencil-point speck. He held this envelope for an instant before her, and said that this was the one which bore the picture. The envelope was then returned to the pack and all shuffled.) She went through the pack carefully yet rapidly, and presently selected one and examined the imaginary portrait with apparent pleasure, saying how good was the likeness, and asking Dr. Guinon if it had been taken by the photographer of the clinic. I asked her to let me look at it; it was my marked envelope. She was then restored to her ordinary consciousness, and the freshly shuffled pack given her with the intimation that there was a present for her in one of the envelopes. She looked them over, uttered a cry of pleasure on coming to one of them, and when asked what she had found, said: 'Why, a beautiful likeness of Dr. Charcot; see for

yourself.' I looked: it was my marked envelope. Thus unerringly did she, in full waking state, choose out the envelope shown her, when hypnotised, as bearing a picture, without there being a single peculiarity of spot, mark, shape, dent, or crease, so far as my eyes could detect, to show her that this was the right one. The Charcot school says the patient discovers by her hypersensitive nerves of vision or touch physical peculiarities in the envelope not visible to normal vision. It may be, but I do not believe it; I think it is a species of clairvoyance.[31] I suggested this experiment to Dr. Guinon: [347] for him to take a package of envelopes, select out one, put a private mark inside, lay it on the table, fix his attention powerfully upon it, and try to visualise to himself as upon the paper some simple object, say a triangle, a circle, a splash of some color, etc.; then to mix the envelope with the rest of the pack, recall the girl, and see if she could pick it out. He tried it and failed—a fact tending to substantiate the Charcot theory, yet not conclusive, for similar experiments of various kinds have been often successfully made by mesmerists—by myself among others; and the supposition is warranted that Dr. Guinon, from lack of faith in the possibility of the thing, did not really visualise any thought-picture at all on the envelope for the sensitive to find there. The color experiment I tried once at Rangoon with Mr. Duncan, Superintendent of the Fire Department of that town. He made a sensitive Hindu boy of his sit near an open door with his back to the wall, so that he could not see what was going on out in the verandah. He stood before him holding an open handkerchief in his hand. I had in mine a paper-seller's sample-book containing many samples of various colored papers. The experiment was to see [348] if, when I showed Mr. Duncan a paper of a given color, he could make his handkerchief appear of the same color to the subject without his varying his questions or giving any other hint as to what color was being shown to him by me. Under the conditions described, the mesmerised boy named color after color correctly, thus proving the transfer of thought-images from the operator to the subject. It is not unreasonable therefore, to say that the whole truth has not yet been reached at La Salpêtrière."

This ended my first day's observations. I had fully intended to devote about two months to the study of practical hypnotism in the rival French schools, but the engagements that came thronging upon me prevented my giving more than a bare week to each. Since I rode on the trottoir roulant at the Paris Exposition, it has seemed to me that it is a kind of symbol of my official life—my engagements ever moving forward under the impulsion of a concealed power, and I borne along with them, try as I may to step aside for a rest. Well, that is far

better than inaction, for by action alone are the world's great movements carried on.

CHAPTER XX

A DISQUISITION ON HYPNOTISM

(1891)

THE intelligent reader who ponders upon the experiments recorded in the last chapter, and especially upon the footnote about the power of a mesmeric or hypnotic sensitive to pick out a given object by her ability to detect the aura of a person impregnating it, will see how the whole of the Salpêtrière house-of-cards theory about the selection being due to the subject's exquisite perception of trifling physical peculiarities in the texture of the suggestion-impregnated paper crumbles when one realises that the detection is made by auric perception, and not by physical sight or hearing. In fact, the recognition of the existence of auras gives the key to a large group of apparent hypnotic mysteries. The most that can be said in excuse for the prejudiced misconceptions of many scientists is that they are ignorant. On the second morning of my researches with Dr. Guinon, "the first experiments were to suggest by gestures and facial expression, but silently, the presence of birds, rats, and puppies: a wavy motion of the hand in the air made the girl [350] see a bird; the attitude of listening suggested its singing and caused her delight; proper manipulation of the fingers along the floor made her see a rat and jump upon a chair to escape it; and an imaginary puppy was placed in her lap and she caressed it. These are, of course, examples of suggestion without words, I got Dr. Guinon to try again to visualise and transfer to the sensitive a thought-picture. Selecting a spot on the table easily recognisable by a small dent in the wood, I laid down a bright coin and asked the Doctor to gaze at it until he felt sure he could retain the image at the spot, removed the coin, and got him to call in one of his quickest sensitives, and tell her that she might take the coin she saw lying there. But she saw nothing; and though it was tried in various ways, the experiment was a failure.

"Another day we repeated the experiment of transfer of a paralysis from one subject to the other, by laying a magnet on the table, back of the second girl's shoulder, but no further explanation was arrived at. The subject of metallotherapy (healing diseases by employing the metal or metals that are sympathetic to the patient) was discussed. Dr. Guinon called in a woman who could wear no gold about her person because she found it strongly antipathetic

of her temperament. She had silver bangles, and, I believe, other ornaments of the same metal. We tested this by applying to her wrist a golden coin, concealed from her sight by being held in the Doctor's hand. Immediately contraction of the muscles of the arm occurred."

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Now this again is a subject of active dispute, not only between the rival hypnotic schools of France, but also between distinguished members of the same school, some maintaining that the effect of different metals upon patients is real, others that it has no foundation, and is simply the result of suggestion. Dr. Albert Moll, of Berlin, author of the standard work, Hypnotism, without inclining to either side, fairly holds the balance between the two. "Certain persons," he says, "were supposed to be influenced by particular metals—copper, for example—which even caused symptoms of disease to disappear. The later investigations on the action of drugs at a distance apparently proved that certain drugs in hermetically closed tubes would, when brought close to human beings, act in the same way as if they were swallowed. Thus, strychnine was supposed to cause convulsions, ipecacuanha vomiting, opium sleep, alcohol drunkenness, etc. The experiments were first made by Grocco in Italy, and Bourru and Burot in Rochefort. They experimented with hypnotised subjects and confirmed them; he even found distinctions, according as the ipecacuanha was applied to the right or left side.

"It is known that these experiments have been repeated in other quarters, e.g., by Jules Voisin, Forel, Seguin, and Laufenauer, without result; Luys brought the subject before the French Academy of Medicine, which appointed a commission (Brouardel, Dujardin-Beaumetz, and several others) to test the question in the presence of Luys; they came to a [352] conclusion opposed to his. Seeligmüller has confuted the experiments in a much better and more scientific way, which appears to me the only proper one for coming to a decision. It consists of examining the conditions of the experiments; the reports of commissions have no particular value." He makes the sage reflection that "when we consider the history of animal magnetism we see that commissions always find what they wish to find; the result is always what they expect. Commissions, in fact, are much influenced by auto-suggestion". It was the realisation of this fact that made me refuse to accept the decision of the Committee of the Paris Academy of Medicine that the action of drugs at a distance was an illusion. As a rule, one should never take the report of any committee, composed, even in part, of

sceptical or prejudiced members, as final.

Professor Perty, of Geneva, an extremely well-known scientific observer, says about this action of metals: "The same metals act differently upon different somnambulists. Many cannot bear iron, others gold or silver, but generally gold acts beneficially upon them, but in many cases its action is exciting. Bochard, in Heilbronn, could not put a girl, 8 years old, affected with chorea, into the magnetic sleep when he forgot to remove the two gold rings he wore from his fingers. Silver placed on the region of the heart of Dr. Haddock's somnambulist, Emma, demagnetised her; Dr. Haddock could not mesmerise her as long as she had a piece of silver on her head. A looking-glass held before the

[353] somnambulist Petersen gave rise to muscular contractions, which terminated in spasmodic actions; spasms were also induced by her holding zinc or iron in her hand. Silver had a calming effect; copper produced no result.

"The somnambulist Käehler magnetised by 'passes' a piece of steel, which attracted large needles, whereas before it only attracted iron-filings. This subject was so sensitive to the influence of mineral magnetism that she felt the presence of a magnetic needle from afar, and could act upon it with the finger, and even by her mere look and will, according to the statement of Bähr and Kohlschülter. From a distance of half a yard, she made, by a look, the magnetic needle decline 4° to the west, and a like result recurred three times by the influence of her mere will—on one occasion the needle turned to 7°, always westward. A similar fact is confirmed by the Countess R., who, approximating her breast to the needle, set it in a trembling motion. Prudence Bernard, in Paris, by moving her head to and fro, made the needle follow these movements (Galignani's Messenger, 31st October, 1851). Count Szapary records a similar phenomenon as occurring in a somnambulist."

Another day Dr. Guinon attempted to show me the transfer of mental hallucinations from one subject to a second. It was done in this way. Girl No.1 was hypnotised and put into the stage of "somnambulism," in which, it will be recollected, suggestions are easily made. The Doctor then made [354] her think she saw on the table a white bust of Professor Charcot, not with his usual clean-shaven face, but with a heavy military moustache. She saw it clearly, and laughed at the astonishing change in le Maître's appearance, and was then plunged into a. deeper state of unconsciousness. Girl No. 2 was called in, made to sit with her back to the back of the other, their heads touching, and she was

also hypnotised. The magnet was laid upon the table between them. We waited quite long enough for results, but the experiment failed, the illusion was not transferred, and one of the patients fell into convulsions (crise de nerfs), from which she was speedily rescued by the Doctor's compressing the region of the ovaries. We repeated the attraction experiment, this time covering the subject's head and neck completely with a bag of thick linen to prevent any current of air or animal warmth from the hand from affecting her skin. Dr. Guinon again operated. It succeeded with the two girls employed; and while it was nothing in comparison with results I have often obtained, there was at least enough to show Dr. Guinon that the subject was worth considering for its bearing upon the problem of the existence of a magnetic fluid.

"These were all the experiments I was able to make under the circumstances of the dead season, Professor Charcot's absence from town, and the cessation of lectures and clinics. It was not much, yet it was something—a beginning of a work which will need [355] time and patience, and which is well worth the taking of any amount of trouble.

"The office or consulting-room of Professor Charcot at the hospital is a small one, between the public waiting-room and the chemical laboratory. The walls are painted a dark color, and completely covered with engravings and sketches illustrative of hypnotic crises and illusions. The latter are mainly copies of world-famous pictures by the Italian masters, representing incidents in the lives of saints, such as the casting out of devils, all of which effects, it hardly need be said, are regarded by both schools of hypnotism as phenomena of pure suggestion. Placed in the same category are engravings representing the neuroses provoked by Mesmer around his famous baquet, the miraculous cures effected upon pilgrims to the tomb of the Abbé Paris, and the wonderful phenomena in levitation and wall-climbing of the convulsionaries of St. Medard. The clinics of Charcot and Bernheim daily produce hypnotic marvels as 'miraculous' as anything in the annals of any of the churches or sects."

This brings us up to the 12th of August. Before starting for Nancy to continue my studies, I spent several days in receiving and making visits. Among the matters attended to was the arrangement with Baron Harden-Hickey, since deceased—a descendant of one of those chivalric Irish refugees who took service in the French army, and established new branches of their old Celtic families—for the bringing out of a new French translation of the Buddhist Catechism.

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The first edition had been translated from the 14th English edition, but since that time seventeen more editions had appeared, with extensive additions to the text; and as the Baron was equally familiar, with both languages, and kindly offered to be at the trouble of a new translation and publication, I was glad to avail myself of the chance. I passed a night at his suburban residence at Chantilly, and made the acquaintance of his lovely young wife, formerly a Miss Flagler, of New York. I was the more inclined to accept the Baron's obliging proposal because my friend Commandant Courmes, of the French Navy, was then in command of the naval forces on the coast of Africa. In this new edition there were twenty-eight new questions and answers, covering the Buddhistic ideas upon the transcendental powers of the Arhat, or Adept; the fact of their relations with individual temperaments; the condemnation by the Buddha of indiscriminate exhibition of psychical phenomena; the difference in the degree of occult powers possessed by his two principal disciples; a definition of the successive stages of psychical evolution, etc. At the Baron's request, I wrote an introduction to this edition adapted to the French temperament. In the course of this I said: "The remarkable success of the lecture courses of M. Léon de Rosny, the learned Professor of the Sorbonne, and the constant and increasing demand for Buddhistic literature, prove, I venture to think, that the enlightened minds in France are sympathetically drawn, amidst this crisis of the ancient religions,

[357] towards a philosophy which vaunts no master, which encourages the perpetual exercise of good sense, which repudiates the supernatural, which counsels tolerance, which solves the most complex problems of life, which appeals to the instinct of justice, which teaches the purest morality, which is absolutely in accord with the teachings of modern science, and which shows to man a superb ideal.

"In the seventeen years in which I have been in contact with Buddhism, I have never found it revolting to the brave thinker, to the religious spirit, to the humanitarian, nor antipathetic to the man of science. It is a diamond buried in a swamp of superstitions. If Eugène Burnouf, that brilliant luminary of contemporary French literature, had not been prematurely snatched from science, France would certainly have taken the lead in the movement of the Buddhistic renaissance." As I was then on my way to Japan to consult the chief priests, I could not include in this edition the platform of the Fourteen Principles.

I was not fortunate enough to make the personal acquaintance of Burnouf's

erudite daughter, Mme. Delisle, whose husband was the Director of the Bibliothèque Nationale, as she was in the country, but she very generously sent me, as a souvenir, a most excellent plaster medallion portrait of her great father, which suitably mounted, now hangs in the Adyar Library.

I reached Nancy, the ancient capital of Lorraine—the country where that saintly girl, Joan of Arc, was [358] born, and where her memory is cherished and adored by the whole population—on the 14th of the month. Before describing the results of my observations at this place, it will be well if I define as clearly and succinctly as possible the radical difference between the theories propounded by the two schools of Salpêtrière and Nancy. I may remark, by way of preface, that within the past ten years the opinion of the medical profession as a whole has been inclining towards the view taken by Dr. Liébault and his colleagues. I find this to be perfectly natural, because it is in the nature of things that the exhaustive study of the theory of evolution should lead us from the observation of physical phenomena to an inquiry into their origin, and this means a transfer of our studies to the plane of spirit, whence come the impulses which provoke manifestation on the lower plane of existence. Briefly, then, the theories of the rival schools may be stated as follows: While Charcot's school regards the phenomena as of purely physiological character, Nancy maintains that they are psychological—the effects, in short, of mental suggestion, whether consciously or unconsciously made. Let me make this plain. If I say to an impressible subject, "It is a hot day," the feeling of atmospheric heat is created, and the subject shows signs of it in his actions: this is one of the most elementary experiments of the travelling mesmeric exhibitor. But audible words are not indispensable; I need only look hot, remove my coat, wipe my forehead, or otherwise act as persons do on a warm summer day, and the [359] subject will interpret to himself the meaning of my acts, and sympathetically respond by similar ones of his own. A physician visits a patient seriously ill, say of typhoid fever; he finds the symptoms discouraging; his anxiety shows itself in his expression (unless he is very experienced in schooling his face, voice, and bodily movements), and if the patient is looking at him he reads his danger and grows worse, perhaps dies. The doctor may speak encouragingly, but "his looks belie his words," as the wise folk-lore proverb expresses it, and the scientific verdict in his face is read by the invalid as though it were writing on white paper. This is unconscious suggestion. Both Paris and Nancy will admit that; but we Oriental psychologists detect in it the subtle action of the mysterious, all-potent factor of thought-transference. So, then, while Nancy observes the Paris phenomena upon

which Charcot rests his theory of three stages of hypnotic action, the "somnambulic," Nancy says they are imaginary, not really normal stages, and are due to conscious or unconscious suggestion from the experimenting physician, whom they regard as the pupil of a master theorist, who first deceived himself, and then implanted his illusive hypothesis in the brains of his followers. It is a monstrously broad question, this; far-reaching, deep-descending, almost all-embracing. By this key, the Nancy people say, one may understand ninety nine-hundredths of all collective social movements—the evolution of religions, arts, politics, national impulses, social customs, tastes, and habits. A great man,

[360] differentiating from his species under the law of evolution, and the type and forerunner of a later stage of average human development, thinks out, let us suppose, a system of government, finance, religion, or morals; he imbues with his thought one or more disciples; they found a party, a policy, or a school, which gradually, by speech, writing, or action, captivates the national mind; one generation transmits it to the next, and so on until (by suggestion becoming hereditary) the original man's idea moulds the destinies of races and changes the aspect of human society. A child born of the fifth or sixth or twentieth generation who have inherited this—hypnotically suggested—theory or predilection is certain to take it up spontaneously because it is "in his blood," he is heir to an expectancy (scientifically speaking), and "does what his forefathers did" without question. The exceptions—the Protestants among Conservatives, the heterodox among orthodox—are found in the cases of children who have been, as we Eastern psychologists say, drawn by a purely physical Karma to take their bodies from a family of this or that race, while their mental and spiritual affinities are with another human family. History teems with examples of this differentiation of a child from its family environment. Without the help of the above theory, the phenomenon is veiled in mystery; with it, all becomes clear. I am thoroughly convinced that Western science will be compelled in the near future to accept the ancient Eastern explanation of the natural order of things. We have had more than [361] enough of talk about "mysterious providences" and extra cosmic interferences; we have outgrown superstitions because we have conquered some of our ignorance; and since we see the daybreak glimmering beyond the encompassing hills of our ignorance, we will never be satisfied until we have climbed to where the light can shine upon us. It requires courage still to profess oneself an uncompromising seeker after truth, but the whole race is moving in its direction, and those who first arrive will be those who, by keeping alert through a long and complicated course of evolution, have gained the knowledge and the

strength to outstrip their contemporaries. I am of those who believe that great profit is to be gained by the student of Karmic evolution, by the reading and digesting of the Jataka Tales, or Buddhist Birth Stories (Jatakatthavannana), of which Professor Rhys Davids has given us an admirable translation. At the same time it is the oldest collection of folk-stories in existence so far as at present known, and depicts, with minute accuracy, the social life and customs and popular beliefs of the common people of Aryan tribes.

Our discussion having led us so far afield, the account of my experiments and observations must be deferred to the next chapter.

CHAPTER XXI

EXPERIMENTS WITH DR. BERNHEIM

(1891)

WE now come to the experiments. The reader will please observe that I did my best to keep the judicial frame of mind, giving no clue as to my own beliefs, and in copying the account I ponder over each detail in the light of subsequent experience, with the desire to say nothing which shall be open to adverse criticism. My first visit was to the Faculté de Médecine, where I found the eminent Professor, Dr. H. Bernheim, who received me most courteously. His appearance is very attractive, his manners suave and refined. In stature he is short, but one forgets that in looking at his rosy face, kind and cheerful eyes, and intellectual forehead. His voice is sympathetic and perfectly attuned to his gestures. I mention these personal details because they have much to do with Dr. Bernheim's marvellous success as a hypnotiser, as I saw with my own eyes. The Professor obligingly gave me two hours of his overcrowded time that afternoon, and we discussed the issues between his and Charcot's schools. He expressed very strong incredulity about the reality

EXPERIMENTS WITH DR.[363] of his great rival's tripartite hypnotism, declaring that his (Charcot's) hysteriacs were all under the control of suggestion. The next morning, by appointment, I met him in his clinic at the Hôpital Civil, and spent the entire morning in the different wards, following him from bed to bed, and watching and recording his hypnotic treatments and demonstrations. The reader will kindly understand that hypnotism is used here only as an auxiliary to pharmaceutical and dietetic prescriptions, not as a substitute. He was, of course, attended by his chief subordinate, Dr. Simon, chief de clinique, and also by Dr. Voirin, Dr. Sterne, and others—all skilled and erudite hypnotists. I learnt more about practical hypnotism from watching him that one morning than I had from all my book-reading; and having myself had to deal with several thousand Indian patients in the way of therapeutic suggestion, or mesmeric healing, his looks, tones, and gestures possessed for me a world of significance. I made up my mind that he was one of the most consummate actors I ever encountered. While he was telling his patients that they were this or that, or would feel one or the other sensation—they watching him closely every instant

—there was not a tone of his voice, a change of his countenance, or a movement of his body which did not seem to confirm the, sometimes preposterous, ideas he suggested, and no patient looking at him could have had the least suspicion that the Professor did not believe what he was telling him or her to believe for their good.

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Dr. Bernheim first led the way to ward II in the men's department. He comes to a patient, tells him to look at him for a moment, tells him to sleep, the patient does so; he recalls him to consciousness, produces by suggestion muscular contraction, with insensibility to pin-pricks, and then silently presenting his hand to either side of the head, to the back and to the forehead, the patient's head or trunk quickly inclines towards the operator's hand, as a suspended needle towards an approaching magnet. Suggestion, simple suggestion by gesture, the Professor explains.

In bed No.4 lies a patient not hitherto hypnotised. He is put to sleep almost immediately, the Professor saying in a low, persuasive voice, something like the following: "You have pain now? Yes? But it will pass away; see, it lessens; your eyes grow heavy, heavy; yes, they... grow... heavy... and you feel like sleep... ing. It is good for you to sleep... sleep... good... good... Now you sleep... Do you understand?... sleep... sleep!" And it is done: in less than three minutes he is asleep. The Doctor tests him by suddenly lifting an arm and letting go. If the patient is not asleep he will naturally keep the arm suspended, not knowing what the Doctor wishes of him. If asleep, the arm will fall heavily as soon as let go. If the eyelid be lifted, the eyeball is seen rolled upward and fixed. Stick a pin into him anywhere, he does not feel it: he is an inert, unresisting carcase that you may carve and cut, burn and pinch.

EXPERIMENTS WITH DR.[365] as you choose, without his knowledge that aught is transpiring.

While we were at this bed another patient, an asthmatic and very sensitive man, entered the ward and saluted the Professor. The latter simply said "Sleep!" and there, in his tracks, as he stood, he fell into obliviousness. Then the least hint that he saw, felt, heard, or tasted anything was instantaneously accepted. The Doctor, pointing to me, said: "You met this gentleman yesterday on the Place Dombasle and he lost something." The patient said yes, he recollected it all, and thereupon invented a scene to fit the suggestion. Glibly he said I had lost my

purse, the police were called, he searched for and found the purse; I had given him two francs as a reward, he had spent the money for liquor, got drunk, was engaged in a quarrel, and waked up this morning, somehow, in the hospital, feeling bad, with headache and a bad taste in his mouth!

Dr. Bernheim went to another patient, a convalescent, a person of good character, hypnotised him in an instant, and told him that when he came to himself again he would watch until we had gone to the extreme end of the ward, and then cautiously go to another man's bed, on the opposite side of the room, and steal something from him. Awaking him, the Professor led us on from bed to bed until we had reached the end of the ward, where we stopped as if engaged in looking at another patient, but in reality keeping an eye upon the one under a suggestion to act criminally.

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Thinking us unmindful of him, he rose, looked right and left as if to see if the coast were clear, swiftly crossed to the bed indicated by the Doctor, stole some small object, which he concealed in his hand, returned to his own bed, and thrust it under his pillow. The Doctor then returned, and, putting on a severe expression, demanded what he had been doing over at the opposite bed; saying he was convinced that he had stolen something, and thus for the first time had become a thief. The man's face flushed, his eyes fell, but presently he looked the Doctor squarely in the face and denied that he had taken anything. "Why do you lie to me, my man? I saw you go and take something." The victim tried, but in vain, to stick to the falsehood, and as the Doctor moved towards the bed, he anticipated him, drew the stolen object—a snuff-box—from beneath his pillow, and stood looking like a detected thief. Being pressed to say why he had done it, whether it was voluntary or because of suggestion, he said he had done it entirely of his own accord without the Doctor's prompting: he had seen the box lying there, fancied it, and went and took it. The Doctor then rehypnotised him, told him to forget the entire transaction, and forbade him to receive such a criminal suggestion again from anybody whatsoever. Thus, the Doctor told me, he killed in the germ any possible evil effect the suggestion might otherwise subsequently have had upon the man's moral sense. Let my readers take warning and invariably counteract and extirpate any wrong predisposition they may have engendered by

EXPERIMENTS WITH DR.[367] suggestion in a hypnotised or mesmerised patient's mind while under their control, otherwise they incur an awful

responsibility.

In bed No. 14 lay a square-built, pale-complexioned, blue-eyed man, suffering from rheumatic knee-joint. The joint was stiff and greatly swollen, and so painful that the man could not bear even the weight of the bed-clothes. He was passing sleepless nights, racked with pain. Within two minutes Professor Bernheim had thrown him into the hypnotic lethargy; insensible to everything, he let us touch, press, pound, and raise his inflamed knee. He was told in few words that the acute inflammation would begin to subside, the pain would be gone, he could bear touching and handling it, and could bend and unbend the bad knee as well as he ever could. He was awakened, yawning as if from sound natural sleep, and seeing us about his bed, seemed surprised, and looked inquiringly from one to another: evidently he had forgotten all that had passed. "And how are you, my man?" asked the Professor; "how is your knee?" "Knee?" echoed he; "why, M. le Docteur, it is as before." "No, you are mistaken, my man; the pain is gone." The patient thought, felt his knee, found no pain there, and joyfully said to the patient in the next bed: "Vraiment c'est partie, la douleur aiguë!" (Really, the sharp pain is gone.) "And now you can move it," continued the Professor. "Impossible, M. le Docteur," rejoined the sufferer. Assured that he could, and ordered to try, he very cautiously extended the foot, then more and [368] more until the leg was straightened. He cried out to all his neighbors to see the miracle, and we moved on. The whole thing had not occupied five minutes. I saw the man daily for a week after that, and there was no relapse, and he was rapidly convalescing.

The epileptic young man in bed 3 bis of ward IX was the subject of an interesting experiment. He was easily hypnotised while in the act of eating his dinner, just brought him. The Doctor made him keep on eating while asleep, and while we stood by he finished his meal and the plate was removed. But he kept on eating, "dining with Duke Humphrey," as if the plate and food were still there. After letting him go on thus for a quarter of an hour he was awakened, and at once cried out for his dinner, denying that he had eaten it, and complaining of being so hungry that he had cramps in the stomach. Though the empty plate was shown him, he still disbelieved, and charged the nurse with having stolen his dinner. At last he was again hypnotised, told to recollect having eaten, reawakened, and then, when asked if he was hungry, said he had eaten quite enough and was satisfied.

An old man in bed 12 was hypnotised and told that yesterday he was in Paris

and had been electrified. It was curious to watch the development of this suggestion. He went on to tell us that he had been in Paris, and, crossing the Place de la Concorde, he had seen a man there with an electrical apparatus and had taken a shock. The memory of it was so vivid that he again grasped the terminal tubes of the battery,

EXPERIMENTS WITH DR.[369] again felt the current running through him; he writhed and twisted until he could bear (the maya) no longer; tried, but could not let go the tubes; cried out to be released, was released, and fell back in bed exhausted, with the perspiration oozing out all over his forehead and wetting his hair. It was reality itself, yet nothing but an illusion—the product of a suggestion. For some minutes after being awakened he kept rubbing his arm, and complaining of the pain that had been caused by an electrical treatment he had undergone. The illusion was then removed and he was once more comfortable.

In the female ward No. xiii was a young woman of 24, a hysteriac, who had undergone a long course of suggestive therapeutics. She was a fidgety and quick-tempered person, and in her neurotic crises apt to be troublesome and rebellious to the house surgeon when he would try to hypnotise her. He had treated her successfully, but had failed to destroy her waking sensitiveness to touch and contact with a magnet. Upon coming to her bed, Dr. Bernheim hypnotised her and made the suggestion that upon awakening she would see a pretty bouquet of flowers on her bed. Being awakened, she saw it, smelt the visionary flowers, and went through the motions of putting the bouquet into the empty glass on her bed-table. Suddenly she fell into a hysterical crisis, whereupon the gentle-faced, kind-looking Doctor showed his latent decision of character. The more she rebelled against taking his suggestions, the more positively and peremptorily

[370] he repeated them; the more she thrashed around, the sterner grew his voice; at last the wild rebel succumbed, and he imposed upon her whatsoever suggested idea he chose.

The young woman in bed 1 of female ward xiii was a most interesting subject. Her name we will call Hortense; she was unmarried, not bad-looking, had a sweet smile, was very sensitive, and evidently a young person of unblemished character. She was subject to gastric pains and insomnia. At the first word from the Doctor she slept as calmly as a child. He told her she had taken from the postman a letter from her sister, and, being requested to read it, went on fluently composing a letter in German (she is of Alsace). The Doctor then suggested a basket of fine peaches; she saw them, and generously

proceeded to distribute them among us. Then a dog covered with mud was suggested; she drew her tidy skirts about her and tried to drive it away. Then the Doctor gave us a splendid example of the wonderful fact of "inhibition". He told her when hypnotised, that upon awaking she would neither see him, feel his touch, nor hear his voice; he should seem to her as if absent. Awakened, Dr. Simon asked her where Dr. Bernheim was, saying that all of us had stepped away for a moment, leaving him by her chair. She looked at each one of us in turn, Dr. Bernheim among the rest, and said she did not know; he must have gone into the other ward. "But I am here, Hortense; do you not see me?" said the Doctor in a rather

EXPERIMENTS WITH DR.[371] loud tone. She seemed deaf to his voice, although he actually stood beside her, and went on chatting with Dr. Simon. Then Dr. Bernheim bawled into her ear; he passed his hand over her face, pinched her ear, tickled her nostril and the corner of her eye with a feather; then he scratched the cornea with a knifepoint, lifted a side of her dress and pricked her on the leg below and above the knee, but she showed no sign that she either saw, heard, or felt what he was doing. But when Dr. Simon made as if he would lift the other side of her skirt to examine the other limb, she blushed from offended modesty and pushed his hand away. It was most evident that Dr. Bernheim had, for the time being, been obliterated so far as her senses were concerned. The reader will now understand the value of the statement I made in the first chapter of "O.D.L." in the Theosophist for March, 1892 (footnote), on the alleged sudden disappearance of a Coptic adept from the sofa whereon he was sitting in H. P. B.'s room at Cairo. There is no difference whatever between that and Dr. Bernheim's case as regards the psychological principle involved; both are examples of "inhibition" of the senses; but there is this difference in detail, that our hypnotist audibly speaks his command, while the Eastern adept simply thinks it.

But Hortense afforded us another and still more serious bit of instruction. Dr. Bernheim said, pointing to me: "Do you know this gentleman?" "No, sir," she replied; "I see him now for the first time." The Doctor told her she was mistaken; that she had met [372] me in the street the day before; that I had taken a fancy to have her as a mistress, had agreed upon a salary of fcs. 100 per month, and had actually paid her fcs. 25 on account of the first month's salary. The girl's face first expressed indignation that she should be taken as such a person; but she pondered over it as though testing the story by memory, her face changed, a

less noble expression came across it, she looked at the Doctor and myself attentively and then said: “Why, certainly, how could I have forgotten it? It all comes back to me now.” Saying so, she rose and told me she was ready. “Ready for what?” asked Dr. Bernheim, “To go with monsieur.” “But, Hortense, reflect a moment; you cannot do that, you are a virtuous girl; and then, again, what will your sister and other relatives think?” “I care nothing for my family,” she petulantly cried; “they are nothing to me. The gentleman spoke to me very kindly yesterday, he offers me a good salary, has paid me something on account; so I shall go with him.” “But where?” asked Dr. B. “Wherever he likes,” she said. “And do what?” “Whatever he wishes.” Saying nothing, I moved away towards the door of the ward, went down the corridor, and descended two or three steps of the grand staircase. Hortense followed at my heels without a word. I stopped on the stairs and asked her where she was going. “With you, monsieur,” she replied. “Ah! yes; now I remember,” I said; “but first let us return for a moment, as I did not bid Dr. Bernheim good-bye.” She followed me

 back, Dr. Bernheim dehypnotised her, ordered her to forget all that had passed, and we went on to another bedside. I saw her on several following days, but she showed no sign of anything of an unusual nature having passed between us. I asked the Professor if he really believed that the young woman would have followed me to my hotel and abandoned herself to me. He replied that most certainly she would, and cases of the sort had already come before the legal tribunals; the moral nature was in such cases completely paralysed for the time being. The suggestion would ultimately wear off, but meanwhile the victim would be absolutely powerless to protect herself. I commend the subject to the attention of people, female or male, old or young, who thoughtlessly permit themselves to be hypnotised by the first comer. Here we have seen a virtuous girl compelled to surrender herself to a strange man’s pleasure, and an honest man turned into a thief and a liar. Beware the hypnotiser whose perfect purity and benevolence of purpose and experimental skill are not known to you. There is less risk in entering a tiger’s den unarmed than in exposing yourself indiscriminately.

Professor Bernheim made other experiments for me, but the above will suffice to show his great skill and his exceeding kindness to his Indian visitor. We lunched together that day, and his conversation was extremely interesting and instructive, as may be imagined. As his plans were all made to take his family to Switzerland the next morning, he could not pursue a full course of

experiments with me as he [374] desired, but obligingly turned me over to Drs. Simon and Sterne, with whom I completed, so far as I could, the researches which led me to Nancy. They principally related to the problem of metallotherapy (the alleged pathological effect of certain metals upon contact with the skin of persons of different temperaments), and to the action of drugs at a distance. Dr. Burcq, of Paris, first called the attention of the Faculté de Médecine to the former, and gave it its name, while Dr. Luys, Director of La Charité Hospital, was the godfather of the latter.

In my article upon the Salpêtrière researches I reported a single experiment made for me by Dr. Guinon upon a woman in whom muscular contraction of the arm was provoked by laying a gold coin upon her wrist, but at Nancy our experiments were much more serious. I had with me an English sovereign, a silver 1 franc piece, a copper sou, a silver 2 franc, an American (gold) quarter-eagle, and a sugar cough-lozenge. All were wrapped in paper, and, of course, indistinguishable from each other. We tried them twice upon the turbulent hysterical girl, several times upon Hortense, also upon another female patient, and upon a boy of 9 years in the Children's Ward, No.7; we tried them both wrapped and uncovered, and neither of them produced the least effect unless it was suggested by the doctors that this metal would do so and so, and the others something else. Upon suggestion, gold made one patient laugh, another weep; silver made one sing, caused a blister on another; and copper,

EXPERIMENTS WITH DR.[375] similarly, made one sneeze, another cough. In one case, the patient being put to sleep, there was no effect either from the coins or the sugar lozenge, even when suggestion was resorted to, the reason being—as I was told—that the patient had sunk so deep into catalepsy that even the Doctor's suggestions did not reach her inner consciousness. With Hortense the most excellent subject in the hospital, no normal effect followed the application of either metal, but when she was told that the lozenge was gold and would burn her, she instantly pitched it off and began rubbing her arm, upon which a redness of the skin was observable at the point of contact. In the case of the troublesome girl, she seemed at first sensitive to gold and silver, but indifferent to copper, while they were visible to her, but when wrapped in paper and indistinguishables all proved equally inert. I varied all these experiment, many times, always with the same result. The Nancy school, as before remarked, ascribe the Salpêtrière results of this kind to pure suggestion, and of course it would be fair for me to apply the same rule to their own tests; their disbelief in

metallotherapy being as potential in influencing their hypnotic patients to resist the action of metals, as the contrary belief of Professor Charcot's school might cause the hypnotised patients to be sensitive to metals. But how about my own case? If anything, I inclined to the theory of Burcq and Charcot, that metals do affect persons; in fact, I might even go further and say I actually believe it; yet the Nancy patients, though given over [376] to me to experiment upon as I chose, and by me tested and tried in many ways, were not acted upon by my gold, silver, or copper coins, and were powerfully affected, upon suggestion, by the simple, inert tablet of sugar! I leave it, therefore, with the Scotch verdict, "Not proven."

It will be seen that the question is a very delicate one, and we are very far from having got to the bottom of it. The experiments at Nancy are interesting and important, but so we may say have been the very numerous observations made by different mesmeric experimentalists on the effects of metallic substances upon their subjects. It cannot be at all certain that a physician of the standing of Dr. Burcq could have been utterly mistaken as to the influence of metals upon sick patients having been so marked as to warrant his reporting them to the Academy of Medicine as the basis for a new system of therapeutics. Then, again, there are many persons who, on touching brass, taste its peculiar aura on their tongues; furthermore, what are we to say as to the well-known fact that a globule of mercury held in the palm of the hand will sometimes produce salivation? Last of all, there are the delicate and multifarious researches of Baron von Reichenbach, whose eminence as a metallurgical chemist is historical, and about whose discoveries something will be said in the next chapter.

CHAPTER XXII

MRS. BESANT BIDS ADIEU TO THE SECULARISTS

(1891)

WE now pass on to the question of the action of drugs at a distance. The experiment with bottled drugs I could not try, because the matter had been deferred to my last day at Nancy, the experimental bottles in the hospital laboratory were empty, and I could not wait over to get them filled. But from the entire staff, including Dr. Bernheim, I heard that they had thoroughly tested the matter many times, and found that the drug action under such circumstances was due to suggestion. An apothecary in Nancy had repeated Dr. Luys' experiment over and over again, until he became perfectly convinced that that eminent savant's theory that drugs would affect persons from a distance was correct. He then asked Dr. Bernheim to try the experiment for himself. The Professor took eight vials of dark brown glass, so opaque as not to be seen through, and filled them with scammony, emetics, strychnine, a salivant, etc. and one with plain distilled water; the vials being numbered, but not marked so that [378] either of the experimentalists could know the contents; they were also hermetically sealed. Not one produced its proper symptoms in a patient. After giving five hours to the tests, at last both the Professor and the apothecary were satisfied that whatever action there was had been provoked by suggestion alone. Bernheim tells me he has repeated all Charcot's published experiments, with contradictory results. Among other things, he has produced a blister artificially by hypnotic suggestion, and by suggestion prevented a real fly-blister from blistering; while upon the same patient, at the same time, another blister, made exactly like the other and of identical materials, blistered the skin upon suggestion.

Again I say that I do not consider the case closed, for the evidence is not all in. Some years ago, as I have related in an early chapter, I assisted at some experiments made in New York City by Professor J. R. Buchanan in the psychometrical perception of the properties of dry drugs wrapped in paper on which were no external distinguishing marks. The tests were made in the presence of a number of newspaper reporters and others. There were equal quantities of such differing substances as tartaric acid, opium, ginger, quinine, soda carbonate, salt, cayenne pepper, black pepper, sugar, etc., all in powders,

and all done up as powders are prepared by the apothecary. About eight or ten of the company, if my memory serves, were selected for the experiments. The packages were put into a hat, shaken up and passed around to the

MRS.[379] experimenters, who each drew out one. They were then bidden to hold them in the palms of their closed hands, make themselves passive, have no preconceptions, and see if they could tell what was in the packages. The majority failed, but two of the number succeeded with their packages, and also with others successively given them to hold. One young man, of about 25 years of age, rapidly distinguished the substance under his observation, and the correctness of his impressions was verified by opening the papers and examining the contents. Then, again, if I am not mistaken, we ought to regard as a higher form of this same faculty that intuitive power which is possessed by many clairvoyants, of seeing what remedy, chemical, vegetable, or other, is a specific for the malady which she also clairvoyantly detects in the patient. If we do not postulate the existence of auras throughout all the kingdoms of nature, we could hardly understand, on any commonsense hypothesis, the different phenomena above enumerated; whereas, conceding the auras, and also a certain condition of nerve-sensitiveness to them in the individual, the mystery is explained. We may supplement these observations with a reference to Baron Von Reichenbach. His renowned and classical work appeared in English translation in 1850, one edition having been brought out by the late Dr. Gregory, Professor of Chemistry at the University of Edinburgh, the other by the famous pioneer of mesmerism, Dr. Ashburner. Von Reichenbach was one of the greatest chemists of his day, the discoverer [380] of glycerine and creosote, and renowned for his metallurgical researches. His announcement of his discovery of a new and potent force of nature, which he called Odyle, drew upon him the malevolent attacks of contemporaries whose envy and malice were aroused by the grandeur of his success. Not even yet, after fifty years' interval, has justice been done to him; but Karma can wait. The chief point in his discovery was that there exists in nature a force which is neither electricity nor magnetism, but has, nevertheless, polarities like them; it flows at right angles with the electric current, impregnates the whole globe, affects all the different kingdoms of nature, and extends throughout space, every celestial orb being apparently, like our earth, a focal centre of it. The Baron made experiments for years with a number of persons of both sexes and different social conditions, some invalids, others in robust health, which showed that this force when associated with crystals and other bodies—the human body included—has luminosity as well as polarity. He divided the

positives and negatives in groups, the reading of which is very instructive: the odylo-negatives gave the sensitives a feeling of warmth, odylo-positives one of cold. The reader will find the classification on pages 177-9 of Dr. Gregory's translation. To the touch "almost all metals felt warm to the hand, but all, also, yielded the emanations which the patient called cool air. In the order of their energy they were nearly thus: chromium, osmium, nickel, iridium, lead, tin, cadmium, zinc, titanium, mercury,

MRS.[381] palladium, copper, silver, gold, iron, platinum. A thin copper plate, of nearly 800 square inches, placed near and opposite to the bed of the patient, caused the sensation of a lively current of fresh, cool air, which by degrees seemed to penetrate the whole bed, and was very agreeable to the patient. A zinc plate of the same size produced a similar effect, but not so powerfully. Plates of lead and iron were still weaker". When the surface of a mirror was turned towards the patient the effect was marked. "The radiation from the polished metal through the glass diffused that ethereal and delightful coolness described in section 182 as proceeding from sulphur and gypsum, also through glass. She felt her whole person, from head to foot, pervaded by a pleasurable sense of comfort." But the crushing fact for the opponents of the theory that substances can act at a distance is, that the Baron was able to conduct the emanations of metals through wires to distances of more than 100 feet. For example (op. cit., p. 150), "Mlle. Reichel felt the sulphur to diffuse coolness at 124 feet. Astonished at this, I tried a copper plate of more than 4 square feet. It diffused warmth to the distance of 94 feet.

A plate of iron, 6 feet square, was felt

warm … … at 146 feet.

Thin lead foil of the same size,... " 75 "

Tin foil, … … " 70 "

Zinc plate, … … " 64 "

Silver paper (genuine) of 1 square foot, " 24 "

Gold paper (genuine) of 3 square feet, " 67·5 "

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An electrophorus plate, 16 inches in

diameter … … at 98 feet

A mirror of about 10·5 square feet, “ 106 “

A small bottle of oxygen gas, … “ 19 “

“A number of other substances, such as brass utensils, porcelain vessels, glass, surfaces of stone, colored paper, 60 boards of wood, linen, open or shut doors, lustres suspended from the roof, trees, human beings, horses, dogs, cats approaching her, pools of water, especially after having been long exposed to sunshine—in short, all and everything of a material nature acted on her, diffusing in some cases warmth, in others coolness; and many things acted so strongly as to attract her attention and annoy her; others so feebly that, becoming accustomed to them, she no longer regarded them.”

From the foregoing results he deduced a general principle, which he formulates in the following words:

“All solid bodies in contact with persons sufficiently sensitive excite peculiar feelings, differing in degree according to their chemical nature; these sensations are chiefly those of an apparent change of temperature, such as cool, tepid, or warm, with which a pleasant or a disagreeable sensation keeps pace, more or less uniformly. Lastly, these reactions are in all respects similar to those produced by the force of magnets, crystals, the human hand, etc.”

And now, to avoid prolixity, I shall conclude with a few words about the discoverer of “the therapeutic

MRS.[383] suggestion,” the future of which seems so full of promise as a remedial agency to the human race. This public benefactor is a French physician named Ambroise August Liébault, a native of Favières, in the department of Meurthe et Moselle. He was born September 16, 1823, and was the twelfth child of his parents, who were cultivators. They wanted him to be a priest, and he was put to study with that object; but he felt it was not his proper vocation, and took up the study of medicine, and in due course won the degree of Bachelier ès Lettres (our B.A.); that of Doctor of Medicine he took in 1851 at Strasbourg. The French Academy Committee’s report of 1829 on Animal Magnetism interested him much, and he tested the theory by many practical experiments. Later, the report by the great surgeon, Velpeau, to the French Academy, upon the subject of Braidism, i.e., Hypnotism, caused him to continue his researches with additional ardor, and they resulted in his discovery of Therapeutic Suggestion (the healing of disease by suggestion), which has made his name known throughout the medical world. He was obliged to go on very cautiously in the dissemination of

his theory on account of the prejudiced opposition of the profession, and at last removed in 1864 to Nancy, where he hoped to find a freer scope and less dogmatic intolerance. But he was disappointed, for the Faculty of the College would not even listen to him or look at his experiments, regarding him as a crack-brained innovator. They would even have persecuted him as a charlatan if he [384] had not confined his hypnotic treatments to the poorer classes, and cured their diseases without money and without price.

When I tell the reader that this sort of thing went on for eighteen years, he ever playing the part of public benefactor, and his proud colleagues standing aloof Bernheim included, it will be seen how loyal Liébault was to his discovered truth, how persistent in altruistic well-doing. The Faculty were unanimous in the assertion that he was crazy because he took no fees from the sick poor who crowded his consultation-room! But the tide turned at last: after he had hypnotised ten thousand patients and produced an infinity of cures, some of almost a miraculous character, a friend of Professor Bernheim's personally testified to the latter as to what he had seen in Liébault's clinique, and Dr. B., still overcautious, came, saw, tested, retested, managed patients in his own way, tried some in the hospital, was successful, and, with the moral courage which characterises great souls, stepped forth as the disciple, defender, and interpreter of the patient, generous little Nancy doctor of the Rue-Grégoire. Of course, he brought over in time all the rest of the Faculty of Medicine, and non-medical men, like Professor Liegois and others whose names are now celebrated, and the Nancy school of therapeutic suggestion became a fact, and Bernheim its prophet. From the first, its chief antagonist was the Charcot school of La Salpêtrière, which includes some very clever and world-renowned advocates, and so the

MRS.[385] whole profession is now ranged in two parties, and bitter controversy ranges all along the line.

Almost like a pilgrim before a shrine, I knocked one day at the heavy wooden gate in the wall that encloses Dr. Liébault's house and garden. Presently it was opened, and there stood before me, courteously bowing, an elderly gentleman, with shortish, grizzled hair and full beard, a straight nose, firm mouth, serious and determined expression, and a full, broad forehead, well rounded out in the superior region—that, phrenologically speaking, of the intellectual faculties. I presented my card and mentioned my name, whereupon the old gentleman grasped my hand with warmth, declared that he knew me well through mutual friends, and bade me enter. It was a small garden, with gravelled walks, and

thickly planted with flowering bushes and fruit and shade trees. A turn towards the right brought us to the house, and, as the weather was fine, we sat outside in garden seats. After the usual exchange of courtesies, we engaged in a lengthy conversation about hypnotism and cognate subjects, which was most interesting. He introduced me to his wife and daughter, the latter a sweet girl, evidently the apple of his eye. They kept me to dinner, and the Doctor showed me with honest pride a splendid bronze statue by Mercié of "David slaying Goliath," which had been presented to him on 25th May, 1890, by a number of eminent physicians of different lands on the occasion of his formal retirement from practice. They had flocked [386] to Nancy from their various distant lands to offer their homage to the veteran psychologist, had given him a public banquet, and placed in his hands an album filled with their signed photographs. These tardy honors had not spoilt the old man in the least; he was as modest and gentle as possible in speaking of them and of his realised triumph, in old age, over the bigoted professional prejudice against which he had had to fight his way for twenty long years. I have jokingly told him that the artist Mercié had well symbolised in his bronze the Doctor's battle and victory over Ignorance. I have met great men in my time, but never one who wore his greatness more humbly and unpretentiously than Dr. Liébault. I have a list of the contributors to this testimonial, numbering sixty-one names, all well known, many eminent in the medical profession in Germany, Austria, Belgium, Brazil, Canada, Spain, the United States, France, Great Britain, Holland, Italy, Russia, Sweden, and Switzerland. The Revue de l' Hypnotisme for June 1891 contains a full report of the banquet and the moving speeches of M. Dumontpallier, of Paris, Van Renterghem, of Amsterdam, and Dr. Liébault's response. Dr. van Renterghem voiced a great fact in saying:

It has often happened—too often, alas! as history shows—that the pioneers, the workers of the first hour, have had, as their sole reward for all their efforts and sacrifices, only contempt and outrage. The instances are rare, and may be counted, where such

MRS.[387] admirable lives have at length been crowned with honor and glory. But such a rare fact is here produced, and, remembering the injustice with which humanity has so often made its benefactors to suffer, we feel happy indeed to be in the way of repairing the injustice of which one public benefactor has been the victim during long years—the more so since the injustice has been borne in the noblest manner. Most frequently, great souls, ignored, let themselves

fall into despair and misanthropy. But let us testify frankly that one cannot imagine to himself a man less bitter, less misanthropic, than the venerated M. Liébault. Alexander von Humboldt said that the first condition of genius is patience. You will concur with me that in this respect M. Liébault has surpassed all the geniuses of his time."

I quote this as corroborative of my estimate of this dear altruist, in whose company I passed delightful hours during my visit.

When I come to look at it, everyone of us practises suggestion every day of our lives: as parents, giving children our rules of conduct; as business men, persuading each other as our interests prompt; as lawyers, persuading jurymen and judges; as preachers, winning over people to our sects; and as priests, keeping them in the straight paths of our doxies: the physician cures his patient by suggesting hopes of recovery and the efficacy of medicines; the flag in the forefront of battle is a suggestion that the nation honors its braves; the lover suggests domestic bliss to his sweetheart—and [388] so on throughout the whole tangle of human relations. Finally, by the practice of Yoga we teach ourselves to suggest to ourselves self-control and the development of latent spiritual potentialities. From birth to death, the whole family of mankind are acting and reacting upon each other by interchange of thought, called psychical suggestion, and by interblending of auras, resulting in sympathetic mutual relations; the ideal outcome of which should be, in that far-distant day when humanity shall have progressed, the establishment of a reign of good-will on earth and a loving brotherhood of nations. And the modern discoverer of this power, which the good may use, like gods, beneficently, and the bad, like demons, with infernal selfishness, was Dr. Liébault, founder of the Nancy school of hypnotism.

I left Nancy on the 21st of August for Spa, viâ Longwy and Luxembourg. Through the stupidity of the railway officials I had to make a detour of 50 leagues, and so pass the battlefield of Mar le Duc, where there was a desperate struggle between the French and Germans in 1870; slept at Luxembourg, and reached Spa before noon on the next day. The occasion of my visit was to meet an American lady, a very earnest member of our Society. It certainly gives a serious man a profound contempt for high society to see its representatives wasting their time in the inane amusements of the gambling-rooms at these fashionable watering-places. Fancy a lot of full-grown, presumably intelligent men and women

MRS.[389] crowding around a long table on which are a number of tiny toy

horses, with tiny jockeys astride them, moved by mechanism, and running races towards a goal—at best a pastime for children—working themselves up into a state of excitement and betting large sums as to which little horse will get in first! The spectator of such a scene can hardly help reflecting what a pitiful waste of time this is, and how blind to the real dignity of their humanity must these well-dressed idlers be, as though the supply of soul-stuff had run short just before they were being made.

To a travelling American, the sight of a king is always interesting, and so I was gratified to see and exchange salutes with the tall, handsome, soldierly-looking King of Belgium, who walked about, with his wife and daughter, amid the crowds with perfect freedom.

I found on reaching London most of the staff of Headquarters away on their holidays, Mrs. Besant was there, and I had the opportunity of hearing her give a splendid lecture at the Blavatsky Lodge on "East and West: the Future of the T. S.". On the 28th I went to Canterbury to see my dear old friend Stainton Moses, the most brilliant of the writers on Spiritualism, so well known as "M. A. (Oxon)". No two men could have been more drawn to each other than he and I; our friendship, begun through correspondence while I was still at New York, had continued unshaken throughout all changes and frictions between our respective parties, the Spiritualists [390] and Theosophists. The recollection of this visit to Canterbury is one of my pleasantest memories, because of the delightful hours we passed together in wanderings about the ancient town and in the cathedral, and in affectionate talk. I can see before me now the picture of him standing on the railway platform, watching my receding train, and waving his hand in a farewell that was doomed to be eternal—that is, so far as this incarnation is concerned.

Returning to London, I escorted Mrs. Besant to the "Hall of Science" to hear her farewell address to the Secularists. With a curious incapacity for introspection, the leaders of that party had passed a vote that she should not be allowed to lecture any more on Theosophy if she wished to continue to speak from the Secularist platform. The poor creatures did not see that they were virtually setting up a new orthodoxy—that of Disbelief—and arrogating to themselves disciplinary authority over the pretended Freethinkers of their party. Annie Besant had given to that movement nearly all its culture and idealism, had thrown over its crude iconoclasm the iridescent veil of her own refinement and eloquence: Mr. Bradlaugh was their Hercules and embodiment of strength, she

their Hypatia, embodiment of culture and winsome eloquence. They could afford to lose her least of all, and yet they were too blind to see that the inevitable result of their meditated tyranny would be to drive her out of their association into Theosophy, where independence of action and thought is not only tolerated, but enjoined.

MRS.[391]

I sat on the platform with her looking over the large audience of intelligent faces, and felt very sorry to think that these useful pioneers of a new era of religious activity were so foolishly losing their best friend. Mrs. Besant's, address vibrated with pathos as she defined the false position in which they sought to place her, and the imperative necessity that she should be true to the basic principle of their party by keeping perfect liberty of action in matters of conscience. Evidently a deep impression was made upon the majority; and I judged from the applause that if a poll of opinions had been taken she would have been asked to abide with the old friends with whom she had battled so many years against popular superstition and bigoted prejudice. But the critical moment was allowed to pass, since there was no one in the hall brave enough to rise and make the necessary motion; and so she and I passed out into the street, and, in the carriage on the way home, exchanged sympathetic views as to the future of the Secularist party.

From the fact that the address was published in full in the Daily Chronicle, and commented upon by, virtually, the whole British press, I am able to give a few extracts to show the general drift of her argument. She said that it was upon 28th February, 1875 that she had stood for the first time on that platform and spoken to a Freethought audience. She had written for the National Reformer under the pseudonym of "Ajax," a name which she had chosen because the words which were said to have broken from the lips of that mighty [392] hero, when the darkness came down on him and his army, were, "Light, more light!" And then she uttered this noble sentiment: "It is that cry for light which has been the keynote of my own intellectual life. It was and is so—wherever the light may lead me, through whatever difficulties. "She eloquently referred to the profound friendship which had existed between Mr. Bradlaugh and herself, and said that if there was one thing above all others which Charles Bradlaugh did, it was to keep the Freethought platform free from any narrowness of doctrine or belief recalled the stormy days of 1875-6 when their windows were broken, stones were thrown at them, and they walked the streets to and from the hall through brandished

sticks. She said that she had broken with Christianity in 1872, and broke with it once and for all; she had nothing to unsay, nothing to undo, nothing to retract as regards her position then and now; she stood on the same ground as heretofore, and in passing into the newer light of Theosophy, her return to Christianity had "become even more impossible than in any older days of the National Secular Society". She sharply distinguished from each other two very different schools of Materialism; one of which "cares nothing for man, but only for itself; which seeks only personal gain, and cares only for the moment. With that materialism neither I nor those with whom I have worked had anything in common. (Cheers.) That is the materialism which destroys the glory of human life, a materialism which can only be held by the degraded; never a

MRS.[393] materialism preached from this platform, or the training schools which have known many of the noblest intellects and purest hearts. To the materialism of such men as Clifford and Charles Bradlaugh I have no sort of reproach to speak, and never shall. (Cheers.) I know it is a philosophy which few are able to live out—to work without self as an object is the great lesson of human life. But there are problems in the universe which materialism not only does not solve, but which it declares are insoluble—difficulties which materialism cannot grapple with, about which it says man must remain dumb for evermore. I came to problem after problem for which scientific materialism had no answer. Yet these things were facts. I came across facts for which my philosophy had no place. What was I to do? Was I to say that nature was not greater than my knowledge, and that because a fact was new it was an illusion? Not thus had I learned the lesson of materialistic science. When I found that there were facts of life other than as the materialists defined it, I determined still to go on—although the foundations were shaking—and not be recreant enough in the search after truth to draw back because it wore a face other than the one I had expected, I had read two books by Mr. Sinnett, and these threw an intelligible light on a large number of facts which had always remained unexplained in the history of man. The books did not carry me very far, but they suggested a new line of investigation, and from that time forward I looked for other clues. Those clues were not definitely [394] found until early in the year 1889. I had experimented then and before in Spiritualism, and found many facts and much folly in it. (Cheers.) In 1889 I had a book given me to review—a book written by H. P. Blavatsky, entitled The Secret Doctrine. I suppose I was given it to review because I was thought to be more or less mad on such subjects. (Laughter and cheers.) I knew on studying that book that I had found the clue I

had been seeking, and I then asked for an introduction to the writer, feeling that one who had written it might tell something of a path along which I might travel."

After defending the character of Mme. Blavatsky and the Theosophical Society, she concluded with this powerful peroration:

"Every month which has passed since Madame Blavatsky left has given me more and more light. Are you, I would ask, quite wise to believe that you are right, and that there is nothing in the universe you do not know? (Hear, hear.) It is not a safe position to take up. It has been taken up in other days and always assailed. It was taken up by the Roman Church, by the Protestant Church. If it is to be taken up by the Freethought party now, are we to regard the body as the one and final possessor of knowledge, which may never be increased? That, and nothing less, is the position you are taking at the present time. ("Yes," "Yes," "No," "No," cheers and hisses.) What is the reason I leave your platform? Why do I do so? I shall tell you. Because your

MRS.[395]

Society sends me off it. The reason this is my last lecture is, because when the hall passes into the hands of the National Secular Society, I should not be permitted to say anything going against the principles and objects of that Society. (Hear, hear.) Now I shall never speak under such conditions. (Cheers.) I did not break with the great Church of England and ruin my social position in order that I might come to this platform and be told what I should say. (Cheers.) Our late leader would never have done it. (Cheers.) I do not challenge the right of your Society to make any conditions you like. But, my friends and brothers, is it wise? I hold that the right of the speaker to speak is beyond all limitation, save of the reason. If you are right, discussion will not shake your platform; if you are wrong, it would act as a corrective. (Cheers.) While I admit your right to debar me, I sorely misjudge the wisdom of the judgment. (Hear, hear.)

"In bidding you farewell, I have no words save words of gratitude. In this hall for well-nigh seventeen years I have met with a kindness which has never changed, a loyalty which has never broken, a courage which has always been ready to stand by me. Without your help, I should have been crushed many a year ago; without the love you gave me, my heart had been broken many, many years since. But not even for you shall a gag be placed on my mouth; not even for your sake will I promise not to speak of that which I know now to be truth.

(Cheers.) I should commit a treachery to truth and conscience if I allowed anyone [396] to stand between my right to speak and that which I believe I have found. And so, henceforth, I must speak in other halls than in yours. Henceforth, in this hall—identified with so much of struggle land pain, and so much also of the strongest joy nature can know—I shall be a stranger. To you, friends and comrades of so many years—of whom I have spoken no harsh words since I left you, for whom I have none but words of gratitude—to you I say farewell; going out into a life shorn indeed of many friends, but with a true conscience and a good heart. I know that those to whom I have pledged my services are true and pure and bright. I would never have left your platform unless I had been compelled. I must take my dismissal if it must be. To you now, and for the rest of this life, I bid farewell."

Her concluding words were spoken with deep emotion, and it was very evident that the hearts of the majority of the audience were touched; tears could be seen in many eyes, and as she left the platform the hall rang again and again with deafening cheers.

CHAPTER XXIII

FROM STOCKHOLM TO KYOTO

(1891)

BARON HARDEN-HICKEY had been so expeditious with his translation of the Buddhist Catechism that I was able on the 31st of August—only three weeks after we had made our arrangement in Paris about its publication—to read the printer's proofs in London.

On the 2nd of September I went to the Aquarium to see "Joseph Balsamo, the Boy Mesmerist," who gave a striking, but revolting, exhibition of phenomena by suggestion upon a wretched sensitive. If anything can be a prostitution of a noble science, it is these public degradations of subjects by travelling, charlatan mesmerisers: the drinking of lamp-oil and eating of tallow candles under the delusion that they are delicious food, and the compulsory doing of acts which lower the sense of manhood, are such outrages upon the private rights of the individual that the most ardent advocate of mesmerism would not object to have them forbidden by law. For my part, I do not wonder that these mesmeric and hypnotic public exhibitions have been prohibited by the authorities [398] of different countries of Europe when I see what terrible after-effects sometimes follow the peripatetic "lecturer's" demonstrations of his power of hypnotic suggestion. One of the perils of our times is the abuse of this mysterious faculty, and no one who has the least friendly regard for a relative or friend should abstain from warning him or her—especially her—of the danger incurred in lending themselves for such experiments. We have seen in our time women giving such exhibitions, one at least, a powerful mesmeriser, but this makes the risk no less, nor her offence the more excusable. There was at the Aquarium, at the same time, a Frenchman calling himself Alexandre Jacques, who was making a fifty days' fast, under medical supervision. I saw him on the thirty-fourth day, and had quite a talk with him. He told me that he ate nothing, but took a herb powder which sustains life. He said that it was composed of common herbs, to be found almost everywhere. His weight was diminishing at the rate of 4 ozs. daily, but he appeared to be in good health. When the famous Dr. Tanner made his forty days' fast at New York, some twenty years ago, under the strictest medical observation, night and day, some of the medical profession persisted in

declaring it a fraud, because they believed it an impossibility for a man to go so long without nourishment. But if anyone wishes to have such doubts removed, he need only go among the Jains at Bombay and see elderly women making this very protracted fast with great ease at a certain period of the year.

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They are supposed to gain great merit by this asceticism; and the ludicrous part of it is that this merit has a certain commercial value, and they sell it for solid rupees to self-indulgent co-religionists who do not feel like mortifying the flesh, but are quite willing to get merit vicariously! Is this very different from the once prevalent traffic in papal pardons, so briskly carried on at the time when Luther dashed his mailed fist against the Vatican door, or the paying of men in cassocks to pray souls out of purgatory?

A fortnight before the day fixed for my sailing for New York, our friends at Stockholm telegraphed a request that I would visit them before my departure; and as the prospect was most agreeable, I consented, and left London on 4th September for that place, viâ Hull and Göteborg. The passenger season had closed, and the stories that I had read about the dangers of that tempestuous North Sea, with schoolboy reminiscences of the maelstrom, made me think that I was going to run an exceptional risk in making the voyage, and I actually made my will before leaving London. When, however, I found that I was sailing on as smooth a stretch of water as heart could desire and under a bright sunshine, I felt as though I wanted to find some corner where I could hide my mortification. Without adventure I reached Stockholm on the third evening, and was greeted at the station by all our members, headed by the good Dr. Zander, who took me to his house. An indelible impression was made upon my mind during my three [400] days' stay by the sweet hospitality and charming naturalness of the Swedish people. It was a case of love at first sight; and now that, during the past summer, I have revisited Sweden and been in the other Scandinavian countries, the impression is strengthened. In all my life I never met such uniformly delightful people. Hospitality is with them as much a religious duty as it is with the Hindus; and I fully indorse the opinion expressed by a Swedish lady, in a recent letter, where she says: "In my country the very fact that a person is a foreigner entitles him to double consideration, hospitality, and politeness." Every hour of the day had its engagements, mostly public. There was a Branch meeting, at which I responded to an address of welcome; the next day, a lecture at the Hall of the Academy of Sciences, to an excellent audience; three

conversaziones! a supper every evening, and a farewell dinner and surprise party at Dr. Zander's house on the day of my departure. The pleasant recollections of the visit have been since marred by a disagreeable lesson as to the mendacity of hysterics, and the danger of being alone with such persons under any circumstances.

On the second day of my visit I was invited to an audience with his Majesty Oscar II, King of Sweden and Norway, at his palace outside the town. I found him a most cultured gentleman, gracious and unpretentious in his manners. His reception of me was all that I could have asked, and he kept me talking for more than an hour on Masonry, Symbolism, Religion,

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Spiritualism, and Theosophy, on all of which subjects he gave proofs of extensive reading and sound reflection. He at once relieved me of the embarrassment of standing, inviting me to sit with him at a small table, where each of us drew figures on paper, illustrative of the symbolical expression of religious and scientific ideas by different nations. His Majesty cordially invited me to stop a day or two longer at Stockholm, so that I might become acquainted with a person for the sanctity of whose character he entertained a great respect, but I was obliged to hurry back to London to continue my voyage, and we parted with cordial expressions of mutual good-will. Of course, it is universally known that King Oscar is one of the best linguists and most cultivated men in Europe, an Oriental scholar and a patron of learning, and the reader may imagine what pleasant recollections I must have of my interview with him in his own palace.

I returned to London viâ Copenhagen, Kiel, Hamburg, Bremen, Osnabrûck, and Flushing, but when I went to claim my luggage I found that my trunk had been left behind en route, although booked through from Stockholm. This was a serious matter, for I was to sail from Liverpool in three days; to make things worse, my steamer and railway tickets, as far as Yokohama and Colombo, were in the trunk, together with half my clothes and some money. Telegraphing and worrying did no good, and I had to sail without it. The greatest annoyance was the behavior of the Messageries people, who actually would not give me [402] a duplicate ticket until I had got the Manager of the great London bank where I keep my sterling account to sign a guarantee. When I went to tell him about this preposterous demand, he said it was something novel in his experience, but as he happened to know me for an old customer, he kindly complied with the French company's demand. As for the American line, they granted me the duplicate

tickets without a moment's hesitation. I recovered the trunk ultimately at Colombo, on my way home from Japan.

My boat was one of the largest and swiftest of the "ocean greyhounds"; she rushed through the water like a swordfish at the rate of 20 miles an hour, even in the roughest seas. This was all very well for those who liked speed at whatsoever cost, but my recollection is that it was the most uncomfortable ocean travelling I ever did, for, what with the working of the engines and the thrashing of the propellers, the ship was in a constant vibration that was enough to upset the nerves of most people. Withal, she pitched and rolled so that barely a fourth of the passengers appeared at the table. I met some delightful people on board, whom I shall be very glad to see again, and happily escaped the usual call for a lecture: both the sick and the well were engaged in thinking much more of their stomachs than of their souls. The members of my own family, my friends Fullerton and Neresheimer, and others, met me on landing, and I was enjoying the prospect of getting speedily to my sister's house, but my unfortunate notoriety barred the way. A

[403] dozen reporters, representing the principal New York journals, wanted to interview me, and as this could not be done conveniently on the wharf, Mr. Neresheimer had engaged a drawing-room at the Astor House, and had placed small tables around the four sides for the convenience of the reporters. Thither I was taken, installed in a big chair, given a cigar, allowed to remove my coat, as it was a very warm evening, and then subjected to a cross-questioning about my doings within the twelve years since my departure for India, and, generally, the condition and prospects of the Theosophical movement. It was a most amusing episode, this interview at wholesale; but being an old journalist myself, I managed to give the young fellows the sort of "copy" they wanted, and the next morning my arrival was heralded by the whole press, and my portrait appeared in the five principal dailies. Of course it was very late before I could get to bed.

I found New York greatly changed in many respects; many of my old friends were dead, and many landmarks had disappeared. I, too, had changed in a marked degree, for after so many years of the placid intellectual life of the Orient, the mad quiver and rush of American life upset me greatly. I could not have realised that so radical a change would have come over me. My brothers wanted me to look at the giant buildings which had sprung up towards the sky and other so-called improvements; but I told them that I would not exchange my desk and library, and the restfulness of my Adyar home, if anyone should [404]

offer to give me the biggest of the buildings on condition that I should return to live at New York. Yet it was very sweet to meet so many old friends, some even of my school days, and the relatives whom I had not seen for so long. But I was not sorry when the time came for me to hurry across the continent towards the lands of the Rising Sun. My family was now the members of the Society; my friends, my working colleagues; my home, the Adyar Headquarters; my ambitions, aspirations, hopes, loves, and very life had passed into the Society; my country had become the wide world. Not that I loved America and my kinsfolk less, but that I loved the cause more.

My American visit was intended to be a mere transit, not a tour. It was now the end of September, and I had to be at home early in December to make ready for the Convention; meanwhile, I had some 15,000 miles of travel before me. While at New York I gave one public lecture to a very large audience, in Scottish Rite Hall, on Madison Avenue. The chairman, an amiable F.T.S., must have been unaccustomed to facing such crowds, for, intending to just merely introduce me, he wandered off into a discourse on Theosophy which must have taken close on forty-five minutes, and tired the audience very much. Meanwhile, I sat there like a simple auditor, and was half tempted, when I finally did get the floor, to say that as my friend had fully enlightened them about Theosophy, it was not worth my while to detain them any longer, and with that make my bow and retire.

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But as, clearly, that would not do, I went on with my address, and was very heartily applauded at the close. Then followed a pleasant experience, when one old friend after another came up to the platform and shook hands with me.

On the 28th I took the overland train of the Pennsylvania Road, and soon was spinning across the continent at the rate of 45 miles an hour. It almost seemed as though some tricksy elementals of the luggage department had been following me from Stockholm onward, for, having lost one trunk between there and London, I now found that the other had been left behind at Chicago by mistake. Then we had an accident to our sleeping-car which was quite enough to stimulate the nerves of an excitable person; for in the night of the 2nd, eight of its wheels flattened out—fortunately without doing any harm to us--and we were transferred to an ordinary carriage, where we passed a very miserable time until morning.

I was met at Sacramento by Mrs. Gilbert and Dr. Cook, the President and

Secretary of our local Branch, and hospitably entertained at the house of the latter. Among my visitors was a gentleman who had been employed as a clerk in my office when I was Special Commissioner of the War Department. Some of the callers asked my advice on confidential personal matters, domestic and otherwise. It is one of the peculiar features of my tours that I am regarded as a sort of father confessor, to whom all are free to confide their secrets and ask for comfort in their [406] sorrows. One gets in this way not only an idea of the extent of misery that prevails in social life, but also of the weakness of will which is too common among people who have fixed their aspirations on the Higher Life, but find the path full of stumbling-stones. The satisfaction one has in lightening, by ever so little, this burden of private grief, more than compensates for the trouble given by the seekers after advice.

On the evening of Sunday the 4th I lectured in public on "Theosophy and H. P. B.," and a conversazione followed. The next morning I made the short journey to San Francisco, and became the guest of that sympathetic and cultured gentleman, Dr. Jerome A. Anderson. The chief workers of the city called on me, and on the following day the Branch gave me a formal reception, with a friendly address, to which I responded. Mr. Judge, who had been making a tour on the Pacific Coast, was in San Francisco at the time of my arrival, also a guest of Dr. Anderson, and here practised—for the time being, most successfully—another deception upon me. It was in connection with the mysterious Rosicrucian Jewel, formerly belonging to Cagliostro, but in my time worn by H. P. B.1 I say "mysterious" with reason, because the pure white crystals with which it was set had the occult property of changing their color to a dark green, and sometimes muddy brown, when she was out of health. I shall not dwell upon the details of his

1 [Now worn by Mrs. Besant.—ED.]

[407] falsehood, as it will have to be spoken of in connection with the transactions at London, when he was cited before a Judicial Committee which I convened to try him on the charges of malfeasance brought against him.

The ladies of our local Branch had organised a charming scheme of moral and religious instruction for children, to which they gave the name "The Children's Hour." A special exhibition of it was given for my information, and it delighted me very much. The motive was to impress upon the youthful minds the idea of the fundamental resemblance between the world religions, and the advisability of learning to be kind and tolerant to all men, of whatsoever race or creed. A

senior girl represented Theosophia, and others the Founders of religions—Krishna, Zoroaster, Gautama Buddha, Christ, Mahommed, etc. Each of these held a staff carrying a symbolical pennant. A simple yet excellent dialogue was framed, in which Theosophia put questions to each of the flag-holders, to give him or her the chance to quote from the Scriptures of the Founder of that religion verses which embodied the Theosophical spirit. The children wore pretty dresses, there was some little marching and other exercises, and all seemed to enjoy the occasion. It would be a good thing if this device were adopted throughout the whole Society, for it is calculated to be of great service in implanting Theosophical ideas in the youthful mind.

The, to me, most delightful incident of my San Francisco visit was a meeting with three brothers of [408] the Steele family, with whom I was brought into contact at Amherst, Ohio, in 1851-2-3, and whom I may almost regard as my greatest benefactors in this incarnation, since it was from them, and the other bright minds and noble souls connected with them in a Spiritualistic group, that I first learned to think and aspire along the lines which led me ultimately to H. P. B. and the Theosophical movement. The family had migrated to California, become great landed proprietors—rancheros—and attained to places of distinction in that State: one was a judge, another a senator, a third President of the great Society of the Grangers. The hours we passed together were full of unalloyed delight, and the life-pictures which had been concealed behind the veil of latent memory for forty years came out again, vivid and real. On the evening of the 7th I lectured at Metropolitan Temple on the same subject as at Sacramento; Mr. Judge was chairman, and we had on the platform a life-size photograph of H. P. B., standing on an easel. On the 8th I embarked on the "Belgic" for Yokohama, a host of T. S. friends seeing me off, and loading me with flowers.

The Pacific Ocean was true to its name, a calm sea and sunshine following me almost all the way across. We had a few rough days and some rolling of the ship, but not enough to cause much inconvenience. It seemed as though I had not finished with the meeting of persons who would bring back to me the memory of the olden days, for the surgeon of the

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"Belgic" proved to be the son of a charming lady whom I had known as a schoolgirl at New York many years before her marriage; moreover, he was the living image of his mother. When I came to recall the past I realised that but for

the advice of this lady and her elder sister, I should never have gone to Cleveland, Ohio, in 1851, whence I went to Elyria, thence to Amherst and the Steeles; those ladies, then, formed the first link between my home-life at New York and my spiritual enfranchisement at Amherst. By this I do not mean that I had ever been a follower of my parents' religion, or sectarian of any sort, but that, until I became associated with the Amherst circle, my mind had been lying fallow, waiting for the sowing of the seeds of Theosophical thought.

After a voyage of seven days we reached Honolulu, and stopped there twenty-four hours before continuing the journey. We went ashore and looked about the place, some of us going to see Dr. Trousseau's ostrich farm. The birds were kept in paddocks, with an avenue running through the middle, and wide enough so that persons passing through could not be reached by the iron beaks of the male birds, who are not at all friendly at certain seasons. The proprietor of the farm, with whom I had some conversation, expressed himself as well satisfied with the profits of the undertaking, saying that the yield of plumes fit for commerce was a good deal larger than the average. We sailed again on the 16th, taking our fine weather along with us. On the 19th I accepted an invitation given me [410] at the urgent request of a large missionary party on board to lecture on Theosophy, and thenceforward, throughout the voyage, this subject was very much talked about. On the 21st we crossed the l80th meridian of longitude, and thus, in a Pickwickian sense, blotted out Tuesday, it being Monday until noon, and then Wednesday. I had to laugh when I recalled the ingenious employment of this device by Jules Verne to make his eccentric hero get around the world in eighty days, and thus win the bet at the London Club, which depended on this result. The festive missionaries relieved the tedium of their voyage by a lot of hymn-singing.

We reached Yokohama at 7 p.m. on the 28th of October, the 20th day according to the calender after leaving Frisco, but including the day which had been nominally obliterated. We were inexpressibly shocked to learn on arriving that on the morning of that very day one of the most disastrous earthquakes in the history of Japan had spread devastation over a wide area: thousands of buildings, including some of the strongest temples, had been destroyed, and thousands of persons killed. It was not a promising time for me to get the High Priests together to consider my Fourteen Propositions. However, I got them translated into Japanese by Mr. N. Amenomori, an excellent English scholar, of Yokohama. He completed the task the same day, so that I was able to leave on

the 31st for Kobé, en route for Kyoto. As the earthquake had broken up the railway, I went by the P. & O. S.S.

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"Ancona," and the weather being delightful, had fine views of the coast and of Fugi San, the snow-capped sacred mountain, whose glittering cone, figures so very often in Japanese paintings. It was certainly one of the most charming journeys in the world—almost like fairyland. We reached Kobé at 1.30 p.m. on 1st November, and I put up at the Hiogo Hotel, at the waterside, where I had the honor and pleasure of meeting Professor John Milne, the world-renowned seismologist.

From what I heard I had good reason to fear that it would be very difficult for me to get the signatures of the Chief Priests of the sects to my Platform, as a number of them had left Kyoto for the scenes of earthquake disaster. However, I determined, since I was on the ground, to overcome all obstacles, in view of the immense importance of the object sought. I went on to Kyoto on the 2nd, and put up at my old inn, Nakumraya's Hotel. I notified the two Hongwanjis and the Ko-sai-kai—the General Committee of all the sects, which I had induced them to form on the occasion of my former visit—of my arrival. My rooms were thronged with visitors the next and following days. Among the old acquaintances were Mr. Nirai, formerly a leading member of the Young Men's Buddhist Committee which sent Noguchi as a sub-committee to Madras to personally escort me to Japan; and that highly influential and agreeable priest, Shaku Genyu San of the Shin-gon sect. He was a most enlightened man, open to all good suggestions [412] for the advancement of his religion, and travelled with me over the empire when I was there before. We had a very earnest discussion over the Fourteen Propositions, the wording of which he found perfectly satisfactory; but he put it to me why it was necessary for the Northern Church to sign these condensed bits of doctrine when they were so familiar that every priest-pupil throughout the empire had them by heart: there was infinitely more than that in the Mahayana. In reply I said: "If I should bring you a basketful of earth dug out of a slope of Fuji San, would that be part of your sacred mountain or not?" "Of course it would," he answered. "Well, then," I rejoined, "all I ask is that you will accept these Propositions as included within the body of Northern Buddhism; that they are a basketful of the mountain, but not the whole mountain itself." That view of the case seemed to be quite convincing; and when I had argued at length upon the vital necessity of having some common ground laid out on

which the Northern and Southern Churches might stand in harmony and brotherly love, offering a united front to a hostile world, he promised to do his best to have my wish accomplished. He then left me to go and see some of his leading colleagues, and on the 4th returned with a favorable report and signed the document on behalf of the Ko-sai-kai, thus giving my scheme the imprimatur of the approval of the united sects, even although I should secure no other signatures. But I did, as personally, and through the medium of [413] Shaku San, the Chief Priests who were within reach of Kyoto could have the thing explained to them. Before leaving for Kobé on the 9th I had got all the sects except the Shin-shu to sign the paper. This latter sect, as the reader may remember, occupies an entirely anomalous position in Buddhism, as their priests marry—in direct violation of the rule established by the Buddha for his Sangha—have families and hold property; for example, a temple will pass from father to son. At the same time they are by far the cleverest sectarian managers in all Japan, drawing immense revenues from the public, and building superb temples everywhere. They are, par excellence, the most aristocratic religious body in the empire. They excuse their infraction of the monastic rules on the ground that they are samaneras, semilaymn, not full moenks. The principal men among them whom I needed to see were away in the earthquake districts, where they had suffered great losses; and as my time was extremely limited, and the people whom I saw would not give me a definite answer, I had to do without those signatures. However, as they were represented in the Ko-sai-kai, Shaku San's signature on its behalf virtually gave me the consent of the whole body of Northern Buddhists. My joy in achieving this result may readily be imagined.

CHAPTER XXIV

THE BUDDHIST PLATFORM SUCCESSFULLY INAUGURATED

(1891)

I THINK that I could hardly be accused of vain-glorious boasting if I should say that an event of such importance as that described in the last chapter deserved to be made much of by all Western Orientalists, especially such as devote themselves to Pali literature and the study of Buddhism. Certainly, its significance was recognised throughout the Buddhistic nations of the East. Yet, within the ten years which have elapsed since the signing, scarcely any notice whatever has been taken of it by the European and American scholars. I am afraid I shall have to ascribe this to a small-minded prejudice against our Society, out of which, they think, no good can come. Time, however, will set that right.

To get the signatures needed was not such a very easy matter after all; I had to pass through an experience of that procrastinating and preternaturally cautious policy which seems peculiar to the Chinese [415] and Japanese character. I wrote in my Diary: "There is a lot of polite humbugging going on about signing my Platform—idle excuses of all sorts." But by the 7th of November things were looking decidedly better; in fact, I could quite well have been satisfied to take it away with me as it stood that evening. The next morning all was finished and the document complete. To celebrate the event, a dinner in the Japanese style was given me, at which 178 persons were present. If I quote the full text of the Platform, with the names of the signers, the document will be placed on permanent record, and my readers have the chance of judging for themselves as to its importance. Here it is:

"FUNDAMENTAL BUDDHISTIC BELIEFS

"I. Buddhists are taught to show the same tolerance, forbearance, and brotherly love to all men, without distinction, and an unswerving kindness towards the members of the animal kingdom.

"II. The universe was evolved, not created; and it functions according to law, not according to the caprice of any God.

“III. The truths upon which Buddhism is founded are natural. They have, we believe, been taught in successive kalpas, or world periods, by certain illuminated Beings called BUDDHAS, the name BUDDHA meaning ‘Enlightened’.

“IV. The fourth Teacher in the present Kalpa was Sakya Muni, or Gautama Buddha, who was born in a royal family in India about 2,500 years ago. He is [416] an historical personage, and his name was Siddhartha Gautama.

“V. Sakya Muni taught that ignorance produces desire, unsatisfied desire is the cause of rebirth, and rebirth the cause of sorrow. To get rid of sorrow, therefore, it is necessary to escape rebirth; to escape rebirth, it is necessary to extinguish desire; and to extinguish desire, it is necessary to destroy ignorance.

“VI. Ignorance fosters the belief that rebirth is a necessary thing. When ignorance is destroyed, the worthlessness of every such rebirth, considered as an end in itself, is perceived, as well as the paramount need of adopting a course of life by which the necessity for such repeated rebirths can be abolished. Ignorance also begets the illusive and illogical idea that there is only one existence for man, and the other illusion that this one life is followed by states of unchangeable pleasure or torment.

“VII. The dispersion of all this ignorance can be attained by the persevering practice of an all-embracing altruism in conduct, development of intelligence, wisdom in thought, and destruction of desire for the lower personal pleasures.

“VIII. The desire to live being the cause of rebirth, when that is extinguished, rebirths cease, and the perfected individual attains by meditation that highest state of peace called Nirvâna.

“IX. Sakya Muni taught that ignorance can be dispelled and sorrow removed by the knowledge of the four Noble Truths, viz.:

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1. The miseries of existence;

2. The cause productive of misery, which is the desire, ever renewed, of satisfying

oneself without being able ever to secure that end;

3. The destruction of that desire, or the estranging of oneself from it;

4. The means of obtaining this destruction of desire.

“The means which he pointed out is called the Noble Eightfold Path; viz., Right

Belief; Right Thought; Right Speech; Right Action; Right Means of Livelihood;

Right Exertion; Right Remembrance; Right Meditation.

“X. Right Meditation leads to spiritual enlightenment, or that development of that Buddha-like faculty which is latent in every man.

“XI. The essence of Buddhism, as summed up by the Tathâgata (Buddha) himself, is—

To cease from all sin,

To get virtue,

To purify the heart.

“XII. The universe is subject to a natural causation known as ‘Karma’. The merits and demerits of a being in past existences determine his condition in the present one. Each man, therefore, has prepared the causes of the effects which he now experiences.

“XIII. The obstacles to the attainment of good Karma may be removed by the observance of the following precepts, which are embraced in the moral code of Buddhism, viz., (1) Kill not; (2) Steal not;

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(3) Indulge in no forbidden sexual pleasure; (4) Lie not; (5) Take no intoxicating or stupefying drug or liquor. Five other precepts, which need not be here enumerated, should be observed by those who would attain, more quickly than the average layman, the release from misery and rebirth.

“XIV. Buddhism discourages superstitious credulity. Gautama Buddha taught it to be the duty of a parent to have his child educated in science and literature. He also taught that no one should believe what is spoken by any sage, written in any book, or affirmed by tradition, unless it accord with reason.

———

“Drafted as a common platform upon which all Buddhists can agree.

“(Sd.) H. S. OLCOTT, P.T.S.

———

“BURMAH

“Approved on behalf of the Buddhists of Burmah, this 3rd day of February, 1891 (A.B. 2434):

“Tha-tha-na-baing Sayadawgyi; Aung Myi Shwe bôn Sayadaw; Me-ga-waddy Sayadaw; Hmat-khaya Sayadaw; Htî-lin Sayadaw; Myadaung Sayadaw; Hla-htwe Sayadaw; and sixteen others.

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“CEYLON

“Approved on behalf of the Buddhists of Ceylon, this 25th day of February, 1891 (A.B. 2434). Mahanuwara upawsatha puspârâma vihârâdhipati Hippola Dhamma Rakkhita Sobhitâbhidhana Mahâ Nâyaka Sthavirayan-wahanse wamha.

“(Hippola Dhamma Rakkhita Sobhitâbhidhana, High Priest of Malwatte Vihara at Kandy.)

“(Sd.) HIPPOLA

“Mahanuwara Asgiri Vihârâdhipati Yatawattç Chandajottyâbhidhana Mahâ Nâyaka Sthavirayan wahanse wamha.

“(Yatawattç Chandajottyabhidhana, High Priest of Asgiri Vihara at Kandy.)

“(Sd.) YATAWATTE

“Hikkaduwe Srî Sumangala Sripâdasthâne saha Kolamba palate pradhana Nayâka Sthavirayo (Hikkaduwe Srî Sumangala, High Priest of Adam’s Peak and the District of Colombo).

“(Sd.) H. SUMANGALA

“Maligâwe Prâchina Pustakâlâyâdhyahshaka Sûriyagoda Sonuttara Sthavirayo (Suriyagoda Sonuttara, Librarian of the Oriental Library at the Temple of the Tooth Relic at Kandy).

“(Sd.) S.SONUTTARA

“Sugata Sâsanadhaja Vinayâ chairya Dhammâlankârâbhidhâna Nayâka Sthavira.

“(Sd.) DHAMA’LANKARA

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“Pawara neruttika chariya Maha Vibhavi Subhuti, of Waskaduwa.

“(Sd.) W. SUBHUTI

“JAPAN

“Accepted as included within the body of Northern Buddhism.

“Shaku Genyu (Shin Gon Su Sect).

“Fukuda Nichiyo (Nichiren „).

“Sanada Seyko (Zen Shu „).

“Ito Quan Shyu.

“Takehana Hakuyo (Jodo „).

“Kono Rioshin (Ji-Shu „).

“Kira Ki-ko (Jodo Seizan „).

“Harutani Shinsho (Tendai „).

“Manabe Shun-myo (Shin Gon Su „).

“CHITTAGONG

“Accepted for the Buddhists of Chittagong.

“Nagawa Parvata Viharashipati.

“Guna Megu Wini-Lankara.

“Harbang, Chittagong, Bengal.”

The reader will observe that whereas the Fourteen Propositions are approved unreservedly by the Buddhist priests of Ceylon, Burmah, and Chittagong, they are accepted by those of Japan as “included within the body of Northern Buddhism”.

On the 7th of November I saw the funeral procession of Prince Kinni, uncle of the emperor.

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Shinto and Buddhist priests took part in the ceremony; plants and trees in tubs were carried before the corpse, and a great profusion of flowers. Then followed a battalion of the imperial guard, with officers in blazing uniforms; then diplomatic functionaries in full dress; then the pupils of the military schools; and bringing up the rear, citizens riding in jinrickshas.

On another evening I saw a public exhibition of the marvellous juggling for which the Japanese are renowned, but as it was substantially of the same character as that described in Chapter VII of the present Series, I need not dwell on details. I may say, however, that a second sight of the performance of some of the most wonderful tricks did not help me to a comprehension of the juggler's secrets.

After paying ceremonial visits to the High Priests of both Hongwanjis—the Higachi and Nischi (the former personage having the social rank of Duke)—and other Chief Priests of sects, and after giving another address at Chounin Temple before the Kosai-kai and a monster audience, I left Kyoto for Kobé on the 9th, with Hogen San, one of the young priest-students who had been sent in 1889, by my advice, to study Sanskrit and Pali under Sumangala, and Noguchi San, my old friend, and on the 10th embarked on the Messageries S.S. "Oxius" in a rain storm. We reached Woo-sung, the port of Shanghai, in the evening of the 12th. Most of the passengers went up to the city by water, a distance of fourteen miles, the next morning,

[422] and spent the day looking through the Chinese quarter—a most unpleasant excursion, by reason of the unnameable smells which almost suffocate one. We returned to the ship by moonlight, and sailed at 3 p.m. on the 14th for Hong Kong. His Excellency the French Ambassador to Japan and family were on board as passengers, and I had the great pleasure of becoming well acquainted with them. The four children had a most talented governess, a Polish lady, who had an admirable system of instruction. Her pupils were learning four languages simultaneously; but one language was assigned to each of four consecutive days, and they were allowed to speak, write, and read only that language. The parents lent themselves to this system in their intercourse with their children, and the result was that the latter were getting a thorough proficiency in each language.

Hong Kong was reached on the 17th, and we were all delighted with the appearance of that great commercial mart. I went by the funicular railway to the top of the "Peak," and enjoyed a magnificent view of the harbor and environs. The next morning we sailed for Saigon, the coquettish-looking little French capital of their Cochin China possessions. As I had been there twice before, I stayed on board until evening, when I took a drive and walk with some Japanese passengers. We sailed for Singapore early on "the morning of the 22nd and reached there on the second day; at 5 p.m. we left again for Colombo. The

weather from Japan onward had been rather [423] rough, but it was fair with us from Singapore to Colombo, where we arrived at 1 p.m. on the 29th.

The High Priest Sumangala congratulated me warmly on my success with the Platform, and expressed the hope of a more friendly intercourse between the Southern and Northern Divisions.

A cruel report that Miss Pickett's death had been the result of suicide having been spread by certain malevolent persons, among them Dr. Daly, I felt it my duty to make a thorough inquiry, and, associating myself with Count Axel Wachtmeister as a committee, with Proctor Mendes, Mr. Peter d' Abrew, and Miss Roberts as interpreters, a number of witnesses were examined, and every effort made to arrive at the truth. The result was our entire conviction that it had been an accident occurring to her when she was walking in a fit of somnambulism. It was very gratifying to see with what affection her memory was cherished by the whole Buddhist community, her slanderers having nearly all been half-caste Christians, than whom no more rancorous bigots exist. The fact is that she had committed the unpardonable offence of making a public profession of Buddhism, and had come to undertake the education of Sinhalese girls of respectable families, whom the missionaries had been marking out as their prey for many years. As they dared not kill her—as once they tried to do to me—they spread the falsehood that she had killed herself.

Mrs. Maire Musæus Higgins, widow of Mr. Anthony Higgins, F.T.S., of Washington, D.C., had answered [424] an appeal in the Path, Mr. Judge's magazine, for help for the Women's Education Society from qualified lady teachers. No inducements of salary or luxurious living were held out—quite the contrary. Mrs. Higgins was then in the receipt of a salary of $900 as a clerk in the Post Office Department of Washington, a sum amply sufficient for all her wants. She was a native of Mecklenburg-Schwerin, and daughter of a judge of the High Court. Having adopted teaching as a profession, she had passed all the examinations up to the highest, and was highly qualified for any teaching post. Her heart was touched by the appeal of the Sinhalese women, and she wrote me tendering her services without conditions. After due consideration and consultation all round, the offer was accepted and money sent her for her passage tickets out. I found her at Colombo, on my return from Japan, acting with the W. E. S. On the 7th of December I presided at an adjourned meeting of that Society. Mrs. Weerakoon resigned the Presidency, and Mrs. Higgins was elected Executive President. The accounts which were laid before the meeting

were found hopelessly confused and laid on the table. This is not at all to be wondered at, considering that, up to that time, Sinhalese ladies had never acted together as an organised body, nor had the least familiarity with book-keeping or accounts. Being aware of the inevitable difficulties that would assail Mrs. Higgins if certain of the ladies on the Managing Board of the Society were allowed to interfere with her household and school management,

[425] by reason of their ignorance, and, in some cases, illiteracy, I had Mrs. Weerakoon come forward in the presence of the audience and formally relinquish on behalf of the Society all right of meddling. This gave the new régime a fair start, and all would have gone on well until now if this sensible arrangement had been adhered to. But it was not, and the result was the ultimate withdrawal of Mrs. Higgins, after a long trial, and the starting by her of a girls' school on her own account. Of this I shall have to speak later. After a stay of ten days, I left Colombo for Madras in the P. & O. S.S. "Chusan". We anchored off Madras harbor after dark on the 12th, in a pelting rain. I landed the next morning, and received the usual hearty welcome from my Indian colleagues and Messrs. B. Keightley and S. V. Edge. At Adyar I found Miss Anna Ballard, an American journalist, who had been travelling professionally, and had come to make me a protracted visit.

From this time forward my time was fully taken up with editorial work, official correspondence, and preparations for the Annual Convention. An unprecedented number of European and American ladies came to that year's meeting. Among them, Miss F. Henrietta Müller, B.A. (Cantab.), that most ardent and eccentric lady reformer, who allowed her furniture to be sold in London for taxes as a protest against the denial of women's rights, who became, in India, a fervent worker with us for the revival of Eastern Philosophy, going so far as to adopt a young Hindu [426] as a son and make her will in his favor, and who, more recently, rushed back into the Christian fold, repudiating us, our Indian colleagues, and the movement in general. Withal, a kind-hearted and generous friend so long as the momentary mood lasted. That excellent young man and devoted son, the young Count Wachtmeister, was also among the delegates present. He is one of the most accomplished non-professional musicians I ever met, and I deeply regretted our not having a piano at Adyar, so that he might have delighted the Delegates by his skill.

The Convention met as usual at noon on 27th December, an exceptionally large number of countries being represented. Besides leading men from all parts

of India, we had people from Ceylon, Japan, England, America,Burmah, Tibet, and Sweden. It is always encouraging to the Hindus to see these foreigners coming from distant lands and personally testifying to the spread of our movement.

In my Annual Address, after an outlook over the state of the whole movement, I put on record my views as to the non-sectarian basis of our Society and the evil of intolerance; and as, within the past twelve-month (1900) even, I have had to defend that basis against a prevalent misconception in several countries, which was preventing excellent persons from joining us, I feel it a duty to quote my remarks on the occasion in question. I said:

"My belief is that if less intolerance towards Christianity had been shown hitherto by the Founders [427] of the Society and their colleagues, we should have suffered and made to suffer less, and would to-day have had a thousand Christian wellwishers where we have one. We may truly say we have had cruel provocation, but that does not really excuse us for lacking the courage to return good for evil, and so proving untrue to our ideal of brotherhood. So imperfect have we all been in our consistency of behavior, that, years ago, the Masters told us that being a Fellow of the Theosophical Society was not at all equivalent to being a real Theosophist, i.e., a knower and doer of godlike things. To return: it is, of course, no more important to humanity as a whole that Theosophy should be recognised and practised within the Christian than within the Hindu, the Buddhist, or any other Church: on the other hand, it is equally important; and our Society will not have fully proven its capacity for usefulness until it has kindly and patiently helped earnest and willing followers of each and every religion to find the key, the one only master-key, by which their own Scriptures can be understood and appreciated. I deplore our intolerance, counting myself a chief offender; and I do especially protest against and denounce a tendency which is growing among us to lay the foundations of a new idolatry. As the co-Founder of the Society, as one who has had constant opportunities for knowing the chosen policy and wishes of our Masters, as one who has, under them and with their assent, borne our flag through sixteen years of battle, I protest against the first giving way to the [428] temptation to elevate either them, their agents, or any other living or dead personage to the divine status, or their teachings to that of infallible doctrine. Not one word was ever spoken, transmitted, or written to me by the Masters that warranted such a course, nay, that did not inculcate the very opposite. I have been taught to lean upon myself alone, to look to my Higher

Self as my best teacher, best guide, best example, and only savior. I was taught that no one could or ever would attain to the perfect knowledge save upon those lines; and so long as you keep me in my office, I shall proclaim this as the basis, the only basis and the palladium of the Society. I am led to make the above remarks by what I have seen going on of late."

With regard to H. P. B.'s sudden death, and the bringing of her ashes to Adyar, I said:

"The blackest sorrow of the year, or rather of all our years, was the sudden death of Madame H. P. Blavatsky, at London, on the 8th of May last. The awfulness of the shock was increased by its suddenness. She had been an invalid for years, it is true, but we had seen her more than once snatched back from the very brink of the grave, and at the time of her demise she had laid plans for continued work in the near future. Some building was being done by her order at the London Headquarters; she had pending engagements unsettled, among them a most important one with myself. Her niece saw her on the previous day, and made an appointment with her. In short, I do not believe she meant to die, or knew she would die [429] when she did. Generally, of course, she knew that she was liable to depart after certain work had been finished, but circumstances make me think she was surprised by a physical crisis, and died before she expected she would. If she had lived, she would have undoubtedly left her protest against her friends making a saint of her or a bible out of her magnificent though not infallible writings. I helped to compile her Isis Unveiled, while Mr. Keightley and several others did the same by The Secret Doctrine. Surely we know how far from infallible are our portions of the books, to say, nothing about hers. She did not discover nor invent Theosophy, nor was she the first or the ablest agent, scribe, or messenger of the Hidden Teachers of the Snowy Mountains. The various Scriptures of the ancient nations contain every idea now put forth, and in some cases possess far greater beauties and merits than any of her or our books. We need not fall into idolatry to signify our lasting reverence and love for her, the contemporary teacher, nor offend the literary world by pretending that she wrote with the pen of inspiration. Nobody living was a more staunch and loyal friend of hers than I, nobody will cherish her memory more lovingly. I was true to her to the end of her life, and now I shall continue to be true to her memory. But I never worshipped her, never blinded my eyes to her faults, never dreamt that she was as perfect a channel for the transmission of occult teaching as some others in history had been, or as the Masters would have

been glad to have found.

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As her tried friend, then; as one who worked most intimately with her, and is most anxious that she may be taken by posterity at her true high value; as her co-worker; as one long ago an accepted, though humble, agent of the Masters; and finally, as the official head of the Society and guardian of the personal rights of its Fellows—I place on record my protest against all attempts to create an H. P. B. School, sect, or cult, or to take her utterances as in the least degree above criticism. The importance of the subject must be my excuse for thus dwelling upon it at some length. I single out no individuals, mean to hurt nobody's feelings. I am not sure of being alive very many years longer, and what duty demands I must say while I can.

"And now, brethren and friends, I come to a matter of the deepest, saddest interest. H. P. Blavatsky's body was cremated by her order, often reiterated and at long intervals. Before leaving India for Europe for the last time, she executed what proved to have been her last Will and Testament, and the original document is on file here as provided by law. Its date is the 31st of January, 1885. The witnesses were P. Sreenivasa Row, E. H. Morgan, T. Subba Row, and C. Ramiah. It contains a clause to the effect that she wishes her ashes to be buried within the compound of the Headquarters at Adyar; and another requesting that annually, on the anniversary of her death, some of her friends should assemble here and read a chapter of The Light of Asia and one of Bhagavad-Gita.

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In compliance with her sacred wish, therefore, I have brought her ashes from London; across the Atlantic, across the American continent, across the Pacific, from Japan to Ceylon, and thence hither, that they may find the last resting-place she longed for, the holiest tomb that a servant of the Indian sages could have. Together we came, she and I, from New York to India, over seas and lands, in the beginning of 1879, to re-light the torch at the temple-door of Gnyânam: together have we come now—I living, she a memory and a handful of dust—again in 1891 Parted are we in body, yet united in heart and soul for our common cause, and knowing that we shall one day, in a future birth, again be comrades, co-disciples and colleagues. My private duty towards her is fulfilled: I now turn over to the Society the honorable custody of her ashes, and as President shall see that her last wishes are fulfilled so far as feasible."

I then removed a silken covering, and exposed a closed, handsomely engraved Benares vase, in which were the ashes of Madame Blavatsky. All present rose to their feet and stood in solemn silence until the mortuary urn was re-covered.

When it came to a discussion as to the disposal of the ashes, my suggestion for the building of a mausoleum or dagoba within our compound met with general disapproval. The subject of the disposal of the ashes of the dead having never before been mooted by me, I was greatly struck—and, I must confess, equally pained—to find how absolutely antagonistic were the [432] views of Indian and Western peoples on this question. In the opinion of my Hindu colleagues, to have planted Madame Blavatsky's ashes in or near our premises would have defiled them so that no orthodox Hindu could come there without going through purificatory ceremonies afterwards. In the course of the discussion, they put it to me whether a believer in the Higher Self ought to regard the dust of the body which the ego's personality had occupied as anything better than refuse to be got rid of as soon as possible, preferably by the Hindu method of casting it into a running stream or into the sea. My answer was, that since it was also their custom to preserve in tombs the corpses of recognised Yogis, it seemed to me a shame and a mark of ingratitude that the ashes of one who had been possessed of not only the knowledge but also the transcendental powers of an advanced Yogi, and who had so dearly loved India, and so unselfishly worked for the spiritual welfare of the Indians, should not be buried, as she had requested in her Will, at the Headquarters. Finding at last that my arguments would not avail to overcome their deep-rooted prejudices, and feeling personally hurt at what I conceived to be cold ingratitude, I finally consented to the adoption of a resolution to the effect that I should have full power to dispose of the ashes as I thought best. My private conviction was that at the bottom they were willing to have me do what I liked, provided that I did not bring the matter to their notice, and so compromise their caste responsibilities in case they [433] should knowingly allow me to carry out H. P.B.'s wishes.

It should be remembered that for years I had been trying to disembarrass myself of the responsibility of having the Government bonds belonging to the Society vested in my name, for no one could foresee the certainty of my escaping the accidents of travel, and so leaving the money to be entangled in my private affairs and subject to the risks of legal complications. Again and again I had brought it forward at Conventions, and this time got a resolution passed for

the execution of a Trust Deed. In due course this document was drafted and executed, and was duly registered in the office of the Registrar of Deeds at Saidapet.

Many lectures were given before the Convention by Delegates, and addresses at the public celebration of our sixteenth Anniversary at Pachaiappah's Hall. After a most successful session, throughout which excellent feeling prevailed, the Convention adjourned sine die on the 29th.

Advantage was taken of the presence of a number of ladies at the Convention to get them together and discuss the question of female education in India. Various suggestions were made, but, owing to the ignorance of the ladies as to the real status of woman in the Hindu household, they were nearly all impracticable. Finally a suggestion of mine was adopted, that an address should be issued by the ladies to the Hindu public with a view to ascertaining the feasibility of organising a Women's Educational League for India,

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Such a movement having been successfully begun in Ceylon, it appeared possible that a similar one could be started in India, with some modifications adapted to the different conditions of domestic Indian life. The practical difficulty in the way of any such movement would be the lack of ready-made leaders, the restrictions upon women consequent upon the widespread prevalence of the zenana or purdah system being extremely embarrassing. Of course, the choice of Brahmo ladies in that capacity would be quite unthinkable outside their own small and entirely unorthodox community; orthodox ladies would probably never accept their leadership, any more than they would that of any European lady who was a recognised Christian, for a suspicion would at once arise that it was a new trick of the missionaries to gain converts, or open the way for the breaking down of caste. That no such difficulty would attach to a movement managed by professedly Theosophical white ladies is plain enough when we see the light in which Mrs. Besant is regarded in the Hindu family. Recognising this, it has for many years been a cherished plan of mine to get out from Western countries lady members of our Society like Miss Palmer, Mrs. Higgins, Mlle. Kofel, Miss Weeks, and others who have had training as teachers, and who would come out with the intention of devoting themselves exclusively to this work of creating a Women's League. This, however, is a matter for the future, for it requires special capital and a thoroughly digested programme before I should consent to have it begun.

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Among the interesting personages at the Convention was a Lama of the Tibetan Buddhist Monastery of Peking. He brought me the following memorandum from Babu Sarat Chandra Das, the Tibetan Translator to the Government of Bengal:

"Lama Tho-chiya, of a Manchurian family, belongs to Yung-ho-kung, the great Buddhist Monastery of Peking, which I visited in 1885.

"He is a friend of His Excellency Shang Tai, the present Chinese Imperial President (Amban) of Lhasa.

"During his stay here, Lama Tho-chiya was my guest. He now proceeds to Buddha Gaya with only 20 rupees, which I have put into his pocket. He is deserving of help in every way. He has come thus far from Manchuria, travelling on foot."

The Lama's portrait may be seen in the annual group photograph of 1891, seated between Miss Müller and Mr. Keightley, and it will be noted how delicate, refined, and spiritual are his features, and how little they resemble the Mongolian type.

On the last day of year, Dr. Emma Ryder told me that, while practising at Bombay, she had come to know that Mme. Coulomb and the missionaries had arranged a scheme by which Mrs. Besant was to be dragged into court on a pretext, so as to reopen the old scandal against H. P. B.; moreover, that that woman was malicious to a degree. The plot, however, if ever made, came to naught, for Mrs. Besant was not molested in any way.

Mr. Keightley and I sat the old year out and shook hands for luck on the threshold of the New Year. My [436] journeying in the year 1891 footed up to 43,000 miles by sea and land. Of course the most conspicuous event of that past twelvemonth was the death of Mme. Blavatsky, upon the 8th of May, in the 7th month of the 17th year of our association in this work.

CHAPTER XXV

NOTICE OF RESIGNATION, AND WHAT IT LED TO

(1892)

LAST year was one of constant travel, the present one (1892) was one of comparative repose, a tour to Arakan and Rangoon viâ Calcutta and Darjeeling, in the Buddhist interests, comprising my whole activity of the kind. The last of the Parsi and Indian delegates left us on the 1st January; the visiting European ladies went a few days later. Mr. Keightley started on the 11th for a projected tour towards Bombay and the north. On the 12th I wrote to H. M. the King of Sweden and Norway, and sent him two Travancore chakrams (small coins) and two illustrated books in Tamil and Telugu, containing the sign of the interlaced triangles or six-pointed star—this question of the wide employment of the symbol from the most ancient times in the East having been discussed between us at my audience at Stockholm.

The new edition of the Buddhist Catechism had attracted the notice and won the approval of one eminent European Orientalist, since I received at this [438] time a copy of L'Estafette, a Paris journal, with a two-column article of M. Burnouf's, reviewing the work in a most appreciative manner. He contrasted the simplicity and reasonableness of the Buddha's metaphysic with that of the Christian Church, to the disadvantage of the latter, and went so far as to say that the influence of our Society was becoming more and more noticeable throughout Europe: the production of the Catechism he considered a great event.

It will have been seen from what is written in previous chapters how much my mind was exercised about the evident probability of a new sect springing up around the memory of H. P. B. and her literature. From week to week things seemed to be going from bad to worse: some of my most fanatical colleagues would go about with an air "of wisdom, gravity, profound conceit; as who should say, I am Sir Oracle, and, when I open my lips, let no dog bark!" One would have thought that H. P. B. had laid upon their shoulders the burden of the whole Himâlayan Mysteries; and when one ventured to challenge the reasonableness of something which they were quoting, they would answer with a sort of restraint of the breath: "But, you know, she said so"—as if that closed the debate. Of course they meant no harm, and, perhaps, to a certain extent, were

really expressing their awe of the departed teacher; but all the same it was a most pernicious tendency, and, if unchecked, was calculated to drag us into a sectarian pitfall. I bore it as long as I could, and at last, believing that the truth alone

NOTICE OF RESIGNATION,[439] would give my dear colleague her rightful place in history, that "An honest tale speeds best, being plainly told," I began, as my Diary states, on the 16th of January, "a series of historical reminiscences of the T. S. and H. P. B. under the title of 'Old Diary Leaves'." From that time forward until now there has been no necessity for time to hang heavy on my hands, because whatever might not be occupied with the day's current business could always be usefully employed in hunting up facts for this historical narrative. It was such a happy inspiration, as events have shown, that I am quite ready to believe that the thought was put into my head by those who watch, unseen, over our movements. Certainly the creation of the Blavatsky sect became impossible: after nine years she is now fairly estimated, and the solid appreciation of her is continually gaining in strength.

But let no one suppose that this vicious tendency towards hero-worship has been rooted out from our natures, for a new idol is being fashioned in the form of that dear, unselfish, modest woman, Annie Besant. If the walls around our Society were less resistant, her blind admirers would be already digging out a niche in which to place the idol for worship. Needless to say, one has only to be familiar with Mrs. Besant's speeches and writings to have overwhelming proofs that such an attitude towards her is most distasteful. Many years ago she deliberately sacrificed the world to work for her fellow-men, and from the first moment until now she has begged her hearers to regard the [440] thought, and not the speaker. It could not have been more concisely expressed than in the following sentences in the last paragraph of her magnificent lectures on "Dharma". "After this imperfect presentation of a mighty subject, may I say to you: listen to the thought in the message, and not to the speaker who is the messenger; open your hearts to the thought, and forget the imperfection of the lips that have spoken it." All in vain her protests and appeals—an idol they must have; and H. P. B. having passed out of reach, they are clustering around the next personage available. Not even workers of lesser knowledge and nobility of character escape this euphemistical tendency. Until the great exposure came, Mr. Judge was looked upon at Avenue Road as a greater mystic than them all, they mistaking his bogus credentials as real indorsements by the Mahatmas. And so with others—Mr. J.'s successor, for example, who could never have obtained a

hold upon the excellent people who had been led away by the Judge illusion but for his having cast the mantle of his deceptive glamor around her. I could name others still, among our prominent workers, who are in peril from a like adulation. Let us hope that they may see their danger before their heads get turned, as have those of some callow youths of the East and West who have been prematurely forced into the fierce light of notoriety. I never, now, see a young Indian or Sinhalese going out to the Western lands to lecture without feeling the sad conviction that they must inevitably be spoilt by the inflation of their vanity.

NOTICE OF RESIGNATION,[441]

During the month of January I passed through another crisis, which ended in my again tendering my resignation of office. Exaggerated reports had been spread about me; the Judge influence was paramount in London, a scheme had been devised for sending out Mr. C. F. Wright to Australia to undermine my authority and get the Branches there, under his leadership, to join the American Section, and be entirely under Judge's control. Every other possible thing was done to reduce my position to that of a sort of cipher or figurehead; so I met the thing halfway with my resignation. I took all the necessary measures to make the transfer of authority to Mr. Judge, then Vice-President, practicable. An explanatory circular, accompanying copies of my resignation, was sent to the Sections, and on the 4th of February I went to Ootacamund to make the final arrangements for taking up residence there. As before, protests and appeals poured in from all sides, influential members threatened to resign, some even tendered their resignations. This time these did not shake my resolution. But on consulting counsel about the steps to be taken for relieving me of responsibility for the cash and securities of the Society standing in my name, it became evident that it would be a matter of time, and would require much thought; so I modified the terms of my resignation so as to make it take effect from the time when these property matters, including the unsettled business of the Hartmann estate at Toowoomba, should be arranged.

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Among the offers of loving help received were three invitations—from my friends Prince Harisinhji, M. Parmelin, of France, and H. H. the Rajah of Pakur—to let them support me for the rest of my life. Meanwhile, my documents were travelling all over the world, and I was fully determined to vacate the Presidentship at the earliest possible moment. But suddenly there came an interference from a quarter which could not be ignored. Just before daybreak, on

the 10th of February, I received clairaudiently a very important message from my Guru: its impressiveness was enhanced by the fact that he told me things which were quite contrary to my own belief, and hence it could not be explained away as a case of auto-suggestion. He told me (a) That a messenger from him would be coming, and I must hold myself ready to go and meet him; (b) That the relationship between himself, H. P. B., and myself was unbreakable; (c) That I must be ready for a change of body, as my present one had nearly served its purpose; (d) That I had not done well in trying to resign prematurely: I was still wanted at my post, and must be contented to remain indefinitely until he gave me permission to abandon it; (e) That the time was not ripe for carrying out my scheme of a great International Buddhist League, and that the Mahâ-Bodhi Society, which I had intended to use as the nucleus of the scheme, would be a failure; (f) That all stories about his having cast me off and withdrawn his protection were false, for he kept constant watch over me, and would never desert me.

NOTICE OF RESIGNATION,[443]

As regards the first point, I shall show, at the proper time, how exactly the predicted messenger came; as regards the second, this was a great surprise, for H. P. B. had been behaving in such a way about me, and had made such reckless assertions about the influence of the Masters having been withdrawn from Adyar, that I really supposed that all was at an end between us; and as I had not heard directly from my Guru for some time, I did not know but that he was so displeased with me that he had withdrawn his protection. As regards the third, it seems likely that the sudden and, as I have expressed it, unexpected death of H. P. B. made it necessary that I should be given the necessary health and strength to make my body last very much longer than, perhaps, seemed indispensable. Certainly, my physical force seems to be increasing instead of diminishing at the present time. As regards the attempt to resign, I was not prepared for the view that was taken by the Guru. It seemed as though my leading colleagues were both willing and anxious to get rid of me. The position taken in the fifth point of the message surprised me, for at that time the prospects of the Mahâ-Bodhi Society were good, subscriptions for the acquisition of the Buddhistic sacred places were coming in, the interest was extending to Siam and Japan, and I was convinced that my scheme of international union could be carried out. As regards the last and most precious point in the message, no one will doubt its having filled my heart with joy; for, however faulty I might [444] have been, at

least I had kept as the one paramount aim of my efforts the giving of ungrudging and loyal service to my Guru. This event, the reader will please keep in mind, occurred on the 10th of February: we shall now see what effect it produced on Mr. Judge and his followers when brought to their notice.

So far as I can make out from my Diary, I notified Mr. Judge of this clairaudient message, by the overland mail of 18th February. On the 3rd of March I wrote a long and important letter to Mr. Judge and the General Council, declaring that I could not consent to his being both Acting President of the T. S. and General Secretary of the American Section, as this would give him three votes out of a possible five in the General Council. Meanwhile the situation at New York remained unchanged, letters coming to me almost weekly, discussing the details of my retirement; not a word said about my remaining in office, but in every letter he was asking me to nominate him for the full term of his life. On the 2nd of April a cable from Judge told me that I need not be anxious about the moving of Headquarters, and that he should give up the General Secretaryship as soon as possible. On the 16th of April I cabled Judge that I could not retire on the 1st of May, as nothing had as yet been arranged about the Brisbane and Adyar financial affairs. I do not know what ideas had been working in Mr. Judge's mind, nor how far he had consulted his colleagues about his indispensable relinquishment of the General Secretaryship; but on the 21st of April,

NOTICE OF RESIGNATION,[445] about a month after he would have received, in due course of mail, my letter about the wishes of my Guru, he cabled me to stop where I was, i.e., to remain in office, as he had very important news from The Lodge, and there would be a great change in his policy on April 24th—the date of the opening of the Convention of the American Section. What that change was may be seen in the tone of the resolutions, drafted by him, presented by a third party, and unanimously adopted by the Convention: every idea they contained, almost every word in which they were expressed, came from him, and was anticipated in a rambling fraudulent Mahatma letter, which he sent me four days before the meeting of the Convention. Included in it is the following bit of information to me, about instructions presumably received by him from a Master: "He (Judge) has been recently ordered.... to change his policy, for he sees that it is not time, nor right nor just nor wise, nor the real wish of The Lodge, that you should go out, either corporeally or officially. But he is now in a very strained position because of the people to deal with in other lands

than the one he is in (meaning our people at London). He will cause it to be done as follows at the meeting in April (the American T. S. Convention); and has before this prepared for it a resolution to be passed, declaring, first, that your resignation has been received; second, that the meeting notes that all the Branches have in this land voted for him as the successor; that the meeting, as in duty bound, declares the vote of the [446] Section to be for the person selected by the Branches; fourth, that, however, that vote is to be operative only in case that the old leader (myself) cannot be induced to remain at the demand of the most powerful Section, and that he is directed to find out, to wait until the other Convention, to write to the old leader and ask him to revoke, to sway the others in July to do the same, and in all ways to try to bring that about." The comical aspect of this affair is in the fact that this change of his policy is "ordered" in the bogus authoritative letter received by him, as pretended, at least a month after his receipt of my letter telling him about my clairaudient message!

Now Mr. Judge went to London for the July Convention, as official representative of his Section, and also as Vice-President, and my putative successor. Instead of obeying his pretended orders "to sway the others in July," he kept silent, and allowed the European Convention, in ignorance of the wishes of the Master, to accept my resignation, and vote for him as succeeding President. Mrs. Besant, Mr. Mead, and their colleagues got their first intimation of this from my Executive Notice of 2lst August, 1892, in which I announced my revocation of the letter of resignation and resumption of active duty; incidentally mentioning the circumstance of the clairaudient message, and of Mr. Judge's alleged message on April 20th. Mrs. Besant, in embodying this case of double-dealing in one of the charges made by her against Judge, says: "This startled the London workers, as it made them think that they had unwittingly

NOTICE OF RESIGNATION,[447] acted against the Master's will, and G. R. S. Meaq wrote to Colonel Olcott—'The order you quote from is quite sufficient; and if we had had a ghost of an idea of the existence of such an order, the resolutions passed would have been different. Judging from W. Q. J.'s letter, he is as ignorant of this quoted matter as we were.'"

Their suspicions being aroused, they jointly asked Mr. Judge to explain, and several letters passed. Their contents may be read in the pamphlet The Case against W. Q. Judge, and show a system of prevarication and bald falsehood which was enough to destroy all confidence in his word. He denied that he had had a specific line of policy indicated to him, and sweeps away the pretended

letter of instructions by writing to Mrs. Besant: “I was told by—(a Master) vaguely some days ago that I ‘would have to change my policy’. No more. Apparently left to me and time.” His whole case throughout shows that he was possessed by an ambition to get the Presidentship and keep it for life. To effect this he employed every possible means to influence the minds of the leading workers in both Western Sections, forged documents and false messages included. Poor man! he forgot that “Pride goeth before destruction, and an haughty spirit before a fall”.

The discriminative reader will not overlook the fact that the action of Mr. Judge and the American Section entirely contradicts and makes absurd the resolutions of 1895, when the American Convention [448] passed, by a preponderating majority of our American Branches, a vote to secede from us, and declared that there never had been any de jure Theosophical Society outside the fragment of the original body at New York.

CHAPTER XXVI

MEDIUMS, MENDACITY, AND OTHER MATTERS

(1892)

THE predicted coming of a messenger from the Great White Lodge, and the order to hold myself in readiness to go and meet him, put not only me, but others to whom I told it, in a flutter of excitement. The Master had fixed no date, and so all I had to do was to keep my trunk packed, ready to start on receipt of a telegram. My surmise was that this messenger would be Damodar, and that he would turn up from across the Himâlayas, at Darjeeling, whence he had started on his memorable journey in search of the Ashram. So I wrote to Babu Sreenath Chatterji, our active colleague at that hill station—whose house had always been a sort of dharma-sala or traveller's shelter for Tibetan Lamas passing between Tibet and northern India—asking him to be on the look-out, and giving him a code by which he could telegraph me when occasion required. With her usual impetuosity, Miss Müller went there so as to have the first innings with the messenger; so did others, and quite an active correspondence by [450] mail and telegraph went on between them and myself. Days were fixed for the expected arrival, and when they failed, others were substituted; but the messenger came not, and the enterprising watchers at last grew tired of waiting, came away, and then intimated to me that no such message had probably been given, but it was only my own illusion. The same was thought and said at London and New York, and in the long-run my news was quite discredited. Meanwhile I said nothing, kept my trunk packed, and waited. I waited more than eighteen months, and when, though my trunk was still packed, I had put off the arrival to the ides of March, the messenger came. I shall come to that at the proper time.

We have some queer visitors at Adyar. Elsewhere I have described the visits of Indian ascetics. My entry for the last day of February records that of a contortionist of the North Arcot District, named Subramanya Aiyar, who handled his physical body after a fashion which would have insured him a handsome living at Western circuses, music-halls, and side-shows. The most sensational of his feats was the reversal of his head, so that his face looked at us from between his shoulders. In that position he spoke and ate plantains: really a man to be held in honor among

The Anthropophagi, and men whose heads

Do grow beneath their shoulders.

Another inconsequential thing that he did was to dislocate his shoulder and bring that arm around his neck, so that it would hang down parallel with the

MEDIUMS, MENDACITY,[451] other arm. I know there is no Theosophy in this, but it is just a bit of realism that helps to make up the picture of our simple life at Adyar.

One of the small annoyances which I tried at this time to remove was the growing habit of adopting for new Branches names previously chosen by existing ones. Such duplications inevitably breed confusion, as similar things do where titles of books are plagiarised. It is unfair for a senior Branch, as, for example, the original Blavatsky Lodge, which has made its name known all over the world, to have an old Branch like the Bombay T. S., whose charter dates back to 1880, and which had begun to make itself known by Mr. Tookaram Tatya's useful, classical publications and reprints, suddenly wiping out its reputable past, and continuing work under an improperly appropriated title. In an Executive Notice which I issued in that month of March, I enumerated other cases of this copying of titles, viz., "two Olcott T. S.'s (Kanigiri, India, and Sydney, N.S.W.); two Siddharthas (Weligama, Ceylon, and Vicksburg, Mass., U.S.A.); two Tatwagnanas (Jessore and Tipperah, India); two Krishnas (Guntur, India, and Philadelphia, U.S.A.); an Aryan (N.Y.), and an Aryan Patriotic (Aligarh, India); a Satya (Los Angeles, U.S.A.), and Satya (Lucknow, India), and so on. So long as a Branch sleeps, its name is unnoticed; but when it grows active, then its title, if copied after some other, becomes a perplexity." I then added the following remarks, which are as pertinent at the present time as they were then:

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"The President calls attention to the matter in the hope that henceforth the General Secretaries of Sections and the responsible Director of the Headquarters Record Office will refuse charters to any Branches applying for enrolment under borrowed or accidentally duplicated titles. Experience also dictates that the choice of fancy and complimentary names in place of local ones, which at once designate the town or city where the Branch is situated, is an inconvenience; but where several Branches are formed in one city, the oldest should adopt the city's name, and the others different ones. As regards names already duplicated, the

proper course would seem to be that the first chartered should retain its name, and the later ones take others not already registered at these Headquarters.

"To close the subject, once for all, the undersigned recommends that, so far as practicable, the calling of Branches after individuals should be avoided. At best, it is but a species of hero-worship and fosters vanity. As for the Founders and the fifteen other persons who were present when it was voted to form this now great organisation, the whole Society and its results are their best and only permanent memorial."

As we have been celebrating the anniversary of H. P. B.'s death now for eight years, and as, undoubtedly, the ceremony will be continued, it may be as well to put on record the Executive Notice of 17th April, 1892, which led to the observance of the event. It was worded as follows:

MEDIUMS, MENDACITY,[453]

"In her last Will, H. P. Blavatsky expressed the wish that yearly, on the anniversary of her death, some of her friends 'should assemble at the Headquarters of the Theosophical Society and read a chapter of The Light of Asia and (extracts from) Bhagavad-Gîtâ; and since it is meet that her surviving colleagues should keep green the memory of her services to humanity and her devoted love for our Society, the undersigned suggests that the anniversary be known among us as White Lotus Day, and makes the following official order and recommendation:

"1. At noon, on 8th May, 1892, and on the same day in each succeeding year, there will be held a commemorative meeting at the Headquarters, at which extracts from the before-mentioned works will be read and brief addresses made by the Chairman of the meeting and others who may volunteer.

"2. A dole of food will be given in her name to the poor fishermen of Adyar and their families.

"3. The flag will be half-masted from sunrise until sunset, and the Convention Hall decorated with White Lotus flowers.

"4. Members living outside Madras can arrange for their food by applying to the Recording Secretary at least one week in advance.

"5. The undersigned recommends to all Sections and Branches throughout the world to meet annually on the anniversary day, and, in some simple, unsectarian, yet dignified way, avoiding all slavish adulation and empty compliments,

express the general [454] feeling of loving regard for her who brought us the chart of the climbing Path which leads to the summits of Knowledge."

Copies of this were sent at once to the London and New York Headquarters, thence it spread to the Branches, and now I presume each of our hundreds of Branches throughout the world annually renews the recollections of the character and services of H. P. B.

Since her death the mediums have been taking unwarranted liberties with her personality, making her materialise at their séances, write them communications, and even write a volume of posthumous memoirs. At about the time of which I am writing, the American and British papers contained many paragraphs about her spook having appeared at some American mediums' circles, and there has recently come into my possession a book which it is pretended she, as a spirit, dictated to G. W. Yost, a spirit, inventor of the Yost typewriter, it being written out on one of his instruments procured for the purpose, and placed in a sort of cabinet several feet distant from the nearest living spectator. Under these conditions, it is affirmed, the typewriter wrote out this entire book, by itself, automatically, so far as could be seen. At stated times the members of the circle would meet, some phenomena would occur, and then the clickety-click of the typewriter would go on for hours together. Apparently the thing was all fair and there was no collusion. This makes it all the more queer that such a hopelessly absurd and transparently mendacious narrative of H. P. B.'s life,

MEDIUMS, MENDACITY,[455] motives, and feelings, and her impressions about her colleagues in the Theosophical movement, should have been compiled. One can trace, from Mr. Sinnett's books and mine, from the Theosophist and other sources, the origin of nearly all the portions which bear the remotest semblance of verisimilitude; while the compiler, whether "a spirit of health, or goblin damn'd," has put things into her mouth which she was quite incapable of saying, and made her cast insults upon her dearest friends which she would never have uttered. Given the bona-fides of the parties concerned, it is one of the most instructive phenomena in modern spiritualism.

To sensible Theosophists all these pretended apparitions and communications from H. P. B. will seem both false and cruel, in view of the joint notification which she and I published in our magazine, that after our death neither of us would, under any circumstances, appear to or communicate through a medium, and that our friends were authorised and requested to denounce as fraudulent any such pretended phenomenon. By turning to the Theosophist for March, 1883, the

reader will find, in an article entitled "Under the Shadow of Great Names," what Madame Blavatsky and I said about this. After noticing various fraudulent platform sermons and books ascribed to deceased leading spiritualists, the editors say: "The future has a gloomy look indeed to us when we think that, despite their best endeavors to the contrary, the Founders of the Theosophical Society are quite as liable as either of the eminent gentlemen above mentioned to an [456] involuntary postmortem recantation of their most cherished and avowed ideas... While it is yet time, both the Founders of the Theosophical Society place upon record their solemn promise that they will let trance-mediums severely alone after they get to the 'other side'. If, after this, any of the talking fraternity take their names in vain, they hope that at least their Theosophical confrères will unearth this paragraph and warn the trespassers off their astral premises." This warning embodies the very deep feeling entertained by both of us in regard to these mediumistic communications, which are not offered to the public upon their intrinsic merit, but under the glamor of borrowed names.

I have been led into this discussion by my Diary notes about the pretended appearance of Madame Blavatsky to the American medium, and also by an entry which reminds me that just before dawn on the 14th of March my Guru's voice told me that I "had no occasion to worry about H. P. B.'s condition, as she was now safe, and her bad and good record was made up and could not be changed". Under all these circumstances, I feel perfectly warranted in saying that since her death Madame Blavatsky has neither shown herself nor spoken to or through any spiritualistic medium, and that the book of her posthumous memoirs is an absolute fraud. By whom committed I cannot say, but in all probability by some one of those irresponsible "controls" which make poor mediums the channels of their mendacity. One of

MEDIUMS, MENDACITY,[457] the most shameless outrages of the kind that has come to my notice is the frequent appearance of materialised or semi-materialised shapes under the semblance of H. P. B. and one of our Masters, which come to a certain very noted female medium, and by the help of which she has been enabled to make some very excellent persons blindly accept her as the recognised agent and mouth-piece of these two personages. Some years ago there was at Boston a lady medium who, while sitting in her chair, and perhaps knitting or sewing, would be suddenly enwrapped in an astral mask or shell, which would entirely change her personal appearances; instead of looking like herself, she would be transformed into a bearded man, or a woman of a different

age, complexion, and features from herself. The case was reported and commented upon in The Banner of Light of that time. Similarly, the medium to whom I have just referred will suddenly take on the semblance of H. P. B. and speak as her; sometimes the form of H. P. B. will be seen standing behind her chair and nodding assent to what she says; again, it will be the form of the Master, who is made to play this harlequinade. I recollect reading a published letter from Mr. Peebles about a medium in a Western State who was able to cause materialised forms to appear on a public platform, among them that of Jesus Christ, who, according to Mr. Peebles, stood there while he himself was speaking, and bowed assent to the good things he said! Now these two cases seem identical, and I leave the sensible reader to decide whether he believes [458] either of these nodding apparitions genuine, or whether they are just what H. P. B. used to call "psychological tricks".

On the 6th of May I went to the Chingleput Registrar's office, had H. P. B.'s Will opened and recorded, and took an official copy of it.

As the writing of "Old Diary Leaves" proceeded, I had to confront the question whether I ought to tell the story of H. P. B.'s second marriage, the one at Philadelphia, which happened while I was making her a visit. Personally, I was convinced of its necessity, for I intended my historical narrative to be absolutely trustworthy; and if I, from mistaken sentimentality, suppressed so important a fact, I felt sure that it would be caught at by her enemies and the worst possible construction be given to an event which is itself innocent of wrong-doing, however ill-advised it might seem to me and others. I therefore presented the case to two persons—her sister Mme. Jelihovsky and Mr. Judge, who acted as her attorney in the subsequent divorce proceedings—asking their opinions. Their replies left me free to exercise my discretion; and while I was waiting to take up the compilation of Chapter IV of my work, there appeared in an American paper a most virulent and savage attack on her reputation in connection with this very affair, giving publicity to names and dates. Of course, after this, my duty was plainly to tell the story in a calm, dispassionate way, yet as a friend disposed to do her the justice which others had denied her, which I did,

MEDIUMS, MENDACITY,[459] as the reader will find on referring back to the chapter in question.[32]

The preparation of my mountain cottage at Ootacamund being far enough advanced, I left Madras for the hills on the 17th of May, and was much struck

with the coincidence, to which Mr. S. V. Edge called my attention, that this was the 17th day of the 7th month of the 17th year of the Society's existence. To go from the stifling heat of the plains, where the mercury was then standing at 104, to this mountain retreat, 7,000 feet above sea-level, where the thermometer marked only 56°, and heavy clothing and fires in the rooms were indispensable, is a pleasure beyond words. It has been the opinion of all who live in it that "Gulistan," though small, is the very ideal of snug comfort, and that the outlook is simply superb. The cottage stands on the shoulder of a hill, with the peak of Snowdon towering a thousand more feet above it; it is sheltered from blustering winds by a grove of eucalypti on the north and east sides, and the hill rising behind it effectually protects it from gales from that quarter. Looking from the windows of the drawing-room and library, the great panorama of the Mysore Plain lies out like a map, while around the house are hedges of cluster roses and beds of lilies, heliotrope, roses, geraniums, verbenas, and many other flowers, and climbing honeysuckles and roses ascend to the verandah roof. My original idea was that "Gulistan" should be the home for us two Founders [460] in our old age; but as things have turned out, H. P. B. never saw it, and my visits have hitherto been few and far between, by reason of my unremitting official duties. On coming there I took with me H. P. B.'s writing-table, her armchair, carved Bombay rosewood cabinet, and other familiar objects that would make her feel at home, and that keep the memory of her ever present when I am there. Repairs, constructions, changes, and improvements were pushed ahead by a gang of masons and carpenters, under my superintendence. Simultaneously with these building operations, I occupied myself with the very heavy task of sorting and arranging the correspondence and documents of sorts about the Society's affairs which had been accumulating for years, and never systematised in consequence of lack of time. There must have been several thousands of them, and the work was so troublesome that I was obliged to hire an English-speaking Hindu to help me.

Our cause in Spain at this time suffered a most serious loss in the untimely death of Señor Don Francisco de Montoliu y de Tagores, F.T.S., of Barcelona. So far as our propaganda in Spanish-speaking countries was concerned, the blow was of only less severity than the departure of H. P. B. to the whole Society. Thanks to his rare genius, industry, and self-sacrifice, our literature was beginning to be spread and be welcomed throughout Spain, Mexico, Cuba, Central and South America, the Philippines, and the West Indies. He had translated into classical Spanish Isis Unveiled and

MEDIUMS, MENDACITY,[461] other important Theosophical works, and was publishing the former by subscription in monthly numbers. From his aristocratic and bigoted Roman Catholic family he met with angry opposition, and yet threw himself into the arduous work of our Society with generous self-abandonment and quenchless zeal. Every one of his letters to me breathed the holy influence of unselfishness and a courage not to be daunted by opposition. Looking through the whole Society, I could pick out no one more devoted to conscience, more ardently loving for mankind, more free from local and sectarian narrowness. His death was entirely unexpected. An unanswered letter of his was lying on my writing-table when the touching official and personal notice of the calamity came to me from our beloved friend, his colleague Señor Don José Xifré. The circumstances of his deathbed were mournfully tragic. "He left us," said Señor Xifré, "on 10th May after a week's illness, caused by catching a cold in his chest, which turned into typhoid fever—the result, I fear, of nervous exhaustion from over-work." Señors Xifré, Roveratta, and Bosch were present to the end, at the wish of our dying brother, in spite of the insults heaped upon them and him by the family and the Jesuit priests. "The death," said Señor Xifré, "was admirable, an example which none of us can ever forget." Despite all the dictates of propriety and deference to the wishes of the dying Theosophist, the priests made a sectarian ceremonial, which seems to me to have been, under the circumstances, nothing [462] better than a profanation of true religious feeling, and then spread the cruel falsehood that the victim had been "converted"—the usual dodge of the clergy to cover defeat in the case of nearly every freethinker. Our watchful Fellows with difficulty managed to save the more important among Montoliu's T. S. documents; the priests—poor, blind fools, who have learnt nothing from history—seized the rest and burnt them to ashes. Far from sitting idle in blank despair, our surviving Spanish comrades instantly took up the torch as it dropped from dear Montoliu's dead hand, and have ever since kept actively at work.

I had an amusing visit one morning from a Salvation Army "captain". The Army has a sanitarium at Ootacamund for their people, which they have called "Cheerful Cottage," and this man was recuperating there. The object of his call was, of course, to get a contribution. Seeing at a glance that he was an honest fanatic, whose sincerity entitled him to kindly consideration, I asked him in, had a substantial meal prepared for him, and afterwards gave him a cigar and a little money. We had an interesting chat about the Army and its prospects in India, and he put me a number of questions about Theosophy, which showed that he did not

have even a rudimentary idea of any philosophy, let alone that of India. He told me that he was the son of an English agricultural laborer, which, of course, made his efforts to do good in his own simple way all the more creditable. Our interview was very friendly, although

I made no attempt to conceal the fact that I was not a Christian, and that I did not at all think that it was a good thing to convert Hindus from their own splendid religion; therefore, that I would not give the Army any money for that branch of their work, but that I would gladly help them in their "rescue work," and that if they could devise any plan for converting the self-styled Christians in India to Christianity, they might count on me for my share of the expense. He laughed at that, and said that, so for as his experience at Ootacamund was concerned, he would say that I had behaved towards him more like a Christian than any of them. When taking leave and directing himself towards the door, he suddenly turned and, as if asking me in a friendly way to have a drink, said: "Colonel, shall we have a bit of a prayer?" It was so funny that I had to laugh, and said: "No, thanks; I can pray myself in two or three languages!"

Mr. Edge—who had come up for a change—and I amused ourselves at this time with the Tarot cards, and certainly got some strange prognostications. In one memorandum of the 26th of June, which, at my request, Mr. Edge put into writing and signed, and which is pasted in my Diary, I find a prophecy which seems to have pointed directly to the action of Mr. Judge. What other interpretation can be given to these words: "There is serious trouble and danger from somewhere, and a woman has a hand in it; there are folly and deception to be feared which will give rise to enmity and trouble—this seems serious; there [464] is moral death for someone—perhaps a foolish affair on the part of a leading member; at all events, some act of suicidal folly." There is also the following prognostic: "A sacrifice on the part of someone is indicated, and the Society will benefit thereby": to which of the sacrifices that have been subsequently made by individuals for the benefit of the Society this points I shall not undertake to say. Mr. Edge and I noticed one very curious thing, viz., that time after time, and in succession, the card which we agreed should represent my Guru would turn up when I cut the pack. Of course there is a great deal of nonsense in these divinations by cards, coffee-grounds, and other agencies, but there is also a great deal of the other sort. The faculty of what the late Major Buckley called "conscious clairvoyance" very frequently comes into play, and

truly remarkable revelations are often given. For instance, at this moment in Paris, a lady who earns a very handsome living by reading fortunes in coffee-grounds, and the noble army of card-reading fortune-tellers, would never have been kept in profitable practice if their prognostications had not been often verified.

On the 2nd of July Mr. Keightley came from Madras and joined us two in discussing the situation of affairs in all parts of the world. I had calls from a number of pleasant residents of the station, and received every civility from the then Governor, Lord Wenlock, and Lady Wenlock, the latter inviting me to her At Homes, and his Excellency sending me

MEDIUMS, MENDACITY,[465] cards for her Majesty's Birthday Ball. Government House at Ootacamund is the hot-weather resort of the Governors of Madras, who spend fully half the year in the lovely surroundings of this queen of Indian hill-stations.

CHAPTER XXVII

BUDDHIST CEREMONY AT DARJEELING

(1892)

ON a sunny day in July there came to me on a visit, which made it seem all the sunnier, my dear friend Prince Harisinhji, of Bhaunagar State. He has given me so many proofs of affection during the past twenty-odd years that I feel almost as sure of him as of myself, and I think that if I should die, I should have no more sincere mourner. His loyalty of heart and simplicity of nature are in vivid contrast with the characters of most Indian princes whom I have met, and I often wish that his fellow-graduates of the Rajkumar College reflected as much credit as he upon that educational institution. On the day after his arrival Messrs. Keightley and Edge left me for work in the plains, and a week later the Prince himself was most unwillingly compelled to return to his home, as the Karbhari (Minister) of a Rajput State had arranged a marriage between his young prince and Harisinhji's daughter. This left me alone, with ample time to do my literary work.

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Among Ceylon Buddhists the burning question at that time was the necessity for adopting measures for defeating a bold stroke of legislation in the missionary interest which forbade the giving of grants-in-aid to any school that might be opened within a quarter of a mile of any existing registered school. On the face of it this seemed innocent enough, as the prohibition would work to the advantage of any Buddhist school that might first occupy a desirable village. But, in point of fact, while the Buddhists were somnolently indifferent to the education of their children, the missionaries quietly pre-empted all the most desirable localities at the chief centres of population; so that the Buddhists would —if this iniquitous Act were passed—be compelled to choose between sending their children to Christian schools, or opening and supporting their own schools without a penny of Government aid. Considering that the greater part of the Government revenue in Ceylon is derived from taxation of Buddhists, the injustice of the proposed Buddhist Boycotting Bill is evident. This was the more apparent since at that time there were only twenty-five Buddhist schools registered, as against above a thousand of other denominations. Of course the

missionaries, having command of capital, and also having the foresight given by experience, profited to the fullest extent by the apathy of the Buddhists. The latter did not suspect the nature and extent of the plot until they were rudely shaken out of their sloth by my public appeals and denunciations. Things have mended a good deal since that [468] time, and our 25 schools have increased to more than 200; but we still have great difficulties to overcome, among them the chief being the lack of working capital as things go now, any sum required for emergent work has to be collected by subscription, and, naturally enough, these constant demands are somewhat onerous. Yet, all the same, the Sinhalese people have shown a most commendable generosity and unflagging interest in the progress of our revival movement.

A rather dramatic event occurred at Darjeeling in the month of July in the meeting of H. Dharmapala, as agent of the Chief Priest of Ceylon, with important representatives of the Tibetan and Cis-Himâlayan Lamas, who had gathered together at Darjeeling at that time. Miss Henrietta Müller contributed to the Theosophist for August (1892) an interesting account, from which, in view of their picturesque and historical interest, I make the following extracts:

"Mr. Dharmapala had been commissioned by the chief Buddhist monks of Ceylon to convey to the Lamas of Tibet some relics of Buddha and a few leaves from the sacred Bo-tree (Ficus religiosa), now growing at Buddha-Gaya—the place sacred to millions of Buddhists—and also a Buddhist flag.

"A curious coincidence has arisen in connection with this flag. It was found that the Buddhists of Ceylon had no sacred flag except that used by Buddhists of other countries. It was only in 1885 that Colonel Olcott, in consultation with the Chief Priests, designed this flag, in accordance with the instructions contained [469] in the Buddhist sacred books. It consists of five vertical bars, colored blue, yellow, crimson, white, and scarlet, and terminated by a final bar, combining all the colors in the same order. This design was pronounced by the Lamas at the meeting to be almost identical with the flag of the Grand Lama of Tibet." [Miss Müller is in error in saying that I devised the Buddhist flag; the credit for this goes to the members of the Colombo T. S. Of course I was consulted after the colors were chosen, and all I did was to prescribe the shape in which the flag should be made.—H.S.O.]

"It was arranged that a procession bearing these relics should pass through the town, starting from Lhasa-Villa, the residence of Pandit Sarat Chandra Das, C.I.E., the renowned Tibetan traveller and scholar, to the residence of Rajah

Tondub Paljor.

"The procession, in starting, was headed by the Tibetan band, which was playing the Tibetan air 'Gya-gar-Dor-je-dan' ('Flourish Buddha-Gaya'). It was followed by the flag-bearer on horseback, in the Sikkim military uniform, bearing the above-mentioned sacred flag. Next came the Venerable Lama, Sherab-gya-tcho (the Ocean of Learning), head of the Goom Monastery, carrying the casket of relics; after him came Mr. H. Dharmapala, riding on a dark bay horse, dressed in the orange-colored garment of the order of Upâsakas. After him came Pandit Sarat Chandra Das, also riding; he was followed by a number of Lamas on horseback and dressed in their characteristic robes—the loose cloth coat with wide sleeves, silken [470] sash, and the remarkable high pointed 'red cap' of their school.

"The procession wended its way through the narrow winding roads of Darjeeling, collecting great crowds as it went. In the middle of the town the procession was met by a party of Lamas, representatives of the Darjeeling Monastery; they were accompanied by the temple band, comprising cymbals, hautboys, and horns. At the gate of the Rajah's residence the procession was met by the two chief Lamas of Sikkim, who conducted it to the meeting-room; this had been decorated with Tibetan silks and hangings and painted tapestries, illustrating scenes from the sacred books.

"In front of the low table, and occupying the chief position in the room as the head of the meeting, sat the young Prince, son of the Rajah of Sikkim. He was a healthy-looking boy of 13 years of age, with features of marked Mongolian type, and of sallow complexion; his expression and his manner throughout the meeting was solemn, grave, and dignified. He is being especially educated by Lamas brought from Tibet for the purpose, and prepared by them for the high position he is to fill as the Hierarch of Sikkim of the Red Cap Order.

"Rajah Tondub, President of the Darjeeling Maha-Bodhi Society, sat on his left, and instructed the boy in the method of proceedings. On the arrival of the procession, the casket of relics was handed by the old Lama to the Rajah, who conveyed it to the young Prince.

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"The principal Lamas sat on the right and the Chiefs on the left of the Prince. At the table, facing the Prince, sat Mr. H. Dharmapala, Pandit Sarat Chandra Das, Srinath Chatterjee, and myself. The proceedings of the meeting were

conducted by Lama Ugyen Gya-tcho, Secretary of the Society, a man of great intelligence and frank, open countenance, with a commanding figure and genial, pleasant manners. He was the companion of Sarat Chandra Das during both his expeditions into Tibet. Among the chiefs above mentioned was the Dewan Phurbu, President of the Sikkim Council; among the priests I noticed the Head Lama of Pema Yongche, the chief State Monastery in Sikkim. In the first place the Secretary introduced the leading members of the procession to the Prince, at the same time explaining the character of the relics. Some introductory remarks were then made by Pandit Sarat Chandra, whose formal address to the meeting, written in Tibetan, was read by the Secretary; speeches were made, too, in the Tibetan language by Lama Sherab Gya-tcho, who gave a résumé of the rise, progress, and downfall of Buddhism in India, and its extension in Tibet and Ceylon; he congratulated his countrymen assembled on the arrival of this important Buddhist mission from Ceylon. He reminded his hearers that this was the first public meeting for the extension of Buddhism ever held by the people of Tibet and Ceylon, all friendly communication on religious matters having been entirely interrupted between the two countries for at least eight or [472] nine hundred years. He was followed by the Lama of Pemayangtche, who emphasised the importance of the occasion, enlarged upon the character of the mission, and showed what great blessings might be expected to ensue from it, more especially to Sikkim. Mr. Dharmapala then followed.

"Pandit Sarat Chandra Das then spoke, and described the three schools of Buddhism prevailing in Tibet and Ceylon.

"At this stage of the proceedings the young Prince, taking the casket of relics in his hands, raised it to his forehead in a reverential manner; at the same moment the assembled Lamas commenced chanting in very deep bass tones an invocation to the higher influences, consisting of a prayer for their presence and for their aid in the cause. The Lamas were all seated in the position of meditation during this chant, and their hands were folded or inter-locked in front of them in the form of a mudra. During the chant the Secretary placed in the hands of each Lama a small quantity of rice, the purpose of which was to purify, in the same way as, and in the place of, water. Every now and then each Lama would unlock his hands and sprinkle some of the rice over the room. When the chant was finished, the Secretary took the open casket and handed it to every one in the room who desired its benediction.

"The ceremony concluded, Mr. Dharmapala presented one of the relics and a

Bo-tree leaf to the Principal of the Sikkim State Monastery, the other [473] three being destined for Tibet. These were to be carried by messenger from Darjeeling all the way to Lhasa, and delivered into the hands of the Grand Lama of Tibet.

"Then came the Rajah's speech. He is a strong-built man, above 50 years of age, with a shrewd, intelligent countenance, at once grave and humorous. He conveyed the thanks of himself and the meeting to Mr. Dharmapala, and expressed his lively appreciation of the important duty which they, in thus meeting together, had been performing, and of the benefits which were likely to accrue therefrom. His speech was well delivered, and was received with evident approval by all present.

"By request, I then conveyed the thanks of the meeting to the Rajah, and expressed the great pleasure I felt at having had an opportunity of being present on such an interesting occasion. The meeting then adjourned."

It is a pity that, so far as we know, in spite of his undoubtedly good intentions, nothing has come out of Dharmapala's religious cavalcade.

The resemblance of the Ceylon-invented Buddhist flag to the standard of the Dalai Lama is a very striking fact. It may be remembered that I have said elsewhere that Prince Oukhtomasky told me that the high priest of a Mongolian monastery had told him the same thing. As I am not a believer in chance, I am inclined to think that the Colombo Committee did not choose this particular device without an unsuspected prompting [474] from those mighty personages who occupy themselves with the interests of the Buddhist religion. Evidently, it was as great a desideratum to have this striking symbol of the religion, as to find a common platform of belief on which all Buddhist nations and sects could unite in brotherly spirit. I have every reason to believe that the Lamas of Tibet entertain a brotherly feeling for all their co-religionists; and that if it were possible to bring the leading men of the Southern Church into a council with them, Buddhist unity would speedily become an established fact. I shall recur to this matter when describing my own interview with the Tibetan Ambassador, who came to Darjeeling and stopped there some months while certain important negotiations were going on between the Chinese and British-Indian authorities. Dharmapala's Darjeeling affair came to nought through lack of an organised plan for carrying it out into practical results. The more noise and tamasha one makes at the beginning of an enterprise, the greater becomes the mortification to see it come to nought through one's own mismanagement or incapacity. Earnestness is a very good thing, but to ensure success it must be supplemented by other

qualities.

The second Annual Convention of the European Section was held at London on the 14th of July, and on the 16th Mr. Mead cabled me that it had been a great success. It is extremely interesting to read the reports of the activities of the year, as they prove, in a most conclusive manner, the earnest zeal which had [475] been shown by the Sectional and Branch officers. During the preceding twelve months 16 new lending libraries had been opened in Europe; about 1,000 open meetings had been held in connection with the Lodges; between 200 and 300 lectures had been given in public halls; and the H. P. B. press had printed enough sheets of paper to make, if in one piece, a strip 54 miles long and 1 yard wide; the publications of books and magazines, English and Foreign, amounted to 156. Among the methods of propaganda adopted by the Section was one which reflected the greatest credit upon the astuteness of our colleagues, and one which did more, probably, than any other to give vogue to Theosophical ideas. It was the formation of a group of thirty-three ladies and gentlemen, possessed of the talent for writing, under the management of the Baroness de Pallandt, F.T.S., whose business it was to keep a close watch upon the press, and profit by every attack upon or every friendly word said for us, to have written a short article to the same paper defending or commending us and our views, and giving information as to what books to read, and where they were procurable. The Baroness, for the Committee, subscribed to one or more cutting agencies, which sent in daily all newspaper-cuttings necessary to keep her informed as to the trend of public opinion. She would then apportion them among her thirty-two associates for action. Naturally, most of the notices of us were unfriendly, sometimes even actionable, but, thanks to that instinct of fair play which is peculiar [476] in a marked degree to the British people, every attack gave us the right of reply, and so worked to the advantage of our Society in the long run. I see, by the Convention report under notice, that this press group "had contributed no less than 2,005 articles and letters to the public press, this being exclusive of hundreds of others from members not in the list of the group."

The drafting of the Deed of Trust of the Society's property, to convey it to the Board of Trustees ordered by the last Adyar Convention, and the filing and probate of H. P. B.'s Will, required my presence at Madras, and so I went there on the 16th of August, and returned to "Gulistan" after an absence of three weeks. Besides the above-named documents being attended to, I executed a power of attorney to Judge Paul, of Brisbane, my attorney, giving him full

powers to sign all necessary papers and exercise his best judgment in the matter of the transfer of the Hartmann estate to the natural heirs, as agreed between us while I was at Toowoomba. It proved ten times more difficult for me to strip myself of this unwelcome bequest than for my attorneys to arrange for my obtaining possession of it. The heirs themselves were solely to blame for the long delay, as nothing could be done until they should settle their own private disputes over the question whether they should or should not bring an action against the executors for breach of trust. Of course, until that was determined, the executors would not sign a paper or take a step in the premises. The case actually dragged along six [477] years and the final closing up of the transaction occurred only a month before my second visit to Brisbane, viz., in 1897. Meanwhile had occurred the great panic in real estate which ruined so many Australian banks, business houses, and private individuals; house and land property values dropped almost to zero; and although I had relinquished to Hartmann's children even the small one-fifth share which was originally and joyfully conceded to the Society, I am afraid that their family disputes made them lose a large part of the £5,000 at which the estate was valued in 1891.

By the overland mail of 2nd September I received a letter from Monsieur C. Parmelin, of Havre, asking me whether he ought to give the rest of his money to the Society, as he had already given it Fcs.30,000. There was a tone of bitterness in it, I remember, and an indication that some of our people were rather urging him to do this. I strenuously counselled him to do nothing of the sort, and said that I should never consent to his giving another franc until his succession to his mother's estate, in the course of nature, made him free to dispose of his original inheritance as he might choose without injury to himself.

As J. W. Bouton, the publisher of Isis Unveiled, owed the estate of H. P. B. several hundred dollars for copyright, and as, under her will, this property was now mine, I obtained from the United States Consular Agent at Madras an official certificate on a copy of the will, and sent it to Mr. Judge to collect the money [478] from Bouton. This he did, and I then gave his Section half of it—some $300—and divided the rest among our different other headquarters. Since that time, although the book has been in constant demand, I have not been able to collect another dollar.

On 21st September I received, at "Gulistan," a letter from Mr. Judge begging me not to force an inquiry into the bogus letters and the "Lahore brass." He put it on the ground that, if I should publish the fact that I had had the little brass seal

engraved (not at Lahore—that is where his pretended Mahatma letters proved their falsity, for the engraving was done at Delhi), it would reflect discredit upon me. I told him, however, that my part in the transaction was quite innocent, and that I intended to expose any person who had been making dishonest use of the seal.

As the time was approaching for my promised visit to Calcutta, Akyab, and other parts of Arakan, I returned, October 1st, to Madras to put things in order. Among my literary duties was the sad one of writing an obituary notice of my true and beloved friend, W. Stainton Moses, M.A., the acknowledged leader of the Spiritualists. When I last saw him at Canterbury he was suffering from the sequelæ of influenza, and he told me that he should not be surprised if it should carry him off. His only anxiety was lest he might not live to finish two or three books he had planned out in his mind. I tried my best to persuade him to fly from the horrible winter climate of London, and come and work up his materials into [479] books at Adyar—a favorite project that he and Massey and I had discussed for years. But he could not see his way to it, for he had his work cut out for him at the West in the Spiritualist movement, and he said he must die at his post. He was a man to love, respect, and trust; a friend that one could ever count upon in all emergencies. He had a commanding influence among Spiritualists, one due to the elevation of his personal character quite as much as to his ripe scholarship and his thorough acquaintance with the literature and different aspects of psychical science. His views were broad and catholic upon those subjects, and, but for the bigotry of the majority of Spiritualists, he and I would have gone far towards our establishing those friendly relations between our two parties that in reason should subsist. In an earlier chapter I have mentioned the proposal he made me in 1888, that if I would manage to keep H. P. B. in a gentle mood towards Spiritualists, he would use his best influence with the latter to come to a more brotherly understanding with the Theosophists. We agreed to make the trial, and H. P. B. fell in with my wishes: he, on his part, began writing benevolently about us in Light. We used to see each other often that season in London and compare notes. What the sequel was may be read in the following extract from my obituary notice of him: “His very first kind words about us brought him a shoal of protests, charges of treachery, taunts and jibes; no bigoted sectarian church could have been more intolerant. He read me extracts from some [480] of the letters, printed some in Light, and at last told me, sadly, that he should have to give it up, or he should lose all his influence with his party. It was the knowledge of this fact, corroborated amply by the brutal treatment she had

personally received from leading Spiritualists, that helped to make H. P. B.'s later criticisms upon modern Spiritualism so bitter. If all Spiritualists had been as broad-minded as Stainton Moses, and a tenth part as practically versed in Psychology as H. P. B., there would be now a close alliance between them and ourselves, to our mutual advantage."

In the first volume of these OLD DIARY LEAVES I give a full account of S. M.'s relations with H. P. B. and myself, his partially successful attempt to reach us in his Double; and one of the illustrations in the book shows how H. P. B. revealed to me, in one of the most remarkable pictures ever made, his psychical evolution. It is a thousand pities that we could not have drawn together, in a bond of mutual good understanding, our two great parties, for it would have vastly increased our power to fight Materialism, our common foe.

I mention in the obituary in question that among H. P. B.'s frequent phenomena was her power to cause an oily attar of great fragrance to exude from the palm of her hand. Stainton Moses very frequently had this same exudation, it being sometimes so powerful as to scent the room in which he sat. So, as I was persuaded that he was getting help from our own Masters, I one day, as a matter of curiosity, got [481] H. P. B. to cause the attar to impregnate a flock of fine cotton-wool, which I did up in silk, sewed in a cover of oil-silk, packed and sealed in a little box, and sent to him. He wrote me back that the perfume was identical with that which was so familiar to him. I do not remember whether I have before now stated the fact that when he and I were together in 1891, and looked over his collection of psychical curios, we opened this package and found the perfume still lingering there, after the lapse of about fourteen years. This transpiration of fragrant odors is frequently observed by sensitives at the time when some one of our leading orators is addressing an audience from the platform; sometimes the intimation of the presence of an inspiring current from the White Lodge towards the speaker comes in the form of a bright light, aureole, or nimbus about the speaker's person; and sometimes those who have a fair degree of clairvoyant lucidity can see in this divine light the radiant figure of one of the Masters. This is not the dull and vulgar phantasmal image known at spiritualist séances as a materialisation, but a figure of light, the glorious outshining of a perfected human being.

CHAPTER XXVIII

TO MEET THE AMBASSADOR OF THE DALAI LAMA

(1892)

THE projected journey to the provinces of Arakan and British Burma above referred to was to be made in the interests of Buddhism as represented in the Maha-Bodhi Society, and Dharmapala was to accompany me. I have been amused in looking over my papers of that period to see the reason why. The Arakanese people had heard so much of my work in Ceylon that they wanted me to come and help them in the same way, and wrote to that effect in strong and complimentary language, but—and this is the humorous part of the affair—as they had never had any religious dealings with a white man other than a missionary, and had never seen or heard of a white Buddhist before, their Oriental suspiciousness was excited and their leaders wrote Dharmapala that they wished him to come with me. At a meeting of the Buddhist community of Akyab it was "enthusiastically" decided to telegraph me to come at the beginning of October, the end of the Buddhist Lenten season.

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"The Colonel's presence alone," writes one of our friends to Dharmapala, "would not be enough to popularise the projects of the Maha-Bodhi Society. You have to consider that our priests and laity have had no experience whatever, whether with white or European priests or Buddhists, so you have to come and tell us how faithfully and earnestly the Colonel has worked for the Buddhist movement. Our priests have power over the people in spiritual affairs, so you have to tell Colonel Olcott to embrace every opportunity for making friends with our priests." In another letter the writer thus describes the character of his people: "They are liberal and generous, they usually display their joy in outbursts of enthusiasm, devotion, energy, and generosity to the fullest extent, especially when it is a question of the interests of their country or their religion. On the other hand, they are suspicious and wary about strangers."

Their invitation having been accepted, the local Arakanese editors prepared the way with fervent articles in their English and vernacular journals after this fashion: "He is well worth hearing, and has all the ancient lore of the Buddhist

religion at his fingers' ends... All the Poongyees (Buddhist monks) and chief priests of the town and district ought to do all they can to welcome and assist this great European High Priest of Buddhism.... In fact the Colonel knows more than the Brahmin High Priests about the Laws and Institutes of Manu, and all ancient Scriptures and religions of Hindustan and Burma"—which, if [484] not at all true, is at least enthusiastic enough in all conscience, and carefully hides the "wary and suspicious" side of the national character! No fair-minded man could blame them for this precautionary mental attitude, since there having been no precedent to be guided by, it was but natural that they should wait for me to show them my character before taking me in their embrace.

Reaching Adyar on 1st October, I hurried through a mass of official work that lay on my desk. Among the interesting letters that awaited me was one from a learned practical psychologist in the West Indies, telling me of some researches he had been making into the spiritual life-history of a certain German mystic, about a certain book of his upon the trail of which my friend had come, and the fact that just at the moment when his effort at concentration was exhausting the last of his nervous forces, a certain messenger-elemental of the class that is used by the Adepts as messengers showed himself and said that he "had been sent by —to tell him to communicate with Olcott, as he had a part in these investigations". My friend then made two attempts to reach me on the astral plane and succeeded in seeing me, but I was so absorbed in some pressing work that he could not get me to listen to him. He ought not to have felt surprised at that, for his experiment was made at an hour which was 10.30 p.m. to him, but to me was in the morning, after the day's office work had begun. This difference in latitude ought to be, but usually is not, kept in mind [485] by friends who wish to consult me on the super-physical plane. Yet, on the other hand, I often receive letters from acquaintances, and even non-members of the Society, giving me grateful thanks for benefits, physical or moral, received at our meetings in the watches of the night, when we are freed temporarily from the prison-house of the flesh. Among these have been a number of cases where, the correspondents say, they have been cured by me of their diseases, which, when we met in the body during my recent tour, I absolutely refused to deal with, in obedience to the injunction laid upon me by my Guru. This is interesting, as showing that what may be forbidden on the physical plane may be permissible on the astral.

On 13th October I sailed for Calcutta in the "Goorkha," and reached there on the 16th, finding at the house of my old friend Dr. Salzer the cordial welcome

which he gives habitually to his guests. The opportunity of being in Calcutta was taken to visit the museum with Dharmapala, and examine the ancient stone figures which show how intimate was once the connection between Buddhism and Hinduism. Among them is one of the eight-armed goddess Durga, in her aspect of Ashta-bhuji, and in her usual attitude of a Dea Victrix, but, carved in the royal tiara which she wears, and on the keystone of the arched frame around the statue, is the image of the Buddha, seated for meditation. Among others similarly carved, some in the collection in the Calcutta museum, some in the Brahmanical caves of Ellora, are representations of [486] Indra and his spouse, Indrani. These were important discoveries, as proving the once intimate association of the sister religions of Brahmanism and Buddhism, and I am much obliged to Dharmapala for calling my attention to them.

On 17th October he and I left for Darjeeling for a meeting between the Ambassador of the Dalai Lama of Lhasa and myself, which had been arranged. Reaching there on the following day, I was received as a guest by my friend Babu Chhatra Dhar Ghose. I found at his own cottage, hard at work with a learned Tibetan lama, Babu Sarat Chandra Das, C.I.E., the intrepid and successful Indian traveller to Lhasa and Tashi Lhunpo, the seats of the Dalai and Tashi Lamas respectively. He gave us some of the Tibetan buttered tea, of which we have all read so much. Its taste was more that of weak beef-tea or bouillon than of any infusion of leaves of the tea plant that I ever drank.

The next morning we had a glorious view of the sky-piercing summit of Kinchinganga, that giant peak whose altitude is almost twice that of Mont Blanc. The morning was passed by us with Sarat Babu, whose conversation about his Tibetan experiences was most interesting and instructive. At 4 p.m. the audience with the Ambassador came off, Sarat Babu and his old colleague and travelling companion Lama Ugyen Gyatso kindly serving as interpreters. His Excellency was a handsome young man, of the distinct Mongolian ethnic type, with fair complexion, a gentle expression of face, small well-shaped hands, and a [487] bearing of the personal dignity which usually marks aristocratic birth. On his head he wore a silk-covered turban with a foundation of some stiff material; it was shaped like a truncated cone, the base upward, the narrower end fitting close to his intellectual head; a bunch of silken strands hung from it, like a thick tassel, down his neck. The white crêpe under-coat which he wore showed like a collar at his throat and had very long pendent sleeves; over it was a rather close-fitting surcoat of heavy black brocaded silk, also with long sleeves. In his left ear only

he wore a pendent jewel of jade and gold, some 6 inches in length; there was none in the other ear. His small feet were shod in Chinese satin shoes with thick felt soles. His bearing was dignified, his motions graceful, his voice refined. He comes naturally by his beauty and intelligence, as his grandfather was the Regent of Tibet at the time of the visit of Fathers Huc and Gabet, the missionary priests of the congregation of St. Lazarus, in the year 1845. In his book,[33] Abbé Huc thus records his impressions of the statesman: "The Regent was a man about 50; his large, open countenance, the whiteness of which was remarkable, had a majestic, truly royal expression; and his black eyes, shaded by very long eyelashes, were full of gentleness and intelligence. He was dressed in a yellow robe, lined with marten fur; a diamond earring was suspended to his left ear; and his long hair, black as ebony, was gathered [488] at the top of his head by three little gold combs. His large red cap, encircled with pearls, and surmounted by a red coral ball, lay on a green cushion by his side."

His treatment of the missionaries during their stay of a month and a half at Lhasa was most friendly and honorable, and when they were expelled from Tibet through the intrigues of the Chinese ambassador, they parted with mutual regret. It is my opinion that his grandson, my acquaintance of Darjeeling, was a person of like character. With that instinctive regard for age which is characteristic of the Oriental peoples, he saluted me most respectfully, gave me a seat of honor, and expressed his pleasure in meeting one who had done so much for Buddhism. His reception of Dharmapala was equally friendly.

In the course of our long talk of nearly four hours, he asked me many questions about the state of our religion outside Tibet and China, and how the teachings of the Buddha were appreciated in the countries of the West. He assured me that if it should ever be my fortune to visit Lhasa I should receive an affectionate welcome; it was not within his power to arrange for such a journey, but he would report to his Government all that had been said, and it would give the Tibetans great pleasure. As an interlude, buttered tea was served to us. The plans and work of the Maha-Bodhi Society greatly interested him, and he congratulated Dharmapala on the usefulness of his labors; the Dalai Lama would be delighted to hear all he should tell him. Certain religious presents, sent through [489] Dharmapala by the High Priest Sumangala and the Japanese priest-students then living in Ceylon, he thanked us for, and promised to send them on to Lhasa at once by special couriers along with his despatches. In return for something of a similar kind which I myself begged his acceptance of, he

gave me a very fine gilt bronze statuette of a sitting Bodhisattva, made at Lhasa, and containing in its interior a folded strip of paper on which the Dalai Lama had himself written a mantram invoking the protection of the gods for the ambassador, from all evil influences, and stamped it with his own seal. This unique present is, of course, in the Adyar Library, together with his Excellency's signed portrait. At the close of our interview he accompanied us to the garden gate, shook hands with us in Western fashion, and expressed his deep regret that my engagements elsewhere would prevent our meeting again.

Though so young a man in appearance, he was, I was told, Minister of Foreign Affairs of Tibet, a cabinet office but recently created. His rank was that of "Kalon," his name Sheda Pishi Pai. Among his numerous suite of intelligent-looking men was one to whom the ambassador introduced me, with the remark that he was a very learned Pandit well versed in Tibetan literature. When we saluted, he looked me square in the eyes with a look full of meaning, saying to me almost as plainly as if in words that he knew all about me and that we were old friends—on the other plane. I responded similarly, whereupon he stretched out his hand, took and pressed mine, and [490] said in Tibetan—which the high-born Lama Ugyan Gyatso interpreted—that he was very sorry that we could not have had a long talk about religious matters. The next morning Dharmapala and I left Darjeeling.

We reached Calcutta on 21st October at noon, and devoted the afternoon to a further study of the Indo-Buddhist statues in the Calcutta museum. The following day was spent at the rooms of the Asiatic Society, in consultation with Pandit Haraprasad Sastri about details of Buddhist history, and the next with another learned Brahmin Pandit, Hari Mohan Vidyabhûshan, on the same subject.

There was at Calcutta, at the time spoken of, a growing feeling of hostility among the Bengal Hindus against Buddhism, which had been stirred up by the activity of the Maha-Bodhi Society, and which, in the best interests of religion, it was prudent not to allow to spread; so I had been invited to give a public lecture in the Town Hall, in the hope that a kindlier spirit might be aroused. It came off on the evening of 24th October in presence of a monster audience, which included most of the better educated and influential men of Bengal. The chair was taken by Babu Norendranath Sen, F.T.S., Editor of the Indian Mirror, the leading Indian daily newspaper, President of our Bengal T. S. from the date of its formation, and one of the oldest and staunchest Indian friends of H. P. B. and

myself.

His introductory remarks about myself were most flattering, even running into exaggeration, but one might well forgive it all for the sake of what he said [491] about the love-bond between the Indians and myself; and to me, that thought always sets my heart to beating. Alluding to my offer to retire from office and give way to a younger man, and to my having withdrawn my resignation at the entreaty of friends, the chairman said: "His retirement would not only have been a heavy blow to the Society, but also a serious loss to all India, for whatever of religious or spiritual progress... this country had made in recent years was mainly, if not solely, due to Colonel Olcott's untiring efforts. He had been for the last twelve years the standard-bearer of light and life for the Hindus." Now we Western people, with our cool blood, are not great admirers of Oriental superlatives, and even after ten years our Bengali brother's sentences glow like red-hot iron; but many years of residence in this part of the world have taught me to find the sincerity which is often hidden under compliments that would make Europeans and Americans stare. The precious fact to me is that the Orientals love me and I love them, and would not now live elsewhere than in India for any consideration. In reading the chairman's compliments, it must be remembered that Mrs. Besant's first visit to India was made in the winter of 1893-4, and that during the previous fourteen years I had been the busiest of the Society's lecturers in this country. Norendra Babu's panegyric, therefore, quite antedated the present state of things, when that dearest of women and friends is being held closest of us all to the Indian heart.

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A very striking fact in connection with Mrs. Besant is that she has completely removed the uneasy feeling which had previously prevailed that H. P. B. and I were hoping to convert the Hindus to Buddhism, and that the Society was more Buddhistic than eclectic. By her splendid presentation of Indian philosophy, and her undisguised personal preference for it as a religious system, she has made the most orthodox followers of Brahmanism friendly to us, and won the practical support of many of the most important Indian princes for her Central Hindu College. If H. P. B. can still overlook the field of our activities, she must surely be astounded at what she can see going on at Benares. Thus "in a mysterious way" move the Great Ones "their wonders to perform".

The title of the lecture under notice was "The Kinship between Hinduism and Buddhism," and the testimony of history was invoked to prove the assertion. It

was shown that for fifteen centuries the two religions had prospered side by side in sisterly good-feeling, and that the Buddha himself and his great follower the Emperor Dharmasoka had enjoined upon the professors of Ârya Dharma—miscalled Buddhism—to show equal respect to the Brahmins and to Buddhist monks. If Buddhism had practically disappeared from Hindustan, save and except in the parts bordering on Arakan, it was due to the cruel iconoclasm of victorious Muslim invaders, and to no other cause. The history of the holiest of Buddhist shrines, Buddha Gaya, was sketched, and the fact noted that for six hundred years, viz.,

[493] from the thirteenth century to the nineteenth, it had been left to crumble unwatched and uncared for; to fall into ruin in the wild jungle which had grown on and about the holy spot where fifty generations of worshippers had recited their five precepts, and for whom Buddha Gaya had been the objective point of pilgrimages from all countries of the Buddhistic world. Thanks to the pious liberality of the late King Mindoon Min of Burmah, and to the co-operation of the Government of Bengal, the temple grounds had been excavated, and the ruined shrines and ambulatories exhumed from under thirty feet of dust, which had buried them out of sight of man. Pilgrimages had then been resumed, and the possessor of the fief, a Saivite Mahant, seeing pecuniary profit derivable from their offerings, had vigorously asserted his proprietary rights, and more or less desecrated the images and buildings. The chief object in the formation of the Maha-Bodhi Society was explained to be "primarily to recover possession for the Buddhists of the most sacred of their shrines... where the Lord Gautama Buddha acquired Sambodhi, or the divine knowledge... In addition to this, it is contemplated to recover possession of other Buddhist shrines, to erect or purchase a Dharmasala or pilgrims' rest-house in Calcutta, and building for a Normal College, at which Buddhist students from Japan, China, Tibet, and other Buddhist countries may be taught Sanskrit and Pali. This, together with an organised propaganda of Buddhist literature and ideas largely in Western countries, and [494] the unification of the various schools of Buddhism in Buddhist nations, is the scheme of the Society in full, and without reservation".[34]

One by one, the malicious misrepresentations of Buddha's teaching and of the spirit of his followers and the falsehoods about the Ârya Dharma having been driven out of India by Srî Sankarâchârya, were exposed and confuted; the parity of the philosophies of the Vedânta and of the Buddha in certain important details was shown; the significance of the blending of the symbols of the two religions,

as seen in the sculptured images above referred to, was pointed out; the distinction between the Digambaras and the Bauddhas, and the fact that all the venom of the orthodox Hindu Pandits was aimed at the former and not at all against the latter, was demonstrated by various quotations from orthodox Hindu books: in short, it was very clearly shown that the prevalent hatred of Buddhism and Buddhists was a silly mistake, unwarranted by the facts of history and revolting to common sense. I notice one paragraph in the printed report of the lecture which I am tempted to cite, because the necessity for the reaffirmation of the Society's eclectic policy recurs from time to time. In fact, I have just received from America a vigorous protest against the latest [495] attempt to set up a dogmatic theocracy in our ranks. I might not have given the Calcutta lecture at all if some of my Hindu colleagues, and even non-members, had not tried to frighten me off from the public defence of Buddhism. In the course of the lecture I said: "That was quite enough to determine me to speak and to tell the whole truth. I have not a single drop of slave blood in my veins, and I abhor the attempt to curtail a freeman's right to freethinking. I ask no Hindu to give up his religion, nay, I believe that religion to be so noble in its concepts and so elevating in its moral influence that I say that he who is carried away by the petty spite of sectarian bigotry into trying to make it intolerant is a false Hindu, a traitor to its indwelling spirit. The Theosophical Society has tolerance and brotherhood for its corner-stone: it is an angel of peace and good-will among men; it offers a free platform for the study and elucidation of all religions; itself as a body preserving a strict neutrality and professing no sectarian dogma. As its President, I have helped the Hindus, the Parsis, and the Muhammadans of India and the Buddhists of other countries to understand their respective creeds, and so long as I am compelled to retain office shall that impartiality be strictly preserved. The Hindu members of the Society who have wished me to abstain from discussing Buddhism in India have virtually wished me to act in a spirit of cowardly selfishness, and to dishonor my official pledge."

During my recent tour (1901) around the world, I have everywhere battled for the same principle, and [496] more than once have said that when the majority of my colleagues wish to turn the Society into a sect of hero-worshippers, to abridge personal liberty of thought and speech, and to give to some book written by somebody the character of an inspiration, they will have to find another President. The more widely known these views can be made, the better it will be for the Society, and the more stable will its foundation become. What right have we, poor pigmies, to dictate what our neighbor shall or shall not believe, or to try

to make his retention of membership among us depend upon his accepting the teachings of a book or a book-writer?

Upon a paragraph in the Srimat Bhagavat, in which is embodied a prophecy, the bitterest opponents of Buddhism in India pretend to find warrant for their ill-feeling. In the course of my lecture I cited this passage (1st Skandha, Adhyâya 3), which reads as follows: "At the beginning of Kali Yuga, to throw a Moha (illusion) upon the enemies (Aúuras) of the Úuras (gods), Buddha son of Anjana will take birth at Gayâ." Of course it will be seen that this has no reference whatever to Gautama Buddha, who was not born at the beginning, but in the 2478th year of Kali Yuga; was not the son of Anjana, but of King Suddhodana; was not born at Gayâ, but at Kapilavastu and was not named Buddha, but Siddhartha! "Remembering," as I say in my lecture, "that the term Buddha, and the sectarian designation Bauddha existed in India long before the advent of the historical Gautama Buddha, you will observe that if there was [497] any ancient prophecy such as the above, it may have referred to some other personage who may have appeared about the beginning of the present Kali Yuga."

Happily for the information of scholars, the Vishnu Purana (book iii, 18) contains a description of the mâyâ moha or deceptive appearance assumed by Vishnu when he appeared as Buddha, and in which he is described as a naked mendicant, digambara, with his head shaven, and carrying a brush of peacock feathers. Did anyone ever see any Buddhist sculptured image which represented the Lord Buddha as either naked or carrying a bunch of peacock feathers, or can such a description be found in any Buddhist book? Certainly not: the Teacher is always represented as clothed in the ample robes of a Bhikshu, and carrying nothing in his hand save his begging bowl: why, in the Mahâvagga of the Vinâya Pitaka, he forbids his Bhikshus to even speak to a naked ascetic. A very elementary acquaintance with Indian religious history teaches us that the reference is to a Jain ascetic, who also went by the name of a Buddha, and it was between this class and the orthodox Hindus that were carried on bitter quarrels and cruel reprisals. On the wall of the sacred tank in the temple at Madura, in a series of painted panels, are depicted the contests ordered by a certain Rajâh between the Jaina priests and a Saivite sanyâsi, to test the divinity of their respective books, by the ordeals of faith-healing, of fire, and of water. The result was the overthrow and discomfiture of the unfortunate "Bauddhas," and the painter has [498] shown us what brutal punishments were visited upon them. Some were impaled and left for birds of prey to pick out their eyes; the

decapitated heads of others were ground into mince-meat in huge oil-mills; many others were put to the sword. These defeated Bauddhas correspond in appearance with the descriptions of the Bauddhas given in the denunciatory passages of the Srimat Bhagavat and the Vishnu Purana, in being half-naked and carrying peacock plumes in their hands. But I need not pursue quotations from the lecture in question, which can be read by such as still entertain for the Buddhists those feelings of hatred which are due solely to ignorance; it was necessary to give as much as I have to show what remedy was needed for the state of things which existed in Bengal at the time of which we are writing, viz., ten years ago. It would be a misfortune for India if the present gratifying revival of Hinduism under the auspices of leading members of our Society should be weakened by a stirring of the old embers of hatred towards the Buddhists.

On the day after the lecture I made calls upon some of my friends, and Dharmapala and I dined at the house of a well-known and pious Burmese lady, Mrs. Oung, where we met Dr. Waddell, the author of that celebrated book on Northern Buddhism, The Buddhism of Tibet.

My rooms were thronged with visitors on the next day, and on the next, 27th October, we sailed for Chittagong in the S.S. “Kola”. The number of our saloon passengers was seven.

CHAPTER XXIX

THE CAVES AND JUNGLES OF HINDUSTAN

IN FICTION AND REALITY

(1892)

WE were fortunate enough to have a sunny and smooth passage, which made us all enjoy each other's society. The journey was broken at Chittagong, which we reached on 29th October at 7.30 a.m. The morning was spent by Dharmapala and myself in writing out for publication, as a pamphlet, the lecture referred to in the last chapter. Delegations of Boruahs (Maghs) and Hindus came aboard to pay their respects, and at their urgent request I went ashore, and at 5.30 p.m. lectured at the Government College building on "The High Morality of Hinduism and Buddhism," my audience of about 800 persons comprising sections of both communities. We sailed the next morning for Akyab, and reached there on the 31st, receiving on the wharf a most cordial welcome from the leading gentlemen of the place, in which Dharmapala fully shared. On being settled in our quarters, we first paid ceremonial visits to the four most influential priests of the local section of the Buddhist Sangha. The rest of the day [500] our rooms were thronged with callers, and in the afternoon the General Committee came and I sketched out our plans for the Buddha Gaya movement. On the following day I called on Major Parrott, Commissioner of Arâkân, who invited me to dine with him on the next Sunday.

The next morning (November 2), accompanied by Messrs. Mra Oo, Extra Assistant Commissioner; U Tha Dwe, A.T.M.; Chan Tun Aung and Too Chan, Pleaders; and other influential Akyab gentlemen, and by Dharmapala, I went in a steamboat to Urittaung, a village 27 miles up the river, to a pagoda festival. We were taken to the rest-house on the river bank, an airy structure, open at the sides and with a corrugated iron roof; the floor was covered with durries or cotton carpets, on which our beds were made in the absence of bedsteads. The pagoda is on a steep hill, and is reached after a hard climb. Near it is a new pagoda of smaller size. We were told that the Buddhu Rasa, the spiritual rays which indicate a concentration of the Buddha's spiritual influence, and which I believe I have described in connection with a Buddhist temple in Ceylon, are sometimes

seen. The next day was the great festival of pilgrimage, and the holy spot was thronged with pilgrims. We had taken with us, as objects of interest for the Arakanese, a stone medallion of the Buddha, which we had obtained at Buddha Gaya, and the artistic bronze image given by the Dalai Lama to the Tibetan Ambassador, and by him presented to me. Naturally, these rare objects excited the [501] reverential feelings of the pilgrims. I lectured on Maha-Bodhi to an attentive throng, and received more than Rs. 80 in small coins. My remarks were interpreted by one of the gentlemen of our party. Our purpose had been previously explained by a priest named Uthargarah, Sayadaw, whose temple is at Kyoukphyu. He was a most eloquent and impressive speaker whose equal I had not heard save in the case of the great Sinhalese orator, Megittuwatte. We returned to Akyab the next day in a heavy rain.

On the 5th I lectured privately to a company of Maghs (Boruahs) of Chittagong, and persuaded them to organise a committee to collect subscriptions for the Maha-Bodhi Society. The same afternoon I lectured on Buddhism to a very large audience at the Government College: the Commissioner, Major Parrott, and most of the Europeans of Akyab were present. A preliminary meeting of Elders was held the next day; and after a lecture to a large native audience in a bamboo shamianah, the local Branch of the Maha-Bodhi Society was formed. In the evening I met a number of European gentlemen at dinner at the Commissioner's house. There was another dinner the next day given me by the inhabitants of the ancient village of Ohdan, now one of the thirteen wards included within the Akyab Municipality. It was a grand function, and the food was all cooked and served in the native fashion. Later in the day I lectured on the Bodhisattvas and Arhats, and also on the way by which the Prince Siddhartha became Buddha.

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A lecture was also given by Dharmapala. The council of the new Branch Maha-Bodhi Society met on Tuesday and agreed on details. In the evening I dined with Elders of Rupa village, another Akyab ward, and collected over Rs. 400 for the M.-B. Society. The next morning I visited a sick gentleman who gave me Rs. 100, some others of the family added a smaller sum, and his daughter offered me, with every mark of reverence, a pair of massive gold earrings in lieu of money, which she asked me to sell for the benefit of the fund. This was my first experience of the sort since I began collecting funds in the East, but I had it from the best authority that large numbers of jewels were thrown by Burmese

women into the melting-pot when the great bell at Shway Dagôn was cast. If I could have afforded it, I should have bought the earrings myself and given them to some zealous lady colleague in the West.

Two or three days later I drove into the country with Mr. Hla Tun U to see an aged and learned bhikku who had read my Buddhist Catechism and wanted to talk with me. He was very enthusiastic about the book, and also about our Maha-Bodhi scheme; he hoped the book would find its way into every Burmese household. On Sunday the 13th I helped to pull a colossal statue of the Buddha which was being removed from a temporary to a permanent site, and it would have done some of my sybaritic colleagues good to have seen me tugging at the rope with the shouting crowd. That evening I lectured at Lamadaw village, and made a collection of Rs. 2,100. This was my last day but [503] one at Akyab; early the next afternoon I addressed the boys at the Government High School and dined with a European friend.

I found the Arakanese all that they had been depicted in their countryman's letter quoted above—generous, enthusiastic, patriotic, religious, and—suspicious of foreigners. But my reception throughout was most cordial and all that could have been desired, and I left the country feeling that if Dharmapala followed up our initial effort, large sums might be realised towards the carrying out of the Maha-Bodhi project. I have reports in various newspapers of the substance of my lectures, but it is not worth while to quote from them, as they were simply devoted to the usual presentation of Buddhistic doctrines and a summarised view of the present state of Buddhism throughout the world; the whole ending with an appeal to the Arakanese to band themselves together to help on the meritorious work of the Maha-Bodhi Society. As regards the country, I may as well cite a paragraph from the Encyclopædia Britannica (vol. ii, p. 305), which gives the following interesting particulars:

"The natives of Arâkân trace their history as far back as A.D. 701, and give a lineal succession of 120 native princes down to modern times. According to them, their empire had at one period far wider limits, and extended over Ava, part of China, and a portion of Bengal. This extension of their empire is not, however, corroborated by known facts in history. At different times the Moghuls and Pegus carried their [504] arms into the heart of the country. The Portuguese during the era of their greatness in Asia gained temporary establishment in Arâkân; but in 1783 the province was finally conquered by the Burmese, from which period until its cession to the British in 1826, under the treaty of

Yandaboo, its history forms part of that of Burma. The old city of Arâkân, formerly the capital of the province, is situated on an inferior branch of the Koladyne river, Its remoteness from the ports and harbors of the country, combined with the extreme unhealthiness of its situation, have led to its gradual decay subsequently to the formation of the comparatively recent settlement of Akyab, which place is now the chief town of the province. The old city of Arâkân lies about 50 miles north-east of Akyab, in 20º 42′ N. latitude, and 93º 24′ E, longitude. The Maghs, who form nearly the whole population of the province, follow the Buddhist doctrines, which are universally professed throughout Burma. The priests are selected from all classes of men, and one of their chief employments is the education of children. Instruction is consequently widely diffused, and few persons, it is said, can be found in the province who are unable to read. The qualifications for entering into the priestly order are good conduct and a fair measure of learning—such conduct, at least, as is good according to Buddhist tenets, and such learning as is esteemed among their votaries." Alas! why cannot these Western (perhaps ex-missionary) writers refrain from such wanton insults?

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On the 14th evening, I went on board the steamer "Kasara," which was to take me to Rangoon. My inclination to revisit Rangoon was greatly strengthened by an urgent letter which I received from the Secretary of the Thatham Hita Kari Association, who wrote that the Society "was like a ship without a helm or chart," and needed my advice. They were organising to open schools for children and print Buddhist Scriptures.

I think I have mentioned, in connection with my first visit to Rangoon in 1885, in company with Mr. Leadbeater, that I protested against the false idea for merit prevalent among the kind-hearted Burmese. They were at the time of my visit collecting a public subscription of Rs. 100,000 for regilding the stately and graceful dome of Shway Dagôn. I thought it an unnecessary extravagance, since, when ascending the river to Rangoon, the dome still shone from afar like a hill of glittering gold, and I thought the people might well postpone for two or three years this large expenditure. I had conversed with the Elders about the state of religious literature and the familiarity of the people with their sacred works, and knew that the most pressing claim on popular liberality was the publication of the Tripitikas, so as to bring them within the reach of at least the monks attached to the poorer kyaungs (monasteries). So I raised my voice in protest, and told the

people that for one-fourth the sum they would spend on the gilding, the three Pitakas could be copied out from the engraved marble slabs in the little [506] kiosks built by the late king Mindoon Min and published. My words fell on some receptive ears, and the organisation of this book-printing and school-opening society was the result.

The next morning Dharmapala and many friends came to say good-bye, and as the clock struck 7 the steamer left the wharf. I had travelled so much about the coasts of India and Ceylon that I was not surprised to find in our jolly skipper the officer who had commanded the vessel on which Leadbeater and I went from Madras to Colombo several years before. From Akyab to Rangoon was a voyage of 60 hours. On arrival (November 18), I was met by many Burmese gentlemen and taken to the hospitable mansion of one of the best men I have met in the East —generous, courteous, pious, and honorable—Mr. Maung Hpo Myin. Miss Ballard, of Chicago, who had a freak at that time for becoming a Buddhist nun, was stopping there. Among my many visitors was the Burmese nobleman who had kindly interpreted my French address to the assembled High Priests at Mandalay into the vernacular. Every visitor to Rangoon has seen and admired the graceful architectural structure of the Soolay Pagoda. I lectured there on the Sunday evening on "The Sacred Shrines of the Buddhists" to a very large audience. I am able to recall my remarks by reading an article from the Rangoon Gazette, which I find copied into the Journal of the M.-B. Society for February, 1893; and as the arguments are not stale, and are just as necessary for the Burmans [507] to heed now as they were then, I will give some extracts. Says the editor's report:

"He wanted the Burman Buddhists to understand that he had no more sympathy with them than he had with the Buddhists of Ceylon, Japan, China, and Tibet, and all the other countries, nor had he the least inclination towards one sect more than to another. There was for him only one Buddhist sect, and that was Buddhism; and there was only one Buddhist doctrine, and that was what was taught by their Lord Buddha.

"Having compared at length the interest shown by the Christians in their religion with the feebler interest displayed by the Buddhists in Japan, China, Ceylon, Siam, Burma and other parts, the lecturer said that among all the nations of the world it was agreed by foreigners who had travelled about Burma that the Burmans were the most generous of people in regard to their religion, and some of the most respected Christians, like Bishop Bigandet and others, had borne

testimony to that fact, and praised the Burmans for their piety and religious enthusiasm. But then all intelligent foreigners had also agreed in making one reproach to the Burmese Buddhists, and that was that they misunderstood what true merit was. They were wasting enormous sums of money in building many more kyaungs and pagodas than were necessary. What was more meritorious was to follow the Precepts of their Teacher with regard to the spread of their religion, and to see that their children were being religiously [508] brought up as Buddhists. Why not build pagodas and kyaungs in other places where there were none, and especially in the most sacred places belonging to Buddhists, such as Buddha Gaya, Kapilavastu, Kusinârâ, and Benares? He thought that much of the money that was spent on the beautiful structures in Rangoon would have been better spent in the places he mentioned. In Buddha Gaya, for instance, there were many images that were buried 20 feet in mud, and there were others scattered over the ground on which the dhobies washed their dirty clothes, and people used them for the backs of fireplaces and for curry-stones. He asked them to think of this; and when they heard that someone had made up his mind to build a pagoda, to go to him and mention the word Maha-Bodhi, and tell him that the shrines of Buddha were being desecrated, and that money was wanted for them, and not for building the pagoda. He asked them to understand that no Buddhist did his duty who confined his liberality to his own village, to his own country, to his own family, and to his own nation; but only that man did his duty who used all his endeavors to see that the Dharma which they considered so precious and necessary for all mankind was spread through the four quarters of the globe. They must do this in a businesslike way. They must have a committee in Rangoon to receive the money, and he would see that it was applied to the proper purposes.

"Arâkân had promised to raise Rs. 50,000. Only a few days ago he had visited three out of thirteen villages [509] of Akyab, and they had given him in cash Rs. 4,000. He wanted at least one lakh to begin the work; and what he proposed to do was first to have at Calcutta a Buddhist College or School where they could train preachers to go to different countries, after learning the foreign languages which they would have to use. The next thing he wanted was to establish a rest-house where Buddhist pilgrims could stay on their way to Buddha Gaya. He wanted also to establish in Calcutta a small temple, to found a library, and to have a literary fund, so that they might get the books translated, printed, and circulated. He wanted to put at each one of the sacred shrines a kyaung and a rest-house. The other day, in Akyab, a Buddhist lady was so interested that she

gave him a heavy pair of earrings, and they were sold for Rs. 73. He was told that when a bell for a pagoda was required to be made and more gold was needed, the ladies would melt their jewelry. But the bell they wanted to cast was the bell of Dharma, whose sound would not be heard merely a few rods about the place, but all over the world—that sweet sound which was preached to them by the gospel of their Lord. They could only carry on their work by having an International Society."

On the Monday, at a meeting at the house where I was stopping, a branch of the Maha-Bodhi Society was formed, and Rs. 1,000 subscribed towards the fund, and Maung Ohn Ghine was elected Treasurer. At 8.15 on Tuesday morning I lectured on "Theosophy" at the premises of the Maduray Pillay School,

[510] and in the evening lectured on "Buddhism" in a cattle-yard, where there was a convenient shed. On the Wednesday I gave my last lecture in Rangoon at a Burmese school, and recommended the adoption of the Ceylon policy of opening Buddhist schools for the bringing up of their children under the influence of their ancestral religion. I also recommended the founding of a Burmese Maha-Bodhi journal. At about half-past two I sailed for Madras in the steamship "Palitana".

After a charming passage of nearly four days, I got back to my blessed home again after an absence of forty-five days, and found it looking lovely, as it always is. His Excellency Lord Lansdowne, the Viceroy of India, being in Madras on tour, I availed of the opportunity to exchange notes with his private secretary about the ownership of Buddha Gaya, and on the evening of the 28th of November, on the invitation of the Governor of Madras (Lord Wenlock), attended a ball at Government House given in honor of the Viceroy and the Marchioness of Lansdowne.

One of my first bits of literary work was to write a review notice of H. P. B.'s posthumous book, The Caves and Jungles of Hindustan, translated by her niece, Mrs. Vera Johnston, from her articles in the Russki Vyestnik, a very important Russian magazine. Mrs. Johnston's work was superbly done, and, as I say in my article, "so admirably and lovingly that one might really suppose she had taken it down from H. P. B.'s own lips". On looking over the article, I cannot see [511] the least thing to which the most affectionate friend of Madame Blavatsky could have taken exception, for the tone throughout is appreciative. And yet it provoked a protest from the late Mr. Judge, on the score that I treat the work for what it really is, a series of magnificent romances of travel built up on souvenirs of a prosaic journey made by us two, a Hindu friend, and our servant Babula. A

part of the narrative was, she told me, suggested by souvenirs of a former journey of hers from Southern India to Tibet, when she was really in the company and under the protection of the Adept whom she personifies under the sobriquet of Gulab Singh. These facts being unknown to the general reader, many, perhaps most, fancied that the book was a narrative of actual travel, and on my recent tour I have been asked by some such superficial readers to tell them how I felt in some of the crises depicted by her! This book reveals the possession by her of a literary brilliance, a fascination of style\, and a gorgeousness of imagination equal to almost anything that exists in literature. Sometimes, pace the visit to a Witch's Den, where horrors cluster around one, her stories were composed out of a mere nothing, while those of the City of the Dead in the Vindhya Mountains, the Caves of Bagh in Malva, the Isle of Mystery, and others, were grounded upon nothing whatever that happened to us throughout our journey. I once met at Colombo a party of Russian gentlemen who had actually come to India in the hope- of getting some such thrilling adventures as those she describes in the [512] book! Of course, the fictitious superstructure erected over her tiny facts would be palpable to every well-educated Hindu, yet, all the same, one cannot admire enough her amusing exaggerations. What must the Bombay reader who has ever visited Karli Caves think of her tale of beetling crags, goat-paths, and deep chasms in the story of our visit to Karli Caves? Our actual sleeping-place was a small cavern on the side of the hill to the right of the carven cave-entrance, and to it ran a broad, easy path, up which one might ride on elephant or horse-back. But this is what she makes of it:

"A path, or rather a ledge cut along the perpendicular face of a rocky mass, 200 feet high, led from the chief temple to our vihâra. A man needs good eyes, sure feet, and a very strong head to avoid sliding down the precipice at the first false step. And help would be quite out of the question, for the ledge being only two feet wide, no one could walk side by side with another. We had to walk one by one, appealing for aid only to the whole of our personal courage. But the courage of many of us was gone on an unlimited furlough. The position of our American Colonel was the worst, for he was very stout and short-sighted, which defects, taken together, caused him frequent vertigoes. To keep up our spirits, we indulged in a choral performance of the duet from Norma, 'Moriam insieme,' holding each other's hands the while, to ensure our being spared by death or dying all four in company. But the Colonel did not fail to frighten [513] us nearly out of our lives. We were already half-way up to the cave when he made a

false step, staggered, lost hold of my hand, and rolled over the edge. We three, having to clutch the bushes and stones, were quite unable to help him. An unanimous cry of horror escaped us, but died away as we perceived that he had succeeded in clinging to the trunk of a small tree which grew on the slope a few steps below us. Fortunately, we knew that the Colonel was good at athletics, and remarkably cool in danger. Still the moment was a critical one. The slender stem of the tree might give way at any moment. Our cries of distress were answered by the sudden appearance of the mysterious sadhu with his cow.

"They were quietly walking along about 20 feet below us, on such invisible projections of the rock that a child's foot could barely have found room to rest there, and they both travelled as calmly; and even carelessly, as if a comfortable causeway were beneath their feet instead of a vertical rock. The sadhu called out to the Colonel to hold on, and to us to keep quiet. He patted the neck of his monstrous cow, and untied the rope by which he was leading her. Then, with both hands he turned her head in our direction, and clucking with his tongue, he cried 'Chal' (go). With a few wild goat-like bounds the animal reached our path, and stood before us motionless. As for the sadhu himself, his movements were as swift and goat-like. In a moment he had reached the tree, tied the rope round the Colonel's body, and put him on his [514] legs again; then, rising higher, with one effort of his strong hand he hoisted him up to the path. Our Colonel was with us once more, rather pale, and with the loss of his pince-nez, but not of his presence of mind.

"An adventure that had threatened to become a tragedy ended in a farce."

The rest of her story is equally comical and baseless. One who did not know her intimately can hardly believe that the same hand had written The Secret Doctrine; Isis Unveiled; and this Caves and Jungles book, and her Nightmare Tales. I felt a grim satisfaction in seeing that unsympathetic journals like the Times and its bigoted namesake, the Methodist Times, which begrudged a word of praise for her more serious books, were captivated by these effervescences of her fancy. As I say in the review notice: "She is beyond their reach, but this beginning of a change of public verdict is sweet to her family and friends, who knew her greatness and lovableness all along, and who felt that a bright star had passed into eclipse when she died. And this is but the beginning of what will be seen as time and Karma work out their changes, and the fulness of this woman's power, knowledge, and sufferings becomes revealed"—woman to those who only knew her in her tempestuous, rebellious, brilliant, painracked female body.

Ah! if the world ever comes to know who was the mighty entity who labored sixty years under that quivering mask of flesh, it will repent its [515] cruel treatment of H. P. B., and be amazed at the depth of its ignorance!

Among the incidents of the last quarter of 1892 was the formal expulsion of a man calling himself by the pseudonym of Alberto de Das, a member of the Spanish group of our Society at Madrid. He was the most accomplished and audacious "confidence man" of whom I have ever had any personal knowledge. He had a taste for starting mystical societies with high-sounding titles, himself figuring as an adept and inspired agent of the White Lodge, associating himself with a local group long enough to win their, confidence, spread our teachings around that center, and—exploit his colleagues and the public. His real name appears to have been Alberto Sarak. In my recent visit to Buenos Aires I found that he was only too well remembered, having got away with some $15,000 of money obtained from his colleagues in a local Branch which he had been instrumental in founding. This was after his expulsion in Spain, and flight from his creditors in Europe. He got his authority to form the Branch by addressing me officially under an assumed name, in a letter which was admirable as to both composition and sentiments. I have in my' possession one of his bogus membership diplomas, in: which he entitles himself" Delegate of the Supreme Occult Council of the Mahatmas of Thibet". He also passed himself off as a doctor, In due course, after gathering together the Branch and starting a magazine, he flitted to Brazil, whence, after two or three months; [516] he actually returned to Argentina, and with amusing hardihood called himself a Persian Ambassador, or some such title, and had the impudence even to call upon the Consul-General of Persia to give him free transportation to Chile! Of course he did not get it, and so again transferred his industries to the West Coast of South America, where, I have been told, he was thrown into prison, at the suit of some new victim. The picturesqueness of this man's operations to some extent gilds his rascality, and makes him worthy of so much notice as the, present. When I made the acquaintance of the dupes of this adventurer at Buenos, Aires, who are the members of our several Branches there, I found them to be a superior class of persons, most of them occupying responsible public positions. I found, also, that the review started under Sarak's auspices was a. most creditable publication, exercising a. decided influence for good. This was to me an interesting proof, additional to others which I had previously obtained, that even the worst of persons may come into our movement, and, whether unconsciously or not, contribute to its prosperity.. How curious all this is to the student of

karmic law; and how it shows that if a wicked person yields to even a momentary good impulse, he may engender good Karma that will go towards balancing his account of moral responsibility! [35]

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It had been arranged with Mrs. Besant that she should visit India in time for the Convention of this year, and Mr. Keightley had received something over &s. 2,000 towards the estimated expenses of Rs. 5,500, but early in the autumn it was made evident that we could not count upon her presence-so much desired—at the Convention at Adyar. The report of the general dissatisfaction having reached Mrs. Besant, she issued from Avenue Road a circular, dated 21st October, 1892, in which she explained that—apart from the question of expenses—she was constrained to put off her visit to India because of her having had placed in her hands work that she was bound to carry out in the West: she hinted that circumstances might permit her to visit us the next year, but she could make no definite promise. At any rate she hoped soon to stand face to face with her Indian brethren, adding that to her, India and the Indian peoples seemed nearer than the nation to which by birth she belonged. "In heart," wrote she, "I am one with you, and to you by my past I belong. Born this last time under Western skies for work that needs to be done, I do not forget my true motherland, and my inner nature turns Eastward ever with filial longing. When Karma opens the door, I will walk through it, and we will meet in the body as we can already meet in mind." We all now know the work that had been given her to do in Europe, or at least some of it, to wit, to carry out judge's schemes to prevent my meeting with her, and by comparing notes, jointly discover the heartless [518] trickery he was playing on her, and the treachery to the he was then plotting. He cynically abused that trustful confidence which this golden-hearted woman had been led to repose in him, and used her as his cat's-paw to work out his ambitious schemes.

CHAPTER XXX

FORESHADOWINGS OF THE JUDGE CONTROVERSY[36]

(1892)

THE present chapter brings us to the close of the year 1892, which, as it will have been seen, bristled with interesting events. As at the present time of writing (1902) just a decade has passed, it will be instructive to make a brief comparison of figures which show the growth of the Society within that period. Take, for instance, the number of charters which had been issued from 1875 to the end of 1892, viz., 310, and compare them with those issued up to the end of 1901, viz., 656, and we find that our number has increased by 346 charters, which is 36 more than had been chartered within the first seventeen years of the Society's existence, a very striking fact to notice.

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Next, as to the number of countries in which we were then operating, viz., 18—India, Ceylon, Burma, England, Scotland, Ireland, France, Austria, Sweden, U.S. America, Greece, Holland, Belgium, Russia, West Indies, Australasia, Philippine Islands, and Japan—to which we now add 24 others whose names have been enumerated in my Presidential reports of the past two years. Then in the Adyar Library, in which we then had in the Oriental department 3,381 manuscripts and printed books, and in the Western section about 2,000 volumes, in all 5,381, our report of last year shows that we had in the Oriental department 2,754 manuscripts and 3,356 printed books, while the number in the Western department has risen to 6,016 volumes. Glancing at my Buddhist work in Ceylon, we find Mr. Buultjens reporting that he has "about 3,000 boys and 1,000 girls in the different schools connected with the Society," while in his report for last year Mr. D. B. Jayatillaka, B.A., the present General Manager of Buddhist Schools, reports that he has under his management 150 schools, with a total attendance of 19,000 children, excluding those under the control of our Galle Branch, which are not properly reported, and some fifty-odd Buddhist schools under private management. As to our total membership, it has more than doubled.

Although attention has been called before to the fact that the history of our

Society proves that its strength is quite independent of personalities, I think that it is profitable to emphasise this instructive truth from time to time on occasions like the present, when [521] we are engaged in historical retrospection. Our ever-to-be-revered H. P. B. died in 1891, yet, despite the foreboding of our Cassandras and Jeremiahs, the strength of the movement does not appear to have been lessened in the slightest degree thereby. Take the charter statistics of 1890, 1891, 1892, and what do we find but that up to the close of the first of these three years 241 charters had been issued, up to the close of the next—the year of her death—279, and up to the end of the third year 310? This shows that even under the staggering blow of her sudden removal the Society went on its way as unimpeded as the stately frigate is by the ripple that spends itself against her bow. For my part, the knowledge of this law gives me constant pleasure; for I thus know that when my time, or even Annie Besant's, comes to leave this plane, the only shock that will be felt will be in individual hearts, and not in our corporate entity.

On the 3rd of December I relieved my mind of the burdensome sense of the risk we were running in keeping the Society's property standing in my individual name, and so making room for unpleasant legal complications after my death. The Trust Deed, which for several years I had been asking my legal colleagues to draft, was finally completed, and on the day in question was signed by Messrs. Keightley and Edge, two of the Trustees, and myself. By the next foreign mail the document was put into circulation among the other Trustees, and ultimately, after some months, returned to me fully signed.

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On the 10th of December an interesting visitor arrived in the person of Mr. Alexander Russell Webb, F.T.S., who had resigned his office of Consul-General, U.S.A., at Manila on being converted to Islam, and had now definitely taken up missionary work. On the next day he gave an excellent lecture on Islam to an audience comprising many of the leading Muhammadans of Madras. Although importuned by them to take the chair, I refused, because, as I represented to them, it was a very poor compliment to a man who had made such large worldly sacrifices to join their religion, and had come so far to see them, to put a non-Mussulman into the chair at his first public meeting in India: the least they could do was to select for that office their most respected co-religionist. Mr. Webb did not make a success of his propaganda. A well printed and illustrated newspaper, the Moslem World, which he started in America, came to grief after a short

existence; he quarrelled with important men, and at the Chicago World's Parliament of Religions aroused great indignation among American women by giving currency to some not very complimentary Muslim views of woman's status in society. A curious feature of his case is that, up to within a few months of his acceptance of Islâm, he had been a strenuous advocate of Buddhism at Manila; and when I asked him at Adyar to explain the discrepancy, he said that although he had a become a Muslim, he had not ceased to be an ardent Theosophist, and Islam, as he understood it, was distinctly in accord with our Theosophical views, as also were [523] Buddhism and the other religions. In short, his Islam was that of the Sufis. I fancy that the cause of his failure in his new field was that very thing, for the Sufis are in the minority in the world of Islam, and the esotericists among them are not the ones who carry the heaviest purses and are most concerned in the practical direction of religious affairs.

His position after his adoption of the Islamic faith must have been a very unpleasant one, since his new co-religionists are notably suspicious of outsider converts, while in repudiating the faith of his own people he cut himself off from them pretty effectually. His Moslem World during its very short career was a most creditable specimen of typograph and its pictorial illustrations highly artistic. But it soon became evident that his hopes of Eastern sympathy and support would not be fulfilled, and so his paper had to stop.

My time during the rest of the month was largely given to the gathering of materials for my OLD DIARY LEAVES, in addition, of course, to the usual office business, and nothing of a sensational kind occurred until the 22nd, when Mr. Walter R. Old, of the London working staff, arrived and joined our Headquarters organisation. Almost immediately there was an interchange of confidences between us, which for the first time opened my eyes to the treacherous policy that Mr. Judge had been following up with regard to the Society and myself in the matter of his relations with the Masters. I cannot tell how shocked I was to discover his lack of principle, and to find that my [524] previously more or less vague suspicions fell far short of the reality. Without making any pretensions to exceptional goodness, I certainly never did anything to warrant him in making, in a forged letter, my own Teacher and adored Guru seem to say that, if Mrs. Besant should carry out her intention of visiting India she might run the risk of my poisoning her! Let any of my honorable colleagues picture to themselves how they would feel if such cruel and baseless imputations were made against their character. Well, the poor man, with his wicked hopes all

baffled, and his plan of universal control come to naught, has gone to his account, and the laws of Karma will settle it with him. Mr. Keightley and Mr. Edge were taken into our counsels, and helped to compare the documents mutually submitted by Mr. Old and myself. On the arrival of the Delegates to the Convention at the usual time, we submitted the papers to our respected colleague Judge Khandalavâla, of Poona, who decidedly advised me to prosecute the case, as it was too serious a menace to the Society's prosperity to allow it to go on.

The case of W. Q, Judge is one of the saddest I ever had knowledge of. If he had only been content to go on like the rest of us workers, doing his best for the upbuilding of the Society, and abstaining from vain pretences of special divine commissions which drove him into a course of deception, he would have left a name behind him that would have adorned our register. His brain was fertile in good practical ideas, and to his labors almost exclusively was due the rapid and [525] extensive growth of our movement in the United States; the others, his colleagues, but carried out his plans. And to think that while writing, in a forged script and under a borrowed name, to Mrs. Besant that I might try to poison her, he had the audacity to say in his official report to our Convention of 1892, in the name of the Executive Committee of the American Section, T. S., when referring to my withdrawal of my resignation of the Presidency: "I can say from my knowledge of this Section, which is intimate, that no one in the whole Section regrets your decision. The American Section therefore offers to you the reiterated assurances of its loyalty and its determination to cooperate with you and every other member of every Section in carrying forward the work of the Society until we shall have passed away, and others arisen to take our places in the forward movement." Alas! and alas! that the "passing away" of himself and some others was out of the light of our Society's splendid aura into the darkness of Secession, amid the fogs of ingratitude, treachery, and deceit!

At that year's Convention there were representatives of the United States, England, Ceylon, and nearly all parts of India. In my Annual Address the cancellation of my resignation and my resumption of official duty was, of course, announced, and, with a premonition of what the future had in store for us, I uttered the following warning: "Now that our mutual interest in the movement is once more identical, I feel myself obliged to warn you against entertaining the foolish [526] belief that, because all outward prospects seem bright and encouraging, we need not keep ourselves braced up to meet other staggering blows from unexpected quarters. Do not let us imitate the fatalistic

indifference of the vignerons, who forget the titanic energies that work far beneath the surface because the grape ripens on the sunny slopes of Etna. So long as human beings group themselves together in bodies like ours to help the race to struggle upward towards the noblest ideal, so long will the success of those efforts be limited by the less or greater moral imperfection of the aggregate membership. Knowing my own failings and to some extent those of my chief colleagues, I count upon nothing less than the occasional recurrence of these crises of which we have had several in times past. The one necessary thing is for each true man to stand firm and keep steadfast, whatever betide. Our cause is good, our ideal high, our work brings us present joy and future hope, and we are co-workers with the Greatest Sons of Man."

The fact is, that from the beginning of our Society we have had obstruction from both pessimists and optimists among our colleagues; time alone will educate us to follow the middle course and work for success in perfect confidence.

In the same Address I announced, with a protest in the name of the whole Society, that the General Secretary of one of the Sections had neglected to send in his official report, thus making a break in the continuous history of the movement, which was [527] productive of present, and would be of future, annoyance. As one of our younger and most active Sections sent in an incomplete report for the Convention of last December (1901), I think that it will be profitable to repeat in this connection something that I said on that occasion: "My Annual Report, therefore, assumes a special historic value and great importance, as it is the only means by which the members and Branches of the Society have brought before them a complete view of the Society's work as a whole. Its reading at our present gathering has been continued in accordance with the precedent of former years, but is merely a preliminary to its formal issue. For it must be remembered that the gathering I am now addressing is a purely personal one, and in no sense a representative Convention of the whole T. S. To-morrow you will be organised as the Convention of the Indian Section; to-day it is simply a gathering of Theosophists, to whom I am reading my Annual Report before despatching it to all parts of the world.

"Hence it is of the utmost importance that the General Secretary of each Section should furnish me with a full official Report to be incorporated in my Annual Report of the whole Society.... It is only by viewing our work from the standpoint of the Federal Centre, the real axis of our revolving wheel, that the

net loss or gain of the year's activity can be estimated."

The close of the year 1891 and the succeeding year ushered in a period of great literary activity. During this time appeared Mrs. Besant's first and second [528] Manuals, H. P. B.'s Glossary, Mr. Mead's Simon Magus, Mr. Old's What is Theosophy? Mr. Fullerton's admirable Indianopolis Letters, M. Edouard Coulomb's Le Secret de L'Absolu, Mr. H. S. Ward's A.B.C. of Theosophy and Karma, Mr. Brodie-Innes' True Church of Christ, and eighteen translations of works into Urdu, Swedish, Dutch, Spanish, French, etc. It is fair to say that this was the commence-ment of that condensed and popular presentation of the profound teachings of Theosophy which has brought them within the reach of the world's great reading public. While some of the works were simple and elementary, others, like Mr. Mead's Simon Magus and Pistis Sophia, were marked by critical research and scholarship. The author, moreover, thus began to lead the way of thoughtful Christians into those ancient green fields and pastures of primitive Christian culture where alone can be found the real beginning of modern Christianity. However prejudiced orthodox Christians may be against the name Theosophy, nothing is more certain than that, long after his death, the name of Mr. Mead will be cited as one of the most trustworthy authorities with regard to the Christian origins.

Anglo-Indians are very fond of amusing themselves at the too prevalent habit among Hindus of promising large things, but forgetting to redeem them. This is often noticeable in the matter of public subscriptions, but I have been fortunate enough to encounter very few examples of bad faith. One, however, which I laid before the Convention of 92, was very disagreeable.

[529]

Our colleague and President of the local Branch, the late Maharajah of Durbangha, had telegraphed me during the Convention of 1886 a promise to give the Society "Rs. 25,000 in hard cash," in lieu of the annual subscription of Rs. 1,000 he had been making to us; but, for some unaccountable reason, and without vouchsafing an answer to official letters and telegrams, he had both failed to give the promised lump sum or even his annual subscription. It was to prevent the idea taking root in the public mind that we had been thus substantially helped that the matter was now brought to the notice of the Convention.

Mr. Old, known by the nom de plume of "Sepharial," has a very widely

spread reputation as an expert Western astrologer, so I was anxious to arrange, if possible, an experiment on a large scale to test the respective merits of Western modern astrology and the Eastern ancient system, Mr. Old to handle the one, and some English-knowing Indian astrologer the other. My plan failed, however, because—would be it believed?—I could not persuade any Hindu expert to give his services without pay! The ultimate fame and great profit he would derive when his abilities had been conclusively proven none could see; and so, as I had no money to spend, I had to leave this really important problem to be taken up later by somebody who is more fortunately situated.

The Convention of 1892 is notable for the first appearance at Headquarters of that dearest and most respected colleague, Dr. English, who attended as [530] delegate for the Women's Education Society of Ceylon. He had arrived at Calcutta shortly before that in a sailing-ship, he, his daughter, and their old friend Miss Allison, and coming on by steamer to Colombo, had offered their services, free, to Mrs. Higgins in her Buddhist Girls' School. Mrs. English, whose sympathetic heart had long been beating for the neglected girls and women of Ceylon and India, had started with her husband, but, unfortunately, died on the way out, leaving him to mourn her irreparable loss. He has at least had the consolation of knowing that he has won the respect and friendship of all the colleagues who have come into touch with him.

Dr. English, Mr. Old, Mr. Buultjens of Colombo, and Judge N. D. Khandalavâla, whose testimony was freely given that "his own religion he had found simpler and more easily understood by the study of Theosophy, and that since he first met the Founders in 1880 he had found them earnest, devoted, sincere, and frank," were the speakers, with myself, at the anniversary celebration in Pachaippah's Hall on 28th December, and the whole Convention was as successful as the friends of the Society could have asked or expected.

And so closes the story of the doings of 1892, which passes into the Book of Judgment of Chitragupta, Record-keeper of the Akâsha.

Notes

[←1]

See Theosophist, vol. xvi, pp. 173 and 305.

[←2]

[It is worthy of note that since these lines were penned the feat of Sarat Chandra Das has been emulated, if not surpassed, by that of the Shramana Ekai Kawaguchi, whose marvelous sojourn in Tibet is related in his work, Three Tears in Tibet, of which the Morning Post writes that it is strongly reminded of Chandra Das's book, though the pupil has "put his notes together with more literary skill than his mentor". The author visited Sarat Chandra Das at Darjeeling before commencing his great adventure, and, through the help of the veteran explorer, was put in touch with a neighboring Lama, from whose family he acquired colloquial Tibetan.—ED.] [1910].

[←3]

[The recent work of Sven Hedin, and his impressions of the Tashi Lama, should not be overlooked by those interested in this subject.—ED.] [1910].

[←4]

See Theosophist, vol. ix, p. 703, and xi, p. 409.

[←5]

From the time of her leaving Adyar I had sent her £20 monthly until the reserve fund of the Theosophist was exhausted, when I notified her that unless she came back and shared my crusts she would have to find some other means of support; I could go no further.

[←6]

See Volume III of this Series.

[←7]

“Heaven knows,” she writes, "that my only dream and aspiration is to return to die in India. But the T. S. must not be convulsed again."

[←8]

This idea will, of course, be rejected by the average meteorologist without a second thought, yet that does not decide the matter, since the observations of Hindu weather students during: many generations are far more weighty than any crude negations of modern people who are ignorant alike of their theory and their data. At the moment of writing there appears in a Ceylon paper (copied into the Indian Mirror of December 5, 1899) the report of an interview with two German scientists, Dr. Benedict Friedlander, Professor of Biology, and Dr. A. Ewers. Dr. Friedlander had just spent two years in scientific researches in the South Sea Islands, and, among other wonders of Nature, had settled the long-mooted point as to the origin of the palolo worm. He found that these curious creatures rise, headless, to the surface of the water on two days in every year, viz., those of the third quarters of the moon in October and November at 4 a.m., and disappear shortly after sunrise. On no other day can one be seen. He told the reporter that he was endeavoring to find out "if there is any similar phenomenon here"—that is, the influence which the positions of the moon have upon organic life. Modern science rejects the theory as a rule, but the palolo worm is a fact, recognised by a great number of observers, and also by one of my adversaries, who had to own that I was right and he wrong. There is no explanation of the fact, except as an hypothesis. But men of science have found out by a method of statistics that the moon does have an influence on certain phenomena, and there is little doubt that the moon has an influence on some things which science is not yet fully aware of. Another of my purposes is to find out the popular belief of the Eastern people in connection with the influence of the moon. Of course I shall not accept popular beliefs as matter of fact, but as starting-points for further research. This is all that Judge Gadgil or any other enlightened Hindu would ask; and since this eminent German biologist has made so bold a step in advance, we may hope that some painstaking meteorologist of his country will take the hint offered in the present notice of the Baroda statistics, and win renown for himself by making them "the starting-point for further research".

[←9]

"We must here remind our readers that in the case of some hysterical subjects there are regions in certain parts of the body, termed by Chambard erogenic zones (Chambard, Ètudes sur le Somnambulisme provoquê), which have some analogy with the hysterogenic zones, and simple contact with these, when the subject is in a state of somnambulism, produces genital sensations of such intensity as to cause an . . . These phenomena have often been displayed unknown to the observer, who might be liable to the gravest imputations, unless he had taken the precaution, indispensable in such cases, of never being alone with his subject. When we add to this fact the possibility of suggesting to the somnambulist the hallucination that some given person is present, it is easy to see what culpable mystification might occur . . . The excitement of the erogenic zone has no effect unless it is made by a person of the opposite sex; if the pressure is made by another woman, or with an inert object, it merely produces an unpleasant sensation." (Animal Magnetism, by Binet and Fêrê, Int. Nat. Sci. Series, vol. lx, pp. 152, 153.)

[←10]

A Frenchman, subsequently expelled from the Society.

[←11]

Cf. Professor Buchanan's Psychometry; Professor Denton's The Soul of Things; and a useful pamphlet compilation, Psychometry and Thought-Transference.

[←12]

Cf. Feudal and Modern Japan, by Arthur May Knapp. Boston: L. G. Page & Co., 1897.

[←13]

Op. cit., 217.

[←14]

Extract from report of C. W. Leadbeater in Theosophist, February, 1889.

[←15]

Encycl. Brit. (ninth ed.), vol. xiii.

[←16]

Advance Japan, London, 1896, W. H. Allen & Co., Ltd.

[←17]

For an exposition of the views of this religious body consult "A Shin Shu Catechism" in Theosophist, vol. xi, pp. 9 and 89, by an officer of the Hongwanji.

[←18]

Anecdota Oxoniensis, Aryan Series, vol. i, part ii, Oxford, 1883.

[←19]

Cf. article "Buddhist and Indian Rosaries," by S.E. Gopalacharlu, Theosophist, xi, 671.

[←20]

Cf. Buddhist Catechism, footnote, page 56 (33rd ed.). "In the Digha Nikâya the Buddha says: Hear, Subhadra! The world will never be without Arahats if the ascetics (Bhikkus) in my congregations well and truly keep my precepts."

[←21]

Besides the schoolmaster, the priest has, of course, been as active as he can to root out from the Irish character the simple belief in nature spirits, as the following story from Blackwood's Magazine shows. When neither argument nor persuasion prove efficient they resort to that most potent of all measures, the destruction of objects, such as images, books, temples, symbols, etc., around which what they regard as popular superstitions may centre. What the Irish priest did in this instance was done by the Lord Archbishop of Goa to the Tooth Relic of the Buddha when it fell into his hands, although fabulous sums were offered by Buddhist monarchies for its ransom. So, also, through all times history has recorded the like futile endeavors of paramount powers to extirpate popular beliefs. Such mental

prepossessions can never be destroyed by force; hence we see the old "pagan beliefs" lingering among the lower classes of most nations throughout"On Inishkea, a particular family handed down from father to son a stone called the Neogue (probably part of some image), with which the owners used to make the weather to their liking. One day a party of tourists visited Inishkea, heard of the Neogue, saw it, and wrote about it in the papers. The priest in whose parish Inishkea lay either had not known of this survival of paganism, or thought that no one else knew of it, but when the thing was made public he decided to act. So he visited the island, took the Neogue and broke it up into tiny fragments and scattered them to the four winds. The priest was sacrosanct, but the islanders vowed vengeance, and an unfortunate man of science, who had lived some time among them, was pitched upon as certainly the person who had made the story public. This man, after some time, returned to complete his investigations at Inishkea, and was warned of danger; but he laughed at the idea, and said the people were his very good friends, as indeed they had been. However, he was hardly out of the boat before they fell upon him and beat him so that he never completely recovered—indeed, died in consequence of his injuries, some years later. Probably a like fate would befall anyone who touched the cursing stone on Tory, which was 'turned on' the 'Wasp' gunboat after she brought a posse of bailiffs there to levy county cess; and, as everyone knows, the 'Wasp' ran on Tory and lost every soul on board. Only the other day (10th ultimo) I heard that a fish-buyer stationed there displeased the people; the owner of the stone 'turned it on him,' and a month after the buyer's wife committed suicide."

Of course, I am not in a position to pass any opinion on the alleged efficacy of the weather breeding and cursing stones mentioned, but that it is possible for a trained magician or sorcerer, as the case may be, to impart to an image either beneficent or maleficent potencies is beyond question. The process—an elaborate one, and of a mesmeric character—is universally known throughout India under the name of Prâná Pratishta. It is, in fact, the infusion into the inert mass of a portion of human vital aura, and the fixing of it there by an effort of concentrated will-power. The degree of power imparted, and its permanency, will entirely depend upon the degree of spiritual training reached by the operator. For this reason the temple in which the idols have been "consecrated" by the great adepts of the olden time, such as Sankarâchârya. Râmânujâchârya, Madhvâchârya, and the

others more ancient than they, are far more revered than any set up by Brahmins of subsequent date, who are believed to have little or no spiritual power, however learned in the letter of the Shastras they may be.

[←22]

Cf. Theosophist, vol. xi, p. 335.

[←23]

So old a mesmerist as I could never be blind to the possible efficacy of any- well conducted ceremony by the priest or lay exorcist of any religion or school of occultism whatsoever, however small might be my belief in the interference of superhuman entities for the profit of any given faith. So, with benevolent tolerance, I let whoever likes make whatever puja he chooses, from the Brahmin to the Yakkada and the ignorant fishermen of the Adyar river) my friends and protégés.

[←24]

[Mr. E. D. Fawcett did bring out a book which bore the title The Riddle of the Universe. This has recently been followed by a volume of the philosophy of his riper experience, The Individual and Reality, Longmans, 1909.—ED.]

[←25]

[This was written in 1900, and does not refer to the existing formula.-ED.]

[←26]

Burma as It was, as It is, as It will be. London, 1886.

[←27]

The local bank rate was 8½ per cent.

[←28]

“Religious and Other Notes on Queensland Aboriginals,” Theosophist for July, 1891. p. 605.

[←29]

See report in Theosophist of November, 1891.

[←30]

How nonsensical it does seem to see these sceptical scientists, without having taken the trouble to make mesmeric experiments and accumulate facts, dogmatising about simple mesmeric phenomena like this of attraction! Literature has preserved scores of certificates by competent observers as to the truth of this law, from the time of Mesmer onward. No one would dare challenge the scientific status of the late Professor Gregory, of the Edinburgh University, and he tells us that he can vouch for the fact "that a magnetiser can strongly affect a person who is not only in another room, in another house, or many hundred yards off, but who is utterly unaware that anything is to be done". Dr. Edwin Lee in his admirable book on Animal Magnetism, and Magnetic Lucid Somnambulism (p. 54), says that the attraction of the subject towards the magnetiser makes him "follow the direction of the hand of the magnetiser—even when he is out of sight of the patient—as a piece of iron fixed on a pivot will follow the course of the magnet". M. Charpignon, Rev. Mr. Sandy, Dr. Calvert Holland, Rev. C. H. Townsend, Dr. Elliotson, and many others confirm this statement.

[←31]

Or, perhaps, a hypersensitive perception of auras. A proof of this tactile sense has been obtained by most mesmerisers by having their subjects pick out, from amongst other similar objects, a coin, a letter, or any other thing which has been touched by them, especially when the touch has been made with mesmeric intent. Among other respectable authorities who have recorded this fact is Mr. Macpherson Adams, who published an account of experiments with M. Richard's clairvoyant, Calixte, in The Medical Times for October 15, 1842. Calixte could select a coin which had been touched by his magnetiser, from several others. And then we know the entirely familiar experiment of having a dog select a handkerchief or glove which has been handled by his master and hidden away with other like objects.

[←32]

[O. D. L., vol. i, p. 55.--ED.]

[←33]

Recollections of a Journey through Tartary, Thibet, and China, by M. Huc; trans., New York, 1852.

[←34]

[It is perhaps worthy of note that as this volume is being made up for the press the present occupant of the presidential office, Mrs. Besant, writes in the Theosophist an account of her presence on the occasion of the handing over to the representatives of the Buddhists of Burma the recently recovered relics of the Buddha by the Viceroy of India in Calcutta. See Theosophist, April, 1910.—ED.]

[←35]

[More recently (1908) this enterprising person turned up in Paris in one of his adept" roles, and was exposed by Mrs. Laura Finch in the Annals of Psychic Science, which she then edited. —ED.]

[←36]

The passages in this and subsequent chapters, referring to Mr. W. Q. Judge's part in the events narrated, express the view of Col. Olcott, and are published in the form in which they have appeared in the first and subsequent editions. There has been some discussion in The Theosophical movement in regard to them, but the Publishers feel that they should not edit Col. Olcott's statements in any manner.

Henry Steel Olcott

The Old Diary Leaves - V

OLD DIARY LEAVES, Fifth Series (1893-96)

by Henry Steel Olcott

CHAPTER I

BUDDHA GAYA AND SARNATH (1893)

THE year 1893 now opens up before us, and its events will be found to be very important.

As previously shown, the rumblings of the coming tempest about Mr. Judge were beginning to be heard. Towards the end of last year the arrival of Mr. Walter G. Old of the London staff, with the budget of notes and memoranda which he had taken, enabled me by comparing documents to see the depth and fullness of the treachery which Mr. Judge had long been planning. I find from my Diary of 1893 that the greater part of the first day was spent by Messrs. Keightley, Old, and myself in summarising the evidence in the case; and needless to say, all our hearts were filled with sorrow, for this was almost if not the very first case of downright perfidy in our Society's history.

Until now the splendid collection of Japanese Buddhist Scriptures, which I had brought back from Japan in 1889, had been lying on our shelves uncatalogued for lack of expert help; but now Mr. Kawakami, a young priest student of Kyoto, who had [?] come to India to pursue his studies in Sanskrit, stopped with us for some time and very kindly set to work to prepare a list of the books.

Our equally valuable collection of Sinhalese Pâli manuscripts, presented to the library by the late Mrs. Ilangakoon, of Matara, for the mere copying of which she paid over Rs. 3,000, is still unexplored though not uncatalogued, but I hope that, some day, I may be able to get a close and scholarly comparison made of the two collections, and to publish the result as a contribution to Buddhistic literature from the Adyar Library.

Day by day our consultations on the Judge case continued until the 8th of the month, when Mr. S. V. Edge, Mr. Kawakami, and I sailed for Calcutta.

For the first time in my life I travelled with what Australians would call a "mob" of Bishops; the sees of Colombo, Travancore, and Sydney, and the Canonry of Windsor, together with some smaller fry, being my fellow-passengers. No harm was done however, not even to the ship, for the usual effect of parsons on the weather, so popularly accepted—yet, so unaccountably

overlooked by the Astronomer Royal and the compilers of the Nautical Almanac —was not observable on this voyage.

Though I cultivated no relations with the clergy, I did with some of the other passengers, among them Professor and Dr. (Mrs.) Edmund Buckley, who were returning from long residence in Japan and whom I found charming; there was also Dr. Kennedy, the [8] well-known London physician, whose diploma was cancelled by the Faculty for his adoption of the Mattei system for the treatment of cancer.

I had the pleasure of again seeing Professor and Dr. Buckley during my tour of last year, 1901, at Chicago where Mr. Buckley holds an important chair at the University of that city.

We reached Calcutta at noon on 12th January, and were warmly received on landing by our kind friends Norendro Nath Sen, Dr. Salzer, S. J. Padshah, Dharmapala, and others. Dr. Salzer took Edge and myself to his house, and we gladly accepted his hospitable invitation to become his guests. If my memory serves me, it was during that visit that Dr. Salzer made that almost incredible cure of the church-yard cough of my Hindu servant boy Muniswami. I don't know when I have been more convinced of the potentialities of Homoeopathy than in this case. I have often cited the facts in my lecture on "The Divine Art of Healing". The facts were these: the boy had contracted a very violent cough which had reached the stage of danger, he kept us all awake at night by his violent spasms. Dr. Salzer undertaking, at my request, the case, gave the patient a vial of what looked like plain water, with instructions to take a dose every hour. At the end of twelve hours the cough had entirely disappeared, and from that time to the present there has been no relapse.

When the Doctor and I were discussing the case, he said that the percentage of matter in the preparation [11] might be represented by one as a numerator and some nine ciphers preceded by the figure 1 as the denominator.

"It is needless to say," added the Doctor, "that nothing could be more absurd than to suppose that the result which you have witnessed is attributable to the physical action of this infinitesimally small portion of matter. In my opinion, the secret of homoeopathic action lies in the action of the remedy upon the astral body: the phenomenon of cure has just been worked under your very eyes, and, as your ignorant servant knows absolutely nothing of Hahnemann's system one could not say that it was imagination which was the controlling factor. If, then,

the remedy worked a cure, how can you explain it, save on the theory of action on the astral plane which I have just postulated?”

The Doctor’s theory flashed light into the whole obscurity of the homoeopathic problem, enabling us—at any rate, as Theosophists—to reconcile the hitherto incomprehensible sequence of effect and cause in this system of medical practice. Assuredly, the heroic doses of allopathy belonged to the physical plane and, equally certain is it, that the sometimes almost miraculous effects of homoeopathic “high potencies” belong to and can only be comprehended in connection with the plane of astral matter.

I spent a good deal of my time during this visit to Calcutta in trying to promote the schemes of Dharmapala in connection with Buddha Gaya and the other Buddhist shrines; calling on the Viceroy’s Private [5] Secretary, the Chief Secretary to the Government of Bengal, and other officials, who sent me hither and thither so as to shift off their own shoulders the responsibility for action. However, I was too well used to this sort of policy to allow myself to be in the least discouraged or put back. They finally referred me to the Mahant of Buddha Gaya, the holder of the property and the very man whom we wished to oust from the occupancy of the greatest of Buddhist shrines!

While in Calcutta I was so fortunate as to make the acquaintance of Dr. P. K. Ray, a Professor at the Presidency College, and a man who has made his name known since that time throughout the Western world of science. At a garden-party at his house I met the Rev. A. M. Bose, M.A., Minister of the Brahmo Samaj, and other distinguished gentlemen and ladies of that society. It was very interesting to find myself for the first time in my fourteen years’ residence in India, in a social world which, while composed of Indians, had almost nothing Indian in its appearance, barring the dark complexions and such slight touch of Indian character as was given by the addition of the Indian sari to the European dress which the Brahmo ladies wore. In their appearance of self-possession, their sense of personal dignity and their intellectual conversation, they made one feel as if in a European social gathering; while the men of the party compared most favourably, for culture, fluency of language, and the air of personal independence, with any that one would meet in Western lands. These very peculiarities [6] and the tone of the whole gathering made one easily comprehend why Brahmoism has taken such slight hold upon the Indian nation. It is distinctly foreign to the Indian national spirit, and much more a reflection of Western than of Indian ideals. As I have said elsewhere, Brahmoism has barely held its

ground, while the Arya Samaj, a much later organisation, has spread like wildfire throughout Northern India, formed its hunoreds of branches, founded its great college at Lahore, opened its schools and libraries, built its preaching-halls, evolved its class of lecturers and pushed along the road of success. This is because the late Swami Dayânand was intensely Aryan, an enthusiastic follower of the Vedas, and the lines of his movement were laid in the Indian heart and it had not even a tinge of foreign character about it. Of course, it was just simply a new Indian sect, hence contained in it nothing repugnant to Indian ideals; whereas Brahmoism, in spite of the splendid eloquence and the undoubted learning of its leaders, cannot flourish in the soil of the Indian mind as it might but for its unnational aspect. Theologically speaking it is akin to Western Unitarianism, and in fact the Brahmo Samaj is, at this moment of my writing, engaged in the laudable attempt to raise a fund to perpetuate the memory of the late Rev. S. Fletcher Williams, the respected Unitarian clergyman who has been, for two or three years, preaching in their different churches. For the individual leaders of the Samaj, with whom I have had the good fortune to become acquainted, I have [7] perfect respect, which makes me the more sorry that their movement has not had the success which the personal efforts of its leaders entitled them to expect.

The restoration of the great temple at Buddha Gaya by the Government of Bengal, at the cost of the former King of Burma, had been largely superintended by Mr. J. D. M. Beglar, formerly a subordinate of General Cunningham. As the work was finished, Dharmapala and I were anxious to enlist his sympathies with us in our own proposed building works at Buddha Gaya and the other great Buddhist shrines, so I managed an interview with him, at which we came to a good understanding, and it was agreed that he should have the title of “Consulting Engineer and Archaeologist” when our plans were ripe. The project never came to anything, I believe, for the Maha-Bodhi scheme was blocked by a bitter and very costly lawsuit between Dharmapala and the Mahant, and sometime subsequently, having become dissatisfied with the former’s management, I severed my connection with the Maha-Bodhi Society and left him to carry it on alone.

On the 26th of January I attended the first general meeting of the “Buddhist Text Society of India,” with whose development Babu Sarat Chandra Das, C.I.E., has for the past ten years been so honorably associated. From the copy of the programme which lies before me I find that there were three speakers, viz.,

Sarat Chandra Das, C.I.E., on his literary experiences in Tibet; Mr. Romesh Chandra Dutt, I.C.S., C.I.E., on the works of Kshemendra, the great Kashmirian [8] Poet; and myself on Buddhist Literature. Sarat Babu has tapped the great supply of early Buddhistic literature which exists in Tibet, and which undoubtedly contains the most precious of the books produced in India up to the time of the Muslim invasion, that religious cyclone which swept over Indian Buddhism and left disaster and destruction in its wake—ruined shrines, slaughtered priests, and high mounds of Scriptures given to the flames. The monks, flying for their lives, no doubt took with them to their sanctuary across the border, their most prized literary treasures, some in the original Magadha, some in Sanskrit, and in time they were gathered into the Tibetan religious libraries and shelved alongside of the other precious works on the Buddha Dharma, which had been rendered into Tibetan. As said elsewhere, Sarat Chandra saw many of these primitive volumes in the great Library of the Teshu Lama and was actually permitted to bring some of them back to India with him. In his possession at Darjeeling I have seen them; and this makes me feel confident that when the Great Teachers of the White Lodge see that the auspicious moment has arrived, these long-lost treasures will be rescued from obscurity and brought before the literary world, to enrich us with their contents. Perhaps, also, to upset the fixed belief of the monks of Southern Buddhism, that they are and have all along been in custody of the whole body of the Buddhist Canon. To my mind this idea is an illusion and I have so thought from the beginning of my connection with them. The Buddha [9] did not preach for forty-five years as constantly as history tells us he did, without giving forth infinitely more sermons than the Southern Sangha now possess. That stands to reason; does it not? Then, where must we search for the lost Scriptures save in the places where they were hidden by the fugitive Indian monks and laity, viz., in Tibet and China, whither large numbers found their way in course of time. On the evening of the day of the meeting, Mr. Edge and I left for Delhi.

In preparing the evidence against Mr. Judge we had found a very serious feature of the case was a certain common cheap brass seal which I had myself had made at Delhi and given to H.P.B. on my return from the tour of that year, as a mere joke and without the remotest suspicion that the article would ever be used by Mr. Judge as authoritative corroboration of the integrity of his bogus Mahatma messages; in fact, this was as great a piece of effrontery on his part as any that turned up in the preparation of the case against him. It was important to get a certificate from the maker of the seal as to his handiwork. The journey of

Mr. Edge and myself from Calcutta to Delhi had this for its object. On searching through Chandni Chauk, the well-known street of jewellers and gem-cutters, we found that our man had died eight months before our visit, but his brother and partner, Allabanda, identified the seal and signed a statement.

At 9 in the following evening, we left for Allahabad where we commenced a short tour; both Edge and I [10] giving public lectures, receiving visitors, holding conversaziones, and presiding at meetings of members and sympathisers. We moved on to our next station, Bankipur, on the evening of February 2nd, receiving a most affectionate farewell from the members who crowded at the station to see us off. In point of fact, Bankipur has been from the beginning down to the present time a most agreeable station to visit, our Branch there comprising several men of elevated character and unwavering devotion, chief among them being Babu Upendra Narain Singh and Purnendu Narain Sinha, M.A., B.L., a man who is an honor to his nation as well as to our Society; he has been President of the Branch for many years. Our host at Bankipur was Guruprasad Sen, one of the ablest men of Bengal, a strong character full of moral courage and the instinct of leadership. Dharmapala arrived from Calcutta on the same day and we all went to test the famous echoes in a vast empty brick-built granary—one of Warren Hastings' famine works of 1776. The echo under the empty dome is something weird and appalling; our words were repeated and sent back to us seemingly from the ground under our feet and if we stamped or shuffled our feet, the noises were returned to us from all sides and over and over again, as though an army of phantoms were marching and counter-marching about us. This is one of the real curiosities of India that I am afraid escapes the notice of most foreign visitors. In the afternoon I lectured to a large crowd on Theosophy; [11] the next day, visited Govind Mandir, the temple of Govind Guru, the tenth Guru of the Sikhs; admitted several candidates into membership, and left at 7 p.m. for Gaya which we reached after a run of three hours.

At the station we were met by Chandra Joshi Bhikshu who informed us of a violent assault having been made the previous evening by the Mahant's people on the Buddhist priests whom Dharmapala had placed at Buddha Gaya; one of the poor and inoffensive monks had been brutally beaten. By appointment I went to Buddha Gaya the next day accompanied by Dharmapala, Guruprasad Sen, Bireswar Singh, and others; and after inspecting the premises had an interview with the Mahant on the subject of the transfer of Maha-Bodhi to the Buddhists. Argument and persuasion were wasted upon him; he remained deaf to all my

appeals and refused the most liberal offers. On the following morning I called on Mr. MacPherson, the Collector, and Mr. Shuttleworth, Secretary of the Revenue Board; exchanged official letters with the former about my fruitless visit to the Mahant; reported to the High Priest, Sumangala, the facts of the outrage; received many visitors; lectured at the Bar Library, and in the afternoon attended a Police investigation at which the Inspector tried to get the injured priests to name their assailants. But these men of peace, while frankly admitting their knowledge of the assailants, firmly declined to name them as it was against the rules of their ordination for them to help in any way the bringing to punishment of those [17] who had done them personal injury. As the assault was made at night, in the absence of disinterested third parties, the culprits could not be brought to book and went scot free. As the lives of the priests were in danger at the Burmese rest-house at Buddha Gaya, we searched for and hired a house for them in the town. A second lecture was given by me at the same place as before on the subject of “Mind” to a large audience comprising the leading men of Gaya. By the night train, Mr. Edge and I moved on to Benares, leaving Dharmapala behind to see to the settling of the priests in their new quarters.

We reached the Holy City at noon. Not to waste time I drove out that same afternoon to Sarnath—”a ruined tope in a desolation of brick ruins”—which marks the. spot of the ancient “Deer Forest” where the Buddha met his companion ascetics and preached his first great Discourse. My object was to see the spot and enquire about the title, with the hope that if it were vested in Government we might be able to get permission to build a rest-house and Vihara for the use of resident and pilgrim priests and laity travelling to see the great shrines of their religion. To elucidate this point, I called on the Divisional Engineer. The next day I visited the place again accompanied by Messrs. Mokshadadas and Jadub Chander Mitter to photograph this stupa. Three views of it were taken, in one of them our party being photographed at the foot of the ruin. I had the satisfaction of learning that day that the title was in Government, and opened [18] negotiations with a view to obtain its transfer to the Maha-Bodhi Society.

One of the most curious of all the sights of India for travellers is that of the morning bathing in the river Ganges, of the population of Benares. No matter how many times one has seen it, its interest is always fresh, for new elements enter each time into the composition of the panoramic picture. Fancy a vast multitude thronging the steps of the bathing ghâts that stretch from Durga Kund

to the Railway Bridge, clad in vivid costumes, carrying and using polished brass lotas; thousands bathing while other thousands emerge from the water to change their clothes on the steps; behind them a background of huge castle-like structures erected for the use of bathers by pious princes at different epochs; some undermined by the rushing resistless river and sunk in at the corners; Brahmins sitting in the full sunglare doing their morning worship; ummoved and imperturbable amid the stream of human beings descending to and ascending from the river. Then there is the burning ghat in all the ghastliness of the open-air cremations of corpses that are going on for hours—all this makes upon the mind an unfading picture. Many the artist who has tried to fix the scene on the canvas, but none—so far as I have seen—who have succeeded in giving one an idea of the whole panorama. This we enjoyed on the morning of the 11th as we lay on the roof of a houseboat and floated lazily down the stream past the swarming multitude.

[14]

The next morning I spent at home working at my desk, but in the afternoon lectured in the compound of a cattle hospital (gowshâla) with the sick beasts lying or standing all about me. The lecture was to have been given at the Town Hall, but with a happy incapacity for doing things promptly, sometimes found in India, sometimes, also, in Western countries—notably those occupied by the Latin race who by no possibility do things to-day that can be put off till to-morrow—the preliminary formalities were neglected until the last moment, the public were persuaded that there would be no lecture and went home again, and when the permit actually reached me it found me on an empty packing-box in the cattle-yard going on with my lecture to the small audience who had been got together. This is one of the incidents of the lecturer’s life in India. It brought my Bemires visit to a close and I left at 1 p.m. on the 13th for Muzaffarpur.

CHAPTER II

EXTRAORDINARY CASE OF PSYCHOPATHIC HEALING (1893)

IT was a long, tedious, fatiguing railway journey across country from Benares to Muzaffarpur; involving several changes and night travel. We reached our destination an hour past midnight. The travellers' bungalow to which we were taken, was excellent, and so we were able to refresh ourselves after our tiresome transit. The next day at 2.30 p.m. I lectured to a very large audience which embraced nearly the entire European community—a most unusual circumstance for, as a rule, the Anglo-Indians stop away from any Theosophical lecture where they would have to mix with the natives of the country. For my part I can see no difference between their antipathy for the dark-skinned men of India, and that of our American whites for the dark-skinned men of Africa. Save this, that the contempt of the white man for the backward races of Africa may seem somewhat natural, since the masses of them are intellectually so inferior; whereas, the similar feeling which the Anglo-Indians have for the [16] Hindus is absolutely inexcusable, their intellectual evolution having, in some respects, gone much higher than ours. In both cases there is, back of all the antipathy, the sense of wrong done to the dark man, and the mere presence of the wronged one is a constant reproach and causes a pricking of conscience.

During that day and the following one, there were the usual receptions of visitors, Branch meetings and profitable conversations and discussions, and at 8 p.m. on the 15th (February) we moved on to Jamalpur, a great railway manufacturing centre. Mr. Edge and I were put up by Mr. Macdonald, F.T.S., a Canadian gentleman married to a half-caste lady. I lectured that evening in the railway company's public hall, to a large audience, all railway employees and many of them whites or Eurasians. I shall always remember Jamalpur for the insulting tone and vulgar violence of the language used by one of my auditors, a Methodist fanatic, who put questions to me after the lecture; it was the worst experience of this kind I ever had.

The daughter of Mr. Macdonald was an extremely interesting girl, as, in testing her psychic faculties, I found that she was a good psychometer. I made the following experiment with her. Her father and I had been talking about the process known among Hindus as Prâna-pratishthâ, by which the "senseless block of stone, wood or metal" becomes infused with the vital force of the Brahmins who, during a period of forty days, perform the ceremony over the image. I declared that it was very easy to prove that the vital [17] aura could be transfused from a man to an inanimate object. On our host expressing incredulity, I begged him to have brought a half-dozen or a dozen glasses of water, the tumblers to be of the same pattern and with nothing to distinguish one from another; they were to be placed together in the middle of the table; our host was to simply point with his finger to the glass into whose liquid contents I was to transfuse my aura; in other words, do the self-same thing which the Brahmins do to their images during the course of their forty days' concentration of will-power. The glass being indicated, I was asked how I meant to give the promised proof. I said I should utilise the psychometric power of the young lady of the house; and thereupon asked the host to call her. When she came I asked her to be good enough to pass her hand horizontally and slowly over the glasses of water, and if she felt any influence from one different from that of the others, she was to tell us. Before she was called into the room I had held the chosen glass in the palm of my left hand, encircling the rim with my fingers; then closing my right fist, leaving the thumb projecting, I pointed the latter at the surface of the water, made circular passes with it, breathed upon the water with "mesmeric intent" and concentrated my will-power so as to saturate the glass and its contents with my prâna. All this the young lady was ignorant of, and not a sign was made after she entered the room to indicate the glass with which the experiment was connected. She passed her hand over the glasses, as directed, all being [18] alike inert to her, until she came to the glass which I had mesmerised. Instantly her hand was drawn to that tumbler with the same swiftness and directness as a suspended steel needle exhibits at the approach of the uncovered north pole of the magnet. I explained to my host that if he had brought me a dozen or twenty or fifty small brass or wooden idols from the bazaar, I could have given him the same proof of the reality of Prâna-pratishthâ as he had just then got from the simple experiment with the water-glasses. Ignorant missionaries and their backers who talk so flippantly about the "heathen in their blindness, bowing down to wood and stone," are, presumably, unaware of the vivification that occurs in the image after it has passed through the mesmerising process. But I

have explained this matter fully in a previous chapter and only recur to it now for the information of those who are now getting their first introduction to the psychical science of the people of the East.

Mr. Edge and I had great pleasure in making the acquaintance of Mr. Elias, a local member of our Society, whose heart was honest and manners most agreeable. He was a half-caste, his father having been an Arab of Cairo, his mother a white lady. Mr. Edge was to have lectured on the 17th, but on that day was attacked by fever, so I had to take on his engagement myself. On the 18th at a T.S. meeting I admitted to membership Mrs. Elias and two of her three grown up daughters—to the great joy of Mr. Elias. In the evening we went to Monghyr, a [19] neighbouring town where I lectured. We returned to Jamalpur in a hackney carriage. On the next morning we left for Bhagalpur. Mr. Edge had a severe attack of fever in the train and went to bed on our arrival.

We had a very warm welcome, as usual at this place, where some remarkable psychopathic cures of disease which I made in 1883, had caused the Bhagalpur public to feel very friendly to me personally. Among these must always be remembered that extraordinary case of Badrinath Bannerji, a local Pleader, whose sight I restored in spite of his having been made blind by what the surgeons of the Calcutta Medical College had officially declared an incurable glaucoma. For the sake of new-comers into our reading circle let me briefly explain that this man was brought to me stone-blind in the year above mentioned; that after ten treatments of less than an hour each I restored his sight so that he could read the small type in a newspaper; that during a second tour of Bengal in 1885 I saw him again, blind; that within half an hour, by simple passes and breathings I brought back his sight; that on my third visit to the town in 1887 I again found him blind and again, after a half-hour’s treatment, restored to him the blessed boon of vision. Now, in commenting upon my first restoration of his sight, in a former chapter of this series, Dr. Brojendranath Bannerji, L.M.S., graduate of the Calcutta Medical College (see Theosophist Supplement, May, 1883), after consulting all available medical history, challenged his professional [20] brethren to point to a similar case; and in Theosophist Supplement for August, 1887, a correspondent, after referring back to Dr. Brojendranath’s surgical report of 1883, says: “After having been pronounced incurably blind by the first ophthalmic surgeons of Calcutta, the patient was made by Colonel Olcott to see to read ordinary type in a book or journal. This sight lasted six months and then gradually faded away. In 1885, when the President saw him again in Bhagalpur,

he was totally blind and had been so for eighteen months. In two treatments on the same day his sight was again restored, but again—this time after a whole year, however—was lost. When the President met him for the third time, on the 8th of June, this year, he again restored sigh t to the diseased eyes." The writer proceeds to say: "It will be curious to watch this unique case, and it is a great pity the patient could not be systematically treated every day for a number of months, until it could be ascertained whether in those two most serious afflictions, glaucoma and atrophy of the optic disk, the transfusion of healthy aura (tejas) into the diseased parts would result in their resumption of normal function." The writer cites the somewhat parallel case of Babu Ladli Mohun Ghose "to whom also, in the year 1883, Colonel Olcott restored sight in the left eye—a case of hypermetropia. He, too, lost the artificially renewed sight, but after having had it a much longer time; and it was again restored in part, so that the patient could make out letters 1/16 of an inch high".

[21]

The above observation by the writer in the Theosophist was very timely and sensible, for here is what I found on seeing Badrinath Babu for the fourth time, in 1893. The revived vision given by the treatment of 1883 lasted six months; after the second treatment, in 1885, it lasted eighteen months; and after the third treatment, viz., that of 1887, it lasted about five years. Badrinath had become blind again only about a twelve-month before I came to Bhagalpur in the course of my tour of 1893. Does it not seem as though we had now come upon a problem of the deepest scientific interest in the department of practical psychology? Assuredly it is one possessing the deepest interest to every practitioner of the healing art along either one of its psychopathic lines. The case may be stated thus: In the nervous system of A there exists a temporary stoppage of nerve vibration, which if allowed to take its course ends in complete and fatal paralysis: no drugs restore the vibration, no electric or galvanic current can give more than a temporary stimulus. But who is to determine the questions as to when the incurable or irremediable stage of paralysis is reached? The facts connected with the two cases of blindness above mentioned prove as clearly as anything could, that when all other methods have failed, when the most learned surgeons have exhausted their science and unconditionally acknowledge defeat, there is still an all-potent agent in Nature which can effect a cure and thus teach professional men not to prematurely confess defeat. This curative agent is the human nerve aura, and [22] the cure is effected by filling the void in A's system

with the strong current of B, a healthy man, who has learnt to concentrate his will and compel his vital current.to flow through the exhausted nerves of the patient. The very first treatment of Badrinath gave him back his sight; then, for lack of a fresh stimulation of the weakened optic nerves, the induced vibration stops, the enfeebled nerve, like a watch run down, becomes inactive and blindness returns. Now, in the case of Badrinath, there were four experimental observations, the first three with intervals of two years, the fourth after an interval of six; in the interval between the first and the second he enjoyed clear sight half a year, between the second and the third it stayed with him three times as long, and between the third and the fourth, five whole years, that is to say, ten times as long as at first. It would seem then as if the Theosophist's writer was quite justified in saying that it would be interesting "to watch this unique case... until it could be ascertained whether... the transfusion of healthy aura into the patient's nerves would cause their resumption of normal function". I wish that cases like these might multiply, until the accumulation of proof that the psychopathic power exists should compel even the most ignorant dogmatist of the most influential Medical College to confess that there are laws of Nature which even a Medical Faculty is ignorant of. If I have recurred to this case from time to time, it is because I think it transcendently important, and as good a key as any to unlock one or more of the masked doors in Nature.

[23]

But now to resume our narrative: Mr. Edge's fever raged all day and he was put in the professional charge of a kavirâj, a native medical practitioner, who follows the ancient Aryan systems of those two great medical writers, Sushruta and Charaka. As he seemed to be in for a prolonged siege of fever, his part of our tour had to be temporarily abandoned and I had to leave him in good hands, with our one servant to wait on him, and go on alone to Nilphamari. Despite my arrival at 4 a.m., our Branch members were at the station to meet me. But before I could go to bed I had to ride on an elephant to the town, where I was put up in a rest-house made of a bamboo frame, with a grass thatch, and walls made of bamboo chicks or screens; the whole giving the traveller about as much protection from cold wind, damp air, and rain as a bird-cage. As I had brought no servant with me I found myself in an uncomfortable plight. Nothing had been prepared for me to eat or drink, no servant would be available until the next afternoon, and nobody knew how to get anything for my comfort, though most willing. However, travellers get used to most things and I had too many visitors

and too much Society work to attend to to think of personal discomfort. At 6 p.m., in a pelting rain, I went to the school-house and lectured on a very high theme—which had been specially given me ten minutes before I went on the platform!

CHAPTER III

THE PARLIAMENT OF RELIGIONS

(1893)

WHEN it became known, in 1892, that I wished to retire from office, five offers were made me by kind friends to give me a home and support during the rest of my life; among them the Rajah of Pakur, then a stranger to me personally. From Bhagalpur my itinerary of the present tour took me to Rajmahal, where I stopped for the day and lectured, and thence to Pakur, this gentleman's place, where I was cordially welcomed by him and his Dewan, Babu Patiram. I slept at the station and lectured at the Rajah's High School, but I had so many engagements booked that I had to hurry away at 5.30 a.m., on the 27th (February), to Berhampur (Bengal), the seat of that once super-excellent Branch, led by Babu Dina Nath Ganguly, Government Pleader, and his colleagues, Satcori Mukerji, Kali Prasanna Mukerji, Nafar Das Roy, and others whose names are so well known in our Indian history and who got their inspiration originally, in 1882, from their then leader, the late Nobin Krishna Bannerji, one of the strongest and most devoted men [25] we ever had in the Society. On the present occasion I was to preside at the celebration of the Eleventh Anniversary of the Branch, an event to which I looked forward with pleasure. It is one of the delights of one's inspection tours to meet with Branches which are full of enthusiasm and anxious to do their uttermost to help on the movement; this compensates for the depression one feels when in contact with other groups whose interest is intellectual and fervor not yet aroused.

In India, it is, as I have often remarked, wonderful how much of the power for good and usefulness in a Branch depends upon having one strong man for leader. Let him be ordered by Government to another station and the ashes of indifference soon cover over the live coals of activity which his example had kept flaming. Only this very morning I have read in a Madras paper that the "Theosophical enthusiasm" in a certain large town was dying out since the departure of the gentleman who had headed the group at its formation and had

led it from good deed to good deed until now, making it one of the most influential centres in the Empire. This is unpleasant and yet nothing to be surprised at, since human society, the world over, is composed of masses and classes led by a few strong personalities. The more one mixes with public men and parties the plainer is this fact perceived. Our own movement has afforded ample proofs, and of a character that really were surprising: the Judge secession, for instance, a movement based on no more substantial foundation than falsehood and vulgar [26] ambition. As for the phase it now presents, that is beyond words to express; a fall into intellectual slavery that must be seen to be believed—and of people who were in search of the Higher Self, of that supreme wisdom which makes man a God in power after self-development, and the condition of which latter is the bursting of all trammels of servility, the rising inch by inch by struggle and self-reliance. Can the reader see, then, what it means to become an Adept, or wonder that such an evolution is so rare that the existence of such beings is to most men a mere intellectual surmise? Let us, then, prize those who show any quality of leadership in this great sociological movement, and make the most of them while they are fit and ready to work.

Berhampur was reached at 1 p.m., on the same day, and a most kind and brotherly address was read to me. The Branch public function came off at 7.30 the next morning, and Mr. Edge rejoining me during the day, we both lectured at the Theatre Hall in the evening to a large audience of both nationalities. The next morning I opened the T.S. Library and Reading Room and had the pleasure of announcing that that philanthrophic lady, Maharani Surnomoyee, whom the late Queen Victoria so much respected and who was affectionately called by her compatriots the Lady Burdett Coutts of India, had given Rs. 300 towards the Library. My lecture that evening was on “Occultism, True and False” and, whether drawn by curiosity or not, to know something about that subject or only to see me, I cannot say, but there was scarcely a resident European [27] absent. My visit ended with this function and on the next morning Mr. Edge and I left for Calcutta, where Dr. Salzer had his usual welcome ready for us.

A strong fever attacked Mr. Edge and made him very ill during the next few days, but was finally broken up by Dr. Salzer with the 30th Dilution of Natrum Muriaticum (sea salt), in which the proportion of matter is indicated by 1 as the numerator, and about 100 ciphers as denominator! Not much from the allopathic point of view, yet it cured him, and what more could a bolus as large as an egg accomplish?

The Doctor and I bought tickets to a double wedding of Salvationists —"Captains" Satgun (Claydon) and Bala Bati (Bellamy) and Atmaran (Mottershead) and Nur Jahan (Knight), to be united in Salvation Matrimony under the Army Flag, Thursday, March 9th, at 7 p.m. in the Bow Bazaar Barracks. Four "Captains"—two of each sex—married by "Staff Captain Santoshan," with the "United Staff and Field Force to the front". This was the eccentric, not to say crazy, aspect of the affair, and no wonder it drew a packed and paying audience. But Dr. Salzer and I both lost sight of the outward farce and came away deeply impressed with the deadly earnestness of these people. Let anybody jeer as he may at the Salvationists, yet it cannot be denied that they are zealous, bold, and self-sacrificing to a degree in their work. I, for my part, have always respected them for their motives, and regard the Salvation Army as one of the most powerful agencies of our times for the restraint [28] of vice and the reformation of the submerged criminal class in Western lands. India affords them no such field for their exertions, for criminality and vice do not prevail there to the same extent. A nation evolved in such an intellectual atmosphere as the Hindus would not be satisfied with such branlike religious teaching as the Salvationists impart.

A very large and demonstrative audience listened to my lecture at Albert Hall on "Occultism," on the evening of the 11th, and the next day I sailed for Madras in the British India steamer "Malda". I found on board, the Surgeon, Pilot, Purser, Mail Agent, and other officers of the French steamer "Niemen" on which Mr. Keightley and Mr. Cooper-Oakley had been wrecked off the coast of Ceylon shortly before. From all I could gather from them, I did not derive a very respectful impression as to the management of the vessel at the time of the catastrophe: I was glad not to have been aboard.

From Calcutta to Madras is a run of less than four days, so we reached home on the 16th at daybreak, and my first task was to hunt through our old papers for historical bits for]. Then, by way of a change, came an attack of gout in my feet, a legacy left me by some ancestor who probably was more fond of old claret and burgundy than of vegetable food. But this did not hinder our beginning again the discussion of the Judge affair. Mr. Edge, who had been detained by illness, came on by another steamer five days later. I sent him to Poona [29] to lay the evidence before our respected colleague, Judge Khandalavala, and take his opinion, which was that the case should be proceeded with.

At the last Convention Mr. Walter G. Old gave some very instructive

experiments in thought-reading, and now again, in the presence of fifty or sixty visitors, he made others. In his case it did not seem like mere “muscle-reading,” but the perception of the agent’s thought. Writers upon these interesting psychical experiments have not made the mention they deserve of a series of demonstrations of the thought-reading power which were made at Yale University in the year 1873 or 1874 in the Sheffield School of Science, under the direction of Professor W.H. Brewer. The percipient was a young American named Brown, whom I met and once tested myself. It must be confessed that one of his feats excels any that have since been recorded by experimenters. At the Sheffield School a wire was carried from the cellar to the amphitheatre in the top story, with enough slack there to reach across the room. The thought transmitter, i.e., the person whose thought was to be read, was stationed at the cellar end of the wire and Brown held the other end upstairs. The gentleman formulated the thought, if my memory serves me—it is now nearly thirty years ago—that Brown should make a mark on a blackboard and then lay the piece of chalk in a certain place. Under the observation of the committee of scientists the latter held the end of the wire against his forehead, was seized with a nervous shivering, ran hither and thither, still [30] holding the wire, and finally went to the blackboard and did what was mentally ordered by the “agent”. Where is the muscle-reading here? Professor Brewer published a report of the experiments at the time and it was widely copied and commented upon in the press. Of course, even this wonderful test is far less important than the multitudinous feats of thought-transference that are recorded in the literature of clairvoyance, but for materialistic sceptics it is more satisfactory as having been made in a School of Science under the direction of University Professors, and with the substantial wire as a pièce de conviction. It is a comfort to such to have a wire to hang one’s ideas upon to ripen in the sun of common sense! Yet, what had the wire to do with the thing after all; is metallic wire a conductor of thought? What would Marconi say?

On the 28th I had a letter from Mrs. Besant telling me that she would be able to come out to India, which of course gave us all great pleasure.

A chance seemed to offer itself at this time to acquire the Mahâ-Bodhi stupa and some 3,000 bîgas of adjacent land by purchase from the Tikari Rajah’s estate, the presumed owners of the fee. The Honorary Pleader of the Mahâ-Bodhi Society at Gaya, Mr. Nund Kissore Lal, conveyed this idea to me in a telegram and I at once communicated with Dharmapala. A wealthy Burman was

said to be ready to give Rs. 1.00.000 if the shrine could be bought—so I was told by Dharmapala. Private negotiations were accordingly entered into and all was proceeding peacefully until the Government [81] of Bengal, or in other words, Mr. Cotton—whose son was engaged as counsel for the stubborn Mahant of Buddha Gaya—came to know of it. The next thing we learnt was that a peremptory order had been given to the European Manager of the Tikari Raj under the Court of Wards, that he should not sell the piece of property in question to the Buddhists on any consideration. This seemed to me an impertinent and unjust meddling in a perfectly blameless business transaction, and I could not help suspecting the motive which prompted the order. However, that chance was lost and the monstrous injustice of debarring the Buddhists of the world from owning their most sacred and most famous shrine was continued. Worse than that, the Saivite Mahant had allowed Buddhist images to be defiled, and had smeared some with forehead caste-marks as though they were Hindu idols: this after the Buddhists began to bestir themselves to regain possession of the shrine and to cover an empty pretext that Buddha Gaya was a Hindu place of worship. As I went farther and farther in the case I became thoroughly disgusted with the view it presented of religious hypocrisy masking private greed.

Meanwhile both Dharmapala and his legal adviser wrote so encouragingly that I determined to go over to Burma and see what the chances were for securing the purchase money. On reaching Rangoon, on the 11th of April, it did not take long to convince me that nothing was to be hoped for in that matter: the whole body of middlemen—Burmese merchants—in the rice [82] trade were just then in the grip of a European syndicate, and were in a way to lose all their savings. So, after stopping with our dear friend Mr. Moung Hpo Myin twenty-four hours, I sailed for Calcutta in the S.S. “Canara”. After a three days’ run, I got there on the 15th and with Dharmapala went over the whole Mahâ-Bodhi question. Thence, by train the next evening to Bankipur, where our Gaya attorney met me at the house of Mr. Guruprasad Sen, the great lawyer, editor, and politician. Together we threshed out the case, agreed upon a course, and on the following day I returned to Calcutta. That same night I slept on board the P. & O. S.S. “Bengal,” which left for Madras early on the following morning. I reached home on the 25th after an absence of only sixteen days.

When we first settled at Adyar some of our leading Indian members urged us to buy the next estate to us on the western side, so as to have residential conveniences for friends when they came to town. It was a large mansion,

originally the residence of Lord Elphinstone when he was Governor of Madras, and around it a park of over an hundred acres. The price asked was very moderate and the money could then have been raised, for that was in the days when the worship of H. P. B. was active and there was always the off-chance of seeing phenomena. But the scheme did not recommend itself to my practical instinct and I refused. The property lay empty for some more years, but at last was bought by the Brotherhood of St. Patrick and made into an orphanage for boys, since which time the [33] work has been carried on usefully and philanthrophically. Some of the Celtic Fathers came to see us shortly after my return from tour, and as I was American and could talk the brogue and sing Irish songs, we became great friends. From time to time the priests and their advanced pupils come over to read in the Western Section of the Library and are always welcome: How marked the contrast with most of the Protestant missionaries in our neighborhood who seem to prefer to keep aloof and silently condemn us instead of showing any good will. The fact is, they are bitterly disappointed over the failure of the Scottish Mission to crush us by the help of the odoriferous Coulombs, and it is galling, no doubt, to see the Society growing stronger and stronger and more and more influential Poor things! “O, Colonel Olcott,” said a nice Protestant missionary lady to me once, after I had spent an evening with her and her husband, “why do they say such horrid things about you?” “Do they?” I answered. “Yes they do, and I think it a shame.” “What do they say?” I asked. “O, I dare not tell you, but they are horrid.” “Well,” said I, “do you believe them, now that you have seen me?” “Certainly not in the least.” “Then why worry yourself over childish slanders that do not convince even you, one of their own party? Let them go on; it amuses them, and I don’t mind in the least.”

Our second anniversary of White Lotus Day (May 8th) was celebrated at Adyar, Mr. Old and I delivering addresses and extracts being read as usual from the [34] Gita and The Light of Asia. Mr. Old then went up to my “Gulistan” cottage for a change, and I devoted the greater part of my time to an over-hauling of.old documents in search of material for my DIARY LEAVES.

On the 15th of May I went to the Bank of Madras with Mr. V. Cooppooswamy Iyer, one of my co-trustees, and transferred the Government securities in my name to our joint account, thus relieving my mind of a great burden, for now in case of my death, the interests of the Society could not be compromised.

From New York I received by that week’s foreign mail a draft for £38 for author’s copyright on Isis Unveiled, the first payment that either H. P. B. or I had

had since leaving New York, though several editions had been issued. The money came just in good time for me to help our colleagues at Madrid, Paris, Stockholm, Amsterdam, and in India to meet some of their heavy expenses for Theosophical publications. I may add that it was also the last payment, for since that time not another dollar has been sent me by our very honorable publisher! I mention this for the information of colleagues to whom I would have gladly given further aid.

In the course of my writing of] I had now come to the problem of the authorship of Isis Unveiled, and was greatly puzzled to arrive at the reasonable explanation. There were so many points to consider that I gave them much auxious thought. What my conclusions were may be read in Chapters XII, XIII, and XIV, of the first volume, and the case [35] is so thoroughly argued that I must refer the reader to the book itself. One thing is certain, so far as I am concerned, I got my Theosophical education while helping her to write it.

As the World's Parliament of Religions was to meet at Chicago in the following September, and as it had been arranged that our Society should participate in it, I deputed the Vice-President, Mr. Judge, to represent me officially, and appointed Mrs. Besant special delegate to speak there on behalf of the whole Society. How great a success it was for us and how powerfully it stimulated public interest in our views will be recollected by all our older members. Theosophy was presented most thoroughly both before the whole Parliament, an audience of 3,000 people, and at meetings of our own for the holding of which special halls were kindly given us. A profound impression was created by the discourses of Professor G. N. Chakravarti and Mrs. Besant, who is said to have risen to unusual heights of eloquence, so exhilarating were the influences of the gathering. Besides these who represented our Society especially, Messrs. Vivekananda, V. R. Gandhi, Dharmapala, representatives of the Hindu Vedanta, Jainism, and Buddhism respectively, captivated the public, who had only heard of the Indian people through the malicious reports of interested missionaries, and were now astounded to see before them and hear men who represented the ideal of spirituality and human perfectibility as taught in their respective sacred writings. Said one Chicago editor: "We have been [36] for years spending millions of dollars in sending missionaries to convert these men, and have had very little success; they have sent over a few men, and have converted everybody." From a report which Mrs. Besant made to a London paper I cite the following concluding paragraph:

“The Theosophical Congress, as said one of the leading Chicago papers, was a rival of the Parliament itself in the interest it excited. The plan of the Department of Religion was a good one. Each body strong enough to hold one, had a congress of its own on one or more days, fixed by the committee; in addition to this, chosen speakers occupied one session in presenting the views of their body to the Parliament. The Theosophical Society was given two days for its congress, the evening of the second day being devoted to the presentation of Theosophy before the Parliament. The hall originally granted to it seated about 300 people, but it was so densely packed before the first meeting opened, that the managers gave us another hall seating about 1,200. This was promptly filled, and at each succeeding session the crowds grew, filling passages and packing every inch of room, until at our fifth session two adjoining halls were offered us, and we held two overflow meetings in addition to our regular session. The sixth session was the presentation of Theosophy to the Parliament, and some 3,000 people gathered in a huge hall. So intense was the interest shown that the management most generously offered us the use of the great hall for an additional meeting [87] on the following night, and it was packed with eager listeners. In addition to the Indian and Sinhalese delegates above named, the Theosophical Society sent from its European Section Annie Besant, Miss F. H. Müller, and Mrs. Cooper-Oakley; the American Section was represented by its General Secretary, Wm. Q. Judge, Dr. Jerome Anderson of San Francisco, Mr. George E. Wright and Mrs. Thirds, of Chicago, and Claude F. Wright of New York; the Australasian Branches delegated Mrs. Cooper-Oakley, who had been working among them for ten months, and who came direct from Australia to Chicago. Between the interest excited by the speakers and the far deeper interest excited by the subjects dealt with, the meetings were rendered thus successful.”

CHAPTER IV

MAX MÜLLER ON ESOTERICISM

(1893)

IN the compilation of my DIARY LEAVES I have now come to the point where I must discuss the date of the first teaching by H. P. B. of the theory of reincarnation. In the first volume of my O. D. L. I enter fully into the subject (vide Chapter XVII), citing passage after passage from her writings and mine to show that we—I, at any rate—were not then in possession of this most important key to the whole system of Eastern philosophy. Of course, it is no concern of mine why we were not taught it, and when I say "we" I mean myself and the personality whose physical body was functioning as the chief amanuensis of the Great Teachers. I do not believe that the mystery of the incongruity of the New York teachings of 1875 and the later Indian ones can be explained, at least to the satisfaction of those who attack the problem from the standing point of literary criticism: to those who have the power to lift the veil and study the question from the inside, this difficulty vanishes. But students limited to the physical plane, cannot be expected to [39] receive as final the explanations of advanced pupils of the White Lodge. The conclusion to which I long ago came was that it must just be left as a mystery.

On the 7th of June documentary proof came to me that a certain "Dr. A. Martinez" who headed the newly formed group at Buenos Aires, and procured from me a charter under false representations, was the expelled "Dr. Alberto de Das" of Spain. His South American pseudonym was in reality the surname of a respected lady medium and clairvoyant whom he had got under his hypnotic influence. In our March number [Fourth Series] I give some interesting details about this picturesque confidence-man, whose latest public appearance has been at Washington, D.C., under the name of "Dr. Sarak"; and by the last American mail I have received the information that he had actually persuaded a credulous group—including two or three of our own members—to pay him $500 for a charter from the "Esoteric Lodge of the Grand Masters of Thibet"! To what

absurd lengths will not human credulity go. My correspondent writes that the exposé in the March Theosophist had “blocked Count Sarak’s little game. The little company had already been initiated…in a back room where Sarak had set up an altar, and ranged around the pictures of his masters (a villainous set of faces) before which he performed in a white robe.”

The next step taken by this person was an astral attack on a certain lady who had taken part in exposing him. Our correspondent says: “She had a severe [40] blow or shock in the region of the solar plexus, and she would not go to bed alone at night, so a companion who was quite psychic stayed all night with her, and this lady plainly saw Sarak’s astral attempting to do some devilment. For a day and night Miss—fought off his influence.” Of course these statements must be taken for what they may be worth, but it is certainly true that this is the third or fourth case reported to me by the victims, where ladies have been persecuted and terrorised on the astral plane by men who had the power to function there and whose assaults were prompted by a spirit of revenge or lust. Some strange confidences are made to me in my travels and I feel it my duty to warn the reader that such things are possible, and that their safety can only be assured by their summoning to their aid all the will-power of which they are capable, on the lines laid down by Mr. Leadbeater, Mrs. Besant, and all other experts in these subjects. If my readers care to see what horrible risks are run by those who rashly cross the threshold between the physical and the astral planes, let them read the literature ready to hand, including the works of Des Mousseaux, Sinistrari, Eliphas Levi, Francis Barrett, H. P. B., and our own more recent writers. During my long foreign tours of 1900 and 1901 three cases of such combats on the astral plane came to my notice, and quite recently one of my dearest and most valued lady colleagues has reported to me her own similar experiences.

It appears from my Diary for 1893, that my time was fully taken up during the greater part of the [41] month of June, in hunting up materials for this historical retrospect. On the 21st of that month however I had word from Dharmapala to the effect that “two Burmese millionaires” would “advance the Rs. 1,00,000 to buy Buddha Gaya”; but my recent inquiries at Rangoon inclined me to receive the assertion with several grains of salt. My caution was warranted for a month later, I received from Moulmein, one of these two rich Buddhists an offer of the Rs. 1,00,000, if I “would buy the property for him,” that is, in his name and not that of the Mahâ-Bodhi Society.

The famous letter of the late Professor Max Müller denying the existence of any esoteric meaning in either the Buddhistic or Brahmanic Scriptures was received by me at Adyar on the 4th of July of the year under review. I have referred to it more than once in my writings but, now that the eminent Orientalist is dead and gone and can write no more on the subject, I think I had better quote from his letter (written at Constantinople, June 10th, 1893) his unmistakable condemnation of the views of all believers in an esoteric interpretation. Professor Müller says:

"Now with regard to your letter,—I can quite understand your feelings for Madame Blavatsky, particularly after her death, and I have tried to say, as little as possible of what might pain her friends. But I felt it my duty to protest against what seemed to me a lowering of a beautiful religion. Her name and prestige were doing, I thought, real mischief among people who were honestly striving for higher [142] religious views, and who were quite willing to recognise all that was true and beautiful and good in other religions. Madame Blavatsky seems to me to have had the same temperament, but she was either deceived by others or carried away by her own imaginations.

"There is nothing esoteric in Buddhism—Buddhism is the very opposite of esoteric—it is a religion for the people at large, for the poor, the suffering, the ill-treated. Buddha protests against the very idea of keeping anything secret. There was much more of that esoteric teaching in Brahmanism. There was the system of caste, which deprived the Œhudras, at least, of many religious privileges. But I do say that even in Brahmanism there is no such thing as an esoteric interpretation of the Shâstras. The Shâstras had but one meaning, and all who had been properly prepared by education, had access to them. There are some artificial poems which are so written as to admit of two interpretations. They are very wonderful, but they have nothing to do with philosophical doctrines. Again there are, as among the Sufis, erotic poems in Sanskrit which are explained as celebrating the love and union between the soul and God. But all this is perfectly well known. There is no mystery about it. Again, it is true that the Vedânta Sutras, for instance, admit of an Advaita and a Visishtadvaita interpretation, and the same applies to the Upanishads. But all this is open and nothing is kept secret from those who have passed through the proper education. Besides, in our time all MSS. are accessible, and the most important [143] Shâstras[1] and their commentaries have been printed; Where is there room for Esoteric doctrine? No living Pandit or Mahatma knows more than what is contained in

MSS. though I am quite aware that their oral instruction, which they freely extend even to Europeans, is very helpful towards a right understanding of the Sanskrit texts and commentaries... You can really do a good work if you can persuade the people in India, whether Buddhists or Brahmans, to study their own religion in a reverent spirit, to keep what is good and to discard openly what is effete, antiquated, and objectionable. If all religions would do that, we should soon have but one religion, and we should no longer call each other unbelievers and Giaurs and commit atrocities like those in Bulgaria in which the Christians were quite as bad as the Mahomedans. Nothing can be more useful than the publication of the old texts—critically edited and trustworthy translations. My 'Sacred Books of the East' have opened people's eyes in many places. I found that at Constantinople. I am sorry to say I cannot continue the series. We [144] have lost £3,000, and neither the University of Oxford nor the India Office will vote more money, still, someone will come hereafter and continue the work."

I think the best thing to be done is to leave Professor Müller's views on Esotericism to be dealt with by the "living Pandits" themselves. We can only regret that the illustrious Western scholar should never have been able to visit India and to discuss this important question with able Indian Pandits who know that man's consciousness is able to grasp the ultimate truth by functioning on a plane higher than that of which the dictionary, grammar, and encyclopaedia are milestones by which a man's progress towards the attainment of knowledge is marked.

Mr. Judge and his party were guilty of a bitter injustice towards Mrs. Besant, and in his case, was added the sin of a base ingratitude. No one who had ever heard her defending absent friends who have been maligned, can have the slightest doubt that, with her, loyalty to those she loves or respects is an over mastering impulse. I have heard her publicly defending H. P. B. when she rose to great heights of eloquence. Being herself trustful and scrupulously honest, she did not believe it possible that Mr. Judge was not the mouthpiece of the Masters that he claimed to be, but, on the contrary, was deceiving her and others with cold cynicism. I recall these incidents when reading my Diary entry of July 25th (1893) where I note the receipt by that day's foreign mail of angry letters from her to Messrs. Edge and Old, formerly members of the London [145] staff, but then transferred to that of Adyar. These young men had taken exception to some puerile views and misstatements of fact recently made by Mr. Judge, and their letters to friends in London had caused a great sensation and aroused in the

minds of the Judge party the bitterest resentment. Mrs. Besant was then at Home, and under the influence of the pervading sentiment among her friends—who, at the same time were Judge's—she read the letters in question; to myself she wrote in plaintive terms about their alleged defection and said that America would cut off my money-supplies if I kept the young men here. It was a sorry business that such a noble soul as she should have wasted sympathy over so ignoble a person. Messrs. Old and Edge do not seem to have been much influenced by her letters, for in the Theosophist for July of that year will be found their answer to and criticism upon Mr. Judge and his utterances, in an article entitled "Theosophic Freethought," which will repay the trouble of perusal.

My Diary now brings us to one of the most painful episodes in our Society's history, the defalcations and suicide of the then Treasurer and Recording Secretary, Mr. S. E. Gopalacharlu. It is not a pleasant thing to dwell on, and yet, being historical, I cannot gloss it over. He was a contributor to the Theosophist and to a few foreign periodicals, a member of the E.S.T., and while being quite an exemplary character, in the estimation of the public, he also enjoyed the confidence and esteem of his Theosophic colleagues. As Treasurer of the Society he had in his charge the money belonging [46] to several funds, the contents of which were kept in the Government Postal Savings Bank, and the pass-books were in his official name. Among these funds was one called the H. P. B. Memorial, containing nearly 4,000 rupees. At a certain time it was decided that this money should be transferred to the Indian Section account, and he was notified accordingly. Instead of handing over the money, however, he committed suicide and a subsequent examination of his books showed that he had been systematically defrauding the Society. To myself, as President; he had rendered false accounts and shown the pass-books of the Savings Bank in which the entries were falsified. In this way he had also deceived the official auditors who made the usual financial report to the Convention of 1892. His colleagues had been also deceived about his private life which we found had been the opposite of blameless. Besides robbing us he had obtained his wife's valuable jewels by false representations, had pawned them, and spent the proceeds in dissipation. He had also embezzled and spent the hard-earned savings of a relative; In a written statement discovered after his death, he declared his intention to kill himself with a dose of poison obtained at a designated shop, and wished us all to understand that he had deliberately cheated and robbed us, to procure the means of enjoying life as much as possible while the chance lasted. A more cynical,

heartless and selfish dying message could not be imagined. His defalcations amounted to nearly Rs. 9,000, a very small sum in dollars and pounds but a large one to [47] poor people like ourselves. On hearing the news Mrs. Besant, then in London, showed her characteristic unselfishness. She had just received a small legacy of £ 50, and this sum she cabled me. Miss Etta Müller, Mr. Keightley, and other generous friends started a subscription and ultimately the losses were all made good. Some of that class of people who are always wise after the fact, and always saying what ought to have been done, ventured the opinion that if we had only suspected Gopalacharlu's honesty we might have adopted precautions to prevent his stealing our money. But that is the very point, we did not suspect him; quite the contrary, for, as above stated, there was nothing in his life or conversation to make us withhold our full confidence. How often the thing happens that a man who has been a shining light of probity, perhaps a friend or relative of our own, suddenly gives way to a stress of temptation at a critical moment and enters the downward path. In my annual address at that year's Convention I said:

"Every year we read in the press of all civilised countries, of similar and far worse offences by trusted officers of the soundest banks and the most carefully managed public companies and private business houses. The fact is that the world's vast business is transacted on the basis of mutual confidence. In Sir Henry Maine's Ancient Laws, pp. 306-307, we read that, as regards the multiplicity and astounding complication and success of great frauds, [48] "'The very character of these frauds shows clearly that before they became possible the moral obligations of which they are the breach, must have been more than proportionally developed. It is the confidence reposed in and deserved by the many which affords facilities for the bad faith of the few, so that, if colossal examples of dishonesty occur, there is no surer conclusion than that scrupulous honesty is displayed in the average of the transactions which, in the particular case, have supplied the delinquent with his opportunity.'"

There is no reason in the world why the Theosophical Society should expect to be more exempt than any other, from these misfortunes. Those of us who are its managers have just to do the best we can to protect its interests and then let the law of Karma work out its effects.

I will mention an incident of this period, not because of its own special importance, but for the sake of its general bearing upon the subject of the secessions and periods of unrest through which we have passed at different

times. In the year under review, two of our Parsi members of Bombay, who had been among our most active men, suddenly seceded and began a course of bitter newspaper attacks upon the Society. As they had been until then enthusiastic members, both of the society and of the Eastern School, their conduct was quite incomprehensible. But on the 14th of September I received from a mutual friend at Bombay, a letter written him by one of the seceders, saying that the reports and scheming of a certain person, a crony of [49] the late Treasurer, had driven him and his friend out of the Society. Now the point to observe is this: that there is nothing whatever in the management of the Society, the prosecution of its work or its treatment of its members, that affords a valid excuse for deserting and denouncing us; such faults and mistakes as there may be among the officers, are venial and as a general rule our work is well done and unselfishly. But in this body of ours as in all others in history there are a few individuals moved by ambition or personal spite, who plot to create trouble for the pleasure it gives them to make their neighbors suffer: jealousy and envy are most commonly the active motives. What happened in this Bombay case has happened in others, and when one comes to study to the bottom the great Judge secession, one finds these passions, with vanity added; the springs of conduct.

CHAPTER V

WELCOMING MRS. BESANT

(1893)

HAVING been suffering from nervous debility, a reaction from the excitement which I had been passing through, I went for a change to my cottage in the mountains for three weeks, and then sailed for Colombo, to arrange with the Buddhists for the reception of Mrs. Besant and for her lectures. I reached there on the 30th of October, and from that time onward had my hands full with a variety of business, such as inspecting schools, meeting committees, consulting with the High Priest, and explaining who Mrs. Besant was and what had been her public services. She and Countess Wachtmeister arrived on the 9th of November, late in the evening. From 2 to 8 p.m. a thousand people, including 200 of our boy pupils and 125 girls, had waited patiently for them and then dispersed. They landed at about 9 o'clock the next morning. At our headquarters, three engrossed addresses were read to them in the presence of a large crowd, and at the Sanghamitta School, where they were to be the guests of Mrs. Higgins, another address was read by the [51] prize girl of the school. Mr. R. C. Dutt, C.I.E., the respected Hindu publicist and historian, and other passengers breakfasted with us, and altogether a charming impression was made on our ladies by their reception in the Island. At 2 p.m. we took train for Kandy. We were escorted from the station to our lodgings by a great torchlight procession and the whole Buddhist population of the town lined the streets and made noisy demonstrations of welcome. At 8.30 p.m. Mrs. Besant lectured in the Town Hall on the subject of "The World's Great Needs". The large audience was deeply impressed and excited to enthusiasm by her eloquence, frankness of speech, and sympathy for the views and aspirations of the Sinhalese people. The next morning was devoted to a drive around the lake, visits to temples and a prize distribution at our local High School. We returned to Colombo by the 10.40 a.m. train and were given a garden party at the Sanghamitta School. Mrs. Besant lectured in the evening at the Public Hall to a packed audience. H. E. the

Governor and Lady Havelock, H. E. the Commander-in-Chief, and most of the influential Europeans and other inhabitants of the town were present. The audience listened with the closest attention to the lecture, and the applause at the end was vehement. There was great disappointment because of the impossibility of her giving a second lecture. The impression made upon the Buddhists maybe gauged from a remark that was overheard as the audience were passing out. "There is not much use," said [52] an enthusiastic Sinhalese man, with his eyes sparkling, "in our getting the priests to preach Bana to us when we can hear lectures like that"; and really the remark was justified, for I doubt if the basic Buddhist doctrine of Karma was ever more clearly or attractively expounded in the Island before. With these two lectures the great Indian tour of Mrs. Besant, 1893-4, was inaugurated and the success which crowned them was but a foretaste of that which followed her throughout.

On the 12th we went from Colombo to Galle by train. At all the principal stations the children of our Buddhist schools cheered her with their piping voices and swarmed like bees outside the door of her carriage. Flowers they brought—loose, in bouquets, and in wreaths. At Ambalangoda the children read an address to her, and at one or two other stations where the train made but brief stops, written addresses were handed in to her along with the tribute of flowers. Reaching Galle at 3 p.m. we had an enthusiastic reception at our Mahinda College, from the 200 or more pupils, and Mrs. Besant lectured to a very large mixed audience of Europeans and Sinhalese. In the evening, at our quarters, there was a display of fireworks and an exhibition of that weird and striking devil-dancing for which Ceylon is famous. We drove around Galle the next day; at 3 p.m. I lectured by request on "The Aims and Work of the Maha-Bodhi Society"; at 8.30 p.m. Mrs. Besant lectured in the great dining-hall of the Oriental Hotel. This closed our visit at Galle.

[53]

We rose on the morning of the 14th at 4.30 a.m. and took the train an hour later for Colombo. At Panadure, often miscalled Pantura—the place where occurred the famous controversy between Megittuwatte, the Buddhist champion, and the Reverend Silva, a missionary, in which the latter was completely worsted—we had arranged to stop over one train to enable the citizens to present an address to Mrs. Besant and to hear her lecture. Our local Branch there has a fine large school building, and in that the meeting was held and addresses were given by Mrs. Besant and myself. The journey was then continued and we reached

Colombo at 5 p.m. On the following day I took the ladies to pay their respects to the High Priest Sumangala, after which Mrs. Besant laid the corner-stone of a new school building that Mrs. Higgins was planning to build on a piece of land given her for the purpose by Mr. Peter de Abrew. This was the last public act of Mrs. Besant during her present visit to the Island, for the next day we crossed over to Tuticorin to take up the Indian tour proper.

CHAPTER VI

MRS. BESANT'S FIRST INDIAN TOUR

(1893)

AS mentioned before, the crossing from Colombo to Tuticorin by the small steamers running there, is, in bad weather, one of the most disagreeable experiences in sea-travel. This time, however, we sailed in sunshine and made the transit without inconvenience. On arrival at Tuticorin we were met by a deputation of Hindu friends with an address of welcome to Mrs. Besant and the usual gifts of flowers. A crowd gathering, she was induced to make an impromptu address on the platform at the railway station before the train left for Tinnevelly. If my friend, Mr. Alan Leo, or any other astrologer, chooses to test his science by comparing his calculations with the results of the Indian tour thus commenced, I may tell them that Mrs. Besant put her foot on Indian soil for the first time at the hour of 10.24 a.m. on 16th November, 1893. The aspect of the heavens, however their calculations may come out, must have been very auspicious, for success followed her throughout her whole journey in India. We left for Tinnevelly at [66] 4 p.m. in a smart shower, had a rousing reception on arrival and were put up in a large, comfortable bungalow. The next morning we drove to Palamcottah, the busiest centre of Missionary effort in Southern India, and where they are favored with the presence of no less than three bishops of the Roman Catholic and Protestant Churches. Our rooms were crowded with visitors throughout the day but Mrs. Besant took some time for herself to dispose of a large amount of accumulated correspondence. In the evening she lectured splendidly on the great subject of "Life after Death," to a very large audience.

On the following day we drove to the great temple and visited the cocoanut tree which the Ceylon Buddhist Committee and I had planted in October, 1881, and which the Missionaries had falsely reported to have been torn up by the Brahmins on our departure after that memorable visit. We found it at this time a full-grown tree, a permanent monument to our success in creating a tie of brotherly sympathy between the people of the two races and two religions.

While at the temple the great collection of rich jewels used in decorating the idols on important occasions, was exhibited to us, and the state elephant was made to salute us in the usual way by raising his trunk and trumpeting: the temple band at the same time making as much noise as it could. At the house of my old friend V. Coopooswamy Iyer, alas! just deceased (in 1902), we were hospitably entertained and Mrs. Besant saw for the first time the native dance called kolattam [56] —a very innocent and not in the least exhilarating performance, in which a number of young women walk slowly around in a circle, swaying their bodies to right and left and keeping time to the music by striking together the sticks which they hold in their hands. Mrs. Besant's lecture that evening was on the subject of "Materialism," which, in my opinion, brings out as fully as any she has ever treated, the extent of her intellectual resources. Naturally it would be so for, after leading the materialistic party for twelve years with Mr. Bradlaugh and viewing the subject from every point of view, nobody could be more competent than she to explain the insufficiency of the materialistic hypothesis when tested by the larger knowledge of Nature which one acquires by study of the Eastern Philosophy and by experience on the higher levels of human consciousness. The eagerness to see and talk with her was so great that, although we were to leave Tinnevelly in the middle of the day, she had to hold an improvised durbar on the next morning (Sunday, November 19), and at the close of it eleven persons joined our Society, of whom five were materialists whose beliefs had been quite upset by Mrs. Besant's lecture of the previous evening.

We left for Madura at 1.35 p.m., and arrived there at 7.30. The Rajah of Ramnad having kindly given the local Committee the use of his splendid house opposite the great tank, we were duly installed there. On the following day we were taken to the Meenakshi Temple and were shown its wonders by the Chief Priest himself.

[57]

I took the pains to point out to Mrs. Besant that panel in the wall-paintings around the inner tank which depicts the savage cruelties inflicted on the wretched Jain Diagambaras, who refused to be converted to Hinduism in the time of Kûna or Kubja Pandya, King of Madura, twenty-one centuries before Christ. There is an amusing feature of this religious episode of Southern India, which I have not mentioned before when alluding to this same picture. In the Hâlasya Mâhâtmya,[2] a Saivite religious work, we are told that it was agreed

between the Saivite sannyâsi, a youthful wonder-worker famed for his conversions, of heretics, and the principal Digambaras, that samples of their respective sacred books should be put to the test of ordeals by fire and water to determine which of them was the most sacred. The story runs that palm-leaf manuscripts of both parties being thrown into a hot fire, that of the Digambaras was consumed, but the other was not. Then, for the water test, specimens were thrown into the neighboring river and while the Buddhistic writings floated down stream and so on towards the sea, those of the Saivite sannyâsi went against the current as easily as though they had been propelled by diminutive steam engines! Of course, if we may accept the report of the Saivite historian, the superior holiness of the Hindu books was thus miraculously proven. After that, nothing could have been more natural than that [58] the victors should cure the recalcitrance of the vanquished by various benevolent punishments, such as the impaling of them on great, long, sharp spikes which transpierced the body throughout its whole length and came out at the top of the head or close up to the neck, or cutting off their heads and grinding them to pulp in the peculiar Indian oil-mill, duplicates of which have been seen by every visitor to India who has passed through the cocoanut-bearing districts. For how many thousand years the same pattern of mill may have been known in India no one can tell, but certainly the mills which one sees now do not differ in the least from that which was used in those far-distant centuries.

How pitiful it is, after all, that mankind have ever been so prone to receive as authoritative the teachings of their priests and books on the mere strength of psychical phenomena which may be manifested by the most corrupt and unspiritual men or women. Even in our day of progress in scientific discovery it seems impossible to prevent this deification of psychics who may pretend to supernatural relationships. After traversing many countries I find a great wave of psychism rushing over the world, an evil omen for the chances of true spiritual progress. Until phenomenalism has been relegated to its proper subordinate place we cannot hope much for the uplifting of mankind from the lower to the higher planes of knowledge.

Mrs. Besant gave two lectures the next day, one at 7.30 a.m., on “Karma,” the other at 6 p.m., on “The Evidence in Favor of the Existence of Mahatmas”.

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The public interest throughout India on this subject has always been acute; for, although every child knows that the Shâstras, especially the teachings of

Patanjali, affirm the fact that man can develop the Siddhis and make himself what is properly called a Mahatma, and their books and traditions teem with allusions to their existence, yet at this period of our residence in India, despite the reports about H. P. B.'s phenomena, and the testimony of eye-witnesses who had seen these Teachers, the Hindus in general could not yet believe that such men were in close relations with us white people from the West and taking part in the spread of the Theosophical movement.

On the next day there was no public function but a meeting of Theosophists was held at Mr. P. Narayana Iyer's house, where we dined in the native fashion off plantain leaves, sitting on the floor and using our fingers instead of knives or forks. At about noon on that day we left for Trichinopoly, arriving at 6.20 p.m. The Prince of Pudukottah, an F.T.S., met us at the station and took us to a small bungalow—not his own but hired for the occasion—which was somewhat thickly populated with some of those small creatures which Nature seems to have evolved to teach man to cultivate patience and forbearance. It rained heavily all the next day and Mrs. Besant and I made good use of the time in writing letters, but Countess Wachtmeister was unable to do anything, being laid up with a bad cold. At 6 p.m. Mrs. Besant lectured on "India, Past and Present," in a style so eloquent and pathetic [60] that it made the whole audience weep. Having myself lectured on the subject before, I was so moved by her discourse that I could hardly command my voice for closing the meeting. We idled at home the next morning, but in the afternoon the Prince came and took us to his house for a visit, after which he drove us to the Town Hall where Mrs. Besant lectured in her usual style. There was a great crowd and vociferous applause. The next morning at 7.30 I myself lectured to the College boys at the Town Hall and about noon we left for Tanjore, arriving at 2.20 p.m. Mrs. Besant lectured at the palace of, I think, the old Chola Dynasty, in the Durbar Hall, a great apartment with many pillars highly decorated, entirely open on one side to the courtyard; her subject being "India's Mission". Our rooms were crowded with visitors the next day, among them several from other towns who had come to hear the lecture. Mrs. Besant and the Countess were admitted to personal audiences with the surviving Ranees of the Tanjore Royal family who, like all the living representatives of extinct Indian Dynasties, are pensioners of the British Government. The Princesses being purdanashin, i.e., secluded from public gaze and cut off from all intercourse with male visitors, our ladies only were admitted to their presence; I had to remain outside the purdah and speak with the Queen through drawn curtains. At the conclusion of the audience each of us received a

present of a gold-embroidered shawl; mine being brought me and laid over my shoulders by a young prince who, at the same [61] time, gave me flowers and betel-nut (pan supâri) according to custom. Mrs. Besant's lecture on that day, Sunday, the 26th, was on "Theosophy and Science". On Monday we visited the great Temple, saw the colossal stone figure of a sitting bull, the emblem of Siva, and then went to the famous library, collected by a former Rajah of Tanjore, which, even after the pillaging it has suffered from at various times, still contains 23,000 palm-leaf and 12,000 paper MSS. and 7,000 bound volumes. In her lecture that afternoon Mrs. Besant again discoursed upon the "Insufficiency of Materialism," about which the note written in my Diary is that it was "the grandest argument I ever heard". So the reader may understand how the lecturer rose higher and higher each time that she developed this comprehensive theme. The very prevalence of materialistic tendencies which she found spreading in India under the prevailing system of collegiate education, seemed to stimulate her more and more to do her best to stem the tide.

Before leaving for Kumbakonam the next morning at 9.45, I lectured to the boys of Tanjore and formed one of those local Boys' Aryan Leagues with which, during those years, I studded India while making my tours. For I have always felt from the time of my first coming to the country that, if we wanted to create a permanent religious revival, here or in any other country, we must lay its foundation in the enlistment of the sympathy of the rising generation. This was the idea behind my educational movement among the [62] Ceylon Buddhists, the results of which have fully realised my anticipations. I have ever found the boys of India most responsive to kindly appeals to their innate religious instincts, and it is no exaggeration to say that if I could have devoted my whole time to this movement I could have organised a monster movement among the Indian youth. Wherever I felt I could do so I got the elders of a community to subscribe for a library for boys and my usual plan was to ask the boys themselves, at one of these public meetings, to look around them and tell me whom they wished appointed as members of an Advisory Committee; pledged to assist them as much as possible in forming their library, securing and furnishing their meeting room and holding themselves ready to advise when asked, but never to interfere with the liberty of the boys to regulate their own Society affairs. Such a policy as this is calculated, I think, to develop manliness and self-reliance among the youth and awaken a warm interest in their intellectual and spiritual welfare among their elders.

We were cordially welcomed on our arrival at Kumbakonam at 11.30, and towards the evening Mrs. Besant lectured to the usual multitude on “Theosophy and Modern Progress”. The College of Kumbakonam has done as much as any other educational institution in India to foster rationalistic tendencies among the young men of the community. The Professors—distinguished graduates of the Madras University and, so far as I have known them, men of great intellectual culture—have given the tone of materialistic [83] thinking to their classes; so that there is no place in India where it is more important that lectures by able Western Theosophists should be frequently given than here. Needless to say Mrs. Besant’s discourse fulfilled all the requirements of the situation. The chair was occupied by that true patriot, accomplished scholar, and universally respected retired Government servant, Dewan Bahadur Raghoonath Row. Since his retirement this gentleman has transferred his residence from Madras to Kumbakonam, and in his family mansion is passing the evening of his days in comfort and tranquillity of mind. Among Indian statesmen none has enjoyed more thoroughly than he, the confidence of the public, for his career as Minister (Dewan) of large native states and Revenue Officer of various large districts in British India, was untainted by the least suspicion of corruption or malfeasance.

Our party visited a most curious person the next day, a naked ascetic who has been persistently silent during the last thirty years. Throughout this whole period one family have maintained him in a small hut in their garden. He eats only when forced to by his friends, and not always then, for it is a common thing for him to fast seven or eight or ten days at a time. He has a divergent strabismus and is ceaselessly fumbling with his hands. Whatever he may do on the astral plane he certainly, on this one, is little better than a hibernating animal, and as we stood looking at him I could not help comparing his case with that of Mrs. Besant who, with all the religious fervor he could [84] possibly feel and as lofty aspirations for spiritual knowledge as he could entertain, was willingly putting her body to the greatest possible strain in travelling about the world, to increase religious knowledge and stimulate mankind to lift themselves up to the plane of a higher ideal than that of the work-a-day world.

In the afternoon Mrs. Besant lectured on “Adepts as Facts and Ideals,” and later in the evening the results of her two discourses were seen in the applications made to me by seven candidates for membership. On Thursday, the 30th, the last day of our visit, Mrs. Besant lectured at 7.30 a.m. in Porter Hall, on “Materialism,” and at 4 p.m., at the Vaishnava Temple, to three thousand people,

on “Hinduism and Theosophy”. We left for Trichinopoly Junction at 6.52 p.m., and found at the station on arrival very comfortable rooms awaiting us. Early the next morning, on trollies and with porters carrying the luggage, we crossed a breach in the railway, just made by floods, and got to Erode at 5 p.m. At Karur, an intermediate station, our local members met us with supplies of tea, milk, fruits, and flowers. At most of the principal stations throughout India the railway companies have comfortable accommodations for travellers, including restaurants and bath-rooms; so that one does not fare badly when his itinerary causes him to stop at such places. It was so at Erode and, after an experience of hastily-procured bungalows, sometimes comfortless and sometimes uncleanly, we appreciated what we found at Erode and gladly occupied the clean beds.

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The lecture that evening was given in a schoolhouse and in the audience were members of our Society who had come from towns not included in our programme, to enjoy the pleasure of hearing our great speaker. The next day we moved on to Coimbatore and got there at 9.35 a.m. There was a tremendous rush to see us and we were swept off to our quarters in a jubilant procession in which Hindu and foreign music were alternately played by two bands. A nephew of the Countess W., a Nilgiri tea-planter, embraced the occasion to come and see his aunt for the first time in years. At 4 p.m. we visited a Hindu club and had music and refreshments. Two hours later Mrs. Besant lectured in the Town Hall on “Theosophy and Its Teachings”. The crowd was enormous, and the police with great difficulty cleared the compound and secured us comparative quiet. The whole Anglo-Indian community of the place, including the Collector, the highest civilian officer of Government in a Revenue District, attended. Later in the evening there was a meeting of our members. At 8 o’clock, the next morning, Sunday, December 3rd, Mrs. Besant gave her great lecture on “Materialism” and I admitted to membership several candidates. We left at 2.30 for Bangalore, travelling all night, changing trains at Jalarpet, and reaching our destination at 6 a.m. on Monday, very tired and dusty. We had nice receptions at the station and house, a large, spacious and well-furnished mansion. Bangalore is the great source of supply of European fruits to South Indian stations, its [66] climate and elevation of between two thousand and three thousand feet above sea-level being favorable to their culture. A great variety of luscious apples, figs, strawberries, black-caps, oranges, prunes, and bananas were brought us, and at no place visited did we receive a more hearty welcome. Mrs. Besant’s lecture was given

in Mayo Hall, to a packed audience of the most cultured portion of the population, on “Theosophy and Ethics”. It was a splendid effort and provoked a storm of applause. Early in the day we drove around the big tank, now full after the recent rains.

Warned by the size of her audiences, which not even the largest hall in Bangalore could accommodate, the Committee arranged for Mrs. Besant to speak out of doors the next morning. She spoke from a platform just large enough to accommodate us two, and as the weather was fine, a great concourse of people attended. The scene was so picturesque that the Committee had it photographed and a copy can be seen by visitors to Adyar. After the lecture she inspected two girls’ schools established by Rao Bahadur A. Narainswamy Mudaliar, a wealthy and public-spirited citizen. From 12 to 2 she received visitors and at 4 p.m. held a conversazione at the Bangalore Club, where she answered, in her inimitable style, a multitude of questions on philosophy and science. We finished the day with a visit to the Maharajah’s Palace. An excellent group photograph was taken at the Club, the second during the day, and a third, in which the group was exclusively composed of ourselves and the [67] members of the local Branch, was taken the next morning. At 4.30 p.m. on that day Mrs. Besant addressed a gathering of several thousand people in the large Crystal Palace in Lal Bagh, a lovely garden. It was a splendid picture for an artist. Her subject was “Theosophy and Science”. The late Dewan, Sir K. Sheshâdri Iyer, one of the greatest statesmen India has produced in modern times, returned thanks on behalf of the audience in an address broken by sobs which were caused by the pathos of her peroration: In the evening I admitted eighteen persons into membership. The next morning H.E. the Dewan called with other high officials of the State, who vied with each other in assurances of personal regard and affection for one who had shown as great a love as any Hindu could for their native country. Eleven more candidates were admitted by me, and at 3 p.m. we left by train for Bellary, a journey which took us all night.

At 10 o’clock, when we were all sound asleep, we were aroused at Penukonda station by our local Branch members, with a welcome accentuated with flowers, a supply of milk, and other refreshments. We reached Guntakul Junction at 7 a.m. and Bellary at 10. At the Junction, committees from Bellary, Gooty, and elsewhere greeted us, and Pandit Bhavani Shankar paid his respects to the ladies. At Bellary the Hon. A. Sabhapathy Mudaliar, F.T.S., read the address of welcome to Mrs. Besant and gave it to her in one of those carved sandalwood

boxes for which Mysore is famous. A long procession with music took us to [68] the splendid house provided for us We were waited upon by many visitors throughout the afternoon and at 6.30 p.m. the “Theosophy and Materialism” lecture was given with an eloquence which Mrs. Besant had not previously attained. I lectured to boys at 7.30 the next morning and aided them to form a society and choose their officers. Among the throng of visitors who came to see her during the day, Mrs. Besant was waited upon by a number of Hindu ladies, who gave her every mark of affection and respect. She lectured magnificently that evening on “Death and Life after Death,” in fact, as she became more and more steeped in the tide of love which surrounded her as she moved on from place to place, she seemed on each successive occasion to be aroused to greater fervor.

The next day, Sunday, was a busy one. At 7.45 a.m. we were photographed; at 8 the lecture on “India and Modern Progress” was given; at 1, three Hindu ladies were admitted to membership; at 3, more than a dozen men; at 4 there was a garden party at Mr. Sabhapathy’s; later, we visited the Sanmarga Sabha, and in the evening there were more admissions into membership. After dinner we went to the station and slept there so as to be ready for an early train the next morning for Hyderabad, the Capital of the Nizam. We reached that picturesque city—one which, more than any other in India, offers a suitable framing for the tales of the Arabian Nights—at 8 p.m.: a breakdown of an engine beyond Raichur, having caused a detention of an hour. On arrival we were received by [69] Mr. Dorabji Dasabhoy, a venerable Parsi member, with Mr. Bezonji, another Parsi, and many other colleagues. We were housed at Bashir Bagh, a splendid palace of the late Sir Asman Jah, ex-Prime Minister of the Nizam. Among the other articles of luxury in the three gorgeous sitting-rooms, was an entire parlor suite of pure crystal, upholstered in costly satin, which had cost, I am afraid to say how many thousand rupees. The rooms were crowded with expensive articles of furniture, big and little, to such an extent that I told the ladies it looked more than anything else like a toy palace. The psychological effect of all this useless luxury, on myself, was oppressive, after having lived outside the world of fashion so many years and been accustomed to such simplicity of surroundings. It was a positive rest to retire to the plainly furnished room given me as an office.

CHAPTER VII

THE CONVENTION OF 1893

(1893)

HYDERABAD, the Territory of the Nizam, is the largest of the Protected States of India, nominally enjoying an independent sovereignty and having about as much as an Arab horse who is ridden on a curb bit. Its ruler, the Nizam, a title which means “Regulator of the State,” like all the other Protected Princes whose ancestors were kings, is allowed to do as he pleases until he pleases to do something which seems to jeopardise the welfare of his subjects and the stability of his State, when the military curb is tightened a little and the ruler is made to understand the difference between “protection” and “independence”. The territory covers an area of nearly 100,000 square miles, with a population of about ten or twelve millions. The government is Muhammedan but the majority of the people are Hindus. It was erected into a separate kingdom in 1512 by a Turkish adventurer, and in 1687 became a province of the Mogul empire. After passing through many exciting and military changes, in which, at times, the English and French participated, peace and [71] stability were finally secured by the military power of the East India Company, and since 1857 the State has been under the protection of the British authorities. The capital town, Hyderabad, to which our tour had now brought us, has a population of about a quarter of a million, mostly Muhammedans. Its walled area is crowded with buildings, among them some fine mosques and palaces surrounded by gardens of remarkable beauty. In the neighborhood there are large water tanks, one of which is twenty miles in circuit. Many of the streets are narrow and crowded with little shops in which, after the Eastern fashion, amidst squalid surroundings, are displayed goods of the richest and often the most artistic description. The Nizam maintains a small standing army, some of the regiments composed of Arabs and other wild warlike people, looking as though they had just been transplanted from the desert: a parade of these troops with the accompaniment of camels and elephants in the procession, is a most picturesque spectacle. I have been in no

town in India which shows so little trace of a veneering of Western civilisation over Eastern picturesqueness: at the same time I have seen none in which I should care less to reside, for one can feel in its atmosphere the preponderance of influences of the physical, over those of the spiritual plane.

On the morning after our arrival Mr. Dorabji drove with us through the city and took us to pay our respects to that good lady, the daughter of the late P. Iyaloo Naidu, whom the Society has every reason to hold in [72] honor. When I made the contract for the purchase of the Adyar property, it was Mr. Iyaloo Naidu who bought it of the former owner for me, and his widowed daughter who generously loaned a part of the purchase-money on the most liberal terms as regards interest. At 5.45 p.m. Mrs. Besant gave her first lecture at a public hall called Bashir Bagh, on "Theosophy versus Modern Science". Her audience was mainly composed of Hindus and Europeans, Muhammedans as a rule not caring for lectures of our sort, nor being much in the habit of general reading. The next morning was devoted to the reception of visitors and to our usual desk-work. In the afternoon the lecture on "Death and Life after Death" was given at Secunderabad, the European civil and military suburb of the capital. The British Resident, Mr. Plowden, and the commanding Major-General Stewart, with their respective families, and many more Europeans, were present in the very large audience. The speaker treated her subject eclectically and with wise moderation, giving great satisfaction to all. On the next morning, Thursday, December 13th, we three—Mrs. Besant, Countess Wachtmeister, and myself—were photographed together and subsequently with a group of our local colleagues, in the palace garden. A T. S. meeting was held later and various candidates were admitted to membership. Our party visited a Sanskrit school at the palace of a Hindu Rajah, and on our way home called at the spacious house of Mr. Dorabji, who showed us every hospitality. In the evening at 5 p.m.

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Mrs. Besant lectured at Bashir Bagh on the subject "Is Man a Soul". I never heard more strenuous applause than that which followed it. We left at 8 p.m. for Rajahmundry, a coast port on the Bay of Bengal. Many people thronged to see us off and we were quite loaded down with gifts of fruits and flowers.

As I was sitting inside the railway carriage, a couple of Hindu gentlemen brought a person to introduce to me. He was a Hindu, but was dressed in a European suit so begrimed with oil and black stains that I knew in a moment he must be either an engine driver or an assistant; to make doubt impossible, he was

wiping his oil hands with a bunch of cotton-waste. His sponsors presented him to me as a Brahmin quite familiar with Sanskrit literature and the person himself corroborated this and said he had looked forward to a meeting with me with great pleasure because of what I had done for his country. He then made me an offer which amused us all greatly: he said that he was the engine-driver in charge of this train and would regulate the speed to suit our pleasure; if we wanted to go fast or slow I had only to say so! Fancy the making of an offer of this sort, by the driver of a mail train in Great Britain, France, or Germany.

We travelled all that night and all the next day until 8 p.m., when we reached our destination. A most picturesque-looking multitude, lit up by torches and fireworks, had gathered to await our arrival. One address was read to us in a pandal (palm-thatched shed) on the bank of the Godavery river, and another [74] en route through the city to our stopping-place, by representatives of the Vaishya (mercantile) community. The torch-lights borne at both sides of the procession threw into high relief the artistic and turbaned figures of the multitude and the fronts of the buildings; the whole forming a picture impossible to match in any Western country in these artistically degenerate days, when all the pretty costumes of the olden time have disappeared and are replaced by the vulgarly ugly dress of modern civilization. It is something really saddening to one with the least cultivated artistic sense to see this deadly monotony of ugly clothing in all the countries of the world, outside Asia.

On Saturday the 16th, at 7.30 a.m., Mrs. Besant lectured at Museum Hall on “Theosophy and Science,” after which visitors thronged in upon her. I admitted fifteen candidates to membership and formed a new Branch of Vaishyas under the title of “The Gautama T.S.” At 6.30 p.m. her second lecture of the day was devoted to “The Inadequacy of Materialism”. On the next morning at 7.30 there was an address to students, by her, and I raised a fund for a Boys’ Library after she had finished her discourse. During the day members and inquirers were received at Amiruddeen’s Bungalow, our stopping-place. At 6.30 p.m. Mrs. Besant lectured on “Reincarnation in its Bearing on Social Problems,” after which we were escorted by a torchlight procession to the house-boat on which we were to continue our journey parallel, to the Coromandel Coast. We left on the morning of the 18th [75] for Bezwada where we arrived at 1.30 and stopped until 7.30 p.m. Bezwada is a small place and it was rather amusing, after the monster audiences which we had faced hitherto, to see Mrs. Besant giving a magnificent lecture on the subject of “Pilgrimages of the Soul,” in a lawyer’s

office to an auditory numbering about seventy-five people. At the hour above-named we continued our journey, going by paddle-boat through two locks and across the Krishna river to what was then the terminus of the East Coast Railway. The great bridge, a noble engineering work which now spans that historic stream, was then in course of construction. We entered the train at the point above mentioned and travelled all night, the next day, and following night, reaching home, Adyar, on the morning of 20th December. Many friends met us at the station with handsome garlands and Adyar looked so charming that it is no wonder that it provoked the admiration of the ladies. For that matter, when is it not charming? Its beauties continually grow on one and from the terrace of the house, in whatever direction the eye turns, it sees nought but pictures of beauty.

The time being short before it would be necessary for Mrs. Besant to give all her attention to the preparation of her Convention Lectures, we proceeded at once to discuss with Mr. Sturdy, Countess Wachtmeister, and Messrs. Edge and Old, the points in the case of Mr. Judge as presented in the mass of documents which I had got together out of the Society's archives. The case, even on that ex parte view, was convincing enough [76] as to his guilt in a long-continued and deliberate scheme to deceive his colleagues and the public about his alleged intimacy with the Masters and his holding of a brief, as we might say, from them, to convey messages and express their wishes with respect to the private conduct of members and the management of the Society. And yet it was made much stronger when we came to compare facts with Mrs. Besant, for it then became as clear as day that he had been playing a double game of deception, and telling her one thing and myself the opposite. In fact, the further we went into the inquiry, the blacker became the case, and a point was finally reached where no further doubt as to his culpability was possible. As Mrs. Besant said at the Convention of 1894, in a review of the circumstances—referring to these very conferences between us before [above noted: "I looked into the mass of evidence which was in the hands of Colonel Olcott, but which, taken by itself, while arousing the gravest suspicion, was not sufficiently clear, definite, and conclusive to justify Colonel Olcott, or Mr. Keightley, the Secretary of the Indian Section, in taking action which would commit the Society. But it happened that within my knowledge there were other facts unknown both to Colonel Olcott and Mr. Keightley, which made the evidence which was in their hands complete and so rendered it, to my mind at least, convincing. What I knew by myself was not enough for public action, and what they knew themselves was not enough for certain action, though that was [77] stronger than mine; but all put together made

so strong a body of evidence that it became a duty to the Society that it should be placed before it, and that Mr. Judge, as its Vice-President, should be given an opportunity of definitely meeting the charges if he could, so that an end might be put to a position so painful to all concerned, and so dangerous to the reputation and the honor of the Society."

Having reached this point we were all of the opinion that Mr. Judge's connection with the Society should cease, both as General Secretary of the American Section and as Vice-President of the whole Society. He was, moreover, President of the Aryan Branch, T.S., of New York, which had full right of jurisdiction in questions of the private conduct of its members. My official responsibility in such private cases does not become active until the case reaches me on appeal from the decision of the General Secretary of a Section, to whose notice it comes officially through the officers of the Branch itself. But with the cases of misconduct on the part of a General Secretary or a Vice-President I have very much to do and am called upon to act as the terms of our Constitution provide. The step which Mrs. Besant took when the whole case lay before us, was one of which I strongly disapproved, as I regarded it unwarrantable on her part. That she was led into it through her then intense personal friendship for our delinquent colleague did not seem to me to excuse her action: she not only wrote to Mr. Judge, as I did myself, advising him to resign office—a fully warranted [78] proceeding on her part—but, and here is where the irregularity comes in, she sent him a copy of every piece of documentary evidence on which the case rested, these documents being strictly in my custody and only usable with my knowledge and consent. Mrs. Besant's motive was of the highest, that of helping a beloved friend in great difficulty, to see all the cards held by the prosecution. Is it not inconceivable that after her having given this supreme proof of her personal friendship to him, Mr. Judge should have turned upon her later, when he found that two of our three Sections were in favor of his expulsion, and have done all he possibly could to destroy her influence, blacken her character (for instance, by the charge of her using black magic to harm him) and discredit her as a teacher? Our line of action having been made clear to us, the matter rested for the moment until Mr. Judge's reply as to his proposed resignation should be received.

The Headquarters buildings now began rapidly filling up with delegates arriving from all parts of India. On the 21st (December) Mrs. Besant gave a public lecture at Victoria Town Hall on "The Dangers of Materialism," to a vast

and enthusiastic audience. On that day I received from Mrs. Higgins, of Colombo, her resignation of the Principalship of the Sanghamitta Girls' School at Maradana, Colombo, in con-sequence of a disagreement between herself and the Executive Committee of the Women's Educational Society of Ceylon. It may be remembered that, on [79] arrival in the Island and her election as Principal, I inducted her into office at a public meeting of the Women's Society and made them pledge her that she should not be interfered with in her management of the institution. I did this because the women of Ceylon had never been associated together in any public work before, and as their domestic relations and house customs differed diametrically with those of Western women, I knew that it would be impossible for Mrs. Higgins to get on with these associated Sinhalese ladies unless she were given freedom of action. All had gone well for a time but, during my prolonged absence from the Island, their former wise policy was gradually changed and the result was this rupture.

On the 23rd, Mrs. Besant held a conversazione in the Convention Hall at Headquarters, among her audience being several of the most influential leaders of Hindu society. It will be easily imagined what ability must have been displayed in the questions upon the most difficult problems of philosophy, metaphysics, science, and religion by men of such a high grade of intelligence as Sir Muttuswamy Iyer, a Judge of Her Majesty's High Court,of Judicature, the Hon. V. Bashyam Iyengar, the leader of the native Bar, since knighted by the queen and raised to the Bench of the same Court, Hon. S. Subramania Iyer, to whom the same honors have also been given, Dewan Bahadur R. Raghoonath Row, one of the highest financial officers in Madras, and men of that stamp. I have attended many of these question-meetings and held [80] many myself in various countries, but have never heard these imposing themes so ably handled as I have in India. They are naturally skilled metaphysicians and logicians, an heredity behind them of an hundred generations having developed the acutest intelligence within these lines. And yet, among ten thousand high-class Brahmins one could hardly meet a single person capable of inventing the simplest of the ingenious contrivances for which patents are granted yearly in the United States and European Countries. These are the men who are lumped together in the mass of the population of India as "ignorant heathen" by returned Missionaries, when they go around begging for more money to carry on their hopeless religious propaganda.

On the next day I went to the station to receive Miss Henrietta Müller, the

renowned woman-suffragist, coming from Bombay for the Convention. She was, then, quite full of a scheme for taking our Bombay Branch under a sort of tutelage and installing as its Manageress a Swedish-American lady member of our Society; she proposing to take rooms for her and the Branch in a desirable quarter of Bombay. Her idea was that the lady in question should receive European and other inquirers and help the Branch to launch out into a more active propaganda than they had hitherto made. It turned out, however, that they were not willing to be dry-nursed.

Daily the delegates arrived by battalions, all the rooms in the house were crowded, and Mrs. Besant's [81] daily conversaziones were attended by large gatherings. She would sit on the floor, cross-legged, in the Hindu fashion, along with the others, on great carpets that I had had spread, and answer the hardest questions with a readiness and lucidity that was charming. The Convention met, of course, on the 27th as usual, at noon; but, at 8 a.m., Mrs. Besant gave the first of her course of four grand lectures on "The Building of the Cosmos," the theme this morning being on the agency of sound, i.e., vibration, in the outworking of the grand scheme.

Among the features touched upon in my Annual Address were the relationship of the E.S.T. to the Society, the activities of the year, a notice of the Chicago Theosophical Congress, a sketch of Mrs. Besant's first Indian tour, the Gopalacharlu defalcation, my work for Buddhism in Ceylon and in connection with the acquirement of Buddha Gaya and the other usual matters. The year 1893 was one of exceptional activity and the results supremely important. In Europe, the United States, Australasia, India, Ceylon, and Burma, very extensive tours were made, scores of lectures delivered, forty-eight new Branches chartered, the Chicago Congress held, new Indian centre formed, and such like activity kept up in many countries through-out the twelve months. I laid great stress upon the question of the future direction of the Theosophical movement after my death, because as the Society swells every year and invades more and more previously unreached countries it is a growing question as to [82] what shall happen when the original and only President it has had shall be removed in the course of nature, and whatever successor may be chosen must come into the management under totally different conditions. I think that, as nearly ten years have come and gone since then, and the number of our charters issued has increased from 352 at the close of 1893 to 656 at the close of 1901, and will probably reach the figure of 700 by the end of the current year, I had better

include in this historical narrative the opposing views of myself and of my respected colleague, Mr. Vice-President Sinnett, although his have been somewhat modified since that time and he has brought his own Branch, the London Lodge, within the European, now re-christened British Section. I quote from my address as follows:

"Results yearly prove the wisdom of the plan of dividing the Society into Sections, and I hope in time to be able to extend it over the whole world. Australasia and New Zealand are almost ripe for it, and in time. I hope to find some competent person with the requisite leisure to re-organise the Buddhist Section in Ceylon. But for the formation of the American and European Sections, the tie between Headquarters and those distant parts of the world must have been ruptured before now. My endeavor has been from the first to build up a federal league on the basis of our Three Declared Objects which, while giving all members and Branches the greatest latitude of opinion and choice of work, should yet be a compact working entity, with [83] the welding together of its units by the bond of a strong common tie of mutual interest and clearly defined corporate policy. The chief Executive has already become in great part, and must ultimately be entirely, the mere official pivot of the wheel, the central unit of its life, the representative of its federative charter, the umpire in all intersectional disputes, the wielder of the Council's authority. As I gave autonomy to each Section as it came into being, so I mean to treat each future one, believing that our common interests will best be guarded by local administrators. I abhor the very semblance of autocratic interference, but I equally detest that principle of nullification which drives people to try to subvert constitutions under which they have prospered and which have proved in practice well fitted to promote the general well-being. This feeling has made me resent at times what seemed attempts to make the Society responsible for special authorities, ideas, and dogmas which, however good in themselves, were foreign to the views of some of our members, and hence an invasion of their personal rights of conscience under our Constitution. As the official guardian of that instrument, my duty requires this of me, and I hope never to fail in it.

"My respected colleague, Mr. A. P. Sinnett, and a few others hold views quite different from my own upon the subject of T.S. solidarity. They think that, after my death: 'No successor should be elected as head of the Society all over the world, but it should drift into an organisation which would be much better [84] adapted to the proportions the Society has now assumed... Control of the

Presidential sort, as regards the Society as a whole, is an idea, in fact, that only be-longs to the infancy of such an organisation. Now that the movement has firmly taken root, it does not require that kind of nursing... At any given moment when the system... would be carried out—supposing that moment ever to arrive —the Presidents of the then existing, or chartered Lodges, would be the Parliament of the Society, and might have the opportunity of coming together in a conference once a year, at some time and place fixed by the General Secretary. Then it would be publicly notified that any bodies of people who, since the last period, had formed themselves into a Theosophical Lodge, could communicate with the General Council, and, if found to understand the ideas of our Society, be then and there recognised as having formed a new Lodge. Then the President of such a Lodge would take his place in the sectional Parliament or Council. The functions of the General Secretary would, of course, be reduced almost to a nullity, but the Presidents of Lodges could freely communicate amongst themselves, and if, from time to time, any co-operative action became desirable, could agree upon it."

"While unconvinced of the superiority of this plan over the one in vogue, I have deemed it my duty to quote a few passages from a semi-private letter, that the views of a small group of able friends may be recorded at this stage of affairs. For my part, I cannot [86] see how a world-covering movement like ours could possibly be kept advancing without some official thread to string the beads of Sections and Branches upon, and without one general and various local central offices, from which official circulars and other documents should issue, a propaganda be directed, the results of Sectional and general conferences be communicated, and information of general interest be disseminated; one at which disputes might be decided and archives kept. The plan proposed seems to me one of segregation into units called Branches, of the fostering of exclusiveness, of the abandonment of the propagandist work whose fruits are the spread of the movement, of the destruction of the sense of moral responsibility to the Society as a whole, for industrious and altruistic work, of the sweeping away of our present constitutional limits; which keep the movement strictly within the lines of our Three Declared Objects, and of the rupture of the common tie of fraternity which makes every member feel a family interest in all that the Society does in every quarter of the globe. However, the plan is laid before you for your information and such consideration as it may deserve."

The ten years of additional experience has only confirmed me in the opinion I

then expressed, and I am now satisfied that the Society will incur the risk of being divided up into fragmentary societies equal to the number of Sections that may exist at the time of my death, if the present excellent and very practical scheme of administration should be abandoned. I [86] cannot see for one moment how it could be dispensed with, and to my mind, the only real problem is to find a person for President who will administer his office with strict impartiality as between nations, sects, and political systems. He must live at Adyar, develop the library, keep up The Theosophist, push on the educational work, now so prosperous, in Ceylon and Southern India, and be ready to visit all parts of the world as occasion shall require, to weave the outlying Sections into the great golden web of brotherhood whose centre and nucleus is at Adyar.

Over four hundred delegates were fed at the Brahmin kitchens at the headquarters on the opening day and the Convention was the largest ever held up to that time. On the second day the Annual Group photograph was taken, after which Mrs. Besant gave her second lecture on Fire as one of the elements in the building of the Kosmos. At noon the Society's Convention re-assembled, and after the close of the session the Convention of the Indian Section followed. At 5 p.m. the Eighteenth Anniversary of the Society was celebrated in Victoria Town Hall before a monster audience. The speakers on the occasion were Messrs. Raghoonath Row, N. D. Khandalavala, Purunendu Narayana Sinha, the Countess Wachtmeister, Mrs. Besant, and myself. The morning lecture on the 29th was on "Yoga" and that on the 30th, the last of the course, on "Symbolism". The sessions of the Society and the Indian Section closed on the 29th. At 5.30 p.m. the late Mr. Sivasankara Pandiyaji lectured and [87] Mrs. Besant kindly gave an extra lecture in the evening at 8.30 on "Karma," a superb argument. The house began rapidly emptying after the morning lecture of the 30th. Mrs. Besant, Miss Müller and I went to a reception by Hindu ladies and gentlemen at the house of Rajah T. Rama Row, in Triplicane, where Mrs. Besant answered, with inspiration, questions about the use of Temples, Vedic Fire, Mantrams and the symbology of the Puranic story of the churning of the ocean by the Suras and Asuras. By the morning of the 31st the house was nearly empty. Mr. Sturdy, Miss Müller, and others left, and Mrs. Besant, the Countess, and I indulged ourselves with the pleasure of a drive along the superb Marina.

CHAPTER VIII

MRS. BESANT'S TOUR IN BENGAL

(1894)

ON New Year's day, at 4.30 p.m., Mrs. Besant lectured in the open air from a temporary platform on the Esplanade, Madras, to some six thousand people, on "India". It was a most eloquent address and immensely applauded. Our headquarters being at a distance of over five miles from the Town Hall, is not easy to reach for those who have no money to pay for vehicles; or rather I should say, it was not at the time of which I write: since then an electric tram line has been opened as far as Royapettah, which brings such visitors within three miles. The immense audience, largely composed of the class above mentioned, is thus accounted for.

At five o'clock the next day, a party consisting of Mrs. Besant, the late Mrs. Batchelor, Messrs. Edge, Bhavani Shankar, P. D. Khan and myself left in two canal-boats and with three servants, for a picnic to Mahabalipuram, the site of the ruins of the rock-cut temple city so famous in the history of Indian Archæology. We slept aboard the boats, reached the place [89] at 8 a.m. the following morning (Wednesday the 3rd), had early breakfast (Choda Hazri) at the fine Government Rest House and then visited the ruins. A Western person, especially an American, who is accustomed to nothing but the newest of things, is profoundly impressed by the sight of these temples, huge cars and elephants and other figures of life-size, carved out of the living rock, and especially when they have been brought to partial ruin by the action of the elements or the violence of man through many centuries, the sense of their antiquity becomes overpowering. Gradually the sea has encroached upon that part of the coast, so that what was once a stretch of arable fields and a collection of numberless dwellings is now but too near the point where, alike many another city throughout the world, they will be engulfed by Ocean and nought preserved of them but their names in history. Returning to the Rest House, we had luncheon and I then began writing one of the chapters of my "Old Diary Leaves," while

Mrs. Besant went with the rest of the party to see other ruins. At 4.30 p.m, we re-embarked and journeyed homeward all night. The primitiveness and discomfort of our boats were an amusing feature of the excursion. There being no deck in the hold we stretched our blankets on the bottom-planking between the boat's ribs, each of us lying on the slant. There was a half-ruinous roof overhead and for protection against the weather curtains of gunny-cloth so dirty and dilapidated as to be fit for a conspicuous place in historical Rag Fair. However, with easy consciences and [90] somewhat weary bodies, all minor troubles were forgotten; so we slept straight through the night, as we were poled over the shallow water of the Buckingham Canal, reaching Adyar at 11 on Thursday morning. That being Foreign Mail day we all had enough to do until it was time to go into town for Mrs. Besant to give her last lecture in Madras during the present tour, in Victoria Town Hall; her subject was: "The Insufficiency of Materialism".

On Friday afternoon I escorted Mrs. Besant and Mrs. Batchelor to the house of Dewan Bahadur Ragoonath Row, where a question meeting of Hindu ladies was held. The next day, on receipt of a cable from Ceylon, I notified the two Buddhist Bhikshus of the Râmanya Nikâya, who had attended the Convention, that they were recalled, and sent them off. On Sunday, the 7th, with Mrs. Besant, Countess C. W. and Bhavani, I sailed for Calcutta in the P. & O. steamer "Peshawar".

Leaving the party to receive the farewell greetings of friends and settle themselves in their cabins, let me go back a little and redeem a promise made in my chapter IV, in the issue of The Theosophist for November, 1901. As will be remembered, it was therein stated that just before daybreak on the 10th of February, 1892, I received clairaudiently a very important message from my Guru telling me, among other things, that a messenger from him would be coming and I must hold myself in readiness to go and meet him. Nothing more than this was said, neither [91] the name of the person nor the time of his or her arrival being indicated. In the absence of exact information, I jumped to the conclusion that the most likely person to be sent would be Damodar who, after a residence of seven years in Tibet would, presumably, and judging from his state of psychical development when he left us, be ready to carry out the Master's order in cooperation with myself. This surmise was communicated by me to the few friends whom I had told about the message, and I kept a travelling-bag packed a full year-and-a-half, so as to be ready to start at a moment's notice for

Darjeeling, the hill station from which Damodar went to Tibet and where he had left his box of clothes. Nothing more having been heard of the matter I had, naturally, come to think that I had, perhaps, been deceived as to the terms of the message and, finally, the preliminary arrangements for the projected tour of Mrs. Besant had driven the matter entirely out of my mind. So things remained until the early morning after our arrival at our third Indian station, viz., Trichinopoly, when the familiar voice again spoke as I lay in that state between sleeping and waking, and said: “This is the messenger whom I told you to be ready to go and meet: now do your duty.” The surprise and delight were such as to drag me at once into the state of waking physical consciousness and I rejoiced to think that I had once more received proof of the possibility of getting trustworthy communications from my Teacher at times when I could not suspect them of being the result of [92] auto-suggestion. The development of Mrs. Besant’s relations with our work in India have been, moreover, what, to me, is the best possible evidence that she is, indeed, the agent selected to fructify the seeds which had been planted by H. P. B. and myself during the previous fifteen years. She has swept away all vestiges of the mistrust as to our mission in India, such as was entertained by the great body of orthodox Brahmins, who looked on my colleague and myself as in fact secret agents for a Buddhist propaganda and the would-be destroyers of Hinduism.

The horoscope of Mrs. Besant, cast by Sepharial (Mr. Old), then a resident at our headquarters and a member of my staff, was published in The Theosophist for January, 1894, viz., when she was making her first Indian tour. It appears from that that she was born when the sign Aries 1° 40/ was rising, and Mr. Old gives a very lucid analysis of the character of a person born under such circumstances. But, as every student of astrology knows, a horoscope, to be worth anything, must analyse the combined influences of the various planets which modify the peculiar charac-teristics of the natal sign. Proceeding according to this method, Sepharial traces out, so to say, these focal influences and forms the following deduction:

“The remarkable features in the present horoscope are the presence of no less than six of the eight planets in cardinal signs, and the presence of cardinal signs of the angles of the figure. The latter circumstance [93] confers upon the subject a reputation which will outlast life; a fame which will be widespread in proportion to the concurrence of other significations in the horoscope. And in this case we find the circumstance amply confirmed by the singular feature first mentioned.

The majority of the planets being in cardinal signs denotes activity, aptitude, business capacity of the foremost order, nimbleness, ambition, perseverance. It gives a tendency to reforms and active administrations; makes the native fond of politics, foremost in his village, town, or even country, in social affairs and matters relating to the government of the people. It gives great executive ability; the power to overcome obstacles and to cut out a line of life for oneself; courting responsibility, active in the pursuit of one's objects, capable of command and leadership; yet often impetuous, forcing one's own way regardless of existing law and order; quick to anger but soon pacified; eager in intellect, acute in perception, apprehensive; fond of debate.

"The cardinal signs produce the most active workers of the world, the best business men and the most useful persons in the executive departments of social life.

"Three planets are in aerial signs and three in watery signs, hence the native lives equally in the mental and emotional aspects of her nature. The physical and purely spiritual are subordinate.

"If enquiry be made as to the astrological cause of Annie Besant's oratorical powers, it will be seen that Mercury is in Libra, a 'sign of voice' as we [94] technically term it, and Venus, the ruler of the 2nd House (governing language), is conjoined to Mercury, which confers singular eloquence and poesy of expression."

In his concluding paragraph Sepharial says: "It may be asked if there are similar signs of sympathy between this horoscope and that of H. P. Blavatsky such as were seen to exist in the case of Colonel Olcott. To this we can answer, Yes. If reference be made to the horoscope of H. P. B.,[3] it will be seen that the Ascendant is in close conjunction with the Moon in the present case and near to the place of Jupiter; while at the same time the Sun in the latter is on the place of the Moon in H. P. B.'s horoscope, a sure sign of sympathy between persons who are destined to meet one another." He calls attention to the curious coincidence that Madame Blavatsky sailed for India in the 47th year of her age, and that in this identical year Mrs. Besant also came to India to continue in the same work.

Let us now return to our party on board the "Peshawar". During the voyage from Madras to Calcutta we were favoured with very fine weather and a smooth sea. On the day after our sailing, by general request, Mrs. Besant lectured in the saloon on the subject of "Theosophy," the Captain presiding. A pleasant incident

of the voyage was the meeting on board of one of our New Zealand members, the Hon. William McCullough, a Member of the Legislative [95] Council and a very intelligent and sympathetic gentleman. We anchored at Saugor, at the mouth of the Hooghly, on the evening of Tuesday, January 9th, and continued the voyage at 10.30 the next morning on the flood tide. This precaution has always to be taken by Captains of vessels bound for Calcutta for it is a most treacherous river, the ebb tide running very swiftly and various shoals and sandbanks lying concealed below the surface ready to engulf any vessel which barely touches their inward edges. Quite frequently it happens that ships which have just grazed the edge of the treacherous sandbank have been forced by the current against it so that they were hopelessly stuck fast and within a few minutes have turned over and been swallowed up. At the very time that I write the Calcutta public are barely recovering from their horror at the wreck of the "Deepdale," which touched a shoal and within two minutes had disappeared from sight. So that one may say that it is quite within the range of possibilities that a traveller who has come safely through the tempests of the Bay of Biscay, the Red Sea and the Indian Ocean, may be wrecked in this sacred, but remorseless, stream within eight hours' sail of his destined port.

We reached Calcutta after 6 p.m. when it was dark. Several hundred of the best people of the metropolis, including Sir Romesh Chunder Mitter, ex-Justice of the High Court, Hon. Rash Behary Ghose, of the Viceroy's Council, and the Hon. Norendronath Sen waiting for us on the jetty. There were numberless [96] flags, arches of greenary, gifts of flowers and enthusiastic people. We were driven to a nice house which had been engaged for our temporary occupancy. From 8 to 10 the next morning and in the afternoon Mrs. Besant received visitors and in the evening lectured to an audience of 5,000 on "India's Place Among the Nations". The Town Hall was crammed and the enthusiasm was wonderful. I was much interested with the testimony of three persons who came to me separately and told me what they had seen and felt during the speaker's lecture. The first one said that "he had heard a tinkling of silvery bells and smelt a peculiarly delicious perfume, like a combination of oriental spices, which had seemed to flow from her and fill the hall"; the second had seen about her a bright and shining light; the third had not only seen this but in that radiance the figure of a majestic, bearded and turbaned Personage, whose aura seemed to blend with that of the speaker in vibrations each one of which sent a thrill through her nervous system.

There were the usual two receptions on Friday, and between them A. B., the

Countess and I, submitted to the usual photographing; after 6 p.m. Mrs. Besant gave a splendid discourse on “Pantheism,” at the great mansion of Sir Romesh Chunder to an audience of a most select character. At 5 o’clock the next morning the two ladies and I drove to the Sacred River and saw a young Yogi, standing in the water, do some wonderful phenomena of the Hatha Yoga. I can’t say that we were very much edified with the [97] performance, nor with any of the other Hatha Yoga physiological wonders such, as for instance, the deliberate swallowing, inch by inch, of a dhoti the lower cloth worn by every unwesternized Hindu, which wraps about him two or three times and covers him from the waist to the ankles. In this feat it is first wet and then swallowed until only the end is left hanging out of the mouth; after which it is slowly and carefully pulled out again. Another bit of what I must call tomfoolery is the introduction into one nostril of a rather thick rope of twisted strips of thin cotton cloth, brought together at one end and worked into a short bit of string, which is forced up the nostril, and then brought out through the other nostril.

This seems incredible, yet I have seen it done myself as well as the “dhoti” performance. The object in view in all the series of exploits is, firstly, to make the Yogi’s will, by constant training and concentration upon a given point, strong enough to convert the bodily functions from involuntary to voluntary.

In the cases referred to there is the second object of cleansing the nasal passages, stomach and other internal cavities from accumulations of the previous twenty-four hours. This same training of the will brings, virtually, all the processes of the body under control, and after living long in India one comes to the point where not even the most sensational feats of the practitioner of the Lower Yoga, such as the abstention from food or drink for weeks, the allowing of oneself to be buried for a month or more and then [98] resuscitating oneself, the sleeping on a bed of sharp spikes, self-levitation, the walking on water, the holding of an arm vertically for years until it loses its flexibility and becomes like a wooden stake, the exposure of oneself without harm to the “five fires,” are able to astonish him. And yet what a terrible waste of time, and how ridiculously unprofitable, so far as one’s spiritual advancement is concerned, is all this physiological training. At 3 p.m. Mrs. Besant lectured on “Theosophy and Hinduism” at the Star Theatre to the usual overflowing audience. She then revised copy until 11 p.m., after which she wrote letters and then allowed her poor tired body to have some sleep. On Sunday the ladies and I attended a reception of Brahmos, i.e., members of the Brahmo Samaj, at the house of Dr. P.

K. Ray, a Professor in the Calcutta University and a man of scientific renown. In the evening Mrs. Besant lectured to another multitude at the Town Hall, but first held a reception at the house of the Hon. Mr. Ghose.

At 11 p.m. we left for Berhampore. This is an out-of-the-way station but the welcome that awaits any one connected with theosophic propaganda amply compensates for the trouble of getting there. After a night in the train we reached Azimgunge at about 9 a.m. From the railway station, the terminus of the short branch road from Nalhati Junction on the E.I.R., Mrs. Besant was carried in a tomjon, an uncovered arm-chair attached to poles which rest upon the bearers' shoulders, with an accompaniment of fluttering flags [99] and gaudily dressed mace-bearers, supplied by the local Jain branch of the T. S. We crossed the river in a house-boat and found an elegant carriage with blooded horses awaiting us which took us, at a smart trot, over the smooth road to our place of destination: our imposing turnout had been kindly supplied by H. H. the Maharanee Surnomoyee. We were very comfortably housed and most hospitably catered for. After a very interesting talk with the branch members we visited their reading Room and a Boys' Moral Training Society. The next morning there was the usual conversazione, after which we were left at liberty to catch up the arrears of our heavy correspondence and my literary work. At 6.30 p.m. Mrs. Besant lectured on "India, Past, Present and Future". Addresses were read to her by our Branch, the Hindu public of Berhampore (the old Brahmapuri) and the orthodox pandits, of whom twenty-five attended the lecture. The next morning, after the conference with Mrs. Besant, we were favoured with some remarkable juggling (or necromantic?) feats by a pupil of the late famous master of Djinns, Hasan Khan, about whom I have often written in The Theosophist. His name is—if he be still alive—Pertab Chandra Ghose, of Chunta P.O., Pergunnah Sarail, in the Tipperah District of Bengal. I give the address for the benefit of whom it may concern, but warn Western curiosity-seekers that it will be useless to write him in any of their languages. Among his other wonders was the following: he took from us three watches, tied them up in paper and a bit [100] of cloth; attached to it a ticket with the name of R. N. Sen, one of the witnesses, written on it; then gave it into Mrs. Besant's own hands and asked her to throw it into the house-well. She did so and we saw it drop into the water with a great splash and sink out of sight. Presently he reproduced the watches, one done up in a separate package with the ticket on it, the other two loose; all perfectly dry. He then suddenly produced and handed us a box of sweets of a peculiar kind which are made in a village more than two hundred miles away from Berhampore. Like his master,

Hasan Khan, he pretended that these wonders were done with the help of certain elementals, or Djinns, over whom he has control. The lecture that evening was on “Theosophy and Modern Science”.

From 7.30 to9 a.m. the next morning visitors were received; at 9 we visited Ranee Anarkali’s Tol, i.e., a Sanskrit school, where an address in that language was read to Mrs. Besant; then we had a drive and after that, desk-work during the rest of the morning. In the afternoon the students of Berhampore College came with an address, and at 7 p.m. our sweet orator lectured on “Reincarnation and Karma”. At 9 p.m. our busy day ended up with a special performance of the famous Indian drama, “Prahlada Charita,” given for us, and songs of welcome and farewell to Mrs. Besant were chanted. As it is not in the least likely that she has preserved her copy of the verses, and as they are likely to entertain our Western friends, I will give them as recited, First we have:

[101]

THE SONG OF WELCOME

“Welcome sister, the ever unfortunate mother India takes you to her bosom. Now she has nothing precious of which she can make a present to you; but she is ready to receive you with Shamit (sacrificial fuel), Kushahan (a seat made of sacrificial grass), Padya (water for washing the feet with), Arghya (respectful oblation) and sweet words.

“What has brought you sister, here? India is now lifeless. Here is now no chanting of the Vedas, no Tapobana (garden for practising religious austerities), no twice-born, no uttering of Mantras (mystical incantation) Now the cry of the famine-stricken people rends the sky.

“We, the inhabitants of Berhampore, give a garland of flowers round your neck; please take it, simple sister, with your characteristic affability.

“You are now a learned daughter of mother India, you are honoured throughout the world and your reputation is world-wide. We are glad to see you.”

And then:

THE FAREWELL SONG

“You have sacrificed, sister, all you had for the sake of your mother with the simple hope of infusing life into fallen India.

“You have seen the condition of India with your own eyes; the sons of India

look sullen [102] and gloomy. None has an iota of happiness here; the heart of every one is heavy with feelings of miseries.

“Sing, sister, the song of India’s miseries in your own country. The minds of famishing people can have no inclination to God.

“Sing the song of India’s glories with fresh energies; we would console our heavy hearts hearing that song from far beyond the ocean.

“Farewell sister, go to your own country with the blessings of 200 millions of people and distribute there with sound health the treasures of Aryan religion.

“The parting is embittering; do not fail, sister, to come here again with the remembrance of your fallen brothers.”

The next day, Friday the 19th, was our last at Berhampore and all its hours were fully occupied; in fact, to judge from my experience, very few idle hours fall to the lot of the theosophical propagandist. At 7 in the morning Mrs. Besant lectured on “Theosophy and Hinduism”; at 9 we three drove to Cossim Bazar Palace to pay our respects to the venerable Maharanee Surnomoyee, M. I. O. C. I.; then there were some admissions of members; then breakfast, after which there came an address from the students of the Berhampore College, our last public function in the place. We then left by carriages for Murshidabad, where we stopped at the Palace of the Nawab, my old friend, to make him a short call. His welcome [103] was, as usual, most cordial and he expressed his regret that we could give him only a short half-hour. Leaving him we then moved on to Azimgunge and so, by the branch road to Nalhati and from thence on all night towards Bankipore, Behar.

CHAPTER IX

MRS. BESANT'S TOUR IN THE UNITED PROVINCES

(1894)

AS already stated, Bankipore is one of the most sympathetic places in India to visit, by reason of the cultivated intelligence and heartfelt earnestness of our local colleagues. Mrs. Besant was quite prepared then, from what I had told her, to anticipate a pleasant and profitable visit at that station, and was not disappointed. The Committee had obtained from the agent of the Maharajah of Durbhanga the use of his local palace, one of a number that he owns in different parts of India; and there we were put up. I took the ladies to the echoing dome described in a previous chapter and they, with their poetical and mystical natures, were much impressed by that never-to-be-forgotten series of reverberations that come after the raising of the voice or the shuffling of a foot on the ground; if ever there was a place to which Tom Hood's famous verse would apply it is this.

"And over all there hung a shade of fear,

And sense of mystery the spirit daunted,

[105]

And said, as plain as whisper in the ear,

The place is haunted."

If anyone doubts it let him pay a visit to this deserted grain-bin of Warren Hastings, at night, with a single lamp, and repeat sentences, sotto voce, as he tramps around the circumference of the floor.

At 6.30 p.m. Mrs. Besant lectured in the College Hall to a packed audience. The Principal introduced us and moved the vote of thanks at the close. It always fills my heart with joy to see the enthusiastic way in which the boys of our Indian Colleges receive theosophical lectures: their capacity for emotional

manifestations exceeds that of almost any Western audience, certainly more than any Northern one. Engrossed Addresses were presented to us in purple velvet cases richly embroidered in gold. As we were only going to spend two days in the station, the Committee had arranged for Mrs. Besant to give two lectures on the next day, Sunday the 21st, one at 2 and the other at 6.30 p.m.: the subjects were respectively, “The Evidences of Theosophy,” and “Theosophy and Hinduism”. At a public meeting called for the purpose I formed a Hindu boys’ society. There was a conversazione in the evening and after that, at 9.30, a visit to Professor James’ house. On Monday morning we left Bankipore at 7 a.m. and reached Benares at 12.30, changing trains at Moghalsarai. For one who has known of the intimate friendships between Madame Blavatsky and myself and Mrs. Besant and Upendranath Basu, Gyanendra Nath Chakravarti and some others, [106] it is hard to realise that we were once strangers, but in point of fact I introduced Upendra Babu to Mrs. B. on that morning at the junction named.

On arrival at Benares we were driven to the large house of that generous friend, Babu Kally Kissen Tagore. In the afternoon the Society held a special meeting at which Mrs. Besant was presented with a richly illuminated Address contained in an engraved Benares brass cylinder. In the evening she went with some friends for a sail on the Ganges by moonlight. She, with the Countess Wachtmeister, Bhavani, Upendranath and myself, went to visit H.P.B.’s old acquaintance of 1879, “Majji,” the Yogini who lived for many years, and until her death, at an ashram of her own on the bank of the Ganges. We drove to the Ganges bridge and from thence proceeded onward in a house-boat. At 4 p.m. Mrs. Besant lectured to an open-air crowd from the steps of the Town Hall, for the first time on the new subject of “From Atheism to Hinduism”: needless to say, it was an excellent discourse and received with enthusiasm. On the Wednesday morning, early, our whole party, sitting on the roof of a house-boat, were rowed slowly along the Ganges front of the city and saw the multitudes bathing. The magnificence and impressiveness of this sight have been described by me in a previous chapter. At 3 p.m. we met the leading pandits of Benares for discussion. We found that they disapproved of education for Hindu girls in general, especially for the virgin widows, of whom there are so many hundreds of thousands in [107] Indian society; on the other hand, they expressed their unqualified approbation of my Sanskrit libraries and schools and societies for Hindu boys. It was amusing to see the contrast between the appearance and views of Annie Besant, the champion, for so many years, of the uplifting and education of women, and the hard, stony conservatism of those fossilised pandits

who lived in the nineteenth century but thought within the lines of the Aryan doctrines of the earliest centuries of our era.

The lecture at the Town Hall that evening was given under circumstances of greater discomfort than any previous one of this tour. The arrangements for the admission and distribution of the audience were so faulty that, not only the hearers but the speaker, were wedged together in a stifling mass; the space which, by dint of great pushing and crowding was secured for our party on the platform, was not bigger than that occupied by an ordinary writing-table, and Mrs. Besant had to deliver her discourse from a fixed spot at the edge of the topmost step leading to the dais, about as big as the top of a man's hat. Yet, by dint of a stiffening of her body and an occasional friendly clutch by me at her dress to keep her from falling forward, she managed to get through her discourse with great acceptability. But really, this was too much for good nature, and so Upendra Babu, as President of our local Branch, issued, on the next morning, the following handbill: "In consequence of the great crowd we had at Mrs. Besant's lecture [108] last evening, gentlemen are requested to bring with them their invitation cards or procure admission tickets for to-morrow's lecture, from Babu Jadab Chandra Mittra, or at the gate of the Town Hall, between 4 and 5.30 p.m."

On Thursday, the 25th, we drove to Saranath, the site of the Deer Park where the Buddha gave his first great missionary discourse to the companions of his austerities who had deserted him when he, fainting from exhaustion, had accepted from the herdsman's daughter the gift of fresh milk, because they thought that he had failed in his ascetic training. The stupa as it stands there now, a ruin, is yet one of the most interesting places in the world for the student of religion to visit. And surely that was a memorable party which stood under its shadow that morning: Annie Besant, the destined resuscitator of Hindu philosophy in India, and I, who for thirteen years had been working in concert with the Buddhist nations of Ceylon, Burma, Chittagong and Japan, to revive the Arya Dharma of which the Tathagata had spoken the keynote on this very spot twenty-four centuries ago. Students of psychometry know of the existence in man of the faculty of what is called "conscious clairvoyance," that is, the employment of a more or less developed psychical vision during the waking state. They will understand, therefore, that it would be quite possible for either of us in that group who was endowed with this transcendental perceptive faculty, to have seen, by exercising it, the Akasic pictures which were focussed in and about [109] that spot. This actually happened, and one who was present interested

me beyond all expression by describing to me a scene in which an orange-robed Bhikshu of saintly appearance was addressing a gathering a little to the north of where the stupa now stands. We returned to town greatly pleased with our excursion. At 2 p.m. we went to the house of myold friend, Mokshada Das, where, from 5.30 to 7 p.m. a delightful question-meeting was held. On the next day we did much letter-writing and received many visitors. In the evening the promised lecture was given on the subject of “Hypnotism and Mesmerism in the Light of Theosophy”, after which I admitted three candidates into membership. This closed our visit to Benares and on the next day we moved on to Allahabad. Several friends accompanied us to Moghalsarai and Upendra Babu went all the way. Mr. E.T. Sturdy and all the other Allahabad theosophists met us at the station, where Professor Chakravarti was introduced to Mrs. Besant and took us to his and the adjacent house, to put up.

Once in twelve years there is an enormous assemblage of pilgrims at Allahabad, the ancient sacred Prayag, who come to encamp themselves on the alluvial plain at the confluence of the two sacred rivers, Jumna and Ganges: they bathe in the streams, recite prayers, make ceremonies and go away in the conviction that their sins have been washed away. Not even the largest European or American cities have seen such gatherings, for we have it from the estimates of the Government [110] itself that provision has to be made for the surveillance, sanitation, policing and feeding of more than two million people; to be accurate, 23 lakhs—2,300,000. As we happened to arrive at the very time when this meeting, or as the name is, in the vernacular, this Magh Mela, was being held, we were, of course, taken to see it. We visited it on three separate days. One of our active members happening to be detailed for duty in connection with the event, he kindly procured us two elephants to ride upon and accompanied us himself in the capacity of cicerone. A.B., Chakravarti, our friend Suraj Narain, and I, mounted the first elephant, but the Countess positively refused to mount hers; she would give no reasons except that she didn’t choose and rather than do it she would return to the house and let the Fair go. It was such a great pity that she should lose this most unique of spectacles that Suraj Narain finally commandeered an ekka, a little, two-wheeled, quaint-looking pony-cart, the shafts of which meet together over the horse’s saddle and hook into some sort of iron contrivance which holds them in place; the wheels are about as small as those of a modern trotting-sulky; the passenger sits on a little cushioned board, perhaps 2½ feet square, and is sheltered from the sun by a canopy supported at the four corners by sticks of bamboo: altogether as quaint a vehicle as can be

found in any western Museum. This being arranged, we moved on over the plain, observing and enjoying all the novel sights that could be seen from our elevated position on elephant-back. The sagacious [111] beasts stepped with the greatest precaution through the masses of people who were crowded up to their very legs. It was almost as though they were wading through a stream of human beings. On every side, to great distances, stretched the swarthy multitude; the river banks were crowded with bathers; streams of people moved hither and thither to visit the camps of notabilities—rajahs and maharajahs, zemindars and talukdars, declaiming teachers of various sects, hatha yogis by the score, making a public show of their austere practices, some smeared with ashes and streaked with saffron caste-marks, some with their long dishevelled locks, supplemented with chignons of vegetable fibre built up into high dusty cones, like exaggerated rats' nests, on top of their heads, some lying on beds of spikes, some sitting in the different asans prescribed by Patanjali, some decorating their bodies after their baths, some with eyes closed as if in meditation, etc.,—but, with very few exceptions, each having spread on the ground before him a cloth on which the pious pilgrims could cast their alms of copper coin: pious humbugs, in short. But what struck me as the greatest humbug of all was the ostentatious self-exhibitions of gorgeously dressed gurus and family priests of Indian princes, riding on richly caparisoned elephants, in gaudy howdahs and with a flutter of flags of cloths of gold or silver or banners of bright-coloured silks, all gleaming and sparkling in the sun as the elephants of these trans-parently pretentious humbugs of spiritual guides (?) moved through the mighty sea of pilgrims, [112] seeing and being seen of all men. After we had had our fill of the show and had stamped into our astral brain a gallery of mind pictures that could never fade, we turned our elephants back towards our point of departure, threading our way cautiously through the thronging crowds. At the third visit we stood on the bank of the Jumna just in front of the Fort, looking across the stream and on to the plain at the mighty spectacle. Streams of people kept moving past us in both directions, types of many different races presenting themselves to view from moment to moment. Having seen many Indian crowds before, this Magh Mela only astonished me by the enormity of the multitude it had attracted; but to our ladies everything was novel; they not only saw but scrutinized, and the Countess suddenly recalled me from my species of reverie by saying to Mrs. Besant: "What a wonderful crowd. See, there is not one single drunken person, not one booth for the sake of liquor, not one fight. Every man's and woman's face wears the expression of innocent enjoyment, and one feels as though the common

sentiment of religious devotion was animating them all. Where else in the world, in any nation or town, have you ever seen so orderly and self-respecting a crowd as this?" Let the reader try to figure to himself that majestic spectacle before us of the plain covered with a multitude so vast as this, of brown-skinned people with their heads covered with white turbans, patches of colour being made here and there by groups wearing turbans of blue, yellow or red. If I should live fifty [113] years more, I should never forget the impression made upon me by those elephant-riding gurus with their gaudy flags and richly dressed disciples crowding about them in the howdahs: it was such a travesty of religion.

At about sundown on the day of the first visit, January 28th, we were taken for a row on the Jumna and later in the evening there was a T.S. meeting held at which I admitted two candidates to membership. On the 29th there was office work during the day and a conversazione in the evening. At 6.30 on the next evening Mrs. Besant lectured at Mayo Hall on the "Insufficiency of Materialism". What its effect on the great audience was may be guessed from the entry in my Diary, that it was "the best and most fervent discourse she had yet given on the subject". On the 31st I finished writing my O.D.L. for the March Theosophist, and at 6.30 p.m., at Lowther Castle, Mrs. Besant addressed a large class of college boys who were being taught Theosophy by Professor Chakravarti and other elders. There was a conversazione at the same place on the following evening. On the 2nd of February, in the evening, Mrs. Besant lectured at the Railway Theatre on "Death and Life After Death," to a most unsympathetic audience. It had been pouring all day and the audience was small. For Countess Wachtmeister, at least, the day had its bright memories for she met, for the first time in twenty years, her elder brother, General the Marquis de Bourbel, of the Royal Engineers, whose services had been loaned to the Kashmir Durbar for the building [114] of a Railway in that State. On the 3rd we visited the Kayastha Patshala, a long-established and successful school for the education of students belonging to the Kayastha or writer caste of Hindus. The next two days were principally devoted to the visits to the Magh Mela, and on the 6th we left at 9 p.m. for the world-famed city of Agra.

On arriving at Agra, on the 7th, much behind time because of the crowding of the road with extra traffic connected with the transport of pilgrims to and from the great Mela, we were cordially received by my old friend, Lala Baijnath, a most earnest, scholarly and independent man, who took us to his house and entertained us most hospitably. Mrs. Arnold, a cousin of Miss Emily Kislingbury

of London, (H. P. B's and my New York guest), came with her husband from Aligarh to see Mrs. Besant, and attended the conversazione she held that evening. On the next day the ladies saw, for the first time, that architectural wonder of the world, the Taj Mahal, so often described as "a poem in marble". Having seen it before, I was able to arrange for them an artistic surprise, by getting them to close their eyes and let me lead them through the arch of the entrance tower at one side of the gardens, and keeping them a little within the shadow, had them open their eyes and gaze on the picture of enchantment before them. The Taj is situated in a spacious garden of trees and flower-beds arranged with the finest taste of the landscape-gardener. From the place where [115] we stood stretched a long succession of narrow and shallow tanks of water, down the centre of which runs a single line of water-jets. This vista is broken at a distance of, perhaps, two hundred yards, by a large, raised, stone platform, stretching between the side-walks, from which visitors can have a comprehensive view of the landscape picture. Beyond it the water basins continue until they end at the raised promenade which runs all around the plinth on which stands the incomparable marble tomb of the Emperor Shah Jehan's favorite Queen, Mumtaz Mahal, and of himself; its exquisite forms relieved against the sapphire background of the cloudless Indian sky. Every traveller of cultivated taste brings away the same impression. But when we walked down the avenue and came to the mausoleum, the Countess and I noticed that Mrs. Besant seemed oppressed by a sense of sadness; she looked listlessly but with mournful eyes, at the marble pile. When we asked her the reason for her sadness, she said that she was almost overcome with the sense of the bloodshed that had occurred in past times in and around the fort, whose towering, embattled walls stood before us on the other side of the river, and then, behind all the beauty of this peerless building, she felt the wretchedness and almost heard the groans of the poor coolies by whose enforced labour it had been built. One of the most ruthless acts of cruelty in history is reported to the discredit of Shah Jehan: it is said that the design of the tomb was made by a great Italian architect whom he had called from his faraway [116] land to superintend the building. When it was finished and its beauty was exposed to the gaze of men, this bloody tyrant cast him into prison and had his eyes burnt out so that he might never duplicate a work of such perfection. One cannot get an adequate idea of the Taj from any of the photographs, pictures or carved models that have found their way to all parts of the world: it must be seen in its enframing garden and under the light of an Indian sun, or in the moonlight of a warm Indian evening, to know what it is really like.

Of course we were photographed at Agra as elsewhere, and after this incident of the morning of the 9th, the Countess and Mr. Sven Ryden, one of our Swedish members, went to see the Emperor Akbar's tomb at Secundra--the sepulchre of the greatest of all the Emperors of Hindustan, a sovereign who was tolerant of all forms of religious belief, diminished the cruel and oppressive taxes laid on his Hindu subjects by his predecessors, reformed the administration of the revenue, promoted commerce and improved the roads of the Empire, encouraged learning and literature, instituted schools in all parts of his dominions, was worthy of kingship and was one of those whose names are preserved in history. I have stood by the tombs of many kings in different countries and usually came away filled with disgust and honest indignation at the lies about their character written by sycophants, upon the marble. Especially I felt this at St. Peter's Rome, where I saw the magnificent monuments of popes and [117] kings who, if justice had been done, would have had their carcases thrown to the dogs: men—

"Whose game was empires, and whose stakes were thrones,

Whose table earth—whose dice were human bones."

Besides these moral dwarfs, the figures of Akbar and Asoka, Emperors of India, tower majestic.

Mrs. Besant's lecture that evening was on the "Evolution of Man," a tribute, possibly, to Lala Baijnath's scientific and philosophical taste. At the close I formed the "Agra Hindu Students' Association" and got up a subscription for their library. On our return to the house our host read to Mrs. Besant and myself part of the MS. of an Advaita Catechism he was composing. We found it excellent: which is saying a great deal, for, confessedly this is a literary task of great difficulty. There is something so subtle, so metaphysical in the doctrine of Shankarâchârya that it is a most troublesome affair to compress it into a series of questions and answers which the average person, especially the young student, can comprehend. As I think I have explained before, the success of the First Edition of the Buddhist Catechism, in 1880, gave me the idea of publishing a similar synthetical work on each of the Eastern religions: my plan covering both Zoroastrianism and Islam, in addition to the three great schools of Indian thought. Of these, the Dwaita and Visishtadwaita Catechisms have been published, and even one of the Shin-shu school of Japanese [118] Buddhism; a Parsi gentleman has made an attempt at one of his religion but, although I have had my notes ready for years I have never had time, amid my official duties, to prepare the digest of Islam. The Advaita has never been brought to the point of

readi-ness for publication, so far as I know, although I have made two or three bargains with different Indian writers to complete it. I was, then, naturally very pleased to find that Lala Baijnath had so intuitively grasped the right theory of treatment, and I hope that, in time, his work may be published.

Early on the morning of the 10th we left Agra for Muttra, the holy place so intimately associated with the memory of Shri Krishna. It is only a three hours' ride, so we reached there in ample time for the second breakfast, which is as fixed an "institution" in India as it is in France. We were accommodated in a nice cottage belonging to H. H. the Maharajah of Bhurtpore. In the afternoon our friends took the Countess and myself in a rowboat past the whole river front of the city—a most picturesque panorama. We saw the place where Shri Krishna is said to have performed the sraddha ceremony for his uncle, and the high tower which marks the spot where the wives of Kamsa burnt themselves in suttee. In the evening Mrs. Besant lectured in the Garrison Theatre on "Death and Life After Death," to an audience composed mainly of English soldiers. Later, I broached to the Indian gentlemen present the idea of a boys' society and opened a subscription, which was continued at a meeting on [119] the next day and the society formed; after which Mrs. Besant gave a lecture which was translated into the vernacular, there not being enough English-speaking Hindus present to relieve her of that necessity. I, who had passed through the same ordeal more than an hundred times, could well sympathise with her; the more so as I was now a mere auditor and not the player of the leading part. Indeed, I felt sorry to see this gifted daughter of Minerva, from whose mouth leaps the crystal stream of heart-moving eloquence, when left to take her own gait, forced to give her discourse sentence by sentence, and each time wait for her words to be mutilated in the vernacular to bring them within the comprehension of this Indian audience. On the next morning we left for Delhi, the old capital of the Moghul Empire. We reached our destination at 5 p.m. and at 6 Mrs. Besant was standing before a huge audience in the Town Hall lecturing on that subject which invariably stirs the heart of the Hindu to its depths, "India, Past, Present and Future". It made a deep and lasting impression. Later, and when we were all more than ready for it, we had dinner in native fashion at the house of our friend and colleague, Dr. Hem Chundra Sen, who has carried on his broad shoulders, from the first, the foundation of the local Theosophical Branch which I laid at the time of my first visit to this place. On the next morning he took us for a drive to the Kutub Minar, a description of which will be reserved for our next chapter.

CHAPTER X

MRS. BESANT'S TOUR IN PUNJAB

(1894)

THERE are few spots on the earth's surface around which cluster so many memories of human strife and struggle, of wasted valour and triumphant savagery, of the conquest and destruction of kingdoms and the birth of new empires, as Delhi. For 45 miles around the fields are cumbered with heaps of splendid ruins, cities reduced to dust, palaces destroyed, tombs of conquerors eaten into by the tooth of time, and here and there, like jewels lying on a heap of rubbish, marble mosques and tombs of exquisite design standing as shining tokens of the high water-mark attained in art by successful soldier-chiefs who left behind them, in their triumphant progress towards a throne, a sea of blood and the moans of dying populations whom they had first despoiled of their last coin and then slaughtered. One who can read the records of the imperishable âkâsha and bring up before him the living pictures of past epochs must feel, if he has the least sympathy for the sufferings of his race, a crushing sense of sadness as he casts his mental gaze around him and contemplates [121] the tragedies of the past. But we do not have to evoke the pictures of the astral light to know something about the tragical events of the Province; the pages of history which record them are, one might almost say, of the colour of blood. During the first eleven, centuries of our Era there was a succession of Hindu dynasties; in the 12th began that of the Moslem invaders: Mohammed of Ghor, Kutub-ud-din, Altamsh, Queen Raziyâ, Jalâl-ud-din, Alâ-ud-din, Tughlak, Firoz Shâh, succeeding each other and each destroying, decimating, restoring, constructing and re-peopling. War was the normal state of things, peace the occasional. In December, 1398, during the reign of Mohammed Tughlak, the hordes of Timûr reached Delhi. The king fled to Gujarât, the army suffered a defeat beneath the walls, and Timûr, entering the city gave it over for five days to plunder and massacre. As the "Imperial Gazetteer of India" tells us, "Dead bodies choked the streets; and when at last even the Mughal appetite for carnage was satiated, the

host retired dragging with them into slavery large numbers both, of men and women." In the 18th century the Persian invader, Nâdir Shâh, entered the city in triumph, and re-enacted the massacre of Timûr. For fifty-eight days the victor plundered rich and poor alike; "when the last farthing had been exacted, he left the city with a booty estimated at £9,000,000." (op.cit., Vol. IV, pp. 192-3.)

In the last chapter the reader was brought, with our travelling party, under the kind guidance of Dr. [127] Hem Chandra Sen, to the foot of the Kutub Minar. This is a splendid minaret, or rather a Tower of Victory, erected in the 12th century by Kutub-ud-din, Viceroy of the Sultan Shâhab-ud-din who, on the death of his master, proclaimed himself an independent sovereign, and became the founder of the Slave dynasty. To him old Delhi owes most of its grandest ruins. The huge column in question is about two hundred and forty feet in height, forty-eight feet in diameter at the base and about nine feet at the summit. The shaft consists of five stories, enclosing a spiral staircase, and is crowned by a now broken cupola, which fell during an earthquake in 1803. At the junction of each storey with the one above it there is a boldly-projecting balcony; the material is red sandstone except at the top where thirty-six feet of the tower are built of white marble. Up to this point the surface is fluted, in the lower storey the flutes being alternately angular and circular; in the second, circular, and in the third angular only. Between the stories are richly-sculptured raised belts containing inscriptions in Arabic. The most superficial observer must be struck by the exquisite grace and symmetry of this enduring monument of the Sultan Kutub. Dr. Fergusson, the most celebrated of writers on Indian and Eastern architecture, says:[4]

"It is probably not too much to assert that the Kutub Minar is the most beautiful example of its class known to exist anywhere. The rival that will occur at once to most people is the campanile at Florence, [128] built by Giotto." But he adds, "beautiful though it is, it wants that poetry of design and exquisite finish of detail which marks every moulding of the Minar." There is a difference of opinion between Dr. Fergusson and Sir William Hunter, Editor of the Imperial Gazetteer of India, as to the original purpose of the monument, the latter saying that it "was doubtless as a Muazzam's tower, whence the call to evening and morning prayer might be heard throughout the whole city"; while the other authority affirms that "the tower must not be looked at as if erected for the same purposes as those usually attached to mosques elsewhere. It was not designed as a place from which the muëddin should call the prayers, though its lower gallery may have been used for that purpose also, but as a Tower of Victory—a Jaya

Stambha, in fact—an emblem of conquest, which the Hindus could only too easily understand and appreciate."

Around a great court in which the column stands are the ruins of a mosque, also built by the Afghan conqueror, largely of carved fragments torn from Hindu temples, but put together in the forms of what we call Saracenic architecture. Fergusson says that it "is, without exception, the most exquisite specimen of its class". Bishop Heber, who once viewed the landscape from the same spot where Mrs. Besant and the rest of us now stood, thus describes what he saw: "A very awful scene of desolation, ruins after ruins, tombs after tombs, fragments of brickwork, freestone, granite and marble, scattered everywhere over a soil [124] naturally rocky and barren, without cultivation, except in one or two small spots, and without a single tree." But as I am neither a newspaper nor an architectural expert, I shall not dwell upon the details of the rise and fall of empires around this historical spot. Suffice it to say that the first was that of the earliest Aryan immigrants into India, at least 2000 B.C., who called their capital Indraprastha, which is referred to in the Mahâbhârata, and the last, that of the British Raj. The thing that most struck me was that the exquisite mosques, tombs, palaces and towers, which met our eyes, should have been erected by conquerors whose military cruelties were inconceivably brutal. I cannot, however, leave the subject without a brief mention of the iron pillar to which the recent discoveries of Dr. J. C. Bose and others, as to the diseases of metals, lend additional interest. This column of malleable iron without alloy, which has stood in the open air, exposed to all the vicissitudes of the north Indian climate through fourteen centuries, is without rust or any sign of decomposition. From base to capital it is forty-three feet high, with a diameter at the bottom of sixteen inches and at the top of twelve inches, some twenty feet of the base being under ground; the capital is three and a half feet high, sharply and clearly wrought into the Persian form, and affords a most striking proof of the fact that in that far-distant age the Hindus achieved results in metal-working which have never been paralleled in the Western countries up to a very late date. Well may Fergusson say that "it opens our [125] eyes to an unsuspected state of affairs. It is equally startling to find that, after an exposure to wind and rain for fourteen centuries, it is unrusted, and the capital and inscription are as clear and as sharp now as when put up". One would naturally suspect that the ancients had the secret of some anticorrosive alloy, but General Cunningham, in India, and Dr. Percy, of the London School of Mines, had portions analysed and the substance was found to be pure iron without alloy. Madame Blavatsky touches upon this subject, as upon so many others, in that

most useful repository, Isis Unveiled. In Vol. I, pp. 210-11, she hints that the ancients, who had excelled in skill as metallurgists and lapidaries from an unknown antiquity, were acquainted with the workings of "that subtle power, which ancient philosophers called the 'world's soul'. In the East only and on the boundless tracts of unexplored Africa will the student of psychology find abundant food for his truth-hungering soul." The reason, she says, is obvious. Nature's finer forces can hardly be evoked in populous neighborhoods where manufactories and industrial works of various other sorts abound, poisoning the atmosphere with their chemical emanations, and the evil is increased by the outgoing auric currents of unspiritual multitudes. She tells us that "Nature is as dependent as a human being upon conditions, before she can work and her mighty breathing, so to say, can be as easily interfered with, impeded and arrested, and the correlation of her forces destroyed in a given spot, as though she were a man." Not only [126] climate, but also occult influences daily felt not only modify the physio-psychological nature of man, but even alter the constitution of so-called inorganic matter in a degree not fairly realized by European science. Thus the London Medical and Surgical Journal advises surgeons not to carry lancets to Calcutta, because it has been found by personal experience "that English steel could not bear the atmosphere of India"; so a bunch of English or American keys "will be completely covered with rust twenty-four hours after having been brought to Egypt; while objects made of native steel in those countries remain unoxidized". The fact is that we have many things to learn in regard to metallurgy, among them the secret of the tempering of tools of iron, copper and bronze to the degree of perfection possessed by the ancients. Our archæologists are just beginning to turn over some of the oldest leaves in the world's history. On this very day of writing I have read in the periodical called Science Siftings, that Professor Flinders Petrie, probably the most renowned archæologist of the day, says that "the astounding feature about the recent Egyptian discoveries is that they entirely upset all the notions about Egyptian art which have hitherto obtained. Instead of the Egyptian art we know being but the beginnings, the initial strivings of a people to express themselves, that art is now shown to be debased and to have degenerated from an infinitely superior form many generations earlier. Some of the early, almost pre-historic, drawings are beautiful and perfect in design. The [127] detail in the figures on some of the earliest sketches is wonderful in its fineness, beauty and accuracy. Moreover, the writing on even the earliest forms is perfect. This would show that a state of high civilization existed in Egypt some centuries before the date often

assigned to the creation of the world". But exactly what Flinders Petrie is discovering now was discovered by Mariette Bey before him, as will be seen on referring to Isis Unveiled, I, 6. The mystery of the iron column at the Kutub Minar gives almost the irresistible conviction that its forgers of the 5th century had the secret of so controlling the pulsations of the ether, or world-soul, within it, as to preserve it from the chemical changes which attack all steel of modern manufacture. "This ancient steel," exclaims that famous American orator, Wendell Phillips, "is the greatest triump of metallurgy, and metallurgy is the glory of chemistry."

Of course, the walls of the topmost chamber in the Kutub Minar are covered with names and inscriptions of various sorts left by visitors; so, as there was a vacant space just over the entrance door, I wrote there the name of our Society, after which we came away and returned to the city.

That evening, Feb. 13th, Mrs. Besant lectured again at the Town Hall on the subject of "Theosophy and Science". She treated the subject more satisfactorily than ever, as she went more into details in making her scientific points. The fact is that the latest discoveries of science are really fascinating for the student of [128] Theosophy, because every step in advance is made in the direction of the domain of ancient occult science. The latest announcement that I have seen is that someone has constructed a machine so delicate that he is able to prove the actual relationship between colour and sound, a subject which, I need scarcely remind our older members, has been often discussed by the writers of our Society. There is really but one step between the latest advance in wireless telegraphy and the phenomenon of thought-transference. We, old Theosophists, are like people standing on a rocky cliff and watching the waves dashing against its foot; the waves, in our case, are the assaults of the impotent critics of the Ancient Wisdom, that living rock of philosophy which stands firm and unshaken from age to age amid the fugitive changes of dogmatic theology. A quarter of a century has not weakened the position taken up at the beginning by our Founders but, on the contrary, we have yearly become stronger and stronger as sectarian barriers have been undermined by the advancement of science.

On the morning of the 14th, visitors were received and a question-meeting was conducted by Mrs. Besant; at 3.30 p.m. we left for Meerut, a short journey. Pandit Rama Prasad, M.A., President of the local Branch, and author of Nature's Finer Forces,[5] with some fifteen others, met us at the station and we were comfortably housed.

The next morning, after a question-meeting, I drove for several hours about the town with Babu P. C. Ghose, hunting for the house in which H. P. B. was entertained in the year 1856, or thereabouts, when on her way to Tibet; but I could not find it, as the gentleman who had been her host at that time was dead, and I could not find his son who could have served me as guide. There was a great rush at Mrs. Besant's lecture that evening on "Theosophy, Karma and Reincarnation," and a vivid interest was displayed by the audience. Later, I formed a Hindu Students' Society.

There was a question-meeting on the morning of the 16th, after which we breakfasted on Hindu food at a member's house. There we met Pandit Nundkissore, the owner of the famous copy of the Bîhmagrantham about which so many interesting things have been written in back numbers of this magazine. I think I have mentioned before that one of the most interesting facts about these "Indian sibylline books" is that no horoscopes can be found there of persons not born in India, so neither of us foreigners could get any information about ourselves. But how surpassingly wonderful it is that natives of India, whom the keeper of the books has never seen or heard of before, can come there, show their horoscopes, and then be referred to the volume in which they will find recorded their history and that of their families, sometimes to the extent of hundreds of minor details, and prophecies about their future. A heavy rain [130] fell that evening but Mrs. Besant had a good audience to hear her discourse on "Death and After," which subject she handled after a new and excellent fashion.

We left for Umballa the next day in the afternoon after a conversation-meeting and the admission of numerous members. Under the energetic management of our ever-zealous friend, Rai B. K. Lahiri and other members, the local Branch had acquired a commodious and well-ventilated meeting hall, where we held conversation-meetings and Society business was transacted. Owing to the exigencies of our tour programme we had to refuse invitations to visit the native states of Patiala and Jhind. After a short stay at this place we left for Ludhiana the next morning, the 19th, and reached there at 11.30 a.m. We were taken in procession with music, around the bazaars, under the escort of a big crowd. At 5 p.m. Mrs. Besant came before a multitude who were in such a state of excitement that they could not be reduced to silence and so, after a few moments of vain attempt to make herself heard, she was obliged to give it up. The crowds of Northern India, by reason of their racial types, especially their stature and

costume, make a much more picturesque ensemble than those of the South. Not only was the lecturing place filled, but the adjacent buildings and the walls of the enclosures were covered. An Urdu translation was made of the fragment of her lecture which she had given and then we came away.

[131]

A conversation-meeting and correspondence took up the next morning, but in the afternoon the lecture of the day before was repeated at the same place, but under different conditions, for this time the committee issued tickets of admission and had a sufficient number of police sepoys in attendance to preserve order, so that the speaker could be heard, and all passed off well. We moved on to Jullundur at 1 o'clock the next day, after holding a morning conversazione and having our tiffin. At our destination we were taken from the station through the town in a procession with a band of musicians and a multitudinous body-guard. Mrs. Besant lectured to an audience of two thousand persons from a platform erected on the open ground, for lack of a hall large enough to hold all who wanted to hear her. A considerable number of Europeans were present, some, I must say, so ill-bred as to make us feel ashamed of our race. One particularly offensive person—a planter, I believe—had so little sense of propriety as to sit smoking into the faces of our ladies, with a huge audience of Hindus looking on. On various occasions I have seen such exhibitions of vulgarity, and once—at Dumraon—I remember a planter sitting through my lecture with a basket of soda-water in bottles, ice and a bottle of whisky, fuddling himself more and more every minute. On the evening of the Jullundur lecture it was decided that the Countess Wachtmeister should at once go to San Francisco, to attend the Annual Convention of the American Section and attempt to uncover the traps that Judge was going [132] to spring on that occasion. What she actually did there may be learned by consulting the Official Report of that Convention issued by the American Section.

Our next objective point was Kapurthala, the capital of the Native State of that name. H. H. the Maharajah sent his carriages to meet us at the railway and we were driven thirteen miles through a flat and rather uninteresting country, and, on arrival, were put up in the richly decorated guest-house. All native princes of all grades have such buildings for the accommodation of guests, and almost invariably they are furnished with more or less taste—sometimes very bad—in the European style. Some ruling princes go so far as to have horses, elephants and an armed body-guard in attendance on the guest, and all hosts try to set

before the visitor what they think is the most acceptable food, and drink—especially that—and, I am sorry to say, the use made of it is too often such as to impress the inhabitants of the Native State with a very poor idea of the self-restraint of the white race. The present and former Dewans of Kapurthala, Messrs. Mathura Das and Ramjus, son and father, and Sirdar Bhaktar Singh, C.I.E., the most active of the State officers, came and talked Hinduism with us. Although these men were all keen politicians, and of necessity, obliged to be ever on the alert in their official dealings with the British Resident, yet, when they came to see us they put aside every consideration of all other things and eagerly threw themselves into the discussion of religious problems. This is the side of Hindu character too [133] little comprehended by foreigners, yet the solid foundation on which the national character, temperament and ideals are built. Our party had an audience with the Maharajah, who speaks English and French, a rare accomplishment in India, and who is almost equally well-known in London and Paris. He took us for a drive through the town and in the evening presided at Mrs. Besant's lecture on "Ancient Aryan and Modern Civilization," in a splendid Durbar Hall, profusely decorated and a fine place for public functions. I was struck with the appearance of the officers of State, who sat before us in rich and picturesque dresses and followed the speaker's eloquent discourse with close attention. We took leave of our audience on the next day and Mrs. Besant was invited into the interior of the Palace to see the Maharani. Just before our getting into the carriages to depart, an officer of the State presented to each of us, with the compliments of his master, a handsome Kashmir shawl. The Countess left us at Kartarpur, where we took train to the famed city of Amritsar, the chief town of the Sikhs. On our arrival we were driven to the Golden Temple, that lovely architectural creation, which, with its gold-plated domes that sparkle in sunlight and moonlight, stands at the centre of a great tank, and is reached and surrounded by a pure white marble causeway with handsome forged iron railings; this visit completed, we drove to the house that Miss Müller had taken for her temporary occupancy and passed the night there. That evening Mrs. Besant lectured to a [134] packed audience in the theatre, on "Hinduism and Theosophy".

The next morning (the 24th) we left for Lahore and arrived at 10 a.m. A large delegation received us at the station and the Committee, by consent of the Maharajah of Kapurthala, lodged us in the spacious bungalow that he owns there. The Indian National Congress had held its Annual Convention at Lahore during the Christmas holidays and the huge circular pandal, or thatched shed,

erected for its use, was still standing; so Mrs. Besant lectured there to an audience of five thousand people. It says much for the penetrating quality of her voice that it reached the outermost circle of hearers. In conversation with her one would never think such a thing possible, for she speaks, usually, in a low, sweet tone, sometimes so low as to be heard with difficulty by a person somewhat deaf. Her subject was “Theosophy and Modern Progress”. At 9 p.m. there was a conversation-meeting at the Town Hall—a fine room, brilliantly lighted. The next morning at 8 we drove to the Arya Samaj Mandir, where Mrs. Besant distributed prizes to a girls’ school, one of the useful institutions founded by the late Swami Dayânand’s followers. After this Mrs. Besant held a reception and we breakfasted with Mr. Justice P. C. Chatterji, a very cultured and enlightened man, very sympathetic to our work: he is the author of some valuable monographs on the Indian history of Buddhism. At 4 p.m. Mrs. Besant gave another splendid lecture at the Congress Pandal [185] to an audience as large as the one of the day before. Our work began at 9 the next morning and continued unremittingly until late at night. From 11 to 2 Mrs. B. held a durbar, after which she and I were photographed; at 4.30 we visited the house of Rai Bishambar Nath; at 5.30 she lectured on “Pantheism” to three thousand people; then went to the head-quarters of the Sanâtana Dharma Sabhâ, the representative of the orthodox portion of the Hindu community, received a complimentary address and gave an excellent one in return, which our old associate, Pandit Gopinath, interpreted. By this time she was completely worn out by fatigue, so I took up the running, holding a meeting from 9 to 10.30 p.m. at which I took into membership three of the most influential men of Lahore, one of them Mr. Durga Prasad, President of the Arya Samaj. The next day we were travelling towards Bareilly, and all the following night.

We reached Bareilly at 7.30 a.m. and had for our host Babu Priya Nath Banerjee, who showed us every kindness. It rained all day heavily but just before lecture time it cleared up and Mrs. Besant had a good audience in the Town Hall, where she spoke on the subject of “Theosophy and Religion”. A disagreeable incident of the day was the receipt from London of letters which indicated, rather too clearly, that Mr. Judge had gained a pretty strong influence over the minds of some of our most important colleagues, among them some of Mrs. Besant’s closest friends. Fortunately, however, this mood did not last when [186] the crisis came with Judge’s secession and my consequent decision that the secessionists had expelled themselves from the Society.

The next day (March 1st) visitors were received and a conversation-meeting was held. Among the callers was a young Army officer whose father was Political Resident at Jeypore in 1879, when H. P. B. and I visited it under the amusing circumstances which I have previously described, during our memorable tour, and who was good enough to give us the use of elephants to visit the deserted capital, Amber, which stands in solitary splendor with its polished white palaces sparkling in the sun. At 5.30 p.m. she gave a lecture on "Man and His Destiny," so magnificent that in my Diary I call it "a Kohinoor among diamonds". Let the reader fancy what an intellectual banquet I enjoyed throughout this whole tour with this divinely gifted speaker.

The next day we went to Lucknow, arriving early in the morning. Messrs.G. N. Chakravarti and Pyare Lal joined our party and with Babu Upendranath Basu, who had been with us throughout the major part of the Northern tour, but had not taken so active a part in our work as to have called for notice in the present narrative, surrounded her with that sympathetic, vivifying atmosphere which her overstrained nervous system so much needed. They took her off to Pyare Lal's house for breakfast and she spent the day with them. Mr. E. T. Sturdy, F.T.S., formerly of New Zealand, but now here pursuing a course of [137] yogic exercises, passed the time with me in discussing the gravity of the situation caused by Mr. Judge's plot. We agreed that it was best that I should leave Mrs. Besant in charge of her Hindu friends, return to Adyar to prepare the papers in the Judge case, and rejoin her at Poona, she meanwhile visiting Cawnpore and Nagpur. She lectured that evening in the "Baradari," or Pleasure House of the former king of Oudh, which is situated in a splendid garden called the Kaiserbagh. The building and its encircling verandahs were closely packed by the audience. Her subject was "Man, His Nature and His Powers" and it was handled most ably and eloquently. In pursuance of the agreement between Mr. Sturdy, Mrs. Besant and myself, I left for Adyar at noon on the 3rd, the two seeing me off. March being the hottest month of the hot season in Northern India, I had to go through a severe ordeal on my journey. After passing Cawnpore the heat became terrific, a hot wind rising to a gale and carrying with it fine particles of sand from the desert plain through which we were passing, blew across our track and filled the railway carriage with dust which not only penetrated into every cranny and fold of my bedding, but made my brain become so surcharged with blood that, to prevent heat apoplexy, I kept it constantly wet with water from the washroom. The consequence was that I caught cold and my voice became hoarse. This [138] experience was continued throughout the next day, and more or less on the

following one, but finally on the 6th I reached Madras at 8 a.m. and never found my home more attractive and comfortable.

CHAPTER XI

IMPRESSIONS OF MRS. BESANT'S TOUR

(1894)

ONE must have been at Adyar and seen the beauties of our property to make allowance for my constant expressions of joy at returning there from distant travels. It is a place that never palls upon one; to residents as well as visitors, fresh beauties are always revealing themselves. From Lucknow to Madras is a stretch of 1,501 miles, and what that means in the hot season need not be told to one who has lived in India. But no sooner had I got settled into my home than I had a disagreeable experience. Mrs. Besant telegraphed me a request to rectify the bad impression made by an editorial notice of our tour, which appeared in the Theosophist for March, 1894 (p. 390). It must be confessed that the tone of it was objectionable, and all the more so because the article was written by either Mr. Edge or Mr. Old, who were in editorial charge during my absence, and who had been too long connected with Mrs. Besant in the relationship of junior students to an elder to warrant the magisterial air which they assumed. They said: "Her advocacy [140] of Hinduism, pure and simple, may be considered by some as not being in line with that which was expected of her as an exponent of Theosophy while lecturing under the auspices of the Indian Section of the Theosophical Society, and it is quite true that, however gratified the Hindus may be with the tributes paid to their traditions, literature and creed, the Muhammadans, Sufis, Parsis and Buddhists cannot feel them-selves to have been as warmly included in Mrs. Besant's professions. It must be candidly confessed that her lectures are not, as reported, in harmony with the broad eclecticism of the T.S., and on that account have been a source of disappointment to many of our most earnest members. To one but recently convinced of the beauties and truth of the Hindu faith we must, perhaps, excuse much of that exclusive fervour which would be out of place on any representative Theosophical platform; but that Mrs. Besant is whole-hearted in all that she undertakes is well-known, and if any doubt existed as to her belief in

the form as well as the spirit of Hinduism, the following statement would put aside all doubt in the matter: Mrs. Besant, as becomes a devout Hindu, bathed daily in the sacred Ganges at Allahabad during the Kumbha Mela. To her English friends, indeed, it would appear as something convincing in itself to see her in Hindu female attire, shoeless, lotah in hand, proceeding to the great water-fair upon the Ganges!" That the story was not true and that our young men took it over from some other publication without previous [141] enquiry, made their offence all the greater. Nor was it true that Mrs. Besant failed to make herself agreeable to the followers of other religions besides Hinduism; while her recent discourses upon the world's great religions in which she has made a masterly presentment of the basis and spirit of each, have stamped her as, perhaps, the most eclectic religious lecturer of modern times. I contributed to the April (1894) number of our magazine an article on "Annie Besant's Indian Tour," in which I vindicated her impartiality and did justice to her splendid expositions of Theosophy as the basis of all religions, Hinduism included, and as to her right to hold and expound whatever might be her private views on her own responsibility, I remarked as follows:

"My duties as manager of the journey and chairman at all 'Annabai's' lectures, together with the constant demands on my attention of the current local business of the Theosophical Society, prevented my writing for my Magazine even the briefest narrative of events. My willing coadjutors, Messrs. Edge and Old, were thus compelled to gather what facts they could from current Indian papers, and it is not to be wondered at that they got in this way some very incorrect and misleading ideas as to what Annabai said and did.

"In justice to them (my editorial assistants) I must say that the papers that we happened to see on our travels were full of most palpable errors, and nobody could have gleaned from them a true idea of what her lectures really contained. As regards the [142] question of her keeping within the constitutional limits of our Society's policy, I do not see how there can be two opinions. True, she had declared herself virtually a Hindu in religion almost from the beginning of the Indian part of her tour. What of that? If she had chosen to declare herself a Mussalman, a Jew, a Christian, nobody could have ventured to call her to account. What could be more clear than our printed declaration that 'no person's religious opinions are asked upon his joining, nor is interference with them permitted'? And should Annie Besant be denied the liberty which is enjoyed as an acknowledged right by the humblest member? In all my fifteen years of

public speaking and writing, and all of H. P. B.'s writing and private conversation, did we even try to conceal the fact of our being Buddhists; and yet have we ever failed to do all we could to help people of all other religions to find their hidden ideals and to live up to them? Neither charge can be laid against us, and I, who have listened to A. B.'s discourses from first to last, with the sole exceptions of those at Nagpur, when I was temporarily absent from her on special business, declare that she said nothing about, or in defence of, her religious views that was not perfectly proper and perfectly constitutional. Her theme was ever Theosophy, and she ever declared herself a thorough-going Theosophist. While she showed that Theosophy was more fully and clearly taught, as she believed and as H. P. B. proved, in the Aryan Scriptures than elsewhere, she also said that it was equally the [143] indwelling soul of every religion the world had ever known. Those who heard her splendid lectures on 'Theosophy and Religion,' 'Pantheism,' 'Theosophy and Modern Science,' 'The Evidences of Theosophy,' 'The Evolution of Man,' and 'Man, His Nature, and Powers,' will bear me out in saying that she did ample justice to all the chief religions. She took no brief from us to conceal her private views on religion, and if anything of the kind had been compulsorily accepted by her, I should not have accompanied her on the journey; I do not enjoy the company of muzzled slaves. Dr. Salzer and other colleagues in the Society have publicly protested against the T.S. having been made responsible for Mrs. Besant's Hinduism: but the fact is that, in introducing her to her audiences, it was almost my invariable custom to warn the public that, under our constitution, the Society represents no one religion, and is not in the least degree responsible for the utterances of any of its officers or members upon questions of religion, politics, social reform, or any others about which people take sides. Unfortunately, the reporters had come there only to report what A. B. might say, and with few exceptions made no mention at all of my prefatory word of caution. But the audiences heard me, and that suffices. After sending the above to the printers, I received a copy of the Indian Mirror for March, in which A. B.'s last lecture in Calcutta was reported. The subject was 'Theosophy and Modern Progress,' and by good luck my introductory remarks were published. I quote [144] what follows: 'I wish again to impress upon your minds the fact that the Theosophical Society is a neutral body as regards religious opinion, that it has no creed to enforce, and that it is not responsible for the opinions of its members. What each person—he or she—is, it does not concern itself about, nor is the Society bound to accept their opinions, etc., etc.'"

My flying visit to Adyar being made for the purpose of searching through our records for documentary evidence in the case of Judge, I had a busy time of it during the five days of my stay. The result arrived at was the getting together of a large number of Judge's private letters to H. P. B. and myself in which he complains of his absolute inability to get into touch with the Masters and begs us to intervene on his behalf. Of course, this proved, beyond the shadow of a doubt, the falsity of the pretensions he had been making to his American colleagues and others, that he had been allied with those Personages for many years and was doing what he did under their instructions and with their approval. I need not go into the saddening details now, since the evidence was all summarised in my Annual Address of that year, and the original documents are still in my safe custody for anyone to read who may be entitled to do so.[6]

My work finished, I left home on the 11th (March) and at midnight on the 12th met Mrs. Besant and [145] Messrs. Sturdy and Bhavanishankar at Dhond Junction, whence we went on to Poona together; many friends met us at the station and our veteran colleague, Judge Khandalvala, took us to his house, which is a sort of ideal home. On the evening of the 13th Mrs. Besant lectured under a shamiana —a canvas canopy raised on poles—on "Theosophy and Religion"; besides which, of course, her hours throughout the day were well filled up with reception of visitors and the answering of numberless questions. On the 14th in the cool of the morning, she addressed a large gathering of students and adults in the Theatre, on "Education". To my right, on the platform, sat the famous Ramabai, once so admired as an eloquent and learned lecturer on Vedânta, but not a Christian Missionary, whose speciality is the conversion of Indian widows under the pretext, as her chief Indian backers told me, of giving them a good non-Christian education. All India knows how indignantly her scheme was denounced by the late Mr. Justice M. G. Ranade, of the Bombay High Court, and other Hindu gentlemen whose names had been used on her prospectus, and left there until the conversion of a Hindu child-widow gave them such a shock as to make them repudiate all further connection with her Poona Widows' Home. I must say that I was painfully struck by the change in her appearance from what she was when H. P. B. and I met her fifteen years before at Bareilly. She was then a slim, graceful girl with an unworldly face, her dark eyes beaming with intelligence and her [146] appearance almost fairy-like, when she stood before the audience pouring forth a stream of eloquent exposition and vindication of the Vedânta; able even to lecture fluently in Sanskrit as well as in Hindi and

Gujarati: now she sat beside me a stout woman with a hard, uncompromising sort of expression on her face, the air—as I think I have elsewhere expressed it —of a hardworking American lodging-house keeper.

In the course of that day we visited that renowned Indian religio-political society, the Sarvajnik Sabhâ, whose officers received Mrs. Besant with every token of profound respect. At their request she allowed herself to be specially photographed for them and in excellent taste replied to the address which they presented to her. She and I were also photographed for the local Branch, and early in the evening, before nightfall, she lectured, in the open air, in the Hirabagh compound, on the subject of “Karma and Reincarnation”. In no part of India is a public speaker confronted by more highly-educated and intellectual audiences than in Poona. At 10.30 that night we left for Bombay, arriving there at 6 a.m. on the 15th.

The memorable tour of 1894-3 was now drawing to a close, but I was glad to see that our dear friend was showing but little sign of physical exhaustion; as for her mentality, that, of course, became brighter and brighter as her wonder-working brain was exercised. We were only in Bombay for the day as we were booked to be in Surat the next morning, but we were not [147] left idle. At 9 a.m. we received addresses from the Bombay Branch and both replied. She lectured at 5.30 p.m. in the Novelty Theatre, to a crowded house, on “The Insufficiency of Materialism”. A host of reporters were present, none of whom gave a fair idea of her discourse. In fact, that was our experience throughout India, with but very few exceptions: they seemed unable to grasp her ideas and stumbled at the simplest Sanskrit words. At 10 p.m., after dinner, we left for Surat.

Arriving there at 9 the next morning, we drove straight to the Girls’ School established by our Branch, where Mrs. Besant gave out the prizes and made an address: I also spoke and headed a subscription for the benefit of the school. We were put up in a handsome guest-house of the Borah community. A conversation-meeting was held at 2 p.m., and at 5.30 Mrs. Besant lectured in the Town Hall to a very large audience, on that most interesting and important subject, “The Evolution of Man”. We dined in Hindu fashion at the Hindu Club, and during the afternoon were, of course, photographed. The picture that was taken of me represents me as seated in a chair, looking down at a group of dear little Parsi children at my feet. It makes me laugh every time I look at it, for it reminds one of a great white-haired ogre, engaged in picking out the child he means to have cooked for his lunch!

At 4 a.m. on the 17th we left Surat for Baroda, and reached there at 7. My dear old friend, Diwan [illegible] Manibhai Jasbhai, and other functionaries met us at the station. We were the guests of H. H. the Gaekwar and were lodged in one of his handsome houses. From 2 to 4 p.m. there was a conversation-meeting, then followed a visit to the Palace for a talk with the Maharajah Gaekwar which, as usual, he made extremely interesting by the pertinence and intelligence of his interrogatories. At 5 Mrs. Besant lectured on “Theosophy and its Teachings”; at 10 we left for Bombay, many friends seeing us off and Diwan Manibhai presenting Mrs. Besant with a pair of shawls.

We arrived at what the inhabitants are fond of calling Urbs primus in Indis, at 7 o’clock on Sunday morning. Our reception rooms were thronged with visitors, among them several old friends—like Prince Harisinghji[7] and daughters, Pandit Shamji Krishnavarma, Mr. K. R. Cama, the respected leader of the educated Parsi community, his daughter and Miss Maneckji, his sister-in-law, one of the founders of the flourishing Victoria Girls’ School. Mrs. Besant’s lecture was given in the Novelty Theatre to an immense audience: her subject being “Theosophy and the Religions of India”. Its reception by the mixed multitude of all sects was ample proof of the baselessness of the insinuation against her sectarian impartiality to which allusion has been made above.

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As the hours of her stay in India became numbered she was increasingly pestered with requests for interviews, often to answer questions of minor importance. Her good nature was such that she did her very best to gratify all, but there is a limit to all human endurance, and so some had to be refused. We went to her steamer with her luggage and arranged with the Chief Steward about facilities for her servant’s cooking her Hindu food for her. In the afternoon she lectured grandly in the Novelty Theatre on “Modern Progress”. At 9 p.m., after dining with our esteemed friends and colleagues, Mr. and Mrs. Gostling, she lectured on “Theosophy” in their drawing-room to an invited audience of 150 Europeans, among whom were some old acquaintances of H. P. B.’s and mine of 1879; among them some who had not withstood the ravages of time as well as myself. On the 20th (March) the local Branch held a farewell meeting and Mrs. Besant and I addressed the members. We then drove to the palatial family residence of the late Morarji Goculdas, where Mrs. Besant was garlanded and a costly sari of silk was placed around her shoulders; we then drove to the Docks and she embarked on the “Peninsular,” attended by a throng of warm friends

who expressed their sorrow at her departure. I met on board our old Simla friend, Mr. A. O. Hume, and his daughter, Mrs. Ross Scott, all three T. S. members and friends of H. P. B. At 5 p.m. the ship sailed and bore away [150] dear Annie Besant and with her the heart of all India. So ended her first and most memorable and epoch-making visit to the land of the Aryas. I may, in closing the episode, reproduce in this connection portions of the account of her Indian tour which appeared in the Theosophist for April, 1894, and has above been quoted from.

"As regards the southern half of the tour, something was said in my Annual Address to the Convention, and I need not enlarge. In fact, as regards the entire tour it may be said that there was a monotony of exciting arrivals at and departures from stations; of generous, even lavish, hospitalities; of smotherings under flowers and sprinklings with rose-water; of loving addresses presented in tasteful caskets by Reception Committees; of chanted Sanskrit slokas, full of Eastern compliment and hyperbole, from both orthodox and heterodox pandits; of organisations by me of Hindu religious and ethical societies among schoolboys and undergraduates; of visits to sacred shrines and holy ascetics; of morning conversazioni when, for two hours, or even three sometimes, at a stretch, Annie Besant would answer, off-hand, the most difficult and abstruse questions in science, philosophy, symbolism, and metaphysics; of grand orations daily to overpacked and sweltering audiences which found no halls big enough to hold them, and so overflowed into the surrounding compounds or streets, sometimes by hundreds and thousands, and had to be driven away by the police; of processions in palankeens, by night [151] with torches, by day and night sometimes with bands of Hindu musicians, choirs of female singers and groups of bayaderes, making national music and dance, as though ours were a religious progress; of presents of Kashmir shawls by hosts and magnates who could afford to comply with the ancient custom of thus honoring scholars, that has come down from remotest antiquity; of rides on elephants through crowds of pilgrims; of floatings in quaint boats down sacred rivers, past holy cities like Benares, Prayâg and Muttra, to see the bathing multitudes and the waterside temples, houses, mosques, and tombs of dead potentates, sages, and ascetics; of formal meetings with pandits for discussions; of receptions at private houses, where we were made acquainted with the most educated and most influential personages of the great cities; this for five months on end; a rushing up and down and across the Great Indian Peninsula, a conscientious filling of engagements and strict keeping to the advertised programme; a series of meetings and partings with beloved old colleagues and new acquaintanceships formed with the later comers.

Over all, through all, and lingering with me like the strain of a sweet symphony dying in the distance, the recollection of the most splendid series of discourses I ever listened to in my life, and of intimate companionship during these sunny months with one of the purest, most high-minded, most intellectual and spiritually elevated women of our generation, or of any previous age, of whom I have read in history.

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"Unlike as H. P. B. and I were in many respects, we were akin more ways than Annabai and myself can ever be. My praise of her is not tinged with blind partiality. She is religious fervor and devotion personified, the ideal female devotee who in time evolves into the saint and martyr. With the modern Hindu practising his corrupted form of faith, she compares as Madame Guyon with her 'Spiritual Torrents,' does with the ignorant Christian peasant of Russia or Bulgaria. Her Hinduism is the lofty spiritual concept of the Bhagavad-Gîtâ; a splendid, perhaps unattainable, ideal. This may seem incredible to her old Secularist friends, yet one needs but read her Auto-biography to see how true it must be. She passed out of Christianity with bleeding heart and agony of regret; she stayed Secularist because that was the normal reaction to be expected in a mind so great as hers. Yet all those years she was but in a state, one might say, of spiritual suspended animation, existing as a flower may under the stone which presses it into the ground. Like the flower burgeoning out when the pressure is removed and sunlight can be drunk in, so she burst out of the iron cage of Materialistic Atheism the momen t her Karma brought her within the sphere of the Eastern Wisdom and of its transcriber, H. P. B. As the lark sings in soaring, so Annabai's heart is filled with the overwhelming joy of finding in the Secret Doctrine of Aryan philosophy all her intellect had ever craved, and in the Aryan religion even a greater field for devotion than she ever yearned for in the days of her youth.

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H. P. B. and I had none of this love of worship in our constitutions, though, I believe that, as regards the actual sentiment of religion, we were not more deficient than others. Of two paths which Shrî Krishna says must be followed in the seeking after Mukti, that of knowledge and that of devotion, H. P. B. and I, in this incarnation at least, have trodden the former; Annabai has trodden the one, but is now by preference treading the other; and, but for her controlling impulse of self-effacement and her sense of the duty she owes to the sin-burdened and

ignorant masses, she would, I think, retire to some quiet spot where she might commune with the Self and more speedily gain liberation. A more consistently religious woman I never met, nor one whose life is a more joyful self-sacrifice. My blessings attend her wherever she goes!

"If there was monotony in other things throughout the tour, there certainly was not as regards our lodging-places. At one station we would be quartered by the local committee in a palace, borrowed for the occasion from the local agent of some absentee rajah, at the next in a bug-haunted, uncleanly, mud-floored and mud-walled travellers' bungalow, perhaps one where the wood of the doors had been eaten out by white ants or become so warped as to defy the tight shutting of them. The charpoys (bed-cots) were sometimes so soiled and full of animal life that we all preferred sleeping on the floor on mats; no hardship for either A. B. or myself, or, for that matter, for our dear companion, the [154] self-forgetting, loyal and humble-minded hard-worker for Theosophy, Countess Wachtmeister, although she usually resorted to her deck-chair, which she carried with her against such emergencies. Several times we put up at railway stations where the journey had to be broken to take another railway line; but in India that is no great hardship. To people of our simple tastes, it was pleasanter than to have to sleep in palaces full of costliest furniture, for one could not help grieving over the human misery with which the latter contrasted, and over the post-mortem fate of the owner, who was slaking his soul-thirst with the salt water of such empty splendor. Yet, let me say that, whatever the temporary habitation in which our friends lodged our party, it was given up to us in love, and the sense of that made us as happy in the most gorgeous koti as in the most humble bungalow. Our every wish was anticipated, our every imaginary want provided for; and if the memory of Annie, her lectures, talks, and sisterliness, is sweet to the members of the local Branches who entertained us, so, likewise, does she carry away a heart full of fraternal affection for the Hindu, Parsî, and Mussalman brothers she has left behind—but not forever.

"She and the Countess Wachtmeister landed at Colombo on the 10th November, 1893, from the P. and O. Steamer, Kaiser-i-Hind, and were welcomed at our local Headquarters with a triumphal arch, a hall charmingly decorated with flowers, addresses and a gathering of Sinhalese Buddhists, including our [155] own local members and their families. The next move was to the Sanghamitta School, where Mrs. Higgins gave us warmest welcome and unstinted hospitality during our stay. Public lectures were given at Kandy, Colombo, Galle and

Panadura.[8] We crossed to India on November 15th, [landing on Indian soil at Tuticorin on the 16th] visited thirteen stations before reaching Madras, and stopped at Adyar until January 7th, 1894, when we sailed for Calcutta. Up to this time Annabai had given forty-eight lectures and addresses, including those with which she favored the Convention.

"At Calcutta she scored the greatest triumph, we were told, that any public speaker had had in the Metropolis. The Town Hall was packed to suffocation with a sitting and standing audience of 5,000, yet so complete was her command over their feelings that when she sank her voice to a half-tone of pathetic recitative, they listened in absolute silence to catch every word, until at the fitting moment their suppressed feeling found vent in torrents of applause. The description applies to each of her Calcutta addresses, and the comments of the local press and that of the whole Presidency prove the depth and permanency of the impression she made on the people—the high and the low, the educated and the uneducated. Her progress through Bengal and Behar was almost a [156] royal one in its exhibitions of popular fervor. She could not drive through the streets or enter a lecturing hall without having to pass through crowds who had gathered just to gaze at the champion of their hoary faith, the declared student of the old Aryan wisdom, and to salute her reverentially with joined palms held in front of their foreheads, as they have been taught to salute the Brahman and the true ascetic, from the earliest times to the present day. At Berhampur there was a great gathering of Nuddea and other pandits to greet her, and in their joint address to her in Sanskrit, they ingeniously paraphrased her married name into the honorific title of 'Annavasanti,' which means 'the Giver of Nourishment to the whole world'. In this connection it may mean 'the Dispenser of spiritual food'; and nothing could be more appropriate. Annapûrna is a name of Durgâ, the wife of Siva, and she is most fervently worshipped at Benares.

"Mrs. Besant accepted visits for discussions with or special addresses to the heterodox Brahmo Samâjists of Calcutta, and the heterodox Arya Samâjists and orthodox Sanâtana Dharma Sabhâ of Lahore, and by the eclecticism of her sentiments abated much of their baseless prejudice against our Society, and sowed in their hearts the seeds of kindlier interest.

"Various attempts were made to 'draw' her on the burning social questions of the day in India, but she wisely, and with my entire concurrence, refused to give out the crude opinions she would alone be able to express before becoming familiar with men and [157] parties, and the nature of their disputes. At the Arya

Samaj meeting at Lahore, however, she distributed the prizes to the girls of the Samaj school, and very strongly expressed her sympathy with every attempt to restore the standard of female education which prevailed in ancient Aryavarta. This same sentiment she gave utterance to in a number of her public discourses, in fact always in her lectures on ‘India, Past and Present’. Her idea was, however, that in all matters of reform the lead should be taken by the Brahmins, and naturally would be if the caste could by any means be purified and brought back to its former status as the pure spiritual and moral exemplars as well as teachers of the nation. Her hope for the revival of the Aryan standards of moral and religious ideal lay in the beginning of the work of self-redemption in individual Brahmin families, here and there, and the consequent creation of new family foci into which might be drawn some of the souls of ancient sages and moral heroes who might now be seeking proper bodies in which to reincarnate themselves. This process, she admitted, must take long, very long, yet the result could never be hoped for unless a beginning was made, and the present was as auspicious an hour for that as any other in the future could be.

“One striking feature of A.B.’s tour was the daily conversazione above referred to, and memorable for the number of ‘assistants,’ the wide scope and profundity of their questions, and the manner of holding the meetings. Annabai almost always sat on a mat [158] or rug on the floor in Hindu fashion, and the visitors did likewise. It was, in fact, the only practicable way, for since often an hundred or two hundred persons were present, and no such number of seats were available, the choice was between all standing huddled together during the time of the meetings, or just sitting down in the national fashion, as the custom is in all gatherings of Indians unspoilt by Western influence.” Thus ends one chapter of the world’s history.

CHAPTER XII

THE JUDGE AFFAIR

(1894)

THE Judge affair was now approaching a crisis and something had to be done to relieve the strain and clear up the situation. On the 6th of February of the year under review, while we were at Allahabad, Mrs. Besant, as the result of the understanding at which we and our leading colleagues had arrived, handed me a formal demand that the accusations against Judge "with reference to certain letters and in the alleged writings of the Mahatmas," should be dealt with by a committee as provided by Art. VI, Secs. 2, 3, and 4, of the then existing Rules: these provided for a trial of the President and Vice-President in the case of serious charges against their character having been made. A copy of Mrs. Besant's demand for an investigation was at once sent to Mr. Judge without the expression of any opinion as to the validity or otherwise of the accusations. No specific charges having then been filed, this was merely a preliminary measure. From a motive of delicacy no question was asked him as to his guilt or innocence but in the exercise of my [160] discretion I gave Mr. Judge the option of resigning his office or submitting the case to investigation. The implication being, of course, that if guilty he would wish to quietly retire, or if innocent, to be brought before the committee, and thus set at rest, once and for all, the injurious rumors afloat. I naturally expected to get from the accused a letter of explanation, but instead of that he cabled a denial of his guilt and thus forced me to convene the committee and formally try the charges. Actuated by the feeling of an old friendship I wished to spare him the shame of publicity, but, by a strange error of judgment, and miscalculating the extent to which his strong personal influence on some of my most prominent colleagues would carry them in his interests, he, like the gambler, risked all upon the throw of the dice, and so brought his karmic punishment upon his own head.[9] My first step was to issue an Executive Notice on the 27th of April, ordering a Judicial Committee to meet at [161] London on the 27th of June; my next, to serve official notices, with copies

of detailed charges and specifications, then drafted by Mrs. Besant as Accuser, and to make my arrangements to leave India in time for the meeting of the Committee. The foregoing facts with some necessary comments were embodied in the Executive Notice referred to and I added the following cautionary paragraph:

"To correct misapprehensions the undersigned has to state that in the opinion of eminent counsel (members of the Society) the trial of the charges against Mr. Judge does not involve the question of the existence or non-existence of the Mahatmas or their connection with the Society."

After Mrs. Besant's departure I remained a couple of days at Bombay, engaging my passage to London via Marseilles and then left for home. Reaching Madras on the 24th (March) my hands were full of official business until I had to leave. On my day of arrival a committee of two Japanese gentlemen, who were charged with the collection of data about the cotton-spinning industry, called and spent some hours with me. I think I have mentioned elsewhere how admirably organised these Japanese travelling committees are, the members invariably representing the theoretical and practical sides of the subject under inquiry. After an intercourse with the Japanese extending over the space of thirteen years, my admiration for their national policy of administration and the brilliancy of their individual capabilities in the fields [167] of industrial development have increased with the lapse of time. I am always more than glad to give such help as I can to further their wishes to get information in India.

On the 26th Dharmapala visited me on his way from America to Calcutta, via Japan, China, Siam, and Ceylon. With him were a young Japanese student named Shakyu and two priests. They stopped overnight with me and left the next day on the SS. "Manora". On the 30th I wrote for the Theosophist an obituary notice of one of the most charming men I have ever met, the Rt. Rev. Paul Bigandet, Bishop of Ava and Vicar Apostolic, who died at about that time at the age of eighty-two, carrying with him the love and reverence of Christian and Buddhist alike. My personal acquaintance with him began during a visit to Rangoon in 1885: my second visit to him was in 1890. The impression which he made upon me is described in an obituary notice; although I have mentioned the thing elsewhere, yet I think it best, in this connection, to quote what I then wrote:

"His first greeting to me was enough to win a younger man's heart: blending as it did the polished courtesy of the high-born gentleman with the self-respect of a conscientious priest. Our talk opened with some appreciative remarks of his

about my Buddhist Catechism, which he said he knew by heart and which gave a very full idea of Southern Buddhism. He was anxious that I should enlarge it in the department of Buddhist [163] doctrine. In return I urged him to write another work on Buddhism, as his Legend of Gaudama was out of print, and I felt sure the whole reading public would eagerly welcome another Buddhistic treatise written in the same loving spirit of tolerance. The good Bishop shook his head, pressed my hand kindly, and said: 'No, it cannot be done. My work is finished, and I must only think of the future life.' In vain I reiterated my importunity, even offering to myself pay the salary of a short-hand writer, who should write from dictation and live with him until it was finished. His answer was the same: 'Too late; some younger man—why not yourself—must do it: I am tired.' I kissed his hand on leaving; but he laid it on my head in blessing, and folding me in his paternal embrace, bade me farewell. Shall not we, who are not of his church, rather believe that he has passed into the Great Light which encompasseth all the petty barriers called human creeds, and shines through them all, but is limited by none?"

The disabilities and miseries of the poor Pariahs had long been tugging at my heart-strings and on the 10th of May of the year in question, I inspected a piece of ground in the village of Urur, quite near our Headquarters, where I had definitely determined to open a school for them at my own expense. A Committee of Pariahs called on me the following day and we agreed upon conditions that should govern the system of instruction that I thought it best to give them. I told the Committee that I would not consent [164] to attempting to carry the pupils beyond the elementary stage of education, my desire being to give them such better chance of getting on in life as even a partially educated man has over the illiterate: it was made clear in the discussion that even the acquired ability to read, write, and cipher would be a more distinct gain than the setting aside of a small fund in the Savings Bank, for with their literary acquisitions and the mental training they must go through, they could soon earn enough more than they could without the education, to create the Savings Bank funds themselves. The Committee were won over to my view, a suitable man of their community was nominated to me for Manager, and I promised to start the school as soon as possible.

The editing and publishing of a book of Mrs. Besant's first Convention Lectures in India, and an unusually heavy correspondence, occupied my time pretty fully throughout April and May; besides which I presided at the third

anniversary of White Lotus Day and wrote several chapters of] in advance, to leave with Mr. Edge, who was put in charge of Headquarters during my absence. By the 14th of May everything had been got in order and I left for Tuticorin and Colombo to begin my voyage to Europe. But, before reaching the latter port I had to pass through the most disagreeable experience of my life in the way of sea travel. The ship rolled full 40° and dashed everything about that was not fastened. I was flung from side to side in my cabin with my luggage and finally was obliged to take refuge on the deck. The [165] Indian coolies going over to work on Ceylon plantations, some hundreds of them, were all lumped together like a tin of worms for bait. However, we reached Colombo the next morning at 8 o'clock and Dr. English, then connected with Mrs. Higgins' Musæus School for Buddhist Girls, came off to see me and in the afternoon I landed and went to the old Sanghamitta School building in the Maradana Ward, where I was accommodated with bed and board.

At that time there was an acute quarrel between Mrs. Higgins and the Women's Educational Society, some of whose members were making her life a burden by interfering with her system of management. This was quite contrary to the understanding and agreement come to when I inducted her into the post of Lady Superintendent of Sanghamitta School, on her arrival from America. The fact is that the Sinhalese women, had never before been united in public work and the friction between them and Mrs. H. had, as I have previously stated, led to her organising a school of her own, while the backers of the Sinhalese women were disposed to run an opposition Buddhist girls' school and have open war between the two. My task on this occasion was to try to devise a basis of settlement of the quarrel and my time during the next few days was pretty well occupied with these details. The business was finally arranged on the 23rd, Mrs. Higgins to keep her boarders and continue her new school and the Sanghamitta School to be kept up for day scholars. This happy conclusion being arrived at, I bade [166] good-bye to all friends and that night slept aboard the "Peshawar".

We sailed at 8 a.m. on the 24th of May and the voyage was uneventful throughout; there being a monotony of fine weather with interludes of torture by heat in the Red Sea and the usual interesting breaks of the journey by calls at Aden, Suez, and Port Said. On the 11th of June we reached Marseilles where I was greeted by my good friends Dr. and Mme. Pascal, who took me to see the venerable scholar and mystic, Baron Spedalieri. We passed a couple of hours with him in agreeable and improving conversation and at 6.45 p.m. I left for

Paris by the “Rapide” train. I had a wretched night, what with crowding of the compartment, dust, etc., but my troubles were over at 9 a.m. the next morning when I got to Paris. Commandant D. A. Courmes welcomed me at the station and escorted me to the Hotel d’Angleterre where I found Mrs. Besant and Miss Müller installed, and met M. and Mme. Arnould and other French members of the Society. With Miss Müller I called that afternoon on Lady Caithness, Duchesse de Pomar, F.T.S., at whose palace one could see Theosophy set in a gilt frame. One could hardly fail to contrast its environment here of marble steps and thick Eastern carpets, and gilt furniture and priceless girandoles and regal luxury in general, with the impression it had made on me in so many homes of the poor in different countries: the frame was different but the Theosophy the same. The next morning I called on the great [167] sinologist, De Rosny, of the Sorbonne, who showed a real enthusiasm for me as though we had been colleagues for years. He implored me to stop over at least one day to meet the company of savants whom he would collect together at the rooms of the Sociétè d’Ethnographie; but I had, regretfully, to refuse as I could not spare the time. At 3 p.m. I presided at Mrs. Besant’s lecture (in French) at Lady Caithness’ palace, where the gilded chairs were all filled by a brilliant company of society people, who were, or pretended to be, interested in knowing what this Theosophy was all about. At 9 that evening Mrs. Besant, Miss Müller, and I left for London.

The night transit between Paris and London is almost always disagreeable, especially if the weather in the Channel is bad. After a wearisome, sleepless night, we reached London at 6 a.m. on the 14th and went with Miss Müller to her house in Portland Place. Mrs. Elin White, of Seattle, now Mrs. Salzer, of Calcutta, who was stopping with Miss Müller, proved to be a charming acquaintance and we entered into a friendship which has survived to the present time. That evening I accompanied the ladies to a meeting of the Blavatsky Lodge at which I presided and was kindly welcomed—an agreeable surprise, for there had been so strong a pro-Judge feeling among the leaders of that Lodge that I could not help being sensible of the lack of cordiality which had been shown me for some time past. I mention this because of the sudden and radical change which followed on the development [168] of Mr. Judge’s tactics before the abortive Judicial Committee.

Of late years London has outvied Paris in the production of spectacular pieces at “Olympia” and “Earl’s Court”; the high-water mark of “La Belle aux Bois” and “Le Roi Carrotte” of the Parisian record having been reached and passed

under the direction of the two Kiralfys. In company with Mrs. White and, subsequently, with Mrs Cooper-Oakley and other ladies, I had the delight of seeing the spectacular production of “Constantinople,” and can never forget the transcendently fine effect of combinations of color and movement on the vast stage where a thousand artists appeared at one and the same time. In comparison with it, I am quite sure that the most gorgeous Eastern pageant would appear tame.

One delight of this visit to London was the chance afforded for visiting my ever dear friend, C. C. Massey, with whom I spent some delightful hours on the 17th. On the 20th I left for Berlin via Harwich and the Hook of Holland. At the station, on arrival, I found my old friend, Dr. Hübbe-Schleiden, who met me with a most affectionate welcome and took me to his house in Steglitz, a suburb of the German Capital. There, with Dr. Göring, a great enthusiast for education and an ardent friend of Dr. Hübbe-Schleiden’s, I sat up until 1 a.m. talking about things of mutual interest. The object of my visit to Germany was to reconstruct the old Society which was founded in 1884, at Elberfeld by Dr. Hübbe-Schleiden, the late Mme. Gebhard and [169] others, under the name of the Deutsche Theosophische Vereinigung. For hundreds of years there has been in Germany, a vast body of intellectual power of the higher order, enough to supply the world with working mental force, and it is only a question of how to get at it so as to turn it into the channel of Theosophical work, first within the limits of that country and then extending it to others. My friends at Berlin made me see that our Theosophical movement would have had a far better chance of speedy expansion but for the reaction in public opinion from the extreme enthusiasm for mysticism which characterised the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries: things had then been carried to such farcical extremes that reaction was inevitable, so we must wait with patience until the turning-point is again passed and the pendulum swings towards spiritual ideals once more. At present Germany is a great industrial workshop, and German brain-power is being strained to enable the nation to gain first place in the savage competition that exists between the manufacturers of different nationalities. Much of the scientific research of the day is enlisted in the interest of commerce, as one can see in the announcement of important industrial discoveries from time to time. This is not to say that the pursuit of knowledge for its own sake and the unflagging devotion of gifted men to its acquirement is any less than before, but the trend of thought is more along the line of physics than on the higher level where Theosophy is to be studied. During the days, and for that matter, the nights, of my Berlin [170] visit, discussion

on the situation and its outlook went on.constantly between us all, resulting finally in a meeting in Berlin on the evening of the 29th of June, at which forty persons were present, and in the forming of the new Deutsche Theosophische Gesellschaft, with Dr. Hugo Göring as President and Herr Benedict Hubo as Secretary. This business disposed of, I left on July 4th for London, via Hook of Holland, and reached my destination the same evening, becoming Miss Müller's guest at 17 Avenue Road, the house adjoining our European headquarters which she had taken over from Miss Cooper and kept for a time in order to accommodate the overflow from the other house.

CHAPTER XIII

THE JUDGE AFFAIR (Continued)

(1894)

AMONG the intellectual and scholarly men who have, since the beginning, belonged to the Society, a noted personage was the late Mr. C. Carter Blake, a zoologist and, I believe, a pupil and colleague of the late Professor Owen. In the course of his investigations of spiritualistic phenomena he became intimately acquainted with my dear friend, Miss Emily Kislingbury, at that time Secretary of the British National Association of Spiritualists and, by her intellectual and moral endowments, fully qualified for the post. What she sought in Spiritualism was not mere phenomena but such proofs of the existence of the soul as would form an impregnable basis for religious belief. The superficial studies of her colleagues and their quenchless thirst for mere mediumistic wonders did not give her what she sought, so, as I have reported in one of my earlier chapters, she came to New York to see the mysterious author of Isis Unveiled and was our guest [172] at the New York "Lamasery" for several weeks. On her return to London her broadened convictions of spiritual philosophy brought her more closely under the influence of Dr. Blake, and he, being a member of the Society of Jesus and acting under the orders of Father Galwey, brought him upon the scene, and the two together persuaded Miss Kislingbury that the truest ideal of Theosophy existed in Roman Catholic dogma! Finally convinced of the truth of this assertion, she, being a woman of supreme moral courage and transparent honesty, resigned her secretaryship and was received into the bosom of the Church. But meanwhile the first Branch of our Society, the "British Theosophical Society," had, as above reported, been formed, and perhaps my readers will remember that Dr. Carter Blake showed the cloven foot at the original meeting for organisation (June 27, 1878), trying to persuade our friends to postpone the organisation because, as he alleged, we belonged, to the school of black magic. For this I expelled him and he remained for years an outsider, but was finally re-admitted at the request of H. P. B., as a repentant friend. This

by way of preface to the fact that on the 4th of July, of the year we are now reviewing, I called on him and found him in a deplorable state, physically speaking. At that time I did not know the grave fact that Judge had written him a letter in the K. H. script, but by a marvellous temporary forgetfulness of the part he was playing, had signed it with his own name instead of with the initials “K. H.” If I had had that document [173] in my possession, the fate of Mr. Judge would have been instantly settled as regards his connection with the Society. On the evening of the same day Mrs. Besant gave a splendid lecture at the Blavatsky Lodge, on “Symbolism, Idols, and Ideals,” the quality of which may easily be inferred.

On the following day the General Council met to begin the discussion of the merits of the case against Mr. Judge. There being at the time only three Sections in existence, the Council consisted of myself, Messrs. Keightley and Mead, representing the Indian and European Sections, and Mr. Judge, who, of course, did not vote: Mr. Keightley was appointed Secretary. An adjourned meeting was held on the 7th, when the President read a letter from Mr. Judge, stating that he had never been elected Vice-President of the T.S., was therefore not Vice-President, and consequently not amenable to trial by the “Judicial Committee” which, under the then existing Rules, was provided for in case the President or Vice-President of the Society should be found guilty of official misfeasance or malfeasance. Other points were raised by him which are so important as bearing upon the constitution and neutrality of the Society that I cannot permit myself to gloss them over with a mere summary notice; they will stand out for all time in our Society history as landmarks not to be for a moment lost sight of, so I will just reproduce here the official Report of the Council meeting, and that of its equal, the meeting of the Judicial Committee, into which it is embodied.

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The documents were issued by me in an Executive Notice, dated at London, 21st July, 1894 (Theosophist, September, 1894), as follows:

MINUTES OF A JUDICIAL COMMITTEE OF

THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY

HELD AT 19 AVENUE ROAD, LONDON, ON JULY 10TH, 1894

To enquire into certain charges against the

Vice-President

“Present: Colonel Olcott, President-Founder, in the chair; the General Secretaries of the Indian and European Sections (Mr. B. Keightley and Mr. G. R. S. Mead); delegates of the Indian Section (Mr. A. P. Sinnett and Mr. Sturdy); delegates of the European Section (Mr. H. Burrows and Mr. Kingsland); delegates of the American Section (Dr. Buck and Dr. Archibald Keightley); special delegates of Mr. Judge (Mr. Oliver Firth and Mr. E. T. Hargrove).

“Mrs. Besant and Mr. Judge were also present.

“A letter was read by the Chairman from the General Secretary of the American Section, stating that the Executive Committee of that Section claims that one of the delegates of that Section should have an additional vote on the Committee, in view of the fact that the General Secretary himself would not vote, or that an extra delegate be appointed.

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“Resolved: that a substitute be admitted to sit on the Committee in the place of the General Secretary.

“Mr. James M. Pryse was nominated by the other American delegates and took his seat.

“The Chairman then declared the Committee to be duly constituted and read the following address.

“ADDRESSES OF THE PRESIDENT-FOUNDER

“GENTLEMEN AND BROTHERS,

“We have met together to-day as a Judicial Committee, under the provisions of Section 3 of Article VI of the Revised Rules, to consider and dispose of certain charges of misconduct, preferred by Mrs. Besant against the Vice-President of the Society, and dated March 24th, 1894.

“Section 2 of Article VI says that ‘the President may be deprived of office at any time, for cause shown by a three-fourths vote of Judicial Committee herein, after provided for [in Section 3], before which he shall be given full opportunity to disprove any charges brought against him’; Section 3 provides that the Judicial Committee shall be composed of (a) members of the General Council ex-officio, (b) two additional members nominated by each Section of the Society, and (c) two members chosen by the accused. Under the present organization of the Society, this Committee, will, therefore, comprise the President-Founder, the General Secretaries of the Indian and European [176]

Sections, two additional delegates each from the Indian, European and American Sections, and two nominees of Mr. Judge; eleven in all—the accused, of course, being debarred from sitting as a judge either as General Secretary of the American Section or as Vice-President.

"Section 4 of Article VI. declares that the same procedure shall apply, mutatis mutandis, to the cases of the Vice-President and President; thus making the former, as well as the latter, amenable to the jurisdiction of the Judicial Committee for offences charged against him. Under this clause, the Vice-President is now arraigned.

"In compliance with the Revised Rules, copies of the charges brought by the accuser have been duly supplied to the accused, and the members of the General Council, and the Sections and the accused have nominated their delegates respectively. I also suspended the Vice-President from office pending the disposal of the charges by this Committee.

"Upon receipt of a preliminary letter from myself, of date February 7th, 1894, from Agra, India, Mr. Judge, erroneously taking it to be the first step in the official enquiry into the charges, from my omission to mark the letter 'Private,' naturally misconceived it to be a breach of the Constitution, and vehemently protested in a public circular addressed to 'the members of the Theosophical Society,' and of which 5,000 copies were distributed to them, to all parts of the world. The name of the accuser not being mentioned, the [177] wrong impression prevailed that I was the author of the charges, and at the same time intended to sit as Chairman of the tribunal that was to investigate them. I regret this circumstance as having caused bad feeling throughout the Society against its Chief Executive, who has been the personal friend of the accused for many years, has ever appreciated as they deserved, his eminent services and unflagging devotion to the Society and the whole movement, and whose constant motive has been to be brotherly and act justly to all his colleagues, of every race, religion and sex.

"Three very important protests have been made by the accused and submitted to me, to wit:

"1. That he was never legally Vice-President of the T. S. That an election to said office of Vice-President has always been necessary, and is so yet.

"That he has never been elected to the office.

"That the title has been conferred on him by courtesy, and has been tacitly

assumed to be legal by himself and others, in ignorance of the facts of the case.

"The legitimate inference from which would be:

"That not being Vice-President, de jure, he is not amenable to the jurisdiction of a Judicial Committee, which can only try the highest two of the Society.

"2. That, even if he were Vice-President, this tribunal could only try charges which imply on his part acts of misfeasance or malfeasance as such official; whereas the pending charges accuse him of acts which are not those of an official, but of a simple member; hence only triable by his own Branch or Lodge (vide [178] Section 3 of Article XIII), at a special meeting called to consider the facts.

"3. That the principal charge against him cannot be tried without breach of the constitutional neutrality of the Society in matters of private belief as to religious and other questions, and especially as to belief in the 'existence, names, powers, functions or methods of "Mahâtmâs" or "Masters"': that to deliberate and decide, either pro or con, in this matter would be to violate the law, affirm a dogma, and 'offend the religious feelings' of Fellows of the Society, who, to the number of many hundreds, hold decided opinions concerning the existence of Mahâtmâs and their interest in our work.

"These points will presently be considered seriatim.

"At the recent (eighth) annual meeting of the American Section T.S. at San Francisco, in the first session of April 22nd, the following, with other resolutions, was unanimously adopted, to wit:

"Resolved: that this Convention, after careful deliberation, finds that the suspension of the Vice-President is without the slightest warrant in the Constitution and altogether transcends the discretionary power given the President by the Constitution and is therefore null and void.

"I now return to Mr. Judge's protests:

"That he practised deception in sending false messages, orders and letters, as if sent and written by 'Masters'; and in statements to me about a certain Rosicrucian jewel of H. P. B.'s:

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"That he was untruthful in various other instances enumerated.

"Are these solely acts done in his private capacity; or may they or either of

them be laid against him as wrong-doing by the Vice-President? This is a grave question, both in its present bearings and as establishing a precedent for future contingencies. We must not make a mistake in coming to a decision.

"In summoning Mr. Judge before this tribunal, I was moved by the thought that the alleged evil acts might be separated into (a) strictly private acts, viz., the alleged untruthfulness and deception, and (b) the alleged circulation of deceptive imitations of what are supposed to be Mahâtmic writings, with intent to deceive; which communications, owing to his high official rank among us, carried a weight they would not have had if given out by a simple member. This seemed to me a far more heinous offence than simple falsehood or any other act of an individual, and to amount to a debasement of his office, if proven. The minutes of the General Council meeting of July 7th, which will presently be read for your information, will show you how this question was discussed by us, and what conclusion was reached. To make this document complete in itself, however, I will say that, in the Council's opinion, the point raised by Mr. Judge appeared valid, and that the charges are not cognizable by this Judicial Committee. The issue is now open to your consideration, and you must decide as to your judicial competency.

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"1. As to his legal status as Vice-President. At the Adyar Convention of the whole Society in December, 1888, exercising the full executive power I then held, I appointed Mr. Judge Vice-President in open Convention, the choice was approved by the Delegates assembled, and the name inserted in the published Official List of officers, since which time it has not been withdrawn. At the Convention of 1890, a new set of Rules having come into force and an election for Vice-President being in order, Mr. Bertram Keightley moved and I supported the nomination of Mr. Judge, and he was duly elected. It now appears that official notice was not sent him to this effect, but nevertheless his name was duly published in the Official List, as it had been previously. You all know that he attended the Chicago Parliament of Religions as Vice-President and my accredited representative and substitute; his name is so printed in his Report of the Theosophical Congress, and the Official Report of the San Francisco Convention of our American Section contains the Financial Statement of the Theosophic Congress Fund, which is signed by him as Vice-President, Theosophical Society.

"From the above facts it is evident that W. Q. Judge is, and since December,

1888, has continuously been, de jure as well as de facto Vice-President of the Theosophical Society. The facts having been laid before the General Council in its session of the 7th instant, my ruling has been ratified; and is now also concurred in by Mr. Judge. He is, therefore, triable by this tribunal for ‘cause shown’.

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“2. The second point raised by the accused is more important. If the acts alleged were done by him at all—which remains as yet sub judice—and he did them as a private person, he cannot be tried by any other tribunal than the Aryan Lodge, T. S., of which he is a Fellow and President. Nothing can possibly be clearer than that. Now, what are the alleged offences?

“3. Does our proposed enquiry into the alleged circulation of fictitious writings of those known to us as ‘Mahâtmâs’ carry with it a breach of the religious neutrality guaranteed us in the T.S. Constitution, and would a decision of the charge, in either way, hurt the feelings of members? The affirmative view has been taken and warmly advocated by the Convention of the American Section, by individual branches and groups of ‘Theosophical Workers,’ by the General Secretaries of the European and Indian Sections in a recently issued joint circular, by many private members of the Society, and by the accused. As I conceived it, the present issue is not at all whether Mahâtmâs exist or the contrary, or whether they have or have not recognizable handwritings, and have or have not authorized Mr. Judge to put forth documents in their name. I believed, when issuing the call, that the question might be discussed without entering into investigations that would compromise our corporate neutrality. The charges as formulated and laid before me by Mrs. Besant could, in my opinion, have been tried without doing this. And I must refer to my official record to prove that I would have been the last [182] to help in violating a Constitution of which I am, it may be said, the father, and which I have continually defended at all times and in all circumstances. On now meeting Mr. Judge in London, however, and being made acquainted with his intended line of defence, I find that by beginning the enquiry we should be placed in this dilemma, viz., we should either have to deny him the common justice of listening to his statements and examining his proofs (which would be monstrous in even a common court of law, much more in a Brotherhood like ours, based on lines of ideal justice), or be plunged into the very abyss we wish to escape from. Mr. Judge’s defence is that he is not guilty of the acts charged; that Mahâtmâs exist, are related to our

Society, and in personal connection with himself; and he avers his readiness to bring many witnesses and documentary proofs to support his statements. You will at once see whither this would lead us. The moment we entered into these questions we should violate the most vital spirit of our federal compact, its neutrality in matters of belief. Nobody, for example, knows better than myself the fact of the existence of the Masters, yet I would resign my office unhesitatingly if the Constitution were amended so as to erect such a belief into a dogma: every one in our membership is as free to disbelieve and deny their existence as I am to believe and affirm it. For the above reason, then, I declare as my opinion that this enquiry must go no farther; we may not break our own laws for any consideration whatsoever. It is furthermore my opinion that [183] such an enquiry, begun by whatsoever official body within our membership, cannot proceed if a similar line of defence be declared. If, perchance, a guilty person should at any time go scot-free in consequence of this ruling, we cannot help it; the Constitution is our palladium, and we must make it the symbol of justice or expect our Society to disintegrate.

"Candour compels me to add that, despite what I thought some preliminary quibbling and unfair tactics, Mr. Judge has travelled hither from America to meet his accusers before this Committee, and announced his readiness to have the charges investigated and decided on their merits by any competent tribunal.

"Having disposed of the several protests of Mr. Judge, I shall now briefly refer to the condemnatory Resolutions of the San Francisco Convention, and merely to say that there was no warrant for their hasty declaration that my suspension of the Vice-President, pending the disposal of the charges, was unconstitutional, null and void. As above noted, Section 4 of Article VI of our Constitution provides that the same rules of procedure shall apply to the case of the Vice-President as to that of the President; and, inasmuch as my functions vest in the Vice-President, and I am suspended from office until any charges against my official character are disposed of, so, likewise, must the Vice-President be suspended from his official status until the charges against him are disposed of; re-instatement to follow acquittal or the abandonment of the prosecution.

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"It having been made evident to me that Mr. Judge cannot be tried on the present accusations without breaking through the lines of our Constitution, I have no right to keep him further suspended, and so I hereby cancel my notice of suspension, dated February 7th, 1894, and restore him to the rank of Vice-

President.

“In conclusion, Gentlemen and Brothers, it remains for me to express my regret for any inconvenience I may have caused you by the convocation of this Judicial Committee, and to cordially thank Mr. Sturdy who has come from India, Dr. Buck, who has come from Cincinnati, and the rest of you who have come from distant points in the United Kingdom, to render this loyal service. I had no means of anticipating this present issue, since the line of defence was not within my knowledge. The meeting was worth holding for several reasons. In the first place, because we have come to the point of an official declaration that it is not lawful to affirm that belief in Mahâtmâs is a dogma of the Society, or communications really, or presumably, from them, authoritative and infallible. Equally clear is it that the circulation of fictitious communications from them is not an act for which, under our rules, an officer or member can be impeached and tried. The inference then is, that testimony as to intercourse with Mahâtmâs, and writings alleged to come from them, must be judged upon their intrinsic merits alone; and that the witnesses are solely responsible for their statements. Thirdly, the successorship to the Presidency is again open (vide Gen. Council [185] Report of July 7th, 1894), and at my death or at any time sooner, liberty of choice may be exercised in favour of the best available member of the Society.

“I now bring my remarks to a close by giving voice to the sentiment which I believe to actuate the true Theosophist, viz., that the same justice should be given and the same mercy shown to every man and woman on our membership registers. There must be no distinctions of persons, no paraded self-righteousness, no seeking for revenge. We are all—as I personally believe—equally under the operation of Karma, which punishes and rewards; all equally need the loving forebearance of those who have mounted higher than ourselves in the scale of human perfectibility.

“H. S. OLCOTT, P. T. S.”

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Mr. G. R. S. Mead reported that certain Minutes of Proceedings by the General Council of the Theosophical Society were communicated to the present Committee for its information, and they were read accordingly, as follows:

MINUTES OF THE GENERAL COUNCIL

MEETING

HELD AT 19 AVENUE ROAD, LONDON, JULY 7TH, 1894

“Present: President, Colonel H. S. Olcott, Bertram Keightley, George R. S. Mead, and William Q. Judge.

“Colonel Olcott called the meeting to order, and Bertram Keightley was appointed Secretary.

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“Council was informed that the meeting was called to consider certain points brought up by William Q. Judge, and other matters, to wit:

“The President read a letter from William Q. Judge stating that in his opinion he was never elected Vice-President of the T.S., and was not, therefore, Vice-President of the T.S.; whereupon the President informed the Council that at the General Convention at Adyar, in 1888, he then, exercising the prerogatives which he then held, appointed William Q. Judge as Vice-President of the T.S.; and the name was then announced in the official list of officers of that year. That subsequently, at the General Convention in 1890, the last one of such General Conventions, said nomination was unanimously confirmed by vote on motion of Bertram Keightley, supported by H. S. Olcott; hence, that although the official report of the Convention seems to be defective in that it did not record the fact, and that Mr. Judge was thereby misled, the truth is as stated. The President then declared that W. Q. Judge was and is Vice-President de facto and de jure of the Theosophical Society.

“Another point then raised by Mr. Judge was then taken into consideration, to wit: That even if Vice-President, he, Mr. Judge, was not amenable to an enquiry by the Judicial Committee into certain alleged offences with respect to the misuse of the Mahâtmâs’ names and handwriting, since if guilty the offence would be one by him as a private individual, and not in his official capacity; he contended that, under our

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Constitution, the President and Vice-President could only be tried as such by such Committee, for official misconduct—that is misfeasances and malfeasances. An opinion of Council in New York which he had taken from Mr. M. H. Phelps, F.T.S., was then read by him in support of this contention. The matter was then debated. Bertram Keightley moved and G. R. S. Mead seconded:

“That the Council, having heard the arguments on the point raised by William Q. Judge, it declares that the point is well taken; that the acts alleged concern him as an individual; and that consequently the Judicial Committee has no jurisdiction in the premises to try him as Vice-President upon the charges as alleged.

“The President concurred. Mr. Judge did not vote. The motion was declared carried.

“On Mr. Mead’s motion, it was then voted that the above record shall be laid before the Judicial Committee, Mr. Judge did not vote.

“The President then laid before the Council another question mooted by Mr. Judge, to wit: That his election as successor to the President, which was made upon the announcement of the President’s resignation, became ipso facto annulled upon the President’s resumption of his office as President. On motion, the Council declared the point well taken, and ordered the decision to be entered on the minutes. Mr. Judge did not vote.

“The President called attention to the resolution of the American Convention of 1894, declared that [188] his action in suspending the Vice-President, pending the settlement of the charges against him, was ‘without the slightest warrant in the Constitution and altogether transcends the discretionary power given the President by the Constitution, and is therefore null and void’. Upon deliberation and consideration of Sections 3 and 4, Article VI. of the General Rules, the Council decided (Mr. Judge not voting) that the President’s action was warranted under the then existing circumstances, and that the said resolutions of protest are without force.

“On motion (Mr. Judge not voting) the Council then requested the President to convene the Judicial Committee at the London Headquarters, on Tuesday, July 10th, 1894, at 10 a.m.

“The Council then adjourned at call of President.”

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The following Resolutions were then adopted by the Judicial Committee:

Resolved: that the President be requested to lay before the Committee the charges against Mr. Judge referred to in his address.

The charges were laid before the Committee accordingly.

After deliberation, it was

Resolved: that although it has been ascertained that the member bringing the charges and Mr. Judge are both ready to go on with the enquiry, the Committee considers, nevertheless, that the charges are not such as relate to the conduct of the Vice-President in [189] his official capacity, and therefore are not subject to its jurisdiction.

On the question whether the charges did or did not involve a declaration of the existence and power of the Mahâtmâs, the Committee deliberated, and it was Resolved: that the Committee is also of opinion that a statement by them as to the truth or otherwise of at least one of the charges as formulated against Mr. Judge would involve a declaration on their part as to the existence or non-existence of the Mahâtmâs, and it would be a violation of the spirit of neutrality and the unsectarian nature and Constitution of the Society.

Four members abstained from voting on this resolution.

I t was also further

Resolved: that the President's address be adopted.

Resolved: that the General Council be requested to print and circulate the Minutes of the Proceedings.

A question being raised as to whether the charges should be included in the printed report,

Mr. Burrows moved and Mr. Sturdy seconded a resolution that if the Proceedings were printed at all the charges should be included; but on being put to the vote the resolution was not carried.

The Minutes having been read and confirmed, the Committee dissolved.

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

President of the Council.

AN APPENDIX

STATEMENT BY ANNIE BESANT

Read for the Information of Members at the

Third Session of the European Convention of the T.S., July 12th, 1894

I speak to you to-night as the representative of the T.S. in Europe, and as the matter I have to lay before you concerns the deepest interests of the Society, I

pray you to lay aside all prejudice and feeling, to judge by Theosophical standards and not by the lower standards of the world, and to give your help now in one of the gravest crises in which our movement has found itself. There has been much talk of Committees and Juries of Honour. We come to you, our brothers, to tell you what is in our hearts.

I am going to put before you the exact position of affairs on the matter which has been filling our hearts all day. Mr. Judge and I have agreed to lay two statements before you, and to ask your counsel upon them.

For some years past persons inspired largely by personal hatred for Mr. Judge, and persons inspired [191] by hatred for the Theosophical Society and for all that it represents, have circulated a mass of accusations against him, ranging from simple untruthfulness to deliberate and systematic forgery of the handwritings of Those Who to some of us are most sacred. The charges were not in a form that it was possible to meet, a general denial could not stop them, and explanation to irresponsible accusers was at once futile and undignified.

Mr. Judge's election as the future President of the Society increased the difficulties of the situation, and the charges themselves were repeated with growing definiteness and insistence, until they found expression in an article in The Theosophist signed by Messrs. Old and Edge. At last, the situation became so strained that it was declared by many of the most earnest members of the Indian Section that, if Mr. Judge became President with those charges hanging over him unexplained, the Indian Section would secede from the T.S. Representation to this effect was made to me, and I was asked, as well known in the world and the T.S. and as a close friend and colleague of Mr. Judge, to intervene in the matter.

I hold strongly that, whatever may be the faults of a private member, they are no concern of mine, and it is no part of my duty, as a humble servant of the Lords of Compassion, to drag my brother's faults into public view, nor to arraign him before any tribunal. His faults and mine will find their inevitable harvest of suffering, and I am content to leave them to the

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Great Law, which judges unerringly and knits to every wrong its necessary sequence of pain.

But where the honour of the Society was concerned, in the person of its now second official and (as he then was thought to be) its President-elect, it was right

to do what I could to put an end to the growing friction and suspicion, both for the sake of the Society and for that of Mr. Judge; and I agreed to intervene, privately, believing that many of the charges were false, dictated and circulated malevolently, that others were much exaggerated and were largely susceptible of explanation, and that what might remain of valid complaint might be put an end to without public controversy. Under the promise that nothing should be done further in the matter until my intervention had failed, I wrote to Mr. Judge. The promise of silence was broken by persons who knew some of the things complained of, and before any answer could be received by me from Mr. Judge, distorted versions of what had occurred were circulated far and wide. This placed Mr. Judge in a most unfair position, and he found my name used against him in connection with charges which he knew to be grossly exaggerated, where not entirely untrue.

Not only so, but I found that a public Committee of Enquiry was to be insisted on, and I saw that the proceedings would be directed in a spirit of animosity, add that the aim was to inflict punishment for wrongs believed to have been done, rather than to prevent future harm to the Society. I did my utmost to prevent a public Committee of Enquiry of an official [193] character. I failed, and the Committee was decided on. And then I made what many of Mr. Judge's friends think was a mistake. I offered to take on myself the onus of formulating the charges against him. I am not concerned to defend myself on this, nor to trouble you with my reasons for taking so painful a decision; in this decision, for which I alone am responsible, I meant to act for the best, but it is very possible I made a mistake—for I have made many mistakes in judgment in my life, and my vision is not always clear in these matters of strife and controversy which are abhorrent to me.

In due course I formulated the charges, and drew up the written statement of evidence in support of them. They came in due course before the Judicial Committee, as you heard this morning. That Committee decided that they alleged private, not official, wrong-doing, and therefore could not be tried by a Committee that could deal only with a President or Vice-President as such. I was admitted to the General Council of the T.S. when this point was argued, and I was convinced by that argument that the point was rightly taken. I so stated when asked by the General Council, and again when asked by the Judicial Committee. And this put an end to the charges so far as that Committee was concerned.

As this left the main issue undecided, and left Mr. Judge under the stigma of unproved and unrebutted charges, it was suggested by Mr. Herbert Burrows that the charges should be laid before a Committee [194] of Honour. At the moment this was rejected by Mr. Judge, but he wrote to me on the following day, asking me to agree with him in nominating such a Committee. I have agreed to this, but with very great reluctance, for the reason mentioned above: that I feel it no part of my duty to attack any private member of the T.S., and I think such an attack would prove a most unfortunate precedent. But as the proceedings which were commenced against Mr. Judge as an official have proved abortive, it does not seem fair that I—responsible for those proceedings, by taking part in them—should refuse him the Committee he asks for.

But there is another way; which I now take, and which, if you approve it, will put an end to this matter; and as no theosophist should desire to inflict penalty for the past—even if he thinks wrong has been done—but only to help forward right in the future, it may, I venture to hope, be accepted.

And now I must reduce these charges to their proper proportions, as they have been enormously exaggerated, and it is due to Mr. Judge that I should say publicly what from the beginning I have said privately. The President stated them very accurately in his address to the Judicial Committee: the vital charge is that Mr. Judge has issued letters and messages in the script recognizable as that adopted by a Master with whom H. P. B. was closely connected,[10] and that these letters [195] and messages were neither written nor precipitated directly by the Master in whose writing they appear; as leading up to this there are subsidiary charges of deception, but these would certainly never have been made the basis of any action save for their connection with the main point.

Further, I wish it, to be distinctly understood that I do not charge and have not charged Mr. Judge with forgery in the ordinary sense of the term, but with giving a misleading material form to messages received psychically from the Master in various ways, without acquainting the recipients with this fact.

I regard Mr. Judge as an Occultist, possessed of considerable knowledge and animated by a deep and unswerving devotion to the Theosophical Society. I believe that he has often received direct messages, from the, Masters and from Their chelas, guiding and helping him in his work. I believe that he has sometimes received messages for other people in one or other of the ways that I will mention in a moment, but not by direct writing by the Master nor by his

direct precipitation; and that Mr. Judge has then believed himself to be justified in writing down in the script adopted by H. P. B. for communications from the Master, the message psychically received, and in giving it to the person for whom it was intended, leaving that person to wrongly assume that it was a direct precipitation or writing by the Master himself—that is, that it was done through Mr. Judge, but done by the Master.

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Now personally I hold that this method is illegitimate and that no one should simulate a recognized writing which is regarded as authoritative when it is authentic. And by authentic I mean directly written or precipitated by the Master himself. If a message is consciously written, it should be so stated: if automatically written, it should be so stated. At least so it seems to me. It is important that the very small part generally played by the Masters in these phenomena should be understood, so that people may not receive messages as authoritative merely on the ground of their being in a particular script, Except in the very rarest instances, the Masters do not personally write letters or directly precipitate communications. Messages may be sent by them to those with whom they can communicate by external voice, or astral vision, or physic word, or mental impression, or in other ways. If a person gets a message which he believes to be from the Master, for communication to anyone else, he is bound in honour not to add to that message any extraneous circumstances which will add weight to it in the recipient's eyes. I believe that Mr. Judge wrote with his own hand, consciously or automatically, I do not know, in the script adopted as that of the Master, messages which he received from the Master or from Chelas; and I know that, in my own case, I believed that the messages he gave me in the well-known script were messages directly precipitated or directly written by the Master. When I publicly said that I have received since H. P. Blavatsky's death, [197] letters in the writing H. P. Blavatsky had been accused of forging, I referred to letters given to me by Mr. Judge, and as they were in the well-known script, I never dreamt of challenging their source. I know now that they were not written or precipitated by the Master, and that they were done by Mr. Judge, but I also believe that the gist of these messages was psychically received, and that Mr. Judge's error lay in giving them to me in a script written by himself and not saying that he had done so. I feel bound to refer to these letters thus explicitly, because having been myself mistaken, I in turn misled the public.

It should be generally understood inside and outside the Theosophical Society,

that letters and messages may be written or may be precipitated in any script, without thereby gaining any valid authority. Scripts may be produced by automatic or deliberate writing with the hand, or by precipitation, by many agencies from the White and Black Adepts down to semi-conscious Elementals, and those who afford the necessary conditions can be thus used. The source of messages can only be decided by direct spiritual knowledge or, intellectually, by the nature of their contents, and each person must use his own powers and act on his own responsibility, in acccepting or rejecting them. Thus I rejected a number of letters, real precipitations, brought me by an American, not an F.T.S., as substantiating his claim to be H. P. B.'s successor. Any good medium may be used for precipitating messages by any of the varied entities in the occult world; and [198] the outcome of these proceedings will be, I hope, to put an end to the craze for receiving letters and messages, which are more likely to be subhuman or human in their origin than superhuman, and to throw people back on the evolution of their own spiritual nature, by which alone they can be safely guided through the mazes of the superphysical world.

If you, representatives of the T.S., consider that the publication of this statement followed by that which Mr. Judge will make, would put an end to this distressing business, and by making a clear understanding, get rid at least of the mass of seething suspicions in which we have been living, and if you can accept it, I propose that this should take the place of the Committee of Honour, putting you, our brothers, in the place of the Committee. I have made the frankest explanation I can; I know how enwrapped in difficulty are these phenomena which are connected with forces obscure in their working to most; therefore, how few are able to judge of them accurately, while those through whom they play are always unable to control them. And I trust that these explanations may put an end to some at least of the troubles of the last two years, and leave us to go on with our work for the world, each in his own way. For any pain that I have given my brother, in trying to do a most repellent task, I ask his pardon, as also for any mistakes that I may have made.

ANNIE BESANT

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(The above statements as to precipitated, written and other communications have been long ago made by both H. P. Blavatsky and Mr. Judge, in Lucifer, The Path, and elsewhere, both publicly and privately.—A.B.

Note by Colonel Olcott: I cannot allow Mrs. Besant to take upon herself the entire responsibility for formulating the charges against Mr. Judge, since I myself requested her to do it. The tacit endorsement of the charges by persistence in a policy of silence, was an injustice to the Vice-President, since it gave him no chance to make his defence; while, at the same time, the widely-current suspicions were thereby augmented, to the injury of the Society. So, to bring the whole matter to light, I, with others, asked Mrs. Besant to assume the task of drafting and signing the charges. —H. S. O.)

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STATEMENT BY MR. JUDGE

Since March last, charges have been going round the world against me, to which the name of Annie Besant has been attached, without her consent, as she now says, that I have been guilty of forging the names and handwritings of the Mahâtmâs and of misusing the said names and handwritings. The charge has also arisen that I suppressed the name of Annie Besant as mover in the matter from fear of the same. All [200] this has been causing great trouble and working injury to all concerned, that is, to all our members. It is now, time that this should be put an end to, once for all, if possible.

I now state as follows:

1. I left the name of Annie Besant out of my published circular by request of my friends in the T.S. then near me, so as to save her and leave it to others to put her name to the charge. It now appears that if I had so put her name it would have run counter to her present statement.

2. I repeat my denial of the said rumoured charges of forging the said names and handwritings of the Mahâtmâs or of misusing the same.

3. I admit that I have received and delivered messages from the Mahâtmâs and assert their genuineness.

4. I say that I have heard and do hear from the Mahâtmâs, and that I am an agent of the Mahâtmâs; but I deny that I have ever sought to induce that belief in others, and this is the first time to my knowledge that I have ever made the claim now made I am pressed into the place where I must make it. My desire and effort have been to distract attention from such an idea as related to me. But I have no desire to make the claim, which I repudiate, that I am the only channel for communication with Masters; and it is my opinion that such communication is

open to any human being who, by endeavouring to serve mankind, affords the necessary conditions.

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5. Whatever messages from the Mahâtmâs have been delivered by me as such —and they are extremely few—I now declare were and are genuine messages from the Mahâtmâs so far as my knowledge extends; they were obtained through me, but as to how they were obtained or produced I cannot state. But I can now again say, as I have said publicly before, and as was said by H. P. Blavatsky so often that I have always thought it common knowledge among studious theosophists, that precipitation of words or messages is of no consequence and constitutes no proof of connection with Mahâtmâs; it is only phenomenal and not of the slightest value.

6. So far as methods are concerned for the reception and delivery of messages from the Masters, they are many. My own methods may disagree from the views of others, and I acknowledge their right to criticize them if they choose; but I deny the right of anyone to say that they know or can prove the non-genuineness of such messages, to or through me unless they are able to see on that plane. I can only say that I have done my best to report—in the few instances when I have done it at all—correctly and truthfully such messages as I think I have received for transmission, and never to my knowledge have I tried therewith to deceive any person or persons whatever.

7. And I say that in 1893 the Master sent me a message in which he thanked me for all my work and exertions in the Theosophical field, and expressed satisfaction therewith, ending with sage advice to [202] guard me against the failings and follies of my lower nature; that message Mrs. Besant unreservedly admits.

8. Lastly, and only because of absurd statements made and circulated, I willingly say that which I never denied, that I am a human being, full of error, liable to mistake, not infallible, but just the same as any other human being like to myself, or of the class of human beings like to myself, or of the class of human beings to which I belong. And I freely, fully and sincerely forgive anyone who may be thought to have injured or tried to injure me.

WILLIAM Q. JUDGE

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Having heard the above statements, the following resolution was moved by Mr. Bertram Keightley, seconded by, Dr. Buck and carried nem con:

Resolved: that this meeting accepts with pleasure the adjustment arrived at by Annie Besant and William Q. Judge as a final settlement of matters pending hitherto between them as prosecutor and defendant, with the hope that it may be thus buried and forgotten, and

Resolved that we will join hands with them to further the cause of genuine, Brotherhood in which we all believe.

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The following important results have come out of the above enquiry: "(a) The absolute neutrality of [203] the Theosophical Society in all matters of personal belief, and, the perfect right of private judgment in religious, mystical, and other questions have been authoritatively and permanently declared by Executive affirmation, endorsement by the General Council, and confirmation by a Judicial Committee organized under the provisions of the Society's Revised Rules, and composed of Delegates chosen by the existing three Sections as possessing their respect and confidence; (b) The authoritative and dogmatic value of statements as to the existence of Mahâtmâs, their relations with and messages to private persons, or through them to third parties, the Society or the general public, is denied; all such statements, messages or teachings are to be taken at their intrinsic value and the recipients left to form and declare, if they choose, their own opinions with respect to their genuineness: the Society, as a body, maintaining its constitutional neutrality in the premises.

"As to the disposal of the charges against the Vice-President, the report of the Judicial Committee gives all necessary information: the public statements of Mrs. Besant and Mr. Judge contained in the Appendix showing how the case stands. No final decision has been reached, since the defence of Mr. Judge precluded an enquiry into the facts, and it would not be constitutional for one to be made by any Committee, Council, or Branch of the Society. To undertake it would be a dangerous precedent, one which would furnish an excuse to try a member for holding to the dogmas of [204] the sect to which he might belong. Generally speaking, the elementary principles of tolerance and brotherliness which are professed by all true Theosophists, teach us to exercise towards each other a generous charity and forgiveness for displays of those human imperfections which we all equally share."

In view of my long and intimate acquaintance with Mr. Judge, all this revision of events is most disagreeable and I write without a shade of animosity, but since 1894 over 300 new Branches have been formed by us and our thousands of new colleagues are entitled to know the essential facts about the Great Secession of Mr. Judge.

Further consideration of this matter must be postponed until next month. [11]

H. S. OLCOTT

CHAPTER XIV

THE FOURTH EUROPEAN CONVENTION

(1894)

OF course, this result satisfied nobody but Mr. Judge, and his most intimate friends, since it disposed of no charge and postponed the day of reckoning. The European and Indian Sections seethed with discontent, and our members in Australasia, not yet sectionalised, unmistakably made it known that they thought Mr. Judge should be expelled. When one looks back at the matter one cannot wonder that the pettifogging tactics adopted by the accused should have disgusted the outspoken Mr. Oliver Firth, who was one of Judge's own selected members of the Judicial Committee; until then he had been a warm friend of his, but when the Committee rose he expressed to me his indignation and from that time forward had no respect for the gentleman. If I had decided any otherwise than I did and the Committee had failed to support me, the doom of the Theosophical Society, as a free body, would have been sealed, and I am persuaded that even the commotion and trouble caused by Mr. Judge's subsequent line of action was not too high a price to [208] pay for our defence of the letter and spirit of the Society's Constitution.

Yet what a pitiful aspect did Mr. Judge himself present when taking refuge behind a technicality! Look at the moral side of the matter. An ambitious man, clutching at the chief office in our organisation, for a time bolstered up his influence by sending forged letters, purporting to be from our Teachers, which were calculated to consolidate and increase his authority by enlisting the services of his guileless dupe, Mrs. Besant, and other of our most influential colleagues, and thus create a power behind him that should seat him for life in my vacated chair. Now that I am reading over all the pamphlets, circulars, and articles of the period to gather the materials for my permanent narrative, the affair assumes a loathsome aspect. For, this chicanery was so useless. From the beginning until now I have ever been ready to relinquish my office to any better man whom our Teachers would accept, and to drop into the ranks and do any work needed: Mr.

Judge could have had the Presidentship for the asking, if such had been the wish of the Society. But it was not the mere executive function that he wanted; his childish ambition was to be taken as the veritable successor of H. P. B., as the out-giver and transmitter of spiritual teachings, the visible agent of the Great White Lodge: that was the cause of his downfall and his lasting disgrace. Supposing that his scheme, to be referred to his Branch for trial as a private individual, had been realised, and the [207] constitutional point above defined had been over-looked, what should we have seen? The childish farce of a whitewashing, a declaration that his character had been washed as clean as lambswool, and the ground cleared for the carrying out of his ambitious schemes. That he was personally guilty of the forgeries of documents, the lies told to and the deceptions practised upon myself and others, cannot for a moment be doubted.

The individual, then, by his behavior, had besmirched the character of the Vice-President and officially-proclaimed successor to the Presidentship, and what that would mean to the Theosophical Society as a body needs no seer to prophesy. His offence was ten times worse than would have been any lapse from the standard of good conduct by him as a man; say, for instance, some addiction to drink, play, or women; for in history there have been hundreds of instances of great rulers, legislators, captains and civilians whose private characters fell short of the ideal, but whose public services were undeniably splendid. In this case his offence struck at the very foundation of our belief in the existence and relationship with our Society of those great Personages, whose evolution from the body of humanity affords the model to follow after and the ideal of human perfectibility to aspire to. To say that such behavior in the second, and potentially the first, leader of the Society, could be overlooked or forgiven, is incredible; and this is the fatal mistake made by Dr. Buck and Mr. Judge's [208] other backers who thought that one who had done such splendid service in our movement should be forgiven everything. Not thus does the inexorable Law of Karma adjust the scales of human evolution. It would have been pleasanter to me to draw the veil of silence between us and the past, but the writer of history has no choice left him but to record facts and let time settle the question of reputations. Not even a river of tears shed by sympathetic friends can wash out one entry in the Book of Chitragupta, although the man may create an enormous credit balance in his favor by change of life, thought, and conduct.

Besides the facts cited by me above to prove that Mr. Judge's plea that he

never, was Vice-President was false, I can refer the reader to the fact that, in a circular issued by him at New York, March 15, 1894, i.e., immediately after his receipt of my official letter giving him the option of resigning office or standing trial, he says; “The charge is made against me as Vice-President: I have replied as an individual and shall so continue, inasmuch as in my capacity of Vice-President my duties are nominal, have once been exercised by communicating to the Society as required by the Constitution, the resignation of the President, and once by acting for the President at [in Chicago.” In short, he had accepted the office and performed its duties to the extent of my demands upon him.

So that he himself contradicts his own plea. Again, in his circular of 3rd November, 1894, a pretended [209] E. S. T. document, but sent me by himself without exacting any pledge of secrecy, he says (p.8), reviewing the prosecution against him and alluding to Mrs. Besant: “She wrote me that I must resign the office of successor to the Presidency, the hint being that this was one of the things Master wanted me to do.” Then he answers with the following petty quibble, which he, moreover, italicises, to give it additional force: “The fact was I had no such office and there was no such thing to resign. The Master knew it, and hence he never ordered it.” This is a sheer insult to the common sense of the persons to whom the circular was addressed. Of course, we have no such title as “Successor to the Presidency,” and what audacity it was to drag in the name of the Master as approving his point and supporting him by not answering Mrs. Besant’s letter! But there was such a thing as President-elect, whose term would begin when mine ended, and this he admits in so many words in the circular of March 15th, saying: “I have been elected to succeed Col. Olcott as President of the Society and have been officially declared his successor by him.” Where would this tergiversation in morals have ended if Judge had not cut short the whole thing by his secession, so secretly planned, so successfully carried out? It is doubtful if he would have resorted to that if the sentimental finale of the Judicial Committee’s meeting had been accepted as a settlement, for Mr. Judge’s ambition was most certainly not to give himself freedom to work up a rival Theosophical Society, leaving the original [210] one intact and able to hold its own, but to take over into his own keeping all the results of the work done by H. P. B. and myself during the nineteen years since the Society was formed. However, the question of the Session will come before us in its due time and we need not anticipate.

As I had contracted with Messrs. Putnam to bring out the first volume of my], I

had brought with me from India the various relics of H. P. B.'s early magical phenomena which were to be photographed for illustrations, and as the delegates to the forthcoming Convention of the European Section were gathering, I was asked to exhibit these curios and give a familiar talk about my reminiscences of the olden time.

From Spain there came with Señor Xifré a charming lady who had been Superioress of a Roman Catholic Convent, but, becoming converted to Theosophical views, had relinquished her position and returned to civil life. To do this required, as anyone will see, great moral courage, and one and all of us felt a deep respect for her on account of the brave way in which she had, for the sake of conscience, faced the persecutions and actual dangers of her situation.

The Convention of the European Section, the fourth, met on the 12th in the Lecture Hall of the Headquarters, 19 Avenue Road, at 10 a.m. Delegates and members from India, America, Spain, France, Holland, Switzerland, Poland, and Italy, besides Edinburgh, Dublin, and a number of the chief towns [211] of England, were present. I took the chair and Mr. Mead was elected Secretary of the Convention, with Messrs. H. T. Edge and the Hon. Otway Cuffe as Assistant Secretaries; the Scandinavian group of fourteen Branches, not then organised as a Section, were represented by Mr. W. Kingsland, and the Deutsche Theosophische Gesellschaft by Mrs. Cooper-Oakley. Besides Mr. Bertram Keightley, its General Secretary, the Indian Section was represented by, Babu Parbati Charan Roy. The proceedings of the Judicial Committee were read for information and then an able report of the year's Sectional history was read by the General Secretary. Certain things were said in it that are so good, so applicable to our present conditions, that I will quote the following paragraph:

"Until quite recently I was under the illusion that I should be able to persent you with somewhat of a statistical report, but on viewing the materials before me I find that just as we have no creed and no dogma, so also we have but the loosest of orthodoxy in organisation and methods of work. We seem to try all things in our common endeavor to seek that which is good. So many men and women, so many opinions and ways of work; so many Lodges, so many different methods of study and propaganda; so many groups of Lodges, so many sub-sections and federations—all of them, however, happily tending to union—striving, though ofttimes with many of failure, to reach to solidarity and a practical realisation of brotherhood, which is the child of that Theosophy to which we all aspire [212] and for which we should be prepared to offer up an

eternal sacrifice of all personal comfort and pleasure."

As to the failure to furnish statistical matter for the compiler's use, I can speak feelingly for, as remarked in my last Annual Address, our Records have been kept in such a loose-jointed way by a succession of amateur workers, that the task of bringing order out of chaos is most difficult. The point made by Mr. Mead about there being as many different methods of study and propaganda as there are Branches and groups is correct, but I do not see how we can ever hope to remedy it save by substituting for the present perfect eclecticism and freedom of action, which is the palladium of our personal liberties, a despotic system of autocratic interference of which a complete example is furnished by the pretended successor of Mr. Judge and H. P. B., who rules at Point Loma. We must only try to walk the middle path and gradually create among us a habit of orderly management of business: until this is done our statistical table will not be as accurate as it should. But we will all endorse Mr. Mead's assertion that "There are not a few instances of Lodges which are the veritable common homes of the members; where perfect harmony and friendship and comradeship reign in spite of intellectual and social differences. This is real work done, better far than all our writing and speaking and arguing--something real and realised, a drawing nigh to Wisdom. On the other hand the war of personality continues here and there, for the time checking the growth of a Lodge [218] and hindering the spread of Theosophy—but in this Dark Age we cannot expect too much of overdriven human nature and must wait and hope and try again and again."

Some of our earnest Indian members are just now (1903) beginning to organise federations of Branches speaking a common language, for instance, Tamil, and included within a certain geographical area: such a meeting was held at Gooty and another will shortly be held at Madura. Mr. Mead admirably summarises the scheme of a federation as it was originally successfully tried in the North of England:

"Nine Lodges and two Centres have combined together with the object of arranging lectures on Theosophy and of promoting communication between the various Lodges and Centres of the districts and generally forwarding the Theosophical movement. The Federation has quarterly Conventions held in different cities, where the members of the Federated Lodges meet together and unite for mutual help and common effort. Lodges exchange lecturers and lectures and a network of personal friendship and co-operation has been established over the North of England that might well be copied throughout the

Society wherever possible. The constitution of the Federation is as free from officialism as possible and a Secretary discharges all the duties necessary."

Mr. Mead touches upon a matter which should be well understood among us, in its general application. He says: "The great obstacles to progress in Spain are [214] reactionary Jesuitism and its antipodes, materialistic liberalism. Theosophy holds the middle ground between these extremes and in that consist its strength and recommendation." This defines the present acute condition of affairs in Italy and the theory of the necessary reaction from dogmatic orthodoxy to bellicose rationalism perfectly explains the state of things among the educated Indian classes which we have been combating since our first arrival here in 1879. The first object of revolt is the gaining of liberty, the use inevitably made of it by enfranchised thinkers is to study the bases of their ancestral creeds, and the ultimate outcome is, in the case of every person of naturally religious temperament, to take back the religion of their childhood, but now as a living and beautiful thing instead of a theological mummy.

CHAPTER XV

AFTER THE CONVENTION

MRS. BESANT, having contracted with an Australian Manager to make a lecture tour throughout Australia and New Zealand (?), with the special understanding that she should be free to lecture on Theosophy, gave a farewell lecture at the Blavatsky Lodge on “The Meaning of Devotion,” and on the following Wednesday left for Australia; Mr. Bertram Keightley went with her as a fellow-passenger as far as Colombo. Mr. Judge and Dr. Buck got off for New York on Saturday, the 21st, and I bade them farewell at Euston Station.

On the previous evening I went with Mrs. Besant to Bow Street to officially close the Women’s Club which, it will be remembered, had been started with a capital of £ 1,000 given to H. P. B. for this philanthropic object. The experiment had proved a failure, probably because its moral tone was too high and there were no male fellows, potential lovers, to fill in the time with courtships and kisses. We had a very pleasant evening, however, and the girls were amusingly enthusiastic over my singing of some Irish songs—things that they could very easily understand, being on their own intellectual level.

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On the 22nd I went to Ramsgate to lecture and had a large audience despite a rainy evening. Whether the result of a low barometric pressure, or not, I cannot say, but I note in my Diary that the questions put and answered after the lecture were unusually stupid. Returning to London the next morning, I got through a lot of office-work and in the evening attended a meeting of the London Lodge at Mr. Sinnett’s house, at which I met a number of my oldest friends in Theosophy.

On the 30th of the month I went to Liverpool and lectured. It was at this meeting that a red-headed Irishman convulsed the audience by expressing his views about my lecture on “Reincarnation,” and flingingat me what he expected to be a staggering question: “Misther Chairman, Sur, I’d loike to ax Colonel Olcott a quistion. Here he’s been talkin’ to us a lot of sthuff about rayinkyarnation, but what does he know about it, at all? Can he till me fwat I wuz in me last birrth: wuz I Julius Cæsar or a moommy?” Of course a roar of

laughter rewarded him, but, keeping a solemn face and looking towards his corner of the hall with an expression of bland benevolence, I replied that the gentleman had put so profound a question as to make it clear that he was a thinker who went to the bottom of things; that I made no pretence to seership, and could not, like some of my colleagues, look behind the veil to the past, I could only judge from analogy. As the gentleman had kept so quiet throughout the evening, I might have been [217] warranted in supposing him to have been a mummy in his last previous birth; but now that he had broken out in his martial way we might imagine it possible that he had been that great Roman General, Julius Cæsar The audience seemed to appreciate the joke, and the questioner, like a true jolly Irishman, finding the laugh turned against him, was silent and, I passed on to the next question.

Southport was my next stopping-place and there I gave a private lecture to our members and their friends and answered questions. Next, on the 1st of August, I moved on to Manchester, and at the house of Mr. and Mrs. Larmuth, F.T.S., held a parlor talk with a roomful of company. The next morning was devoted to visitors and after luncheon I went to Bradford where our dear friends, Misses Pope and Ward, entertained me. At the lecture in the evening I found in the audience one gentleman whom I had met in Japan in 1889, and one who was on the steamer with me going to Sweden in 1891. On the 3rd I went to York, where a lecture was given in the evening to an appreciative audience on “Theosophy and the Theosophical Society”. Middlesborough, the great iron-manufacturing centre, where was held the quarterly Conference of the Northern Federation previously alluded to, was my next station. I presided at the meeting and addressed the delegates of nine Branches and two Centres; after which I moved on to Harrogate, and at 10 p.m. reached the hospitable house of our colleague, Mr. Goode, a retired Purser of the P. & O. Company’s [218] Service. My lecture on the following evening was, by request, on “Theosophy and Buddhism”. In the course of a drive into the country a couple of days later, my host took me to one of those quaint old hostelries made familiar to us by writers on English country life, but the like of which is not to be found in all my own country. It was called the Clap Gate Inn. On the old creaking sign outside was painted this gem of poetry:

This gate is free,

And hinders none,

Refresh and pay,

And then pass on.

The, common-room is quaint to a degree, with old oaken settles near the fireplace and opposite, a stone-flagged floor, small window panes and a general air of cosiness that makes it easy to imagine how the place must look of a cold winter night with a bright fire burning and the cheerful landlady, Mrs. Mary Ann Brown, serving out to each bucolic customer his favorite tipple.

Leeds was my last halting-place during this short tour before leaving for Ireland. I lectured at that place on the evening of the 7th, was put up by Mr. W. H. Bean, F.T.S., and on the 8th took train for Holyhead, from whence I was to cross the Irish Channel to Dublin. I reached the Irish capital at 9.30 p.m. and was taken straight to the local headquarters at 3 Upper Ely Place, where I held a conversation-meeting from 10 to 11 and then was free to remove myself to the chummery of the genial Bates brothers, whose house-keeper [219] was the daughter of my old friend, Mrs. Londini, of Liverpool. On the next morning I had a reception for visitors at headquarters, took tea with Mr. and Mrs. Dick there later, and at 8 p.m. lectured on “Theosophy” at the “Antient Concert Rooms”. My return passage to London, via Holyhead, was stormy and thoroughly disagreeable, equal to that one had to endure in bad weather between Colombo and Tuticorin. However, I got safely to Avenue Road before midnight, glad enough to get to bed.

On the afternoon of the 11th I called by appointment on Sir R. H. Mead at the Colonial Office, to discuss the obnoxious “Quarter-Mile Clause” in the Ceylon Education Bill. This, as my readers may know, was an ingenious trick of the Missionary party to prevent Buddhist villagers from opening, schools within a quarter of a mile of any existing Christian school: as all the best sites had been occupied by them already it amounted to an exclusion of the Buddhists from their own villages for school purposes, and left them the option of erecting their buildings away from a convenient centre or of sending their children to schools where they would be taught that their religion was idolatrous paganism, infinitely inferior to Christianity. Sir Richard Mead and I were old acquaintances, my first interviews with him dating back to 1884 when I was settling the difficulties of the Sinhalese Buddhists with Lord Derby and the Colonial Office. A more genial and fair-minded official than Sir Richard it would be hard to find.

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For over a year Maskeleyne and Cook had been coining money at their theatre in the Egyptian Hall with a disgraceful libel on the Theosophical Society and H. P. B., introducing into their play, “Modern Mystery,” a number of very clever illusions and imitations of psychical phenomena. Among these was an aërial suspension. A man is made to lie upon a board apparently suspended in mid-air; Maskeleyne walks around him and waves a drawn sword above and below the plank to show that it is neither suspended by hooks from the ceiling nor supported by props beneath: an illusion of course, but by what means done I cannot say. Another illusion was the apparition of a man dressed in Oriental garb, coming out of a dark background, and illuminated by gradual degrees by some hidden light which produces what was meant to be the effect of a radiant aura: there is also the phenomenal dropping of letters or written messages, composed in the sight of the audience, by a man dressed up to represent our dear H. P. B., but who spoke with an Irish brogue. In collusion with her was a person called “Professor” something, who was supposed to be a learned German chemist, with no moral principle to speak of; a rich young woman figures as the selected dupe of the conspirators. My name was brought into the dialogue, it being intimated that they could not depend on my standing by them if I should discover their trickery, but the representative of H. P. B. said that they could use my name for some time yet and that it behooved them to hasten the [221] plucking of the pigeon in question. Altogether it was a revolting spectacle, and made one wish that he might have the offenders in some breezy place “out West” where a good cowhiding could be indulged in with the consent of public opinion. I had a mind to take legal proceedings for defamation, but by advice of counsel abstained, as the chief party aggrieved was dead and the Society would have no standing in Court as a legal entity. I am not sure but that, after all, this libel with its run of a year and more, and its audiences numbering many, many thousands, did not do us on the whole more good than harm; and so let it pass into oblivion along with the many other futile attempts to harm us and check our irresistible movement.

CHAPTER XVI

THE BUDDHIST BOYCOTTING BILL

(1894)

THE contrast, between the dense, murky, depressing atmospheres of London, Sheffield, Birmingham, and the other great cities of England and the country about them is so vivid as to be impossible of conception to one who has not personally visited them. How well I remember the sort of horror that came over me when I first awoke one morning and looked out of the window into the smoke-laden atmosphere of Sheffield; I could scarce believe my eyes and instinctively consulted my watch to see whether I had not, by mistake, arisen before sunrise, It was from some such experience in London that I went, on the 14th of August, down to Maidenhead to visit Miss Müller at her country place. I had left behind me the clouds and darkness of the metropolis and came into a sunlit, gloriously fresh landscape picture where one could realise some fore-taste of paradise in living, the birds singing in the trees, the high-bred cattle and sheep, browsing in the emerald meadows, and the flowers sending out their sweet scent into the air. However, the change was but a [228] momentary one and then came the undesired return to town and its official drudgery.

My conference with Sir Richard Mead at the Colonial Office and my presentation of the Protest and Appeal of the Sinhalese Buddhists and of theConvention of School Managers (held at Colombo, June 16, 1894), who had appointed me their special delegate to bring the matter of their grievances before Government, resulted in my receiving from the Marquess of Ripon, K. G., then Secretary of State for the Colonies, a letter of a very encouraging character and, in fact, the matter was satisfactorily settled and was reported to me at the T. S. Convention of 1894 by Mr. A. E. Buultjens, then General Manager of Buddhist Schools under my supervision. The question was of too much importance to be passed over in this narrative with the brief mention made of it last month. It was a covert blow at the whole Buddhist educational movement, which would have been fatal but for the vigilance and courage of Mr. Buultjens and our Buddhist

committee, and the benevolent sympathy shown by Lord Ripon, though himself a Roman Catholic in faith. It was the twelfth clause of the Education Code of the Department of Public Instruction, amended in 1892 and the two successive years in such a way as to prejudicially affect the registration of Buddhist schools to a very serious extent. The text of the clause in question, with the amendments introduced for the first time in 1893, printed in italics, is as follows:

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"Excepting in towns with special claims, no application will, as a general rule, be entertained for aid to a new school when there already exists a school of the same class within two miles of the new school, without some intervening obstacle, unless the average daily attendance in the new school for one year prior to the date of application for aid exceed 60 in a boys' and 40 in a girls' school. But in any case, however large the attendance, no new school will be aided within a quarter of a mile of an existing school of the same class, excepting in towns with special claims as aforesaid."

I feel it necessary to dwell at some length upon this question because it shows what serious obstacles have had to be surmounted by the Sinhalese Buddhists, in their fight against their ill-wishers, to secure the right to educate their children without sending them to schools organised by the enemies of their religion with the avowed object of drawing them away from their ancestral faith. The Sinhalese are not so intellectual as the Hindus, but I maintain that they deserve the greatest credit for the persistence with which they have, since 1880, kept active the educational movement which I helped them to start at that time. Mr. Buultjens, in the temperate appeal which he made to Lord Ripon for justice, and which it was my privilege to present to the Colonial Secretary, explains the working of the Twelfth Clause as follows:

"Immediately after the publication of the Draft of the Code for 1893, a petition signed by over 2,000 leading Bhikkhus and laymen praying for the rescission [225] of this quarter-mile Clause, otherwise known as the Buddhist Boycotting Bill, and for the adoption of the principle of Local Option was presented to the Legislative Council in November, 1892, and the Hon. the Colonial Secretary then promised to give it his consideration. But as your Lordship may see from the correspondence annexed, no redress of the grievance was granted. On the contrary the Hon. the Colonial Secretary (in No.4) refers to paragraph 11 of the Code, which does not affect the question at issue, since as a matter of fact schools are annually opened and registered as grant-in-aid schools. Thus

according to the ‘Administration Report of Public Instruction,’ the increase of newly registered schools was from 971 in 1891 to 1,024 in l892; so that paragraph 11 did not apply to the 51 new schools registered in that one year. In the third paragraph of the letter No.4, the Hon. the Colonial Secretary practically asks the Buddhists to open schools away from the Centres of population, leaving them the alternative either to educate their children under hostile religious influences or to keep them illiterate...

“When every effort failed to prevent the rescission of the new rule from the Code, and the clause became law, the Director of Public Instruction was requested by letter at least to save from the operation of the clause four schools which had been opened before the clause came into operation in 1892. But even in this, justice has been denied, and the villagers were compelled by the Director to pull down the [226] buildings of three schools and to erect them away from their old site. The total cost for the erection of the three new schools was Rs.1.000, and the Director has not even offered compensation for the injury done, but the expense has been entirely borne by villagers. Only after the buildings had been pulled down were two of the schools registered, that is to say the Director of Public Instruction compelled the removal of the school from the village Nugegoda to the village Kirillapone, and the removal of the school from the village Karagampitiya to the village Nedimala. It is needless to point out to your Lordship that a Government official could hardly have selected a better method than this of practically bringing before the villagers an object-lesson of the character of the British Government for justice and religious neutrality.

“The effect of the operation of the quarter-mile clause is by no means over, and your Lordship’s special attention is directed to the cases of the Weragampita and the Kurunegalla schools which, though opened prior to 1892, up to date remain unregistered. The entire Buddhist community is roused by a sense of the injustice done to these two schools, and your Lordship’s kind interference is prayed on behalf of this question, for we fear that the Director may be influenced still more by the powerful missionary bodies to introduce fresh clauses into the Code calculated to hinder the people of the land from the registration of their schools.”

In a letter to the Director of Public Instruction, Ceylon, dated September 19th, 1892, Mr. Buultjens says:

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“2. The Buddhist public are grateful for the principle of absolute religious toleration publicly proclaimed by the Government, and relying on that pledge they have of late years opened a large number of schools in several provinces, and completed the erection of buildings before the new clause came into operation.

“3. In many localities—especially towns—where all the other denominations have hitherto opened schools it is virtually impossible to establish a new school in any desirable place without infringing the new clause.

“4. To open schools far away from the centres of population would be courting failure, whilst leaving the other sects in pre-emptive possession of the best sites.

“5. The Buddhist schools are essentially the life of the Buddhist nation, and experience has proved that on the whole the Buddhists are reluctant to send their children to the schools of the other denominations, owing to the difference of doctrines taught in them.

“6. The greater portion of the revenue is obtained from the taxes paid by the Buddhists, and it seems unfair that money so raised be expended on more than 1,000 schools of other denominations, whereas less than 30 Buddhist schools have hitherto been registered; even granting that this is largely due to their own ignorant neglect of Departmental rules.

“7. The Buddhists do not attempt proselytism, but claim the right to open schools wherever they can [228] secure a sufficiently large attendance of children of their own faith, and they do not ask for any privilege to open schools in villages where those of another faith predominate... I beg also to submit that the principle of Local Option would be very readily accepted by the Buddhists as a clause in the Education system.”

Every intelligent Western reader will see what a cunning and, at the same time, illegal scheme it was to make the new clause retroactive, so as to not only bar the way against the opening of new Buddhist schools in villages already pre-empted by the Christian Missionaries, but also to compel the Buddhists to tear down and move away schools actually established before the Act went into effect. However, with the progress of time, matters have been mended, a rather more tolerant spirit is being shown and, very recently, Mr. D. B. Jayatilaka, our present General Manager of Buddhist schools, was appointed a member of the Government Board of Education. According to his last Annual Report to myself there were 132 registered schools and 26 applications for registration were

pending; the grants earned during the year footed up to Rs. 31,390-0-7: at the same time the expenditure was Rs. 42,509-1-7. This deficit is the burden which presses upon our self-sacrificing Buddhist colleagues: how great it is can only be appreciated by those who are acquainted with the average poverty of the Sinhalese people.

My time was partly occupied during the next few days with the preparation of photographs from the [229] mementos of H. P. B.'s early New York phenomena which were to be engraved for my].

On the 20th of August Lord Ripon wrote me to call on him on the following Thursday afternoon, and at the appointed time received me very kindly at the Colonial Office; he hoped that the good Sinhalese, for whom he expressed a kindly feeling, and whose efforts to promote the education of their children he thought very praiseworthy, might get out of their difficulties. I asked him if he had any message to send to the people of India, among whom his memory was so affectionately preserved. He said: "Yes. Tell them that I shall never forget them nor lose my interest in all that concerns their welfare. I have the happiest recollections of my stay in that country." On the same evening I presided at a meeting of the Blavatsky Lodge and bade the members farewell. On the following morning I went to Albert Docks, and embarked on the P. & O. mail steamer "Peninsular": many friends saw me off.

CHAPTER XVII

AUSTRALASIAN SECTION FORMED

BEGINNING with some stormy weather we soon settled down to a voyage of smooth seas and bright skies. A few hours' detention at Gibraltar enabled us to go ashore and look around. At Malta we had more time and availed ourselves of it to visit St. John's Church, which is surely one of the most interesting religious edifices in Christendom. The floor is paved with tombstones bearing the names, arms, and epitaphs of the knights of St. John and Malta, of various nationalities, who took part in the Crusades and other wars. I was much interested in reading among them nearly all the Portuguese names that are so familiar in Ceylon, the Pereiras, de Silvas, Fernandos, De Mels, etc., etc., the families of none of which supplied Crusaders but which simply bought of the holders of those patronymics, for agreed sums in hard cash, the right to bear them along with the nobiliary prefix of "don". After an uneventful voyage we reached Bombay at daylight on the 15th of September.

One of the last things that I did in London was to officially adopt a scheme of international correspondence devised by Mr. Oliver Firth, F. T. S., of Bradford, [281] England, and by him called "Hands across the Seas," and to recommend its plan to all Sections and Branches. Properly speaking, this duty would belong to the Corresponding Secretary of the Society, but in our case it was impracticable, H. P. B. having been our Corresponding Secretary from the beginning, and in respect to her memory, the resolution having been taken not to choose a successor to her. Mr. Firth's scheme was in the nature of a substitute and a very useful and practical one, too. To carry it out I appointed Mrs. Cooper-Oakley to the office of "Federal Correspondent," defining her duties to be "to answer inquiries from strangers or unattached members of the Society living in parts of the world not yet brought under the Constitutional supervision of a chartered Section, and to aid them in obtaining our literature and forming permanent relations of correspondence with willing members or Branches". I appointed Messrs. Firth and M. U. Moore, of London, as assistants. The advantages of such a regulated system are too obvious to require dwelling upon. Scattered over the world are many isolated members-at-large who have near them no Branch nor Centre with which they can correspond, and so are, perforce, driven to confining themselves to the reading of books and magazines, without the possibility of getting solutions to the questions which arise in the course of study. To such

persons the creation of a correspondence agency is a real boon.

Among the exasperating petty annoyances that I had to undergo at the time of which I am writing, [282] was a scheme for removing the T.S. Headquarters to some other place and selling the Adyar property: a visionary scheme, propounded at a time when I was in disfavor among my London and New York colleagues who had got tired of me as President and were not disposed to regard my opinions or preferences. To settle effectually this question I issued an Executive Notice on the 27th of September containing the following points:

"1. That the Adyar Headquarters property was only bought after all parts of India had been visited, and the comparative advantages of many sites had been carefully studied.

"2. That the Founders were encouraged to purchase it by the superior Advisors whom they recognised as authoritative.

"3. That the undersigned has seen no other site at the same time so pretty, healthful, geographically convenient, commodious, and cheap. The sole annual expense is within Rs. 40, for taxes, for which sum per mensem it would not be possible—so far as the undersigned knows—to hire a Headquarters one-fourth as suitable for our purposes. And wherever we might be, it is doubtful if any smaller sum than we now spend would suffice to pay wages, horsekeep, repairs, etc.

"4. That, for the foregoing and other reasons, the undersigned, Managing Trustee for life of the T.S. and responsible for the safe custody of the archives, library books, and other property, will not—unless circumstances entirely change—sell the Adyar property [283] nor remove the T.S. Headquarters to any other country or place."

A reception was given me at our Bombay headquarters with the usual exchange of addresses and the bedecking with garlands; a lecture on "The Ideals of Theosophy" followed at the Novelty Theatre on the afternoon of 17th September, and I left for Madras by the mail train of that evening. A great mass of editorial work and correspondence had to be disposed of during the first days after my return. On the 24th His Holiness the Swami of Sivagangam Mutt, a very important guru of the Advaitis, came to visit me, with forty followers tramping after the palanquin in which he was carried, after the old Hindu fashion. It was a most picturesque scene when the procession filed up through our leafy avenue towards the house. He was most gracious in the lengthy

conversations which were held between us, and spoke with great appreciation of the collection of manuscripts in our Oriental Library. When he left us—at 3 p.m. the next day—he gave me a red shawl, two limes and some red rice, adding his blessing.

By the foreign mail of that week I sent to the Trustees of the British Museum my copy of the Proclamation of Secretary Stanton offering $100,000 as a reward for the capture of Wilkes Booth, the assassin of President Lincoln, and his accomplices, Surratt and Herold, together with the photographs of the three conspirators attached to the document. This was a great rarity, perhaps the only copy that had been preserved during [284] all those years. On the morning after Lincoln's assassination, the Secretary of War telegraphed me to New York to come to Washington and assist in the attempts to capture the fugitive assassins and prepare the evidence for the trial when it should come off. I was at that time Special Commissioner of the War Department, and so under the direct orders of Mr. Stanton. On my arrival he associated me with two other officers as a Military Commission, and so the document in question came officially into my hands.

On the 30th of September the cooking class was begun at the Pariah school which had been opened, sixteen children were taught curry-making, Mr. Ryden and I tasted the result and the teachers and pupils had a hearty meal: the class has been kept up ever since.

By the 1st of October the entire sum embezzled by the late Treasurer had been made good to the Society through the generosity of members, and the deficits in the H. P. B. Memorial, the Olcott Pension, the Subba Row Medal, the Headquarters, and the Permanent Funds, together with the sum stolen out of my private account, were transferred to those accounts respectively from the Suspense Account which I had created for the intermediate custody of the subscriptions until the deficit had been made good. The whole amount so generously contributed was a trifle over Rs. 9,000. About this time I devised and superintended the alterations in the room intended for Mrs. Besant's occupancy when she should be at Adyar.

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Meanwhile Mrs. Besant had safely reached Australasia and was carrying everything before her. The Melbourne Argus, Age, and Herald spoke in enthusiastic terms of her lectures on Theosophical subjects and said that large

and appreciative audiences were crowding the halls where she spoke. The Age said that “Mrs. Besant, with her charming fluency and her impressive style kept the audience in the most rapt attention during the whole evening”; the Herald described one of her discourses as “more of a poem than a lecture—an ethereal kind of epic, such as Shelley might have recited after a course of training as a platform orator”; as one paper put it, “she drew a magic circle round the audience and they continued under the influence of the spell from start to finish.” In a racing community like that the closing phrase was only to have been expected. The whole tour was a phenomenal success, and for this, large credit is due to Mr. Smythe, the famous Australian Manager, who possessed that in-born tact which enables the manager of public entertainments to know exactly how to create and keep alive popular interest in the matter which he has in hand. She made her acceptance of the offer of the tour conditional on her being allowed to discourse on Theosophical subjects and, beyond doubt, did more than any other agency to draw the attention of the pleasure-loving Australians to these high themes. On the 25th of October she sent me the following official notification:

“DUNEDIN, N. Z.,

25th October, 1894.

“Acting under your authority, I have arranged with the Branches in Australasia to form them into a Section, and they have accepted the proposal of Mr. J. C. Staples as General Secretary for the coming year. Later it is hoped that there may be two Sec-tions, Australia and New Zealand, but for the persent they unite to form the Australasian Section. Will you therefore kindly confirm this action, and give them the authority and privileges as to Lodges, Charters, Diplomas, etc., enjoyed by other Sections.”

It will be remembered that Mr. Staples came to Adyar in December of that year, on his way out to take up the appointment of General Secretary. How admirably he performed its duties is known to all who are acquainted with the history of our Society, and if one cares to learn how lovingly his memory is preserved one need only ask the first member of an Australian Branch whom one may chance to meet.

CHAPTER XVIII

W. T. STEAD ON H. P. B.

(1894)

A PARAGRAPH in the October “London Letter” in the Theosophist about the completion of Mr. Stead’s first volume of Borderland, reminds me to put on record my sense of appreciation of the substantial service rendered to psychical science by that quarterly publication. It certainly was one of the most important agencies for the dissemination of correct ideas as to the interrelation between this world and the frontiers of the next. It covered a field not previously occupied, one on which the students of physical and those of transcendental science could meet and co-operate. In his forecast for the second year of his magazine, Mr. Stead, in rebuke of those who showed more zeal than care in pushing on research into the higher planes of consciousness said:

“Borderland is not to be surveyed and mapped out in a year, and students must not be in too great a hurry.” His main conclusion as to the results of the first year’s work is that “whatever else may be dubious it is becoming tolerably clear that the new faith will [238] have the persistence of the individual after death as its chief corner-stone, and a demonstration of the almost undreamed of potentiality of the complex congeries of personalities that make up our Ego, as its chief contribution to human thought”.

It occurred to me when compiling the present chapter that it would be instructive to look up the first volume of Borderland (year 1894) and see what was the drift of public opinion about this class of research at the time when Mr. Stead drew it out by his prospectus of July, 1893. It was sent to a large number of prelates, men of science, and other persons of distinction. The instructive fact was elicited that the religious, leaders of the Roman Catholic and Protestant denominations, who had the greatest reason to collate all possible proofs of the survival of man after death, and should have, more enthusiastically than others, welcomed the advent of the phenomena of spiritualism, clairvoyance, thought-projection and transference, hypnotism, and the whole range of phenomena

associated with the experiments of magic, of both colors—since the teachings of the Churches would thus find experimental corroboration—for the most part expressed their strong disapproval, even their scorn for such studies.

Nothing could have been more disdainful than the tone of the Archbishop of Canterbury—not to Mr. Stead, for he disdained a reply—but to a mutual lady friend, to whom, at her request, he wrote his opinion. Other bishops and clergy regarded all such [239] phenomena as the work of the devil; the Roman Catholic Bishop of Nottingham wrote that "no one holding the Catholic faith can doubt that the attempt you propose to make is grievously unlawful, and fatally dangerous to souls. The intelligence which uses your hand (Mr. Stead was then very successfully experimenting with automatic writing), and of which you are not conscious, is no other than the Devil, and if you continue such unlawful intercourse with the unseen you will necessarily be misled to your ruin by the enemy of God, the murderer of souls and a liar from the beginning." Father Clarke, S. J., has views equally reactionary as to these researches. He says: "We expose ourselves thereby to be tricked and made fools of by beings of a superior nature to ourselves, and our bitterest enemies. Under the tempting bribe of a revealed knowledge of our condition after death, we are liable to be cajoled by spirits whose one object is to deceive us, and, sub specie boni, to divert our minds from Truth and from God." What nonsensical chatter, what a mumbling of the shrunken spectres of mediæval monkish teaching!

But, on the other hand, Mr. Stead got encouraging replies from some clerics and many laymen, professors and others. Mr. Balfour, now Prime Minister of Great Britain, replies: "If, as I do not doubt, the intention and effect of this undertaking will be to promote a strictly scientific investigation into this subject, it cannot be otherwise than useful. You will, of course, be overwhelmed with unverified stories and vague [240] surmises, but these you will doubtless be able rigidly to exclude from your pages." Another and greater statesman than he, and his predestined successor in the Premiership, now [1903] Viceroy of India and Baron Curzon of Kedleston, but then plain Mr. G. N. Curzon, M.P., displays that same brave declaration of opinion and capacity for grasping special fields of knowledge, that have been so conspicuously shown since his coming to India. He writes to Mr. Stead:

"I entirely sympathise with your projected publication of a quarterly review dedicated to the examination of so-called spiritual or supernatural phenomena. The existence and reality of such phenomena appear to me to be as amply

demonstrated by reliable evidence as are many of the axioms of exact science; and if your magazine can succeed in displaying, analysing, correlating, and popularising this evidence, you will perform a great public service by carrying conviction home to the public mind.

"You may also be able, by slow degrees, to dissipate some of the suspicion in which the area of Borderland is enveloped, arising from the peculiar and unsatisfactory conditions under which many of the phenomena take place. I allude to—

"(1) Their capricious, irregular, and fortuitous manifestation.

"(2) The apparently imbecile character of many of the so-called spiritual communications.

"(3) The unscientific nature of the media of communication commonly employed.

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"(4) The general impression that such studies have an unsettling and mischievous effect, and can only be pursued at the cost of peace of mind, sometimes of bodily health also.

"Your review will also be useful in facilitating that co-operation with others in which many inquirers would like to take part, without the preliminary difficulties now attendant upon any such action."

Some of the replies, as for example, from Professor Ray Lankester; Professor Fitzgerald, Trinity College, Dublin; and others, were bitter, scornful, and sometimes insolent, but as futile as had been those of their colleagues of previous generation in checking research. Spiritualism, hypnotism, astrology—yes, even that—have gone on with ever-increasing power and expansion, while as to Theosophy, so far from its having been checked, the number of our Branches since the date of Mr. Stead's circular has doubled, having been at the close of 1893, in number 352, and at the close of last year [1902], 714! It is a pity that Mr. Stead's other imperative public engagements should have forced him to abandon the publication of Borderland after issuing only four volumes, and having made it one of the most widely circulated quarterlies in the world.

With the lapse of time the popular conceptions about Madame Blavatsky are undergoing that slow but sure change which marks the universal law; the stories to her discredit are being forgotten, the recollection of her personality is being thinned to a [242] shadow, and little by little there is rising in its place, and showing

bright against the screen of the past, the luminous figure of the sage who taught us and the guide who showed us the path upward and encouraged us to break through the obstacles that lay across its mouth. In an article on “Colonel Olcott’s Madame Blavatsky,” in his Borderland for October, 1894, the epoch of which we are writing, Mr. Stead, with clear insight and almost prophetic forecast of the results of her work, says things so notable that I feel I shall be conferring pleasure upon my readers in quoting him at some length. None of H. P. B.’s intimate friends will approve of the coarse terms in which she is spoken of as to her personality, but we may forgive much to a man who, without being a Theosophist or her declared follower, has so magnanimously analysed the causes and growth of her influence. He says:

“In this sketch I have no intention of reviving the controversy about the sliding panel and the Coulombs. If everything be true that Dr. Hodgson and the Psychical Research Society say about her, it only heightens the mystery, and adds to the marvel of the influence which Madame Blavatsky undoubtedly has exercised, and is exercising, at the present moment. For the most irate of the sceptics cannot deny, and will not dispute, the fact that the Theosophical Society exists, that it is far and away the most influential of all the associations which have endeavored to popularise occultism, and that its influence is, at the present time, felt far and wide in many lands, and in many Churches. The [248] number of pledged Theosophists may be few, although it is probably greater than most people imagine. But the Theosophical ideas are subtly penetrating the minds of multitudes who know nothing about Theosophy, and are profoundly ignorant of all the controversies which have raged round Madame Blavatsky.

“This is eminently the case with the doctrine of reincarnation, and with the altered estimate which the average man is beginning to form of the mystic teachers and seers of India. Reincarnation may or may not be true. Whether true or false, it has, until the last decade, been almost unthinkable by the average Western. This is no longer the case. Multitudes who still reject it as unproved have learned to recognise its value as a hypothesis explaining many of the mysteries of human life. A few admit that there is nothing in reincarnation antagonistic to the doctrine of Christ, and that it is quite possible to hold firmly all the great verities of the Christian revelation, without rejecting the belief that the life of the individual, upon which judgment will be passed at the Great Assize, is not necessarily confined to the acts done between the cradle and the grave, but may be an existence of which such a period is but one chapter in the

book of life. Altogether apart from the question of the actual truth of the doctrine, it is indisputable that the sympathetic recognition of the possibility of reincarnation has widened the range of popular thought, and infused into religious speculation some much-needed charity. And this, which is unquestionably a great achievement, [244] will ever be associated with the name of Madame Blavatsky.

"Still more remarkable has been the success with which this remarkable woman has succeeded in driving into the somewhat wooden head of the Anglo-Saxon, the conviction—long ago arrived at by a select circle of students and Orientalists, of whom Professor Max Müller may be said to be the most distinguished living representative—that the East is, in matters of religious and metaphysical speculation, at least entitled to claim as much respect as the West. That indeed is stating it very mildly. 'The snub-nosed Saxons,' as Disraeli used to love to describe the race which made him Prime Minister, are learning somewhat of humility and self-abasement before the races whom, by use of material force, they have reduced to vassalage.

"Down to quite recent times the average idea of the average Englishman—notwithstanding all the books of all our pandits—has been that the Hindus were benighted and ignorant pagans, whom it was charity to subdue, and a Christian duty to attempt to convert. To-day, even the man in the street has some faint glimmerings of the truth that these Asiatics whom he despises are, in some respects, able to give him points, and still leave him far behind. The Eastern sage who told Professor Hensholdt that the West studied the stomach, whereas the East studied the soul, expressed strongly a truth which our people are only beginning to assimilate. We are learning at last to respect the Asiatics, and in many things to sit at their feet. And [245] in this great transformation, Madame Blavatsky again figures as the leading thaumaturgist. She and those whom she trained have bridged the chasm between the materialism of the West and the occultism and metaphysics of the East. They have extended the pale of human brotherhood, and have compelled us to think at least of a conception of an all-embracing religion, with wider bases than those of which the reunionists of Christendom have hitherto dreamed.

"These two achievements, even if they stood alone, would have made Madame Blavatsky notable among the leaders and moulders of the thought of this generation. But they did not stand alone. Perhaps even more important was the impetus which she gave to the revival of the doctrine of the continuity of

existence beyond the grave, and the Divine justice which enforces the law of moral responsibility, unthwarted and un-interrupted by death. In an age when materialism has entrenched itself in the Churches, she made men realise that the things which are seen are but temporal and evanescent, and that it is the things which are unseen which alone are eternal. ‘The future life,’ which had become a mere phrase to many, has acquired a fresh and awful significance; and the essential spirituality of man has been asserted with no uncertain sound in the midst of a carnal and material civilisation. Nor must it be forgotten in the midst of the clash of polemical strife that, despite all ridicule and misrepresentation and abuse, Madame Blavatsky, by her unswerving and passionate assertion of the reality and [246] continuity of her communications from the Mahatmas, has revived the almost extinct belief of Christendom in the constant presence and active intervention of guardian angels and saints in the affairs of men.

“If Madame Blavatsky has done all this, it is surely beside the mark to consider that her claim to be considered one of the greatest Borderlanders of our time is not to be ignored even if it can be proved that, on various occasions, she lied like Sapphira, cursed like a trooper, and lived like Messalina. We might as well refuse to recognise what the Psalms have done for mankind, because of David’s treacherous murder of Uriah, or insist upon ignoring the influence of Constantine upon Christendom, because of the scandalous record of that Imperial criminal. These moral blots and blemishes—many of which her most devoted followers admit—were limitations to her influence. They were in an ethical sense what her ugliness was in another sphere. Few people realise how much Madame Blavatsky was handicapped by her singular lack of beauty. A beautiful woman finds her good looks a veritable John the Baptist for her Gospel. The mere spell of her beauty makes the crooked places straight, and levels the obstacles which would otherwise impede her progress. But Madame Blavatsky had neither form nor comeliness. She had no complexion, no figure, and no grace. She was almost disgustingly fat, and almost repulsively hideous. From another point of view she was equally unfortunate, Jeanne d’Arc and St. Teresa, two other Borderlanders [247] in our gallery, achieved their triumphs in their own country, and both were the incarnation of the national and religious spirit of their time. It was far otherwise with H. P. B. If there is one nation that is popularly believed to be antipathetic to the English-speaking race, it is that to which she belonged. If there is any section of, our Imperial realm where Russophobia exists in its most virulent form, it is in Anglo-India. But it was precisely there where Madame Blavatsky began her active apostolate of Theosophy. That with all these disadvantages she achieved

so much, is a fact which should never be lost sight of in attempting to estimate her place in the Gallery of Borderlanders.

“Those who, after duly considering what Madame Blavatsky accomplished, still cling to the belief that they ‘have demolished the whole fraud,’ by their conclusive demonstrations of the sliding panel at Adyar, broughtto light by the Coulombs, are welcome to their conclusion. For us, and for most men, Carlyle’s terse and weighty words in reference to the complacent stupidity, which for centuries dealt in similar fashion with the Apostle of Arabia, suffice as a warning.”

On the 12th of November arrived at Bombay that great scholar and renowned publicist, Dr. Hübbe-Schleiden, the acknowledged author of that German policy of colonial expansion which Prince Bismarck fashioned out of his writings. Since 1884 he had been associated with us in our work in Germany and was now coming to India to perfect his knowledge of Hindu philosophy by getting it at first hand from the [248] pandits themselves. He was received on landing at Bombay, at my request, by our local Branch, garlanded on board the steamer, and taken to the Lodge room. A few days later he arrived at Adyar and was warmly welcomed by all the residents. Meanwhile Mr. Bertram Keightley had left for a tour in Southern India.

The Executive Notice of 7th October, notifying the Society of the expulsion of Alberto Sarak, alias Das, alias Martinez, alias Count, alias Dr., alias General Inspector and General Delegate of the Supreme Esoteric Council of Thibet, was circulated to the General Secretaries at this time. It was worded as follows:

“The Society is notified that Señor Alberto Das, formerly of Spain, and subsequently of Buenos Aires, Republic of Argentina, South America, has been expelled from membership; his two diplomas, the second of which he obtained under an alias, are hereby cancelled; and the charter granted him for the organisation of the Luz Branch T.S., at Buenos Aires, has been rescinded, and a new charter issued to Señores D. Federico Fernandez, D. Alejandro Sorondo, and their associates.”

Of course I have mentioned this person at various times and I only recur to the subject now so that his Theosophical history may be taken into our permanent record. It is almost beyond belief to what lengths credulity will carry persons who have an insatiate hankering for all that is mystical, without the counterpoise of sound common sense. At this very time of [249] writing, I am about to report to

the Indian Police the case of a confidence man who has been making money out of dupes by pretending to sell them mysterious medicines and other secrets, and affixing our title of F.T.S. after his name.

By the overland mail which reached me on the 20th of November, I got news that Mr. Old had published in the Westminster Gazette, eight chapters of a series in which the entire private papers of the Judge case were included. This is one of the disagreeable incidents in T.S. history which I would have been glad to pass by without notice; things have so entirely changed since then that Mr. Old, after having brought all this trouble upon us and withdrawn from membership, is now figuring again as a contributor to the Theosophical Review. But if I were to pick out only pleasant incidents and omit the others, my present work would never be regarded, as it now must be, as an absolutely veracious and impartial narrative of events. The papers in question were the various briefs of evidence and original documents which were to have been laid before the Judicial Committee if the Judge case had gone to trial; since it did not, then, clearly, these documents should never have been published, but have been laid by in our archives as historical data. I had given them into the custody of Mr. Old—then resident at Adyar—and for the preparation of copies: they were mine and no one else's until I chose to publish them if I ever should. Mr. Old had not the shadow of a right to either print [260] them himself or give them over to a third party for publication without my written consent. On 27th September he notified me that being "unable to accept the official statement with regard to the enquiries held upon the charges preferred against the Vice-President of the T.S.," he resigned the office of Treasurer and Recording Secretary. So far, so good; but his dissatisfaction did not constitute him the appellate authority to set aside the findings of the Judicial Committee, nor give him the right to put our private papers into the hands of one of the most unsympathetic and caustic literary experts on the London press. This mistake of his he, himself, regretted when he found what use was made of the documents, but too late, for the merciless articles of the Westminster Gazette circulated throughout the whole English-speaking world and caused us all much sorrow. So far as appears at this distance of time, not the least good was effected; on the contrary the articles embittered the feelings of the Judge party and doubtless hastened the taking of the fatal step of Secession by Mr. Judge and his followers.

Mr. Sven Ryden, a Swedish member of the Golden Gate Lodge who had been acting as Treasurer and Recording Secretary, with great acceptability, finding it

necessary to return to San Francisco, was relieved of his offices from the 12th of October, and left India, carrying with him our best wishes. Mr. T. Vijiaraghava Charlu was appointed to act in his place.

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As the Indian National Congress had arranged to hold its Annual Meeting at Madras this year on the same days as our Convention, and as many of our friends were members of both bodies, a timely circular was issued asking that all who were likely to attend our meeting as delegates or visitors should notify us in advance so that the necessary preparations might be made. Only those who have been here on such an occasion can form an idea of what it means to find lodging and food for 250 to 300 delegates and as many more visitors, to everybody’s satisfaction. Our quiet home is then the scene of the busiest activity.

CHAPTER XIX

MR. JUDGE DENOUNCES MRS. BESANT

THE discontent shown by Mr. Old, as narrated in our last chapter, was seething throughout the whole Society; petitions, remonstrances, copies of resolutions, poured in to me from all parts, many demanding that Mr. Judge should be called upon to publish a defence or resign; others, recommending him to make no defence, as their confidence in him was unshaken. A circular put forth by him on the 4th of November, "By Master's Direction," purporting to be addressed to members of the E.S.T., instead of clearing up the affair made it still more entangled. He and Mrs. Besant had been jointly in charge of this secret body, but now Judge, with supreme audacity, arrogated to himself "in full all the functions and powers given to me by H. P. B. and that came to me by orderly succession after her passing from this life," and declared himself "the sole head of the E.S.T." "Hence," he continues, "under the authority given me by the Master and H. P. B., and under Master's direction, I declare Mrs. Annie Besant's headship in the E. S. T. at an end." Coming from a man who, during ten of the years of his pretended close relationship with [258] the Masters, was writing me the most despairing letters and complaining that he was unable to get the smallest sign of their personal interest in him, this was a piece of audacity indeed. The whole circular was a most unsatisfactory document, disingenuous and self-laudatory. Mrs. Besant is made out to be much less important than himself in the E. S. T., a "Secretary, because she had great ability in a literary way... but this did not make her a teacher". He goes on to say that he has a large body of instructions given him "all the time from 1875, which I shall give out and have given out, as far as I am directed"; a palpable misstatement if his letters to me mean anything. In support of his claim to be a qualified teacher he refers to what H. P. B. said in her Introduction to Volume I of The Secret Doctrine, viz., that "she taught Colonel Olcott and two Europeans. I am one of the latter". He then proceeds with some confessions about myself which ought to surprise that large number of his followers and those of Mrs. Tingley who, in reading the history of the Theosophical movement, have found all reference to me and my work persistently suppressed. He says:

“Colonel Olcott is the old standard-bearer, and has been the medium for teaching, himself having Chelas whom he has instructed, but always on the lines laid down by the Master through H. P. B. He was selected by the Master to do a certain and valuable work not possible for anyone else, and he was never taken into the E. S. by a pledge, for, like myself, he was in the very [254] beginning pledged directly to the Master. His main work has been that great and far-reaching work in the world, among not only ordinary people, but with kings and rulers, for the sake of this cause, which the Masters knew he was to do for them.”

After paying compliments to Mrs. Besant’s “devotion and sincerity of purpose,” and confessing that she had given “many years of her life to the cause of the oppressed as she understood it,” and admitting that, during the previous five years she had “done great service to the T.S. and devoted herself to it,” he proceeds to paint in dark colors the downward path she was then treading because she had tried to force herself “along the path of practical work in that field”. “Sincerity,” he tells us, “does not confer of itself knowledge, much less wisdom”: he then becomes critical and didactic, holding her up as an example of failure to be avoided by other postulants for wisdom.

“Mistakes made by such a disciple will ultimately be turned to the advantage of the movement, and their immediate results will be mitigated to the person making them, provided they are not inspired by an evil intention on the person’s part. And I wish it to be clearly understood that Mrs. Besant has had, herself, no conscious evil intention: she has simply gone for a while outside of the line of her Guru (H.P.B.), begun work with others, and fallen under their influence. We should not push her farther down, but neither will the true sympathy we have, blind our eyes so as to let [255] her go on, to the detriment of the movement. I could easily retire from the whole T.S., but my conceptions of duty are different, although the personal cost to myself in this work is heavy, and as I am ordered to stay I will stay and try my best to aid her and every one else as much as possible. And the same authority tells me that ‘could she open her eyes and see her real line of work, and correct the present condition in herself as well as the one she has helped to make in the T.S. and E.S.T., she would find herself in mental, physical, and spiritual conditions of a kind much better than ever before, for her present state is due to the attacks of the dark powers, unconsciously to her’.

“And now it becomes necessary under instructions received, to give the members of the school some account of the things behind the scenes in

connection with the recent investigation attempted at London upon the charges against me.

"The two persons around whom its noise arose are Mrs. Besant and myself. Prior to that, in 1891, after the death of H. P. B., Col. H. S. Olcott, the President, was the centre of a disturbance due to his resignation, and that disturbance was due to the same forces working from behind to try and disintegrate the T.S. by causing its old-time President to leave office before his death. The recent troubles centred around us because I was made the object of an attack in the guise of an attempt to purify the Society, and Mrs. Besant was thrown forward as the official accuser of myself--a friend who was certified to her by H.P.B., [256] her teacher, and well known as working for the T.S. for many years. All this needs light, and the best interests of Mrs. Besant and of the E.S.T. demand that some of the secret history shall be given out, however disagreeable it may be, in order that the very purgation which was improperly directed to the wrong quarter shall take place now. The difficulty arose when in January or February Annie Besant finally lent herself unconsciously to the plot which I detail herein; but prior to that (from August, 1893), those managing that plot had begun to work upon her.

"The plot exists among the Black Magicians, who ever war against the White, and against those Black ones we were constantly warned by H.P.B. This is no fiction, but a very substantial fact. I have seen and also been shown the chief entity among those who thus work against us and who desire to destroy the whole movement and especially to nullify the great work which H.P.B. began for the Western nations. These Black Magicians have succeeded in influencing certain Brahmins in India, through race-pride and ambition, so that these, for their own advantage, desire to control and manage the T.S. through some agent and also through the E.S.T. They of course have sought, if possible, to use one of our body, and have picked out Mrs. Besant as a possible vehicle. One object of the plot is to stop the current of information and influence started by H.P.B. by deflecting thought back to modern India. To accomplish this it is absolutely necessary to tear down the tradition clustering [257] around the work of H.P.B.; her powers and knowledge have to be derogated from; her right to speak for the Masters has to be impugned; those Masters have to be made a cold abstraction; her staunch friends who wish to see the real work and objects carried on have to be put in such a position as to be tied hand and foot so as not to be able to interfere with the plans of the plotters; it has to be shown that H.P.B. was a fraud and forger also. These men are not the Chelas of our Masters.

“The name of the person who was worked upon so as to, if possible, use him as a minor agent of the Black Magicians and for the influencing of Mrs. Besant is Gyanendra N. Chakravarti, a Brahmin of Allahabad, India, who came to America on our invitation to the Religious Parliament in 1893. At the first, sincerely, desirous of helping the race by bringing to the American people the old truths of his forefathers, he nevertheless, like so many before him, permitted ambition to take subtle root in his heart. Fired with the ambition of taking position in the world as a Guru, though doubtless believing himself still a follower of the White Brotherhood, he is no longer in our lines; on the contrary, his mediumship and weakness leave him a vehicle for other influences also... His ability to be used as an unconscious vehicle was made known to me when he was made to receive the message. Although he was not fully aware of it, not only was the whole of his tour here well guarded and arranged, but he was personally watched by agents of the Masters scattered throughout the country, unknown to him, who reported [258] to me. On several occasions he has taken people into his confidence, believing that he was instructing them, when in fact they were observing him closely for the Lodge, helping him where right, and noting him fully, though they did not tell him so. This was also so in those parts or his tour when he believed himself alone or only with Mrs. Besant.”

The strikingly cruel feature of this case is the eagerness shown by Judge to nullify, so far as possible, Mrs. Besant’s personal influence and at the same time to inflict on her as much pain as he could as a punishment for her having obeyed the call of duty, at my instance, by formulating the charges of misconduct which were to have been laid before the Judicial Committee. To speak with all candor, I must say that I thought that Mrs. Besant, and nobody else, should stand as Accuser, because no other person had done so much as she in creating for him the fictitious appearance of occult knowledge and confidential relations with the Masters upon which he had traded in his scheme for acquiring not only the Presidentship but also the occult Successorship to H.P.B. Without this endorsement by her he would never have dared to assume the authoritative tone which runs through the document we have been quoting from and all his literary output from the date of the London Committee meeting onward until his death. Mrs. Besant was simply led away by her congenital nobility of motive and honorable confidence in her co-workers. In this instance, to doubt Judge seemed to her monstrous, [259] and the animosity which she and those most nearly associated with her felt for myself had this blind trust in him for a basis, for I was never carried away for one moment by his pretensions: how should I be, in

the face of the multitude of disclaimers and appeals for help that he had addressed to me? Her tender-heartedness for him led her to put information about the case into his hands before it was time to use it judicially, and it was only in December of that year, when she came to Adyar and compared notes with me, that she could bring herself to believe that her estimate of his character and acts had been wholly wrong.

Yet we see in the above-cited passages that he accuses this dear, unselfish, loyal friend, this sister of the distressed and the oppressed, this potential martyr for humanity, with having gone about America before and after [believing him to be a criminal, yet treating him as a dear and valued friend, in short, playing the part of an abandoned hypocrite. And then see how he repaid her services to him and his Section that season, especially at [where her splendid eloquence crowned our Theosophical Congress with such brilliant success as, it was said, was greater than that of the Congress of any of the great world-faiths represented there by delegates. He depicts her not only as a hypocrite, nourishing the futile ambition to be my official successor, but worse than that, a practitioner of Black Magic allied with the fiendish enemies of mankind, and the helpless, hypnotised tool of one of [260] the most brilliant scholars of modern India, Professor Chakravarti, whose private character is without a stain and whose life has been lived in sight of the whole world. For an educated Indian the worst of all charges that could be made against a man is this very one of dabbling in sorcery, for, as I have often explained, the Hindus have voluntarily no dealings with the dead nor with sub-human spirits: such things are pursued only by the least advanced of the races inhabiting Hindustan. So the malice which prompted this accusation is palpable. I might quote much more from this evil-intentioned circular “issued in the E.S.T under the, protection of pledges made by all its members,” but my mind revolts, and I find, as I marshal the facts of this history before me for condensed record, that it is very hard to see all this turpitude uncovered without losing that judicial impartiality which should be my guide.

Let us turn our backs for the moment upon this whole matter and take a look around the Theosophical field while we are waiting for the month of December to pass away and bring us to the meeting of the Convention at which the Judge case was brought up and passed upon. One of the important events of this season was the creation of a Theosophical centre at Johannesburg, South Africa, by two or three earnest men who have kept our torch burning throughout the whole stormy period of the late war and who, with the coming of peace, are reviving its

activity with un-abated zeal. Mr. Kitchin, formerly of the Leeds [261] Lodge, had joined them in September, 1894; a lending library was formed and a press propaganda begun after a systematic plan. After [adjourned, Vivekananda, Dharmapala, and other Eastern speakers travelled about the country, giving lectures and creating that widespread interest in Theosophical ideas which has never since been extinguished.

Mrs. Besant's Australasian tour moved on its course of triumphant success and, after finishing the Australian continent it took her over to New Zealand. It is amusing to see how completely the popular idea of her personality was belied by the facts. It appears, from what one writer said, that they had "half expected to see a fire-eating virago, full of fury and repulsive personal eccentricities, whereas there stepped into view one of the most modest and womanly women they had ever seen. Instead of her bellowing in strident tones a diatribe against social order, they heard a silvery voice speaking wisdom in faultless phrases, acting for a mind which seemed to have stored away in itself a profound knowledge of each of the several subjects of her lectures. The most eminent statesmen and judges gladly presided at her meetings and introduced her to the Australian public in terms of the highest respect." The Sydney Herald said of her fourth lecture:

"It was a great oratorical effort—probably the most eloquent discourse ever delivered from a platform in this city-and the large house was visibly affected.

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"It was quite a study to watch the audience during the hour and a half that Mrs. Besant was addressing them. There was no coughing, no sneezing, no whispering, no going out for a drink....

"The listener who sat upright in his chair was the exception. The great majority bent forward towards the stage luminary, and the house resembled, to a certain extent, a plot of sunflowers or a bevy of fire-worshippers with their faces turned towards the sun.

"But the lecture was something more than a mere flow of oratory. Mrs. Besant appealed to the reason and not to the imagination of her hearers, and adduced strong arguments in support of the propositions she put forward. In the course of her address she attacked the scientific theories of heredity and atavism, and in the encounter with science, Theosophy usually came out on top.

"Three or four times during the evening the pent-up feelings of the audience

found vent in cheers. But the applause seemed to disconcert rather than to encourage the lecturer, and seemed almost as much out of place as it would have been in a cathedral during the progress of the service. The ovation tendered to Mrs. Besant at the close of the lecture was well-timed, and could not fail to be acceptable to the recipient."

An earnest Christian writes to a Sydney paper, proposing that the attempt be made to induce Mrs. Besant to hold a public meeting of all the Christian [263] sects, at which they should be persuaded to unite on a common platform for the advancement of the religious spirit. He says:

"I. am sure our religious teachers and people, somewhat blinded by prejudice, do not know what sort of a woman we have in our midst. Could she, as an apostle of the broadest and truest Catholicism, be missioned forth so to the wide religious worlds, she would do more to promote universal union and harmony than any other could do. The crying need of this is on our Anglo-Saxon tongue everywhere. I firmly believe in the practicability of her power of achieving such a work: and it would be an achievement second to nothing but the founding of the Great Evangel itself by the Divine Master, devoutly reverenced by the dominant civilised races of the present epoch of the world.

"No one can listen to her, especially in her semi-private gatherings, without being impressed that she is possessed of transcendental ability, and of the truest Catholic, Christ-like piety and love. She is so overflowing with wisdom and knowledge that if she is not divinely inspired, I have no higher conception what such a one would be. She is so logical and eloquent, yet simple, apt, and convincing of speech, that I have never witnessed her equal in either man or woman."

Another leading Sydney paper said about her lecture on the "Meaning and Working of Reincarnation":

"This is one of the fundamental principles of the Theosophic creed, and although at first acquaintance [264] it would seem to contain nothing but uninteresting and unattractive elements, yet when the matter is gone into, and especially when it is so eloquently expounded by such a remarkable thinker and orator as Mrs. Besant, there will be found in it much that is worth thought, and much that will repay careful and reasonable investigation. One of the extraordinary features of Mrs. Besant's charm and force as an orator is that, no matter how technical the subject of her discourse is, she always manages to deal

with it in an attractive light, gripping the attention of her audience at the start, and by the force of her oratory, the perspicuity of her reasoning, and the instructiveness of her matter never releasing that hold until the end. Last night the lecturess had what in other hands would have been a painfully dry, scientific and ethical subject to deal with, but for an hour and a quarter she engrossed the attention of her audience while she combated the widely accepted evolutionary theories of heredity and atavism, and offered the doctrine of reincarnation as a basis on which to found a new conception of human duty, and as an explanation of many apparently irreconcilable and unintelligible facts in life."

There, let this series of vivid pictures of the real Annie Besant as she appears when doing her work as a teacher and the friend of all, of whatsoever creed or nationality, who may aspire towards the attainment of noble ideals of life, thought, and conduct, stand out in contrast with the painful caricature, painted in gall [265] and mud by an ungrateful co-worker, and the reader will be prepared to appreciate the remarks made by the several speakers about the Judge case at the then forthcoming Annual Convention of our Society, the report of which will come before us in the next chapter.

CHAPTER XX

CONVENTION LECTURES INAUGURATED

THE next palpable evidence of the spread of discontent among our members was the handing in, on the 12th of December, of the resignations of membership of Mr. S. V. Edge, and Mrs. R. Batchelor, of Ootacamund, the enthusiastic daughter of our dear and staunch old friend, Major-General Morgan. I must confess that both these resignations surprised me, for Mr. Edge had been peculiarly active as a worker both in London and Madras, and his retention of membership seemed about as certain as anyone's could be; while Mrs. Batchelor had been an extremely affectionate friend and admirer of H. P. B. and towards myself quite filial in her attitude. It was at this time that Mrs. Elin White, formerly of Seattle, about whom I have spoken above, joined the staff at Adyar with the intention of settling down permanently to work.

The letters received by the foreign mail of 18th December showed plainly enough that a split in the Society was imminent, that it was dividing into the hostile camps of the pro- and anti-Judge parties. The amusing feature was that the leaders of both cajoled and petted me as though they needed my help.

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On the same day Mrs. Besant telegraphed from Colombo her forthcoming arrival, and on the 22nd we gave her a hearty welcome for herself and those in her company, Dr. Hubbe-Schleiden, Mr. J. C. Staples, and Mr. Bertram Keightley. Mrs. Besant had intended deferring her reply to the outrageous slanders of the Westminster Gazette based upon the documents improperly supplied to the editor by Mr. Old, but on second thought, determined not to put it off, as it was important that her reply to the malicious charges against herself should be published as soon as possible. She therefore devoted a day to the matter and took her manuscript to the office of the Madras Mail, in which paper it duly appeared. Delegates had already begun to arrive for the Convention and from this time on they came in shoals.

As the Indian National Congress was meeting at Madras that year as above noted, I had arranged with its leaders to begin the sessions of our Convention on

Christmas Day, instead of on the 27th as usual. At 8 a.m. of that day, Mrs. Besant inaugurated the system of morning lectures on chosen subjects of general interest, which has since been so marked a feature of our annual gathering. Her subject was “The Self and Its Sheaths,” and how ably it was treated is known to the thousands who have read the pamphlet containing the verbatim report of the course of four lectures. An immense crowd had gathered, despite the early hour and the distance of our Headquarters from the heart of the town.

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The Convention proper assembled at noon when my Annual Address was read and a Resolution, supported by a magnificent speech, was offered by Mrs. Besant, and seconded by Mr. Keightley, requesting me to ask Mr. Judge to resign his office. As this document and that part of my Address referring to the case, present its features in a perfectly clear and dispassionate manner, thus enabling the reader to learn the truth, I think that I shall be doing a real service by rescuing them from the inevitable oblivion which would await them if left in pamphlet form, by making them part of this permanent record. I go on to say that petitions, remonstrances, and other communications about the case had come in so numerously as to make it appear that something definite and final must be done at once. The opinions of our members were classified thus:

“1. The American Section, with the exception of some individuals of the best class and some of lesser importance, stands solidly in his favor. I have even had it intimated that if Mr. Judge should be forced to resign, the Section will secede in a body, form an American Theosophical Society independently, and elect him President.

“2. The Dublin, Brixton, and some other European Lodges have passed votes of confidence; copies of a draft of Resolutions in his favor are circulating in France, Belgium, and Holland, and being sent me numerously signed; and I should not be surprised if a large number of excellent people in the European [269] Section should unite with the Americans to form the new Section in the event of a split. The Bournemouth and some other British Lodges and a large number of English Theosophists call on him to explain or retire. German opinion is reported to me as being adverse to him. Spain is against him, France divided, Holland divided.

“3. Australasia, so far as I have any direct intimations, is on the side opposed to Mr. Judge.

“4. India has, to my knowledge, sent in no protest in his favor, although many members recognising his immense services and his tireless activity in official work, deprecate any hasty action based on ex parte newspaper charges. The Poona T.S., through its President, “demands his expulsion from the Society”. The above facts prove the existence of the strong antagonistic currents of feeling above noted.

“What courses are open to us and which should we choose? I offer the thoughts which occur to me with the hope that I may be judicially impartial, regardless of all personal feeling or bias.

“Firstly. The Constitution of the Society must be rigidly adhered to at whatsoever cost. Not to save or to expel one man or twenty, will I swerve a hair’s breadth from the strict letter of the law. In July last, both the General Council and Judicial Committee voted to quash the proceedings against the accused on a point which, although technical was nevertheless irrefutable. Whatever is now or may hereafter be done in this affair, therefore, must be constitutionally [270] done. As we cannot legally try Mr. Judge, Vice-President, for alleged misdemeanors committed by W. Q. Judge, individual; and as the individual cannot be tried for his private opinions, we have to fall back upon the moral aspect of the case, and see how an individual accused of the immoral act of deception usually behaves. We have the familiar precedent of H. P. B. who, before leaving India—for the last time, as it proved—placed her resignation in my hands in order to relieve the Society from the burden of defending her against the charges of the Coulombs and the Missionaries. The Convention subsequently passed a vote of confidence, which I officially conveyed to her, and this restored her to her former status in the Society. State Cabinets invariably resign office upon the passage of a legislative vote of lack of confidence. This is the unwritten, sometimes the written, law of honor. Frequently, the resigning official offers himself for re-election or again accepts office, if so requested. From the fact that I had to over-rule the point made by him that he was not and had never been Vice-President de jure, I was led to believe that Mr. Judge was disposed to follow the same course as far as relinquishing that office was concerned. But, however that case may be, I should, if the case were mine, do as I have more than once before, both within and without the Theosophical Society, offer my resignation but be ready to resume office if my superiors or colleagues showed that I possessed their confidence, that there was a necessity for my so doing, and circumstances [271] permitted. While the Society cannot compel Mr.

Judge to resign and offer himself for re-election, and a very large body of our members advise him not to do so, he has it in his power to relieve the present strain by so doing and to thus enable the whole Society to say whether it still wishes to be represented by him before the world, or the contrary. Such a course would not affect his relations with the American Section or the Aryan T.S., those concerning only the Section and Branch, and having no Federal character, not coming under the purview of other Sections nor being open to their criticism. International action is only called for in Federal questions."

I felt it my duty to draw the attention of the Convention to one aspect of the case which had a distinct and important bearing upon the question of Mr. Judge's guilt or innocence: a view which would of necessity suggest itself to every practical student of occult science. I said:

"It is proper for me as a student of Practical Psychology of very long experience, to draw attention to the important fact that, even if the charges of forged writing and false messages brought against Mr. Judge were made good before a jury, under the exoteric rules of Evidence, still this might not be proof of guilty knowledge and intent. This must not be overlooked, for it bears distinctly upon the question of moral responsibility. Every student of Modern Spiritualism and Eastern Occultism knows that a medium, or psychic, if you prefer the word, is often irresistibly impelled by [277] an extraneous force to do acts of turpitude of which he is incapable in his normal state of consciousness. Only a few days ago, I read in the learned Dr. Gibier's 'Analyse des Choses,' a solemn statement of this fact accompanied with striking examples in his own practice. And the eminent Professor Bernheim also proved to me this dreadful fact by hypnotic experiments on patients in the Hôpital Civile, at Nancy. Equally well known is it that persons, otherwise accounted sane, are liable to hallucinations which make them sometimes mistake their own fancies for spiritual revelations and a vulgar earth-bound spirit for an exalted historical personage. All this moment, I have knowledge of at least seven different psychics in our Society who believe themselves to be in communication with the same Mahatmas and doing their work, who have each a knot of disciples or adherents about them, and whose supposed teachers give orders which conflict with each other's! I cannot impugn the good faith of either of these sensitives, while, on the other hand, I cannot see my way to accepting any of their mandates in the absence of satisfactory proof of their genuineness. So I go on my way, doing my public duty as well as I can see it, and leaving to time the solving of all these mysteries. My objective

intercourse with the Great Teachers ceased almost entirely on the death of H. P. B., while any subjective relations I may have with them is evidence only to myself and would carry no weight with third parties. I think this rule applies in all such cases, and no amount of mediumistic phenomena, or of clearest [273] visions of physically unseen Teachers by psychics who have not passed through a long course of training in Raja Yoga, would convince me of my duty to accept blindly the mandates of even well-meaning advisers. All professed teachings of Mahatmas must be judged by their intrinsic merit; if they are wise they become no better by reason of their alleged high source; if foolish, their worthlessness is not nullified by ascribing to them the claim of authority.

"In conclusion, then, I beg you to realise that, after proving that a certain writing is forged and calculated to deceive, you must then prove that the writer was a free agent before you can fasten upon him the stigma of moral obliquity. To come back to the case in point, it being impossible for any third party to know what Mr. Judge may have believed with respect to the Mahatmic writings emanating from him, and what subjective facts he had to go upon, the proof cannot be said to be conclusive of his bad faith, however suspicious the available evidence may seem.

"The way out of the difficulty lies with him, and with him alone. If he should decide to neither give any satisfactory explanations nor to resign his Federal office, the consequence will undoubtedly be that a large number of our best people of the class of Mr. Herbert Burrows, will withdraw from the Society; while if he should, his numerous friends will stand by him all the more loyally throughout. I do not presume to judge, the case not being before me on its merits.

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"I must, however, express my profound regret that Mr. Judge should have circulated accusations of resort to Black Magic, against Mrs. Besant and Mr. Chakravarti; neither of whom have ever, so far as I have been able to judge in years of personal intercourse, done the least thing to deserve such a suspicion. As for Mrs. Besant, I can conscientiously affirm that in all my life I never met a more noble, unselfish, and upright woman, nor one whose heart was filled with greater love for mankind. The Theosophical Society owes her a debt it can never repay."

After the reading of the usual official documents, Miscellaneous Business was

then in order, and the Judge case being called, Mrs. Besant rose and addressed the Convention. She first conveyed the greetings of the European Section as its delegate, stated that she had tendered her resignation as President of the Blavatsky Lodge as soon as Mr. Judge's insinuations to her disparagement had been put in circulation, so that the Lodge might be entirely relieved of responsibility for her actions if it chose, that she had been re-elected and was therefore free to serve as delegate of the Section and to offer the Resolution to which she was about to speak. Coming to the history of the case proper she recapitulated the facts already made known to my readers, and when the fact of the meeting of the Judicial Committee was arrived at in the narrative, said:

"Before that Committee objections were raised by Mr. Judge as to its jurisdiction. Let me say I had [275] drawn up six charges to lay before the Committee. Under each of these charges I had drawn up the evidence on which the charge depended. I had made what would be called a brief; the charges were the indictments; and the evidence was practically the speech of the counsel stating what the charges were. My only deviation from the legal action was this —that I sent a complete copy of the whole statement that I proposed to make, to Mr. Judge; that, I knew was outside the legal duty, but I did it in order that the case might be met upon its merits, that he might know everything I was going to say, every document I was going to use, and every argument I was going to employ. Although it was irregular for me to do so, standing as I did, I thought that the Committee was to try a brother, and as we did not desire any sort of triumph or any kind of advantage but only absolute truth, every possible opportunity for explanation should be placed in Mr. Judge's hands. I thought it right to send the whole of the documents to him, so that he knew every word that I should speak before the Committee.

"As I say, when the Committee met, Mr. Judge raised technical objections— one that was over-ruled, was that he was not legally Vice-President at all. That was one objection. The other objection was that, although he was Vice-President, the offence committed, if an offence, was not committed by him as Vice-President, but as a private member. You will observe that that was what in legal terminology is called a [276] demurrer. He did not challenge the facts of the case, but he challenged the jurisdiction of the Court before which the indictment was to be laid: the objection was held to be a good objection, and I agreed with the finding. I think the objection was well taken, from a legal standpoint, and I hold that Mr. Judge had the right to take the legal objection if he preferred to rely on a

demurrer rather than meet the case upon its merits. Every accused person has such a right in Courts of Law, and we are bound in dealing with members of our Society not to do anything which would be less generous, than the Court of Law would allow him, and not to deprive an accused brother of peculiar right of defence which he would have in the courts of his country and which he had a right to use before ourselves. Regarding that action of Mr. Judge's part as fatal to his own dignity and reputation, I urged strongly upon him not to shelter himself under the technical plea. I could do nothing more than that. The technical plea was held, and I think rightly, to be a good plea. The Committee decided that it had no jurisdiction and therefore could not listen to the charges, much less of course to any evidence in the matter. According to my view—that is my own opinion—the Committee should have risen the very moment it had arrived at that decision. Having decided that it had no jurisdiction, its work was over, and it should have adjourned; but instead of that—very likely I may be wrong in my opinion--it thought it right to allow Mr. Judge to state what would have [277] been his line of defence if the matter had been laid before the Committee. And on the statement of Mr. Judge that if he had defended himself it would have involved the question of Mahatmas, the Committee further decided that it should not have tried the charges.

"Then the Committee rose, and Mr. Burrows proposed that a Jury of Honor should be held. Mr. Judge refused a Jury of Honor, on the ground that his witnesses were in America and that it would take six months to get together his evidence. The only importance of that is as having bearing on the resolution of the Committee, which was passed by the Committee before this refusal was made: i.e., that it believed that Mr. Judge was ready to go on with the case, and therefore that he did not try to evade enquiry. The Committee said this on the statement of Mr. Judge, that he was ready to go on: when the Jury of Honor was proposed, and when it might have gone into the case, he withdrew the statement that he was ready to go on, and said that his witnesses were away and that it would take six months for him to collect the evidence. On the following day, in consequence of the strong pressure put upon Mr. Judge by his friends, he wrote and asked suddenly for a Committee. Such a Committee though, would never have been in any sense representative, and I felt the difficulty at once of refusing it or agreeing to appear before it—difficult to refuse because, however late in the day, Mr. Judge asked for it; and difficult to appear before it, because some of [278] the best members had left the place; so that it would have been a Committee without authority and without dignity, and the whole matter would have been

hurried through in a way not conducive to a proper investigation. Therefore, entirely on my own responsibility—here you have a perfect right to judge me if I was mistaken in the action I took on myself—I made a statement in which I declared my own firm belief that these letters were not genuine, that the writing was a simulated writing, and that it was done by Mr. Judge. I read that statement before a meeting of Convention delegates and Mr. Judge followed it, with a statement denying it, and then it was printed and sent out to the world.

"Now comes the point as to the articles that appeared in the Westminster Gazette. These articles were based on documents supplied by Mr. Old, including the documents which I was prepared to lay before the Committee, as well as certain other documents which belonged to the Esoteric Section, which I should not have laid before the Committee. I was and am under a promise of secrecy regarding those documents, and under no possible conditions would I have broken the promise I made. But in addition to the evidence which was published in the Westminster Gazette, there was a considerable body of other evidence having an exceedingly strong bearing on the case; so in judging of the value of the statements of the Gazette, for the purpose of this movement, I take all the documents which deal with the exoteric and public matters.

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There were others in addition, which would have been laid before the Committee, had I been allowed to lay them. I now pass on to those proposals which I lay before you. Now it is said, and truly said, that the statements are ex parte statements; but while you admit that they are ex parte statements on the part of newspapers, you must remember that they are statements which would have been laid before a Committee where Mr. Judge would have been present—statements that he might have answered if he desired to answer them, and therefore they are not ex parte statements in the ordinary sense of the term. If statements are made when a person has had no opportunity of answering them, it is right to demand an answer and to form no opinion until the answer is made. If the statements have been placed in the hands of the accused person, and he then, knowing the statements and the evidence in support of them, elects to shelter himself under a technical demurrer in order to prevent an open trial in regard to the statements made, then he has no right to claim the advantage of sheltering himself under the plea of the statements being ex parte statements, when they come before the world in the form in which they now appear. Therefore I consider that that is not a legitimate plea, because the defence and answer might

have been made, and ought to have been made, at the time.

“In addition to the statement of fraud against Mr. Judge, there are statements against me for condoning the fraud, and against Colonel Olcott and Mr. [280] Keightley for similar condonation. We are challenged to answer the accusation and I will deal with it in a moment. Let me say also that it is said that we had a conspiracy of silence. Against this there is this fact, that I was bound under a legal agreement of 1893, to be in Australia on the 1st September last for a lecturing engagement. I was therefore obliged to leave London, and I took the last ship which made me land in Australia the day before that on which my first lecture was to be delivered. By sitting up all night before I started for Australia, I managed by myself to direct a copy of this inquiry, with my statement that I believed that these forgeries had been made, to all the leading London papers. In addition to that, I sent to all these papers a statement which I had drawn up and submitted to certain well-known persons, with regard to the policy of concealing or evading truth, or considering that ordinary morality was not binding on anyone who stood as an occultist. I drew up that statement and took weighty names to sign it, because I considered the protest was necessary against the policy adopted by Mr. Judge, and I desire that all the members of the Society should know that the President-Founder, Mr. Sinnett, Mr. Keightley, Mr. Sturdy, myself, Dr. Westcott (who has a peculiar following in Europe) and Mr. Leadbeater (who is well known in Ceylon)—these people, who were known as eminent Theosophists, should be known to stand to absolute truth against any sort of paltering with it or evasion, against fraud of any kind; so that the Society might remain clear in [281] the world’s face. I sent that also to the London papers, and I sent it with a private note from myself asking them to give full publicity. I placed all these documents in the hands of my friend Miss Willson, of the London headquarters, and asked her to deliver them by hand at the newspaper offices. The Westminster Gazette was one of the papers I wrote to asking for publicity. So I do not think there was much hushing up, as far as I was concerned. They say I “rushed” away. That is true, under the circumstances I told you. But Colonel Olcott was there for over a month after I had left. He was there till the end of August, he would have answered any question that was asked, and he is the highest official in the Society. The papers did not say one word about the whole thing. The Westminster Gazette kept absolute silence, and three months after these facts were sent it by myself, when I was in New Zealand and when it knew that I could not possibly answer it in less than another three months, it then brought out all the accusations, together with the accusations

against myself for condoning fraud, and for endeavoring to hush the truth of the matter for advantages, monetary and otherwise, that were obtained by belonging to the Society, and for the sake of the general position which I hold as one of the leaders of the movement.

"A telegram came to New Zealand stating that an exposure had been made, and a little later another telegram saying that, in consequence of the exposure, Mr. Judge had expelled me from the Society. I was [282] not able to answer them beyond saying there must be some mistake, not knowing what had really occurred, and the papers met me in Ceylon when I landed from Australia. I wrote at once to the Daily Chronicle to say that an answer would be sent as soon as I landed in England. But on reading the articles on my way to Madras, I saw no reason to delay the answer, and I wrote that answer without delay after I arrived here on Saturday evening, and took it yesterday down to the Madras Mail, where it will appear to-morrow. I went to, Reuter's Agent and telegraphed to the Chronicle that the answer would come by the first English mail. That answer is now being printed as a pamphlet, to the number of 20,000 copies, and will be sent to every Branch of the Society, in order that the full facts may be laid before them in every part of the world. Now I say that to you, and you will see its bearing in a moment, on one of the proposals I make.

"There is in Europe a very strong feeling on this matter: I have received from the General Secretary of the Section a list of names eminent in the European Section, to whom have been sent out circulars asking those to whom they were sent to sign the circulars if they approved of Mr. Judge being called upon to make an explanation. Out of the eighty circulars sent, 65 answers have been returned. These 65 unanimously demand that explanation should be made. Out of these 65 signatories, 12 are signatures of Presidents of Lodges and Societies in Europe. In addition to that, there has been a kind of informal canvass which has [283] been placed in my hands, in which twelve Lodges and Centres demand that Mr. Judge shall explain or resign. One of them demands that he be expelled and the rest only ask for explanation or resignation. There are then seven centres and branches which take a somewhat indefinite position. Three on his side; the others 'counsel delay'; one looks to the Adyar Convention to discuss the matter, and does not wish to fan the flame. The President of one refuses to place the matter before his Lodge at all, and one expresses no opinion, content to leave action to Headquarters. A more definite expression than that it is not possible at present to obtain, because there has not been time for the General Secretary to

get answers from all the Lodges. Mr. Mead wrote to me—I received his letter yesterday—stating what had so far been done and saying that he believed that an informal appeal had been sent to Colonel Olcott—and that is true—by Mr. Judge's friends. No official notice had been sent to him, and the appeal had been circulated privately, so that he could only mention it as information for me, and not as the Secretary of the Section. I fully agree with what Colonel Olcott said. There is a strong feeling on both sides. Probably America is nearly unanimous in Mr. Judge's support; there are exceptions, but very few. Probably Australia is equally unanimous against him, but you must discount that by the fact that I have been lecturing there and exerting personal influence—not against Mr. Judge, I did not mention his name, but gaining influence—and you [284] should bear this in mind when you are weighing the evidence of feeling. This is not a quarrel over individual opinions."

We have reached the limit of our space for this month, and I must here interrupt the thread of the narrative, which will be continued next month, but I wish to call the attention of the reader to the magnanimity and sweet charitableness shown by the speaker against whom such foul charges had been made by Mr. Judge.

CHAPTER XXI

REPORT OF THE CONVENTION

(1894)

WE now resume our report of the Convention of 1894; Mrs. Besant is still speaking:

"No passion, no anger should come in; but you should endeavor to do justice. Therefore while Australasia may be unanimous against Mr. Judge you ought to discount it by the fact that I have been lecturing everywhere with enormous success and that influenced many people; and therefore it may be a momentary rush and not a permanent resolution. With regard to Europe the division is very great. I do not feel as a European delegate that I have any right to vote as a delegate on this matter. I lay before you exactly the facts of the division in Europe and I tell you my own personal opinions. When I return, there will be a very strong if not an overwhelming party in favor of the policy of truth, of absolute honor and uprightness, and unless something is done, some of our best people will immediately leave the Society and public propaganda will be rendered well nigh impossible. In England, for a [286] public man to be accused of dishonorable conduct and for him to refuse to resign office or to meet the charges, is a practically unheard-of procedure. I do not mean to leave the Society, and I shall not resign even though Mr. Judge refuses to resign and is not willing to give explanation. I shall go on with my work. But I am bound to tell you that on every platform on which I shall stand, I shall be met with this difficulty as to dishonor. I will bear it. I will face it, and stand by the Society despite the difficulty. My own approval goes with those who challenge the action of Mr. Judge as dishonorable, and regard the Society as most seriously compromised by having for its Vice-President such an official second in command—and first in command when our President leaves us, and another President has to take his place. Now this is the first opportunity that we have had of speaking. Therefore it is that I move the resolution, and let me say that I quite admit what Colonel Olcott said as to the possibilities of unconscious fraud under

mediumistic conditions, of wrong acts being thus done. But that is not a point which an official, such as the Vice-President of a Society that stands on a moral ground before the world, should take in his defence of official position. Mediumship is an excuse for the individual against moral judgment. It is no excuse for an official who under mediumship commits acts of moral turpitude, and has thereby shown that it is his duty to at once resign his official position, inasmuch as he is not responsible for his actions, and therefore must refuse to lead the Society into a position [287] so detrimental to its honor. I had better read the resolution and then you can follow the remaining argument:

"'Seeing that a series of articles has appeared in the Westminster Gazette, London, containing charges of deception and fraud against Mr. W. Q. Judge, now Vice-President of the Theosophical Society; and

"'Seeing that a strong body of evidence has been brought forward against the accused, and seeing that the attempt by the Society to bring the matter to an issue last July was defeated by Mr. W. Q. Judge on a purely technical objection to the jurisdiction of the committee; and

"'Seeing that Mr. Judge, being Vice-President of the whole Society, has issued a quasi-privately-circulated attack against one section thereof, thus stirring up ill-feeling within the Society, and endeavouring to set the West against the East, contrary to the first object of the T.S. generally, and to the second object specially; and

"'Seeing that this is the first occasion since July on which a representative body of Theosophists has been gathered together; and

"'Seeing that immemorial custom requires of every honorable man holding a representative office in any Society to at once tender his resignation under such circumstances as are stated above,

"'Therefore the anniversary meeting of the Theosophical Society resolves:

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"'That the President-Founder be and is hereby requested to at once call upon Mr. W. Q. Judge, Vice-President, Theosophical Society, to resign the office of Vice-President; it being of course open to Mr. Judge if he so wishes, to submit himself for re-election, so that the Society may pass its judgment on his positions.

"'Proposed by ANNIE BESANT.

“‘Seconded by BERTRAM KEIGHTLEY.

“The following are my reasons for submitting that resolution to you. I urge you to ask Mr. Judge to resign, because his office is an office for life, or rather during the life of the President. If it were only a yearly office, then at the end of the year you would have an opportunity of pronouncing your judgment as to whether you agree or disagree with having a man against whom certain charges had been levelled, as your officer. You have not the power of such an election, because the tenure of Vice-Presidentship is practically unique, save that of the President. The two stand apart. There is no re-election; therefore it is the more necessary that if a man is challenged, if his honor is challenged, he shall give his office back to the Society which has the right of saying either: ‘We will take you with the charges against you,’ or else: ‘We prefer to be represented before the world by someone else.’ I therefore call upon Mr. Judge to resign, and I say that he ought to restore to the Society its liberty of choice in this matter.

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“Then I call on him to resign because that course is always taken by honorable people when a challenge is made; not that the challenge is necessarily true. H.P.B., as the President told you, resigned the Corresponding Secretaryship the moment the Coulomb charge was laid against her. She was there as the Secretary. She resigned office the moment the charges were laid, in order that the Society might not be compromised by the attack made upon herself; by the vote of the Society confidence in her was declared, and then she took back the office. Is not that the precedent for Mr. Judge to follow, claiming, as he does, to be the pupil of H.P.B.,—leaving the Society to put him back in his place, as it put her back, if on a review of facts, it considers him innocent of the charges that are made against him? I say it is always done. So strongly do I feel this that, though I hold no office in the Society as a whole, though I am nothing more than the President of a local Lodge, holding my office on a yearly tenure, although I was re-elected President of the Blavatsky Lodge in September last, yet, in that these charges had been made against me in the following month, the same mail that takes my answers to the newspaper’s charges, carries my resignation of the office of President of the Blavatsky Lodge, and then I stand for re-election. If they think my answer is sufficient, they will put me back as President. But I will not hold office, even a local office for a year or the nine months remaining, unless, by their free-will they give it back to me, after my honor has been challenged [290] and my good faith has been impugned; and inasmuch as I am thus

challenged—and challenged also by Mr. Judge with the practice of black magic and with working under black magicians—I say to the Lodge, the only body to which I am responsible: ‘Here is the office you gave me before the charges were made; I will take it back if you give it to me, having listened to the charges made. But I will not drag you into the charges against me, I will save your honor as the Blavatsky Lodge, and cut myself away from you until you re-elect me.’

“Then there is another and a serious point. I have in my hand a document that ought not in a public meeting to be held by me. This document appears as an esoteric document written by Mr. Judge, sent to a person in India expelled from the Esoteric Section, published in the Westminster Gazette, in part, and completely, I am told, in a newspaper in Bombay; so that the whole of what is now thus published is public property. In that certain statements are made. I see their force perhaps more than you do, for the report of the American Section read to us just now, says in a veiled way what this circular openly says. I have to draw your serious attention to this as a matter affecting the future of the Society. It is stated in the document now before you that there is a plot, and in this which is circulated under the pledge of secrecy—but which is circulated in such a manner that it reaches the public press, and everything in it, slanderous or otherwise; has its full public effect on public mind—

[291] it is distinctly said that there is a plot amongst black magicians influencing certain Brahmans in India through race-pride and ambition, to control and manage the T.S.; that these magicians have picked me out as their agent, and have used as an intermediary my honored friend, Mr. Chakravarti, chosen, you will remember, by the Indian Section and some Brahmanical societies as their Delegate to the Parliament of Religions; that the Brahmans and their agents engineered the charges against Mr. Judge, and I practised black magic on Mr. Judge and two others.

“Mr. Judge further takes on himself to say that there are no true Initiates in India, and to praise the West as against the East, asserts that a great seat of Western Occultism is to be set up, and that this was the object of H.P.B. I am ashamed to say that the holy name of the Master is attached to this attack on the East, on the Brahman caste, and on individuals. Now my reason for bringing this forward is that it is being circulated all over India, and with what result? The Vice-President of our Society attacks the whole of the Indian Section, and all its Brahman members. Charging one of them by name, and the whole of them in this general vague way, with a desire to guide and control the Society; charging

some of them with black magic; charging them with using me as an agent and a practiser of black magic, in order to bring about this plot; so that an officer of the Society secretly circulates this kind of attack against one of the Sections, setting the East against the West, stirring up disunion and [292] unbrotherly feeling and strife in our midst; contradicting the very first declared Object of the Society, that we know no distinction between races, and contradicting our second Object, viz., to familiarise the West with the literature, philosophy, and religions of the East, and to demonstrate the importance of that study.

"I maintain that when an official takes up such a position, he ought at least to resign, so that the Sections may say if they desire to be thus represented in the face of the world; so that the Indian Section may have the right to say whether it endorses this slander, whether it considers that these attempts are being made under the shelter of black magicians, whether it considers, as it has the right to consider, that Mr. Chakravarti and myself are their agents; if so, we most certainly ought to be expelled. I say, when an official has to meet such charges, he is bound in the commonest honor to resign the office that protects him, and to allow the Society to re-elect him, if it endorses the statements he has made. These then are the reasons why I ask for his resignation. Let me say he misrepresents the feeling in the West. There is no such feeling against you, my Indian brothers; there is no such widespread belief in such a plot. Take America, and see how your own delegates were welcomed there. Take Europe, and see how Professor Chakravarti was welcomed; and I may tell you from my own personal knowledge that, so great has been the effect of the speeches which he made before the Chicago Convention [293] that some of the noblest of our people in England look at the present time to him as one of the best representatives of Eastern thought in the movement; and they will be outraged and scandalised by such a charge, coming with all the authority of the Vice-President, against him. Therefore I ask his resignation, I do not ask his expulsion; to expel him would be to take action too hurriedly, would be to take action that, I hold, you have no right to take, until the very last effort has been made to deal with the matter in gentler and kinder fashion.

"Myself and brother Chakravarti are most hit at, I both in public and in that circular. It is he and I against whom the worst and the foulest of these accusations come. I have had no opportunity of consulting with him; he is far away; he has taken no part in the whole of this business; and therefore, I am unable to say to you what his opinion is. I am acting on my own responsibility,

without his judgment, and therefore I may not commit him, not having asked his views; but I venture on my knowledge of him, to say one thing in his name, as I say it in my own, that we are the two that are most outraged by this attack—and we seek no revenge. I say to you, being thus charged, that I am not willing to expel my brother, I am not willing to forget the work he has done, and the services he has rendered. I have learnt that when you are struck at, you may not strike back in anger, nor deal with the matter with a personal bias, nor with passion, nor with wrath. I ask him to resign; and then he can [294] be re-elected if the Society thinks it right. That, I hold to be the duty of any honorable man. That, therefore, I hold to be his duty. If I have any influence with you, if my words can go for anything in pleading, if my desire has any weight in any of your hearts, I ask you not to use bitter language, not to be carried away by the insult to our beloved India or by any other reason. Arjuna was told to strike; Arjuna was told to fight; but without passion, unattached, separate from the outer action, and at peace within. Let us take that as our model; let us ask our brother to resign, and let him justify himself if he can. But do not prejudge him by expulsion, which puts another stigma on him in the face of the world. Ask him to take action which every honorable man may take, and which every honorable man ought to take. Ask our President to request him to do it, so that it may preserve peace of the Society."

I think that when the next biography of Annie Besant is compiled, this speech, so full of kindly compassion, so free from even a tinge of malice, or even of that righteous indignation which is permissible to an innocent person whose character has been traduced without cause, should be brought into notice.

In seconding the Resolution, Mr. Keightley, in some condensed remarks, told about the part which he had taken in the meeting of Judicial Committee and his concurrence in the view of the case which it had taken when deciding upon the validity of Mr. Judge's demurrer against its jurisdiction. Referring [295] to the fact of Mrs. Besant's offered resignation of office in the Blavatsky Lodge, which had been unanimously declined, he instanced still another circumstance going to show how she had acted according to the generally accepted code of honor when she was under accusation. It was that when she and Mr. Bradlaugh, as officers of the National Secular Society, were criminally prosecuted for publishing a document popularly known as the "Knowlton Pamphlet". The very moment that these proceedings were commenced, both Mr. Bradlaugh and Mrs. Besant tendered their resignations as President and Vice-President of that society, to

which offices they were subsequently triumphantly re-elected and reinstated. He said that Mr. Judge, not having taken that course, had “placed the Society to which we all belong, in a position which is absolutely untenable”. Captain Banon, not satisfied with the mild measure suggested, moved, and Miss Müller seconded, an amendment to the Resolution that the President-Founder should be requested “to take the necessary steps in accordance with precedence to expel Mr. W. Q. Judge from the Theosophical Society”. Adverting to the spirit in which Mrs. Besant had moved the Resolution, Miss Müller said:

“Mrs. Besant has brought the charges against her colleague and friend, for whom I know she feels so great a tenderness, that she cannot press home against him that justice which time demands that we shall press home. I revere and love Mrs. Besant for her tenderness and womanly affection, which still bind [296] her to her old friend. So it is not for her, but it is for us to do all that is required. It is not for us to be affected by such things. We have got to do our duty before the world, however disagreeable it may seem to the Theosophical Society. This is the first opportunity we have had of expressing an opinion upon Mr. Judge. These charges which Mrs. Besant brings, she brought formulated against him and brought to him face to face during the Convention in July. I wish I had the time, that I had the opportunity and the eloquence, to tell you all exactly the spirit of characteristic forbearance and of tenderness, and purity of Love which she showed him day by day, hour by hour, minute by minute, and when he was trying his very utmost, with cleverness which would have frustrated her desire to get at the truth. Nobody who saw Mrs. Besant last year could but admire and love her, however he might differ from her views: I never saw such an exhibition of spiritual kindliness and purity as she showed then.”

The debate continuing with great ability, our learned colleague, Dewan Bahadur S. Subramanier (since appointed to the Bench of the Madras High Court, and knighted by the Queen), in a very temperate speech, said that a prima facie case had been made against Mr. Judge with regard to forgeries and with reference to those forgeries he was called upon to defend himself in London, but evaded the defense. He thought that he should be called upon to answer the charges and if he then refused to answer, he should be expelled [297] by the General Council. The Chairman called the attention of the learned brother to the fact that, under the Constitution of the Society, we had no right to expel Mr. Judge or make him resign without giving him the chance of defence; this had already been done, and he therefore thought the amendment suggested by Mr.

Subramanier was superfluous. He called upon Dr. Hübbe-Schleiden, as an eminent Doctor of Laws, to give us his opinion. That gentleman endorsed unreservedly Mrs. Besant's remarks, but seconded the amendment of the Hon. Mr. Subramanier. Mr. E. M. Sasseville, a representative of the American Section and a member of the Society, of ten years' standing, supported Mrs. Besant's views. Mr. Keightley deprecated the plan of Mr. Subramanier, which practically asked us to go over the same ground which we had already traversed. Mr. C. V. Naidu, a well-known Pleader of the Central Provinces, was in favor of expulsion; the Countess Wachtmeister supported Mrs. Besant, and Mr. V. C. Seshachari ranged himself by the side of Captain Banon. The Chair, finding that the debate had gone far enough and that valuable time was being wasted, gave Mrs. Besant the floor for a rejoinder. She spoke as follows:

"I need do nothing in reply except to sum up the points on which your decision has to be made, and I do ask of you to preserve a quiet dignity in so serious a matter. It is not a matter for laughter. It is not a matter for passion. It is a matter involving the future of a great spiritual movement, and you should, [298] I think, show dignity and a quiet spirit. In giving your vote for it, you will have to answer in the future. The first amendment that will be put to you by the Chair is that of the Honorable S. Subramanier. If his speech had been delivered a year ago, I should have agreed, but we have done exactly what he now asks us to do again. We have asked Mr. Judge to explain. We have called him before the Judicial Committee, which is the only constitutional and legal way of trying him. We asked him there to meet the charges and he evaded the whole thing. To ask him over again is to put yourselves in the absurd position of finding yourselves next year exactly in the position where you were at the commencement. He will probably go through the same succession of excuses, prevarications, and evasions. And, remember that all the trouble of the best lawyers in your Society was taken last spring to find out the way in which he could be brought to book. There is no other way in the Constitution except the one tried and which failed; so that if you pass that amendment you will practically tell your President to do what he has already done—to waste another year in doing what the past year has been wasted in doing—and at the end you will be exactly where you are now. If Mr. Judge gives no explanation and keeps his position in the face of the world, then there comes the question, how are you going to force him to act. There is no other way. You have a Constitution and you cannot break it; you have laws and you must abide by them. There is no way of reaching Mr. Judge [299] except the way you have tried. Then comes the question of expulsion; but you cannot expel

him. You may start on lines which ultimately, you hope, will lead you in that direction, but nothing more. But remember that, supposing you pass the original Resolution and through the President call on him to resign, that does not deter the General Council from expelling him if he does not choose to make his explanation. I can conceive nothing more unwise, more rash than to plunge into the act of expulsion, because one gentleman says that my statement is true. That gives you no reason to refuse to hear Mr. Judge. That is not judicial, to expel him. To ask him to resign is to leave him absolutely free. To ask him to do what an honorable man would have done a year ago, is the only thing remaining to be done. I am seeking to clear the Society and not to raise party spirit. Mr. Judge says one thing: Mrs. Besant says another thing. Let them both look for one thing, that is the Society's welfare. Let the thing be fought out; but the Society should not be compromised in the face of the world. So I ask you to say 'No' to both the amendments; that is, to keep your hands carefully at your sides without raising them, until the original Resolution is put before you, and then to vote upon it. Let me say one thing—that mistake may not arise; one word with reference to the telegram which the Countess Wachtmeister said was sent by Mr. Judge to Australia. It was a newspaper telegram. I have no reason to believe that Mr. Judge sent it. With this public statement I leave the question in your hands."

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(At this stage a voice from the audience demanded an adjournment, but the motion fell through for want of a seconder.

The President then put up the first amendment, that of Captain Banon, to the meeting and it was lost.

Mr. S. Subramanier having withdrawn his amendment, the original Resolution of Mrs. Besant was put to the vote and carried, nem-con.)

How far Mr. Judge realised the expectations of those of his well-wishers at the Convention, myself included, will be seen as the narrative of his shameful case gradually unfolds itself.

The sessions of the Indian Section were held as usual, and in the course of his report, the General Secretary, Mr. Bertram Keightley, brought up the matter of the proposed transfer of the Sectional headquarters to Northern India. The scheme at that time was to locate it at Allahabad, and as Mrs. Besant and Countess Wachtmeister had made up their minds to take up their residence in India, and were ready to give pecuniary help, the project was carried through.

The result of a vote by Branches was that 68 Branches voted for and 2 against the transfer. The remaining Branches did not vote at all. The Convention vote was taken at the Session of 26th December. Great dissatisfaction having arisen about the behavior of Mr. P. R. Venkatarama Iyer, a committee of inquiry was appointed which, at the meeting of the 28th, reported against his retention as Assistant Secretary of the Indian Section.

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The year 1894 was characterised by extreme activity throughout the world; there were long tours made by Mrs. Besant in India, Australia, and New Zealand; by Mr. Judge, Mr. C. F. Wright, Dr. Griffiths, and Countess Wachtmeister (who alone gave 100 lectures and visited 48 Lodges of the Society) in America; by Mr. Mead in Europe; and by Mr. B. Keightley in India; our Swedish, Spanish, and Dutch colleagues had shown ceaseless altruistic industry; the Education movement was proceeding by leaps and bounds in Ceylon; and our multitudinous publications were circulating in a great many countries. The first practical result of Mrs. Besant's tour at the Antipodes, besides creating a deep and widespread interest in Theosophy, was the taking of the initial steps towards the formation of the Australasian Section, as above noted, and Mr. Staples, of London, the selected General Secretary, was now at Adyar as its representative. The beginning of the work at Honolulu dates from this year, as well as that in the Transvaal, which I have previously alluded to. In my Annual Address it was noticed that I had, for the trifling sum of about $100 built the mud-walled, palmyra-thatched schoolhouse which was the forerunner of the several buildings since erected for our Pariah schools. During the year, 42 new branches of the Society were started.

Besides her four lectures before the Convention, Mrs. Besant gave one at the Congress Camp on the 29th of December, on the subject of "The Place of Politics in the Life of a Nation," and on the last day [302] of the year, another at the same place on "Temperance," each time to an audience numbering over five thousand people.

CHAPTER XXII

THE SOCIETY AT TWENTY

(1895)

WE now enter the twentieth year of the Society's history, after passing through troubled waters: the crisis just behind us would have wrecked any society not so compactly organised and full of vitality. Some persons have thought I should have adopted the policy of omitting from my journal the episodes of [which have been recorded in recent chapters, but it should be remembered that I am writing history, not a collection of complimentary essays and entertaining stories of pleasant experiences. What has happened has happened, and though we choose the weak policy of ignoring it, it cannot be erased from the book of our Society's history. An old proverb says: "It is swimming against the stream that strengthens the arms," and I doubt if any intelligent observer will say that we would have been the stronger if there had been no Judge or Coulomb scandals, misunderstandings, or frictions of personalities. The Society has been tried in the fire and had much of its dross burnt out. Its leaders come and go, join, retire, or die, but it pursues its steady [304] march onward towards success and yearly extends its sphere of usefulness. Those who are behind the movement fill up the vacancies made in our ranks by death and otherwise and the close of each year finds us stronger and more capable of winning our way than we were the year before.

In the January number of the Theosophist (1895) appears my official notification of the formation of the Australasian Section, T.S., dated January 1st, and the recognition of Mr. John C. Staples as General Secretary. In Chapter XVII of this Series (Theosophist for June, 1903) was published the official notification of Mrs. Besant, acting as my special delegate, of the preliminary arrangement she had made with the Branches in Australasia for a sectional organisation, and in a communication under date of January 1st, 1895, at which time she had reached Adyar on her return, she reports as follows:

"Acting under your delegated authority in the Australasian Colonies, dated

April 27, 1894, and officially published in the Theosophist of May, I received the written votes of the undermentioned chartered Lodges of the T.S. for the forming of an Australasian Section of the T.S., and for the acceptance for one year of the services of Mr. J. C. Staples as General Secretary of such Section. That as your representative I acted on these votes and communicated with Mr. Staples under Article III, Clause 7, and formed the Section. The applying Branches are: Sydney, Melbourne, Adelaide, Rockhampton, Bundaberg (in Australia), [305] Auckland, Christchurch, Wellington, Dunedin (in New Zealand), —nine in all. There remain two other Branches, one in Brisbane, which, not having its charter, could not vote; and one in Hobart, Tasmania, which, owing to an unexpected change in my route, lost, without fault of its own, the opportunity of recording its vote."

Mr. Staples himself arrived at Adyar on the 22nd of December, 1894, in company with Mrs. Besant, Dr. Hübbe-Schleiden, and Bertram Keightley, the party having met her at Colombo on her return from Australia. Mr. Staples left for his new field of labor on the 9th of January (1895), carrying with him the best wishes of everyone who had met him at the Convention now under notice.

One interesting and encouraging feature of the Convention was the optimistic tone of the Annual Report of Mr. Buultjens, Manager of Buddhist Schools under my direction; it is noted as follows in my Annual Address:

"Mr. Buultjen's Report shows that we have already increased our schools from 9 in 1892, to 34 in 1894; our number of pupils to 6,583; our Government grant-in-aid to Rs. 8,906; and that the poor Buddhists of the Island have already spent on school buildings Rs.32,545; a sum which, if the average wealth per capita of the donors be compared with that of the European or American average of the same class, must be equal to what a subscription of more than a lakh would be in the West. There are still 20,000 [306] Buddhist children to be rescued from the religious peril, they are in for lack of Buddhist schools, but having done so much as our brave Buddhist Theosophists have until now, we shall not have too long to wait for their complete triumph."

Our principal workers, including Mrs. Besant, the Countess Wachtmeister, and Mr. Staples, having all left by the 9th of January, I myself left for Ootacamund on the 10th. My bullock coach met me at Mettupalium, the station at the foot of the mountain, and I rode in it all the afternoon of the 11th and following night, reaching "Gulistan" by 11 o'clock of the morning of the 12th. This was before the construction of the mountain railway which now whisks one up to the 7,500

foot level in a few hours.[12]

Editorial work.and the addition of a new building to the existing premises, the preparation of material for the first volume of] and other matters kept me busy until the last day of February when I left for Madras to take the steamer for Calcutta. On reaching Diamond Harbour we found the river so low that the ship, could only go up on the flood tide, so many of its passengers landed and came up to town by train, reaching Calcutta at 10 a.m. on the 7th of March. On this occasion, as previously, I was the guest of my old and respected friend, Maharajah Sir J. M. Tagore, who lodged me at his guest-palace (Boitokana), the old stopping-place of H.P.B. and myself. I found Mrs. Besant and the Countess looking well and [307] that evening the former gave, with great force, her lecture on "Castes and Classes". On the 9th the Countess, for the first time, imparted to me the interesting secret that during the previous winter Mr. Judge had offered to procure my deposition and to give the presidentship to Professor Chakravarti! On the next day I attended Mrs. Besant's lecture at the Town Hall before a monster audience, and at 6 a.m. on the 12th, having finished the business for which I had come, sailed on the "Goorkha" for Madras, which I reached on the 16th. I had the pleasure, about this time, of sending Mrs. Besant a copy of the Subba Row gold medal which the Convention had advised me to award her for her lectures of the previous season.

On the 21st I received a letter, from Mrs. Besant and the Countess suggesting the expansion of my old idea of class-teaching by renowned pandits of students attracted to us by the Adyar Library. They proposed that I should found an Oriental institute in connection with the Library and this scheme I have been keeping in mind ever since. Recently, however, it has been urged by Babu Govinda Das, himself an able Orientalist, that to have only classes to be taught by renowned pandits in the different darshanas, or schools of Indian philosophy, would benefit but a very small number of persons, besides being very costly; it would be more useful to spend the money on the publication of valuable books, treatises, and reprints of rare works in our possession, as these could be sent to all parts of the world and benefit many hundreds. As it is [308] premature to discuss this matter at the present moment it is needless for me to enter into details.

On the 11th of April I issued an Executive Notice convening the General Council at London. On the 1st of May Dr. English, then associated with Mrs. Higgins' school, telegraphed his acceptance of my offer of the post of sub-editor of the Theosophist, which relieved my anxiety as to how I should have the

magazine taken care of during my absence in Europe. By the 3rd of May I had prepared about 170 pages of matter—enough for nearly three months' issues, and on the 5th left home for Bombay and Marseilles; taking with me a Hindu servant whom I had engaged for my friend Xifré of Madrid.

In a letter of Mr. Fullerton's, received by me at Bombay, he writes despairingly of having discovered a conspiracy between Mr. Judge and Dr. Griffiths to make the American Section secede. This was his first intimation of that wicked scheme. Of course, Judge having taken up his stand on the slippery declivity of rebellion and given an impetus to his selfish scheme, could not prevent his slipping down the slope until he plunged into the abyss of secession. It was his only alternative since he dared not face the searching inquiry into his action which the Convention had instructed me to make. It is known now that all through those spring months the secession scheme was being secretly perfected, and according to the methods of the political caucuses, so thoroughly perfected by the leaders of Tammany Hall, it was made impossible for [309] the unsuspicious members of our American Branches to know what they would be led into doing at the Boston Convention of the Section, that was convened for the month of April. Notice of the explosion of the bomb reached me under circumstances that will be presently mentioned.

CHAPTER XXIII

THE AMERICAN SECTION SECEDES

(1895)

I SAILED from Bombay on the 10th of May in the French steamer “La Seine” and at Suez was transferred to the “Australien,” and sailed in her for Marseilles on the 21st. The reader may picture to himself my astonishment when, on reaching Marseilles on the 30th of the month, among the large number of letters awaiting me was one from Mr. Judge notifying me of the secession of the American Section on the 28th of April, last past. This was his first intimation to me of his intention, and his reward for my judicial impartiality and undiminished friendliness up to that moment. If this might not be called a crisis, what would? However, I lost no sleep over it nor shed a tear; I simply regarded it as an act of moral suicide which concerned only the individual himself: as for its destroying, or even permanently weakening the Society I did not entertain the thought. The fact is that a dozen such “crises” would not make me pass a sleepless night or lose a meal, for down to the very roots of my being I have the conviction that [311] those who are behind this movement are stronger than all adverse forces which could be combined together. If the eyes of our timid members could only be opened like those of Elisha’s servant, they, like him, would see “the mountain full of horses and chariots of fire round about”—the Society.

On the day of my arrival I left by train for Madrid and, breakfasting at Barcelona and passing the day and night in the train, reached the capital of Spain at 8 a.m. on the 1st of June. The country through which I had passed presented an attractive appearance—full crops ripening, and the grape-vineyards looking green and thrifty as a whole, although in places a good deal of mildew showed itself. As Mr. Xifré did not expect me until the following day nobody met me at the station, so I drove straight to his house and received the loving welcome which he always gives me on our meeting after an absence. He inhabits a magnificent Moorish palace copied from the world-famous Alhambra near Granada, begun by his late father and finished by himself at a cost of several million francs. Shortly after my arrival Messrs. Melian and Treviño, those splendid Spanish colleagues of ours, came to see me.

On the next day I went through an experience as nearly suggestive of the

horrors of hell as one could conceive of—a great bull-fight. I went there deliberately because public speaker like myself must gain knowledge from many sources if he wishes to fit himself to be an adviser of students of human nature. This [317] was a great occasion, some festival or other which had to be celebrated by an extra amount of cruelty incarnate. I found myself in a vast amphitheatre with private boxes partitioned off for notabilities. Fifteen thousand spectators were there and in a box high up sat the Royal Infantas, Dukes and other grandees, and other people who ought to have known better. It was a carnival of brutality from beginning to end, the only blameless and noble participants being the bulls and the horses which they disemboweled. There were matadors, picadors, toreadors, and a lot more of men dressed in fantastic costumes and displaying great skill and agility. From the moment that a majestic, high-crested bull was hurried through the entrance gates at one side his tormentors began to stick sharp darts, bedizened with ribbons, into him, to madden him with spear-thrusts and the waving of red cloths, until, driven to frenzy, he dashed about the ring in all directions, charging indiscriminately men and horses. He would come up to a cavalier, lower his head, drive his horns into the horse's body, lift him and his rider from the ground and sometimes overturn both. In the latter case the rider would pick himself up, if able, encourage his horse to rise, spring to the saddle, stab his flanks with long spurs and force him again into the path of the charging bull, to receive another thrust of those deadly horns; his intestines, mean-while, escaping from his wounds, trailing on the ground to be trampled upon by his own hoofs. When the noble quarry has been weakened and worn out by [318] nervous and muscular reaction and loss of blood and stands trembling, he receives the death-stroke from the hand of the espada who runs up in front of him, waving a crimson shawl to provoke him to lower his head and thus expose the vulnerable spot at which the swordpoint must enter the spine and then, the blow delivered, he tumbles into a motionless heap, a dead carcase. The toreador struts out where he can face the Royal box, makes his salute, is acclaimed by the tumultuous shouts of the excited multitude and walks around the ring to receive the presents of money and other valuables which are showered at him from the benches. The dead bull is then dragged out of the arena by a rope tied to his body, drawn by gaily-caparisoned mules, subordinate assistants run in to cover up the pools and splotches of gore, the dead horses are dragged out, the band plays a national jota and, after a few minutes the entrance gates of the bull-pen again swing open and another victim of the best bovine blood of the Spanish herds gallops in and the disgusting tragedy is repeated. On the afternoon when I

was there eight bulls were killed, a dozen poor horses disemboweled and two men—a matador and a picador—were wounded; thus giving the humanitarian some small compensation for the pain he had been compelled to endure throughout the spectacle. I told my friends on returning to the house that if I had not passed through the horrors of five battlefields I could not have endured this awful experience without becoming sick. How many incarnations must such [314] people pass through before they reach the lowest of the mental planes on which they can begin to see a shimmering of spiritual light?

On the 3rd of June I enjoyed the pleasure of meeting seventeen of the members of our local Branch, among them the Duc de Plasencia, F.T.S., a young friend of Xifré's. The latter took me to the famous Museum which contained the treasures of the Spanish school of artists Murillo, Velasquez, Ribera, etc. Our members bade me farewell the next day at the station on my departure for Paris by the Sud Express. By 5 o'clock the next morning we reached Zumarraga, where we had to stop on account of a landslip. I improved the opportunity in drafting an Executive Notice about the secession of the American Section, which is too important to be omitted from the present narrative. Its wording is as follows:

"PRESIDENT'S OFFICE,

ZUMURRAGA, SPAIN,

June 5th, 1895.

"An official letter, of date May 2nd, 1895, from Mr. W. Q. Judge, of New York, to the undersigned, in which he signs as 'President of the T. S. in America,' communicates the following facts, viz.:

"1. That the American Section of our Society has declared its 'complete and absolute autonomy';

"2. Has adopted the title of 'The Theosophical Society in America';

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"3. Has elected Mr. Judge, President for life, and Dr. J. D. Buck, Vice-President; and

"4. Adopted a Constitution, by a majority of 181 votes, in a total ballot of 201 Branch and Councillors' votes, cast by Delegates representing 90 Branches in the Convention.

"A verbatim report of the proceedings, sent by Mr. Judge, shows that the

Convention adopted a Preamble to the Resolutions to the effect that the ‘different forms of organisation through which the body known as the “Theosophical Society” [the title being given as above printed—between inverted commas—apparently to indicate that the Convention does not recognise its validity], had passed since the year 1878, were solely the result of growth, and not of votes’... ‘and have been merely de facto and not de jure’.

“The only interpretation of the above acts and declaration which the undersigned, as one tolerably well acquainted with constitutional and parliamentary procedure, is able to arrive at, is that the American Section, exercising its indisputable right, in lawful Convention assembled—

“1. Voted to constitute itself a separate and completely autonomous Society, with its own title, constitution, and by-laws, life-president and other officers; and has thus as effectually broken its relation with the Theosophical Society as the United States of America did their colonial relation with Great Britain on July 4th, 1776.

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“2. Voted to consider the Theosophical Society as a body existing de facto and not de jure; holding a name to which it is not really entitled, and having no constitutional jurisdiction over the Sections, Branches, and Fellows in America and elsewhere, now holding its charters and diplomas.

“Since, however, the [American] Section, Branches, and Fellows in question had recognised the Society’s jurisdiction up to the date of the meeting of the Convention, and assembled as a part of the Society, and are still on our Headquarters’ registers; and since the records cannot be altered save by the intervention of the President, it rests with the undersigned to issue the present Executive Notice for the information of the concerned; thus completing the legal and constitutional separation from the Society of the participating Officers, Branches, and Fellows of the American Section, extinguishing the said Section itself, and recognising it as a new Society, devoted to the same work as that which the mother Society has for so many years been prosecuting. As President therefore, and official executive representative of the Constitution of the Theosophical Society, I do now declare and proclaim:

“First.—That the Charter, heretofore granted by the undersigned, viz., in the year 1886, for the formation and maintenance of the American Section, is hereby abrogated by virtue of the power given in Art. VII, Sec. I, of the Rules, and that

from April 28th, 1895, the Section ceased to exist.

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“Second.—All Charters of Branches which in Convention voted for the said Act of Secession, or which may have or shall subsequently vote to adopt the same, are hereby annulled, and the Recording Secretary is instructed to remove the names of the said Branches from the roll kept at the Society’s Headquarters, Adyar.

“Third.—The diplomas of all Fellows who have accepted or may in future accept for themselves and declare valid the said Act of Secession, are hereby cancelled; their holders cease, ipso facto, to be Fellows of the Theosophical Society; and it shall be noted on the Society’s Register that they withdrew themselves from membership on April 28th, or on such other date subsequently as may have marked their adhesion to the Act of Secession aforesaid.

“Fourth.—A certain number of Branches, Branch members, and unattached Fellows of the Society in America, having refused to accept as binding upon them the said Act of Secession, and expressed their wish to continue their relations with the Society as heretofore, and the importance and necessity of organised action having been fully proved by experience, the undersigned gives notice:

“(a) That he will issue a new Charter for an American Section of the Theosophical Society, under the provisions of Art. VII, Secs. 1, 2, 4, and 5, and hereby confirms the validity of existing Charters of Branches, a majority of whose members have voted against accepting the Act of Secession aforesaid, or may change their votes after the date of the present instrument.

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“(b) To carry into effect the above notice, the undersigned appoints Alexander Fullerton Esq., F.T.S., of New York, Mrs. Kate Buffington Davies, F.T.S., of Minneapolis, George E. Wright Esq., F.T.S., of Chicago, and William John Walters Esq., F. T. S., of San Francisco, a special Committee, to collect and forward to the undersigned all petitions and resolutions pertaining to this business, to have charge of all American affairs pending the issue of a Section Charter, and as Presidential Agents to supervise the proper organisation of the new American Section of the Theosophical Society.

“The undersigned notes with regret that the American Convention was led into

the adoption of the wholly false and misleading idea, that the Theosophical Society, now existing is not de jure, the continuation of the Society which was formed by H. P. B., the undersigned, and our colleagues, at New York in 1875, but an adventitious body, the growth of circumstances, and having no real corporate authority over its Sections and Branches. There is, however, at Adyar, the original Record Book of the proceedings of Council, in which in Mr. Judge's own handwriting, and signed with the name of Mr. A. Gustam, the then Recording Secretary, T. S., is written the report of a meeting of Council, held early in 1878 at which the President was given full discretionary powers to establish Headquarters wherever he chose, to adopt whatever measures he might see fit in the Society's interests, the Council ratifying in advance whatever he might [319] do. This record is unfortunately in India at this moment, but it has been written for, and will be published at the earliest practicable date, for general information. It will then be seen how unsupported by facts is the record of the Society's history which was laid before the American Convention and before the counsellor-at-law whose professional opinion was obtained thereupon. When the Founders left New York for India, the undersigned, in an official order issued at London in January, 1879, the text of which is preserved, appointed Major-General Abner Doubleday, U.S.A., F.T.S., his representative pro tem. no definite plans for the future having then been formed. The members left at New York nominally held together for some years, but finally dropped out. In 1883 a few of them were gathered together by Mr. Judge, and upon due application, a new Society was formed, and chartered as a Branch of the T.S. under the title of 'the Aryan Theosophical Society'. By virtue of its quasi-successorship, though in point of fact, illegally, some of the original registers of the T.S. have been retained in that body. As a Branch it was chartered and registered, has been regularly reported to Headquarters, and has paid to the Treasurer of the Society the lawful fees and dues of its members. Prior to this, however, charters had been granted by the undersigned to two other American Branches. As President-Founder, therefore, the undersigned declares that the Theosophical Society has had an unbroken existence from the date of its foundation in 1875 to the present [320] day, and that every charter and diploma issued by it under its seal and over the President's signature, has been valid and of constitutional force. The further declaration is officially made that, from the date of the passage of the above-mentioned Act of Secession, the retention of the papers and property of the late American Section, the continued use of the Theosophical Society's seal by the new Society, its Officers, Branches, and Members, have been illegal, and on

behalf of the Society the undersigned repudiates, as invalid, all new documents bearing the Society's Seal or his official signature. He also requests that the new Society's officers will turn over all Sectional archives and other property to the Special Committee herein-above appointed.

"Finally, the undersigned gives notice that Mr. W. Q. Judge, having by his own act lost his membership in the Society, is no longer its Vice-President, and the said office is now vacant.

"While it would have been better if the work in hand could have been continued as heretofore in a spirit of unity and mutual reliance, yet the undersigned considers that a separation like the present one was far more prudent than the perpeuation of ill-feeling and disunity within our ranks by causes too well known to need special reference. The undersigned offers to his late American colleagues his best private and official wishes for the prosperity, usefulness, and honorable management of their new Society."

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The lapse of time and the trend of events has not made me disposed to alter the decision then made; I think it was the only logical remedy to meet the case if the autonomy of the Society was to be maintained.

CHAPTER XXIV

SPAIN, LONDON, AND HOLLAND

(1895)

MY journey back from Madrid to Paris was made tedious and unpleasant by delays caused by landslips on the line of the railway. I was compelled to stop a night at a doleful hotel at Zumarraga and the next one at Tolosa, whence we moved onward to Hendaye, the French frontier town. From thence I went on to Paris very comfortably in a Pullman car. The monotony of the Spanish transit was relieved by the conversation of an elderly Irish gentleman, with whom I had a delightful passage of wit. After some hours of travel the thing became monotonous to him, so he presently took from the net over his head his travelling bag, drew from it a bottle of Irish whiskey and politely asked his neighbors at his end of the compartment to join him in a friendly drink. I noticed that he had a rich Irish brogue and when he came to my end of the compartment and offered me the bottle I politely declined, using the same brogue. He stopped, looked at me in surprise and said: "You're Irish!" When I insisted that I was an American he stoutly denied it, [328] adducing as proof positive the fact that I had the brogue and that he could tell the very county of Ireland that I came from. My protests and disclaimers went for nothing and when, laughingly, I told him that my ancestors had been born and died in America during the past 250 years, he looked at me with an expression of reproach that I can never forget and said: "Excuse me, Sor, but it's not a nice thing for a man to deny his own country." Dear old gentleman, perfect type of his nationality and class, I shall ever preserve in memory the fact that he paid me, in this way, the highest compliment possible as to my mimetic faculty.

I got to Paris in the early morning of the 8th of June, left for London at about noon and reached there at 8 p.m. At the Headquarters in Avenue Road, I found all well and all glad to see me.

The Executive Notice about the American Section, which I had drafted at Zumarraga, was sent to the printer for distribution throughout the Society. Some

of Mr. Judge's principal backers came to see me to discuss the case and try to persuade me to smoothe things over and let the secession take its course: needless to say, without avail. On the evening of Sunday, the 9th, I went with Mrs. Besant to her lecture on "Man as Creator out of the Body". On the 11th I read 26 galleys of proof of the first volume of]. I presided on the 12th at a very fine lecture by Mrs. Besant on the "Light and Dark Sides of Nature". On the 14th I sent out certified printed copies of my Zumarraga Executive Notice dissolving [324] the Judge secession organisations, for circulation generally throughout the Society. That evening Mrs. Besant and I met at the private house of an influential Spiritualist, John Slater, a well-known medium, who gave tests of identity of deceased friends to several persons present. My record for the day closes with a note that Miss F. H. Müller, our old colleague, had resigned from membership. In her letter of notification to the Westminster Gazette she says that she withdraws because there is no longer any reason for her remaining and that she does not "esteem the opinions of the leaders of the Theosophical Society". I thought it a pity that she should have taken this extreme step and her subsequent drift from us to Vivekananda, from him to Christianity, and from that to her present position as the supposed special agent of the Higher Powers to bear their message to mankind, has not tended to give one the impression that she gained much by her withdrawal. She had always been my strong and valued personal friend and during her long connection with the Society had done what lay within her power to promote the movement.

I embraced the opportunity afforded me to spend some time with my very old friend and New York colleague, Mr. Richard Harte, who joined the Society at New York very early and whose connection with the Headquarters staff at Adyar for several years is fresh in the memories of our Indian members. During my visit of this year of writing (1903) I have heard of his untimely decease and was sincerely sorry to lose [325] the companionship of one who, despite his eccentricities, was a congenial friend. The latest number of Light that has reached me gives an account of his having begun to convey automatic messages from the "Spirit World" through a medium, and I think it more probable that they are genuine, for he is just the sort of chap who would take pleasure in making that kind of experiment for his own satisfaction.

One evening while he was at Adyar he made, in the presence of the Baroness Kroummess, F.T.S., of Austria, and myself, a very interesting experiment, viewed from the scientific side. He had procured in the bazaar a large glass

clock-shade, which he placed on a cloth-covered writing-table in our library: to make sure that no air could get under the case another woollen cloth was spread for the edge to rest upon. In a short cork inside the shade was fixed a darning-needle, point upward; on which point was nicely balanced a long strip of newspaper margin, running to a point at one end and folded down the middle. Mr. Harte then had each of us in turn place our hands against the glass on the outside, and hold them still to see if his balanced paper indicator would be affected by any vital, magnetic, or other current emanating from our hands. There was some slight movement in the case of us two men, but when the Baroness' hands touched the clock-case an agitation immediately began in the paper index and, finally, it swung on its pivot half around the circle. By changing her hands the motion was turned in the other direction. The [326] experiment was several times tried and always with the same result. This antedates Dr. Baraduc's apparatus for recording the effects of human vital currents by several years and, to my mind, is even more convincing than the vibrations of his needles

Mr. Harte had a chronic liking for experimental investigations in physics. While he was at Adyar, he had a carpenter at work about two years on a working model of a boat-propeller on the fish-tail principle, from which he had great hopes. He modified his plans fifty times until, finally, he was ready to test the efficacy of his propeller. So, on a warmish day he got into his boat, put his feet on the treadles that were to make the shaft revolve and at the word fell to with all his force: I, meanwhile, walking along the river-bank between two marked points with a watch in my hand. Before he had travelled over half the course the perspiration was streaming from him at every pore, yet his boat crawled along the water at an ominously slow speed. Arrived at the point of destination, he was pretty nearly done up and his state of mind may be judged from the fact that it appeared from our calculations that a steamer fitted with his fish-tail propeller would move at a rate of about two and a half miles per hour. Nevertheless he took his failure good-naturedly and bore me no malice for my laughing at him.

During my visit to London on the occasion under notice it was my good fortune to make the personal acquaintance of Madame Sarah Grand, authoress of [327] The Heavenly Twins, whom I found to be a most agreeable, cultured, and attractive lady. My dear old friend, C. C. Massey, whom I looked up as usual, I found depressed about the fall in land—values—he being a land-proprietor—and generally in a pessimistic mood. My friend Moore and I went one evening to hear a paper read before the Folklore Society by a noted author, and were greatly

disgusted with the seeming moral weakness shown by him in dealing with the question of psychic phenomena; we were equally so with the speech made by another celebrity on the question, his remarks being couched in a tone of insolent and superficial scepticism as to the subject. It is inconceivable to me that a man who has become convinced of a certain truth should have the moral cowardice to shrink from giving his testimony to it: on the other hand, nothing arouses a stronger combative feeling in me than to hear a person who is absolutely ignorant of and incompetent to express an opinion upon psychic phenomena, venturing to air his worthless opinion and to insult persons who are qualified by long experience to discuss the phenomena in question.

Among my visitors on the 20th of June was a tall and handsome gentleman, Count Franz Bubna, F.T.S., of Austria whose acquaintanceship with us leaders of the Theosophical movement began, if we may believe our colleagues who have developed the power of reading the Akashic records, in the far-distant days of ancient Peru. His is only one of several such cases [328] which have been brought to my notice and which go to show that the ties between myself and my fellow-members in the Society are not now formed for the first time in our present incarnations. It is indeed a pleasing thought that we have been evolving along the same ray of the Logos, and that our mutual relationship will be strengthened in proportion to our joint activity in our present life-work; that if we learn to love and work with each other now, death will not cut asunder the bond of union. I wish that every member of the Society could take to heart this truth, and apply it to all his relationships in life, for certainly in the case of those who are united in marriage or family ties, they would come to understand that their contact is not accidental, nor their permanent wrenching asunder inevitable or even possible.

On the day above mentioned I left for Holland and reached Amsterdam at 8 on the following morning by that short and agreeable route via Harwich and the Hook of Holland. The three days of my visit included delightful conversations with my dear friends of Amsterdam and the Hague, visits to Mr. Fricke’s model school, a steamboat excursion to Alkmaar, an old, quaint Dutch town four hours’ sail from Amsterdam, a reception and question-meeting at the Amsterdam headquarters, a visit to the Royal Museum, where the Director-General, Mr. Fred. Obreen, showed me all the pictorial treasures of the Dutch school, and a drive from the Hague to Scheveningen, the fashionable watering-place, during which the fisher [329] girls, standing along the road, burst into laughter as they saw my curly white hair and long beard and shouted after me the words “Welcome

Klaus!" their popular name of Santa Claus, the children's toy-bringer at Christmas-time. I left on my return journey on the 23rd and twelve hours later arrived in London after a pleasant transit by rail and boat from Amsterdam.

CHAPTER XXV

CHANGING THE CONSTITUTION

(1895)

THE disingenuous policy of Mr. Judge in trying to shirk responsibility for his misdeeds under cover of technicalities with respect to the nature of the Vice-Presidential office and the limitations of the incumbent's responsibility, had made it clear that we would have to make various changes in our Rules, and the matter seemed of such grave importance that I had decided to convene a meeting of the General Council at London in the month of July (1895). The text of my Executive Notice appears in the Supplement to the Theosophist for May, 1895. It reads as follows:

"The General Secretaries of Sections are notified to attend, in person or by proxy, a meeting of the General Council, at the Headquarters of the European Section, 19 Avenue Road, Regent's Park, London, N. W., at noon on the 7th day of July next, to consider the case of the Vice-Presidency, and the several issues that will be made by the undersigned, and vote upon the constitutional questions involved."

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In pursuance of this appointment I had left Bombay for Marseilles on the 10th of May—as noted in the preceding chapter—reached Marseilles on the 30th and then got the first news of Judge's secession. This, of course, put a new aspect upon the whole question of the business that was to be brought before the General Council: the secession of the American Section was an accomplished fact—so far as a majority vote could make it so. I had acted upon it officially in my Executive Notice of June 5th, from Zumarraga, and the Council had now to take action upon this document in addition to the subjects for the consideration of which the meeting was called. It must be borne in mind that this meeting was not called after the Judge secession, but before it, and while the question was pending whether or not he should be forced to retire from office. It was in our mind to make alterations in the language of the Rules as it affected the terms on

which the Vice-Presidency could be occupied and vacated, with or without the consent of the incumbent. The crisis of the Secession precipitated matters so that, instead of meeting in London on the 7th of July, the General Council met at the London Headquarters on the 27th of June. The Indian, European, and Australasian Sections were respectively represented by Messrs. B. Keightley and G. R. S. Mead, General Secretaries of the first two, and Mr. Sinnett as proxy for Mr. J. C. Staples, General Secretary of the third. Of course, as President-Founder, I presided. The American Section was then in the transition stage from the [332] old to the new Charter, and under the management of the special Committee designated in the Zumarraga Executive Notice. The Scandinavian Section did not come into existence until a few weeks later. The Chair appointed Mr. Mead as Secretary to the meetings. He then, with a few prefatory remarks, submitted his recent action for the consideration of the General Council in the following term:

"TO THE GENERAL COUNCIL, T. S.,

"The undersigned hereby places before you a copy of his Executive Notice of June 5th instant, in which the separation of the American Section from the mother Society is recognised; its Charter, those of all assenting Branches, and the diplomas of all Members or Fellows who have voted for the Act of Secession, and declared the Theosophical Society to have had no existence, de jure, since the year 1878, cancelled. The matter is before you for such action as you may see fit to take, under Sec. 1 of Art. VI, of the Rules."

It was then moved by Mr. Sinnett, seconded by Mr. Keightley, that the President's Executive Notice of June 5th, 1895, be approved and ratified by the General Council, and so notified to the Sections. Carried unanimously. This legalised the Presidential action in the matter of the American Section and the provisions for carrying on the business of the Section until its new Charter could be issued and a General Secretary recommended for appointment.

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The President-Founder then read the following paper to the Council for its information, and the same was, upon motion, ordered to be included in the published report of the meeting:

"TO THE GENERAL COUNCIL,

"I wish to lay before you a few remarks about the proposals recently put forward for a change in the Constitution of the Theosophical Society. It is not

necessary that I should deal with them in detail, since I am concerned only with the general principle involved. Should we, or should we not, essentially alter the Constitution under which we have worked fairly well for so many years? If so, should we do it hurriedly, under the pressure of a momentary outbreak of feeling, or should we proceed slowly and deliberately? I incline to the latter policy, as I do not see any sufficient reason for haste, which is always injudicious, and often fatal to a good cause. Our present Constitution has been a bridge strong enough for us to cross upon, and has not been found radically defective. At the same time it may be improved and, as President, I am more interested than anybody else to see the improvement made, for the ultimate burden of responsibility falls on my shoulders. I should regard as an improvement any new clauses which should make it easier for me to deal executively with crises like that through which we have just passed in the Judge case, and which has been effectually ended by his withdrawal from office and from membership.

[334]

But for the clumsy and expensive expedient of a Judicial Committee, I might have settled the whole matter long ago, and thus saved a vast amount of friction, ill-feeling, partisanship, and expense. Executive powers of the amplest scope were held and exercised by me from a very early period in our Society's history, i.e., before we left New York for India, and to the recent date when tinkering of the Constitution, alteration of the Rules, and binding the President in coils of red tape, began. My experience in Governmental affairs and private societies and corporations, has convinced me that, with an honest and capable man as manager, the fewer Rules and the less obstructive formalities there are, the better will work be done and the more prosperous and successful be the Society, bureau, department, or company. With a dishonest or inefficient manager in control, the multiplication of Rules does no good; the only remedy is in change of the administration. It should also be borne in mind that in our Society, Presidential action is subject to the approval of the General Council, and hence is not autocratic. Pray do not suppose that my remarks are prompted by any personal considerations whatever, for such is not the case. I have always been ready to yield my office to a better man; I am so to-day: I do not wish to remain President one day longer than my services seem necessary for the best interests of the Society. That has become the life of my life, the dearest object of my heart, and far be it from me to omit doing anything, or to hesitate from [335] making any sacrifice, by which its welfare may be promoted.

“Among the criticisms of the Constitution which seem to have a certain weight, I will specify that of the wording of our Third Object. It has been urged that, by encouraging inquiry into ‘the psychical powers latent in man,’ we have fed a craving for phenomena, and opened the door to abuses which have drawn upon us the curse of many troubles. When one sees how easy it is for self-deluded psychics and cunning pretenders to draw crowds after them in a blind quest after ‘powers,’ and a more open intercourse with unseen teachers, one can sympathise with the views of those who would alter the phraseology of our Third Object. I, myself, would be glad if it should be made a serious offence henceforth for any person in our Society to give out any teachings as by authority; for it has always been my belief—and I can point to printed records as far back as 1853 to prove my assertion—that the value of any given teaching is not augmented in the least degree by attaching to it an authoritative name. Holding these opinions as I do, I should be glad rather than sorry to see some change made in the wording of the Third Object. There are other changes that it would doubtless be well to make, as for example, to eliminate the idea of geographical boundaries in constituting a Section. There are others still, but, as said before, I should be distinctly opposed to taking precipitate action, and should not recommend any changes that had not been considered [336] and voted upon in all the Sections, and finally ratified by the constitutional majority vote in General Council (Art. V, Secs. 1, 2, and 3).

“Some, I see, have erroneously supposed it necessary to alter the Constitution that new Sections with autonomy may be created. A glance, however, at Art. III, Secs. 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, and the last sentence in Section 4 of same Article, will satisfy anyone that the President has full power, ‘for valid reasons,’ to form new Sections, prescribe their territorial limits, grant them autonomy, confirm their By-laws, and empower them to issue, under his authority and in his name, charters and diplomas. Under my present powers I can, if it should appear to me judicious, create one or a dozen new territorial Sections within the present area of anyone of the existing Sections, as easily as I can create them in Africa, South America, or any other continent not at present sectionally chartered. The only prerequisite is that seven chartered Branches of the Society within the specified area, shall join in petitioning me to issue such a charter in each case. The modification I would suggest is to strike out the words ‘territorial’ and ‘geographical area’ where-ever they occur in connection with the idea of a Section.

“While upon this subject, it is best that I should make very clear the difference

between an autonomous Section of the Society and a seceded Section. A Section of any public body is a part of it; subordinate to its Constitution; under the government of its Executive and Council; incapable of exempting itself [337] from its Constitutional restrictions which include the results of any decisive vote that may be constitutionally cast by its highest governing assembly. A Section of our Society may, therefore, be autonomous in the full meaning—self-law-making—of the word; that is to say, may make its own by-laws and rules with the President's approbation, but (vide Art. III, Sec. 10) with the proviso that they 'do not conflict with the Objects and Rules of the Theosophical Society'. Now, the General Secretary of a Section is, ex-officio, a Secretary of the Society and a member of the General Council; which (vide Art. V. Sec. 1) is invested with 'the general control and administration of the Society,' and (Sec. 2) decides its action by 'a majority of votes'. If he is outvoted in Council he has no choice but to submit, as would any other member in any other question introduced by him. Then, again, the Section being, not a separate body, but only a part of the one international body known as the Theosophical Society, which has been organised in a given territory or country for convenience of administration, it has no right to alter its subject relationship with the Society; to change the wording of its by-laws without Presidential warrant; to elect a 'President' of the Section, either temporary or permanent; to give an illegally chosen Executive (in violation of Art. II, Sec. 7), an unlawful title or a longer term of office than that prescribed by law; or to repudiate the de jure character of the Society, and thus declare invalid the charters which it has issued and the diplomas or certificates of membership granted [338] by it to its Members or Fellows. These are severally acts of rebellion, of independent sovereignty, of defiance; and these steps having been taken by the late American Section, in convention lawfully assembled, as reported to me by Mr. Judge in an official letter signed by him in his new Presidential capacity I had no alternative but to accept the situation, recognise the revolt as an accomplished fact, and officially suppress the Section, discharter its revolting Branches, and cancel the diplomas of those Fellows who had, by their votes, declared them invalid instruments—mere waste paper. I need not say how sad I was for the necessity of taking this summary action, for the ties of personal affection and respect bind me to many of our late American colleagues. But duty demanded this sacrifice of feeling and I could not hold back. Our Association being of a purely voluntary character, I could not exercise the least coercion to keep the members loyal; I could only give effect to their declared personal independence by relieving them pro forma of their membership.

Moreover, the majority in a Branch being the voice of the Branch—its governing power and lawful representative for the time being—I was compelled to accept a Branch majority vote in favor of the Boston Act of Secession as the expression of the Branch's sovereign will that it should cease to be a part of the Theosophical Society of 1875, and thenceforth be a part of the new American society of 1895, and cancel its old charter. Similarly, when the majority of any Branch had voted to remain loyal and repudiate secession, it was my [339] duty to officially recognise and affirm the fact, and leave the Branch charter in the hands of the loyal majority. Of course, the minority would in any case have the clear right of leaving the majority in possession and reorganising themselves as a new Branch of the Society of their choice. It has given me pain to come to know that this self-evident rule of parliamentary and ethical procedure has not been grasped by some of our late American colleagues, who now find themselves, to their surprise, deprived of membership in the Society which they had come to love, and for which many of them had made large sacrifices. To all such, whether as individuals or as Branches, the door will always be open for return.

"Now the case would have been quite different if the Boston Convention had proceeded within Constitutional lines. They might, for instance, have pointed out desired modifications of their sectional by-laws and rules, and under Art. III, Sec. 10, have submitted them to me for ratification. I should have felt myself obliged to approve and confirm all amendments which did not conflict with the constitutional solidarity and international character of the Theosophical Society as a whole; there would have been increased autonomy and no revolt. But I should never have confirmed any proposed change which would make the American Section and its General Secretary more independent of the General Council, the President, or the Theosophical Society's Constitution than are the other Sections and General [340] Secretaries; or which gave it a President, a misleading title, a new seal, or a new form of diploma. To do so, would be equivalent to my consenting to the upsetting of the Constitution and the splitting of the Society into fragments. Though fifty new and autonomous Sections should be chartered by me, the Society would not be weakened: it might, perhaps be bettered, although I have always believed that 'in union is strength'; but to permit one Section to set itself up as independent of the central control, to deride its authority and pronounce illegal its charters and diplomas, would have been as bad statesmanship as for Great Britain to ratify the secession and independence of Scotland, England, or Ireland, or for the United States to have permitted Virginia or any other State to set itself up as an independent sovereignty,

contrary to the provisions of the Federal compact between the States of the Union. The pernicious example set at Boston is bearing its natural fruit in one or more pro-positions which are now being circulated for signatures, and upon which no other interpretation can be put than that the formation of new Theosophical Societies is contemplated. I hope that the promoters of these schemes may look at the questions without prejudice, from both sides, before pressing them to an issue.

"If seven European Branches are discontented with remaining in the present European Section, they can join in petitioning me to form them into a separate Section, and I shall do so if, as above explained, their [341] proposed By-laws are formed in such a way as to agree with the provisions of the Theosophical Society's Constitution and By-laws now in force. I am also willing to charter new Sections in specified countries as, for instance, Sweden, Holland, Germany, [13]etc., etc., if pressed to do so, and valid reasons are brought to my notice.At the same time I wish it to be made plain to your respective Sections that, for the same reason that I dischartered the American Section and its revolting Branches, and cancelled the diplomas of its consenting members, I shall discharter every other Branch in any part of the world which, by a majority vote of its fellows, accepts and endorses the Secession Act of the Boston Convention, and shall cancel the diplomas of those who vote with the majority.

"This, you must observe, is quite irrespective of the personal worth of the recalcitrant members; a simple act of constitutional procedure, imposed upon the President and General Council, and for neglect to do which we might be impeached. It is the confirmation of the right of each member to free private judgment and liberty of action: he revolts against our authority, denies the legal status of our Society, repudiates the validity of our charters and diplomas; we let him depart in peace with our kindest wishes for his spiritual welfare, and that is the end of our mutual relationship."

[342]

As the office of Vice-President had been declared in the Zumarraga Executive Notice to have been vacated by Mr. Judge by his act of secession, the President-Founder, before the close of the Council meeting, announced the appointment of Mr. Alfred Percy Sinnett to fill the vacancy, and Mr. Sinnett having accepted the nomination, the Secretary was instructed to publish for general information the proceedings of the meeting.

The General Council then adjourned sine die.

To complete the legal formalities an Executive Notice of Mr. Sinnett's appointment was issued at London on the 27th of June and circulated to the General Secretaries of Sections, with the following request: "You are hereby requested to take the vote of your respective Sections upon the above nomination, and to communicate the result to me within the next three calendar months, as prescribed by the By-laws."

By the 17th of September the affirmative votes of the four then existing Sections having come in, an Executive Notice was issued at London declaring him "to be the constitutionally chosen Vice-President, subject to the conditions prescribed in our By-laws". At the present time, as experience proves, it takes about six months to get a vote of the General Council upon any question submitted to the members by the President-Founder: when our contemplated Sections in South America, Cuba, South Africa, and other distant territories are added to our rolls, the time required will be even longer.

CHAPTER XXVI

MORE DETAILS OF THE SECESSION

(1895)

THIS timely action saved the situation, snatched the coveted prize from the Secessionists, and forced them outside the walls of our fortress, where they had only scope for guerilla tactics. The plot had been deliberately hatched and they seem to have expected to carry the whole Society with a rush, as they had the American Section. I do not wish to use any harsh terms, for I am convinced that, barring Judge and a few others, the mass of seceders were as s n ere in their beliefs as were the Confederates who took up arms against their Government. But they made certain fatal miscalculations, among which was the popular strength of Mrs. Besant. Judge probably thought himself more influential then she, and knew that she would never resort to the deceptive policy which he had used succesfully with her and some of her associates in the European Section; by trickery he would get the better of her, as he had in the matter of putting off her Indian visit, and compel her to keep silence if he could not neutralise her. Another [344] mistake was in ignoring members of strong character, and not his followers, like Sinnett, George Wright of Chicago, Mead, Sturdy, Staples, Fullerton of New York, Oliver Firth, the leading men in the Indian and Australian Sections, the strong partisans of Mrs. Besant in Great Britain, like B. Keightley, and elsewhere, who would naturally stand by her in a comparison of characters and condemn him for his whole behaviour. Lastly, myself, plus the strength behind me, the strength of the Truth, Justice, and Integrity of our cause, the unshakable constitutional basis of the Society and, greatest of all, the Masters, whom I have so long known, so long served, and who have approved of my official management, even when our London people were boycotting me.

How the Secession scheme was pushed through the Boston Convention was reported to me by some of the loyal minority, among them Dr. La Pierre, of Minneapolis. We are indebted to them for their narratives, from which I am now compiling this story. My informants say that Mr. Judge made use of the power he

had over the members of the E.S.T. (Eastern School of Theosophy), the confidential group of special disciples which H.P.B. formed and which, after her death was directed by Mrs. Besant and Judge. He had issued the manifesto referred to in “Old Diary Leaves” for August, 1903, [Chapter XIX] in which he farcically deposes his coadjutor, declares himself the only head of the School, in apostolic succession to H.P.B., and the only living agent of the Adepts. The Branches [345] of this School in America were circularised by him and it was arranged that they should manage to be chosen as Delegates to the Boston Convention.

As I wish to be perfectly fair and impartial, I must say that Dr. Buck, in a letter to me of May, 1895, indignantly denied the truth of the charge that the machinery of the E.S.T. had been employed by Judge and his friends to control the Boston Convention. Still it cannot be denied that the E.S.T. circular, briefed for my chapter in the August Theosophist, [Chapter XIX] was issued by him as a secret document, for it says as much. Dr. Buck, moreover, sent me in another letter (of May 31st, a month after the Secession), a copy of his own Circular (undated) addressed to the “Members, Branches, and Sections of the Theosophical Society”. This is a notable document, as will appear from the following extract:

“There is a ready and efficient method of ending the bitter strife which has already made our Society a laughing-stock. That is, the separation of the Sections, the abolition of the offices of President and Vice-President, the giving of complete autonomy or ‘home rule’ to every Section. In other words, to be like Canada, self-governing in every particular, with its own laws, legislature and Governor, though still in the Empire. As the chief of those in opposition to Mr. Judge have done their best to drive both President and Vice-President out of office, they can find no reasonable ground for complaining of our deciding as above suggested and asking them to cooperate by [346] voting in the same way. This will give the American Section the opportunity to stand by Mr. Judge and continue the work with him which has been so successful and satisfactory in the past. No duties whatever devolve upon the office of Vice-President until the death of the President, why should we wreck the movement for an empty name?

“The Sections being so widely separated, the present dissensions and strife will go on for years, and even then result in no settlement satisfactory to all parties. Some will believe Mr. Judge guilty, others will believe him persecuted and much abused. This was demonstrated in the effort made in London last July. Several

thousand dollars were expended in travel from the remotest quarters of the globe, and three weeks' time were employed in efforts for final adjustment. A conclusion was reached, the best possible under the circumstances, accepted unanimously without protest, and delegates including prosecutors and defendant departed their several ways. Yet here we have the whole matter again revived with accusations more bitter, denunciations more general, feeling intensified, and in the face of all this, other meetings and trials proposed. Under the circumstances, and with the history already made before us, this is utter folly.

"I do not ask any member or Branch of the T.S. to pass judgment on Mr. Judge or his accusers, for I am well aware that such judgment would be worthless without the possession of all the facts to the last analysis, including what part, if any, the Masters [347] may have had in our affairs. But I do ask the Branches and members of the American Section to speedily put an end to strife in the only way now possible.

"The T.S. has grown so large, and is becoming so unwieldy that a separation of Sections even without our present trouble, would soon, in my judgment, become imperative. Let each Section retain the present organisation and name, but simply manage its own affairs. No executive or general officer can exercise jurisdiction all over the globe.

"The honorary title of President-Founder belongs alone to Colonel H.S. Olcott, and the American Section should in the future, as in the past, recognise this and bestow upon him all honorary considerations, fraternal regard, and the appreciation of his long and untiring services.[14]

"Instead of promoting strife among the Sections, the action proposed is the only possible way to secure harmony. We can then without official constraint, vie with each other, as individuals, Branches, and Sections, in all good words and work. We can affiliate as sections, on the same basis, and help each other then, as now, in that peace of brotherly emulation that is devoid of strife.

"I therefore urge the American Section to pass unanimously a vote of Secession, and declare their entire autonomy, and to proceed to organise this Section on [348] this basis, and make it effectual in the best sense for the promotion of the real brotherhood of man on the lines laid down by the Master and H.P.B."

The reader who has followed me in my narrative will give its proper value to this circular, for it foreshadows the exact course which was followed by the seceders in the Boston Convention. It was circulated to the Branches (or to the

Branch officers who could be relied upon to make good use of it, for officers of a certain influential Branch tell me that it never came to their knowledge before the Convention, but was kept from them by the recipients), in ample time to influence the selected delegates. In fact my former friend Dr. Buck in sending me the copy above quoted from, writes me (May 31st) that this was the campaign document which brought about the action in Boston. With benevolent candor he advises me—as did Judge, Patterson, Rambo, Neresheimer, and other of their leaders, to accept the action as a fait accompli, ratify the Secession and recommend the other Sections to do likewise: then we should have peace. Judge goes so far as to ask me in one of his letters, to declare that I knew him to have been in relations with the Masters and possessed of psychic powers. If I would do all this, it was intimated that I might count on pecuniary support for Headquarters as in the past. Truly a compliment to my lamb-like innocence! The real scheme in view was kept secret except from certain chosen leaders; the other delegates walked like sheep into the pen to be branded.

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On the evening of April 20th a private meeting was held at which Mr. Judge, Dr. and Mrs. Keightley, of London, Messers. Fussell, Claude Wright, Patterson, and the Presidents of Branches in the New England Theosophical Corporation (a federation) made up the programme for the Convention, drafted resolutions of Secession, a new form of Constitution and By-Laws, and called themselves a Committee on Resolutions. At another private meeting on the 27th of April, the day before the Convention, Dr. Buck, of Cincinnati, assisted, and also such of the "faithful" delegates as could be collected together. This illegal meeting ratified the proceedings of the previous meeting. When the Convention assembled Dr. Buck was, of course, elected Chairman and two other conspirators (as I must call them), Messrs. Wright and Fussell, Secretaries; a nominal Committee on Credentials passed upon the qualifications of Delegates! All the proxies of absent delegates were, naturally, held by the bodyguard of Judge. The delegate from the Ishwara T. S. voted for Secession, contrary to his instructions from the Branch. But, that did not matter since it was known in advance just how things were to be made to go. Letters from sympathisers in Europe provoked cheers for Judge, among them one said to have been unusually scurrilous against Mrs. Besant, from Dr. Franz Hartmann, which was so violent that, as alleged, Dr. Keightley suppressed part of it in the reading, and the demand for its publication by the loyal minority was, at the suggestion of Mr. Judge, overwhelmingly

denied by the majority.

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A resolution of the Ishwara Branch condemning Secession and signed by about 90 persons was thrown out.[15] Then came the immaculate and constitutional Report of the pretended "Committee on Resolutions" and with it the psychological moment! When the clause providing for the election of Mr. Judge as Perpetual President of the "Theosophical Society of the [351] Western Hemisphere" (sic) was read, the delegates, led by the managers, "shouted themselves hoarse". The election was carried by 195 yeas to 10 nays. The meeting then went mad. Mr. Fullerton had previously made an eloquent speech, in which he showed most conclusively—says my correspondent's report (of date, May 5th)—that there was "no occasion for the proposed Secession except to relieve Mr. Judge from replying to the charges against him. But his words fell upon deaf ears; the delegates were there for a purpose and they were bound to carry it through." In conclusion, my friend suggests that I, as President, should issue a proclamation asking the members of the Society in the United States and Canada to unite and resume the form of the "American Section of the T.S." I do not recollect when or where this important letter reached my hand, but it seems to have been sent through Mrs. Cooper-Oakley. Possibly I got it on landing at Marseilles, possibly at London on my return from Spain.

Of course, the loyal members of our Society throughout the United States took active steps to save the Section from wreck. Mr. George E. Wright, President of the Chicago Branch, proved a pillar of strength at the time and he was energetically supported and helped by Miss N. E. Weeks, the Branch Secretary. To them was largely due the prevention of the secession of their Branch, and the arousing of a hopeful feeling in other Branches. I find in my archives the following paper which goes to support this view:

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CENTRAL STATES COMMITTEE OF THE

THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY

"26 Van Buren St., Room 48

Chicago, June 1st, 1895.

"To H. S. Olcott, President of the Theosophical Society and Chairman of the Executive Council.

“Dear Sir,—

“The undersigned regularly organised and constituted Branches of the Theosophical Society, by their duly authorised officers do hereby make application to be officially recognised as the American Section of the Theosophical Society. In case this request is granted we desire to appoint Mr. Alexander Fullerton to act as General Secretary pro tem., of the American Section until the election of officers at the next regular Convention in April, 1896.”

CHICAGO BRANCH W. J. Walters, Sec.

Geo. E. Wright, Pres. MUSKEGON BRANCH

Netta E. Weeks, Sec. F. A. Nims, Pres.

ISHWARA BRANCH S. E. Sherman, Sec.

J. W. B. La Pierre, Pres. PORT TOWNSEND

pro tem. BRANCH

Ruth P. Clawson, Sec. Robert Lyall, Pres.

pro tem. (Per Louise Thomas, in

BOISE BRANCH absence of Pres. And

Mrs. C. C. Wood, Vice-Vice-President)

Pres. Louise Thomas, Sec.

Mrs. E. E. Athey, Sec. NARADA BRANCH

GOLDEN GATE LODGE Ida S. Wright, Pres.

D. J. Lamoree, Pres. Arthur L. Knight, Sec.

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WILLAMETTE BRANCH INDRA BRANCH

Lewis A. Ward. Pres. John Healess, Pres.

E. Edwina Powell, Sec. Wm. J. Ward, Sec.

Dr. Mary Weeks Burnett, then as always one of the most active workers in our Society, was sent to London to represent in the Convention the loyal minority and to present the above document; but so much time was lost in circulating it for signatures that she had to come over without it, and Mr. Wright’s covering

letter to myself was not posted until the 26th of June. Meanwhile, however, besides the nine signatory Branches, he had received notices of concurrence from those at Toledo, Toronto, Los Angeles, East Los Angeles, and Las Vegas (N.M.). Mr. Wright reports that he had turned over the record book and letter files of the Section to Mr. Fullerton, who would act as General Secretary. It was very gratifying to me to find that the Executive Notice from Zumarraga, Spain, covered the whole ground traced out in the important document above cited. The presence of Dr. Weeks Burnett at the Convention of the European Section, gave much pleasure to everybody; and she was made the bearer of fraternal and appreciative messages to Mr. Wright and the other loyalists whom she represented.

The new Charter for the American Section, promised in my Zumarraga Executive Notice, was issued by me at London on the 7th July, but ante-dated to the 28th of April, 1895—(vide Theosophist, August, 1895, p. xiv, [354] Supplement) and sent to Mr. Fullerton as General Secretary ad int. Thus was the hiatus closed up and the re-chartered Section sent on its way.

Compared with the overwhelming majority of Secession, this was a very weak phalanx, but still a working and effective nucleus, as it was composed of men and women in deadly earnest—the truth of which has been proved by events. Little remains to recount. How we withstood the shock, how the Society has gone on strengthening and extending itself year by year, is matter of common knowledge. Poor Judge, with a fatal disease wearing away his life, enthroned in his seat of coveted power and elected “President for Life,” survived less than one year. He found himself eating but Dead Sea fruit—fair to look upon, ashes within. He did his best with the help of his chief stimulatress, Mrs. Tingley, to make his Society a strong rival of ours, issuing among others, persuasive circulars like the following:

“NOTICE TO MEMBERS-AT-LARGE

New York, May 4, 1895

“Dear Friend,

“1. At the Ninth Annual Convention of the American Theosophical Societies (Branches) held in Boston, on the 28th and 29th of April, 1895, the COMPLETE AUTONOMY of the said Societies was declared and the title “The Theosophical Society in America,” adopted together with a Constitution. The Resolutions declaring such autonomy are as follows:

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“Whereas, the growth of the Theosophical Movement has been phenomenal in America, and its origin, aim, and method of work is unlike any movement of modern times, and,

“Whereas, the different forms of organisation through which the body known as ‘The Theosophical Society’ has passed since the year 1878 were solely the result of growth, and not the result of votes, and were thus adopted from time to time to suit the exigencies of the moment and have been merely de facto and not de jure, and,

“Whereas, on the other hand, the Confederated Branches in America were regularly organised in 1886-87, and,

“Whereas, we have outgrown the present form of organisation of the Theosophical Society, and,

“Whereas, the duties pertaining to the general offices of the said Theosophical Society have not been essential to the real work of any Section or to the Movement as a whole, its federal and general officers residing at remote distances from each other and being necessarily unfamiliar with the exact conditions and needs of Sections other than their own, and,

“Whereas, a federation of all Branches of the world is not essential to the real work of any Section or to the Theosophical Movement as a whole, and,

“Whereas, conditions contrary to the principle of Universal Brotherhood have arisen within the Theosophical Society which would prove fatal to the continued existence of said Movement; therefore be it [356] “Resolved, First, that the American Section, consisting of Branches of the Theosophical Society in America, in Convention assembled, hereby assumes and declares its entire autonomy and that it shall be called from and after this date ‘The Theosophical Society in America,’

“Second, that the administration of its affairs shall be provided for, defined, and be under a Constitution and By-laws which shall in any case provide for the following;

“(a) A federation of Branches for the purpose of the formation of a nucleus of Universal Brotherhood without any distinctions whatever, this being its principal aim and object; its subsidiary objects being the study of ancient and modern religions, sciences, and philosophies; the declaration of the importance of such

study; and the investigation of the unexplained laws of nature and the psychical powers latent in man,

"(b) That William Q. Judge shall be President for life, with power to nominate his successor; and a, Vice-President, Treasurer, and Executive Committee, elected yearly.

"(c) Autonomy for Branches in local affairs.

"(d) An yearly Convention with equitable representation.

"(e) Territorial Committees for propaganda, without power to legislate.

"(f) The declaration that every member has the right to believe or disbelieve in any religious system or philosophy consistent with Universal Brotherhood [357] and declare such belief or disbelief, without affecting his standing as a member of this Society, each being required to show that tolerance for the opinion of others which he expects for his own.

"Resolved, that until the final adoption of a Constitution and By-laws the President is empowered to issue charters and diplomas for this Society.

"Resolved, that the Branches in America shall retain their present charters, the President being directed to endorse them as valid under the Constitution within a period to be defined.

"Resolved, that the books, records, lists, monies, funds, and property of every kind belonging to us as the American Section of the Theosophical Society be and hereby are turned over to and declared to belong to the Theosophical Society in America, their custodian to be William Q. Judge; but all members of the present federation not wishing to continue their membership under the new name shall on demand be entitled to their per capita share of the said monies and funds.

"Resolved, that until the said Constitution is written and adopted, the affairs of the Theosophical Society in America shall be administered under the Constitution of the American Section of the Theosophical Society, where that does not conflict with the above preamble and resolutions, and wherever such conflict occurs the said Constitution is hereby repealed, but all provisions relative to the Theosophical work and propaganda shall stand valid.

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"Resolved, that the Theosophical Society in America hereby recognises the

long and efficient services rendered to the Theosophical Movement by Col. H. S. Olcott, and that to him belongs the unique and honorary title of President-Founder of the Theosophical Society, and that, as in the case of H. P. B. as corresponding Secretary, he can have no successor in that office.

"Resolved, that the permanent organisation of this Convention remains as, and is hereby declared to be, the permanent organisation of the first Annual Convention of the Theosophical Society in America.

"Resolved, that all Branches of the Theosophical Society in America that do not vote for the autonomy of this Society may ratify the action of this Convention within three months from this date and such ratification shall constitute such Branches members of said Society.

"2. You have the right to accept or reject the above noted action of the Convention, and in either case I beg to request that you will inform me of your decision. In case you accept, you will please send me, to the above address, your diploma, in order that it may be endorsed as valid and continued in this Society. I will return it at once. All this is necessary in order to make the records regular and complete.

"3. The Constitution and By-laws are being made up, and when printed will be ready for distribution. A verbatim report of the Convention will be issued as soon as possible.

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"4. Dues of members-at-large. These have been raised to $2 a year instead of $1 as heretofore.

"Fraternally yours,

"WILLIAM Q. JUDGE,

"President of T. S. in America."

I think we may profitably close this chapter at this point and see if something pleasanter will not offer itself for our consideration next. Our ship has been struggling through a sort of Sargasso Sea of floating weeds, but there is clear water beyond.

CHAPTER XXVII

MRS. MITCHELL AND HYPNOTIC EXPERIMENTS

(1895)

WE have now seen the unsavory Judge case pass through the Judicial Committee and the General Council, so that only one stage remains before this page of our history can be turned down, viz., the European Section Convention. Of course the Convention had no jurisdiction over the matter, being the representative only of its own territorial area, but, for its information, the proceedings of the General Council had to be reported. Shortly after I had taken the Chair and called the meeting to order, a paper was handed in by Dr. Keightley and other representatives of the secession party, which proved to be an address of an apparently fraternal character, offering to co-operate with all bodies that were organised with the object of helping mankind. But when I came to read it, its real underlying motive was clearly exposed. It was not addressed to me as President of the Society and Chairman of the Convention of the European [361] Section, but to "The European Theosophists in Convention assembled as the 'European Section of the Theosophical Society,'" that is to say, the self-styled European Section, etc., thus implying that there was no properly formed European Section but only a conclave of individual members. The discourtesy intended and expressed is too evident to require further notice, and, of course, as the responsible Chairman I had no choice but to have the paper laid, unread, upon the table. The vote on this was unanimous. In history there is no record, to my knowledge, of any such paper having ever been admitted to a reading by any sober assembly or convention. Yet it is amusing to note in the various complaints made against us by the seceders, one of unbrotherliness and discourtesy because of its exclusion. The fact is that it was simply a continuation of the impertinent tone adopted by the Boston Convention when it declared that the great international movement which H. P. B. and I had engineered for so many years,

so successfully, “was solely the result of growth, and not the result of votes,” that the different modifications adopted “to suit the exigencies of the moment” were “merely de facto and not de jure”. The Judgeites offered in the Convention several resolutions of like tone, which were rejected, of course; whereupon they rose, to the number of 43, and departed from our midst: then came a huge sigh of relief and thenceforward the proceedings went on in the greatest harmony. And now let this whole black mephitic fog of secession be swept out to sea by the fresh breeze [362] that is ever filling the sails of our richly freighted bark. That beloved Quaker poet, Whittier, has said in a few golden words all that we needed to have said:

The clouds, which rise with thunder, slake

Our thirsty souls with rain;

The blow most dreaded falls to break

From off our limbs a chain.

By way of contrast with the diagreeable sensations caused by the episodes in question I had the joy of a re-union with my sister, after a number of years—the one who was so kind and considerate to H. P. B. during the old Lamasery times at New York. It was a delightful change to be able to withdraw one’s thoughts from present surroundings and recall the days of our youth and the many years of our happy family life with our noble parents. I took her to various interesting places in and about London, often with Dr. Mary Weeks Burnett, and once or twice with Madame Le Roux, a French nun, Mother-Superior of a Spanish Convent, who had been converted to Theosophy by a perusal of our literature, supplemented with the persuasive arguments of my friend Xifré. The first volume of these DIARY LEAVES being in the press I had to give a good deal of time to proof-reading. On the 9th of July my wanderings about town were interfered with by an attack of gout, but by the next afternoon I had got well enough to drive to the house of my friends, the Earl and Countess of Jersey, for luncheon.

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I do not recall any visit which gave my sister more leasure than one on the 11th to see a beloved friend of mine at Streatham Hill, whose tranquillity of mind and beauty of life is matched by the charms of the grounds about his country place.

Among my notable visitors of that time was Miss Brich, F.T.S., of

Southampton, now so widely known as the wife of my good friend, Alan Leo, editor of Modern Astrology, and one of the most interested members of our Society in London. The lady has a decided gift for palmistry and, I believe, for psychometry as well. I know quite a number of persons who have been astonished at her power to trace out the varying incidents of their lives in the lines of their hands. It is useless for anyone to say that there is nothing in palmistry, or psychometry, or phrenology, or physio-gnomy, or even Dr. Buchanan's Sarcognomy, for each and all of these are severally indications of the fact that the body of man is constructed by Nature after a plan in which the power of the indwelling entity is commingled with the plastic matter of flesh in such a way that the study of the latter, or rather of the body as a whole, is rewarded by glimpses more or less perfect, according to our developed discriminative powers, of the character of the dweller. The reader will remember that Professor Buchanan in announcing his system of Sarcognomy affirms that if a man's head be removed, his character may be as accurately read from the developments of the body, as before. For my part, I hold to the idea which I have expressed before, [364] that, seeing that the Eastern and Western systems of palm-readings are quite different, and yet that equally successful tracings of the subject's life events have been made by proficients in both of the schools, it is not so much the hard-and-fast system of interpretation of the palm-lines as the possession of a psychical insight which enables the palm reader to trace out the vicissitudes of the subject's life. This Mrs. Leo seems to have.

I took my sister one day to Maskeleyn & Cook and saw that infamous libel on our Society, the play of "Modern Witchcraft," about which I have spoken already. As she had a strong personal attachment to H. P. B. and a lasting friendship had been con-tracted between them, she was as indignant as myself in seeing our mutual friend caricatured in such an unpardonable manner.

Richard Harte, who was a New York acquaintance of my sister as well as myself, came for dinner on the 16th of July and discussed metaphysics in his usual eccentric style, with Mr. Mead, Mrs. Mitchell, Dr. Weeks Burnett, and myself. On the 17th, my friend Xifré arrived from Spain, via Paris, and charmed our ladies by his finished courtesy and cheerful conversation. Mrs. Mitchell and I left London on the 18th for Margate where Mrs. Holmes, the animating genius of our local group, extended to us her hospitality, and at 8 o'clock that evening I lectured and answered questions afterwards until bedtime. On the following morning we sat on the jetty enjoying the balmy [365] sea breezes and watching the

invalids and other visitors. While the season lasts, no summer resort offers a more delightful atmosphere than this famous place. I was interested in seeing my old American acquaintance J. L. Toole, the comedian, with whom we members of the Lotus Club used to pass many joyous hours at New York. Watching him being wheeled about in his bath-chair, a man stricken in years and seemingly feeble, one would never suppose that throughout a whole generation he had held without dispute so commanding a position as he did in the world of dramatic art.

On the afternoon of the same day we all went by train to Ramsgate, where Miss Hunter, our local leader, had arranged a meeting of members and inquirers to hear me discourse. The next day my sister and I left for France, via Boulogne, our kind hostess accompanying us across the channel for the sake of the excursion. We reached Paris at 11 p.m. and put up at my usual place, the Hôtel Gibraltar, then situate in the Rue St. Hyacinthe, but now and for several years past at the corner of the Rue de Rivoli and Rue St. Roch.

During the ten days that Dr. Burnett, my sister, and myself were together, we did much sight-seeing and profited by every opportunity to gain information about hypnotic science and the phase of therapeutics that was specialised by Professor Charcot at La Salpétrière. The headquarters of our movement in Paris was then in the Rue d'Estrées in charge of Madame Kolly, a [366] most enthusiastic F.T.S., whose face is familiar in some of the group photographs of delegates present at London Conventions. She kept our rooms so tidy that it was a pleasure to visit them. Mr. Xifré also turned up in Paris and we had the pleasure of his company for four or five days until he left for Carlsbad to take his usual course of the waters. He took me one day to see a village of Soudanese negroes, that had been set up in the Jardin des Plantes, and a more dirty, stupid, and brutal group of human beings I never saw; despite their being Moslems, it seemed to me that they must be capable of every cruelty and treachery in their own country, and one visit was quite enough to satisfy our curiosity. On the 25the my nemesis of accumulated work overtook me, and while the ladies went to the various paradises of the Paris shops, I stayed at home, read thirty galleys of my book and wrote some twenty letters.

On the 26th we all went to call on our old colleague, Lady Caithness, Duchesse de Pomar, at her palace in the Avenue Wagram. We met there the gifted Madame de Morsier, who had been for years Lady Caithness' indispensable Private Secretary and literary aid on the Theosophical magazine, L'Aurore, which she published for several years. Madame de Morsier and I were intimate friends and

I was always very glad to meet her again. On the day in question she took me to call on Dr. Baraduc, who showed us some remarkable photographs of what purported to be astral light, human auras, and cosmic matter in the process of [367] differentiation. Whatever it might have been, the photographs were certainly very interesting. They have been engraved for one of his books on the subject, which have succeeded his first one, La Force Vitale, of which he presented me a copy. That evening I dined with Xifré and saw him off to Carlsbad.

On the 27th, armed with an introductory note from my acquaintance, Dr. Babinski, to his successor as Chef de Clinique, Dr. Souques, we visited La Salpétrière, and Dr. Souques was obliging enough to give my lady companions the opportunity of seeing some of the hypnotic experiments which Professor Charcot and his chief aid, Dr. Babinski, had shown me on the occasion of other visits. He also made with us an appointment for a second visit two days later.

Meanwhile I went on the 28th to the Ecole Polytechnique, on invitation, to see Colonel de Rochas make some hypnotic experiments for the edification of some of his scientific friends. I have seen him give demonstrations of the sort more than once and have found them invariably instructive. Being disembarrassed of the necessity of thinking about curing a patient and following out a medical routine, he dashes boldly into the subject from the standpoint of the student of psychology who has no ulterior motive beyond learning something new about psychology. It is a great loss, to us, his fellow-inquirers, that he should have taken pension lately and so broken up his laboratory at the Polytechnique. The several books which he has published are important contributions [368] to this branch of science, and I hope that in his retreat he may produce other books embodying more of his notes of experiment, with the comments which his ripe experience and present freedom from official interference enable him to make.

According to appointment, then, the ladies and I made a second visit to La Salpétrière to see Dr. Souques experiment with one of Professor Charcot’s most famous subjects, known as “Blanche,” and with a fresh one. Among several successes the doctor made a failure in a case where I suggested that he should, before calling the sensitive into the room, gaze fixedly at a bright coin laid on the table, and try to keep the picture of it fixed in his mind until the hypnotic girl had entered, when he should attempt to transfer to her mind his visualised picture of the coin, and tell her that she might have the coin lying there as a present if she would pick it up. As remarked, the experiment failed and, as I told the doctor, because he had failed to keep vivid in memory the coin-image.

We all lunched with the Duchesse that day and in the evening a friend of Madame de Morsier, le Comte de Constantin, a very old experimentalist in mesmerism and clairvoyance, brought to my hotel at her request one of his mesmeric subjects. The best thing she did on that occasion was to read print and writing while her eyes were gummed and bandaged securely.

On the 30th our good friend, Dr. Weeks Burnett, left us for England and I took my sister about to see more objects of interest. All this time the publishers [369] were daily sending me rolls of page proofs of my book, which had to be read and returned at once so as not to keep the press waiting. On the afternoon of the day in question we made a call on a cousin of ours whom I had not seen for forty years, and who, naturally, brought up a thousand and one souvenirs of our childhood. At 9 p.m. on that day Mrs. Mitchell and I attended a séance at Lady Caithness' palace, of what she called her "Star Circle". There was a beautifully decorated little chapel quite in the old Gothic style, with a full-length and beautifully painted picture of the hapless Mary, Queen of Scots, in a sort of recess or chancel at the end of the room. Masked sidelights illuminated it so as to impress one with the idea that a living woman was waiting there to receive our salutations: the rest of the chapel was darkened. The Duchesse had been having this performance going on for a long time and seemed to be thoroughly convinced of the genuineness of her relations with the deceased queen through the paid mediums. One of these was a snuffy old woman in a rumpled bombazine dress, who gave messages by raps and table-tippings. One, to my address, purported to be from H.P.B. herself, and the Duchesse with an air of perfect conviction asked me if I did not think it was genuine. "Why, Duchesse," said I "you knew Madame Blavatsky intimately, as well as I, and you certainly must be willing to admit that if she were indeed present, rather than give such a stupid performance, she would fling the table to one end of the [370] room and the medium to the other!" Our hostess and I were on such terms of friendship that she took no offence at my candor, but still seemed as if she were not ready to abandon her faith in her employée. The other medium was a rather pretty young woman who wrote very rapidly at a side table while the other performance was going on. When I came to read her essay I found it good enough to put into the Theosophist as a sample of the best of the matter which was being given in this famous circle. Here is a paragraph from the paper, which, under the title of "Clairvoyance" will be found in the number of our magazine for April, 1896:

"What more staggering fact is there for human intelligence than that the

immensity of the heavens reflects itself accurately at the sensitive end of the optic nerve, and that all the worlds which rush through the starry spaces, with the races which cover their surfaces, may be contained in the human eye, while man sees the creation merely because he condenses and contains it within himself. Thus in each human eye the same phenomenon repeats itself and immeasurable space faithfully come to each of us and mirror themselves in this luminous spark."

The next day, on our way back from a visit to Versailles, my sister and I visited a splendid panorama called "L'Histoire du Siêcle" a visual presentation of the history of France within the past century. The painting was so well executed and the portraits of the chief personages of the several epochs were so accurate, that one got a very vivid idea of the course of events [971] since the pre-Revolutionary days of the eighteenth century and down to the current epoch, the Republic of Carnot (who was subsequently assassinated). I wish that the time might come when history would be taught in schools by this method, for I am sure that it would be more efficacious than any course of cramming out of dull books.

At the hotel on the evening of the 1st of August we had a second hypnotic séance with Mme. V…, M. de Constantin's best clairvoyant. The results this time were much better than on the former occasion. Besides reading with gummed and bandaged eyes, she was made to exemplify the power of fascination by the unspoken command of the mesmeriser, her bodily weight was sensibly increased, and her nervous sensitiveness was changed so that, while her skin was insensible to pinches, touchings, and even pricks of a pin, or the point of a knife-blade, she could feel acutely every finger-touch or pin or knife-prick on the surface of a glass of water placed behind her and out of the range of her sight, after she had held it in her hands in her lap a few moments, so that the water might become saturated with the aura given off from her person. This is always a very interesting and instructive experiment. At the séance in question, not only the Count but I myself also tested the subject. She showed no sign of consciousness when I was pricking her arm and shoulder with a pin, but the moment that my sister, obeying my gesture, thrust a pin into the surface of the glass of water, the woman started and gave a [972] little scream as she would naturally have done when the skin was pricked while she was in her normal waking state. I tested over and over again the power of attracting and repelling her by a mental command. The reader will bear in mind that the mesmeriser in this case was a private gentleman, and that his researches for so many years had

been solely for the purpose of gaining scientific information.

The next day was the 2nd of August, and my 63rd birthday. With Madame Savalle, Jules Bois, the author, and M. Bailly, the publisher, we went to Aulnay-s-Bois to breakfast with M. Arthur Arnould, President of our chief Parisian Branch, and a very well-known journalist. The breakfast was itself worth remembering because of the superb omelet given us by our hostess. The house occupied a small corner of the Forest of Bondy, known to every schoolboy for its connection with the tragedy in which a murdered victim's dog picks out of a crowd his master's assassin, who is brought to justice.

On the next day, among other things visited, was the famed Musée Grévin, a collection of Waxworks that is superior to that of Madame Tussaud. Scattered here and there through the different galleries are life-size effigies of individuals and groups, so placed as to deceive the unwary visitor. One seats himself beside a quiet-looking gentleman who holds in his hand a catalogue and who seems to be occupied in looking at the wax group before him. One asks permission to see the catalogue for a moment and, getting no [378] answer, turns to repeat the question when, lo! the silent neighbor proves to be a man of wax. In one corner in a passage, a uniformed attendant seems to be taking a quiet nap but on inspection, he too proves to be wax. So that really one gets a bit bewildered and cannot always distinguish living persons from their ceramic simulacra. As my sister and I were sitting on a bench I noticed that various passers-by scrutinised us closely as if to make out what we were. This provoked my love of fun to try an experiment, so, moving to the other end of the bench and cautioning my sister not to betray me, I assumed a pose and looked at a fixed object with a steady stare; controlling my breath so as to make an almost imperceptible motion of my chest. Presently there came along a party which included a young woman of twenty-odd years, who stopped nearly in front of me, watched me for a couple of minutes, then nudged her cavalier and whispered: "How very lifelike! What a clever piece of modelling. Alphonse, it is really incredible." Then, always keeping a watchful eye upon me, and encouraged by my immobility, she came timidly forward, stretched out her right arm and with her middle finger touched me on the cheek! This was too much for my gravity and I had to smile, but at the touch of the warm flesh the inquisitive young person gave a little scream, flushed up to her hair, and ran away: my sister, who throughout the scene had with the greatest difficulty resisted the tendency to laugh, now gave way to her mirth, in which all the bystanders joined.

CHAPTER XXVIII

FIRST VISIT TO BERLIN

(1895)

AT the house of Dr. Baraduc on the following day I met at lunch one of the most interesting men whom I have seen in France, a Dominican friar, whose white woollen robe and intelligent face reminded me of the description given of that great historical personage, Apollonius of Tyana. And, by the way, how majestically looms up against the background of history this incomparable man. The friar was an intimate friend of the family of my host and discussed with me for hours together and in the most amicable tone, the teachings of Eastern and Western philosophy. There is something about these well-educated ascetics of different religions, a something of unworldliness and high aspiration, which leaves a lasting impression upon the minds of those who come into contact with them. No wonder that princes show them homage and the greatest merchants and other capitalists place themselves at their feet to receive instructions. I have met many in my time—Hindus, Buddhists, Parsis, Mahomedans and Christians, all of whom made me think better of humanity; but towering above them all, and excelling [375] them in sweetness of expression and speech and the resplendency of spirituality, stand our Teachers and Masters.

What stronger contrast could there have been to this encounter with the worthy friar than the pictorial history of one of the most revolting pictures in the annals of the race, the panorama of the Bastille incident of the French Revolution, wherein we saw a glimpse of our humanity in its wildest, most murderous aspect: the mob shouting and fighting, volunteers enlisting, Marat and Hébert, those head devils of anarchy, looking on unmoved at the raging of the storm which they had helped to bring about.

My sister and I went on the same evening to the Robert Houdin conjuring show, originally founded by the great French conjurer himself, and since his death kept up by his pupil and successor, a man with a Scotch name which now escapes me. The tricks shown were extremely good and puzzling. We had table-

turning and lifting by unseen agencies, and communications given by a human skull and an artificial detached hand that rapped out what they had to say on squares of thick plate glass brought forward in the aisle among the audience. Of course it was an electrical trick. We sat where we had a good view of the thing but neither of us could form any idea as to the nature of the mechanical appliance used.

I have always been fond of these exhibitions and two days later took my sister to see another show of the kind at the Theatre Isola. The puzzle offered us on this [376] occasion was an exhibition of thought-transference which, though doubtless a humbug, was sufficiently surprising as may be inferred from the test which I gave the performer, M. Albertini. I told him to get his female subject, Mlle. Zmyka, to leave the stage, take her seat in a certain chair in the audience and say "Vive la Republique!" Without any apparent communication between them she obeyed his unspoken order, came and sat in the designated chair and cried, not what I had told him, but "Vive la France!" I fancy that this was really more satisfactory than if the right word had been spoken, for in the latter case some written paper might have been surreptitiously shown her, whereas, in changing the word it would look as if she had caught the thought but not the exact words called for.

Amid our pleasure-seeking I was obliged, now and again, to let my sister find her way about alone while I stopped at home to work off accumulations of office business. Thus, on the 8th of August I stopped at the hotel to write a chapter of OLD DIARY LEAVES. On the 12th my sister and I left Paris for Brussels, that coquettish town whose gay appearance has earned for it the nickname of "Little Paris". For the information of whom it may concern I may say that living there is cheap and that for a large and comfortable room in a hotel close to the station the charge is only 2.50 fcs per day. There was another round of sight-seeing for us, notable among them the Museum of Antiquities, in a tower of the fifteenth century, where one can see relics of the ancient time, including [377] household furniture and utensils, which enables the student of history to visualise quite easily pictures of the everyday life of our ancestors. After a successful season at Earl's Court, London, the proprietors of the "Spectacle of Venice" had brought it over and installed it at Brussels. It was a most realistic reproduction of the "Bride of the Adriatic," her bridges, canals, gondolas, piazzas, shops, and monuments. The whole was lighted up by electric lights, and there was the splendid band of a Bersaglieri regiment and a superb orchestra from La Scala,

with no end of fantoccini (puppet shows), street singers, and processions of gay masqueraders.

The next day came the sobering break of proof-reading of galleys and plates for my publishers. I have travelled so much and in so many lands that I never am content to follow in the beaten track of your “personally conducted” trippers, but wander hither and thither in search of interesting sights, unusual people, cheap restaurants, and cosy hotels where one can live economically: one has only to have command of a couple of languages besides English to get on well in any part of the world. These remarks are apropos of a note that I find in my entry for the 14th of August. I took Mrs. Mitchell to a restaurant patronised by working men where one dines abundantly and in a clean place for 60 centimes—say six annas, or six pence. Then there is a constant amusement offered gratis to the impecunious traveller, in the shape of the street fairs which one sees in almost every [378] continental town. All is noise, movement, and glitter, the shops overrun with articles to eat and to wear, and in side shows are to be found those “freaks” that our former colleague, W.L. Alden, has so humorously described. Pasted in my Diary is a handbill of “The Living Skeleton, Surnamed the Modern Proteus,” whose case, if we may believe the advertisement, “has upset all the savants of the principal Faculties of France and Berlin”. I should think it must or else our men of science must have only rudimentary imaginations, for here is the feast of wonders which he offers, to his patrons:

1. The statue man; 9. The stoppage of the heart-beats
2. and the circulation of the blood in all
3. 2. The abdomen man; parts of the body.
4. 3. The obese man; “The most astounding thing to science is the
5. voluntary stoppage of the beating of the heart while the man is speaking.”
6. 4. The tortured man; [Surely a man who can change himself from
7. a Daniel Lambert to a Calvin Edson,
8. 5. The hanged man; have himself tortured, hanged and killed,
9. 6. The skeleton man; and after all that come up smiling, is
10. 7. The dead man; something to see.]
11. 8. Interruption of the

12. circulation of the blood;

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Two days more of sight-seeing and we then went on to Antwerp which we reached in barely an hour by rail. That evening we had the good luck to see the Place Verte, or Green Square, illuminated, and to hear the music of one of those well-trained military bands, which afford so much pleasure to the populace, who on the continent of Europe are quite able to distinguish good from bad music. On the next day we heard mass at the great Cathedral and saw Rubens' magnificent "Descent from the Cross." Our friend Dr. Weeks Burnett, attracted by my sister, for whom she had conceived a strong friendship, arrived from London, and during the next three days we made our outings together. Another day of heavy proof-reading followed, and as soon as I was free I took the ladies to see the Steen Museum, a very fine collection of historical and other antiquities. In the evening we all went to a clattering fair, where the usual distractions were offered, but where two of the soberest members of our Society, viz., Dr. Burnett and I, had rides on a gorgeous merry-go-round, to the equal astonishment and amusement of my sober sister, who could never have thought of so compromising her personal dignity. To tell the truth, we others would not have done it but for my prankish fancy to see such an embodiment of high respectability and sobriety of demeanor as Dr. Weeks Burnett flying around on a hobby-horse. It was not so easy a matter for me to persuade her and she made it a condition that the P.T.S. should mount the horse next hers, which I, nothing loath, did, and away we went, to the [380] sound of a screeching steam-trumpet and steam-propelled barrel-organ!

On the 20th we tried to start for Homburg Bad, but on arriving at the station found that we had been deceived as to trains and had, perforce, to pass the night at a neighboring hotel. Dr. Burnett had bade us good-bye at the station and we were sorry to lose the sight of her then fresh and bonny face. We reached Homburg late that evening after changing cars three times, but the welcome we got from our friend Mrs. Tracy, and the delightful supper and beds more than compensated us for the disagreeable experience of the day. At these watering places the best of the daily life is in the early morning when the fashionable invalids throng the parks around the mineral springs of health-giving, pungent waters. Homburg was then in the height of the season and the lovely park was crowded with celebrities of all sorts and kinds, from royalties down. His Majesty Edward VII, then the Heir Apparent, was an assiduous health-seeker, and drank

his mineral water from the bubbling spring and promenaded the avenue and mingled with the gay throng with evident zest. The two days spent at this place were full of interest to both of us but, if it had not been for parting with the dear friend who had invited us there, we should have been quite content to put the scene behind us. For the fashionable world is, at bottom, a wearisome and stupid thing; to enjoy it one must be ignorant of what constitutes the real pleasure of life.

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On the 25th, in the early morning, we reached Berlin and were put up in the house of a Lutheran Pastor in Grossbeerenstrasse, near what I think is decidedly the most original and effective urban decoration I ever saw. I refer to that artificial hill which has on its summit a church at which special services connected with the army are held. The mound is planted with forest trees, here and there clusters of bright flowers are placed, and a little mountain brook tumbles from the top to the bottom over boulders, through pebbles, and from small shelves of rock the water drops in silvery veils. A stranger would be ready to take his oath that it was a natural hill in the midst of a great metropolis, whereas, in point of fact, every cartload of soil, every tree and flower and every zig-zag turning of the (artificial) streamlet has been placed where it is by the cunning engineers who designed this unique monument to the memory of the brave sons of the Fatherland who had fallen in battle. My illusions as to the hill were all dispelled by the revelations of the engineer himself, a member of our Theosophical Society.

This being my first visit to Berlin[16] I was naturally led to make the comparison between it and Paris, with whose physical aspect I was so familiar. To summarise my impression I may say, while the former city cannot be compared for magnificent monuments with the latter, and it has nothing to even remotely [382] hold its own with the Avenue des Champs Elysées—no city has that—the impression it gives one is much more restful and domestic than the gay metropolis of France, where domesticity is hidden from public view behind the fronts of enormous apartment houses and so deceives most strangers into the belief that in France the “home” is almost unknown, a most erroneous assumption, for in no country are the domestic ties warmer and stronger than there. To me Berlin seems a town of private residences, and therefore, being an American, most attractive. And yet a pleasure-seeker may find as much amusement as his heart craves, and if one wishes to see amusement shared by

the whole family, assuredly one should go to Germany. The beer gardens are an unfailing subject of interest to the traveller for, while the father smokes his pipe and talks his politics, or commerce, or science with his male friends, the mother knits and listens and looks after the children who are playing around her with their toys. Surely this is an immense improvement over our brutish ways of solitary drinking in saloons while the family are left at home to pass the time as best they may. And one of the sights of the world is a German public park, say the Thiergarten, on a Sunday, with every table occupied, every path and avenue crowded with moving throngs, and two superb military bands, stationed at two points, which play alternately the choicest pieces from the operas and minor composers. I was greatly struck by the chest developments of the German women, which offered a very striking contrast with what one sees [383] in England or America: they look like a race of natural mothers and housewives.

On the evening of the 30th there was a full meeting of our Berlin Branch, or rather as full as could be expected in the summer season when many were out of town. I spoke in English and was interpreted in German by a talented young actor named Reicher, son of one of the most distinguished tragedians of the day. He had been partly educated at New York and spoke our language with great correctness. One of my pleasantest acquaintances at Berlin was Mr. B. Hübbe, brother of that dear old friend and colleague, Dr. Hübbe-Schleiden, whose home it was a charm to visit. Our movement goes slowly in Germany, not because of their lack of capacity to understand our philosophical teaching, but, as I have elsewhere remarked, because mysticism degenerated into a sort of childish pretension unsupported by personal spirituality, and got its death-blow for the moment in the mummeries of a horde of petty societies which aped the spiritual powers that they did not possess. The national mind has now reacted into commercialism and we must, perforce, wait patiently for the German pendulum to swing back to its natural place in the arc of high thinking.

Our visit to Berlin came to an end on the 2nd of September, when my sister and I left for Amsterdam via Hanover, reaching there at 8 p.m. after a dusty and fatiguing ride. Of course, Mr. Fricke, who never neglects a duty but makes it a pleasure to do it, met [384] us at the station and took us to a clean and nice hotel, where we were soon made to feel the affectionate interest of our colleagues in the gift to my sister of baskets of lovely flowers, sent by Mesdames Meuleman and Windust. The next day Mrs. Windust came and took us by train to Haarlem, where we heard the great organ—in my boyhood counted as one of the wonders

of the world, but now over-shadowed by sundry others—played, rather badly. And on the 4th Mr. Fricke conducted us on a steamboat ride to a quaint inland Dutch town, where we had refreshments and the amusement of seeing the queer clogs and dresses, and brick-paved streets, and high-peaked gables, and sluggish canals, all of the most pronounced Dutch type. On the 6th I was laid on my back by an insidious enemy that I now recognise as gout, which effectually stopped my gadding about. It seems absurd that I should have anything the matter with me, but until Dr. Nanjunda Row of Madras had the happy inspiration to experiment on me with the new German remedy, Urosine, I was now and again reminded by a swollen and painful foot that not even this granite-and-iron body of mine could be counted on for an indefinite old age. On the day in question, with much pain and the help of some men, I managed to get from my hotel to the Amsteldijk Headquarters, where a large meeting of our members was held in my honor.

We left Amsterdam for London via Hook of Holland on the 6th, I, using a pair of crutches, without which I could not have moved a step. On the boat I slept [385] on deck, as my foot was too bad for me to go below. After an uncomfortable night we got to Headquarters in Avenue Road the next morning and were warmly welcomed. I had to keep my room all day and so was prevented from going to the station to see Mrs. Besant off for the North on a lecturing tour. Gout did not prevent me, however, from reading my book-proofs or carrying on my correspondence. One day I read ninety-two pages, and another two hundred and fifty of the book, which brought me to the end of the main text and left nothing but the Index to prepare. On the 19th all was finished, and now the publisher’s part of the work would begin.

I see that I had a good many visitors in those days and some very interesting discussions and conversations. On the 17th I had the pleasure of sending to the good Dr. Zander, of Stockholm, the engrossed Charter for his Scandinavian Section of the T.S.

I cannot pass over without notice certain experiences at the time, which were very fascinating and yet at the same time open to much criticism from the close student of psychical science; I mean experiments in tracking up past incarnations of some of our leading entities. Nothing could be more probable, to say the least, than that the principal agents in our Theosophical movement, which we have reason to believe to be overlooked and directed by certain Personages, should have had mutual personal relations and with the unseen Personages in question

at different epochs of the past. The moment one accepts as reasonable the [386] theories of karma and reincarnation, and at the same time the concept that entities are no more confined to certain countries or families in perpetuo than the individual drops of water in a fountain to the fountain basin, we can see clearly enough how, when an entity develops to the point of potential efficiency as an aid to evolution, it would be directed to reincarnate in that place or family where it could at the same time give most useful help to others and earn for itself the best chances to work out its collective karma. For instance, I have seen a long table of successive reincarnations of a certain entity which had developed a peculiar capacity for art[17]; each time that it passed into incarnation it used its innate faculty to produce art forms, thus acquiring more proficiency, and at the next stage taking that faculty into incarnation where it had more or less chance to earn artistic renown as the environment happened to be more or less favorable: this environment changing at each stage according to the moral and intellectual and even spiritual influences which lay behind it. This does not mean that a painter, musician, or sculptor should go on uninterruptedly, becoming greater in his art at each succeeding rebirth, for the entity was not confining itself entirely to the one art faculty, but functioning in the family, the state, or otherwise, according to its developed attractions. So would it be with the religious [387] tendency, or the faculty of invention, of war, of literature, or of Government: the entity, given the necessary circumstances, would fall instinctively into the groove built for it by past experience.

This by way of commentary upon a variety of readings in the âkâshic records which were made for me at London at the time specified. Among others whose evolutionary careers were traced was myself, and it was certainly a fascinating picture that my psychometers painted from the records in the Book of Chitragupta. Far be it from me to pretend to the ability to discriminate between the truth and the delusion in these narratives: not having the developed psychometric gift myself, I can only lay away these stories in a back chamber of my memory and wait for time to show which is right and which wrong. This subject is so interesting that I shall just leave it at this point and make the continuation in the next chapter.

CHAPTER XXIX

PSYCHOMETRY AND ÂKÂSHIC READINGS

(1895)

WE were discussing the question of the possibility of tracing back the evolutionary progress of any given entity, following his trail, as it were, along his particular orbit, and noting the interruptions of his progress by his successive entrances into the incarnations on the physical plane. To the uninstructed reader this may seem an extravagant assumption, but really, when one takes the trouble to inform himself as to the results obtained already in different countries, by different observers in the department of psychometric research, the idea loses all its miraculous character and seems to be as reasonable a statement as one regarding the movement of planetary bodies. It is now more than a half-century since in 1849 an American physician, Dr. J. R. Buchanan, announced to the world his splendid discovery of Psychometry.

The germ of the idea was given to him in 1840 by the late Bishop Polk of Tennessee, who informed him, in conversation, that his nervous sensibility "was so acute, that if he should by accident touch a [389] piece of brass, even in the night, when he could not see what he touched, he immediately felt the influence through his system, and could recognise the offensive metallic taste". This remark made to an ordinary person, might have led to nothing further, but, as Denton says: "In this case the right thing was told to the right man, and he commenced a series of experiments, placing metals of various kinds into the hands of persons of great sensibility, and in this way found that there were a number who possessed the power of naming metals, without any knowledge but that which was communicated in this way by touch." Pushing his investigations further, he found that these same sensitives, if given to hold in their hands substances of a decided taste, such as sugar, salt, pepper, acids, bitters, etc., could get so distinct an impression in each case as to be able to recognise and name the substance; and this, even when the substance that was being tested was wrapped in paper and concealed from the knowledge of the sensitive. Out of a

class of 130 students at the Eclectic Medical College, Cincinnati, 43 signed a declaration that they were able to do this.

In the course of time, Buchanan pushed his researches into a new and most interesting field. He found that his sensitives could, by applying to their foreheads a writing document, no matter whether ancient or modern, or a painting, or a piece of tissue, or any article that had been handled or fabricated by man, get into psychic, or auric, touch with the individual with whom the article was associated.

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Thus an immense area of human history was laid open to research. In 1853 Mr. Wm. Denton, a geologist and palæontologist, reading about these things, and pondering over them, conceived the idea that “if there could be impressed upon a letter the image of the writer and his surroundings, during the brief space of time that the paper was subjected to their influence, why could not rocks receive impressions of surrounding objects... and why could they not in a similar manner, communicate these to sensitive persons”. So he began, cautiously, to test the psychometric faculty of his sister, wife, and ultimately his young son, by giving them bits of mineral, fossil, and other geological remains. He found, to his great joy, that his surmise was correct, and then onward for fifteen or twenty years he pursued his experiments and recorded the results in that most interesting book, The Soul of Things. To his discovery Buchanan gave the name, Psychometry.

For almost all of the time since his announcement of it, I have been familiar with it and in connection with the present article have just gone through the three volumes of Professor Denton’s most interesting work above mentioned. It is not too much to say that if one would have a complete understanding of the revelations given us by Leadbeater, Mr. Scott-Elliot, and some others, and if one would understand the secret of Madame Blavatsky’s writing her marvellous books about things quite outside her field of education, one should familiarise himself with the principles and history of psychometry. Although modern Hindus do not [391] know it, the name of their mystical deity, Chitra Gupta, is virtually a synonym of psychometry for, as every Sanskritist knows, the name signifies “hidden pictures,” and in a Japanese religious painting which hangs on the wall of the room where I am writing, the god Yama is pronouncing judgment upon a culprit arraigned before him, and whose secret sins during life are being exhibited to his gaze in a magic mirror which stands to the right-hand side of

Chitra Gupta, the “Record Keeper”.

If it were possible for man to pass along his evolutionary career, leaving no more trace behind him than the keel of a boat passing through water, then it would be waste of time to discuss the question of recovering our historical pictures from the past. One of the most striking books in literature is the Jâtakatthavannanâ, or stories of 550 births of the Buddha. The Enlightened One is supposed to be recalling from time to time the stories of his different reincarnations and the relationships which had been borne to him by certain of his disciples. This, also, is a work which should be read by thoughtful Theosophists after they have prepared their minds by reading Buchanan, Denton, and some of our own contemporary workers. Professor Rhys Davids believes that these “Birth Stories” are the source from which a great body of the world’s folklore has been derived, and it really does not make much difference whether they are authentic in the way of reincarnations of Sakya Muni, for the object in view was to show how the seeds of present events are sown in our past incarnations.

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The astounding fact in Buchanan’s discovery is that the whole of Nature surrounding us is proved to be a sort of photographic film in which we, our actions, our words, even our characters, are indelibly recorded, losing nothing of vividness by the lapse of time, but the picture of a million years ago showing itself to the psychometer as vivid, life-like, and full of color as though it were made an hour before. I am tempted to illustrate this by numerous citations from the psychometrical records collected in Professor Denton’s books, but as space forbids that, I may just give one or two brief extracts to show what I mean. For instance, a small bit of fresco-painting picked from the wall of “Cicero’s House,” Pompeii, is given to a psychometer who places it against her forehead. Then pictures come crowding before her. She sees Pompeiian houses with their furniture, decorations, and inhabitants; throngs of people in the street; men driving in chariots; soldiers carrying lances in their hands and wearing the armor of that period; a public assemblage where a multitude is listening to music and looking at spectacles—all in as vivid colors and as life-like as though she were looking at the scenes of to-day.

Another experiment was made with a portion of volcanic tufa, not larger than a small bean, which was obtained from the excavations at Pompeii. The psychometer sees the same city but other scenes, and now her attention is

attracted by a great. mountain (Vesuvius, in fact) which is in violent eruption. She then proceeds to describe, as though an eye-witness [393] that appalling catastrophe which in the year A.D. 79 buried out of the sight of man for seventeen centuries that gay and pleasure-loving city, where luxury was carried to its greatest height and voluptuousness made the end and aim of high society. We have, as the reader knows, but one trustworthy description of that great tragedy, whose writer, Pliny the Younger, was also an eye-witness. Now, as I have said before, when alluding to this fact, if one places side by side the narrative of Pliny and the psychometric description of Mrs. Denton, one will see that she has not plagiarised in the least degree but has given us a description which none but a witness of the scenes could have constructed. And yet, her source of inspiration is a little fragment of the tufa belched out in overwhelming floods by Vesuvius at the time of the catastrophe. Everything is real and vivid to her perception, sight, and hearing. “I hear the mountain bellow. What a depth that comes from!... The amount vomited out is immense. It is not like lava, but spreads out in a great black cloud that rolls over and over and covers the country like a flood. I can hardly believe that what I see is correct. It looks as if it would bury everything all around it. What a sight! There it goes pouring, spreading, foaming, as it rolls down the mountainside in a great black wave. It seems to me that there is water too, running down the side of the mountain.” How true this is to life, every visitor to the now excavated city of Pompeii will appreciate. And now she sees the inhabitants, in a paroxysm of terror, flying to the [394] open field in the vain hope of escape. “I feel the influence of human terror that I cannot describe; it is awful... I feel like screaming. There are many different sensations commingled; but there is a horror more overpowering than all. This is either Herculaneum of Pompeii. There is no fancy about this; it is too terribly real. Some seem to regard it as a judgment of the gods. There is wild agony, prayer, and blind dread. Now I see them. Some wring their hands; others throw out their arms wildly... Now I see a very large crowd of persons, some hurrying along, and occasionally looking back; others seem to feel as if they could never leave, but are compelled to go, to save their lives. The scene is agonising in the extreme. I see one woman dart from the rest, and rush back, as if she had left a helpless parent or child to perish, that she was now determined to save; but she is compelled to give it up in despair, for there is a fresh burst from the mountain, and she sees there is no hope. A darkness almost as great as night is now around them. How wild they seem! Many know not what to do or where to go. They act as if they thought there was hardly any place left in the wide world for them.”

Now let us go back to ancient Egypt, to a time which “cannot have been less than about two thousand years ago, and may have been very much earlier”. The psychometer in this case is not Mrs. Denton, but Mrs. Clapp, the wife of an acquaintance of Professor Denton. The latter sent her husband a fragment of a [395] fruit-stone taken from an ancient tomb in Thebes, Upper Egypt. The specimen was about as large as a grain of corn. Professor Denton gave Mr. Clapp no idea of its nature so that it was impossible to explain what followed on the theory of thought-transference from husband to wife. The first impression she gets is of a sort of cave that looks as if it might be a tomb. She enters and in the dark interior sees sarcophagi, “coffins strange-looking, and different from ours in this country, —very narrow at the foot, and broad at the shoulders; and at the foot on the end a strange cross.

“Here comes a procession all dressed in black. Eight men are carrying a rough-looking bier, and on it a coffin, covered over with a black cloth. They are clad in priestly-looking robes, peaked crape caps, and black tape-strings tied around the right ankle of each man that carries the bier. They have placed it in front of the tomb and are all looking down on it. There are some more waiting at the entrance, or gateway, close by two large stone posts. Four of the eight have each placed a green twig on the coffin—two at the head, and two at the feet. Now the other four are tying a piece of something black on each twig, and are making motions over the coffin,—bidding it adieu, I suppose. Now the rest are marching up to the tomb, and are forming a line on each side of it. Each man places his right hand on his heart, and his left on the side of his cap.”

The psychometer follows the funeral ceremony to its conclusion, mounting a flight of six stone steps [396] along with the burial party. They enter a large hall. A continuous bench or seat runs around the whole hall; there are desks, or what looks like them, at the sides; and in the front, opposite the entrance, an altar, or speaker’s stand, and in front of it a large box. They all march up to it, take off their mourning regalia, untie the tape on their ankles and place everything in the big chest or box; they then pass out and disappear from the field of observation.

So, in the course of the series of experiments conducted by Professor Denton throughout a series of years, psychometrical examinations were made of different races of mankind in a great many countries and in the most widely different epochs and in every imaginable sort of environment; to say nothing of observations of the earth at different geological epochs; ante-diluvian as well as post-diluvian birds, fishes, animals, savage and tame; industrial arts practised,

and in short, a multitude of facts which enable us to have a very good idea of the history of our planet. Now will anyone say that, provided we have a solid basis of belief in the permanency of human records in Nature's "unfading galleries," it is impossible for one possessed of the psychometric faculty, supplemented by a knowledge of the sevenfold constitution of man and the convincing reality of the fact of reincarnation, that the past lives of anyone of us may not be traced as accurately as the movement of the planet in its orbit can be calculated and predicted by the astronomer? Of course, it is but fair to say that at the present moment [397] the scientific value of psychometrical research is very far from having been proved; a mass of interesting data have been collected, some capable of verification, some possibly correct, and some seemingly improbable. The field stretches out mainly before us, and it is one most worthy of investigation. As regards the tracings back of the births of some of us, in the Society, it is but fair to say that they should not be accepted as absolute truth until our observers have developed their clairvoyant sight much more than it is at present, and until they have become able to divest themselves of all feelings of personal preferences or antagonisms to the subject whose evolutionary career is being observed.

The case of Professor Hitchcock, detailed by himself in the New Englander, is one of the most striking on record. "He had, during a fit of sickness, day after day, visions of strange landscapes spread out before him; mountain and lake and forest—vast rocks, strata upon strata, piled to the clouds—the panorama of a world shattered and upheaved, disclosing the grim secrets of creation, the unshapely and monstrous rudiments of organic being."[18] If sufficiently sensitive this was no wonder, when he was handling from day to day the rocks that contained those landscapes, and was continually surrounded by them. In his Religion of Geology speaking of the influence of light upon bodies, and the formation of pictures upon them by means of it, he says: [398] "It seems then that this photographic influence pervades all nature; nor can we say where it stops. We do not know but it may imprint upon the world around us our features, as they are modified by various passions, and thus fill nature with daguerreotype impressions of all our actions that are performed in daylight. It may be, too, that there are tests by which nature, more skilfully than any human photographer, can bring out and fix these portraits, so that acuter senses than ours shall see them as on a great canvas spread over the material universe. Perhaps, too, they may never fade from that canvas, but become specimens in the great picture gallery

of nature."

One stupendous fact established by psychometrical research is that the means of recalling a given scene or a given personage of some past era is obtained equally well from a small grain of matter taken from the locality or the house of the person in question; nay not even a mass as small as a wheat corn is necessary, for in many cases, a little fragment of plaster or lava was reduced to powder and a smudge of it made on the centre of the psychometer's forehead and equally clear visions were obtained as when he was holding a piece as large as an apple or a mango in his hand. We may go even further and remark that a little piece of a mummy's shroud or a curtain that once hung in a legislative hall, or an object like a pen or a sword, or a casque that had been in contact with the body of a deceased historical character, would enable the psychometer to give us a vivid word-picture of the person and [399] even of his character and motives. Thus, when psychometry is perfected we shall have the means within our reach of correcting the inaccuracies of written history, and of reading in the "hidden pictures" of our Hindu Chitra Gupta the now concealed story of the world's evolution and the origin and vicissitudes of human races. One can realise the pertinency of the Psalmist's declaration (PS. CXXXIX.) that there is no place either in Heaven or hell or in the uttermost parts of the sea, where man can escape the divine power, and it is useless for him to call on the darkness to cover him, for "the darkness hideth not from Thee; but the night shineth as the day: the darkness and the light are both alike to Thee," when one sees how the most hidden, remote, and unimagined events of the past are traced out by psychometric vision. Professor Denton's psychometers found men working in the deepest mines, saw the denizens of the lowest depths of the ocean, recalled historical scenes of many different epochs and even saw the primeval monsters of the earth, the sea, and the air, moving about in quest of food, devouring each other or engaging in life—or death—struggles. It must be a dull intellect indeed that can read these accounts without being impressed with the thought that isolation for man, bird, or beast is absolutely impossible and unthinkable, and that however concealed may be one's crimes, its trace in Âkâshic records is imperishable.

With poetic insight, Longfellow expresses his ideas in the following charming verses.

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PHANTOMS

All houses wherein men have lived and died
Are haunted houses. Through the open doors
The harmless phantoms on their errands glide
With feet that make no sound upon the floors.
We meet them at the doorway, on the stair,
Along the passages they come and go,
Impalpable impressions on the air,
A sense of something moving to and fro.
There are more guests at table than the hosts
Invited the illuminated hall
Is thronged with quiet, inoffensive ghosts,
As silent as the pictures on the wall.
The stranger at the fireside cannot see
The forms I see, nor hear the sounds I hear;
He but perceives what is; while unto me
All that has been is visible and clear.
We have no title deeds to house or lands;
Owners and occupants of earlier dates,
From graves forgotten, stretch their dusky hands,
And hold in mortmain still their old estates.

On the same day when these Âkâshic readings were made for me (September 18) I received a letter from an old friend of my mother's, then eighty-three years of age, in which she gave me the interesting information that she remembered perfectly well the day of my birth. What a pity that I had not bethought me of asking her about the hour so that my industrious friends, the astrologers, might have a fair chance of erecting a horoscope that would be approximately correct! On the 19th, Mrs. Besant lectured at the Blavatsky Lodge, on "Man's Relation to Nature."

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On the 21st she and Leadbeater jointly traced out some of my Âkâshic history,

this time finding me in the capital of Atlantis when one of our Masters was the ruling sovereign and H. P. B. his son. A scene in the Royal gardens where the young Prince was attacked by a band of conspirators and I had the chance of coming to his rescue at the right time was most interesting and picturesque[19]. On the 24th, Mrs. Besant being away at Bristol lecturing, I got Leadbeater to examine psychometrically the "flowerborn" ring, the making of which to come out of the heart of a rose that I was holding in my hand, is described in O.D.L., First Series. He pleased me much by finding that the phenomenon was genuine and untainted with fraud.

On the same day our dear colleague, Madame Meulemann, "the Mother of Dutch Theosophy," arrived from Amsterdam. On the 28th, leaving my sister in London, I went to Margate where I was received as usual most hospitably by Mr. and Mrs. Holmes, and in the evening went with the latter to Ramsgate where I was appointed to conduct a question meeting on Theosophy. On the following evening there was a similar meeting at the house of the Holmes' at Margate.

On Tuesday, the 1st, I returned to London, arriving at headquarters just in time to say good-bye to Madame Meulemann. On the next evening I lectured before [402] the North London T.S.; there was a nice audience and the meeting was successful. On Thursday evening Mr. Sinnett lectured at the Blavatsky Lodge; on Friday I took my dear sister to Southampton whence she sailed for New York the following day; after which I returned to town. On the Sunday evening we all went to the last lecture of Mrs. Besant, of that year's Sunday evening course, the subject being "Karma," for the treatment of which no lecturer within my acquaintance has anything like her talent. On Monday morning I got my papers packed for shipment and in the evening had a farewell reception given me. The Lodge room was very prettily arranged and deco-rated and a large number of friends were present. On the following day I left London for Paris, en route for India, most of the influential London members seeing me off from the station. At Paris I was met by my friends, Madame Savalle and Señor Xifré. The following two days were agreeably spent with those friends in seeing people and receiving visits, and on Friday, October 11th, I left for Marseilles, which I reached on Saturday morning after an all-night journey. Here, as usual, I made a call on that dear and respected old friend of ours, the Baron Spedalieri, one of the two surviving and most important pupils of Eliphas Lévi, and the same afternoon embarked for Colombo on the M. M. steamer "Irawaddy," thus ending my European tour of 1895.

CHAPTER XXX

VIVEKÂNANDA, BOMBAY, PANCHAMAS

(1895)

BEFORE sending the pilot ashore and cutting myself loose from Europe and its affairs, I want to say a word about a man who addressed his London public within a few days after my departure from Marseilles, homeward bound. I refer to the Swami Vivekânanda, one of the most talented, forceful, and successful of modern Hindu religious agitators. He, himself, has so fully written and spoken about his passing connection with me at Madras, confined, I believe, to a single interview, that it is needless for me to dwell upon the subject. I may only say that he did not impress me as a person with whom it would be easy to get on in an independent capacity, nor did he impress me with having any belief in the existence of our Masters, which I attributed to the fact of his being an uncompromising Vedântist. He had, however, a precious gift which it is a pity is not more generally shared by modern Hindus, viz., earnestness. He was all that and, moreover, vehement in the enunciation of his ideas. What his impression upon the English [404] public was is shown in the following report taken from the Standard, which I happen to have at my hand. The statements that he was a Brahmin and that he wore the robe of a Buddhist priest are, of course, erroneous, but such details are of small importance. The paper says:

"Since the days of Ram Mohun Roy, with the single exception of Keshub Chunder Sen, there has not appeared on an English platform a more interesting Indian figure than the Brahmin who lectured in Prince's Hall on October 22. Clothed in the long orange-colored robe of the Buddhist priest, with a monk-like girdle round his waist instead of the usual Indian cummerbund, and wearing the massive turban of Northern India on his head, the Swami Vivekânanda discoursed for an hour and a quarter in the most faultless English, on the cardinal doctrines of the school of religious philosophy to which he is devoting his life. The name by which he makes himself known is a name assumed, on his becoming an apostle of his school, in the style of many philosophers and doctors

of antiquity in the Middle Ages. As the Chairman, Mr. E. T. Sturdy, explained, the first of his names is a Sanskrit word signifying ‘Master,’ and the second is also a Sanskrit term signifying ‘the bliss of discrimination’. The lecture was a most fearless and eloquent exposition of the pantheistic philosophy of the Vedânta school, and the Swami seems to have incorporated into his system a good deal also of the moral element of the Yoga school, as the closing [405] passages of his lecture presented, in a modified form, not the advocacy of mortification, which is the leading feature of the latter school, but the renunciation of all so-called material comforts and blessings as the only means of entering into perfect union with the supreme and absolute Self. The opening passages of the lecture were a review of the rise of the grosser form of materialism in the beginning of the present century, and the later development of the various forms of metaphysical thought which for a time swept materialism away. From this he passed on to discuss the origin and nature of knowledge. In some respects his views on this point were almost a statement of pure Fichteism, but they were expressed in language, and they embodied illustrations and made admissions, which no German transcendentalist would have made or used. He admitted there was a gross material world outside, but he confessed he did not know what matter was. He asserted that mind was a finer matter, and that behind was the soul of man, which was immovably fixed, before which outward objects passed, as it were, in a procession which was without beginning or end—in other words, which was eternal, and finally which was God. He worked out this pantheistic conception of the personal identity of man and God with great comprehensiveness and an ample wealth of illustration, and in passage after passage of great beauty, solemnity, and earnestness. ‘There is only one soul in the Universe,’ he said, ‘there is no “you” or “me”; all variety is merged into the absolute Unity, the one [406] infinite existence—God.’ From this, of course, followed the immortality of the soul and something like the transmigration of souls towards higher manifestations of perfection. As already stated, his peroration of twenty minutes was a statement of the doctrine of renunciation. In the course of it, he made some remorselessly disparaging criticisms on the work that factories, engines, and other inventions and books were doing for man, compared with half a dozen words spoken by Buddha or Jesus. The lecture was evidently quite extemporaneous, and was delivered in a pleasing voice free from any kind of hesitation.”

His was, unquestionably, a strong and striking personality. He made a profound impression at the Chicago Parliament of Religions, and by his lecturing tour

called into being a body of warm adherents and disciples, who hold his memory dear to the present day and who have for his sake, primarily, and afterwards for their own merits, given welcome and patronage to such of his co-disciples of the Râmakrishna Mutt who have subsequently visited the United States. Who can say what might have happened in India if he had not been prematurely snatched away from a field of labor that promised to yield a good harvest.

Now to come back to the good ship “Irawaddy” which was bearing me homeward. We had ideal weather throughout the whole voyage. I note that hardly a single passenger was seasick, so it may be imagined that the voyage down the Mediteranean was as calm as a pond. They even asked me to lecture [407] on Theosophy which, for a French maritime audience, is the best possible proof of their immunity from physical discomfort. On the 16th (October) I held a conversation on Theosophical matters and occult science which occupied some three or four hours. Naturally such of us passengers as could, slept on deck every night, for this was the hot season and the cabins were stuffy. On the 17th we reached and left Port Said, and at the other end of the canal my old friend, Captain Dumont, Traffic Superintendent of the Suez Canal, came aboard to see me. The fine weather followed us down the Red Sea but the mercury began to climb up in thermometer, and from the 21st until we reached Aden it stood at about 95 degrees Fahrenheit. On the 22nd we reached Obock, a French settlement on the African Coast, discharged freight and some passengers, and lay until 4 a.m. on the 23rd, when we left for Djibouti, also a French settlement, in Abyssinian territory, which the French have made their chief coaling station, so as to free themselves from the necessity of going to Aden for the purpose.

At 5 p.m. we left for Aden, reaching there the next day. The passengers for Bombay were here transferred to “La Seyne,” a smaller steamer of the French Company, and we sailed in her at 1 p.m. and immediately began to experience rough weather, for we had now come within reach of the monsoon. The majority of our passengers, who had been so cheerful since leaving Marseilles, now succumbed to the miseries of sea-sickness. I enjoyed immensely the company of one [408] of the ship’s officers, a native of Gascony and one of the brightest, jolliest fellows I had met in the course of my travels. He took with the greatest good humor my remarks about the characteristic traits of his countrymen, as illustrated in the D’Artagnan of Dumas, and the Tartarin of Daudet. He even went so far as to sing for me that delicious song, “Si la Garonne avait voulu,” in which the limitless possibilities within reach of the great river of Gascony are most

humorously specified. If the Garonne had only chosen to do so, it seems, it could have turned its course in any direction of the compass, crossing continents, deserts, other rivers and seas as far as the North Pole or, if it preferred, could have traversed Europe and Asia to empty itself in whatsoever distant sea it liked. I do not think there exists a more clever illustration of the pure gasconade which takes its name from the province of Gascony.

We reached Karachi at 10 p.m. on the 29th and anchored. The majority of our passengers left us the next morning. We were busy all day taking in cargo, but the monotony of the time was charmingly broken by a volunteer concert given by the wife of the local agent of the Messageries Company. She was a splendid pianist and vocalist and a more exquisite performance than hers I never enjoyed. The steamer sailed at 6 p.m., with a smooth sea and fine weather, which kept with us all the next day and until we reached our destination, Bombay, where we came to anchor at 12 noon on the 1st of November.

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Through a misunderstanding as to the time of my arrival no one came aboard to meet me, so, after waiting two hours, I took a boat to the landing and went up to our headquarters, where I attended a lecture on “Lalla Rookh” by that learned Parsi scholar, Shamsool Ulema Ervard Jivanji Jamshedji Modi. By request the venerable Parsi scholar, K. R. Cama, and I made some remarks at the close. It appears from an entry that I find in my Diary for the 2nd of November, that the remarks which I made on the subject of the duty of the Parsis to their religion made a strong impression on them. The address formed a new tie between that community and myself. I shall have something more to say on this subject a little later. On the 2nd I attended the Thread Ceremony of the son of my friends R. K. Modi, and was glad to find that the interpretation given by Theosophy made clear the importance and mystical value of the ceremony.

That evening I lectured at headquarters on the “Mission and Future of Theosophy,” and, later, saw the Hindu play of “Harischandra” extremely well done at the Parsi theatre. This dramatic composition has for me a perennial interest, and although I have seen it many times yet I am always glad to see it once more. For in all literature there is no more sublime conception of heroic devotion to honor than this story of the Indian King, prototype of the Biblical Job, but infinitely superior as a literary concept.

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Some hours of the next day (Sunday, November 3rd) were devoted to a private conference with Dr. Jivanji about the interests of the Parsi religion. It seemed to me simple enough to carry out the scheme of an organised Parsi exploration fund, and if I had been a Parsi I am quite sure that I should have carried it through and obtained great results, years ago. It always saddens me to think of the golden opportunity wasted by this intelligent, enterprising, and wealthy community in face of the splendid harvest of archæological discovery made by the Christian backers of Professor Flinders Petrie. However, we must let karma do its work.

I presided that afternoon at a lecture in our hall on "Jainism," given by Mr. Gandhi, the Jain delegate at the Parliament of Religions, and whom I found, in my late American tour, to have made so favorable and lasting an impression in my native country. Unfortunately for the interests of his religion and for the enlightenment of the world on that speciality, he has died in the prime of life and the full activity of his mental powers. A pathetic feature of his case is that he died within a few months after being admitted to the English Bar. None of the representatives of India who have lectured in Western countries came out of the ordeal more creditably, nor preserved throughout a more clean and admirable record of personal conduct.

The next day was devoted to the receiving of visitors and the bidding of farewells. In the evening a large number of our kind friends bade me adieu at the [141] Victoria Terminus station and I left by train for Madras. The monotony of the journey was broken by the being ferried across a river in flood which had recently destroyed a grand stone bridge: over another river the train passed at a snail's pace on a temporary bridge. On the 6th (Wednesday) I reached home and found it looking as charming and fresh as it always does to me upon my return from foreign travel. My old enemy, the gout, lay in wait for me, and by taking possession of my hands effectually prevented my doing any writing myself; so I had to resort to dictation. Being able to walk, however, I could get around and superintend the building works, which are always in progress at Headquarters. This time we were tearing down the walls of H.P.B.'s temporary kitchen upstairs, to make a new bedroom, then greatly wanted.

On the 13th I received a letter from the Secretary of His Excellency, Lord Wenlock, Governor of Madras, saying that he would visit my Pariah School, the precursor of the rest, and would come and have a look at our library. The appointment was duly kept and His Excellency expressed himself as extremely

well satisfied with what he saw. I remember an incident that was rather amusing. A class of Pariah children were being examined in Arithmetic: the teacher would give out the sum, the pupils write it down on their slates and when they had worked it out would lay their slates on the floor at our feet and stand at attention; we would examine such as we chose and then dismiss the class to their seats. At the extreme right [412] of the class of boys was a pudgy little chap, with very dark complexion, large, agate-like eyes and a winsome smile. The Governor and I noticed how he kept himself on the alert when the sum was being given out, and how he flung himself into the work when the dictation was completed and he had to make his calculations. Among the early ones to finish the sum and lay the slate upon the floor, was our little pigmy outcaste. I do not remember exactly the sum but it was something like this: “Divide £279 l3s. 11d. by 5.” The Governor picked up the little boy’s slate and found, on reference to the Key in the master’s hands, that the calculation was correct. When the boys were going back to their seats he whispered in my ear: “I am quite sure that I could not have done that sum myself in double the time.” Altogether, those of us who were responsible for the school felt very happy that it had passed so well the test of inspection by the highest functionary of the Madras Presidency.

The next day His Excellency’s Private Secretary sent me the text of his remarks to the Managers and Teachers of the school, of which the following is a copy:

“His Excellency thanked Colonel Olcott for giving him the opportunity of inspecting his school which he was pleased to hear from the report was doing such good work. From a close study of the problem of how best the amelioration of the Pariah and lower classes could be brought about, he was satisfied that there was no step which could be taken with more [413] likelihood of success than that of education. He did not believe that any heroic measure could be undertaken by Government which would be successful, but he believed that by the gradual introduction of education, the lower classes could best be helped to help themselves. By this means they would be enabled to take their part on a more equal footing with the rest of the population, and that though this would be a work of time, he fully believed that an amelioration in the condition of the Pariahs would eventually be brought about by this means. It was therefore a matter of especial satisfaction to him to visit this school this morning and see for himself how the experiment started by Colonel Olcott was progressing. He wished to express his thanks to Colonel Olcott for all that he had done and while congratulating him on the success which had so far attended his efforts, he

sincerely hoped that his school would long continue to carry on the good work which it had started so auspiciously."

The strong common sense shown in this brief but pregnant address will strike the reader. Lord Wenlock puts his finger upon the pivot of the whole Pariah question, for it is by education alone that their unhappy lot can be ameliorated; only thus can they learn how to help themselves. No Government in the world can lift a great body of five millions of people from the degradation of brutish ignorance to the dignified condition of a self-respecting, self-sufficient community, save by passing their children through the [414] schoolmaster's hands. It was the realisation of this fact which induced me to try the experiment of the free Panchama schools. The kindly hope expressed by His Excellency that the schools for Pariahs might be successful has happily, as we all know, been fully realised. Instead of one school which I had then, we now have four and all prosperous and most promising. The one discouraging fact in connection with the work is that with very, very few exceptions, the high-caste Hindus have shown no disposition whatever to take upon themselves the merited reproach of the wretched condition of the Pariahs, and to give me practical proof of their sympathy and good will in my work. They have simply held aloof and let me struggle on as best I can, seemingly quite indifferent whether I succeed or fail. Some of my esteemed colleagues have even gone so far as to say to third parties that it was very doubtful if my time was not being wasted in trying to uplift the Pariahs, for they were intellectually incapable of being given any marked degree of culture. What makes this the more remarkable is that these very people are staunch believers in evolution, and must know that however little may be the uplifting of the Pariah pupil in this incarnation it, at least, makes it much easier for the entity to take a long stride in advance during his next rebirth.

Before leaving Bombay I had been asked by the venerable Mr. K. R. Cama to put in writing the views verbally expressed to him with respect to the best way to subserve the interests of the Zoroastrian religion.

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This promise I redeemed on the day after Lord Wenlock's visit and sent the manuscript to the printer. The subject is too important, however, for me to bring it in at the close of a chapter and so it will be continued in our next.

CHAPTER XXXI

ON ZOROASTRIANISM

(1895)

IN the last chapter reference was made to my discussions at Bombay with learned Parsis about the best way to begin a work of reformation and revitalising of their ancient and sublime faith, and to a certain written draft of my views upon the subject prepared on my return to Adyar at the request of the universally respected Parsi scholar, Mr. K. R. Cama. This document, of which I fortunately saved a copy, will be presently given. Meanwhile, a few preliminary observations will be in place.

Among the religions of the world, none is more lofty in its concepts or more worthy of the devotion of its followers than that taught by the successive Zoroasters who figure in history. Its key-note and corner-stone is Purity; purity absolute in thought, word, and deed. For the sages of Persia knew that if the individual would raise himself to the sublime height of perfection and approximate in essence to the characteristic of the Divine Ruler and Source of all things, he must disembarrass himself of every [417] taint of baseness and corruption which drags him down to earth and makes entrance upon the superior planes impossible. A simpler code of teaching is inconceivable. Unmixed with dogmas, without confusing iteration of details, the mandate of personal purity shines like a star in Heaven upon the path of the man who struggles upward and onward. To worship the one Supreme Deity and to hate all bad opposing influences, whether human or superhuman, are the fundamental articles of the Parsi creed. Prayer, obedience, industry, honesty, hospitality, alms-deeds, chastity, and the great virtue of truthfulness, are enjoined, and envy, hatred, quarrelling, anger, revenge, and polygamy, are strictly forbidden; the worship of idols, and indeed of any being except Ormuzd, is held in abomination; but a reverence for fire and the Sun is inculcated, as they are emblems of the glory of the Supreme Deity.

The New American Cyclopaedia, from whose article on the “Guebres” (VOL. VIII, p. 546) I summarise the foregoing, says: “It is probably true that the

multitude in the course of time have forgotten that discrimination between the symbol and the object of their adoration which was undoubtedly taught by Zoroaster." However this may be (and after many years of intimacy with the Bombay Parsis I am not prepared to admit that any considerable number of them have forgotten that in the Sun, the fire, and the sea they worship anything more than the visible symbols of Ormuzd), it is almost certain that the majority of people outside their faith, particularly all Western peoples, regard them [418] as and call them fire-worshippers, hence, in a sense, as much idolators as any others who adore idols, pictures, trees, or any other images of the Unknown Power. Those who wish to get a clear and satisfactory idea of the interpretation of Zoroastrianism from the standpoint of Theosophy should read the admirable compendium of the subject made by Mr. Nasarvanji F. Bilimoria, of Bombay, under the title, Zoroastrianism in the Light of Theosophy.[20] Professor Darmesteter says that "the Parsi sacred books are the ruins of a religion," and Dr. Martin Haug, Ph. D., the greatest Western authority on Zoroastrianism, reminds us that Pliny reports on the authority of Hermippus, the Greek philosopher, that Zoroaster composed two millions of verses; while Abu Jaffer Attavari, the Arabic historian, assures us that Zoroaster's writings comprised twelve thousand parchments. Of all this literary wealth but a beggarly handful is in the possession of our modern Parsis. The writings of Zoroaster comprised twenty-one parts or Nosks, the largest portion of which has been destroyed, and it is the belief of the Zoroastrians, confirmed by the accounts given by classical writers, that they were destroyed by Alexander at the time of his invasion and conquest of Persia. "We find," says Dr. Haug, "from Diodorus and Curtius that Alexander really did burn the citadel at Persepolis, in a drunken frolic, at [419] the instigation of the Athenian courtesan, Thais, and in revenge for the destruction of Greek temples by Xerxes." Naturally enough, one would infer that the sacred books kept in the Royal Archives must have been destroyed along with the place. From Mr. Bilimoria's book and the compendium given of Dr. Haug's essay in question (p. 55), we learn that during the five and a half centuries of Macedonian and Parthian supre-macy which followed Alexander's conquest, Zoroastrianism had fallen into neglect, and as a natural consequence, much of the Zoroastrian literature was lost. "Whatever may have been the cause, this is the fact that, at the Sassanian period when the revival of the Zoroastrian religion took place, the largest bulk of the sacred writings was gone and only a very small portion, and that, too, except the Vendidad, in a fragmentary state, was left. These fragments, the learned men of the Sassanian period put together according to their

understanding, to make something like a consistent whole, and, to explain them, wrote commentaries in Pahalvi, which was the vernacular of the time. The portions thus preserved and brought together and now extant with the Parsis, are Yaçna (Izeshne), Visparatu (Visparad), Vendidâd, Yashts, Hadokht, Vistâsp Nosk, Afringan, Niayish, Gah, some miscellaneous fragments and the Sirozah (thirty days) or calendar."

Here is the lamentable fact which, for the past twenty-two years[21] I have been trying to press home [420] on the Parsis as a reason why they should, through their Panchayat, or Governing Body, emulate the successful attempts of the Christians to unearth (in Egypt and Palestine) buried archaic remains of their religion, by organising a Parsi Exploration Fund, to pursue researches in Persia and Bactria under, if possible, some other man of the supreme fitness of Professor Flinders Petrie, on the chance of finding buried tile libraries and inscribed stones which might give them back some of the priceless teachings of the Zoroasters, now lost. As for finding forgotten manuscripts in European libraries, I am afraid the hope must be abandoned. In fact, as M. Blochet, of the National Library, Paris, wrote me, the Zoroastrian books and manuscripts in European libraries, with very few exceptions as, for instance, the most ancient manuscripts of the "Bundahish," at Copenhagen, and known in Europe as "K20," have been brought from India since the middle of the eighteenth century and are, presumably, but copies of originals which the Parsis have kept in their own possession. Says M. Blochet:

"It will always be a serious obstacle to the progress of Mazdian study that we, Europeans, cannot know exactly what interesting documents of this religion are available to-day in India, and that the Parsis, on the other hand, do not know exactly what documents are at our disposal in Europe. Of course I have not in mind simple list of titles, which would not help us forward in the least unless we could have in our hands the manuscripts themselves, but a catalogue [421] scientifically prepared and in great detail. To meet this difficulty to the extent of my means and to fill this gap, I have composed a catalogue of Zend manuscripts, etc., in the Bibliothèque Nationale, which, however, I do not offer as a model of the sort, but which circumstances of a very material nature oblige me to keep in manuscript.

"The Parsis are rich enough to be able to indulge themselves in the luxury of making known to the world the treasures of their libraries and private collections, and this is the sole basis on which it will ever be possible to build up

an exact knowledge of the Mazdian religion. I believe that your relations with the Indians, dear Colonel, are such that you will be able to convey to them the ideas which I have now ventured to express to you."

From the foregoing it is very plain to see where exists the deadlock which prevents the progress of Zoroastrian literary research—both parties, the European Orientalists and the Bombay Parsi scholars, are equally ignorant as to the portions of the literature which are respectively in the hands of the other party. Of course, the very first thing to do is to have two catalogues carefully compiled and exchanged between them; this done, a well-ordered policy of mutual help would inevitably hasten the day when a clear and comprehensive knowledge of the body of surviving literature would be attained. I am afraid that there exists among the Parsis a very prejudiced and narrow-minded class of priests who do not wish outsiders to know too much about their sacred writings.

[422]

Probably this feeling is due to the selfish desire of keeping to themselves the hereditary right to dole out to the laity and interpret as they choose the teachings of the Founder. I may be wrong, but I think that the backwardness of the community to catch up the suggestion of a Parsi Exploration Fund is, in some measure, due to this priestly obstructiveness.

Granting that the libraries of Christendom contain, for the most part, only copies of existing Parsi books, there is yet another field of inquiry which I pointed out in a letter to the late M. Menant, de l' Institut, in 1896, which is not touched upon either in his reply of the same year or in the letter of M. Blochet above cited. What I wanted him to tell me was whether in "any public library, in any part of the world... there are ancient books, MSS., or fragmentary Gâthâs, etc." I had no idea of confining our inquiries to European or any other libraries in Christian countries. The conquering armies of Islam were almost invariably accompanied by learned mullahs whose writings have given the world most important information about countries and people with whom they came in contact. In a letter to Professor Flinders Petrie, of University College, London, one of the questions I put to him on behalf of the Parsi Panchâyat, was whether it would not be profitable to search in the older libraries of Oriental countries for missing fragments. A great deal that we know of Zoroastrianism has been derived from the fragments preserved by the Greeks and since we know that the scholars in the train of [423] Alexander carried these away on their return to their countries, what more natural than that a careful search in the libraries which are

the repositories of Islamic literature would yield rich results? The one fact which it behoved the Parsis to understand is that the old adage, “Heaven helps those who help themselves,” will indubitably be proved true in their case, as it has in the cases of the Christians, the Hindus, and the devotees of research into the buried records of other ancient faiths. But no power, human or divine, will help any community, nation, or individual who does not make an honest effort on his own behalf. As I have reiterated again and again, the Parsi Panchâyat might have got possession by this time of precious additions to their religious records if they had but accepted the offer of H.P.B., embodied in my lecture aforesaid, to get them the confidence and help of her friend, the then Viceroy of the Caucasus, Prince Dondoukoff Korsakoff, for the Parsi Exploration Fund which I then suggested. But they have preferred to go on all these years in the old beaten track, with the exception of the comparatively few who have become Theosophists and whose lives have become embued with the feeling of reverence and love for their glorious religion.

It may seem strange to some that I feel and speak so strongly on this subject of the revival of Zoroastrianism, but, as a student of comparative religions, I have been charmed and impressed by its beauty and deeply grieved to see that the Tatas, the Jijibhoys, [424] the Petits, and other Parsi millionaires who have excited so much admiration by their royal charities, should not have devoted a portion of their gifts to this most necessary object. Of course, it will be no proof to anyone outside the number of us in the Society who believe in the existence of Âkâshic Records and the possibility of tracing in them the world’s history, that the interest felt by some of us non-Parsis may be due to relations with the race and religion in past ages.

If I have filled up this chapter mainly with discussions about the Zoroastrian religion, it is because I feel that the revival of all ancient religions is a very important part of the work of the Theosophical Society, and that what has been done by us towards it should be mentioned in any veracious history of the movement.

As to Hinduism, see the revival of Brahmanism and of Sanskrit Literature, the foundation of the Central Hindu College and our Sectional activities; as to Buddhism, see the 200 Schools and the three Colleges opened by our members in Ceylon, the enthusiasm in Buddhist Japan, the unprecedented friendly union between the Northern and Southern Buddhists, The Buddhist Catechism circulating in nearly twenty languages. Zoroastrianism is our next great care, and

I pray that I may live to see it revived by the combined devotion and efforts of our Parsi Theosophists.

Let us now return to my letter to Mr. K. R. Cama, the text of which is as follows:

[425]

“Permit me to enlarge somewhat upon the views which I expressed in our recent conversation at Bombay, about the best way to improve the state of the Zoroastrian religion. Since the date of my Town Hall lecture upon this topic, in the year 1882, I have been, as you know, one of the warmest friends of your religion. In private conversations and public utterances, I have tried to influence your leading men to combine together for its interests. I have pointed to the Palestine Exploration Fund and other societies as examples set by the Christians of what the followers of every ancient faith which has suffered by wars, migrations, and other causes, ought to do if they would recover long lost knowledge and complete their present mutilated Scriptures, and inaccurate codes of teaching, I have often said, and now repeat, that Zoroastrianism is one of the noblest, simplest, most sublime religions in the world. If there is any religion whatsoever which deserves the love and loyalty of its adherents, yours is such a religion. If there is a religion backed by a body of men of high intelligence, moral courage, having a spirit of loyalty to it, and at once the tact for business and vast wealth—the reward of generations of industrious workers—it is to be found among the Parsis of Bombay. And yet, where shall we find a community so little valuing spirituality as the highest ideal of human life; so little understanding their Scriptures; so indifferent to the religious training of their sons? One would suppose that the Parsi summum bonum was a houseful of rupees and a body covered with purchased [426] decorations. I am not forgetting the numberless acts of charity which have made the Parsi name almost the synonym of benevolence throughout the English-speaking world, and for which I hold your people in deep respect. But my eye is fixed upon the type of the true Zoroastrian which history paints for us in the band of persecuted exiles, who left Ormuzd and landed at Sanjan, eleven centuries ago. They were great in all worldly capacities, for their present great mercantile and manufacturing descendants sprang from their loins and inherit their blood. But they were greater still in their sublime religious devotion, which made them—like my own Pilgrim forefathers—quit country, wealth, friends, comfort and all, and smilingly face every unknown danger for the dear sake of their religion. Moreover, they

were led by the holy Dastur Darab, whose purity and spirituality were such as to make it possible for him to draw from the boundless Âkâsh the divine fire of Ormuzd, to light the flame which you have ever since kept burning. Are you such men to-day, with your wealth, your luxuries, your knighthoods, your medals, and your mills? Have you a Darab Dastur among you, or even a School of the Prophets, where neophytes are taught the divine science? Alas! nay. Of your Scriptures you have saved out of the terrors of persecution no more than a small fraction; and only the other day we read of Western Orientalists trying to show that even these are modern compilations from various sources. The question your humble friend and defender asks is whether you mean to keep idle [427] and not stir a hand to revive your religion, to discover all that can be learnt about your sacred writings, to create a modern school of writers, who shall invest your ethics and metaphysics with such a charm that we shall hear no more about Parsi men preaching Christianity at Dhobi Talao, or Parsi girls marrying Mahomedans or becoming Zenana missionaries. Do you prefer to wait until hearts are broken in an hundred more Parsi homes; until scores of once happy families are broken up by apostasies of ignorant, untaught, or feeble-minded children? I believe not; my faith in the practical good sense of your community forbids my believing such criminal indifference to be possible after your leaders open their eyes to the terrible dangers that are slowly gathering around you in consequence of your excessive worldliness.

"What practical remedy do I suggest? Simply this. That your Panchâyat should adopt a formal Resolution declaring that, henceforth, the promotion of the interest of the Zoroastrian religion shall be one of its recognised duties; that its sympathy and help may be counted on by every scholar, society, explorer, or other person who, in any part of the world, may now be engaged, or hereafter shall engage, in the collection of Parsi document and antiquarian relics; the exploration of districts connected with Parsi history; the publication of books, maps, drawings, etc., upon Zoroastrian religion which may be found worthy of its aid; and in any other important effort to throw light upon that religion. The Secretary of the Panchâyat should be made, ex-officio, the channel [428] through which shall pass from and to the Panchâyat all correspondence and negotiations growing out of this matter; and he should send copies of this Resolution throughout the world to those interested. The Government of India and the Home Government should be petitioned by the Panchâyat that all British Ministers and Consuls should be requested and encouraged to help in the promotion of this laudable work.

“The accumulated funds of the Panchâyat being ample, there is no necessity for creating a special fund for this purpose, at least for some time to come; although I feel quite sure that as soon as the importance of these researches become known, large sums will be given by individuals which, otherwise, would be given to public works of infinitely less noble character. I recommend no haste, no lavish outlay, no sudden outburst of zeal; but a quiet, calm, wise adoption of the policy sketched above, and the dogged carrying out of practical methods for its full and complete accomplish-ment. If your people had accepted my offer in 1882, I might have given you much assistance, for the then Viceroy of the Caucasus was an old and intimate friend of my lamented colleague, Madame Blavatsky, and for her sake he would have done all that lay within his power. However, it is now useless to recall lost opportunities; only lose no more. Every month’s delay lessens the chances of success; every wasted year is a misfortune for your community.

“I have ventured to offer the foregoing suggestions at the request of a number of respectable Parsi friends, [429] and I make them for what they may be worth. I feel that I can do so the more freely since I have no personal ends to accomplish, no money recompense to ask, no honors to solicit. This is your work, not mine; all I can give you is my loving sympathy and my best wishes.”

At the time when I was writing my lecture of 1882, our Bombay Headquarters was visited by a certain Master,[22] happily unknown by the public and even the majority of our members, who had but recently gone over the ground in Armenia, where the ancient Parsis lived. He told H.P.B. that, at the Monastery of Soorb Ovanness, in that country, there were in 1877 three superannuated priests, whose number had been reduced to one within the subsequent five years; and that the library of books and old manuscripts heaped up as waste paper in every corner of the pillar-cells, tempting no Kurd, were scattered over the rooms. “For the consideration of a dagger and a few silver abazes I got several precious manuscripts from him”—the old priest. Moreover, H.P.B. and I were assured that in a certain large mountain cave, effectually closed against all intruders and vandals, and, like the many other of the same kind scattered throughout the world, constantly watched over and guarded by the Masters of Wisdom, the whole body of valuable [430] Zoroastrian literature is stored up against the proper time for its restoration to mankind. Old readers of our literature will remember that it has been affirmed on the best authority that no book that is important to our race has ever been irretrievably lost. Despite the worst endeavors of bigoted

Khalifs, like Omar, who burnt the Alexandrian library, and drunken soldiers like Alexander, who gave the citadel of Persepolis to the flames, the world's intellectual and spiritual evolution are never stayed; for the motto is Nulla vestigiaretrorsum.

CHAPTER XXXII

AMERICAN VISITORS AND THE CONVENTION

(1895)

AMONG the heroes of the Japan-China war of ten years ago was one whose name shone conspicuously in the list of great soldiers. General Vicount Nodzu, the man of whom I speak, commanded one of the two armies which, marching from different points, united at the appointed time and place and crushed the enemy. It was my good fortune to make him my friend during my Japanese tour of 1889, at which time he commanded the military district of Hiroshima, if my memory serves me. His was a deeply religious nature and it was that which drew us together. He presented me with a copy of a thick book which he had written on a Buddhistic subject, and which is now in the Adyar Library, along with the fifteen hundred other volumes which, thanks to the kindness of friends, I was able to bring back from Japan. When, at the close of the war with China, the Japanese arms were victorious, I wrote my friend to beg him to use his influence, then very great, to prevent his fellow-countrymen from being swept away from the religious level on which I had left them by the [1482] tidal wave of the bloody thirst for fighting and conquest. I knew the man so well that I felt assured that, although he had won the admiration of his people by his military achievements, he was still at heart the devotee of religion and the aspirant after spiritual knowledge. I sincerely regret that, as this chapter is being written at my Nilgiri cottage, I cannot lay my hand upon either of the letters which passed between us. I remember, however, that he told me that he was now too old to turn aside from the profession of his life to enter the field of religious teaching; this, he added, was my special province: he thanked me for what I had done during my tour of 1889 and hoped that I might be able to come again to his country and continue my work. This matter is brought back to my recollection by the entry of November 19th in my Diary for 1895, where the dispatch of my letter to him is recorded.

On the next afternoon an American traveller, a Dr. Scrogin, of Kentucky, paid

me a visit. It seems that he had been attracted to India by the extravagant stories of Yogis and Mahatmas, outrivalling even the imaginative flights of Louis Jacolliot, which had been circulated in England and America by one Dr. Hensoldt. I have never known anything whatever about that individual beyond what I read in the public prints. So I am not qualified to pronounce ex cathedra as to his narratives of alleged personal experience. But I can say that, from first to last his stories were so improbable and romantic, albeit clever, that I was inclined to classify him as another Munchausen.

[433]

His report, for instance, of his visit to Lhasa and interview with the Dalai Lama is almost too circumstantial, for when I read it I just went to our Library, got out Thomas Manning's report of his Embassy to Lhasa in 1811-12 (London, Trubner & Co., 1876, p. 287), and found that our contemporary sensationalist had, apparently, drawn upon Markham for his account of the interview in question. For example, compare the following:

HENSOLDT (1894).	MARKHAM (1811).
"A youth indeed, I found him—a boy per- haps eight years of age, certainly not over nine— but instead of a face of idiotic meaninglessness and indifference, I en- countered a look which at once filled me with astonishment and awe. It was a face of great symmetry and beauty, a face never to be forgotten on account of its singular melancholy expression,	"The Lama's beautiful and interesting face and manner engrossed almost all my attention. He was at that time about seven years old: had the simple and unaffected manners of a well-edu- cated princely child. His face was, I thought, poetically and affectingly beautiful."

which contrasted strange-

ly with the childlike

features; but what startl-

ed me most were the eyes.”

As I remarked, when calling attention to this literary feat (Theosophist, Vol. XVI, p. 269), the preservative action upon flesh of the dry climate of Lhasa is known, [434] but justice has never been done to it if it can keep a boy at the age of seven or eight years from 1811 to 1893-4. But, unfortunately, the reigning Dalai Lama was twenty-two years of age at the time of Hensoldt’s alleged visit! At any rate, poor Dr. Scrogin had become fired with the ambition to see the wonders and Mahatmas described by our author, and had left his medical practice at Lexington, come to India, worked his way north as far as Kashmir without seeing the least bit of a wonder-worker or miracle, had contracted a dreadful fever in the Terai jungle, been laid up a month in hospital, discharged as cured, and then come to Adyar, which he ought to have visited in the first instance and learnt the truth. Perhaps some of my readers may remember a similar case, where three Russian gentlemen, two of them officers, with whom I crossed from Colombo to Tuticorin some years ago, had come to India on the strength of the fascinating stories told by H.P.B. in her Caves and Jungles of Hindustan: they ardently hoped to enjoy some of the weird experiences depicted by her. That they were disappointed, as have been scores of others who have come to India on the same quest, goes without saying. Mahatmas and other miracle workers are not on show like the freaks in the Dime Museum; if they are encountered and if they do exhibit any siddhis it is with another object than the gratification of mere vulgar curiosity.

I was so pleased with my Kentucky visitor that I invited him to come from his hotel and stop with us [435] for some weeks. He thankfully accepted the invitation and came to us on the following Sunday (November 24th). Very shortly after his arrival his Terai fever threatened to break out again, so I asked some of our servants if they knew of any plant used in India as a febrifuge. The butler pointed to a grand old margosa tree near the house and said that, with permission, he would make a decoction out of the young leaves which he thought would prove efficacious. Dr. Scrogin gladly made the experiment, drank a lot of the bitter dose—for the leaves are as bitter as aloes or quinine—and within a few days the fever symptoms entirely disappeared and there was no

return during the time that he was with us.

November being included within the period of the North-east Monsoon, my notes show that it was raining heavily every day at that time, to the great obstruction of our building work. But by covering the space with a temporary roof of palm leaves the masons and their work were effectually sheltered and we could push on the erection of the room which Dr. English has occupied ever since its completion.

The entry of 26th November in my Diary relates to the payment of Copyright on Isis Unveiled, by J. W. Bouton, the New York publisher. As H. P. B. had transferred her author's rights to me in her Will I had collected in 1892, through the agency of Mr. Judge, a certain sum, which I turned over to the American and some other Section, but I have no recollection of receiving a penny of copyright since [486] that time. In fact, from the pecuniary point of view, the book paid neither of us two anything to speak of, although it has passed through a number of editions and the publisher covered his cost before we left New York for India. I have recently heard of his death, from Professor Wilder, who tells me that he was victimised like ourselves.

On the 2nd of December another American traveller, a Mr. Clark, of Detroit, landed from a Clan steamer and drove out to see us. As he was interested in Theosophy I invited him to stop with us over the Convention, so he did and was with us for some weeks. The following day brought still another gentleman, a Mr. Grece, also of Detroit, who came from Ceylon, and he also was glad to be able to stop over and attend our Annual Meeting. Naturally enough the succeeding days were largely devoted to Theosophical discussions and explanations with our two American visitors, both of whom profitably employed themselves as well in reading the books in our library.

"To have the honour of meeting Their Excellencies the Viceroy and the Countess of Elgin" is the heading on the official invitation card from the Governor, Lord Wenlock, which I find pasted in my Diary of Friday, December 6th. I wish that some of my fellow countrymen who aspire to the acquaintance of titled foreigners could attend one of these brilliant State functions. In the grounds of the Governor's official palace in the city of Madras stands a large detached building in the Ionic style, which is known [487] as the "Banqueting Hall". It is an imposing structure, pure white without and within. The inside forms one lofty and spacious hall, with a broad gallery running around the four sides and resting upon massive white columns; light is furnished by enormous

lustres with crystal drops; at the further end isa large raised dais for the chief personages in attendance. At the appointed hour His Excellency and party drive up in grand style in open barouches drawn by four or six horses, with postilions and numerous outriders. Ranged along the other side of the avenue in front of the hall, are troops who come to the salute as the Governor drives up; the military band breaks out into the National Anthem, the dignitaries clad in Court costume, mount the long flight of steps to the terrace between parallel lines of the picturesquely clad, lance-bearing Sepoys of the Body Guard, the invited guests within form a hedge, and the exalted personages, bowing right and left, walk to the dais and thence saluting the company, turn and speak to the principal officers of Government, Civil, Military and Ecclesiastical, take their seats, and after a few minutes the Ball opens with the State Quadrille; thence onward, until the approach of morning, the snow-white hall presents a scene of brilliant animation.

On such occasions as this one has the chance of seeing the Indian Rajahs and Zemindars of the Presidency in their most gorgeous attire; some wearing clusters of jewels that would make most ladies green with envy. One evening, at a function of the sort, I was chatting with the late Maharajah of Vizianagaram, [438] an educated and courteous gentleman who had earned by his lavish hospitality and pleasant manners with the Anglo-Indians the sobriquet of “Prince Charming”. In his rich turban he wore an aigret of diamonds and around his neck a string of enormous emeralds. Accidentally, the string broke and the precious gems rolled about him on the floor. Of course, I helped him to gather them together and was rather amused at the nonchalance he showed, handling the precious stones as though they were common pebbles. I suppose that, if the truth were known, the obligation to wear these loads of jewels must be to many of our Indian Princes an intolerable nuisance: I am quite sure it must be so with an educated and thoughtful man like the present Gaekwar of Baroda. For that matter, is it not so with Kings and Rulers all the world over?

Among the Indian notabilities of Madras is Rajah Sir S. Ramaswamy Mudaliar, Kt., C. I. E., who has made his fortune as “Dubash,” or broker for the great house of Arbuthnot & Co. His name is seen on drinking-troughs and rest-sheds all over Madras, while diagonally opposite the Central Railway Station is an extensive Dharmasala for the use of Hindu travellers who want some convenient place of accommodation when visiting the city. He is in high favor with the authorities, and as he likes that sort of thing, the Government is glad to get him

to give great receptions more or less in the Oriental style, to distinguished visiting personages, like the Viceroys of India, the Czarevitch of Russia, the Princes of Royal Families, [439] etc. He gave a reception to Their Excellencies, the Earl and Countess of Elgin on the evening of December 9th. His extensive grounds were brilliantly illuminated, his mansion was one blaze of light, here and there in the compound were small kiosks and other structures in which amusements were provided by native performers: after that, supper and refreshments and at the end of all a superb pyrotechnic display. The programme accompanying my ticket may, perhaps, interest Western readers. There was a Hindu dance by a Madras girl; playing on the vina by a renowned musical pandit; Indian marionettes; amusing performances by parrots; kolattum, a rope-braiding dance, by eight girls (very much like our Maypole dance); an Indian drama; then the supper and fire-works. At intervals the company would be set into fits of laughter by the performances of specialists who would wander about the grounds and mimic the voices of birds and beasts, the noise of machinery and other familiar sounds.

I was very pleased to receive on the 10th of December a letter from the Viceroy's Private Secretary to the effect that His Excellency took an interest in my work for the Pariahs and that he wished me every success.

On the 15th of the month Mr. Grece made application for membership The 16th was rather a memorable day for me, since I received from London advance copies of the first volume of my]. On the afternoon of that day a Vaishnava Hatha yogi came and, in illustration of the power of the mind over the body, showed us some experiments [440] that I am sure would not be credited by any college of physicians and surgeons without the evidence of their own senses. The subject is not one that can be laid before the mixed public of my readers, but for the benefit of the profession I may say that, by a reversal of the peristaltic action he could fill himself up with water at will. The working of the abdominal muscles during the experiment was most striking.

In the early morning of the 17th I had a visit from H. P. B. in her astral body, which was very pleasant. She presented herself in the same appearance with which I was perfectly familiar. On the same day all my three American visitors acquired membership. All this time, despite the heavy rain, I was pushing on the building work with good success. On the 21st Mrs. Grece arrived from Colombo and rejoined her husband. The Convention time was now very close and on the 23rd Mrs. Besant arrived with Mr. Keightley, Upendranath Basu, Tookaram

Tatya, Dr. Edal Behram, and seven or eight more from Bombay. In the evening Mrs. Besant held one of her splendid conversaziones in the great hall; as usual, charming her auditors with her replies to questions and explanations of difficult subjects. Delegates were now arriving by every train and, as the whole space on the ground floor was needed for the accommodation of delegates, I turned out the European occupants of the bedrooms on that floor and made them ready for the Indian visitors. The European gentlemen I housed in the octagon room in the river bungalow and put Mr. and Mrs.

[441]

Grece in one of those very comfortable leaf huts that are now so largely employed at Conventions. Mrs. Besant's disquisitions that evening at the usual meeting were upon dreams, the astral body, and kindred subjects. I do not know when I have been more interested than in her descriptions of the experience of watching the dream-life of sleeping persons—the magical creations of the wandering imagination, the reproduction of actual experiences during the waking state, and the instantaneous transformations caused by the rush of thought and the impulse of sensations. The narrative recalled vividly Moore's description of the dream state as

... that dim twilight of the mind,

When reason's beam, half hid behind

The clouds of sense, obscurely gilds

Each shadowy shape that fancy builds.

But the student who would really wish to see the subject ably and thoroughly worked out, should read Mr. Leadbeater's monograph on the subject of "Dreams".

Until the Council Meeting at London in 1896, when the Rules of the Society were crystallised into their present shape, there were, as we all know, periodical tinkerings at them, often but to pacify the caprices of whimsical members. I note that, on Christmas Day, 1895, Mr. Keightley and I collaborated on a new draft of the Rules for presentation to the Convention. By the 26th we had a house full of delegates, by the 27th [442] we were crowded. At noon on that day the Convention met, and an unusually large number of delegates answered roll-call. An interesting feature was the presence of American members coming from the States of Vermont, New York, Kentucky, and Michigan. With the assembling of

this Convention, the Society celebrated the completion of the twentieth year of its history. Of course I noticed the fact and recalled the incidents of the early times and of our tempestuous journey from New York to Bombay. Deducting fifteen days passed in London, the journey occupied just forty-nine days, 7 X 7. The American secession having occurred during that year had to be referred to, but I made my allusions as brief as possible. One point, however, I dwelt upon, as our statistics so completely refuted the false assumption of the secession leaders that New York had always been the vortex of our movement, while the activities of H. P. B. and myself, after reaching India and establishing Head-quarters at Bombay, were but the extension of the functions of the New York Society. The figures are so instructive that I had better copy from my Annual Address the paragraph which contains them:

"Before leaving the American question I shall just cite a few figures to show you where the vortex of this movement of ours was from the time of our leaving America to, say, the close of 1887. In 1879, 1880, and 1881 those in charge of the New York centre formed no new Branches, H. P. B. and I formed 24. In 1882 the St. Louis (Arjuna) and Rochester Branches were formed, we had formed 52; in 1883 the dead New York (original) Society was reincarnated in the Aryan T.S., Mr. Judge obtaining the charter from us; in the whole United States there were three Branches at the close of 1883, but we had formed 95; in 1884 there was one Branch formed in the United States, making 4 in all, while we had 103 elsewhere; Mr. Judge met the Founders in Europe in that year, was home again in 1885, and two new Branches sprang up, we had chartered 124 in all; in 1886 two were made in America and 136 charters were extant; finally, to the end of 1887—twelve years after our beginning, and nine after the Founders came to India—eleven charters had been issued by me to American Branches and 147 to others in other countries. Whether de facto or de jure, it is evident that H. P. B. and I were doing the hard work of building up the Theosophical Society and making its name and objects known throughout the whole earth."

The theme of Mrs. Besant's morning lectures at this year's Convention was "the Path of Discipleship". However well they may read, the printed reports of her lectures are but as husks in comparison with the life and charm that she gives them in her utterances. People came, as they always do, from the distant heart of the City of Madras in the very early morning so as to secure places, and the audiences increased from day to day. We got through the work of the two Conventions (of the T.S. and the Indian Section) in perfect harmony and the

Victoria [illegible] Town Hall in Madras, where we always celebrate our Anniversary on the 28th of December (biennially now, since the new rule makes us hold our Conventions alternately at Adyar and Benares) was crowded to such an extent that the Trustees were a little fearful for the safety of the building. The speakers of the occasion were Mrs. Besant, and Messrs. Keightley, Grece, O. D. Sarma and, of course, myself.

Mrs. Besant's fourth and last lecture of the course, on the 30th, drew the same huge audience and was most eloquent. The Hon'ble Mr. Justice S. Subramanier returned thanks on behalf of the Indian public, after which the delegates began leaving and the house soon emptied itself. The psychological effect upon my mind of this year's Convention seemed to be that of a great explosion of harmony on the astral plane and, as I note in my Diary, Mrs. Besant seemed more than ever inspired by the current of thought and good-will sent out by the Masters.

This closes the record of the Society's twentieth year.

CHAPTER XXXIII

THE MAHA-BODHI

(1896)

THE year we are now entering is, of course, that of the majority of the Theosophical Society. The fact was to me so important that I sat up with my thoughts to see the old year out and gather strength to carry us through the coming twelvemonth.

On New Year's Day Mrs. Besant, with Mr. Keightley and Babu Upendranath, left for Poona, where she had a lecturing engagement. Our three American visitors, Clark, Grece, and Scrogin, true to the national instinct, made themselves useful by taking the account of stock in the Theosophist Office, a job which lasted four days. I myself had all I could do in writing for the foreign mail and reading through large arrears of exchanges. On the 6th and 7th I wrote an Old Diary Leaf, and on the former day had the distinguished honor of a visit from that smooth talker and consummate humbug, "Prof. R. Guelph Norman," who pretends to be a son of the ruling sovereign. He left his legitimate wife and children at Moulmein, and ruined the life [446] of a highly respectable American lady at Boston by contracting with her a bigamous marriage. The man has, or had, strong healing power, which he exercised to the great profit of Countess Wachtmeister by rescuing her eyes from certain blindness; but he seems to be a thorough scamp in his financial dealings and his relations with the other sex. He is on the black list of the Burma Police.

On the 8th Mr. and Mrs. Grece left for Colombo, and Dr. English followed them on the 9th, as he had to get together and bring to Adyar the personal effects which he had left in the Musaeus School, his permanent connection with the Theosophist editorial department having been settled. On the same day Mr. Tokuzawa, the clever young Japanese student, had his order of recall. On the 16th he embarked on the Messageries steamer for Japan and I saw him on board, reluctant to lose him. This left in the house only two Europeans besides myself.

On the following day Mr. Yoshitomi Hiraga, Director of the Commercial Museum at Osaka, Japan, brought letters of introduction to me and asked my assistance to collect information and specimens for the important Government department over which he presides. I met him at the station, brought him home to breakfast, and later introduced him to the leading commercial houses of Madras, who were glad to render him any assistance within their power. We had long talks together on the subject of the condition of his country, which gave me a still deeper impression as [147] to the perfect system on which all its affairs were managed.

The foreign mail of the 18th, by the swift P. & O. S. S. “Caledonia,” brought me letters from New York on the 24th day after posting. Among other things which I learned was the fact that the first Treasurer of the Theosophical Society, Mr. H. J. Newton, a confirmed and obstinate Spiritualist, whose early interest in our Society had long since faded out and who had done everything within his power to discredit us, was killed by a cable car in New York City. Poor man! I felt sincerely sorry for his horrible death, the more so because he had died rejecting the truth which he had been taught about the after-death state. Mr. Newton was a wealthy man and particularly well known as the inventor of the dry-plate process of photography. It may be remembered that it was at his private gallery that the pretended power of Mlle. Pauline Libert to cause spirit photographs to come on an exposed plate by simply laying her hand on the camera, was thoroughly tested and disproved. Mr. Newton and I were both anxious to have her prove the truth of her claim, for its value as a scientific fact would have been great.

The days of this week were fully occupied with going about with Mr. Hiraga and day and night correspondence and writing for the Theosophist. I was at that time connected with the Mahâ-Bodhi Society as Honorary Adviser, and Dharmapala, being in a peck of trouble about the property at Gaya, telegraphed me [148] to come on to Calcutta. So I recalled Dr. English by telegraph, and on the 24th, in company with Mr. Hiraga, sailed for Calcutta in the “Eridan”. We arrived on the 27th, Dr. Hübbe-Schleiden came aboard and took me to Dr. Salzer’s house, where I had a nice welcome from his wife and himself. At 6 p.m., on the same day, I presided at Mrs. Besant’s first lecture of that season, on the subject of “Caste”.

On the morning of the 28th I was confined to my bed by a passing illness. Dharmapala came to consult me about Mahâ-Bodhi the Zemindary which

touches the enclosure about the great temple at one side, and which we were talking about buying. I sent him to arrange with Mrs. Besant for an important meeting on the following evening. Dr. Hübbe-Schleiden came up to town from Uttarpara to be with me. In the evening I presided at Mrs. Besant's second lecture on "Karma Yoga: Building of Character". On the next morning Dharmapala and Tookaram Tatya, who happened to be in Calcutta at the time, came to see me, the latter to consult me about the employment of his time henceforth, as he had the intention of retiring from business. I advised him to devote himself to the inspection of Branches in connection with the Indian Section. At 4.30 p.m., Mrs. Besant gave a splendid lecture on "Vivisection," in the Town Hall, which awakened great enthusiasm, especially among the Jains who are, as is well known, the foremost opponents of cruelty to animals. An enormous audience filled the building to overflowing. After the lecture [448] Mrs. Besant and I met Tookaram, Dr. Hübbe, Upendranath Basu, Norendro Nath Sen, Dharmapala and his pleader, Babu Nunda Kissore Lall, of Gaya, and after a full discussion of the points, pro and con, we decided that the Mahâ-Bodhi Zemindary should not be purchased. We advised Dharmapala to buy a house in the town of Gaya as a temporary residence for priests, and I attended to other business with him.

Mrs. Besant was giving lectures and holding conversation meetings daily, to the great edification of the Hindu public. Her final lecture on "Education," was given on the 1st of February, and an hour later I put her into the train for Benares. The Secretary of the Calcutta Literary Society, profiting by my presence in Calcutta, persuaded me to give a course of three lectures before his Society. On the 2nd, at 3 p.m., I held a meeting of the Himâlayan Esoteric T. S. (of Simla) and admitted three members. By request I granted permission to the Branch to sit in Calcutta during the cold weather season, as the members were Government employees and were obliged to go up to and return from Simla yearly with the heads of their respective offices. My first lecture on "The Fate of Hindu Boys" was given at the rooms of the Patriotic Institution on Monday evening; my second on the two subjects of "Unselfishness" and "Mesmerism," the next day, with Dr. Hübbe-Schleiden in the chair. The third, on "Soul," at Ripon College, on the 5th. Day by day there was a good deal of discussion going on as to the whole Mahâ-Bodhi business and I was receiving [450] visitors and going about town pretty much all the time.

A grand Military Tournament was held at this time on the broad maidan, under

the auspices of the Military authorities. It fully deserved the success it earned, for the troops selected to take part in it were in good training and the exhibitions of drill, horsemanship and driving were very fine. There was also a sham assault upon an Indian Fort, ending with its capture which was very blood-stirring. On the occasion of my second visit I had for companion Mr. W. Forbes-Mitchell, one of the historians of the Indian Mutiny, a very intelligent and interesting Scotchman, who had his mind filled with vivid pictures of the incidents of that fearful tragedy. My old friend, Mark Twain, then on his lecturing tour around the world, happened to be at Calcutta simultaneously with myself, and here is the note he sent me to ask me to come around and see him.

"Friday.

"MY DEAR OLCOTT,

"I'm shut up here in the Continental Hotel with a brisk new cold in the head.

Come and cheer me up!

Yours sincerely,

S. L. CLEMENS."

Now fancy that. The sober-sided President of the Theosophical Society invited to come to the bedside of Mark Twain and cheer him up, who, for more than a generation, has been cheering up the whole world of English readers. But I went, and a delightful [451] meeting did we have; recalling old incidents of our association in the famous Lotos Club, New York, and our meetings at Boston, Hartford, Washington, and elsewhere. We smoked our pipes and chatted and laughed, and almost forgot that we were in India, at the other side of the world from our former haunts. And his dear wife and daughter, how tenderly they ministered to him and what a deep impression their sweetness of character made upon me[23]. For no man of my acquaintance have I a greater respect than for this man, whose purity of character was so completely shown in his undertaking of this very world-round tour, to pay off the great burden of debt that had been cast upon him, as similarly happened to Sir Walter Scott, by the failure of the publishing house which had the publication of his works and in which, to his undoing, he had acquired a co-partnership interest. He was unable to lecture until after the lapse of three days, when he made his appearance at 5.30 p.m. before an immense audience. Needless to say, he kept them bubbling over with mirth and breaking out into applause throughout. I laughed to the shedding of tears at his comical descriptions of his struggles with the German language, and other good

points. May blessings attend him to the close of his life. He will leave none but friends behind him.

CHAPTER XXXIV

THE HEALING PENTAGON

ON the 11th I lectured at the Saraswati Institution and had in the audience some of my oldest Calcutta friends, who brought back to me the recollection of my first visit to the city with H.P.B. My dear hostess, Mrs. Salzer, was stung that day by a wasp or a scorpion or some other beast of the kind and for a while suffered excruciating agony; her finger swelled up and she could get no relief from the pain until she consulted me. I thereupon tested and proved, for the hundredth time, the efficacy of that, as yet unexplained, remedy of writing on the patient's flesh above the wound and at the extreme point to which the pain has travelled along the nerve, the pentacle or five-pointed star. Within three or four minutes the pain had subsided and the swelling was reduced; after a half-hour or so, nought remained but the little inflamed puncture to show that anything out of the way had happened.

Though, as above stated, I have made numberless cures by this simple process, and the back volumes of the Theosophist (vide Theosophist, Vol. II, pp. 58, 92, 215, and 240, etc.), contain certificates from different people, both in India and the United States, of hundreds [458] of cures, this one of Mrs. Salzer possessed great interest from the fact of my having been in the house at the time of the occurrence and been an eye-witness of her excruciating suffering. Somewhere in a back volume of the Theosophist is a statement from my beloved friend, the late Prince Harisinhji, that he had successfully tried the pentacle remedy in a very large number of cases of scorpion sting and, I think, also of fever. In recording the cure of Mrs. Salzer's finger I had intended to let the incident go with the bare mention as being simply of the nature of cumulative proof of the healing efficacy of this ancient and mystic symbol. But on second thought it seems to me that the subject possesses enough intrinsic importance to be mentioned somewhat more at length. A search of our back numbers reveals the fact of the almost unfailing efficacy of the remedy in question; that is indisputable and, to judge from my own observations, the obtaining of the proof is within the reach of everybody, high or low, literate or illiterate, psychopath or ignoramus, who can sketch the symbol on a sufferer. True, scorpions are not plentiful outside the tropics, but

spiders, bees, wasps, mosquitos, and other stinging insects are ubiquitous: they follow the traveller even into the Arctic and Antarctic regions. Is it not worth while, therefore, to devote a little space in this narrative to a discussion of so simple and apparently so infallible a remedy as the one in question?

The correspondents of the Theosophist do not seem unanimous as to the explanation of the working of [454] the five-pointed star; some, for instance H.P.B. (Vol. III, pp. 31, 32, and 33), ascribe the cure to the action of the will of the operator; a friend at Partabgarh says (Vol. III, p. 303) that the writing of the name “Allah” in Arabic characters in the palm of the left hand with the index finger of the right, then placing the same finger perpendicularly on the spot and making a strong pressure, will give instantaneous relief; our old friend, Mr. C. H. Vander Linden, writes from Jacksonville, Florida, about a sort of waking vision that he had of “a person in ancient garb, with a long, black, flowing beard, a peculiar head-dress with characters on it unknown to me; upon his fore-head some figures or marks, etc., etc.,” who told him that the use of the five-pointed star, when accompanied by the recitation of—well, a mantra—would be of wonderful curative efficacy, “when known generally would change the practice of medicine to a very great extent... Used in the right way, it would be a preventive against the most vehement diseases, epidemic or endemic; the bites of scorpions and poisonous animals would be made harmless by its applications; the diseased parts of the respiratory and other organs of man and animals would be cured by it; pain, no matter how excruciating, would be relieved by its application, which will also recuperate the diminished nervous power”. This secret, the mysterious visitor was willing to impart to Mr. Vander Linden on the condition that it should be used for the good of all, without, distinction, but that the secret should never be revealed to anyone [455] outside the three members of his family. An ascetic to whom, in the year 1848, Mr. Stricke, an apothecary attached to the Madras Medical Department, did a favor, gave him in return the words of a charm with which he could destroy the pain of a scorpion-sting. The recipient did not believe in the least in its efficacy but, as he says, not liking to hurt the feelings of the byragi, wrote it down in his notebook. Disbeliever though he was, he did not fail to experiment with the remedy and, to his unbounded surprise, found it efficacious. At the same time that he was repeating the charm he had to make passes over the painful part of the patient’s body with a twig, contriving that the wound should be touched during each pass. The treatment was followed up for years, both by Mr. Stricke and his friend, Mr. Brown, to whom he gave a copy of the mantram, and from whom the words were obtained

by us for the benefit of our readers. They are as follows:

"Om Parathmay Pâchâminyâ Sardhâmath Keetvas Sampradhâ Choo."

This reads like awful rubbish, for it is not taken, we should say, from any living language, but is probably a phonetic travesty of real words. However, this does not matter in the least, for the possessors of the charm, to say nothing about the wandering ascetic who had doubtless used it numberless times, effected the cures desired. One time, on the Coromandel Coast, I heard a person pronounce a mantram over the head of a boy, who was reading for us in a [456] magic mirror, and it was a mixture of Arabic and Sanskrit and brought in the names of deities recognised by the Arabs and Hindus. One remembers that Tennyson's mantra was simply the repetition of his own name; so that, apparently, the form employed does not matter so long as there can be some awakening of power in the individual who can bring himself momentarily into relation with the astral plane. As to H.P.B.'s theory that it is the will which works the wonder, that may be accepted after the first cures are made by the experimenter, but how one could say that his will (backed, of course, by belief and confidence) could effect the first or first sequence of cures, when their occurrence was an absolute surprise to the healer, is not clear to me. I know, for instance, that when I first used the five-pointed star I had not the least idea that anything would happen, nor had our learned and always respected colleague, Pandit Pran Nath of Gwalior, who had received information about the sign from the Maulvi Zahur-ul-Hassan, of Jodhpur, and who cured a number of persons in his presence. He writes us (Vol. II, p. 58): "Obtaining his permission I accordingly did try it in his presence and, to my surprise, met with great success. Subsequently I saw the Maulvi cure as many as thirty or forty persons."

Pandit Pran Nath tells us that native sculptors (meaning, of course, Mussalmans), "when teaching their trade to their children, always cause them to use their chisel first in cutting this figure though they have no knowledge of the mystery behind it. They [457] traditionally regard it as a good omen to begin teaching their children with it, just as the Hindus first teach the word 'Om' at the beginning of a course of instruction in Sanskrit". The Pandit gives us an account of a cure he effected at Eranpur on a man who was the servant of a friend of his. As the story circumstantially describes what happens while the cure is being made, I think it worth while to quote it:

"He had been bitten by a scorpion in the great toe. The pain gradually increasing and rising up in his body he had bandaged tightly his whole leg to try

and check it. When brought before me he could not stand upon the leg. I bade him open the bandages, but, as he hesitated, I myself opened them with my own hand and drew the figure described several times. After waiting a moment I asked him where the pain was now. He said it had descended to the knee; then I further unbound the bandage as far as the calf, drew the same figure as before and again asked him where the pain was. His reply was that now it extended no higher than the ankle. I then drew the figure on the foot, whereupon the pain was brought to the very point of the toe where he had been bitten, and, finding that it had become a mere trifle which he could easily bear, he declared himself cured and walked away after expressing his gratitude."

On page 92 of the same volume of our magazine is a communication on the subject of the five-pointed star by a surgeon who writes from Jalna that he had tried the remedy at first in joke, never imagining that [458] it would do any good. He "marked the diagrams on the extreme end of the pain right over the shoulders of two patients, who had been stung in the finger, and desired them to tap their palm on the ground. The pain instantly receded from the elbow. The next tracing of the diagram was near the elbow, with the same precautions, and the pain receded to the wrist; a third tracing on the wrist brought down the pain to the finger-ends where the sting took place". His third patient was a woman of the working class who had been stung in the toe and the pain had risen to her hip-joint. In this case, the doctor reports that he had the same success as in others. His former remedy in this complaint "was a saturated solution of alum dropped in each eye, which also often acted like a charm". It is a pity that the doctor has not enlightened us as to the modus operandi of the last named remedy, telling us what connection there is between a drop of alum solution in a patient's eye and a scorpion sting at the inferior extremity of the body. That it had no kinship with the writing of the star is evident, for he says that "the present remedy has equally surprised both myself and those who were present about me".

So many letters were received by us after the appearance of Pandit Pran Nath's communication that H. P. B. devoted to it a second article, full of erudition, of course, in which she explains the great importance which is given to this Pentagram in Kabalistic magic and among Western occultists of the ceremonial magical school in general. The article is well [458] worth reading for anyone who wishes to know the mystical meaning of this sign of power. The writer of the article "Magic," in the New American Cyclopædia says that the occult qualities of the symbol are due to the agency of elemental spirits. Before employing it

ceremonially the magician must put it through a very solemn process. It “must be consecrated by the four elements, breathed upon, sprinkled with water, and dried in the smoke of precious perfumes, and then the names of great spirits, Gabriel, Raphael, Jophiel, and the letters of the sacred tetragram, and other kabalistical words are whispered to it, and are inscribed upon it, etc.”

With this, I think, we may close our chapter, for Mrs. Salzer’s finger has been cured, and we have obtained at least some little explanation of the phenomenon, or, rather, abundant proof that the writing of the symbol on a stung and suffering patient will speedily drive away the pain.

CHAPTER XXXV

INTERNATIONAL JUGGLERY

(1896)

THE matter of the purchase of the house at Gaya for visiting priests connected with the Mahâ-Bodhi Society was the subject of frequent discussions among us, and it was decided that the title should be taken in my name. The Treasurer of that Society, my dear old friend, Neel Comul Mukerji, gave me a cheque for rupees three thousand, and on the 19th of the month (February), I took the mail train at Howrah for Gaya. On reaching there the next morning I was met by Babus Nanda Kissore Lall and Indrasekara, with whom I spent the day in viewing the house and also a plot of land which Dharmapala had bought. I decided not to buy the house but to recommend the building of one on Dharmapala's ground. The evening was agreeably spent in the company of the above-named two gentlemen and another Theosophist, Babu Priya Nath Mukerji, Overseer of the District Board. I left Gaya for the return journey on Friday morning at 10.30, spent the day and night in the train and reached Calcutta at 5.45 a.m., [481] on Saturday. An important meeting was held that day between myself and Messrs. Manmohan Ghose and Cotton, the Counsel of the adversary to our Maha-Bodhi project, the Hindu Mahant of Buddha Gaya, whose remote predecessor had squatted on the Buddhist land, got a grant for it from the then ruling Mussalman Sovereign and had erected a monastery with stones taken from the ruined Maha-Bodhi Stûpa. We agreed upon a draft of heads for discussion with our respective principals. But nothing conclusive was arrived at and the thing dragged on through the Courts, involving very heavy expenses for both parties.

I forgot to mention that during this visit to Calcutta I successfully arbitrated in a dispute between the Bengal Theosophical Society and one of its members, Dr. Rakhal Chandra Sen, about the title to the building occupied by the Branch. The basis of the dispute was really the conflict of opinion as to the propriety and legality of teaching the Vedas to Sudras. While it lasted the dispute was

acrimonious, but it ultimately subsided.

Among other visits paid by me in Calcutta was one to a famous astrologer named Pandit Tarini Prasad Jyotishi, whose visiting card is a bit of a curiosity. He describes himself as what one might call the possessor of universal occult knowledge. For example, he is “Exhibitor of Great Universal Horoscope of the Queen, Late Master of Yoga and Astrological Exhibition in Calcutta, Professor of the Yoga-Darshan, Astrology, Tantra Vidya, Physical and [462] Occult Sciences, Palmist, Thought-Reader, Natural Clairvoyant, Present Antiquarian, Prophet and Zadkiel of India”. One wonders how he could sleep sound with such a burden of titles weighing upon his mind.

A Western person can form no idea whatever of the universality of recourse to astrologers in India. I suppose that not a child is born but that its horoscope is cast at the time, and this document is kept as a family treasure throughout life and consulted on all occasions. I have mentioned above that sometimes the prophecies of the astrologers have been surprisingly correct. Their fulfilment is sometimes due to an entirely unexpected circumstance as, for instance, an accident occurring at the very time foretold. It is not for me to undertake the defence of Astrology when it has such clever champions as Alan Leo,Walter Old, George Wyld, and others whose fame has been heralded in Western papers.

On the 23rd, at 7 a.m., I left by train from Sealdah for Diamond Harbor, where I boarded the “Eridan” and sailed for Madras; Dr. Hübbe-Schleiden seeing me off. This being the fair weather season of the year, the Bay of Bengal, breeding-place of cyclones and other terrific tempests at other times, was now as tranquil as a river, and the sun shone brightly, to the great comfort of us, voyagers. Among the passengers I had the pleasure of meeting Mr. and Mrs. Allen Forman, of New York, and Mrs. Alexander Forman, his mother. Reaching Madras on the third day I [463] took these friends to Adyar to spend the day and sent them back in the afternoon to the ship delighted. During my absence Dr. Scrogin had left for America, but Mr. Clark and the Englishes were left to keep me company. Office work filled up my time during the next few days and the editorial work of the Theosophist occupied a good deal of my attention, naturally enough.

Something which had occurred about that time caused me to search the Library for matter for an article on “Jugglers and Sorcerers,” which will be found in Vol. XVII, p. 419, of the Theosophist and is worth reading. For the benefit, however, of those who have not access to a complete file of our magazine, I will make citations from the article in question, upon this always interesting and instructive

subject. I took advantage of the presence of Mr. Tokuzawa in the house, to get him to write me some notes on his personal experience with jugglers in his native land—Japan. They possess the special value of coming from a gentleman of undoubted veracity and great intelligence, one selected by the High Priest of his sect to form one of the group of young theological students (Samaneras) who were to come to Ceylon to study the Pali language and then return to assist in the comparison of the sacred books of Northern and Southern Buddhism. Mr. Tokuzawa says:

"When I was a boy of fourteen I was taken to the house of a famous juggler, and after we had paid an [464] admission fee, we were introduced into an apartment where Japanese cushions were spread on the floor for the use of visitors. The juggler threw upon a brazier of lighted charcoal some drug or other which, presently, caused a strange odor to spread throughout the room. He called his own boy, and, making him stand near him, placed a small pitcher on the floor, within reach, and began an incantation, which I now know to have been a monotonous repetition of what the Hindus call Mantras. After a while I saw, through the perfumed vapors, the boy becoming smaller. I could not believe my senses, but as I looked the phenomenon proceeded. The child visibly decreased in bulk and height: every moment a year's growth seemed to have disappeared. I have heard stories of a thing something like this happening at American mediumistic seances, where the figure of a child 'spirit' will gradually descend through the floor of a room until it disappears, in full sight of the spectators, again reappear by a reverse process, and finally vanish. Of course, I do not know if the stories are true or not. This is very clever, but, as above appears, not identical with what I saw in Japan: in the latter case the juggler's boy does not sink through the floor, but only grows smaller and smaller while standing in the same spot. He finally reduced himself to the dimensions of a child's doll. He was then picked up by the juggler, put by him—like another Hop-o'my-thumb—into the jug, and covered over with his hand. The next minute we were amazed to see him coming, [465] at the call of his father, from another part of the room and giving us a salutation with a smiling face.

"On a certain occasion, a renowned juggler came to my father's house and. exhibited his skill. Among the things which he did, one struck me with extreme wonder. The cross-beams of the roofing of our buildings come down quite low, as everybody knows. This juggler put a drop of water—whether plain or medicated, I do not know—on the under surface of one of these beams; then

lighting a candle of the vegetable wax commonly used in my country, he held it in mid-air under the drop of moisture, muttering spells, and moving it up down and to right and left, as though he were seeking a point where some force of attraction would affect it. Having at length apparently found what he desired, he carefully removed his hand and the candle remained, as it seemed, self-supported in the air. The flame burnt on steadily and the candle was motionless. The juggler kept his eyes fixed upon the spot of moisture and the candle until the last vestige of the former evaporated, and the candle then dropped to the ground. How it was done, unless by an invisible thread, I cannot imagine. At the same time it seems to me that if a thread had been used it would have been burnt by the flame, and it could not have been stuck to the beam without a pinch of wax, which must have been large enough to have been seen by us all.

"One of the most famous juggling tricks is to make a flood of water inside a house. This is often seen and can be attested by thousands of witnesses. The [466] juggler sprinkles water all over the floor, pronounces his charms, and fans all over the place. Then water begins to pour into the house, as though a river were in flood. Of course, there is nothing of the kind, but it has all the appearance of reality. The water rises and rises until all the furniture in the room seems soaked and ready to float away. This continues about twenty minutes, when the water subsides and the closest examination shows no sign of anything having been wet.[24]

"The following trick is often seen in Western countries in a modified form. The juggler brings a pan of charcoal, ignites it, and after fanning it briskly until all the coals are alight, swallows the pieces one by one. Before beginning, he, of course, shows his mouth to the audience and asks them to satisfy themselves that no chemical or other trickery is used.

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When the last glowing coal has been swallowed, he again opens his mouth for examination. After the lapse of ten minutes or so, he begins to throw up the coals, one by one, until the pan is full as before. The peculiarity of this trick is that the coals are as red-hot when ejected as they were when he swallowed them.

"We have in Japan a certain class of religious ascetics called Yamabushi, whose lives are devoted to religious austerities, and they are said to have power to do what the vulgar call miracles. They are, in fact, the Yogis or white magicians of Japan; and, so universal is the belief in them, that if a person is suffering from

any trouble brought about by supposed non-human agency, he is sure to consult them. Numberless stories are connected with them.[25] But the following will be sufficient for giving an idea of this singular sect.

“Once upon a time—say, about five years ago—there lived a certain well-to-do man in a village situated a few miles from Tokyo. One night some villagers under the disguise of Negroes, with blackened faces, entered his house and robbed him of a large sum of money. The police and detectives tried very hard to find the culprits, but in vain. As a last resource he applied to a Yamabushi. It was a strange sight when the holy man began his work. He caused the whole village to assemble and, glancing around, said he [468] should most assuredly find the robbers; a cauldron which he had brought was placed upon the ground, a lot of pebbles were poured into it, and he ordered that a strong fire should be built and fed until the pot and the pebbles were red-hot. When this had been done, he addressed the audience to the effect that he would throw handfuls of the hot pebbles at the crowd indiscriminately, and that, while they would not in the least harm the innocent, they would stick to the faces of the robbers. Then, plunging his hands into the pot, he threw double handfuls of the hot pebbles into the crowd until the quantity was exhausted. It was then seen that, out of those present, some persons had their faces stuck full of pebbles and were writhing in agony. The Yamabushi threupon charged them with the robbery, and, to the astonishment of the whole village, they confessed their guilt.”

It would appear that there has been in Japan from remote antiquity a great centre of magical science. Whether the knowledge travelled, as some suppose, from India eastward through Tibet, China, and Korea, or was developed primarily in Japan itself, is not known. I think it quite likely, however, that the magic which Marco Polo saw practised at the Court of Kublai Khan was of Japanese derivation, for—and this I only learnt the other day from Mr. Tokuzawa—Ghengis Khan, the great conqueror, was a Japanese Prince of whose exploits record is made in Japanese history. Readers of Marco Polo’s invaluable narrative—see Bohn’s Edition, page 156—will remember him as saying:

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“When the Grand Khan sits at meals, in his hall of state, the table which is placed in the centre is elevated to the height of about eight cubits, and at a distance from it stands a large buffet, where all the drinking vessels are arranged. Now, by means of their supernatural art, they cause the flagons of wine, milk, or any other beverage, to fill the cups spontaneously, without being touched by the

attendants, and the cups to move through the air the distance of ten paces, until they reach the hand of the Grand Khan. As he empties them, they return to the place from whence they came; and this is done in the presence of such persons as are invited by his Majesty to witness the performance."

From the same book we learn that the Tibetans "are necromancers, and by their infernal art perform the most extraordinary and delusive enchantments that were ever seen or heard of. They cause tempests to arise, accompanied with flashes of lightning and thunderbolts, and produce many other miraculous effects". What will Colonel Younghusband say to this?

In the Island of Socotra, says Marco Polo, the inhabitants are great sorcerers "and if any vessel belonging to a pirate should injure one of theirs, they do not fail to lay him under a spell, so that he cannot proceed on his cruise until he has made satisfaction for the damage"—an exhibition of practical hypnotic skill remarkable enough to make Professor Bernheim jealous!

All ancient histories teem with accounts of magical wonders. We find them among the Greeks, Romans, [470] Hebrews, Norsemen, Bohemians, Etruscans, Chinese, Egyptians, and Saxons, and, in fact, among all European nations. When the Troubadour degenerated to a vagabond he became a jongleur, whence the word juggler. The names of the most remarkable jugglers of modern times among us, Westerns, are familiar to all. Among them, the most eminent was Robert Houdin who—as the American Cyclopedia justly observes—"applied to his art not only true genius but the resources of science".

Hermann, a very noted expert, has astonished the Americans by allowing six sharp-shooters to fire at him marked bullets from army rifles without his having touched the bullets, and then showing the latter—still hot to the touch, and perfectly identified by the private marks—on a plate. This is no new trick, for Madame Blavatsky tells us, in Isis Unveiled, that she saw it done in Africa by a sorcerer; and Laing, the first European to visit the Soulimas, "saw a native chief perform the same trick on a grand scale and in a curious manner, the muskets always flashing in the pan when aimed at him, but shooting well when turned, however unexpectedly, to other objects". This is far better than Hermann has done.

The real plant-growing phenomenon of India, an imitation of which is shown to every globe-trotter, is well-known among the North American Red Indians, especially among the Arapahoes and Cheyennes. Their "mystery-men" will go

out on the bare, sunburnt, sandy plain, in full daylight; huddle together [471] in a close circle around a certain spot; chant some peculiar verses, move away from the spot; and lo! a crop of fresh, green grass is seen to be growing there. The late General Cass, of Michigan, described what he had seen done by a Chippewa squaw who, like himself, was looking on at a great “medicine dance”. She was holding in her hand a curious bag made of a dried snake-skin which, on being asked by him, she said contained certain charms and articles of magical value. He laughed at her assertion, whereupon, growing very angry, she threw the bag on the ground; the next minute it was changed into a living snake and chased the General out of the tent. This was at Mackinaw, where he was in an official capacity at the time.

A recent writer in the San Francisco Examiner says:

“The late Garrick Mallery of the Bureau of Ethnology once told me of something quite unaccountable which he witnessed at White Earth, in 1860. There was present a famous mystery-man, who made a bet with the local Government agent that the latter could not tie him with ropes in such a manner that he would not be able to disengage himself offhand. The agent, assisted by Mallery and other white men, tied the Indian up in the most elaborate fashion and put him inside a conical wigwam in the middle of an open space. Nobody else was permitted to come near him. As quickly as they had withdrawn, tremendous thumping sounds were heard from the hut, which swayed from side to side as if it would be torn to pieces. Two or three [472] minutes later the Indian called out, telling them to go to a certain house several hundred yards away, where they would find their ropes. One of the white men was sent to the house, and he found the ropes, with all of the complicated knots untied. The tying committee opened the wigwam then, and found the wizard smoking a pipe, with his black magic stone in his lap. Neither pipe nor stone had been there previously. The head priest of the wizard’s society, having heard of this exhibition, sent word that he would be killed if he repeated such a performance for gain. Evidently it was deemed improper that religious business of that sort should be thus prostituted.

“The Wabeno tribe has a great reputation for certain kinds of juggling. These Indians are called by others the Players with Fire. They perform many horrible ceremonies at night, in which fire is concerned. They handle fire and walk through it. It is said that they can cause flames to issue from their ears, mouths, and nostrils. It is a common belief that they are able to transform themselves into

animals with fiery eyes. One trick which they really perform seems fairly unaccountable. A Wabeno mystery-man seats himself in his lodge, while the young men surround it entirely with a ring of brightly blazing fire. At the same time an empty lodge at a distance of fifty paces will be encircled with fire in like manner. Both lodges are closed tightly, all the people of the village looking on intently, and yet, after the space of a few moments, the magician, the faggots having been kicked away, [478] is discovered calmly sitting in what was before the empty lodge, while the one which he previously occupied is left vacant.

“Belonging to a tribe with which I had acquaintance was a no-account Indian, generally despised by his fellow redskins, who always carried about with him a medicine bag made of an old duck skin. On one occasion—so the story was told to me—he joined a fishing party. While they were off on the expedition, several boat-loads of hostile savages appeared. They tried to escape, but their foes could paddle faster, and apparently they had no chance to get away. The pursuers came on so swiftly that the pursued were demoralised. One of the latter remarked to the no-account Indian: ‘If your duck-skin is any good, make medicine with it now; and make it quick.’ In response the owner of the duck-skin bag held it in the water, and at once the speed of the boat increased so much that the hunting party escaped. Seemingly, the spirit of the duck operated after the manner of a paddle-wheel and pushed the craft along.”

The officer above quoted, Lieut.-Colonel Garrick Mallery, U. S. A., was an old army friend of mine, and at the time of his death occupied a position of influence in the scientific world, in connection with the Bureau of Ethnology.

Egypt has always been a home of magic and sorcery, the Copts having, perhaps, derived it from their forbears, the Atlanteans. Mr. E. W. Lane narrates—see his Modem Egyptians, Vol. II, p. 106—some very [474] wonderful things. They are all worth reading, but I mention only one:

The juggler, stripping himself to his pyjamas, “tells two persons to bind him, hands and feet, and put him in a sack. This done, he asks for a piastre, and some one tells him that he shall have it if he will put out his hand and take it. He puts out his hand free; draws it back; and is then taken out of the sack bound as at first. He is put in again; and comes out unbound; handing to the spectators a small tray upon which are four or five little plates filled with various eatables, and if the performance be at night, several small lighted candles placed round. The spectators eat the food”.

I saw a few things of the kind, myself, in Japan but not nearly so much as I wished. They were mostly feats of balancing and legerdemain. Whether to include among the latter the following, I can hardly say. It was in a temple at Nagoya, where I was put up. The juggler gave me several examples of his marvellous skill in top-spinning, and finally called for a bowl of water, over which he passed his hand two or three times, and then, re-winding his top, drew the string and made the top spin on the surface of the water. If anyone can explain that, by any mechanical theory, I should like to know it. Perhaps it was hypnotism.

CHAPTER XXXVI

MR. JUDGE'S DEATH

(1896)

THE present is the last chapter but one of the Fifth Series, or volume, of my reminiscences of the Theosophical Society's history. It has been a pleasure to me to write them and, to judge from my correspondence to others to read them. I consider it a most fortunate circumstance that I should have lived through all these one hundred and fifty months of history-writing, for the details are known to no person but myself, now that H. P. B. is gone, and it would have been a pity if this movement, so clearly destined to exercise a beneficent influence upon many nations and to do so much good in disseminating noble religious teachings among mankind, should have gone without an accurate record of its history; the more so when the incidents have been so stirring and the struggles so severe. It is consoling to me to know that, even if I should be snatched away now from my work, correct versions of crises in our fortunes have passed into this written record, enabling our future historian, if so inclined, to tell the truth about us.

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The term of H. E. Lord Wenlock as Governor of Madras approached its end. With Mr. Clark, on the evening of the 1st of March, I attended his farewell Levee at the Banqueting Hall and saw an unusual display of bright uniforms and glittering princely robes. Three days later a Wenlock Memorial Committee, headed by the Maharajah of Vizianagram and Rajah Sir S. Ramaswamy Mudaliar, gave a farewell entertainment to His Excellency and Lady Wenlock at the same place, which was also a very gorgeous function.

The next day I received an invitation by telegram from Mysore to come there and form a Branch. On the 15th I saw Mr. Clark off by the "Clan Mackenzie" for Colombo and England. On the 17th I wrote an address to the American Convention and issued an Executive Notice appointing that veteran Sinhalese nobleman, Dullewe Adigar, General Manager of Buddhist Schools in the Kandy District. The same evening I left for Mysore, travelling all night, and reaching

Bangalore at 7 on the following morning. The local members met me at the station, gave me breakfast, and saw me off again. After a train journey taking the whole day I arrived in the evening at Mysore, the capital of the Maharajah of that State. Here, again, friends met me at the station and conducted me to the house where I was to be put up. That great native statesman, Sir Seshadri Iyer, whose remarkable abilities are being more and more recognised since his death, in the ever-increasing prosperity of Mysore, [477] came to have a talk with me on that subject nearest to his heart—the Vedânta Philosophy

As usual, I had been garlanded, besprinkled with perfume, and made the recipient of very complementary addresses. This was all very nice; but after a time the stomach became clamorous for food. Unhappily for me, the local committee had not bethought them of supplying me with cooking utensils and so I had to make a scratch dinner on cold boiled rice, a loaf brought from the bazaar, and milk. But the morning brought better luck, for an officer of the Mysore Durbar, the Marquis Viviani de Ferrayzani, sent me the necessary pots and pans, but too late to save me from an attack of indigestion which lasted all day.

I called at the house of the sister of Mr. Govindacharlu, a learned Visishtadwaita Brahmin, a retired Government servant, who had been good enough to offer free quarters to the proposed Branch. I also went to the Oriental Library, directed by my friend Pandit Mahadeva Sastri, under whose wise management it had become a most useful collection of ancient manuscripts and printed books. I also paid my respects to the Marquis Viviani and thanked him for the loan of the utensils. In the evening I addressed a crowded audience on the subject of “Theosophy”. The most zealous advocate of female education in the Madras Presidency has been Mr. Narasimiangar, F.T.S., Treasurer of the Mysore Durbar. With him, on the 20th, I visited the large and prosperous girls’ school which he had established, largely with his own money.

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The indigestion stayed by me all that day, but in the evening I gave my second lecture on “Soul and Karma” to another large audience. The signing of application papers for membership began that day and continued through the next until evening, when I organised the Mysore Theosophical Society, with twenty-five members. Mr. Narasimiangar was elected President and Pandit Mahadeva Sastri, Secretary. On Sunday, the 22nd, I received visitors, held a conversation meeting, lectured in the evening on “The Best Education for Hindu

Boys," and at 10.50 p.m. left for Seringapatam.

I see by my Diary that it was on that very day that W. Q. Judge died at New York, after three hundred and twenty-nine days of rule as the Secession leader. Poor man, to barter all he had gained in Theosophy for such a mess of pottage!

At Seringapatam next day I saw the famous summer palace of Tippoo Sultan, the great warrior whom the English had so much trouble to beat. "Red, gilt, and gaudy" is the impression which it made on me. Around the outer walls of the building is a series of pictures of battles in which one sees the British troops dressed in the curious uniform that prevailed at that time. In the afternoon I lectured in a large school-house on a variety of subjects that were given me and turned it into a conversation meeting. By the night train I left for Bangalore.

Of course, I reached Bangalore the next morning, where I was put up at the rooms of our prosperous Branch and received many visitors. For many years [479] now Bangalore has been. a centre of Theosophical activity, a select minority of the members devoting themselves ardently to the work of spreading our ideas. A lecture by me on "Theosophy," at Rai Bahadur A. Narainswamy Mudaliar's High School, to the usual crowded audience, ended the day's work. On the next day, not feeling very well, I stayed indoors, except when I was photographed with a large group of the members. The subject of my lecture that evening was "The Best Education for Boys," traversing the same ground as at Mysore. Later, I left for Madras by the mail train.

On the 29th I received a second cable from New York, this time from Mr. Neresheimer (the first one was from Mr. Fullerton) about Judge's death. This involved the necessity of a reply by cable, and the cabling of the news out to Mr. Staples, General Secretary of the Australasian Section. In officially announcing the fact in an Executive Notice (see Theosophist, April, 1896, Supplement) I bore testimony to the services which the deceased had rendered the Society and deprecated the entertainment of any but kindly thoughts towards him. I said:

"Mr. Judge's services to our Society, from the beginning and until the date of the secession of last year, were conspicuous for their value and the zeal and practical judgment which were displayed throughout his work. As it was his Karma which brought him into the movement, so is it the same mysterious and inflexible power which has snatched him away in [480] the prime of life and the fulness of his hopes, but with his plans unrealised. It behoves us all to keep in mind his many good deeds, to bury our private grievances out of sight, and to

express to his family and our respected late colleagues, our regrets for their crushing bereavement."

I am wiling to let that stand as an offset to all the cruel things Mr. Judge's followers and successors have said about myself and others.

CHAPTER XXXVII

A RAJPUT WEDDING

(1896)

AN official visit to Europe by myself having been Planned, I received from Mrs. Besant, Judge Khandalvala, and the Bombay Theosophical Society, advice not to go at present as they thought it needless. But I preferred to follow my own intuitions and decided to go, with what result will appear further on.

Among the helpful things that were done in the United States to keep alive the courage of our members and show them how they could render useful service to the Cause pending the settling down of the new Section to work, was the organisation at Chicago, of a committee of devoted ladies—Mrs. Darling, Dr. Weeks-Burnett, Mrs. Tisdale, Mrs. Brainerd, and Mrs. Trumbull, with the active concurrence of Mr. Fullerton, which called itself "An Extension Centre of Theosophy". In its printed prospectus it says that it "has been organised to render active aid to the great spiritual movement implied by that name, whose 'Parent Society' is in India under Colonel H. S. Olcott, and whose Sections now spread over the entire civilised world". It asks each reader what he (or she) can do for the Great Cause; whom he knows in his vicinity [482] willing to unite with him as one of a group to arrange for meetings; would a speaker sent to his place be able to draw audiences; or would a class conducted by correspondence, i.e., by circulating printed leaflets and instructions giving questions and suggestions for books of reference, be feasible. Some of these ladies were extremely active, Dr. Weeks-Burnett, Mrs. Darling, and Mrs. Brainerd conspicuously so, and they made their influence felt throughout the whole Section.

Meanwhile the first of my Pariah schools was flourishing to such a degree that the Manager wrote to the Madras Mail that we should soon have to refuse further admission of pupils. On the 2nd of April Dr. English and I attended the Anniversary of the local S.P.C.A., at which we had the opportunity of seeing the new Governor, Sir Arthur Havelock, for the first time. My personal relations with him were satisfactory throughout the whole term of his office. On the 4th I

issued the Charter for the formation of the New Zealand Section, empowering the Branches at Auckland, Dunedin, Christchurch, Wellington, Pahiatua, Woodville, and Waitemata to form a separate Section, appointed Miss Lilian Edger, M.A., F.T.S., General Secretary pro tem., and cabled her the facts. On the 6th I breakfasted at Government House and was kindly received; the Governor inquiring cordially after Mrs. Besant and saying that she had been a friend of Lady Havelock's for years. On the 8th Mr. Holder, Superintendent of the School of Arts, came in the afternoon to advise with me about the new shelves [483] which were being put up in the Library to accommodate the recent additions to our collection of books.

On the 11th I left for Bombay in a tremendous heat, the thermometer climbing rapidly up the tube. At Bombay I had consultations with Dr. Jivanji, Mr. K. R. Cama and old Sir Dinshaw M. Petit, about Zoroastrian affairs. At 5 p.m. I presided at a lecture by Mr. Gandhi at our rooms and in the evening left for Sihor to attend the wedding of Prince Harisinhji's daughter. My companion of travel was Prince Har-bhamji Rawaji of Morvi, the bridegroom-elect. That was one of the hottest rides I ever had; the heat was stifling and I almost feared a stroke of heat apoplexy. But even hot days cannot last indefinitely and we got our chance to breathe that evening at Sihor.

Prince Harisinhji's country place is at Varal, and this was our point of destination. From Sihor onward our journey was continued in carriages and by a road which was the worst I ever drove over. It ran over rocks, through gullies and long slopes; two springs of the Prince's carriage and one of ours were smashed. Harisinhji met us a mile from the village, and we entered it in procession through a crowd of more than three thousand spectators. At the entrance to the village a bevy of women stopped Prince Harbhamji's carriage, sang Gujerati songs and made the tilak (red spot) mark on his forehead. The Prince's camp was pitched in "Olcott Bagh," an extensive garden called after me, while I was quartered in Harisinhji's house. After the princely fashion a special bungalow had been [484] built for the young bridal couple, and it was there that they would pass their honeymoon.

As this narrative will, when collected with others in book form, go to distant lands where the magazine may never follow it, and as the wedding at Varal was a highly picturesque and interesting function, I shall transfer to this chapter the description of it which appeared in the Theosophist for June, 1896.

On the arrival day I was so tired after the fatiguing journey from Bombay and

the terrific heat that I went very early to bed.

The next day we had the ceremony of “setting the posts” of the mandap, or marriage-house, a temporary and highly decorated structure in which the wedding was to take place. A mandap is, properly speaking, a shelter, a place where in ancient times the maiden chose her husband from among the throng of Rajput suitors assembled. They exhibited their skill in warlike and athletic exercises and the victor was her choice. We have seen the survival of the custom in the jousts and other feats of arms in the mediæval tournaments, at which the victor had the right to nominate the Queen of Love and Beauty. In The Light of Asia the custom is graphically described and, according to Buddhistic legend, the peerless young Prince Siddhartha excelled all others in these contests as he did in disputations on philosophy and metaphysics with the learned pandits.

To sanctify the mandap, a red post, with two pegs passed through it at right angles to each other, is set [485] in a hole previously dug, at that corner of the room which corresponds with the sun’s place at the time. The god Ganapati (the impersonation of Occult Wisdom) is always first invoked by prayer and libation. He is chief of the Ganas, or races of elemental spirits, and in all undertakings among Hindus his favor is first sought. The Brahmins recite a mantra, holding the palms of their hands upward. Then the hands are reversed to indicate the spot where the Shakti, or energy of the god is to be concentrated. A white cloth is spread over it and sprinkled with raw rice, reddened with kumkum powder. Then it is worshipped with many mantrams; libations of milk are poured into the post-hole; stalks of durba grass, some betel-nuts, a dried fruit of the Madana phal—Cupid’s tree—and one piece of money are cast in; kumkum powder is applied to the post, and leaves of five different trees, the peepul, of Vishnu, the mango, the banyan, of Brahma, the asopalo, and the umra, all possessing the auspicious influences of good elementals, are bound to the post, and invocations are made to the house goddess (Gotra Devi) and fourteen other deities representing the shaktis, or force-currents, of Siva, Vishnu, Brahma, Indra, Vayu, Varuna, Surya (the seven sun-rays), Agni, Lokamatra (the Cosmos), Devasena (the whole army of gods), etc., etc. I found that the stipendiary priests of Prince Harisinhji’s house were so ignorant as not to have even a clue to the meaning of the cosmic powers whose euphonious names they chant in their Sanskrit mantrams. All [486] they knew was that it was intended to invoke for the young couple health, longevity, and fruitfulness. I was particularly incensed against the Purohit, or family guru, who, as the last chants of the marriage-ceremony were dying away, called out to

the Prince that he must give him Rs. 500, a piece of land, some mango trees, and other backshish! The above ceremonies are performed both at the bride's and bridegroom's houses.

The corner post of the mandap, now red-painted wood, but formerly of stone, properly inscribed—according to the prescriptions of the "Silpa Shastra," or rules of architecture—being duly set, the bride's father performs the ceremony of invoking the nine grahas, or planetary influences, with Rahu and Ketu. He builds a fire at the proper spot in the mandap, and while the Brahmins chant their mantrams, throws into it rice, which has just been cooked over it, and clarified butter (ghee), fuel of samidha, one of the nine kinds of wood prescribed for such occasions, raw til (sessamum seed), and jow, (a grain something like rice). The bridegroom does the same at his own house.

The same evening I was allowed to witness the unimpressive ceremony of invoking the favor of Ranadev (corrupted into Randal) or Suryadeva, the spiritual, central power which is within the visible orb of day, the real vortex of the attractive power which binds to him the worlds of our solar system. It was a most noble ideal, most shockingly degraded in this ignoble puja. A hideous, black, bedizened image betokened the mighty sun-god, and the celebrant was an untidy [487] wretch who sat before it until he was seized by a fit of trembling, exactly like that of a modern medium, when he leapt to his feet and jumped about, with raucous cries. If questions are put to him then, he is supposed to answer under inspiration and to prophesy about coming events. I watched him closely and was persuaded that he was a humbug. To test him, however, I put him two questions—one as to the results of my present journey, the other as to the death of a certain person—and time will decide between us. Certainly, as to the second question, his prophecy was the reverse of my own expectation.

On the following day the bridegroom's presents to the bride were brought in procession and deposited in the mandap, along with the bride's dowry. The two together made a most gorgeous show, a glittering bed of color and sparkle. Kusumavati will have dresses enough, one would think, for her natural life. There are over 200 of the gay-colored short jackets worn by high-caste Rajput ladies, and no end of saris in gold cloth, purple, crimson, rose, amber, tea-rose, dark and pale blue, emerald, eau-de-nil, violet and other silks, with deep ends and continuous borders deftly and luxuriously embroidered—some worth over Rs. 1,000 each. Then there were trays and tablefuls of Indian jewellery, in simple gold and encrusted with gems, some given by the bridegroom, more by her

father. Then vessels, trays, and lamps of silver, of brass, and of composite materials; quilted silken bed-spreads, filled with downy tree-cotton and other things [488] too numerous and bewildering to mention. All these presents to a chieftain's daughter, the daughter of an ancient race, were brought in the shields of clansmen—old, age-blackened, brass-embossed bucklers of thick buffalo hide, that looked as if they might have been borne centuries ago. When Kusumavati and her father wished me to take away some jewel in memory of the wedding, I expressed my preference for one of these grimy shields, and it was given me to hang on the walls of "Gulistan" as a perpetual reminder of one of the most romantic events of my life.

The wedding ceremony proper is most interesting to a non-Hindu. Its inner meaning is the visible union of the man and the woman, their joint invocation of all good powers, the establishment of the domestic hearth and the making of the home. Both the parties—the bridegroom coming first—are welcomed at the threshold of the mandap with Sanskrit mantras, the placing of the red spot (tilak) on the forehead, the libations of holy water poured from a leaf of one of the auspicious trees, the waving of small models of the implements of tillage and of the household—the plough, the distaff, the rice-pounding pestle, etc, Before his coming, the bride's parents sit facing the priests on separate cushions, but linked together by a silken scarf, one end of which each holds in his or her hand. Because in a Vedic ceremony the wife may not hear the verses save when thus, as it were, united with and merged in her husband. The pair are then made to pass through a special ceremony whose purpose [489] is to purify them so as to make them fit to give over their child to her chosen husband, and the same is done to the latter to make him fit to receive the precious gift.

The bridegroom being received and seated, the bride is brought, veiled, by a procession of females singing auspicious songs and led to her cushion facing that of the bridegroom. Then follow various ceremonies, including giving over the bride by the parents, with an accompanying libation of water, the most ancient sign of the gift, the joining the hands of the young couple, the tying to the wife—she is now a "hand-fasted" wife—of an end of the scarf which is tied to the groom and so kept throughout the rest of the function, and the fourfold circumambulation of the hearth-fire by the couple, the wife at her husband's right hand. The wife is always thus placed except on three occasions, viz., when sleeping, making Pitri Karma (ancestor worship), and when giving gifts of land and elephants, for particulars of which latter, see the slokas in Dâna Chandrikâ.

All high-caste Hindus are said to belong to one or the other of the Four Vedas, and at their marriage ceremonies the mantrams and other slokas recited are from their particular Veda. The verses are the same for Kshattriyas as for Brahmins, but custom has introduced changes in puja and offerings according to the gunas of the castes. Thus the guna of the Brahmin is Sattva, that of the Kshattriya the Rajas guna, and, therefore, there is a splendor illustrative of princely [490] magnificence which is absent from the corresponding ceremony of Brahmins. Harisinhji's family belonging to the Yajur Veda and Harbhamji's to Sama Veda, a double set of mantras had to be chanted for each side.

At the completion of each circumambulation of the fire, the young couple offer ghee, java and tala, three kinds of fuel. They finally sit side by side and receive the congratulations of friends and such gifts as may be offered. They then go to the bride's father's house and make the curious ceremony of pouring seven small quantities of ghee from either mango or asopalo leaf cups, so as to make them trickle down the house-wall, at the same time invoking the favor of the Trimurti —Brahma, Vishnu, and Siva. This finishes the marriage, and the twain are thenceforth one flesh.

Those familiar with Hindu religious customs are aware of the fact that the guarding power of religion follows the being throughout. The first pregnancy of the mother being announced, there is a fixed ceremony for the benefit of herself and her future offspring, which is performed in the seventh and ninth months, the mantras being taken from the Rik, Yajur, and Atharva Vedas, while in the eighth month those of the Sama Veda are employed.

The bridegroom was brought to the present ceremony in a grand procession, with wild strains of martial music, the shrill notes of reed instruments, and the resonant boom of the war drum, beaten by a grey-bearded old warrior riding a horse. An escort of Bhavnagar cavalry headed the cortege, and Prince [491] Harbhamji was a shining blaze of gold and jewels, riding a milk-white steed and surrounded by the glare of many torches. The return of the wedded pair to the bridegroom's house was a much quieter affair and they were left in due time to the sweet intimacy of their new relationship. A handsomer, more winsome pair it would be hard to find; he, intellectual, dignified, and high-minded; she, an Indian beauty of rare physical and mental endowments, for she has been thoroughly well educated and her life has been lighted by the sunshine of a happy home and the companionship of a most loving father and mother.

A wedding in Kathiawar draws hundreds of people together, as honey attracts

flies. The cost of feeding the multitude is a burdensome item, as the following statistics of the Harisinhji wedding will prove.

Of Prince Harbhamji's party there were in all but 52—kinsmen and servants—he having come a distance of over 1,400 miles, from Bhurtpore to Varal. Harisinhji's relatives numbered 100, and their followers 400. There were 150 horses and 100 bullocks (together drawing 50 vehicles), which consumed daily 80 tons of hay. Fifty troopers were entertained. Of milk 200 gallons were drunk daily.

But there were also the noble army of bards to be reckoned with, to the number of 827. They are of two classes, Dasundis, or those who are attached to a family or clan, of whom there were present 154; and Charans and Bhats, commoner fellows, wandering minstrels and recitationists, numbering 673. These [492] by immemorial custom, are entitled to receive from the bridegroom's side, presents of value, and from the bride's, food throughout the ceremonies. Then the tatterdemalion horde of beggars, swarming from the whole country-side, no one knows whence. There were Mirs and Lunghas, who follow Islam but are given alms: they numbered 367; then Kathis—a race supposed to be of Scythian origin, who now occupy the whole of Central Kathiawar, to which, as it will be seen, they gave their own name. Of them, there were 388. Of other mendicants, Brahmins, Bawas (Hindu ascetics), Fakirs (Mussalman ascetics), etc., there were 2,066; of Bhands (buffoons) 3; a troupe of 5 clever village actors, a class of people who sometimes render with great dramatic ability scenes from the Purânas, and legends of heroes and heroines; of musicians, there were 7; and, finally, a troupe of Tanjore dancing-girls from Baroda,brought by request to amuse the wedding guests. It will thus be noticed that poor Harisinhji had to cater for no less than 3,663 bidden and unbidden guests, besides the 600 odd of the kinsmen and clansmen of both sides. That I was not far wrong in calling the Rajputs hard drinkers is shown in the fact that two gentlemen drank daily four bottles of brandy each, and another, five bottles of strong country spirits: the first two looked it—the other, hale old man, tall and straight as a spear-shaft, did not.

So was made the beginning of another princely Kshattriya family, with whom be peace.

Notes

[←1]

The word Shâstra must surely not be taken as that only which is printed or written down, but must include whatever instruction the Guru gives his disciple. Every sacred book of India is but a certain block of religious teaching supplemented by the verbal interpretations, commentaries, and additions imparted by the Guru. Is it not true that one is constantly meeting with blanks in the texts where the reader is referred to the teacher for explanations, which cannot be made public, but can be imparted only to those who “deserve” and have made themselves fit for it? Professor Müller himself admits that these teachings are very helpful towards a right understanding of the Sanskrit texts and commentaries; but his error is in supposing that they are “freely extended even to Europeans”.

[←2]

1See page 118 of the Tamil Classical Dictionary (Abidhana Kosa), published at Jaffna in 1902 by A. Muttutambi Pillai, and praised by the vernacular press as a standard work.

[←3]

1Theosophist, Vol XV, p. 12.

[←4]

History of Indian and Eastern Architecture, London, 1891, p. 506.

[←5]

1Among the many comical mistakes that occur in our headquarters correspondence, one of the funniest was that recently made by an Indian gentleman in ordering a copy of this book, which he innocently wrote Nature’s Final Farce?

[←6]

[The publication of these old letters of Mr. W. Q. Judge was begun in the Theosophist in January, 1931, and continued till December 1931.—ED.]

[←7]

My beloved Indian son, who, alas! has just died in my presence (at 7 a.m. on the 2nd January, 1903). For particulars see the obituary notice in this same number. [Prince Harisinhji Rupsinhji died as the result of asphyxiation from the fumes of a charcoal. He was a delegate to the Convention at Benares, and the nights being cold the charcoal was placed in the room to warm it during the night.--ED.]

[←8]

The impression they made on the Buddhist public is shown in the exclamation I heard on leaving the

lecture-hall one evening: “If we can hear such Bana-preaching as that, we need not trouble ourselves to listen to our priests.”

[←9]

The option was placed before him in the following terms: “By virtue of the discretionary powers given me in Article 6 of the Revised Rules, I place before you the following options:

1. To retire from all offices held by you in the Theosophical Society, and leave me to make a merely general public explanation, or

2. To have a Judicial Committee convened as provided for in Art. 6 Sec. 3 of the Revised Rules, and make public the whole of the proceedings in detail.

In either alternative, you will observe, a public explanation is found necessary; in the one case general; in the other, to be full and covering all the details.”

[←10]

Two scripts, not one only, in red and blue, purporting to be the handwriting of the two Masters, “M.” and “K. H.” appear in the material now at Adyar in connection with the charges against Mr. Judge.—C.J.

[←11]

[This appeared in the Theosophist for April, 1903.]

[←12]

[In three hours in 1932.]

[←13]

In point of fact, this principle has since been applied, and with the best results, Charters for the Dutch, Scandinavian, French, German, and Italian Sections having been issued by me.

[←14]

Viz., send him about his business with a complimentary certificate and no means of support. But Judge to be “President for Life,” of his Section, and each other Section to be similarly fitted out.

[←15]

1Resolutions adopted by the Ishwara Branch of the T.S. at a Regular Meeting held Tuesday evening, March 19, 1895.

Whereas; In consequence of certain charges being brought against our Vice-President, Mr. W. Q. Judge, and that said charges have not been answered to the satisfaction of the majority of the members of the Theosophical Society, and

Whereas; These charges together with the pamphlet Isis Very Much Unveiled are of such serious nature as to disturb the unity of the T.S., and bring discredit on the true aims of the Society.

Be it therefore Resolved; That while the Ishwara Branch of the T.S. has always recognised the long and earnest work done for the Society by the Vice-President, Mr. Wm. Q. Judge, we feel that it is but right that he should free himself from this accusation of untruth now pending over him, even if such accusation did not contain the shadow of a probability, and especially as the motto of our Society is, "There is no Religion Higher Than Truth," and

Be it further Resolved: That although the Ishwara Branch of the T.S. does not constitute itself a Court to decide whether or not Mr. Wm. Q. Judge is guilty, and furthermore, as we have the strongest hope that he will clear himself of the accusation now pending, therefore, we, the members of Ishwara Branch of the T.S. in Convention assembled, demand that Mr. Wm. Q. Judge delay no longer the call that has been made upon him by the European, Australasian, Indian, and the minority of the American Section, to immediately resign the Vice-Presidency of the Theosophical Society until such time as circumstances will make it possible to refute the charges made against him, and

Be it further Resolved: That these resolutions be presented to the American Section of the T.S. in Convention assembled, by our Delegate or his proxy, that the same be spread upon the minutes of this Branch and a copy thereof be sent to the President-Founder, H. S. Olcott.

(Signed by fifteen yeas and seven nays).

[← 16]

[Colonel Olcott's first visit to Germany was from July 24 to October 3, 1884, but evidently he did not visit Berlin then.]

[← 17]

[THIS REFERS TO THE LIVES OF "BRATO" WHICH HAD BEEN INVESTIGATED BY C. W. LEADBEATER IN MAY, 1895. THEY HAVE BEEN PUBLISHED IN THE THEOSOPHIST, APRIL-SEPTEMBER, 1912.—C.J.]

[← 18]

Dream Land and Ghost Land, by E. P.Hood.

[← 19]

[See the chapter, "Faithful unto Death," by C. W. Leadbeater, in the book "Reminiscences of Colonel H. S. Olcott for a fuller description of this incident of long ago—C.J.]

[← 20]

In one volume 8vo., pp. 362. To be had of the Theosophical Publishing House, Adyar, Madras, and of other dealers in Theosophical books.

[← 21]

My lecture on "The Spirit of Zoroastrianism," which forms the opening chapter in Mr. Bilimoria's book, was delivered in Bombay in February, 1882.

[← 22]

[The Master Hilarion. Colonel Olcott has written in his Diary, under date February 19, 1881, as follows: "Hilarion is here en route for Tibet and has been lookig over, in, and through the situation.

Finds Bates something awful. Views on India, Bombay, the T.S. in Bombay, Ceylon (love), England and Europe, Xtianity, and other subjects highly interesting."]

[← 23]

By a coincidence, on the very day when this was written a cablegram appeared in the Indian papers that Mrs. Clemens had died, and added that she was a lady possessed of great grace, gentleness and intelligence. Poor, dear "Mark," what a blow this must be for him!

[← 24]

Hynotism of course. Rain-making is a well-known art among the African tribes, both when in their own country and in slavery. A number of instances are cited by the author of the pamphlet on "Obeah Wanga". Among other rain-making stories Mr. H. J. Bell, in his work on Obeah, tells us about a little girl (race not mentioned) in St. Lucia (W.I.) "who possessed the undesirable power of making rain fall wherever she might be. The first shower came on quite suddenly, and one day the mother of the child was astounded on being told that rain was falling in the bedroom at that moment occupied by the little girl. Rushing upstairs, at once, the lady actually did find a smart shower of water falling from the ceiling and soaking into the floor. . . although perfectly fine and dry outside, rain was undoubtedly falling in broad daylight in the room. The child was taken into another room with the immediate effect of producing another equally smart shower, whereas the room she had just vacated became quite dry again". They took the child into the garden where the vegetables badly needed watering, but no shower fell; the phenomenon occurred only indoors.

[← 25]

1For an admirable example see Madame Blavatsky's stirring narrative of "A Bewitched Life," in her Nightmare Tales. A Yamabushi gave me, in Japan, a scroll picture of En-no-gio-ja, the founder of their sect, in which he has two elementals crouching at his feet. I gave it to H. P. B.

Henry Steel Olcott

The Old Diary Leaves - VI

OLD DIARY LEAVES, Sixth Series (1896-98)

by Henry Steel Olcott

CHAPTER I

INSPECTING SCHOOLS IN CEYLON (1896)

ALL good things must come to an end and the grand Rajput wedding at Varal was no exception. On the 19th of April Prince Liluba, the Heir Apparent of Morvi, left and the bride's presents and dowry were displayed in a large temporary structure. The presents alone were worth thirty thousand rupees and made a splendid display, as may be imagined from what I said in the preceding chapter. The wedding guests and hangers-on having departed, Harisinhji and I were left alone. He had a somewhat extensive library and I took advantage of the occasion to read, among other things, Max Nordau's Degeneracy, which gave me the impression that the author was fully persuaded in his own mind that he was the only person in the world who could not be classified as a degenerate. Still, his book is full of sage deductions from observed facts and should be read along with the books of the great hypnotists of [2] Salpétriére and Nancy by all who have to do with persons of hysteric temperament. I left Varal for Surat via Sihor on the 24th, in what discomfort will be imagined when I say that the thermometer was registering 108 to 110 degrees (F.) in the shade. The top of one's head became burning hot from the heat rays reflected from the roof of the railway carriage.

At something past midnight I reached Surat, the home of that universally beloved and respected colleague, Dr. Edal Behram, and of that other high-minded friend, Mr. Narotamram Uttamram Trivedi. I was taken by the doctor to his house, or, as he wished me to consider it, my house where, in his company and that of his amiable wife and nice children, I enjoyed myself very much. The weather continued very hot the next day but still I had many calls and in the evening addressed a meeting of our local Branch, of which Mr. Narotamram was President. The next day was also devoted to visitors and I got through a large amount of deskwork. That evening a large audience gathered to hear me lecture on the subject of education for boys, but mainly of adults for, strange as it may seen, the Missionaries had influence enough to prevent the boys in their schools from attending the lecture! Under the circumstances, therefore, the formation of a boys' society was impracticable. On [3] the next day, Monday, I visited a girls'

school established by our Branch, and also saw there a considerable number of boys from the boys' school which had also been started by our devoted members. In the evening I lectured on "India's Place among the Nations," and at about midnight left for Bombay.

Reaching there in the morning I was busy with visitors and conferences with our members and Parsi friends, bought my steamer ticket for Colombo, and at 6 p.m. lectured in Novelty Theatre to an overflowing audience, on the education of boys, which, as above noted, was the principal theme of my discourses throughout this short tour. Dewan Bahadur Manibhai Jasbhai, late Dewan of Baroda and, when H.P.B. and I first made his acquaintance in the early days, Dewan of Cutch, called on me and presided at my lecture. On the 29th I cleared off arrears of correspondence and attended a farewell reception given me at our Branch rooms.

The conferences above recorded between certain leaders of the Parsi community and myself resulted in an agreement that, as I was going to Europe on Society business, I should also obtain, on their behalf, the opinions of certain noted scholars and archræologists about the best way to promote the interests of Zoroastrian research. On the occasion of the meeting above mentioned, I received my [4] credentials from Mr. K. R. Cama and Dr. Jivanji J. Modi. The latter gentleman introduced me to the famous M. Menard, of the Institute, Dr. Mills, my compatriot, a noted Zendist, and that greatest of living archæologists, Professor Flinders Petrie. In his letter to the latter gentleman Dr. Jivanji says that he will be glad if he will exchange views with me on the subject and make any definite practicable suggestions. Needless to say it was almost pleasant anticipation to be thus brought into personal relations with so erudite and respected an archæologist as the one in question.

The next morning I exchanged farewells at our rooms, and then embarked at Victoria docks on the steamer "Rosetta" at about noon. We were at sea the rest of that day, the next and the next, and reached Colombo at 2.30 p.m. on the third day. I was met, of course, and then taken to the house of Dharmapala's father, that good man and esteemed friend who is one of the most sincere Buddhists of my acquaintance. He has a fine mansion and extensive grounds at Kolupitiya, and if his son is "Anagarika," the Homeless one, it is of his own choice.

Thus shifts our story from clime to clime and country to country; the Ariadne thread of memory leading me through all the maze of the crowded scenes of my official experience in the past. [5] My first duty on the morning after my arrival

was to pay my customary visit of salutation to my friend the High Priest Sumangala, whom I found at his college in the accustomed reception room, with the usual swarm of pupil priests blocking up the doors and windows to catch any scraps of conversation between their master and his visitors. It has often happened that when I had something of a confidential nature about the work to discuss with Sumangala—through an interpreter, for he does not know English and but a few words of French—I have asked him to dismiss the crowd of eavesdroppers. It is the custom in the Orient for juniors to stand, in the presence of their elders, only by permission seating themselves even on the floor; but Sumangala has invariably caused a chair to be placed for me, usually a lower one than the ordinary, for he knows well enough that our Western kneejoints are not lubricated like those of Orientals so as to fold together the two halves of the leg, clasp-knife fashion. On the occasions of my returns to the Island he gets me to tell him about my travels, and especially rejoices when I am able to say that I have been asked to lecture on Buddhism. He is a good man and very learned but, at the same time, so susceptible to the criticisms of his people, that I am never sure of not finding him temporarily upset by some doubt created in his [6] mind as to my orthodoxy in Buddhism; it is never anything very serious, and I can always dispel it by getting him to compare the state of Sinhalese Buddhism to-day with what it was when he and I first met in 1880. From the College I went to the Fort, as it is called, the business quarter of the banks and foreign mercantile houses clustered about the head of the Harbor and near the old Dutch fort, built when the Hollanders were masters of the Island. Thence I went to our Ananda College, now a prosperous and very successful educational institution, but which was founded by Mr. Leadbeater in 1885 as an English High School, when he was working with me in Ceylon. I also went to the Sanghamitta Girls' School, and finished the day with a dinner at Mrs. Higgins', with whom the aged Mrs. Pickett of Australia was then working.

Early the next morning I left for Beruela, thus beginning the tour which had been sketched out for me. I inspected our boys' school in which we had sixty pupils, and thence by afternoon train to Ambalangoda. Here a crowd welcomed me at the station and a hundred and fifty Buddhist boys escorted me in procession to the large school building which had been erected for us by liberal Buddhist friends. The room was uncomfortably crowded, but I distributed prizes and made an address upon [7] the state of education in Ceylon. Three other gentlemen followed me, and after the adjournment I was taken to the breezy and cool rest house by the seashore, where I had a good meal and refreshing sleep.

These travellers' bungalows along the seashore of Ceylon are the most comfortable that I have ever seen in the tropics; the rooms are large, the ceilings lofty, the floors paved with large tiles, and the ocean breeze circulates freely through the venetians that give upon the broad verandahs. I remember perfectly how charmed H.P.B. and I were the first time that we passed a night at one of these bungalows: we should have been glad to have spent the whole hot season there, for back of the house was a sandy beach and sheltered pools fenced in from the ocean by rocks, where the water was so clear and limpid as to invite one to step in and refresh himself from the burden of the tropical heat. At the time of which I write we had four schools at Ambalangoda, two for boys and two for girls, an aggregate of 860 children, and buildings that were highly creditable to the local promoters of Buddhist education. Here was no flash-in-the-pan, like that first famous school that was opened at Galle in the first flush of excitement caused by our visit, which began with a register of over five hundred pupils and, before the year was out, dwindled away to [8] almost nothing, because the rich and wily Missionaries suddenly abolished their school fees and baited their traps with free education for Buddhist children. The people at Ambalangoda were in dead earnest, and had had sixteen years since the Galle episode in which to get to realise what the undertaking of an educational movement implied in the way of self-sacrifice and courageous persistence. In the afternoon of that day I moved on by train to Galle, where I was taken to our Mahinda College, another of our great Buddhist schools, where the boys greeted me with cheers aud fireworks and I made them the inevitable address before I could betake me to bed.

On the next morning (May 7th) I inspected our schools at Dangedera North and Dangedera South, also at Miripenna and Habaraduwa, all suburbs of Galle. I was very much pleased with all; they occupied substantial buildings and showed signs of good management. Returning to town, I lectured at the college at 5 p.m., to the general public, and started a subscription towards a College Fund, getting over two thousand rupees subscribed on the spot. By the next morning's train I went to Ahangama to inspect two schools of 221 and 259 pupils respectively. They were also excellent. Of the former I had laid the corner-stone in 1888, eight years previously. By the noon train I returned to [9] Colombo and reached the hospitable house of Mr. Don Carolis at 6 p.m.

My next move was towards Kandy, the old hill-capital of the native sovereigns, and one of the prettiest places in the Orient. After the four hours'

journey by rail I reached there and was put up at our local college building, where, at 2.30 p.m., I held a public meeting and raised a subscription of Rs. 530 for the benefit of the college. My destination the next day was Katagastota where there was a grand procession, in which three huge elephants, one from the Dalada Maligawa, or Tooth Relic Temple, figured. I lectured to a large crowd in the big school building put up by Mr. Ranaraja and raised a few hundred rupees for the Education Fund. The same afternoon I went on to Matale, where that old veteran nobleman and connecting-link between the times of the Kandyan kings and the British Raj, Mr. W. Dulewe, the Adigar, met me and took me under his wing. I found a boys' school prospering greatly and, at the meeting which I addressed, a subscription for the proposed girls' school was started with every appearance of good feeling and popular interest.

The turn of Rattota, where we had a girls' school, came the next morning. Its chief promoter and patron was a Dr. Goonesekara. Dulewe, Adigar, went with me and Mr. D. J. Jayatilleke went as [10] interpreter. A little Sinhalese boy prodigy was brought to me to the rest house and delivered a lecture in Sinhalese on the celebrated verse, Sabbapapassa akaranam, etc. A breath of Europe came to me that day on the arrival of a German Doctor and his wife at the rest house and we passed a vary agreeable evening in talk. The lady was a friend of my dear and always respected friend Baron Oskar von Hoffmann, of Leipzig. To Wattegama to inspect our boys' and girls' schools, the next morning, thence by carriage, a charming mountain drive of seven miles over a good road, to Panuela. In this small and retired village, the Mistress of our prosperous Girls' School had earned the marked distinction of getting from the Government Inspector of Schools a certificate of 100 per cent at the last examination; every girl in the school was found perfect in every subject. This is as well as Mrs. Courtright did this year with one of the fine Panchama Schools under her charge—the one at the village of Urur where 116 pupils were presented—and 14 per cent better than the average-of passes throughout the whole Madras Presidency. I believe also that this is the only case where every child presented for examination passed "perfect". The average of her four schools was 95 per cent. This shows what can be done with Oriental children in the lower standards by careful [11] training. From this place I returned to Kandy to sleep.

Of course, the reader understands perfectly well that the block of educational [about which I am writing is not, properly speaking, an activity of the Theosophical Society as such, but merely an undertaking by the Ceylon

Branches, which are composed of Buddhists, to conduct the educational campaign which I suggested to them in 1880, when H. P. B. and I and the Committee of the Bombay Theosophical Society first came to the Island. All the same, it is one of the most important and successful results of our movement as achieved by our Buddhist colleagues: and which as has frequently been explained, is to be classified along with the active movement for the nationalising of Indian education, led by Mrs. Besant and which has culminated in the foundation of the Central Hindu College. My present memoirs are, of course, only my personal recollections of the different phases of official work through which I have passed, and as such are as much autobiographical as officially historical. There was a time when the whole movement centred in the personal activities of the two Founders, but it has now expanded over such a vast field that neither I nor any other of the prominent workers can hope to do more than to record what passes under his own personal observation. With [12] this parenthetical remark let me pass on to my next station in the Ceylon school-inspecting tour under notice.

I went on to Gompola by the next morning's train and found a school building unnecessarily big, which had been erected by the late Muhandiram at a cost of several thousand rupees. This was the same enthusiastic gentleman who, in 1880, when H. P. B. and I visited this place, removed the horses from our carriage, got ropes and helped drag us in the carriage from the station to his house. There was a large and interesting meeting at their school-house and much enthusiasm shown at the conclusion of my remarks. In the afternoon I went on to Nawalapitiya, a well-known Kandyan village, the centre of a rich planting district. Our school-house was in a lovely situation on a hill. It was started four months before my visit under such popular auspices that it had pretty well emptied the Christian school of its pupils. On Thursday the 14th (May) I took train for Hatton, a mountain town, the railway station for Adam's Peak. We were here in a grand hilly country with beautiful landscapes on all sides. Our local school of sixty pupils was founded by the lamented C. F. Powell, who made so deep an impression within his short connection with our Headquarters, on both the Sinhalese and South Indian Hindus. The local Committee informed me with [13] pride that not a single Buddhist boy was now in the Christian school. The founders and supporters of the Buddhist school were low-country men, and I am glad to say that, at that stage of the movement in Ceylon, the Buddhist educational work in the Kandyan district was almost entirely done by the same class of persons. The fact is, that under the Kandyan kings, the Feudal system

prevailed to such an extent that the nation was divided into, practically, the two classes of nobles and slaves; education was not at all general, even among the nobility; the monasteries were endowed by the Crown and a sufficient support being guaranteed in their revenues from the lands granted them by the Crown, the Bhikkus were lazy and there was very little religious spirit existing in the “Mountain Kingdom”.

At the same time, an insufferable pride prevailed among the upper class, and I have often been shocked to see the contemptuous way in which they treated the usually excellent merchants and others who came from the low country to do business in that part of the Island. It got so at last that I expected no help whatever from the Kandyan chiefs, and I always felt uneasy to receive from or make visits to them in company with the Colombo and Galle people whose earnestness had gained all my esteem and for whom I felt great friendship. I [14] remember the case of one individual of the Willala caste, i.e., the land-holder or cultivator class, who held an office under the British Government. He occupied a spacious ancestral bungalow and always made a great show of courtesy in receiving me. On the occasion in question I was accompanied on my visit by the President and one or two other officers of one of our largest Ceylon Branches. I was received with distinction and they were put off with a short nod each. My American blood grew hot at that (for I hadn’t the smallest respect for the man’s character) and I had to put myself under powerful restraint to prevent my catching him by the coat collar and flinging him across the room. But, of course, I have met with individuals of the old Kandyan nobility who won my friendly regards by their gentlemanly behavior all around. One of these was the veteran Adigar above spoken of. Our College, formerly High School, at Kandy is now large and prosperous and there is much activity here and there throughout the Kandyan country, but, viewing the Ceylon movement as a whole, one cannot in justice deny that more than 90 per cent. of the credit for the successful direction of the movement which has gathered some thirty thousand Buddhist children under Buddhist school teachers in Buddhist schools, is due to our colleagues in the Maritime Provinces. [15] Returning to Kandy I visited the schools in the suburban villages of Peredeniya and Ampitiya, two in each place. At the latter village I raised a subscription towards building a girls’ school-house and then visited our boys’ and girls’ schools in the town of Kandy—all in one day. My programme took me the next day to Kadunnawa to see a girls’ school in the morning, after which there was a lecture in a Temple Preaching Hall (Banamaduwa); in the afternoon to Gardaladeniya where we had a mixed school.

At Rambukkana we were treated to a specimen of barbaric pomp in a long procession headed by two huge elephants, and after them a company of a dozen male devil-dancers, dressed in fantastic costume, with frightful masks and a network of beaded bands crossing their chests. As we moved through the woods the sounds of the barbaric music, the squeak, roll, and clatter, all combined to make a cacophony bad enough to drive all the wood elves and hamadryads out of their sylvan retreats. From that place I went on to Curunegala, where the old Muhandiram had built for us a large L-shaped school-house; then on to Veyangoda and to the neighboring village of Pattallagedera, where the children of the boys' and girls' schools were got together to hear me. After that another girls' school was opened. A ride by bullock cart without springs is not a joy for ever, but I had one of five [16] miles on the next morning to open a boys' school, and then by train back to Colombo, thus closing my Northern tour.

My third visit to the Leper Colony at Hendala, near Colombo, was made on Wednesday, May 20th. As I have described the dreadful spectacle of a colony of these poor victims of one of the greatest pests of humanity, I shall not repeat myself now. By request I gave them the Pancha Sila and a lecture showing the operation of the Law of Karma in their case. One cannot but feel compassion for these human outcasts and a prompting to do something, however little, to give them momentary pleasure, but really it is one of the most distressing of imaginable experiences and I am not at all anxious to repeat the visit.

On the afternoon of that day I presided at a meeting at Ananda College, gave out the prizes and made a long address. I was followed by the Hon. Mr. Ramanathan, the then recognised leader of the Hindu community, and by a Dr. Pinto. After this I attended a meeting of the Maha-Bodhi Society, at which I read a paper on the situation of affairs and offered my resignation of the position of Honorary General Adviser, for the reason that, as I explained, Mr. Dharmapala did not seem disposed to take my advice when given. Since that time I have had no responsibility whatever for the management of that [17] Society, nor done anything to secure the considerable success which Dharmapala has achieved with the help of his friends.

Visits to Nedimale and Kirulapane schools followed the next day, and on the following one to Moritumulle and Indepette. The school at this latter place had an interesting history. The local school of the Government had been turned over to the Wesleyans by a sympathetic head of the Education Department. This was regarded as an injustice by our people, and, on their behalf a vigorous protest

was sent in by Mr. Buultjens, our then Manager of Buddhist Schools, but the Government turned a deaf ear to us. Thereupon, a public meeting was called, and resolutions adopted to build a school-house of their own and remove their children to it. When I addressed the meeting on the occasion of my visit I had 123 boys and girls before me, of whom 105 gave me, as Guru, betel and tobacco leaves, 4,200 of the former and 105 of the latter. The next day at Colombo, the Buddhist Defence Committee referred to me for decision a question as to the Buddhist Registrarship which they wanted laid before the Secretary of State for the Colonies. At an adjourned meeting I gave them drafts of such papers as they were to sign and send on to the Colonial Office.

[18] This was my last official act during the present Ceylon tour, as on the morrow, the 25th May, I embarked for Marseilles on the Messageries steamer “Saghalien”.

CHAPTER II

MADAME MONGRUEL'S CLAIRVOYANCE

(1896)

FROM Colombo until we got under the lee of Cape Guardafui the weather was rough and the sea very uneasy. We had a large Siamese Royal party on board, comprising H. R. H. Prince Bhanurangsi, Commander-in-Chief of the Siamese Army and brother of the King, two of the King's sons, three little princes, and Prince Bhanurangsi's staff. One of the little chaps who spoke English quite well, and was a sweet little fellow, hung around me a good deal and it was he who made the list of personages in the party and a pencil sketch of himself which I have pasted in my Diary. All who have made the voyage in question know what an unspeakable relief it is to get away from the buffetings of the monsoon and come into the smooth water at the mouth of the Red Sea, when one can write and walk the deck without running the risk of being flung against the bulwarks. We reached Aden on [20] the 1st of June and thence crossed over to Djibouti. I have good reason to remember the date because in that same night I learned by telepathy of the death of my dear sister, Mrs. Mitchell, and noted it in the Diary: the sequel will be told presently.

Some of us passengers went ashore at Djibouti and found it a sandy desolation, baking under a fierce sun, with a few wretched shops—where I could not even buy a boot lace that I wanted—and a poor apology for a hotel restaurant, the food and cooking at which made us sorry that we had not stayed aboard the ship. Towering above the shanties above mentioned was the residence of the Governor, a great barn-like building, with no architectural pretentions whatever, and the verandahs closed in by lattice-work for lack of trees, to temper the heat. The only happy ones in our party were the stamp-collectors, who bought liberally the stamps of the French Government that could be had at the post office and, which sales it almost seemed to me, were the only source of revenue.

The passage up the Red Sea was smooth and pleasant; we reached Suez and

entered the Canal at 5 p.m. on the 6th of June. At Port Said, the next day, we were detained only a few hours for coaling and then got out on to the Mediterranean, where we found delightfully cool weather and a calm sea awaiting us. In Mr. and Mrs. John Campbell, [21] of Soorabaya, Dutch East Indies, I made two charming acquaintances. The husband was Scotch, of course, the lady Dutch; and I know no more delightful persons to meet than educated Dutch ladies. The weather being so fine, we had the opportunity of thoroughly enjoying the passage through the Straits of Messina and the view of the ever picturesque volcano, Stromboli. On the 11th we ran into the mistral, that cold and dreaded wind-current from the North, which gives the people along the Mediterranean so much discomfort. As it took us abeam it made the ship pitch like mad and it was very disagreeable on deck.

On the 12th—eighteen days from Colombo—we reached Marseilles, but were incontinently ordered into Quarantine at that distressful, rock-cut naval basin of Frioul because, forsooth, cholera was bad in Egypt when we passed through the Canal. We were released the next day and crossed over to our moorings in the splendid basin of Marseilles. I had instructed my correspondents in Western countries to address me, poste-restante at Marseilles, and among the letters which awaited me was one from a nephew giving particulars about my sister's death. It occurred at the time when I got the warning aboard ship between Aden and Djibouti. There was great sympathy between us and this was not the first incarnation in which we had been [22] associated together. Her daughter has told me since how, at the last hour, she lay muttering to herself about me; and of course nothing could be more natural than that she should come to tell me of her departure.

Commandant Courmes and Dr. Pascal, who was then living at Toulon, met me on arrival and the former took me to see Baron Spedalieri and afterwards to Toulon by train. It was a group of earnest seekers after Truth who had gathered around Courmes to form a local Branch of our Society, and I passed the next few days with them very agreeably. Though there was nothing Theosophical about it, yet the incident I am about to relate was interesting to me from the artistic point of view. Commandant Courmes and I had gone to hear the music of a fine military band; the streets were full of people, all dressed, of course, in the Western fashion, and as we stood on the curb chatting together there passed an Oriental, a Mussalman, dressed in his national garb. As he passed between us and a brilliantly lighted shop window on the other side of the street, he made

such a vivid contrast with the throng of people about him that I keep the impression to this day. The crowd, all dressed in dark colors and with their clothes cut in our ungainly fashion without a single line of grace or a single bit of color to relieve the monotony, represented the audiences that [23] confront a public speaker in Western countries, whereas he, this stray follower of Islam, in his Eastern garb, so artistic and so radiant, recalled to my mind the crowds of Asiatics among whom I had been living for so many years. Shway Yeo (the Hon. Mr. Scott), the writer on Burma, says that a Burmese audience, clad in their bright silken cloths and white jackets look like “a bed of tulips moved by a breeze.” How many times I have wished that Western friends whom I knew to be possessed of a cultivated feeling for Art, could travel with me throughout the East and see what picturesque multitudes gather in front of a speaker and in their mass appeal to his artistic imagination!

I have stated above that one important business that had been confided to me was that of consulting the leading authorities of Paris and London upon the subject of Zoroastrian research. On Tuesday, June 23rd, I returned a call made by the Rev. Dr. Mills, the Orientalist, one of the gentlemen to whom Dr. Jivanji had given me letters, and we had a long friendly talk on the subject of Zend literature and the Parsi religion. Dr. Mills I found to be an American, a New Yorker, a graduate of my own University and a member of my own College society, so that we had many points of sympathy in common. He was not at all hopeful about the possibility of discovering other fragments of the sacred writings [24] than those which the Parsis had saved out of the wreck of their country and religion, after the Muhammadan conquest of Persia and the flight of the historical band of faithful Zoroastrians to India.

Pending my forming relations with the other correspondents of Dr. Jivanji, two bits of occult experience, of which one was both interesting and important, and the other a comedy, came in my way. The former was a visit to the famous Madame Mongruel, the Seeress whose name is now familiar to all of our members, the other an interview with Mlle. Couëdon, a young woman who was then greatly talked about as the pretended mouthpiece of the Angel Gabriel who, through her, as alleged, was predicting all sorts of dire calamities for unhappy France. She and her family had been so pestered with visitors as to have become very reluctant to admit fresh acquaintances, but an exception was made in my favor, thanks to a card of introduction given me by an editor of the Gaulois. I found the young woman living with her parents in a small flat in the Rue de

Paradis—surely an appropriate name under the circumstances. There was nothing at all extraordinary about her appearance, she seemed as little like an angelic agent as any other girl in Paris. Motioning me to a chair, she took another one opposite, shut her eyes and presently began her inspired utterances. There was [25] something comical about them, for the final syllables of all the lines of her verses—she spoke nothing but rhyme—were alliterative; over and over and over again she would make these terminal words rhyme with each other. I could not get myself impressed with the idea that she was speaking for any entity, hierarchical or otherwise, save her comely little self: and certainly, on reading my notes of her predictions, after the lapse of so many years, I cannot say that my faith in her as a prophetess is enhanced. She told me, or rather Gabriel is supposed to have told me, that the Theosophical Society would break up soon; that I should retire after being betrayed by some colleagues; and that I should die suddenly and prematurely, at a time not specified!

The visit to Madame Mongruel was a much more important affair. Up to the 22nd of June, 1896, I had no knowledge whatever of her existence, but on the day in question, as I was correcting proof at the Hotel Gibraltar, the card was brought me of M. Desormeaux, of the editorial staff of the Gaulois who, on being admitted, told me that he wished to make an experiment in the interests of the public and came to ask me to help him in the capacity of an expert. It appeared that some months before that date a caravan of exploration, under the direction of the Marquis de Mores, a well-known explorer, [26] had started from Tunisian territory for the interior of that part of Africa, some said with a political object in view. At the time of our interview a rumor of his assassination was current in Paris, but not generally believed for there were no definite facts to support it: M. Desormeaux himself, an old acquaintance of the Marquis, did not believe him dead. It had occurred to him to try to find among the noted clairvoyants of Paris at least one who could give some definite information on the subject. Naturally, I was glad to accede to his invitation and so, taking a cab, we began our quest. My guide visited the house of a famous clairvoyant whose name came first on his list, but she was not at home. He then ordered the coachman to drive us to No.6 Chaussée d’Antin, where Madame Jeanne Mongruel lived. What we got from her can be read at length in the article entitled “A French Seeress,” in The Theosophist for December, 1896, but as the séance was one of the most important in the modern history of clairvoyance, and as this book will have a multitude of readers who may never see our magazine, I think it is important to take it over into this narrative so as to make sure of its

preservation in convenient form for reference. For the benefit of the general public, then, I will say that Madame Mongruel had been known in Paris half a century for her predictions that Prince Louis Bounaparte, [27] then an exile in London, would one day return, gain the supreme power and be crowned Emperor of the French. Many other accurate prophecies were recorded to her credit, and so M. Desormeaux's hope that she might be able to tell him something about Mores was not very unreasonable. Instead of telling the story in my own language, the better plan will be to quote a verbatim translation of the article of its editorial representative which appeared in the Gaulois of June 23, 1896, to which the reader is referred. It says:

"Madame Mongruel lives at No.6 Chausée d'Antin on the fourth floor. Last evening, at 9 o'clock, Colonel Olcott and I rang at the door of the apartment. A little maid with a lively expression of countenance opened and showed us into a drawing-room where her mistress received us. [A personal description of myself then follows.—O.] I have with me a certain article which had belonged to the Marquis de Mores,[1] but I wish it clearly understood in this connection, that the name of the Marquis was never pronounced, either by Colonel Olcott or myself throughout the sitting. Madame Mongruel had the idea that we came to consult her about the case of [28] Mlle. Couëdon.[2] I left her under this illusion, whilst seeming to mildly deny it.

"In an armchair Madame Mongruel seats herself; facing her, is Colonel Olcott. The usual mesmeric passes are made and the subject falls asleep.[3] I place the article that had belonged to the Marquis in her hand and Madame Mongruel at once begins speaking and gives me the moving consultation which I transcribe accurately from my notes:

"'How strange this is! About him I see very well, very distinctly, three beings. What are their names?... Ah! how queer; Alen Senemenek... Very curious, this, but they are not living; they belong to the other world: they are very far away and yet at the same time are about you. With their cups in their hands, they drink together. Yet it is very puzzling. What in the world does it mean? These three men show me in the far distance a man stretched out, wounded, dead!' [29] "'By whom wounded? was asked. 'Strange,' she muttered, 'these are not Frenchman, they are blacks, men of color. Ah! There is one man there, not a Frenchman, he speaks English; who is this man? He has had a terrific wound between his eyes; another in the chest. He has a wound made by a cutting weapon; not a poniard, but a sort of lance (sagaie), a curious arm, very slim and sharp.'

“‘Where are you?’ was asked. ‘In the desert. How very hot it is! But there is one man who seems to me to be of the body-guard; it is as though he were selected to bring about the final catastrophe, but he is not the only one to strike. Another began it; there is a frightful conspiracy, and this is an ambuscade.’

“‘But he (the leader of the expedition) is a brave, valiant, audacious fellow, of an honest nature, but with a strange sort of brain. He is led, urged on in a most singular way. A strange influence seems to drag him on; he acts as if under the influence of a superior will which is not of our plane. It has forced him forward and yet not protected him. Around him lying are black men, and I see one person give the fatal signal; he is white, tall and young.’

“‘Why is he (the Marquis being meant) killed?’

“‘Why is he killed?... It is very strange: his boldness ought to have made them all fall [30] back. He was doomed to die. There was a conspiracy. These three beings (above mentioned) are black chiefs. I see the party entering into a gorge, between two small hills; a man is in there in ambush. The fatal blow was given from there... I see five, six, seven wounds (on the body of the Marquis, she means). Beside him are men lying prostrate, blacks whom he has killed; they were in front, but there are also some who fell with him; I see five, five whites. There is a hole like an oven, that is the place where he seems to be kept (the Marquis). The face has turned black, but the body has kept its color; the wounds seem red: it is something frightful to look at. He fell forward with his face to the ground, it was the blow in the chest that caused it. Besides this, there are several other wounds;...

“‘What a handsome forehead! With his brave air, rash, like one inspired, he moves forward with the self-possession of a conqueror; he believes that he will attain his object; he is as though sustained by a star; he has faith in himself, he marches forward without fear. Even when struck, he does not believe that he will die.’

“‘What a fine nature! uncommon, daring, admirably organised. What a brave heart! and what a noble mission! But the surprise was well organised.

[31] It occurred when passing out of the gorge. At first there was a fair fight; but when they passed out of the narrow passage, he fell into the ambush.’

“‘What is his name?’ asked Colonel Olcott. The clairvoyant murmured Mor. Mor. Mor. Mor. ‘Ah! it is queer,’ said she, ‘but it is his mouth which speaks.’

“At this moment, could it have been an illusion? I hear the voice of Mores and turn pale, ‘What is the matter?’ asked the Colonel of me. ‘Nothing,’ said I. Madame Mongruel continued.

“Mor, Mor.

“‘I hear this sonorous vibration,’ said she, ‘I cannot fix it. It is a being stooping over him who cries out. I thought it was his own voice but it is not. I see him stagger....

“‘O! two black men are about him, they are hacking him but he is already dead. It is a traitor.’

“‘What is his name?’

“‘I do not dare to tell, I am afraid.’

“‘Fear nothing, we will protect you,’ said the Colonel.

“‘Yes it was a seeming friend; he travelled with him; only I do not see this man as now living; he was also killed, but it was he who pronounced the name. It is shocking! He was beside him, he gave the signal by a gunshot in the air and [32] the other struck at the moment when he came out of the pass. That blow was given by a powerful hand.’

“‘What a horrible combat! What atrocious butchery! Oh! (shuddering), it is frightful. Where he is now is not a tomb nor a mausoleum. But they have shoved him into some place shaped like a furnace. The earth is of the color of pottery, reddish and very hard; the body is still in tact.’

“‘What is there in his hand?’

“‘The hand is large. The middle finger very long, the mount of Venus prominent, the line of life broken off very young, before the fortieth year.[4]

“‘It is hard for me to see it. One hand is clenched, the other holds a weapon, the thumb is short and large at the end, the little finger is small and thin for a hand of that size. The ring-finger of the right hand is wounded; cut by a steel blade. I do not see the thumb. At the place where he was wounded in the chest I see a lady’s portrait, pierced by the blow of the lance; it is still on the corpse. It has not been taken away...; she is (now) about 30 years of age.[5] [33] “‘But the other cries: Mores!

“‘There is in his mouth atone as if this cry were uttered with ferocious joy, as if to say bravo! Mores has fallen. It is a cry of dreadful hatred...

“‘He who killed him was not a native of that country, he was of the crowd of people who assassinated him... The man who was at his side had a hatred which does not seem to have been personal; the conspiracy was not on his private account[6]... The first shot was fired (in the air) as a signal and then the weapon was hurled from the ambuscade. He who wished to assassinate was the second to fall. There are some who get away, I would like to find them but I can do no more, I am tired. I see one in particular with very brown hair, whitish skin, of the Italian or Spanish type, his great suppleness of body enables him to escape.

“‘He (the Marquis) was struck by two enemies, one very tall, I mean one who has a high aim, the [94] other very contemptible, a wretch, pursuing a personal vengeance.

“‘Ah! it is frightful—horrible. Wake me, I beseech you! I can do no more.’

“‘Colonel Olcott makes the transverse passes, awakens Madame Mongruel, who is then stupefied to learn that we have been questioning her about the Marquis de Mores,... What credence should be given in this case I should be very loth to say. When the details of the assassination of the Marquis de Mores become known, it will be easy to compare them with this consultation. It will then be time to pronounce the verdict.”

The time of corroboration came soon enough. On the tenth day after this account appeared in the Gaulois, the Figaro printed a long telegram from its correspondent at Tunis announcing the arrival of a caravan at Douz, which had been sent out to search for the lost explorer, bringing the corpses of the Marquis de Mores and his interpreter, Abd-el-Hack. From this account I take the following particulars corroborative of the clairvoyant revelations of Madame Mongruel at the séance of the 22nd June: 1. the Marquis was not living but dead when we consulted her; 2. eight Tunisian servants of the Marquis were killed with him in the massacre at El Ouatia; 3. the bodies were covered with numerous wounds, especially that of the Marquis, whose chest [95] was literally riddled with lance wounds; 4. the natives who lifted him from the sand said that “the white man was a brave who had embraced death face to face”; 5. the bodies were in a state of remarkable preservation; 6. add to this that she gave us his name without either of us having pronounced it; and 7. that the heat in the desert at the time was intense

CHAPTER III

SEERESSES OR MEDIUMS

(1896)

IN the foregoing narrative are all the features of an undoubted case of clairvoyant perception. Bear in mind that, at the time of the séance with Madame Mongruel, nothing whatever of a definite character was known in Europe as to the fate of the ill-starred Marquis de Mores; nor did anything appear in any paper before the 3rd of July, when the Tunisian telegram was printed in the Figaro: add to this that M. Desormeaux did not believe that there had been a tragedy, and that I, for my part, had neither known of the existence of the Marquis nor cared what might or might not have happened to him. There is no ground, therefore, for any theory of thought-transference between the Seeress and ourselves. Yet her perceptions of the event that had transpired out in the African Desert were as clear as though she had seen them reflected in one of the mirrors that hung in her consulting-room. The sash [37] which had been worn by the lost man was efficacious in putting her sur la piste—on the trail. If this is not an instructive fact for the student of clairvoyance, and if it does not make easier of comprehension the revelations that we have been having lately in Theosophical books, then I am mistaken.

What a curious coincidence it is that the two Napoleons who have occupied the throne of France should have had their future grandeur prophesied by clairvoyants, the Great Napoleon by Mlle. Le Normand, the Little one by Madame Mongruel. As regards the Le Normand prophecies the reader will do well, if he can, to read the article in The Theosophist for December, 1896. One point is made in that article, on the authority of Delaage, in his Sommeil Magnetique (Paris, 1857); it relates to the question of the continuous, or infallible, lucidity of clairvoyants. He says: “Those ignorant mesmerisers who fancy that they create clairvoyance in their lucid subjects are entirely mistaken; no power in the world can make clairvoyant a subject who has not the congenital predisposition for it: all that the magnetiser does is to help remove from the inner

eye some of the obstacles to clear sight offered by the activity of the bodily senses... There does not exist in Paris a serious magnetiser who dare say that he has met with a single subject who [38] has continuous lucidity." Furthermore our author affirms that the number of lucid somnambules is not very great, and often the faculty appears at very rare intervals; moreover, that, most frequently, the failure of a clairvoyant to satisfy consultants is due to this fact, viz., that the poor visionary cannot throw herself or himself at will into the condition of lucidity.

Remember that this super-physical state is due to a very delicate and exceptional condition of the nerves of the brain which the slightest cause is sufficient to upset. How many times have I been pained to see the mental tortures inflicted upon, these psychics by ignorant and brutal, though perhaps well-disposed, visitors. Let us suppose that the consultant wishes information about the writer of a certain letter which may have been handled by a dozen different persons, each of whom has impregnated the document with his own aura, some possibly so coarse and strong as to drown out for the moment that of the writer of the letter. If the consultant be ill-bred, he may put insulting questions and show insulting suspicions, provoked by his own ignorance; another, carried away by a blind enthusiasm, may cause his thought-pictures to rush past the clairvoyant's vision like a scud of clouds swept before a tempest. A third may so strongly desire that the Seeress' revelation may [39] confirm his wishes as to obsess, take possession of and mould the thought of the sleeper. A fourth may be a man who comes fresh from a scene of debauchery, and the libidinous pictures floating around him may horrify the virtuous sensitive and make her loathe his presence. Finally, not to enumerate the many causes operative of a destruction of clairvoyant vision, the enquirer may be one of those conceited and prejudiced committee men, who have figured so often in the history of psychical research and come with smiling features and outward courtesy, but underneath having the determination to prove the lucid victim a dishonest trickster, to confuse and trip her up, and to make white as black as his suspicious nature wishes it to be.

On the day of the Mongruel interview Dr. Baraduc had me to his house to dinner and M. Jules Bois and two other gentlemen to meet me. On the following day I was honored with a visit from that most interesting savant, Colonel De Rochas. My introductory visit to M. Menant, of the Institute, occurred on the 25th of June. This venerable man, whose fame as an Orientalist extended throughout the whole world of scholarship, received me with every possible

courtesy, expressed his warm interest in the Parsi community of Bombay, and invited his gifted wife and still more gifted daughter to take part in the conversation. Like Dr. Mills, he was [40] sceptical as to the possibility of recovering lost Zoroastrian scriptures; at the same time admitting that there was just a remote possibility of some being found in libraries in Muhammadan countries not yet examined by Western Zendic students: the chance, however, he thought remote. In the letter which he addressed me under date of August 24th, 1896, he says: “If there is still something more needed it is rather, as I have told you verbally, in purely archreological discoveries that one might, perhaps, meet with new documents. In pursuance of this idea I have put you in relations with M. Blanc, who has a special knowledge of the Central Asian provinces, where explorations might throw great light upon this important problem of Zoroastrian history.”

Still, in spite of the scepticism which I have met everywhere among the savants on this subject, I have a sort of vague belief that, if the Bombay Parsis should really begin in earnest a search for their missing religious treasures, some of great importance will be found; perhaps even in India, in some temple or mosque library, or in the possession of some family to whom the books or manuscripts may have descended from an ancestor concerned in the pillage of the Persian Parsis.

Members of our Society are now to be found in almost all social classes and walks of life, so that [41] it need not surprise us to learn that one evening while in Paris I had the opportunity of seeing one of my colleagues playing in the matchless dramatic company of the Comédie Française, and another one as a Député in the Chambre des Députés, where he had figured largely as the author of a very important Bill. This gentleman and another Député spent hours with me one evening at my hotel discussing Theosophy, in which they showed an eager interest.

On Saturday, the 27th, I called by invitation on Colonel De Rochas at his Laboratory at the Ecole Polytechnique, to see him make, in the presence of a number of men of science, a lot of hypnotic experiments on two subjects, females. He showed us the different stages of Hypnosis defined by Charcot, and other phenomena, among them externalisation of sensitiveness and projection of the double. In this condition the bodies of the sensitives did not respond to any external influence; sight, hearing, taste, and feeling were all paralysed, but the normal sensitiveness, abnormally intensified, existed outside the body in the

enwrapping aura. If he thrust a pin into the air at a measured distance from the sleeper's body there would be an instantaneous cry of pain, and the sensitive would quickly carry her hand to that part of the body which seemed to be in auric communication with the [147] punctured spot in space. Both sensitives being plunged in hypnotic sleep, the one could point out exactly where the double of the other, projected from the body, was located, and the Colonel by pinching or pricking that spot, would cause a reflex action in the body. This suggested to me an experiment. The Colonel had been proving the paralysis of the olfactory nerves by holding to the nose of the sleeper an uncorked vial of concentrated spirits of ammonia. I took him with me outside the room and, after closing the door, suggested that he should try the experiment of holding the pungent fluid to the point in space where the other clairvoyant should say that the nose of the subject under experiment, or rather of her double, was situated. If he could then get her to make the motion of inhaling, possibly we might find that there would be a reaction upon the physical olfactory nerves, which would be a new and interesting proof of the projection of the double. He declared that the idea was a capital one, returned to the room, and made the experiment, which to our gratification and the surprise of all present was entirely successful.

At that time there happened to be in Paris the Hon. Alexander Aksakof, State Councillor of H. M. the Emperor of Russia, whose name is known throughout the whole world of psychical research as one of the ablest and most honorable of investigators [148] and advocates of Modern Spiritualism. My Eddy book, People from the Other World, which appeared first with illustrations in the N. Y. Daily Graphic, attracted his attention to such an extent that he paid H.P.B. to translate it into Russian for him to bring out. This transaction led to a friendly correspondence between us, but I had never met him personally until now during my Paris visit. I found him rather unfriendly to my dear colleague, so I profited by the opportunity to use my best endeavors to remove from his mind some impressions which I felt sure were entirely unjust. For many years M. Aksakof edited and published (in Germany, for he could not bring it out in Russia) the extensively circulated magazine, Psychiche Studien, and was the author of several books, almost the latest of which was one, Partial Dematerialisation of a Medium, an account by eye-witnesses of a wonderful phenomenon that occurred at Helsingfors, to Mrs. D'Esperance, the medium. If the reader can get the chance to go through it, it will be well worth his while, for the phenomenon described was one of the most astonishing, from the scientific point of view, in the history of spiritualistic wonders. Mrs. D'Esperance, seated on a chair in front

of a screen, in a lighted room and in the presence of several reputable witnesses, suddenly found that her lower limbs had been completely dematerialised from the hips downward, [144] and her dress hung over the front edge of the chair-seat. This was the first intimation she had had of any change in her physical condition, although she was in possession of her full consciousness and the room was well lighted. Her fright lest she should have been crippled for life was perfectly natural, as was that of the company present, who were allowed to approach and satisfy themselves of the fact of the dissolution of the limbs. Before she had time to provoke a catastrophe by giving way to the impulse of terror, the limbs were restored to their normal condition and she was able to spring to her feet and walk about. M. Aksakof, in describing the séance, cites the account given in my Eddy book of the entire dissolution of the body of Mrs. Compton, an American medium, which, I believe, had been the first phenomenon of the kind on record; though as for this I will not venture to be positive.

On the same day I met Père Bernard, the Dominican Friar of whom I have spoken elsewhere, and in the afternoon called again at M. Menant's where I met M. Blanc, the Central Asian explorer, and a very long and interesting discussion ensued between us two and our venerable host.

Among my numerous visitors on the following day was M. Aksakof, and I spent the afternoon most agreeably with M. Blanc. He took me to the Musée Guimet to show me some Parsi bronzes that [145] he had found when excavating in Bactria, and I also saw the very fine collection of life-size and correctly-dressed Parsi figures which had been given to the Musée by Mlle. Menant, than whom the Parsis have no more enthusiastic friend. On the 30th I bade good-bye to Dr. Baraduc, wrote letters, and listened to a debate in the Corps Legislatif in which our Theosophical colleague spoke on a Revenue Bill. This was my first experience in that historical Chamber, and I naturally made a mental comparison between the debate and what I had seen in our American legislative bodies. Things went on rather tamely, but now and again there was an outbreak of excitement showing what the Chamber might be when roused. I dined with the Rev. Dr. Mills that evening, and enjoyed myself much in talking about our common Alma Mater and the various people we knew. The next day I crossed over to London and found at the station to meet me, Leadbeater, Mead, Dr. Hübbe, Keightley and others. Keightley took me to his house and I had the agreeable opportunity of paying my respects to the venerable mother to whose

heart he is as dear as the apple of her eye.

CHAPTER IV

REVISION OF T. S. RULES

THE next evening I presided at the Blavatsky Lodge where Mrs. Besant gave a superb lecture on “Evolution as Seen by Occultists”. There was a reception given at our headquarters on Friday; the 3rd (July), to delegates who had come to the Convention. The Convention met the next morning and everything passed off quietly, my Address being delivered and the Agenda being all disposed of. A tricky letter from the Judge party was handed in but, seeing that it was but a thinly-veiled repetition of the attempt to put us in a false position, I simply laid it upon the table. In the evening there was a public meeting at Queen’s Hall at which addresses were made by Messrs. Mead and Keightley, Mrs. Besant and myself. The Convention finished its business the next day, after suggesting certain revisions of the T.S. Rules. There was a garden-party at Headquarters on the afternoon of the 6th, and on the 8th I went with Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Faulding, whose guest I had now become, to a meeting of the [47] London Lodge, at Mr. Sinnett’s house, at which he lectured on the subject of “Alchemy,” showing us that there was a great deal more in the teachings and writings of the Alchemists than a mere search after the gold-making mystery. After the meeting he took us into his laboratory and showed us, in many cases for the first time, experiments with the Röntgen Rays.

A General Council meeting was held on the 9th at which the various suggestions from Sections, Branches, and individuals for a revision of the Society’s Rules were patiently examined and carefully considered in the light of their bearing on the peculiar circumstances of the whole Society. When several amendments touched the same clause, the various improvements were incorporated in the form finally adopted. Only one important recommendation was rejected—that of removing the President and Vice-President of the Society for cause shown. On mature consideration, and in view of the circumstances attending the Judge secession, it was decided that no Rule could be of use if such an emergency arose. If a majority, or even a strong minority, desired to dispossess one of these officers, while he retained the confidence of a large number of members, a split in the Society would result, let the Rule be what it

might. It was therefore thought better to leave the Society free, under [48] the powers vested in the General Council, to deal with any serious case if unfavorable circumstances should arise. At the meeting in question the following members were present, viz., the President, the Vice-President, the General Secretaries of the European and Indian Sections, Mr. C. W. Leadbeater, as proxy (under specific instructions) for the General Secretary of the Scandinavian Section, and Mrs. Besant as proxy for the General Secretary of the American Section. The Australasian Section's views were represented in the official Report of the General Secretary, and the New Zealand Section had been so recently chartered that it had not had time to submit its wishes for the consideration of the General Council. In publishing, for the information of the members of the Society, the text of the revised Rules, in an Executive Notice of date, London, 9th July, 18961 I made the following explanatory remarks:

"The undersigned takes this opportunity of correcting the mistaken idea, which prevails in some

RULES OF THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY

As Revised in General Council, July 9, 1896

CONSTITUTION

1. The title of this Society, which was formed at New York, United States of America, on the 17th of November, 1875, is the "Theosophical Society" [49] quarters, that the T.S. Rules and the wording of its "Declared Objects" are substantially what they
2. The objects of the Theosophical Society are: I. To form a nucleus of the Universal Brotherhood of Humanity, without distinction of race, creed, sex, caste or colour.

II. To encourage study of comparative religion, philosophy and science.

III. To investigate unexplained laws of Nature and the powers latent in man.

3. The Theosophical Society has no concern with politics, caste rules, and social observances. It is unsectarian, and demands no assent to any formula of belief as a qualification of membership.

MEMBERSHIP

4. Every application for membership must be made on an authorized form, and must be endorsed by two members of the Society and signed by the

applicant; but no person under age shall be admitted without the consent of their guardians.

5. Admission to membership may be obtained through the President of a Branch, the General Secretary of a Section, or the Recording Secretary; and a certificate of membership shall be issued to the member, bearing the signature of the President-Founder and the seal of the Society, and countersigned by either the General Secretary of the Section or the Recording Secretary of the T.S., according as the applicant resides within a sectionalized or non-sectionalized territory.

OFFICERS

6. The Society shall have a President, a Vice-President, a Recording Secretary, and a Treasurer.
7. The President-Founder, Colonel H. S. Olcott, holds the office of President of the Theosophical Society for life, and has the right of nominating his successor, subject to the ratification of the Society.
8. The term of the presidency is seven years (subject to the exception named in Rule 7).
9. The President shall nominate the Vice-President subject to election by the Society. The Vice-President's term of office shall expire upon the election of a new President.
10. The appointments to the offices of the Recording Secretary and the Treasurer shall be vested in the President.

[50] have been from the commencement and therefore entitled to some special immunity from change. So

11. The President shall be the custodian of all the archives and records of the Society, and shall be one of the Trustees and administrators for property of all kinds, of which the Society as a whole is possessed.
12. The President shall have the power to make provisional appointments to fill all vacancies that occur in the offices of the Society, and shall have discretionary powers in all matters not specifically provided for in these Rules.
13. On the death or resignation of the President, the Vice-President shall perform the presidential duties until a successor takes office.

ORGANIZATlON

14. Any seven members may apply to be chartered as a Branch, the application to be forwarded to the President through the Secretary of the nearest Section.
15. The President shall have authority to grant or refuse applications for charters, which, if issued, must bear his signature and the seal of the Society, and be recorded at the Headquarters of the Society.
16. A Section may be formed by the President of the Society, upon the application of seven or more chartered Branches.
17. All Charters of Sections or Branches, and all certificates of membership, derive their authority from the President, and may be cancelled by the same authority.
18. Each Branch and Section shall have the power of making its own Rules, provided they do not conflict with the general rules of the Society, and the Rules shall become valid unless their confirmation be refused by the President.
19. Every Section must appoint a General Secretary who shall be the channel of communication between the President and the Section.
20. The General Secretary of each Section shall forward to the President, annually not later than the 1st day of November, a report of the work of his Section up to that date, and at any time furnish any further information the President may desire.

ADMINISTRATION

21. The General control and administration of the Society is vested in a General Council, consisting of the President, VicePresident and the General Secretaries.

[51] far is this from true, that the objects have been re-stated and the Rules altered several times, as the

22. No person can hold two offices in the General Council.

ELECTION OF PRESIDENT

23. Six months before the expiration of a President’s term of office his successor shall be nominated by the General Council, and the nomination shall be sent out by the Vice-President to the General

Secretaries and Recording Secretary. Each General Secretary shall take the votes of his Section according to its rules, and the Recording Secretary shall take those of the remaining members of the Society. A majority of two-thirds on the recorded votes shall be necessary for election.

HEADQUARTERS

24. The Headquarters of the Society are established at Adyar, Madras, India.
25. The Headquarters and all other property of the Society, including the Adyar Library, the permanent and other Funds, are vested in the Trustees, for the time being, of the Theosophical Society, appointed or acting under a Deed of Trust, dated the 14th day of December, 1892, and recorded in the Chingleput District Office, Madras, India.
26. FINANCE
27. The fees payable to the General Treasury by Branches not comprised within the limits of any Section are as follow: For Charter £1: for each certificate of Membership 5s.; for the Annual Subscription of each member, 5s.; or equivalents.
28. Unattached Members not belonging to any Section or Branch shall pay the usual 5s. Entrance Fee and an annual Subscription of £1 to the General Treasury.
29. Each Section shall pay into the General Treasury one-fourth of the total amount received by it from annual dues and entrance fees.
30. The Treasurer’s accounts shall be yearly certified as correct, by qualified auditors appointed by the President.
31. MEETINGS
32. The Annual General Meeting of the Society shall be held at Adyar and Benares alternately, in the month of December. [52] growth of the Society and its altered conditions rendered the same necessary. The version now adopted is, apparently, the best and most comprehensive that we have had for years, and in the expression of the Objects, the line traced out in the minds of the Founders is strictly followed. The form given to the second Object has been adopted to meet an almost general view that all religions, etc., deserve study, as being based on the same general principles. In this, in her Isis Unveiled Madame Blavatsky led

the way, which is now traced out for all future students of Theosophy and sympathisers with our work."

33. In practical working these Rules have proved to be good and no important modifications have been found necessary. In some minor matters the President-Founder has used the "discretionary powers in all matters not specifically provided for in these Rules," and in a few instances the votes

34. The President sba1l also have the power to convene special meetings at discretion.

REVISION

35. The Rules of the Society remain in force until amended by the General Council.

Official.

(True Copy)

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

C. W. LEADBEATER.

Secretary to the Meeting of Council.

[58] of members of Council have been taken through the medium of circulars sent around to them from Headquarters. This, however, is a very dilatory process, the time required for collecting the votes being ordinarily as much as six months, and even at the present writing all the General Secretaries have not yet voted upon some questions propounded by the General Secretary of the French Section a year ago.

The next few days were occupied with matters of minor importance, except that on the evening of the 9th, Swami Vivekananda lectured at the Blavatsky Lodge on the subject of "Bhakti," and Mrs. Besant spoke at the same place on the evening of the 12th on "Karma". It has always struck me as one of the most wonderful facts of our movement that the reading public of, we may say, the whole world, has been made acquainted with this profoundly important philosophical and ethical teaching. In my opinion it has done more to strengthen our movement and recommend it to thoughtful persons than anything else, for it is the enunciation of the grand truth that human experiences are the outcome of human actions, and that a law of universal and inflexible justice rules throughout

the universe.

CHAPTER V

PARSI ARCHÆOLOGICAL RESEARCH

(1896)

ON the 17th of the month (July) I presented the letter of Dr. Jivanji to Prof. W. M. Flinders Petrie of University College, together with a memorandum from myself summarizing the points which it was desirable that the Parsi community of Bombay should be informed upon. As my latest advices are to the effect that this idea of [will before long take a practical shape and these preliminary enquiries will then acquire some historical importance, I think it best to print the correspondence between the Secretary of the Parsi Panchayet, Prof. Flinders Petrie and myself. It is as follows:

(From Ervad Jivanji J. Modi, to Prof.W. M. Flinders Petrie) [55]

BOMBAY, 29th April, 1896.

TO PROFESSOR FLINDERS PETRIE,

University College, London.SIR,

You know that the regions of Central Asia were once either inhabited by the ancient Zoroastrians or were under their direct or indirect influence. So the Parsis or the modern Zoroastrians, being the descendents of those ancient Zoroastrians, take an interest in these regions. They would welcome any information obtained in these regions that would throw some light on their ancient literature and on the manners, customs and history of their ancient Fatherland of Iran.

I was directed by the Trustees of the Parsi Panchayet to request the different Asiatic Societies of Europe to be good enough to bring the above-mentioned matter to the notice of their Oriental scholars travelling through, and taking interest in, Central Asia.

Now I write this to you as a well-known Archæologist and organiser of exploration parties, to enlist your sympathy in the above matter. If you, or your

brother explorers, scholars, or travellers, will in the course of your explorations pay some attention to the above matter, and will put yourself in literary communication in English with us, your [56] contributions on these subjects will be very gratefully received. The Trustees will be glad to patronise any publications in English treating of the researches in these regions from an Iranian point of view.

This will be kindly handed to you by Colonel Olcott, who takes a great interest in our religion and in the past and present history of our community. He is of opinion that there is still a good deal to be done in Central Asia in archæological and literary researches from our Iranian point of view. We shall be glad if you will kindly exchange your views with this good-hearted gentleman on the subject and make us any definite, practical suggestion.

Yours Faithfully,

ERVAD JIVANJI J. MODI.

(From H. S. Olcott, to the same)

Memorandum—

The Secretary of the Parsi Central Committee (Panchayet) of Bombay wants practical advice as to what can be done—

(1) towards proving the antiquity of the Zoroastrian religion;
(2) its relationship with other religions;
(3) recovering any fragments of its lost scriptures.
(4) Presumably, the only available methods are:—

1. Excavations. [57]

2. Search in old libraries of Oriental countries.

3. Search in Western libraries. Professor Flinders Petrie is respectfully asked —

I. To indicate where excavations should begin.

II. Whether he can say in which countries and libraries search should be begun.

III. Whether he has reason to believe that such search would be fruitful.

IV. If he will kindly say what sums should be annually provided for each of the two departments of research.

V. Whether he can recommend any pupil of his own whom he thinks conspicuously competent to take charge of either the one or the other of the departments of research.

VI. What salary such person would expect. Professor Petrie’s own

Egyptian experience fits him admirably to give the required information, and his help will be highly valued by the Secretary of the Panchayet and his Colleagues.

H. S. OLCOTT.

LONDON, 15th July, 1896.

(From Professor W. M. Flinders Petrie, to

H. S. Olcott) [58] UNIVERSITY COLLEGE,

LONDON, 25th, July 1896. DEAR SIR, In reply to your request for the practical details of what seems most promising for research in early Persia, I would say—

1. Excavation is certain to yield results in any country which held a great civilization, if properly carried out.

2. The cost of the whole work of one explorer might be reasonably put at about £1,000 a year. Everything included, £ 1,500, should be plenty. More than this cannot be spent by one man, with proper supervision.

3. The localities I can say nothing about, they should be best settled by a preliminary study of Persian history and a visit to the country working on other excavations. The general considerations are to avoid places which have been occupied in late times, and to trust to extensive clearance in suitable sites. Three-fourths of my best results come from wide clearances, and not from following special clues.

4. Whoever goes for such work should spend some months on practical excavations for antiquities first, so as to learn the methods and indications. I will gladly have such a student with me in Egypt.

The best practical course would be to get the Indian Government to move for permission from the Shah, [59] after the country has been examined, to send out a trained Englishman who knows the East, and is practised in excavating (one student of mine might be suitable), and might well be associated with some energetic young Parsi who was trained in literature and well known in the Indian

community, and who should form a close link between Bombay and the work.

For the literary research one suitable person might be Professor Ross, who is just appointed as the best Persian scholar available for this College. He is young, active and fond of travelling; and is familiar with Persian, Arabic, Russian and with Oriental ways. He could not have leave long enough for excavation, but for literary work that can be done within a fixed time, he might do well. I do not know him personally, as he has not yet entered on his work here.

Yours truly,

W. M. FLINDERS PETRIE.

(From Professor W. M. Flinders Petrie, to the Secretary, Parsi Panchayet)

UNIVERSITY COLLEGE, LONDON, 9th July, 1896.

SIR,

I need hardly say how gladly I should do anything I could to forward research in the Iranian [60] regions; and what satisfaction it is to see the able descendents of so noble a race turning their attention to research in their history and origins.

My own work, however, lies so entirely in Egypt, I see in that country so very much more than I can ever hope to explore, that it is hopeless for me to think of taking an active part in the work in other lands. There is however one line in which I might perhaps assist you. If you should ever intend to excavate any ancient sites of Persian cities, it would be a great pleasure to me to receive at my work in Egypt any students who may wish to undertake such work, and to give them such training in the methods of accurate research and record in excavation, as might increase the value and certainty of any exploration that they might undertake. Beyond this I fear that my good will is all that I can offer to such research.

Yours very truly,

W. M. FLINDERS PETRIE.

On the day after my interview with Professor Flinders Petrie I went to the British Museum and handed over to Dr. Garnett one of those wonderful pictures of Buddha painted by a Japanese priest on single grains of raw rice, of which I have preserved three specimens for the Adyar Library. They are really great curiosities, for the paintings [61] are so minute that very few persons can see them without the help of a magnifying glass. The wonder is that my friend the

Japanese priest painted them on the rice-grains with the naked eye, using a camel's-hair pencil and Indian ink. One of the paintings that I kept has on it a picture of the Buddha with his two favorite disciples at his right and left hand, and in front of him a group of five disciples seated on the ground and listening to his discourse. Fancy all this clearly depicted on a single grain of rice and you may be ready to suggest a modification of Pope's couplet:

"Why has not man a microscopic eye?

"For this plain reason, man is not a fly."

Among the visits to the country that I made was one to Margate, Ramsgate and Herne Bay to see Theosophical friends and to hold conversation meetings. While at Margate some years before, Mr. Clough, Superintendent of the School of Fine Arts, showed me a remarkable stone image that had been confided to him for sale by some North Sea fishermen who had fished it up from the bottom of the ocean in their nets. It was made of grey sandstone and represented a woman's head which, upon close examination, was found to embody a number of small heads, some full-length figures and some reptilian forms. Of course no one had the slightest clue to its identity, but as it seemed to be [62] rather ancient and to be an attempt to depict a number of elemental spirits of sorts, I bought it to put among our curios in the Adyar Library. It being inconvenient for me to bring it out to India, I left it in charge of Miss Ward, the Manager of the T.P.S., and there I presume it is to this day.

On my return to London I had the honor of making the acquaintance of Miss Ada Goodrich Freer, the famous "Miss X" of the Society for Psychical Research, and one of the most cultured and agreeable ladies I ever met. Possessed of certain psychical gifts herself, which she keeps always under subordination to her strong intellect, she has been an eager student of psychical phenomena and a very active member of the Society in question. I passed a delightful day with her, discussing various branches of occult science.

Up to the 30th of July I had been the guest of those most hospitable friends, Mr. and Mrs. Faulding, but on the date in question removed to our headquarters, 19, Avenue Road, where I was given the room of one of the inmates who was temporarily absent. On the 1st of August I went to the British Museum again and discussed Zoroastrianism with Mr. Ellis and Dr. Bendall of the Oriental Department. I gave the Museum another oriental curiosity in the form of a copy of that tiny book containing manuscript extracts from the Granth [63] Sahib, the

sacred scripture of the Sikhs, which was given me on the occasion of one of my visits to the Golden Temple at Amritsar. These little books, in size no larger than a postage stamp, and said to be “the smallest book in the world,” are regarded by the Sikhs as very precious and are worn, suspended from the neck in an ornamental silver receptacle, as talismans. At a subsequent visit to the Museum I have seen my miniature gift attached by drawing-pins to a card the size of a quarto volume and deposited, I think, in the King’s Gallery.

At the time in question Mrs. Besant was giving a course of thirteen lectures on different Theosophical subjects, and on the evening of Sunday, August 2nd (my birthday) I presided at the last one of the series. On the 4th Mrs. Besant and I went to see Dr. Carter Blake, the learned specialist in Zoology, whose name figured so extensively in our movement at the time of the formation of our first European Branch, the British Theosophical Society. We found him lying abed with a paralytic stroke, a melancholy sight. But although a Jesuit and scarcely able to speak he showed a great interest in all things concerning our Society.

I went to Herne Bay on the 5th to make a visit to our colleague, Mr. F. J. Johnson, and during the three days that I spent there was kept busy seeing people and holding conversation meetings. [64] Returning to London, I went on the evening of the 9th with friends to Exeter Hall where there was a Salvation Army meeting, presided over by General Booth. I was glad of the opportunity to see this marvellous man at his work and study his method of “conversion”. It presented no mystery whatever to the student of hypnotism: it was from first to last an hypnotic séance at which the brass band played a conspicuous part. I think I have mentioned this elsewhere but it will bear repetition for it furnishes the key to the whole subject of the results of “revival meetings”. People who are naturally sensitive go there, steep themselves in the psychical emanations of the place, gradually succumb to the powerful influence, little by little are worked up to the crisis known among Continental psychologists as an hysteric explosion, and then, according to their temperaments, more or less extravagantly shout, sing, pass into convulsions, are taken out to the special room provided for such cases, and there enroll their names as postulants; and after they have become somewhat quieted they are re-conducted into the meeting and take their places in front of the platform. However it may be elsewhere, I can affirm that the rhythmic playing of the Exeter Hall band was identical in character with that of other musical soloists or bands whose object is to lift the hearer, or at any rate the participant, [65] up to the condition of hypnosis. It is late in the day for us to

begin saying that sound-vibrations, as well as color-vibrations, powerfully affect not only man but animals; that by both, the emotions of sublimity, hatred, love and fear may be excited; everyone knows the specific effects of a military march played by a regimental band, of dance music played by an orchestra, and of the sublime notes of the Gregorian Chant when played on the organ. According to temperament again, listeners are either mildly or powerfully affected, sometimes driven to extreme degrees of excitement; and, lastly, veteran investigators of mediumistic phenomena know that from the first the company attending a circle are asked to sing so as to "harmonise the conditions". The snake-charmer of India, with his tom-tom and pipe, draws the serpent out of his hole and makes him balance on his coil, and sway to the rhythm of the music; and then there are those wonderful Aissouas, of Tunis and Algeria, who are thrown into a state of hypnosis by monotonous beating on their huge tambourines, in which state they can stand unharmed on braziers of burning coals, chew up and swallow lamp-chimneys and tumblers, and inflict upon themselves the most cruel wounds, which do not bleed, and instantly close when the Sheikh of the company lays his powerfully mesmeric hand upon them. In [66] truth, I might devote many chapters to illustrations of this subject but the only object of this passing notice is to call attention to the fact that the mystery of religious revivals and conversions is to be found explained in the demonstrations of hypnotic science. On the evening in question I saw more than sixty persons "saved".

By one of those ever-recurring "coincidences", on the day when the above was being written there came to my hand a leading Indian paper containing an article entitled "Study in Ecstasy", describing a recent monster Congress of Salvationists at London. An episode of the Congress was an hypnotic interlude called, "Two days with God". The reporter says of the second day's climax:

"The three meetings of yesterday were marked by the irrepressible fervour common to all the warriors, black, white, and yellow, who march under the 'Blood and Fire' banner."

General Booth unwearied and indomitable, presided at the International Congress Hall. It was impossible to detect in the keen face, the lithe elastic figure, a trace of fatigue. He stood on the platform, behind him in serried ranks soldiers and bandsmen representing half Europe and Asia, before him a hall packed to overflowing with enthusiasts who hung on his words. [67] At first the general led the assembly in fiery appeals for salvation. Then turning to the band he signalled the music, and a well-known melody burst forth. The audience

caught the air, and a hymn was sung with full-throated energy by the multi-colored throng.

The general was not satisfied. “Clap hands” he cried, and again the verse was sung to an accompanying fusillade of hand-claps.

Again the verse was called for, and again hundreds of lusty lungs filled the vast hall with sound, while those whose tongues could not compass the English words beat time with hands and feet and added to the volume of “glories” and “hallelujahs”.

A burly Australian told the story of his conversion. The listening soldiers broke in ever and anon with cries of “Praise the Lord”, “It’s true”, “Ibelieve it”. Each nation, after its kind, showed its joy in the recital.

The blacks swayed to and fro in ecstasy, the soberer Teutons beamed, the United States delegates laughed aloud, and one and all at the close sent up a thunderclap of “I’m saved”.

The indefatigable general is here and there. Now he lays an arm around the speaker’s shoulder; now he leads a pæan of triumph; now he nods to the drummer to bang his hardest. [68] Does anybody wish to know what is the “Power” behind this mystic frenzy? Let them ask the nearest physician who has studied Hysteria or consult the work of any recognized authority.

I went the next day to see a magnificent collection, 365 in number, of water-color paintings illustrative of the life of Christ, by that fine French artist, Tissot. To make these he had travelled much in the Holy Land and made his sketches on the spot; which one could see plainly enough in the minute accuracy of his work both as regards the people and their environment. If the old proverb “All paths lead to Rome” be true, it is equally so that the resident of London has the opportunity of seeing, one time or another, almost everything that travellers go to search for in distant countries; I was going to except landscapes, but even those are, as in the case of the present collection, depicted so faithfully that one need not leave home to get an idea as to what distant countries look like.

My business in London being finished I left it on the 14th (August) for Paris via Boulogne, a very cheap and pleasant method of crossing. The Fauldings and I had a smooth passage and fine weather. Boulogne was very full of travellers and we got the last two rooms at the Hotel Louvre. In the evening we visited the Casino and looked on at [69] the gambling. This is something for which I never had the least taste; I never played for even a penny stake in my life, and standing

back, as on this occasion, and seeing the fierce eagerness with which people play the games of chance, it almost seemed as though they were a company of lunatics. The next day we went to the Cathedral to attend the High Mass and hear the music, and then to an old château where we visited the dungeons and saw the terrible oubliettes underground. On the following day, Sunday, I left for Paris and that evening dined with M. Jules Bois, the author. My Spanish friend, Xifré, was in Paris at that time, at the house of his cousin, Mme. Savalle, at Nanterre, a suburb of the capital. Of course, I spent the greater part of my time with him, there being a strong tie of affection between us. We went together to call on M. Burnouf, the Orientalist, whose great love for Sanskrit literature and the services he has rendered to make it known in France, are well understood.

The so-called “Crusade of American Theosophists around the World”, headed by Mrs. Tingley, the self-styled “Leader of the Theosophical Movement”, were in Paris at the time. One of their sympathisers sent me a copy of their handbill with a written note asking me to attend the meeting. This I did not do as I did not care to have my name circulated about America as a friend, perhaps a [70] follower, of the female successor to Mr. Judge but I sent Xifré, and two other gentlemen, MM. Bailly and Mesnard, to attend the meeting and report the facts to me. Mrs. Tingley’s handbill was worded as follows:

“CRUSADE OF AMERICAN THEOSOPHISTS AROUND THE WORLD.

———

The Crusade, which started from New York in June last, having reached Paris will meet the public in the

PETITE SALE, Hotel Continental,

Entree Rue Rouget-De-Lisle,

On Thursday Evening, 20th August 1896, at 8.30 o’clock.

When the members will give addresses on Brotherhood, Toleration, Rebirth, and kindred theosophical subjects.

The Crusade consists of:

Mr. E. T. Hargrove, President of the Theosophical Society in America.

Mr. Claude Falls Wright, President of the New York Theosophical Society, and Secretary to the late Madame Blavatsky, and to William Q.Judge.

Mr. H. T. Patterson, President of the Brooklyn Theosophical Society.

Mrs. C. F. Wright, Lecturer to the New England States Theosophical Societies. [71] Mr. F. M. Pierce, Representative of the School for the Revival of the Lost Mysteries of Antiquity; and Mrs. KATHARINE A. TINGLEY,

Leader of the Theosophical Movement.

———

THE ABOVE MEETING IS FREE

Addresses in French and in English. Musical Selections.”

———

The Hotel Continental where this meeting was held is one of the most expensive in Paris, the charges for rooms are enormous; it is chiefly patronised by Americans and Englishmen. The Crusaders must have paid a pretty figure for their meeting-hall. My representatives reported that a few people in evening dress sauntered in from the dining room, stayed awhile and then sauntered out again. At the time when the attendance was largest there were about forty persons in the room, including the Crusaders: at the close there were seven in the audience. Mrs. Tingley’s organ, however, reported the meeting as follows:

“The result of the work in Paris was the formation of the French division of the Theosophical Society in Europe on August 21st, at 8.30 p.m., in a large parlor at the Hotel St. Petersburg. Public meetings at the same hotel, on the [72] evenings of the 16th, 18th, and 19th, and a larger gathering at the Hotel Continental on the evening of the 20th, led up to this farewell meeting on the 21st.”

Comments are superfluous.

CHAPTER VI

PROPHECIES ABOUT THE SOCIETY

A ROYAL GIFT

(1896)

MY present visit in Paris, covering a period of seventeen days, was devoted to Theosophical business and to the consultations with learned men above mentioned on the subject of Zoroastrianism. At the Bibliothéque Nationale, in the absence of M. Feré, Director of the Oriental Manuscript Department, my talks about the Parsi sacred literature were held with his junior, M. E. Blochet, to whom reference has been made above.

There was in Paris at the time a smooth-speaking young Bengali Babu who claimed to have been a pupil of the respected Sivanath Sastri, the erudite and respected leader of one of the three divisions of the Brahmo Samaj which were caused by an excited controversy which had resulted from the marriage of Keshub Chandra Sen's daughter to the young [74] Maharaja of Cooch Behar at an immature age and in violation of the terms of the Brahmo Marriage Act, which he, himself, had persuaded the Government of India to pass. The young Bengali in question came and made a piteous appeal for my help because of his alleged impecuniosity, offering his services as a teacher of Sanskrit for any pupils that I might be able to find. Believing his statements, and always anxious to give a helping hand to stray Indians encountered in foreign countries, I introduced him to Senor Xifré, M. Gaillard, Jules Bois and others; the latter gentleman interviewing him for one of the Paris papers with which he was connected. Many of our Western colleagues are so imbued with a sentimental love for India, and have formed such exalted notions of the noble character of the Hindu, that they eagerly stretch out the welcoming hand to members of the race whom they may meet. Among our French friends were a number of this class and I had very little difficulty in arranging for this Bengali gentleman's comfort and profit at Paris. I

am very sorry to say, however, that he did not wear well on close acquaintance, became entangled discreditably with a French girl and ultimately cast her off to bear her shame as best she might, borrowed money from our Theosophists, and took himself off to fresh fields of exploitation. I am pained to say that of the [75] travelling Indians who have been in Europe and America only a minority have deserved the kind treatment so generously given out to them. As to our Theosophists they need not run the least risk of being swindled if they would only demand of the Indian visitor a certificate from myself or the General Secretary of the Indian Section that they are to be trusted.

I left Paris on the 3rd of September for Margate via Boulogne, reached the former place at 7 and Herne Bay at 8 that same evening; my host was again Mr. F. J. Johnson. In that part of Kent along the coast there were even then quite a number of highly intelligent persons interested in Theosophy, and at Mr. Johnson's bidding a number of these came to see me to talk about it. I remember among them a charming literary lady, the mother of some pretty children, who had passed through sad domestic experiences, had reached almost the point of despair, and who put to me numberless questions about the Eastern teachings. She seemed comforted by my explanations and I hoped that I had aided her in regaining the courage to struggle against her hard lot. But alas! the clouds had gathered too thickly about her to allow rays of light and hope to penetrate into her troubled mind, and with inexpressible sorrow I heard some time afterward that she had taken her own life. [76] On the 14th (September) I left Herne Bay and my hospitable friend Johnson and came up to London and was put up at the Avenue Road headquarters. On the evening of the 17th I presided at a lecture at the Blavatsky Lodge by Mr. Virchand R. Gandhi, the Jain representative at the Chicago Parliament of Religions. On the 19th I again left London for the Continent, this time for Amsterdam and without the intention of returning. The train started at 8-30 p.m. from the Liverpool Street Station for Harwich, where we embarked on the boat which makes the transit to the Hook of Holland. Mr. Leadbeater, Mr. Mead and some others were at the station to see me off. At Amsterdam the next day my time was fully occupied with receiving visitors, and in the evening there was a largely attended conversation meeting. We were all gratified the next day to see Mr. A. M. Glass, of the European Section staff, on his way home from a health-seeking visit to Germany. Mr. Glass' modesty is so great that, although a large share of the burden of Sectional work has always been thrown upon him, yet his name is seldom mentioned in our prints. I, myself, have always held him in great esteem and regarded him as one of the

most useful workers among my colleagues. On the evening of the 21st I lectured to the Amsterdam Branch on "The [77] History of our Society." On the same day I arranged with Mr. Fricke the preliminaries for the formation of a Dutch Section.

Naturally enough, my report of the successful search on the astral plane for the Marquis de Mores, by Mme. Mongruel, excited great wonder at Amsterdam, as elsewhere. Mr. Stark, F.T.S., having had no practical experience whatever in this direction, determined to accompany me to Paris to test her powers. Accordingly he joined me when I left the next morning for that city at 8 o'clock. After a pleasant journey of ten and a half hours we arrived there and as I wished to leave no possible ground for suspicion of any understanding between Mme. Mongruel and myself, I left him at the station to find his way alone and went to my hotel. In due time he joined me there and his report was most enthusiastic. She had answered all his questions correctly, but a test prepared by his wife without his knowledge completely won his confidence. When he was leaving his house at Amsterdam Mrs. Stark handed him a small packet and told him to give that to Mme. Mongruel and see what she would say. He put it in his pocket and thought no more of it until his séance with the seeress was proceeding. At the moment of a break in the conversation he executed his wife's commission. Taking the packet in her hand she said: "What a charming [78] little girl!" A remark which caused Mr. Stark much amusement, for his wife was certainly not young enough to be called a little girl. But the clairvoyant went on to describe accurately his little daughter, whom he had left suffering from some temporary illness involving, if I remember rightly, an ulcerated sore throat and pain in the head. This physical derangement was accurately diagnosed by the sleeper and he was told that he need not worry about it for it would pass away within the next day or two. Mr. Stark returned the packet to his pocket without opening it, after making a pencil note on the cover as to what had been said, as he preferred to let his wife open the packet herself in his presence and so be able to know that he, himself, had not said anything to Mme. Mongruel that would influence her remarks. When he got back to Amsterdam and handed over the packet, Mrs. Stark told him that it contained a small lock of the sick child's hair, which she had given him to serve as a test of the Seeress' lucidity. Needless to say they were both very much pleased with the result. Mr. Stark and I visited some of our Theosophical colleagues and went out to Nanterre to breakfast with Xifré at Mme. Savalle's.

I called on Mme. Mongruel alone every day that I was in Paris, and on two

occasions put her into the mesmeric sleep and asked her to tell me things that [79] I wanted to know. Of her own accord, without my giving her the slightest clue she said: “You seem to be connected with a very large Society; nothing to do with business, but a sort of philanthropic and religious organisation. It seems as though it were divided into two parties or camps and that certain persons were determined to break it up, from interested motives. I think that a man and a woman are the moving spirits in this, the former actuated by vanity and ambition, the other resenting a supposed slight, which you never intended.” She then went on to give me an accurate description of Mr. Judge and a certain lady, whom I certainly had no recollection of ever having offended, but who was at the time in close relations with the leader of secession. “But you need not give yourself the least anxiety,” she went on; “I see this hostile force breaking up and dissolving away like a morning mist, and after a time you will find yourself stronger and more respected than ever.” She then, to my surprise, told me that a certain woman in our Society had the intention of bequeathing me a large sum of money, and that she had ordered her lawyer to draw up her will to that effect; that the lawyer had advised her not to dispose of her whole property to me, for family reasons. The Seeress then held my hand and seemed to be looking into my physical condition because she said presently: “How strong [80] you are; it seems as though you were built to last a hundred years. But have you no trouble with your feet? There seems a tendency of the blood to decompose in that quarter. Do you not have pains?” I told her that she was right as there was an inherited tendency to gout and that this was the only physical derangement from which I suffered. She then advised me to follow a certain diet and take certain remedies. The next day, when again mesmerised, she reiterated energetically her prophecies about the success of our Society and the giving to me of the legacy. Both séances were interesting, because she certainly had not read in my mind thoughts which would have furnished a basis for her predictions.

On Saturday the 26th (September) I packed my trunks and left by the “Rapide” for Marseilles, reaching there the next morning. Commandant Courmes and Baron Spedalieri met me at the station and the Baron took us to his house, gave us a splendid lunch and saw me on board the Messageries steamer, Ernest Simons, which sailed for Colombo at 4 p.m. Captain Maubeuge, the Commander, was an officer of the Navy assigned, like many British Naval officers, to a merchant vessel in time of peace; he was an old friend of Commandant Courmes, who gave me such an introduction to him as to make

him show me every courtesy during [81] the voyage. A tempest had raged in the Mediterranean for several days previously, but on the day of our sailing the sea was calm and the sun smiling. The Captain talked to me a good deal about our Society, Buddhism and H.P.B., upon whom he had once called at Bombay and preserved very vivid remembrances of the interview. He showed himself to be deeply interested in the problems of karma and reincarnation, declaring his belief in the truth of the latter. The fine weather stayed with us to Port Said, to Suez, down the Red Sea to Djibouti and thence on to Colombo, where we disembarked on the 17th day after leaving Marseilles. I spent the time in calling on different friends until the afternoon when there was a T. S. meeting at Higgins' school, for the admission of a Mr. Faber into membership. After dinner I went to our headquarters in Maliban Street and was escorted on board the Eridan, the connecting coasting steamer of the Messageries Company, which plies between Colombo and Calcutta.

In looking over the things in my cabin I found that I had left something on board the "Ernest Simons," and as she was moored not a hundred yards away from us and was announced to sail at 10-30 that night, giving me a leeway of an hour and a half, I asked my escort, Mr. C. P. Goonewardene, Secretary of our Colombo Branch, to take our boat [82] and go to the other steamer and bring me the missing object while I got my things to rights in the cabin. As he could not speak French I gave him a brief message in writing to the steward who had waited upon me, asking him to send me the lost article by the hand of my friend. I expected the latter back in fifteen or twenty minutes, but time passed on and he did not come. Meanwhile other friends came aboard to say good-bye and I was kept talking in the saloon so that time slipped by without my noticing it. Suddenly a steward came and told me that a boatman wanted to see me. He turned out to be the one, in charge of the boat that had brought Goonewardene and myself from shore and he said that the Ernest Simons had just sailed and carried off Mr. Goonewardene! He, the boatman, had clung to the gangway waiting for his fare until the ship's quartermaster threatened to throw him into the water unless he let go the ship; as for the gentleman whom he had brought, he knew nothing; the boatman had finally to jump into the water because the ship had started.

One may imagine what my feelings were when I reflected that Goonewardene had come off with me just as he was in his office, without a change of clothing or, probably, the money for his travelling expenses: besides which he was an

interpreter in one of the courts and the next day would be reported [83] as absent without leave. My only consolation was that he was sailing in the ship of which my friend, Capt. Maubeuge, was the commander, and I felt sure that when he came to know of the circumstances he would make everything right for his unwilling passenger. I, however, cabled to the President of our Branch at Singapore--the steamer's next port of call--to supply Goonewardene with whatever he might need and look to me for payment. I also wrote an official letter to the proper authorities at Colombo explaining the facts and asking the favor of Mr. Goonewardene's being granted leave of absence until he could return by the next boat from Singapore. My friend, however, had a hard time of it, thanks to French red tape. Although a gentleman, he was put in the third class and on arrival at Singapore locked up in a cabin until the money for his passage was forthcoming. This was not long delayed, for my correspondent, acting on the notice by cable, came aboard, paid the passage money, took our colleague to his house, and sent him back by the next homeward-bound French steamer.

We carried the fine weather with us all the way up to Madras, which we reached on the 18th (Oct.) and I found Adyar as lovely as ever. Literary work occupied my time during the next few days, and as I had made up my mind to answer all the sophisms [84] of the Judgeites about our Society's history by compiling a narrative from the papers in my possession, I enlisted the help of Dr. English and my other associates in the house to rummage through the boxes of archives.

On the 27th I received from Bangkok a case of books for the Adyar Library containing the thirty-nine volumes of the Buddhist Tripitika in Siamese character, which had been sent me by His Majesty the King of Siam through his relative, Prince Chandra Dat. This edition had been prepared by command of His Majesty as a memorial of the completion of the twenty-fifth year of his reign, and each volume was stamped with the royal arms and contained the King's portrait. As we had already complete collections of the Tripitikas in the Sinhalese and Japanese languages, this present made our collection very valuable.

At this same time the Tingley Crusaders reached Bombay on their voyage around the world and opened their proposed Indian campaign with a public meeting at the Town Hall of Bombay. In the report of this event and in the handbill which was distributed at Bombay, we see the same display of boastfulness and recklessness of statement which has been noticed in the

remarks upon their doings at Paris. The handbill states that they are travelling around the world on behalf of the Theosophical [85] Movement. “Which was begun in America by Madame H. P. Blavatsky, continued by William Q. Judge and is now under the leadership of Mrs. Katharine A. Tingley.” The purpose of the visit to India “is to organise a Theosophical Society in this country on the original lines laid down by the Founders of the Movement”. The members of the party are as announced in the Paris handbill, with the amplification that Mrs. Tingley now styles herself “Leader of the entire Theosophical Movement throughout the world.” Considering that we, leaders, had lived and worked, at Bombay four years, and that our names were familiar in Hindu households throughout the whole Continent, this vain-glorious announcement naturally provoked the mirth of the country, and the scheme to organise Theosophical Societies on an improved pattern, fell flat. The Crusaders had their journey for their pains and there remains not a trace of their passage through the country.

The Times of India, for 30th October, 1896 said:

“The above visitors to Bombay, who are stated to be travelling round the world, occupied the platform at a meeting held at the Town Hall last night, but although seating accommodation had been provided for some five hundred of the general public only about seventy-five persons, principally Parsis, attended the meeting.” [86] Mrs. Tingley, with an eye to the shortcomings of the Brahmins, as it would seem, said:

“Spiritual pride was one of the greatest barriers to enlightenment and the idea that some one form of religion was the oldest or the most profound in some cases blinded people to facts. The speaker did not believe that India was the source of the world’s religions, though she said that some teacher or other might flatter the Indians with that view in order to gather them into a special fold. The occult learning that India once shared in common with other nations, did not originate here and does not exist to any extent in India proper today. There was no religion now existing that had remained pure and undefiled and she urged the Hindus to seek beneath the mere external form of their religion for the deeper and grander truths underlying it. The same thing should be done by the Mohammedan and the Parsi. The first step to take was the practice of unselfishness. Work for the world should be done, for such work was of far greater importance than the mere cultivation of the intellect.”

Mr. E. J. Hargrove thought:

“the time had arrived for the West to take the lead in the higher evolution of humanity. Old souls were incarnating in America; old forces were coming up. The Theosophical Society had been founded [87] in New York and with the impetus generated there, the movement had since spread over the entire world. The time had arrived for a new impetus to be given the movement from the same source. The present leader of the Theosophical movement, Mrs. Tingley, seemed to him like one of these old souls, grown wise in past incarnations, who had returned to carry on the work begun by Madame H. P. Blavatsky and furthered by Mr. W. Q. Judge. Mrs. Tingley’s occult powers were not only of a most remarkable and unusual character, but her brilliant leadership since Mr. Judge’s death, had more than justified her appointment to this post of grave responsibility.”

Mr. Claude Falls Wright allowed his fancy to spread its wings after the following fashion:

“When the American Theosophists went back to their own country they were to lay the foundation stone of a great School for the revival of the lost Mysteries of Antiquity. In this school would be demonstrated the workings of nature and the spiritual laws of life. The temple mysteries of the ancients would there be revived. This revival would only now take place because Western humanity had reached a point where interest was taken in the higher science. A great mystic, Mr. Wright said, had been born into the world, capable of leading humanity to an understanding of these mysteries, [88] and the work begun by Madame Blavatsky and continued by William Q. Judge and other great souls was to find its blossoming in this great School under this great mystic: he referred to Mrs. Katharine A. Tingley. In time he hoped a branch would be started in India, when things were less disturbed than now.”

Something went wrong before the tour was finished, for Mr. Wright and his wife left Mrs. Tingley on the way home, Mrs. Cleather (another Crusader) shortly after, Mr. Hargrove likewise, and the promised School of the Ancient Mysteries has never, so far as is known, taken root or turned out a single adept or Mahatma.

CHAPTER VII

A HISTORICAL RETROSPECT

(1896)

WE have seen that the passage of the Tingley crusaders left no trace behind it; in fact, since the date of our narrative (November, 1896), I do not remember to have read in an Eastern paper even the slightest allusion to her work or her society. If I am not mistaken, the same blight has fallen upon her movement in America, its whole vitality having been concentrated at Point Loma, where her palatial buildings have been erected amid lovely surroundings. Remembering that the Judge secession was based upon a platform of historical falsification and misrepresentation of individuals, one could hardly feel surprised that it should exhaust its impetus after a brief period.

As remarked in the last chapter, I felt it incumbent upon me to undertake a task until then neglected, in compiling from the heterogeneous mass of papers in my possession, a detailed history of the rise and progress of the Society, with its [90] several changes of organisation during the quarter-century which was closing at the time of Mrs. Tingley's visit to India. This narrative was included in my Annual Address to the Convention of 1896 and will be found in the report published in The Theosophist for January, 1897; a small edition of it was issued in pamphlet form in advance of the meeting of Convention, with the title A Historical Retrospect, 1875—1896. It is shown in the above Retrospect that the history of our Society divided itself naturally into periods, as follow;—

(a) From the informal social gathering at which its formation was proposed, to the departure of the two chief founders from New York to Bombay;

(b) From their arrival in India, throughout the spread of its influence in Asiatic and Australasian countries;

(c) From the visit of the two founders to Europe, throughout the development of the movement in European countries;

(d) In America, from the departure of the founders for India, to the formation of the Board of Control;

(e) From the latter event, to the replacement of the Board by the American Section of the Theosophical Society;

[91]

(f) From the latter event, to its disruption in April, 1895;

(g) From the latter, event, to the present time (December, 1896).

The reason for the postponement of the writing of our history to this late date is not far to seek: H. P. B. and I had been so busy in making history that we had had no time for the writing of it. The field was thus left clear for the sowing of Mr. Judge's crop of fables, and under the zealous tillage of himself, his colleagues and successors, the soil had become choked with weeds. Further delay would have been inexcusable, so the narrative in question was prepared, and so thoroughly that it is doubtful if any subsequent additions can or will ever be made. The ignorance about the evolution of the Society up to the present time among our members is, I fear it must be said, appalling; I do not suppose that one out of a hundred of those who have joined us within the past five years have any distinct notion on the subject, and not one in twenty have read any of H. P. B.'s writings. All the more reason why I should collect, so far as may be, the materials which will prove useful hereafter to the person who shall write that compendious history of the Theosophical movement of which my present work is but a forerunner. [92] With the valuable help of Dr. and Miss English and others in the house, the materials for the pamphlet were got together after long search and on the 7th December I began writing it out. Within a few days it was finished and sent in to the printer. The drafting of my Annual Address and other office work occupied my time pretty thoroughly throughout the second half of December. The first delegates to the Convention arrived on the 19th, from which time onward they swarmed in from all the four quarters after the usual fashion. About this time 2 Russian gentleman interested in the compilation of a Hindustani grammar and vocabulary, a Mr. Alexander Vigornitsky, brought me a letter of introduction from M. Blanc, the French explorer of Central Asia, in which he asked me to aid his friend as far as might be, in the attainment of his object. What I did was to give him my visiting-card with a few words of commendation written upon it and a printed list of our Indian Branches, telling him that he had only to present himself to any of the local representatives of our Branches, ask for what he wanted and take with confidence what might be told him. Just before the meeting of Convention he returned to Adyar and told me that my little visiting card had, he believed, been more efficacious for him than if

he [93] had had a gilded passport from a reigning king; that neither M. Blanc nor himself had had a conception of the importance of the Theosophical Society as a means of binding together the peoples of India in a great bond of sympathy and brotherhood.

The statistical returns which were read to the Convention showed a year of prosperity despite the cataclysm in America. Charters had been issued for 20 new Branches and at the close of the twelve-month we had on our Register 428 living Branches, as against 408 at the close of 1895. Of these 7 were Indian; 6 European; 3 American; 2 Australasian; 1 Scandinavian and 1 New Zealand. Miss Edger, as General Secretary of the last-named Section, made her first Annual Report. The Rules of the T. S. were carefully revised on July 9th at a Special Meeting of the General Council held at London; and these have been left unchanged up to the present time of writing (1905), excepting the slight modifications which the Incorporation of the Society made necessary. The death of Mr. W. Q. Judge on the 21st of April, less than one year after his secession, was the most striking event of 1896, in our history, but its consequences have been far less important than had been anticipated; in fact, one may fairly describe the latter circumstance as a dismal failure from the [94] point of view of the conspirators who engineered it. For their intention was to wreck the Society, cast out its surviving founder and Mrs. Besant, and on its ruins erect their new Society with Mr. Judge as its Hierophant Ruler, the sole successor to H. P. B. and to her “twin,” as well.

Among the interesting facts given in the President’s Annual Report for 1896, are the statistics of our literary activity from 1883 to that date. During this period the Society and its individual members had published 473 books, 53 periodicals and 240 pamphlets. These not taking into account the publications in Eastern vernacular, the statistics of which were not in my possession.

Among the interesting letters received by me in connection with that year’s Convention was one from the venerable high priest Sumangala, which, in view of the nonsensical attempt recently begun by a conceited young man to falsify the history of the educational movement in Ceylon, may well be admitted into my narrative at this point:—

TO COLONEL H. S. OLCOTT, President, T. S.

GREETING:—

Whereas, I learn that the Annual Convention of the Theosophical Society for

1896 is to sit at [95] Adyar this December, I have much pleasure in expressing, on behalf of the Buddhists of this Island, their gratitude to you in particular and to the T. S. in general, for inaugurating and encouraging the spread of education, secular and religious, among the Buddhist boys and girls in Ceylon, and for securing for the Buddhist that toleration and freedom from persecution which they did not enjoy before your first arrival in 1880.

(Sd.) H. SUMANGALA,

Pradana Nayaka Thera and December 2nd, 1896. High Priest of Adam's Peak.

In the course of my reading at that time I came across a highly interesting story in the Phrenological Journal for November, about a Negro whose skull had been fractured in the battle of Bull Run, in 1861, and who had remained without intelligence until 1881, when his skull was trepanned and his consciousness was restored. His first question was: "Which side licked, yesterday?" The intervening twenty years had been a total blank: his body had functioned but his brain consciousness on the physical plane had been arrested. This is an almost parallel case to that of the groom, made classical by its use in the works of several materialistic physiologists, where the unfortunate man while cleaning a horse had [96] had his skull fractured by a kick of its hoof, had remained without consciousness until after a trepanning, when his first conscious action was to complete a sentence which he had been speaking at the time of the accident. The argument of the physiologists was briefly this: Consciousness is a function of the brain; an accident suspends it; a fatal one destroys it; therefore there is no consciousness in any entity apart from the brain. The insufficiency of this reasoning has been proved countless times by the experimenters with mesmerism and clairvoyance; but still in spite of fact and experience the old fallacious logic is still clung to by that class of persons who seem to resent as almost a personal affront the attempt to destroy scientific superstructures built upon foundations of ignorance and vanity. So much violence and bitterness do they sometimes display, that in seeking to find some term expressive of their mental condition, I invented the word "Psychophobia" and respectfully commend it to students of psychology. No victim of dog-bite shows more terror at the sight of water than does one of these ultramaterialists when asked to consider some new and extremely convincing phenomenon which goes to show' the separability of man's astral body from his physical, and his power to carry his consciousness to whatever distance he may have projected [97] himself by the

power of his will: one would think that he thought that a new thought would bite him!

The last whiff of perfume from the truthful Tingley crusaders was wafted to us about the middle of December from Colombo, where they held a meeting at Floral Hall on the 12th December, at 5 P.M. In the advertisement the public is assured that there would be nothing to pay for the intellectual symposium; they would have the “Addresses Free”; and for fear that, under a misapprehension as to the character of the party they might absent themselves and so lose the unique chance of seeing and hearing the “Leader of the Entire Theosophical Movement throughout the World,” they announced that “The Members of the Tour wish it to be distinctly understood that they have no connection with that organisation to which MRS. ANNIE BESANT is attached and of which COLONEL OLCOTT is President.” This is really very kind on the part of our gifted enemy, as it saves me the necessity of taking any further trouble to prove that neither I nor the Society has any responsibility for the harlequinade that gave the crusaders an agreeable outing at the expense of their confiding colleagues.

As above noted, the stream of delegates flowed in as usual and on the 27th the Convention opened at its appointed time with more than the usual [98] number of representatives of Branches. Among the pleasant incidents of the opening was the receipt of a long cablegram from the General Secretary of the Australasian Section and an equally cordial greeting from the New Zealand Section. These cables and telegrams and letters and official reports and attendances of delegates in person combine to make one realize how world-wide our movement has become. A feature of the twenty-first Anniversary was the appearance on the scene of Dr. Arthur Richardson, late of University College, Bristol, who had resigned the chair which he had occupied twelve years to come out to India and work with us without money and without price. He gave us some lectures on “Fire,” “Science and the Invisible,” and other subjects, to the great profit of his hearers. The great feature of that year’s Convention (the Twenty-first) was the course of lectures given by Mrs. Besant on Four Great Religions, a most scholarly, striking and convincing intellectual effort. So eloquent was she in her expositions of the several world faiths, so clearly did she make her points, and so ingeniously weave around them the golden web of a common parentage, that one would have thought that a learned Pandit, Mobed, Bhikshu or Bishop was in his turn expounding the mysteries of his own ancestral religion. These admirable discourses were soon [99] after published, and together with her subsequent series,

entitled The Religious Problem in India, are invaluable helps to students of Comparative Religion, to find the common. basis upon which all human creeds have been built. It is only fair to quote what she herself says about the plan pursued in the treatment of her subject. In the Foreword (Introduction) to her Four Great Religions she thus sketches her dominant idea:

"The general principles underlying these lectures are the following:

"Each religion is looked at in the light of occult knowledge, both as regards its history and its teachings. While not despising the conclusions arrived at by the patient and admirable work of European scholars, I have unhesitatingly flung them aside where they conflict with important facts preserved in occult history, whether in those imperishable records where all the past is still to be found in living pictures, or in ancient documents carefully stored up by Initiates and not wholly inaccessible. Especially is this the case with regard to the ages of Hinduism and Zoroastrianism, touching which modern scholarship is ludicrously astray. That scholarship, however, will regard the occult view as being, in its turn, grotesquely wrong. Be it so. Occultism can wait to be justified by discoveries, as so many of its [100] much-ridiculed statements as to antiquity have already been; the earth is a faithful guardian, and as the archæologist uncovers the cities buried in her bosom many an unexpected witness will be found to justify the antiquity that is claimed.

"Secondly, each religion is treated as coming from the one great Brotherhood, which is the steward and custodian of spiritual knowledge. Each is treated as an expression, by some member or messenger of that Brotherhood, of the eternal spiritual truths, an expression suited to the needs of the time at which it was made, and of the dawning civilisation that it was intended to mould and to guide in its evolution. Each religion has its own mission in the world, is suited to the nations to whom it is given, and to the type of civilization it is to permeate, bringing it into line with the general evolution of the human family. The failure to see this leads to unjust criticism, for an ideally perfect religion would not be suitable to imperfect and partially evolved men, and environment must always be considered by the Wise when They plant a new slip of the ancient tree of wisdom.

"Thirdly, an attempt is made to distinguish the essential from the non-essential in each religion, and to treat chiefly the former. For every religion in the course of time suffers from accretions due [101] to ignorance—not to wisdom, to blindness—not to vision. Within the brief compass of these lectures, it was not

possible to distinguish in detail, nor to point out all the numerous non-essentials. But the following test may be used by anyone who desires to guide himself practically in discriminating between the permanent and the transitory elements in any religion. Is it ancient, to be found in the ancient Scriptures? Has it the authority of the Founder of the religion, or of the Sages to whom the formulation of the particular religion is due? Is it universal, found under some form in all religions? As regards spiritual truths, anyone of these tests is sufficient. As to smaller matters, matters of rites and ceremonies, observances and customs, the use or disuse of any particular practice, we may ask as to each: Is it laid down or recommended in the ancient Scriptures, by the Founder or His immediate disciples? Can its usefulness be explained or verified by those in whom occult training has developed the inner faculties which make the invisible world a region they know by their own experience? If a custom be of modern growth, with only a century, or two or three centuries, behind it; if it be local, not found in any ancient Scripture, nor justified by occult knowledge; then—however helpful it may be found by any individual in his [102] spiritual life—it should not be imposed on any member of a particular religion as binding on him as a part of that religion, nor should a man be looked at askance for non-compliance with it. This fact especially needs enforcement in India, where customs that are entirely local, or very modern, are apt to be identified with Hinduism in the minds of their followers, and any Hindus who do not accept them are looked upon as somewhat inferior, even as unorthodox. Such customs, even if much valued and found useful by their adherents, should not be considered as generally binding, and should fall into the class of non-essentials. It has been well said that while in things essential there should be unity, in things non-essential there should be liberty, and in all things there should be charity. Were that wise rule followed by each, we should hear less of the religious antagonisms and sectarian disputes that bring shame on the very word ‘religion’. That which ought to unite has been the ever-springing source of division, until many have impatiently shaken off all religion as being man’s worst enemy, the introducer everywhere of strife and hatred.”

The audiences at Mrs. Besant’s lectures are always enthusiastic but on these four mornings they were unusually so: the crowds were tremendous, the Hall crowded to suffocation, and the applause was constant and tumultuous. [103] As we pass in review all the various religious systems that have been taught to humanity, including the four treated by Mrs. Besant in this course of lectures, the thoughtful mind is struck with the fact that the vulgar, or popular, aspect of each

is essentially what we might call the “geocentric”, i.e., that they deal only with this planet and its inhabitants; the view of the Problem of Existence is narrow, circumscribed and insufficient to give one the smallest grasp of the great scheme of cosmic evolution. In Buddhism alone—the popular form, I mean, not the esoteric—we are taught in so many words that “there are whole Sakawalas or systems of worlds, of various kinds, higher and lower, and also that the inhabitants of each world correspond in development with itself.”[7]

There is nothing geocentric in such a teaching as that, it is essentially cosmical. Other religions, as interpreted by the occultist, contain the same root idea, but without the help of such an interpreter the idea lies hidden and the religion is seen only in its geocentric aspect. The supreme majesty of The Secret Doctrine lies in the fact that it makes our world and the planetary system to which it belongs the type of the general cosmical scheme; and that its expositions of that scheme are scientific, reasonable and axiomatic; that it embodies the [104] principles of perfect justice, perfect equilibrium and—with the keys of Karma and Reincarnation—perfect comprehensibility; hence the legacy that has been bequeathed, to posterity by H. P. Blavatsky in reviving that ancient teaching is rich beyond compute.[8] This teaching allows our awakened intelligence to soar as high as we respectively can with our developed powers, and to get at least glimpses of our kinship with all beings who inhabit the orbs of space. It was the glimmering perception of this teaching that was to come that induced the Founders of the Theosophical Society to make the corner-stone of the movement the idea of the essential brotherhood of mankind. As we have said numberless times, it never entered into our heads to imagine that there could be any perfect brotherhood of men of various races and environments on the physical plane; that was but a dream of Utopia: but we did know that, on the super-physical plane, sex, color, nationality, prejudice and religious animosities did not exist. We knew that the disturbing factors above enumerated are but the temporary obstacles begotten of physical existence, whose power would be completely lost if men could [105] be persuaded to identify themselves with that indwelling divine entity or Higher Self, which when it mounts to its own plane, looks down upon the dash and turmoil of human society, as the soaring eagle “from his mansion in the sun” distinguishes, like multitudes of crawling ants that are moving over the earth below, within their respective barriers of limitation, the nations who fight each other for possession of its surface.

CHAPTER VIII

THE FUNCTION OF ADYAR

(1897)

AT the Convention of 1896, the closing scenes and adjournment of which have just been noticed, Mrs. Besant brought up a matter of real importance to which no allusion has yet been made. The Official Report says:

"Mrs. Besant laid before the Convention a scheme set on foot by a Svami who for the last 13 years had been travelling over Northern India endeavoring to collect manuscripts in Sanskrit and other vernaculars for custody in the Adyar Library. In commending the scheme, she pointed out the danger which existed of such valuable books being lost and destroyed; she stated that the Svami had succeeded in cataloguing a vast number of manuscripts, giving name, author, summary of contents, and particulars of where such manuscripts were to be found. She further emphasised the necessity for taking immediate steps to assist in this direction, pointing out to [107] what great extent it would facilitate the execution of the second Object of the Theosophical Society. She expressed the wish that Adyar should be made into a centre of Eastern knowledge as also of real literary scholarship; and she hoped that each member would do his best to further the scheme."

I am very sorry to say that for a number of years I have heard nothing whatever about this Indian ascetic-scholar and the progress of his extremely valuable work. If anyone else does know, I should be grateful for any information they might be willing to convey to me. For it has always seemed to me that one of the noblest ideals of our Society would be to create at Adyar an Oriental library that would rank with the best in the world at this time and bear comparison with some of those of the past. Neither of us Founders ever made or tried to make Adyar a school of mystical study or yogic development: it was not in accord with the temperament of either of us two; Adyar was made and always will be a throbbing centre of vital force to circulate throughout all the ramifications of the Theosophical movement, keeping it in strong healthy action;

thus doing for the physical body of the Society what the nerve-fluid engendered in the brain and spinal cord does for the whole body of a man when pumped through the nerves to the extremities by the pulsations of the principle of life. The true ashram [108] and yogic centre of this and all other world-moving activities is where the White Lodge has its stations for developing and distributing throughout our globe and its inhabitants the currents of evolutionary Divine Force. And then we must not forget that a spiritual centre is not of necessity at Benares or Jerusalum, at Lhassa or Medina, at Rome or Hardwar or any other locality which men consider the holiest: at all these places one sees too often exhibited the vilest phase of human nature, enough to putrefy the atmosphere and poison the soil, spiritually speaking. The Holy of Holies is in the heart of the perfect man, and such an one as that carries with him wherever he goes the benign influence which one would hope to find at these various sanctuaries of the different religions.

Since Tibet has been invaded and Lhassa more or less ransacked without the finding of a single Mahatma, caged or loose, the Western press and some of their Indian copyists have been making sport of the poor Theosophists for their gullibility and implying that their leaders had been guilty of deception in affirming that the headquarters of the Elder Brothers was in Tibet: we have had the same nonsense before in the books of Knight and other travellers.[9] [109] Of course it was sheer nonsense for these marauders and travellers to imagine for one moment that Mahatmas were kept on show, like the beasts at the Zoo, for the inspection of the public: nor was there one chance in ten thousand that if they had met a Mahatma they would have been able to recognise him. It might be as well for our sceptical critics to take the first Bible that comes in their way and read and ponder upon what is said in St. Luke XXIV, 16 and 31; this “holding” and “opening” of eyes is practised now as successfully as it was in ancient times, even at Salpétrière and Nancy. The fact is—as I was told many years ago—the headquarters of the White Lodge is shifted from place to place according to the exigencies of occult management; it used to be in Arabia Petræa but two years before the British came to possess themselves of Egypt it was removed to Tibet, not to Lhassa but to another place. When H. P. B. and I were preparing to come to India, arrangements were in progress for the removal of the White Lodge from Tibet to another retreat where there was the minimum of chance of their being disturbed by any of these movings of pawns across the political chequer-board. The inaccuracy of the editors who have been talking about Lhassa as the “Mecca

of [110] Theosophy" will be apparent from what has been said above.

I make this digression purposely to enter my protest against a wretched tendency that I have now and again noticed to speak of Adyar as though it should be first and foremost a sort of sacred School of the Prophets, in ignorance of its real relation to the movement.

It goes without saying that I would be delighted beyond measure to have some really holy man of developed spiritual powers settling here and carrying on a school of spiritual instruction: I would give him every needed facility for carrying on his work and for his comfort and that of his disciples; but with my temperament—that of an executive officer and practical manager—it would be only shallow hypocrisy in me if I were to set myself up to figure in such a capacity; as much so as it would be ridiculous for such an ascetic to undertake to relieve me for a month or a week of my Presidential duties. All of us have our tasks assigned us in the Society, and it will be a glorious day when we can all realize the fact and not keep interfering in our neighbor's business in the childish notion that we are equally clever in all kinds of human activity.

Now there is nothing to prevent the idea of Mrs. Besant, as noted in the above quotation, [111] from being carried out and Adyar made "a centre of Eastern knowledge and real literary scholarship", nor ought there to be any reason why each member should not "do his best to further the scheme." We have made a great stride in that direction already by the completion of the Adyar Library, the gathering together of a highly valuable collection of Oriental works, and, thanks to the generosity of Senor Fuente and others, the creation of a fund for its upkeep. But, as Mr. Mead says in the May (1905) Theosophical Review: "Money will do the Adyar Library no good till it has men to make it of use." What we now need is a Director of known scholarship and other qualifications, and more books—always more books. In this respect every member of the Society who will take to heart Mrs. Besant's expressed wish can help.

Mrs. Besant did what she could at the time to bring the Svami's scheme to fruition. In the Supplement to The Theosophist for April, 1897, will be found an editorial acknowledgment of the issue by her of a leaflet bearing the title of The Sanskrit Pustakonnati Sabha, explaining the project. She says that, having the consent and approval of the President of the T. S., the Adyar Library will be the chief centre for MSS. thus collected, but "branch offices will be established [112] in the Punjab and in the N. W. P., at which MSS. will be temporarily stored, and at

which the work of cataloguing will be carried on. A learned and devoted Svami has, for the past thirteen years, been engaged in the preparation of a complete catalogue of valuable MSS., containing full information concerning each. It was at the request of this Svami that Mrs. Besant consented to take the outer charge of this scheme, and she will be thankful for assistance from friends willing to aid in collecting or copying rare manuscripts or sending particulars concerning them." For the details of Mrs. Besant's leaflet, readers may refer to the Supplement in question.

Our story now brings us across the threshold of the year 1897, in some respects an eventful one in our history. Her work at Adyar being finished, Mrs. Besant sailed for Calcutta on the 4th January in a P. and O. steamer. On the same day I wrote to the Health Officer of Bombay, Dr. T. S. Weir, offering my services without pay to help him in any way desired, whether in office or hospital or otherwise, in fighting the Bubonic Plague which had shortly before that made its first appearance and nevertheless up to that time 1,700 people had died of it and it seemed to be growing worse: one local paper said "Bombay [113]is now a hell." In Dr. Weir's answer, received on the 27th of the same month, January, he says: "The present outbreak is, I believe, over, and the incidence of the cases has been so scattered that there has been very little opportunity for segregation or treatment. If there is another outbreak you might do useful work in opening a Theosophical hospital. All who have come here are astonished that the mortality has been so low and they apprehend that there may be a further stage in the disease. At any rate our measures have been successful to a degree that we could not have expected.

Thanking you very much for your sympathy, etc."

Having done what I conceived my duty in making the offer, I took no further steps; a policy to which I was strongly urged by numerous protests sent in by colleagues in different parts of the world, who maintained that I had no right to jeopardise a life that was pledged to the Society's work in any side schemes of philanthropy. Dr. Weir's letter shows very clearly how feeble a conception of the appalling possibilities of this scourge of the race was held at the time by men of science. By an interesting coincidence I read in my morning paper of today (June 7th, 1905) a quotation from the Bombay Times of India to [114] the effect that: "last year over a million people died of plague in India; and if the average of the statistics for the first four months of this year is maintained, there is every reason to fear that two million people will be destroyed by plague before the year

closes. These are appalling figures. They signify an amount of suffering and misery and human agony, of decimated families and ruined homes and bereaved lives, the full significance of which it is difficult to grasp."

At about this time my distinguished scientific friend, Colonel de Rochas, Administrator of the Ecole Polytechnique, Paris, sent me for The Theosophist a copy of the official report of the scientific observation on the mediumship of Eusapia Paladino, the Italian medium for physical phenomena, which I had translated and published in the issue of the magazine for May, 1897. I quote the following paragraph for its significance to those of our readers who are familiar with the science of yoga: "At the end of 7 or 8 minutes keeping the hands on the table, Eusapia lifts hers and holds them outstretched over the table at a distance of about 10 centimetres from the same, and it follows, with a tilting motion, the hands of Eusapia, who makes us notice that she neither touches it with her hands, legs or feet. She asks Mr. Lefranc to lean on the uplifted part so [115] that he may realize what force is needed to press it down."

Of the six siddhis enumerated by Patanjali are two, Laghima and Garima, dealing with the weight of bodies; by the exercise of the former power a body may be deprived of its weight and made "as light as a thistle-down," in the latter its weight is so abnormally increased that not even a Sandow could lift a small bamboo stand from the floor: in short the yogi who has developed Laghima and Garima is able to modify as he pleases the gravity of any given object. In the experiment with Eusapia at Choisy-Yvrac, under notice, the medium causes the table to tilt without being touched by her and she asks Mr. Lefranc to satisfy himself what measure of force was being used. A lady clairvoyant, Mme. Agullana, who was present said that: "at the beginning of the séance, when the table was raised she saw a luminous ball projected by the spirit under the table and lifting it." However this may be, the statement is interesting from a scientific point of view. The reader may remember my description[10] of the experiments made by Madame Blavatsky and myself to test the Laghima power of a woman medium named Mrs. Young, at New York. H. P. B. and I were commissioned by a committee of the professors of [116] the St. Petersburgh University to find a medium who would be able to produce spiritualistic phenomena under test conditions: an order to that effect having been given by H. I. M. the late Czar. Mrs. Young had the strange power of making her "spirits" raise and move a heavy piano as though it were without weight. Sitting at it and playing, she would cause it to rise and fall on its outer legs, keeping time to her music. Or she

would go to one end of the piano and cause the instrument to be lifted and lowered by the invisible agent by merely laying her hand lightly upon it; she would permit as many of those present as chose to put their own hand under the piano-case and, lightly laying her own hand against theirs, make the “spirit” lift the instrument. All of us who tried the experiment testified that neither we nor she put out the least muscular force to accomplish this phenomenon. The second time that H. P. B. and I went to her I took in my pocket an uncooked hen’s egg which, at my request, she held in the palm of her hand against the under side of the piano-case and caused the invisibles to raise it: to complete the test she allowed me to hold it in my own hand, placed her hand against the back of mine, told the piano to rise, and it did so. I doubt if there is to be found in history a more convincing proof of the correctness of Patanjali’s assertion of the existence of this [117] Laghima power. I can certify at any rate that there was not a feather-weight of pressure exerted by me or by the medium in the experiment: the heavy piano was like thistle-down.

To return to the plague. The late Tookaram Tatya and Mr. P. D. Khan, who happily still survives, had an idea that they could cure the fell disease by the help of the psychopathic process, i.e., by mesmeric passes and the giving out of mesmerised water, but on the 12th of January of the year under review Dr. Richardson wrote me that they had abandoned their attempt and that most of our members had fled from Bombay. In fact, at the time everybody was leaving the city who could get away, a panic prevailing. Eight subsequent years of familiarity with the destroying pestilence have so inured the Bombay people to its presence that when I revisited the city three months ago I was perfectly amazed to see how unconcernedly the whole population was going about its business as though such a thing as plague did not exist.

On the 16th of January our Russian literary friend, Mr. Vigornitsky bade us good-bye to return to Russia. I was very much gratified to receive by the incoming foreign mail of the next day a letter from my old friend, the late Mr. Charles A.Dana, who was editorial manager of the old N. Y. Tribune before the outbreak of the civil war (1859—60) [118] when I held the position of Agricultural Editor, and who was Assistant Secretary of War, under the late Edwin M. Stanton, during a part of the term of my Special Commissionership of that Department. His letter brought back with a rush those closed chapters of my life, when the Theosophical movement was not yet thought of and to which my mind had not reverted for many years. The fact is, and I feel it more and more every

time I go on Western tours, I have become so absorbed by India and identified with her life and aspirations that it comes as a sort of shock when I meet very old acquaintances in distant countries.

On the 21st of January Mr. P. D. Khan wrote me that the Bombay Health Officer had accepted Dr. Richardson's offer of service in connection with the plague: evidently Dr. Weir's opinion as to the plague's having already been got under subjection had already changed. Since the subject is up it may as well be stated that although our dear Dr. Richardson helped combat the pestilence a full half year, even handling the patients and having them die in his arms, he did not fall a victim. He was one of "God's good men" and his karma preserved him to do all the work that he has for the Central Hindu College. With the valuable help of my friend Mrs. Salzer, I was able to issue at about this time an English translation of Commandant [119] Courmes' Questionnaire Theosophique, a useful book for beginners, and especially useful in France, where the general public are too much occupied in the pursuit of worldly things to devote close attention to religious and philosophical books.

It will be remembered that as a practical outcome of the Chicago Parliament of Religions, a wealthy lady of Chicago, a Mrs. Haskell, created a fund the income of which was to be devoted to the sending biennially to India of one of the ablest lecturers on Christianity, in the hope that by giving discourses in the principal Indian cities an interest in the religion might be created among the class of educated Brahmins who had resisted all the attempts of the ordinary missionary to draw them away from their ancestral faith. Although she probably did not know it, this was exactly the motive behind the creation of the special missions of clever University graduates sent out by Oxford and Cambridge, with but indifferent results. Her choice for the first missioner was no less a person than the famous Rev. John Henry Barrows, the organizer and chief personage connected with that wonderful religious congress, the Parliament of Religions, at which for the first time in history the representatives of all the world's faiths had the opportunity given them of a free platform from which they could expound the foundations of their [120] creeds. Naturally enough, the name of this gentleman had been made familiar to educated Hindus by the reports of the Chicago Parliament and it was a judicious move on Mrs. Haskell's part to send him out to introduce the subject of her Foundation in this country. Prior to his arrival at Madras, the missionary friends who were managing his tour addressed themselves to leading representatives of the different religious communities to

get them to form an eclectic Reception Committee. I being the only prominent Buddhist at Madras was offered and accepted a place on the committee. The members severally represented the Hindu, Parsi, Mohammedan, Buddhist, Brahmo and Protestant Christian communities, European and Indian. In due course Dr. Barrows arrived and gave six lectures on Christianity and its comparison with other faiths, which were universally recognized as very scholarly and eloquent, but distinctly adapted to the Western rather than to the Eastern mind. As a newspaper report says: “They were listened to by the best Indians of the different sects and races with respectful attention throughout, and the demeanour of the audiences was an all-sufficient proof of the grateful regard felt for Dr. Barrows personally, for his eclectic hospitality to the spokesmen of Oriental faiths, at the renowned Chicago Parliament.” As Dr. Barrows had rendered our [121] Society efficient help towards the holding of a Theosophical Congress at Chicago, I felt personally and officially indebted to him and as he made our relations at Adyar entirely cordial, I invited him with Mrs. Barrows, the Rev. Mr. Kellett and several other missionary gentlemen and ladies, to breakfast. At the close of his sixth and last lecture, the vote of thanks and words of farewell were offered by myself at the request of my colleagues on the Committee. Of course no reasonable man would have expected from either myself or any other representative of an Eastern religion to give to the lectures that unreserved concurrence that would have been the proper thing in the case of a Christian speaker. In my remarks I aimed at giving voice to the affectionate sentiment that had been aroused in the Eastern heart by Mrs. Haskell’s generous act, at the same time trying to point out the practical difficulties that lay in the way of the fruition of her scheme. After his return to his home Dr. Barrows published an interesting travel-book called A World-Pilgrimage, edited by his sweet and sympathetic wife, a copy of which was kindly sent me. In his bright account[11] of his Madras visit he says: “After my closing lecture, Colonel Olcott, the Founder and President of the Theosophical Society, moved, by appointment of [122] the Reception Committee the vote of thanks. His words were hearty and generous; but in the middle of his address he turned aside to make a strong attack on the sins of Christendom and particularly on the English government in India. He asserted that Christianity could make little progress while the British army immoralities, the collection of revenue from the demoralising liquor and opium traffics, and the taxation of starving peasants to build Christian cathedrals continued. In my closing remarks I endeavoured to take the sting out of these assertions by saying that these and other sins of Christendom were quite as

familiar to us as to non-Christians. We reprobated them, denounced them as un-Christian, and fought them wherever they appeared; and I reminded my hearers that the most potent voice heard in India during the last winter, calling upon the British government to amend its ways, was the voice of a Christian Englishman, Mr. W. S. Caine."

I confess to a feeling of sadness when reading these lines, for they showed me that Dr. Barrows had either misunderstood my remarks or had trusted to a treacherous memory instead of to the verbatim report which appeared the next day in the Madras papers. As my feelings for the distinguished gentleman were always very friendly, as our relations were cordial and as, now that he is dead and [123] gone, I send a loving thought after him and to his devoted wife who survives him, I think it no more than right that those of my readers who have also seen Dr. Barrows' book should have the chance to see exactly what I did say. I therefore quote as follows: "President-Founder of the Theosophical Society said that the Barrows' Reception Committee being composed of the representatives of several sects, his colleagues had asked him as the representative of the Theosophical Society, which was eclectic and not sectarian in its character, to offer thanks to the Rev. Dr. Barrows for his scholarly and brilliant discourses. More especially, thanks were due to him in connection with the Parliament of Religions which was an event unique in the history of the world. This placed the people of the Orient under peculiar obligations to him personally and it was the sense of that which made us joyfully serve on the Committee, all being alike benefited by the great coming together at Chicago at his call. To him the Orientals owed it that the representatives of Buddhism, Brahminism, Jainism, Zoroastrianism, Islam, Brahmoism, etc., were able to explain and expound their several views to the world; to him that Chakravarti, Vivekananda, Dharmapala, Gandhi, Mozumdar, Nagarcar and the Japanese Buddhists wereenabled to speak on behalf of different nations and cults, and that they were [124] able to travel throughout the United States, as some of them were still doing. Not by force of arms, as the Roman Cæsars used to get together at Rome and load with chains the fearsome idols of conquered nations, but by a word of love and brotherhood he had gathered together the priests and missionaries of all the ancient Eastern faiths, and caused them to be respectfully listened to by monster audiences. He, the speaker, as President of the Theosophical Society, was under special obligations to Dr. Barrows, for he had made it possible for us to hold a Theosophical Congress which was one of the greatest successes of the Parliament. India had proved her gratitude by the

respectful attention paid to Dr. Barrows in all the places of his tour. Though they might not agree with Dr. Barrows in his religious opinions, still they would all bear testimony to the fact of his conscientious, courageous yet kind manner of expression to them of the merits of his religion, and from the standpoint of that faith he had done his best to persuade the people here to accept it as the world-wide religion. Mrs. Haskell could not have chosen a better messenger than Dr. Barrows nor one half so good for her purpose, for he had won their gratitude in advance. As to the possible results of his mission no prophecy could be ventured upon. He had sown his seed and the harvest was beyond any man's control. As the [125] spokesman of the Eastern people some wished him (Colonel Olcott) to say that, despite Mrs. Haskell's personal anxiety for their spiritual welfare, they were not likely to exchange their ancient faiths for any other which was not better, and they were waiting for the evidence that such an one existed. He asked Dr. Barrows to give Mrs. Haskell an idea of the serious obstacles that her lecturers would inevitably meet in the carrying on of her benevolent design. The Indians loved and respected her for her unselfish piety and generous endeavours to spread her religion. That it was not their religion did not matter at all; she believed in it and every pious Oriental would respect her for it. But she must not expect to accomplish the impossible. Christianity was shown to India under certain most repugnant aspects; for instance, in the increase of drunkenness and crime, as shown in the increase of the revenue from spirits, from 57 lacs[12] in 1870, to 139 lacs in 1896; in the bestial immorality of the army, neglect of which had just been denounced in Parliament as a "national sin"; in the compulsory support of the Ecclesiastical Establishment, at a cost of Rs. 1,16,000 per mensem, althougn it is the open and avowed foe of all their religions; and finally, in the inconsistent and too often wicked lives led by many so-called Christians. Besides [126] these, there were various other obstacles, all familiar to every old missionary, and Mrs. Haskell ought not to be left in ignorance of their existence, lest her noble heart should be filled with grief for the failure of her agents in India. Addressing Dr. Barrows, Colonel Olcott said: 'And now farewell, our noble American brother. By your bold defence of your religion you have increased instead of lessened the respect of the Madras public, for you have shown the sincerity of your convictions, and have spoken out as plainly as our messengers did at your Parliament of Religions. Farewell you, who have come so far and spoken so well. The heart of India, grateful for your past kindnesses, will warm on thinking of you, and the people send after you their wishes for your health and happiness.' A thunder of applause, which followed the speaker

as he resumed his seat, testified most clearly that he had voiced the feelings of the Indian community towards Dr. Barrows. That gentleman then rose and with evident emotion, thanked Col. Olcott on behalf of Mrs. Haskell, the University of Chicago and himself, for his 'noble and generous' remarks, and the Madras public for their close attention to his lectures. He said that he should never forget the kindness he had received at Madras and throughout India, and bade the audience farewell." [127] Just in time for notice, the Bengalee for June 14th (1905) came to hand with the following citation on a recent optimistic speech of Lord Radstock, which closely resembles my presentation of the case in 1897:

"SPEAKING at the recent meeting of the Christian Literature Society for India, held at Exeter Hall, Lord Radstock, speaking with the experience begotten of five proselytizing expeditions to India, said that 'there was among the educated natives very little opposition to Christ or the Christian ideal.' In fact that ideal was largely permeating the whole of India. Lord Radstock did not however say whether in the course of his repeated visits to India, he had found anything from which he could draw the inference that the Christian ideal also permeated as 'largely' these of his lordship's own countrymen, who are out here to make money. Did his lordship find the average Anglo-Indian a model Christian, especially in his dealings with the natives of the country? It is quite true that the educated Indian has no hostility to Christianity, far less to its Founder who, he honestly believes, must have drawn his inspiration from some Indian ascetic. But it is no less true that with all his regard and veneration for the character of the 'Carpenter of Nazareth,' the educated Indian never had less inclination to become a convert to Christianity than [128] he has at the present time. Our missionary friends are very much mistaken if they are laying the flattering unction to their souls that the disappearance of hostility to Christianity will prove the prelude to the acceptance of Christianity by our educated countrymen."

On the 31st of January I began work on a new edition of the Buddhist Catechism—the 33rd, and the last extended revision of the work that I have made: it is the one in which I divide the matter into five general categories. This work involved a good deal of careful consideration and it was not until the last week in March that I was able to get it out of the hands of the printers. Simultaneously I had to work on the English edition of Commandant Courmes Questionnaire and some other French translations.

The Swami Vivekananda, who had recently returned after a long absence in America and England, received an enthusiastic popular welcome. If I remember

aright I was also a member of his committee and was disposed to aid the Hindus in every way in showing appreciation of what he had done to make the name of India honored abroad. But he had got it into his head that I had been inimical and even malicious towards him, and—considering the position I occupied among his countrymen—most indiscreetly launched out in his [129] public lecture against myself, the Society, and Mrs. Besant, speaking of her most disrespectfully and unappreciatively. It was a great mistake and excusable only on the score of his comparative youth and inexperience in public affairs; it certainly did him harm and called forth many expressions of sympathy for us. However, he too has gone prematurely to his account in the other world and nothing more need be said: Karma can take care of its own affairs without our help.

CHAPTER IX

CURIOUS COINCIDENCES

(1897)

A FEW days after the events above narrated there arrived at Adyar a gentleman whose connection with us was brought about in the most singular way. His name was Augustus F. K. He was of mixed Norwegian and Scotch parentage and his father was a wealthy owner of sugar and other estates and a sugar factory on Kauai, one of the Sandwich[13] Islands. The son had been educated at Harvard and on his return from college had been put in charge of one of the paternal estates. He was of a very thoughtful mind, deeply interested in the religious problem, over which he had long and deeply brooded. His intellectual strivings had carried him far along the right path, but still, with all his desire and earnestness he could not get beyond a certain point; the nature of the Universe, the origin of things, and the explanation of existing social problems, puzzled him and brought him to a full stop. In this mood of mind, riding on his horse over the plantation one day, he [131] said to himself, “Where can I get this puzzle solved, how can I learn the truth?” The answer came in a most unexpected and phenomenal way. Glancing up at the sky, he saw the word “India” as if it were written in space. He rubbed his eyes, shut them to see whether it was an illusion, opened them again and saw the word still imprinted on the sky. He did not at once connect this with his self-question, but was rather inclined to ascribe it to some mental disturbance. After a time the letters faded out and the day’s business went on as usual. But the word “India” seemed to haunt him; he saw it in the embers of the wood fire at night, among the leaves of the trees, sometimes on the ground. The repetition of this experience at last forced him to recognise that some powerful intelligence or other, whether subjective or objective, was indicating to him that in India he could get the reading of his puzzles. So after a while he managed so to arrange his affairs as to leave him free to absent himself from home, and he took his passage for India by a mail steamer. When the ship was some days at sea the impression came to him that before reaching Hong

Kong he would find out where to go in India and whom to seek.

As usual on those Pacific boats, there were several missionaries China-bound among K.'s fellow-passengers. According to the custom of their class they [132] spent their time on shipboard in theological discussions and the singing of hymns. One pleasant evening they drew out my friend on the subject of religion and he gave them his views, which were not at all satisfactory to their orthodox proclivities. When, finally, they went below, a man who had been sitting quietly listening without taking part in the discussion—in short, the Purser—came over to K. and said: "I see you are a Theosophist."

"A Theosophist," he replied, "what is that? I hardly know what you mean?"

"Why," said the Purser, "those views that you have been expressing are pure Theosophy."

"I don't know what you may call them," answered K. "but they are the conclusions to which I have arrived by independent thinking and without taking them out of books. As for Theosophy, I have read nothing or almost nothing about it."

"Since you are going to India," continued the Purser, "I suppose you are bound for Madras to see Colonel Olcott."

"No, I know nothing about him; I am just going to India to gratify a notion of mine and without any definite plan."

"Well, if you want to learn about Theosophy you must go and talk with the Colonel; he is the man who can tell you all you want to know. He crossed [133] the Pacific once with me in this ship, and if you like I will give you a letter of introduction."

This strange fulfilment of his subjective premonition impressed K. so that he took the letter and in due time reached Madras. He went to a hotel but did not make his presence known until the second day after, for with hereditary caution he did not care to expose his private thoughts and aspirations to a stranger who might prove to be an undesirable acquaintance and guide. Meanwhile, he enquired of the hotel people, who spoke well of me, and of a fellow-guest, an influential civilian, who told him that he need not hesitate to call on me, for I bore a good character and was on the Government House list. Thereupon the visitor from Hawaii took a carriage, came to Adyar and sent up his card. I received him down in the main hall and we began a very interesting

conversation. As we sat together on the bench, I received, subjectively, a message to the effect that this young man had been sent to me for a purpose. So at the end of the interview I invited him to fetch his luggage from the hotel and become my guest for any time, longer or shorter, as he might choose: I would make him free of the library and give him as much time as I could spare to clearing up the difficulties that were troubling his mind. He accepted the invitation, came, and was with us about a year; [184] during which time he became thoroughly acquainted with our Theosophical literature and an ardent member of the Society. At the end of the time specified he was recalled by cable in consequence of his father's death. This was one of the most interesting cases within my experience. This young man had gone along the Path step by step, thinking out the whole occult scheme of evolution as far as he could go without the help of the one and only key, the one with two wards—Karma and Reincarnation: when this idea was once grasped he was in possession of the means of solving every mental doubt and difficulty.

It is most interesting to look back and see how some of our staunchest and most useful workers have been brought, often by unconsidered trifles or seeming accidents, into the Theosophical movement. To begin at the beginning, it was my unpremeditated purchase of a copy of the Banner of Light which took me to Chittenden, brought H. P. B. and myself into contact, and led to the formation of our Society; it was the sending of a book to Mrs. Besant for review that brought her ultimately out of the camp of Materialism into that of Theosophy. The lesson to learn is that the Watchers who concern themselves with human affairs and special movements among men know how to turn the future worker into the path that leads to our door. [185] There is a certain class of people who are so afraid of over-stepping the narrow boundaries of scientific orthodoxy that they at once try to explain away such facts as the above by the childish theory of "curious coincidences". If anybody wishes to know how sarcastically H. P. B. could write upon this theme let them refer to Isis Unveiled[14]. She says: "In Mr. Proctor's book, astronomers seem especially doomed by Providence to encounter all kinds of curious 'coincidences,' for he gives us many cases out of the 'multitude' and even of the 'thousands' of facts (sic). To this list we may add the army of Egyptologists and archæologists who of late have been the chosen pets of the capricious Dame Chance, who, moreover, generally selects 'well-to-do Arabs' and other Eastern gentlemen to play the part of benevolent genii to Oriental scholars in difficulties. Professor Ebers is one of the latest favoured ones. It is a

well-known fact, that whenever Champollion needed important links he fell in with them in the most various and unexpected ways." Defending the theory that the Universe is governed by law, she quotes Voltaire's saying: "I have consumed forty years of my pilgrimage... seeking the philosopher's stone called truth... I still remain in ignorance... all that I have been able to [136] obtain... is this: Chance is a word void of sense. The world is arranged according to mathematical law." A couplet which she puts at the head of this chapter reflects as perfectly as possible her temperament:

Who dares think one thing and another tell

My heart detests him as the gates of hell!

—POPE

As stated in the previous chapter, there was a good deal of excitement in Madras at this time over Vivekananda, on his return to India after a prolonged absence in America and England. I am very sorry that I cannot put my hand upon a copy of the Hindu for 8th February, 1897, which contained a splendid criticism upon the bad taste of Vivekananda in coarsely attacking Mrs. Besant and our Society: as I said, previously, he hurt himself far more than he did us. He seems to have found that out for, on reaching Calcutta, in the course of a superb speech, referring to his venerated guru, Ramakrishna, he said:

"If there has been anything achieved by me, by thoughts, or words, or deeds; if from my lips has ever fallen one word that has helped anyone in the world, I lay no claim to it, it was his. But if there have been curses falling from my lips, if there has been hatred coming out of me, it was all mine, and not his. All that has been weak has been mine, and all that has been life-giving, strengthening, pure [137] and holy, has been his inspiration, his words, and he himself."

This change of sentiment led me to address a letter to the Indian public through the Hindu of March 7th, in which I said:

"If he keeps his feet on the golden carpet of love that is spread in his superb Calcutta address, he will have the goodwill and help of every Theosophist."

On the 11th March, the then Governor of Madras, Sir Arthur E. Havelock, with an aide-de-camp and some European friends, visited our pioneer Pariah school. In an address signed by P. Armogam Pillay, Manager; P. Krishnaswamy, Headmaster; T. Satchuthanunthum, Assistant Master; and T. Tiruvady Pillay, Committee Manager, it was stated that the school was opened in June, 1894; that

in the first year of its recognition by Government, 1895, fourteen pupils were presented for Result Grant examination, of whom twelve passed creditably; that in 1896, out of twenty-four children examined, twenty-three passed. His Excellency and friends expressed themselves as highly pleased with what they saw, and on the following day the Governor sent to the Manager and Head Master the following letter:

To the Manager and Head Master, Olcott Free School. [138] Gentlemen,—In regard to my visit of yesterday to the Olcott Free School, and the Report on its principles and working which was then read to me, I wish to say that I listened to that Report with interest, and that I considered the scheme of training an excellent one, likely, if carried out, to produce most useful results. I will add that Colonel Olcott's effort to benefit this class is worthy of praise and should elicit the sympathy of everyone interested in its improvement.

I am,

Government House, Gentlemen,

Guindy, Yours faithfully,

12th March, 1897. (Signed) A. E. HAVELOCK.

As I had no Private Secretary at that time I had to work double tides in preparing matter for The Theosophist, writing "Diary Leaves," working on the revision of the Buddhist Catechism and disposing of my heavy correspondence. Among the articles written was one entitled "The Coming Calamities," provoked by the pessimistic prophecies of Mlle. Couëdon, A pseudonymous writer in L'Initiation for February, 1897, proved by an assemblage of facts that from twenty to thirty seers and seeresses, chiefly modern, have prophesied the most direful woes to France, Europe in general, the Papacy and, in fact, to the whole globe. Crops are to fail; famine rage; plague—imported from Asia— [139] sweep away half the population within the brief space of forty to fifty days; a fell disease that science cannot even diagnose, let alone cure, to affect men, animals, even plants; France was to be again invaded, debased, trampled down and dishonored, yet revive under the leadership of a Bourbon prince, whose personal description is given, even to unimportant details, such as his lameness in one foot; Paris is to be overwhelmed, her splendid monuments and public buildings are to be upset and made piles of dust and crumbled fragments; the river Seine is to run red with blood, shed by fratricidal hands, and the Père Mectou, one of the prophets, as pessimistic as the creator of the solitary New Zealander in

devastated London, says that fathers will point out to their children the site of once splendid Paris and say: “Here stood a great city which God destroyed because of its crimes.” To add to the dread horrors of the doomed gay capital there is to be a pall of darkness enwrapping it for three consecutive days, a darkness that “no artificial illuminant shall be able to overcome; and a reign of sulphur, or poisonous sulphurous acid gas which shall stifle the wicked: the good having been warned in advance to flee from the dies iræ.” Now the coincidence and concurrence of these numerous prophecies is a fact to strike the attention of even the cursory student of mysticism and history. For [140] the very calamities prefigured by our modern psychics were anticipated, even to minute details, by Nostradamus in the sixteenth century. The facts are too striking to be explained away as accidental, and, as I say in my article: “it looks as if one idea—whether true or false, time will prove—had been put into the heads of prophets and prophetesses or into their hands or mouths, that France and her joy-provoking capital, Paris, would be crushed and the population slain by war, plague, pestilence, atmospheric meteors and famine, at about the close of the Nineteenth Century... What makes these modern prophecies more interesting to a Hindu is their perfect agreement with those in the Puranas as to be expected at this end of the first 5000 years cycle of Kali Yuga.” I might have been tempted to pass these by but for the radical change which has been wrought in the equilibrium of the European political world by the marvellous triumphs of Japan on sea and land, the mutterings of coming battle between Germany and France, and the desperate haste shown in the new military arrangement in India in view of the possible contingency of a Russian invasion of Afghanistan. Then we have the secession of Norway from Sweden, the bloody revolution ready to break out in Russia, the other which may wrest Hungary from Austria on the death of the ruling sovereign, and other [141] faithful portents of national and international disturbance.

As above noticed, the terrestrial calamities foreseen by the prophets were to be accompanied by atmospheric cataclysms and portents, e.g., the pall of darkness for three consecutive days, the rain of sulphur, and the evolution of poisonous gases which should stifle the wicked. As for this latter, we need go back no further than the eruption of Mount Pélè which was accompanied by an outpouring of stifling gas which destroyed, virtually, the whole population of Saint Pierre.

But besides seismic and other disturbances, many great catastrophes to

nations and cities and ruling sovereigns have been accompanied by most extraordinary heavenly portents. Nostradamus predicted that the French catastrophes—those of the French revolution—would be ushered in by a comet, and their subsidence by the appearance of a sort of Star of Bethlehem. Similar predictions were made by the Prince Höhenlohe, in 1830, and the Curé de Malétable has put on record some prophecies of supplementary catastrophes, as has also our latest Cassandra, Mlle. Couedon. If we are to believe the author of that quaint work, Curiositës Infernales, the war waged by the French for the conquest of Naples was preceded by a celestial disturbance hardly ever equalled: "Three suns appeared at [142] night in the sky of Apulia, surrounded by clouds, horrible lightnings and thunderings." In the territory of Arezza multitudes of spectres of armed men on horseback, with a deafening clamor of trumpets and drums, thronged the heavens. The Milanese horrors were preceded by a fall of twelve hundred great hailstones of the color of rusted iron, extremely hard and smelling of sulphur, one of them weighed sixty pounds, another twice as much. When Cardinal Ximenes was starting on the campaign against the Moors of Barbary a cross shone in the sky over the village of Vaiona, where he was, and was a presage of victory; on his embarking on the sea the cross showed itself over the African coast. Arluno states (in his Histoire de Milan) that a little before the capture of Ludovico Sforza, Duke of Milan, clashings of arms, sounds of drums and blasts of trumpets sounded around the castle; fire-balls dashed against the walls, and spectral dogs and other animals rushed barking and crying through the rooms and suddenly disappeared. Before the invasions of Xerxes and Attila the inhabitants of the doomed countries saw horrible and awe-inspiring meteors. The fall of Jerusalem is said to have been presaged by apparitional bodies of soldiers in the air, marching towards each other as if to join battle. Appianus, Pliny and other classical writers have recorded the strange portents [143] that went before the civil and foreign wars; the armour hung in the Lacedæmonian temples clanged of itself, the doors of the temple of Hercules, at Thebes, opened of themselves and the arms suspended on the inner walls were found in the morning flung to the floor, as Cicero tells us. Coming forward in time, in the reign of Theodosius a blazing star attached to a sword was seen in the heaven. So we might go on almost ad infinitum repeating these tales, more or less credible, of signs, portents and wonders which have heralded in great national disasters and international conflicts, while of the personal warnings above mentioned there are an incalculable number. Yet the student of Occult Science will see no proof of supernaturalism in any of these. One and all are produced by

the elemental spirits, or forces, attached to the nation or the individual, and provoked by some Adept or other high mystic who has the interest of the one, or some friend or relative who has that of the other at heart.

Strange as may seem to us these ominous marshallings of troops in the air, these fightings of battles, these clangors of arms and armor and other signs of military conflict, the apparition of unexpected and quasi inexplicable comets, hailstorms, volleys of thunder and terrific lightning, the throwing of fire-balls against fortresses and the rush of [144] howling, barking and screaming phantom animals through castle corridors, it is not surprising that researchers of the class of our contemporary writers on psychical phenomena should try to brush away all the mass of cumulative testimony as to these phenomena by the easy process of contemptuous denial. But then, the day of these blinded word-weavers is past, and their mock sun is setting behind the clouds of matter which have been engendered by the vapors of their mental speculations. When the thoughtful public were struggling to break through the meshes of the net of dogma cast over them by interested theologians, the strong, muscular hand of Materialism stretched out towards them by modern science was grasped eagerly in the hope that it might lift them out of the mire of their doubts on to the firm ground of demonstrable truth. But the scientists overdid their part, and a thousand failures to account for the simplest psychical phenomena destroyed their influence and forced the once-submissive reading public to resort to original experiment, backed up by the reading of the works of mystics and mystical students of our own and preceding generations. Thus it has come about, through that ancient teaching, that the forces of nature manifesting in its several component kingdoms can be identified, classified, brought into relations with us, and made [145] subject to the developed will-power of students who have been under the teaching of Adepts or Masters of Wisdom. The mystic, therefore, would be inclined to accept as true the testimony of a cloud of witnesses of various generations, to the real occurrence of phenomena like those above recorded. Have we not in this very chapter, had the unimpeachable testimony of our educated colleague, Mr. K., to the fact that the answer to his yearning soul-cry for help to discover the truth, came in the form of a written message in the sky, the glowing embers, the tree-foliage and the sand of the soil? How much more difficult would it be then for the same presumed Intelligence that gave him this message to have marshalled the tribes of the sylphs to form themselves into a sky-built picture of moving troops, or prancing horses, or even of our Adyar headquarters, with the concomitants of the Hall where I should receive him and a

simulacrum of myself figured as I would be, sitting before him on the occasion of his visit? Finally, if the reader will take the trouble to refer to The Theosophist,[15] he will see that our honorable and respected colleague, Dr. English, writes in connection with this question of celestial portents: “The late Mrs. English was a natural clairvoyant and throughout her whole life had psychical experiences, [146] often of a prophetic character. About a year before the outbreak of the American civil war she saw appear in the sky, one morning in broad daylight and distinctly outlined, a spectral troop of cavalry in rapid march, moving in a southerly direction.”

Is it not more than probable that the occurrence of these premonitory warnings in the form of phenomena, terrestrial and atmospheric, gave rise to the folk-lore proverb: “Coming events cast their shadows before?” And did Campbell, who embodies it in his famous poem, Lochiel’s Warning, know that these portents could be read by one who had developed the psychical faculty? For his couplet runs thus:

‘Tis the sunset of life gives me mystical lore,

And coming events cast their shadows before.

For, in the name of common sense, how could an impersonal, as set non-existing occurrence, unembodied, hence incapable of casting a shadow, nevertheless make the physical impression upon the physical plane before itself —the event—had occurred? But this old saw becomes quite intelligible to those of us who know of the existence of the astral plane and of the possibilities within reach of an advanced ego to create and make visible to ordinary sight all these pictures and phenomena which are above classified as portents.

CHAPTER X

A BUDDHIST TRIPLE ENTENTE

(1897)

IT is rather a coincidence that Dr. Maxwell's great work on metaphysical phenomena should have come to me for review just when the course of my historical narrative should have brought me to the consideration of the official report of Eusapia's séances at Choisy-Yvrac (at which Dr. Maxwell, himself, took a prominent part) sent me for publication by Colonel de Rochas. Whereas Dr. Maxwell's narrative gives a general view of the incidents, that of the Colonel puts us in possession of all the details. Some of these are very interesting, among them those which corroborate the statements as to the transfer of sensitiveness from the psychic's body to measured points in space around her. To make my meaning clear I will explain that the psychic being at the time mesmerically reduced to insensibility to external influences—touch, smell, hearing, taste—at this very time these faculties are found to [148] be transferred to what one might call an astral enlargement of the body, and while the sleeper can neither feel a pin-prick or a touch, nor hear a pistol-shot, nor smell acrid ammonia, nor taste the sweetness, bitterness, salinity, acidity or pungency of any substance, yet if one pinches or pricks the air at measured distances from the body (the measurement determined by a course of experiments) then the psychic immediately cries out and shows that repercussion upon her physical body has taken place.

The points made by Colonel de Rochas at the first séance, in the presence of M. et Mme. Maxwell, Comte de Gramont, Baron de Watteville and Colonel de Rochas, were the following:

(1) Eusapia is suggestionable (i.e., can receive hypnotic suggestion). As soon as the state of credulity is reached, hallucinations of sight, smell and hearing are caused with the greatest ease and she then presents the common phenomena of insensibility of the skin.

(2) A few passes on one of her hands create the externalisation of sensitiveness at the distance of three or four centimetres from the skin; but

when Colonel de Rochas continues his passes and withdraws his hand in order to test the sensitiveness at greater distances, his hand is followed by Eusapia's, which is attracted by it. If one prevents the hand [149] of Eusapia from following Colonel de Rochas', one can recognise the existence of a second sensitive stratum in the air, perceptible at about ten centimetres from the skin. One may consequently say that the externalised sensation in this subject transforms itself into movement.

(3) Colonel de Rochas puts Eusapia to (mesmeric) sleep to see how, in her case, the fluidic body is formed, the existence of which he has noticed in other subjects. After two or three minutes of passes on the head and chest, Eusapia, asleep, declares that she sees appear at her right side a kind of phantom, and we notice that it is in the place of this phantom by her indicated, that all her sensitiveness is localised. She makes signs of pain when we pinch the air where the phantom is, but shows no reaction when her skin or any other points of space are pinched.

At the sixth séance held with Eusapia the phenomenon of the levitation of the table occurred under circumstances which entirely support the statement of Dr. Maxwell about it in his book. The official report says:

"The medium, who has not been magnetised again, remains somnolent and perfectly dumb. The table lifts itself first on the side of the medium, resting on the two opposite feet. Then it twice lifts its four feet and remains suspended in the air. [150] All hands, including Eusapia's, are removed from the table which nevertheless remains suspended. Several persons try to make it fall by pushing on it, but without success—they meet with much elastic resistance; after a few seconds it falls of itself, with a crash."

It is a great pity that all intelligent persons who have read the S. P. R. report on Eusapia's phenomena at Cambridge could not read this official report of séances at Choisy-Yvrac by one of the most respected scientific men of France. If any doubts had lingered in their minds as to the futility of the Cambridge observations and of Mr. Hodgson's theory of Eusapia's frauds, they would surely be dispelled. It will be found, translated into English, in the numbers of The Theosophist for April and May, 1897.

A long letter received on the 20th March from the ex-royal Prince of Siam, formerly Prisdamchoonsai, but now the Buddhist bhikshu, Jinawarawansa, of Ceylon, opened up a subject of gravest importance. The life of this scion of the

Royal house of Siam has had at least one episode of a most romantic character. When diplomatic relations were established with the Treaty Powers, his cousin, the King, sent him as his first ambassador to Europe. His credentials accredited him in that capacity to Great Britain, France, Germany and other countries [161] and he spent a number of years on these missions. While in England he connected himself in his personal capacity with one of the great engineering firms, passed through their works and perfected himself in the profession of engineer. Returning, at last, to Siam, a combination of circumstances led to his retirement from the world and his entrance into the Buddhist Sangha of Ceylon as a yellow-robed bhikshu. According to the rule of Ordination (upasampada) he was brought into the presence of a Council of senior monks, clothed in all his ambassadorial state—gold-laced uniform, silk stockings, varnished pumps, dress sword, plumed helmet, and all his jewelled orders pinned to his breast. His sponsors presented him as a postulant whom they could recommend, and he, corroborating this when questioned by the presiding monk, received the desired consent, returned to the anteroom, was stripped of all his finery, had his head and face shaved, his shoes and stockings removed, and was clothed in the simple underrobe of the order and reconducted before the Council. Here he was put through the usual catechism, and answering satisfactorily, was accepted into the Order. Thereupon he made the usual obeisances, was invested with the yellow robe and other appanages of his calling, received the name of “Jinawarawansa”, and entered upon his new career.[162] Recollecting that this ceremony is 2500 years old, does the reader now see whence the Roman Catholic ceremonies of Consecration and Ordination were derived? And is it not amusing to read how the Church tried to minimise the effect of Huc and Gabet’s discovery that the ceremonies, holidays, feasts, usages and paraphernalia peculiar to their worship had been used in Tibet by the Buddhist priests for many centuries, by saying that the Devil, foreseeing the arrival of Christianity, had tried to forestall its influence by setting up a mock system of worship?

The friendship between Jinawarawansa and myself has been cordial ever since the time when he first addressed me upon the grave subject above alluded to, and which I shall now explain.

It is known to all who have studied Buddhism that it is nominally divided into two schools, the Northern and the Southern: the countries covered by the former are China, Tibet, Mongolia and Japan; those belonging to the other group are Ceylon, Burma, Siam, Chittagong and Cambodia. Between these latter nations

there is very little if any difference as to forms of belief. In all these countries, in times past, there has been for each a Superior Council, composed of the senior monks, to whom all questions of monastic discipline and the punishment of offenders were referred for settlement; [153] if this Superior Council failed in its duty, appeal would lie to the Sovereign, whose opinion was law and who had the power to inflict any punishment, even that of death, upon the offenders. This was the state of things in Ceylon before the advent of her several European conquerors, the Portuguese, Dutch and English. When the last vestige of Sinhalese Royalty was destroyed at Kandy, in the treaty made between the British General and the revolting Kandyan nobles, it was stipulated actually that the religion of Buddha, its temples and priests, should be protected and kept sacred. Inferentially, of course, the implication was that the British Sovereign, when mounting the throne of the King of Kandy, put himself in his place and assumed his obligations towards the state religion: that the Superior Ecclesiastical Board, or Committee, should be kept up, and the King would dispose of cases of ecclesiastical discipline coming to him on appeal. All went smoothly until some clamorous bigots, organizing through Exeter Hall, a campaign of public intolerance, forced a weak-kneed government to throw over its religious responsibilities in Ceylon, which included the administration of the large landed estates of the Buddhist Sangha, and to fling them all into the laps of the ordained priests, who by their ordination are not allowed to have anything to do with money or money values. Naturally this brought [154] on something like moral chaos; the priests were placed at the mercy of their lay adherents, corruption spread among the latter, the moral tone of the priesthood was sadly lowered, the mandates of the superior priests lost their weight, and it actually grew so bad that monks who had been convicted of debauchery, embezzlement, the coining of false money, and other crimes, for which they had been, sent to prison, defiantly resumed the yellow robe after their release and there was no hope of redress. When I first went to Ceylon in 1880 the High Priests of the two Royal temples at Kandy, the Asgiriya and the Malwatte, complained to me bitterly of this state of things and of their official impotence to restore order and discipline. It was to try and find a remedy that the “Prince-priest” wrote me in 1897.

Naturally, he came out of the garish splendor of Courts into the Buddhist monastery in the hope of finding the spirit of brotherly unity and religious calm, the very things to soothe his world-beaten spirit; this is exactly what I had looked forward to finding when I became a Buddhist at New York and was

laying my plans to emigrate to the East. But the Prince-priest, like myself, found himself in an atmosphere of personal bickerings, childish sectarian squabbles, ignorance of the world about them, and incapacity to fit themselves to the ideals which [165] the Lord Buddha had depicted for the government of his Sangha. My way out of the difficulty was through a comprehensive system of mixed secular and religious education for the young, and the gradual evolution of a public opinion as to the duties and ideals of the priesthood which would focus itself upon the inmates of the pansalas and compel them to reform. Jinawarawansa, coming out of the kingly order, and accustomed to see things settled by the force majeure of the Royal will, entertained the hope that he might get the leading priests of the Siam, Amarapoora and Ramanya sects to agree to a coalition into a single "United Sect" which should embrace the whole Buddhist community of Ceylon. Then he proposed to similarly arrange for one ecclesiastical coalition for Burma, and that these two national bodies should then coalesce with the whole national body of the Siamese priesthood: making, as will be seen, a vast international tripartite Sangha, tria juncta in uno. The Supreme Council would be composed of the elder priests, ranking in order of seniority of ordination, who should regulate the government of the three national Sanghas: over all, as religious patron and final source of ecclesiastical authority, would be the King of Siam, the sole remaining Buddhist monarch.

This was a great scheme and one which seemed to me practical, but one which, at the same time, [166] would involve an enormous amount of working up of details. The Prince-priest wished to seize the occasion of his cousin, the King of Siam's impending visit to Colombo en route for Europe, to bring the thing to a head. With his natural impetuosity he threw himself into the business with zeal and enthusiasm; wrote to the leading priests of Ceylon and their chief lay supporters, got pledges from many, but soon ran against that awful inertia which pervades all Asiatic countries (Japan now excepted) and bars progress. The personal factor everywhere obtruded itself, and the poor fellow, finding himself at a standstill with the King's visit near at hand, despairingly appealed to me as "the only man who could awaken the slumbering Sinhalese": he prayed me to come at once and see to the organization of a Reception Committee and the drafting of an Address. Of course, the grandeur of the scheme and its apparent practicability were visible at a glance, and an urgent invitation to come, reaching me on the 23rd March from our Buddhist Standing Committee at Colombo, I closed up my office business and, on the 24th, sailed for that place on the French steamer, arriving on the 27th.

Besides attending to the business of the reception of the King of Siam, I had to go over the Sinhalese version of the new edition of the Buddhist Catechism with the High Priest, get his assent to the alterations [157] that I had made in the text, and a fresh certificate recommending it for use in Buddhist schools. This was finally accomplished, but not without some sparring with that critical gentleman, Hiyayentaduwe, Assistant Principal of Sumangala's College at Maligakhanda.

The Buddhist General Committee met at the College on the 29th to discuss details of the reception. They elected me a member of the General Committee and also of the Executive Committee. At a meeting on the following day they accepted my views about the reception and we agreed upon the details. The King had sent on in advance one of his high officials, the Marquis Phya Maha Yotha, with his Private Secretary, Luano Sunthorn Kosa, to arrange with the local Committee about the details of the Royal visit. With these two and the Prince-priest I had frequent consultations, among others on the subject of the Committee's Address of Welcome to His Majesty. The Executive Committee deputed me to draw it up, and at their meeting on April 1st unanimously accepted my draft; at the same time authorizing me to have made in silk two copies of the Buddhist flag which, as will be seen on reading the Address, we asked His Majesty to consent to have adopted and protected as the Buddhist flag in Siam, common to all Buddhist nations and quite devoid of political significance. For, as the reader [158] must have perceived, the scheme of Prince Prisdan and myself implied no political connection, whatever, between the three separate nations which we wished to unite in the bonds of international religious relationship.

Following is the address in question:

MAY IT PLEASE YOUR MAJESTY,

The undersigned, a General Committee representing the Buddhist priests and laymen of Ceylon, and duly chosen at a public meeting at Colombo, respectfully offer to Your Majesty a heartfelt and joyful welcome to this ancient cradle-land of Buddhism, made holy by the touch of the lotus feet of the TATHAGATA and by the residence of many holy Arahats in different centuries. We offer our homage to the last independent reigning Buddhist sovereign and pray Your Majesty to grant the blessing of your sympathy and kind aid in the work for the revival and purification of Buddhism in this Island, which we have been carrying

on these past thirty-five years with encouraging success.

All Buddhist nations honour Your Majesty for your memorable and most praiseworthy work, of publishing the Tripitakas in thirty-nine bound volumes; thus protecting the Siamese version from every evil chance and accident, and giving the best proof of your interest in Pali literature. The Sinhalese have had the further striking proofs of Your [159] Majesty's kindness, in your gifts for religious education and the restoration of an ancient Dagoba at Anuradhapura.

From Ceylon the Arya-Dharma of the BUDDHA was extended to Siam and Burma, and in our time of political upheaval and religious distress Siam repaid her debt of gratitude by sending us her most learned and pious bhikshus to help to restore our religion and revive the courage and the efforts of our scattered priesthood. At another time we received like sisterly aid from Burma. So our three nations are linked together by the strongest and purest of international ties —that of a common religious interest. They are, in fact, three sisters who have kept pure the primitive teachings of BUDDHA, as finally fixed and defined by the Vaisali Council of the Emperor Dharmasoka. But, while through political changes, Ceylon and Burma have been deprived of the Royal Protectors of their Sanghas, Siam is still in possession of this inestimable blessing; while their Sangharajas have lost their proper authority over their Sanghas, happier Siam has still her Ecclesiastical Council in unweakened authority, and with the help of her Gracious Sovereign, can enforce discipline and guard the people against the evils of scepticism and disunion. The visit of Your Most Gracious Majesty would be forever memorable in Ceylon history if it should result in a unification of the Buddhists of [160] the three sister nations under one international Ecclesiastical Council with Your Majesty's august patronage and protection. This would be a far more noble monument to your memory than any that could be built by us. The General Committee, your humble memorialists, speaking on behalf of the Sinhalese Buddhists, pray Your Majesty to give this serious questien the consideration which its importance deserves, and to earn the eternal gratitude of our people by co-operating with our best bhikshus and dayakyas in perfecting a plan for its realisation. We are founding many schools for the education of our children under Buddhistic auspices, publishing books and journals, and encouraging the spread and deepening of the religious spirit among us. But without the loving help and sympathy of our co-religionists of Siam and Burma, we find the way obstructed by many difficulties that might be removed if the three nations were closely united in the common work.

As humble gifts, we offer Your Majesty two copies of this flag, the proper Universal Symbol of Buddhism, as its colors are the six bright rays—the Buddharansi—which streamed from the Body of the TATHAGATA with extreme splendour when he became BUDDHA and when he passed into Parinirvana. As the Cross is the common symbol for all Christians, so this Flag of the Six Rays, will [161] serve as the non-political, most appropriate symbol of all Buddhist schools, sects and nations. Beginning in Ceylon, it has spread to Japan and Burma, where it is flown on temples and houses on the day of Vesâkha Punnâmi, and is carried in religious processions with other religious flags and with the royal insignia. We pray Your Majesty to graciously consent to its adoption and protection in Siam as the Buddhist flag, so that the three nations may, on the days of religious observance and national holiday, march and worship under the same emblem of the Founder of their religion.

It is our desire and intention to further keep alive the memory of Your Majesty's first visit to Ceylon, by founding and endowing an Orphanage for parentless Buddhist children and, with permission, calling it by Your Majesty's Royal name.

Invoking upon Your Most Gracious Majesty the blessing of the Tri-Ratna, and a long, a happy, and a glorious reign;

We are, Sire, Your Most Gracious Majesty's co-religionists and obedient, humble servants.

The Ceylon authorities had received orders from the Home Government to show His Majesty every courtesy and so the task of the Buddhist Committee was comparatively easy. The authorities had the spacious landing jetty splendidly decorated with flags and greenery, and also the inclined pathway [162] which mounted up to the street level. At this point was erected a spacious pandal (shed) where the Buddhist Committee as laymen, were to receive the King while distinguished priests would also be present and welcome him by reciting the well known Jayamangala Gâtha. Naturally, these preparations involved a good deal of running about, committee meetings, and visits to the Government officials and the Siamese Ambassador and Siamese Consul. At last all preparations were completed and we were ready for our distinguished visitor.

The Royal yacht cast anchor in the harbor at daybreak on the 20th April, receiving the customary salute. His Majesty landed at ten o'clock, was greeted by the highest officials, and escorted up the inclined way to the Buddhist

pavilion where the Committee offered their respects. I was posted just at the head of the inclined way and made him my best bow. He stopped, looked inquiringly at me and asked my name. When I mentioned it his face suddenly lighted up and he said in a most friendly tone: “Are you that man? Oh, I know you very well as a friend of Buddhism. I am glad to see you.” He then extended his hand and gave mine a warm grasp. With his permission I then presented the members of the Committee and introduced him to Sumangala and the other High Priests. He then went to [163] a small altar which had been prepared at the request of his Ambassador, and made reverence to the image of the Buddha; lighting some small yellow wax candles and sticks of incense, which he received from the hands of one of his suite. Having lighted the candles and incense-sticks he then, with folded hands in the usual way, recited a Pali sloka (or Gâtha, as it is called in Buddhism). He took from me a garland on behalf of the Committee, which in their name I put over his neck, while the Hon’ble Mr. Ramanathan, on behalf of the Hindu community, showered flowers and rice over him; he listened and replied to two addresses, received the tilak and a garland from Mr. Coomara Swamy, the Brahman of the Hindu temple, and acknowledged the cheers of the multitude, evidently most sincerely friendly. He then drove to Queen’s House under escort, where he gave audience; his time being mostly taken up by deputations of monks from many different temples.

The next morning he left Colombo for Kandy to pay a visit to the temple and see the Tooth Relic. At the station he gave me another proof of his goodwill by crossing over to where I stood and shaking me cordially by the hand. The Kandy visit had very unfortunate results, for the treatment he received in the tower where [164] this world-famed object is kept, under the protection of four locks, of which the keys are kept by the Government Agent—the Devanilami, a Kandyan noble, who is the hereditary custodian of the precious object—and by the High Priests of the two Royal monasteries at Kandy, above referred to, was most unpleasant. In Volume II of Old Diary Leaves,[16] give a full account of the Relic and its most romantic history, so I need not repeat the details; suffice it to say that it is about the size of an alligator’s tooth and bears no resemblance whatever to any tooth that ever grew in the jaw of an animal or man. It is slightly curved, about two inches in length and nearly one in breadth at the base and rounded at the extremity. An exact duplicate of it, painted to resemble the original and mounted on a gold wire which springs from the heart of a silver lotus flower, which came into my possession several years ago under very peculiar

circumstances, may be seen in the curiocase in the Adyar Library. Dr. Gerson Da Cunha tells the whole story about the Tooth,[17] and the destruction of the original by the Archbishop of Goa, under the mandate of the local representatives of the Holy Inquisition, who forbade the Viceroy, [165] D. Constantia de Braganca, to accept a fabulously great sum—no less than 400,000 cruzados—a coin worth 2s.9d.—offered by the King of Pegu as its ransom. The story is that they ordered it to be destroyed. So the Archbishop, in their presence and that of the high officers of State, pulverized it in a mortar, threw the powder into a lighted brazier kept ready, and then the ashes and charcoal together were scattered into the running river, in sight of a multitude "who were crowding the verandas and windows which looked upon the water." Dr. Da Cunha is very sarcastic in his reflections upon this act of vandalism. He says: "If there ever was a point where the two extremes met it was this. The burning of a tooth for the glory of the Almighty was the point of contact between the sublime and the ridiculous."

Bigoted and ignorant Buddhists account for the size of the alleged tooth by saying that in the days of the Buddha "human beings were giants and their teeth kept pace, so to speak, with their larger stature." Which, of course, is all nonsense. It is asserted that the present object of adoration was made out of a piece of deer's horn by King Vikrama Bahu, in 1566, to replace the original, burnt by the Portuguese in 1560. Other Buddhists believe that this is really a substitute only, that the real tooth is concealed in a sure place, and that a substitute [166] was what fell into the hands of the Portuguese. However, visitors to our Library can see for themselves what the Kandyan relic really looks like and form their own opinions. It will be remembered that as a mark of the very highest respect the tooth was shown to H.P.B. and myself during our visit to Kandy in 1880. His Majesty, the King of Siam, was naturally anxious to see so far-famed a Buddhist relic, and when he was admitted to the room in the Dalada Maligawa, wanted to take the Relic in his hands, but two Kandyan aristocrats, with the worst possible taste and ignorant fatuity, protested, although the King's brother, Prince Damrong, and even the Christian Czarewitch (the present Czar) had been allowed to handle it on the occasion of their visits to Kandy. The King was naturally indignant at so palpable an affront and left the temple; he returned the presents that had been made to him by different High Priests and came back to Colombo.

Of course the Committee met him at the Railway Station, where he once more greeted me with entire cordiality. He disappointed two great crowds that

had gathered according to programme at the Maligakanda and Kuppyavatte temples, bade farewell to the Government officials, and re-embarked on the Royal yacht, which sailed that day. With the rest of the Buddhist Committee I saw him off [167] at the jetty. As we were aligned at the opposite side of the platform, not wishing to thrust ourselves forward, as soon as he caught sight of me he crossed over, gave me a parting handshake, and desired me to express his thanks to the Buddhist community for the pleasure which he had derived from their kind, popular welcome.

One incident which occurred during our brief intercourse gave me real pleasure. Learning that his Private Secretary, Phrayah Srisdi, was buying watches, scarf-pins, rings and other articles of jewellery, to be given as presents to those who had been active in organizing his welcome, I went to Queen's House and informed that gentleman that I should not accept any such souvenir, as my interest in His Majesty was not caused by his being a King, but because he was the only remaining Buddhist sovereign: I had received all the benefit I could have desired in having been able to testify my respect on the occasion. "But," said the Secretary, "if His Majesty wishes to make you such a present what would you do?" I told him that if it was forced upon me in such a way that I could not, without breach of good-manners refuse, I should certainly give it away to somebody after His Majesty's departure. It is more than likely that he told this to the King, for on that day, before leaving Queen's House for the jetty, he sent me a [168] full-length photographic portrait of himself in full uniform, signed with his name and with my name and the date written beneath. It hangs on the wall in my private office. In it he appears as a well-formed, refined and soldierly-looking man, with a high-bred face and an expression of calm dignity. He stands there with his hands leaning upon his sword and his breast covered with jewelled orders.

When the news of the Kandyan incident got to Colombo and spread among the masses, there was an outburst of indignation against the stupid Kandyan aristocrats who had thus spoilt the harmony of His Majesty's visit. There was no possibility whatever of mistaking the genuineness of this feeling. The Committee at once organized a sub-committee, consisting of Mr. H. Don Carolis, Dr. Perera, of Perak, and myself, to go to Kandy, investigate the facts, and report to a public meeting which was called for Sunday the 2nd April at Maligakanda. We went there, took all available testimony, and fastened the responsibility upon the real culprit, the late Mr. T. B. Panabokke. At the mass meeting, the

Committee, in submitting their report, made the following points:

1. That Mr. Panabokke and no one else is guilty of the offensive remark at the Dalada Maligawa on the 21st instant, which so vexed His Majesty and caused him to change his benevolent [169] intentions with respect to gifts to our temples and Bhikshus.
2. That his refusal to allow His Majesty to hold the Relic and take away the ancient book to have it copied, were unauthorised by either the High Priests or his colleagues of the Special Committee of three who were clothed with the official functions of the Diwa Nilame for that occasion, and that he alone is responsible for all the unpleasant consequences which have ensued.
3. That his statement to the District Judge that he was but interpreting the wishes of the High Priests is contradicted by their signed declarations to the contrary, as well as by that of his fellow committee-man, Mr. Nugawela Ratemahatmeya.

(Signed) H. S. Olcott, D. B. Perera, and H. Don Carolis (Hevavitarana, Muhandiram).

The CHAIRMAN and Vice-Chairman addressed the meeting on the subjects to be considered. Mr. Dullewe Adigar made a long speech during which he strongly condemned the action of Mr. Panabokke in refusing the King his wish. He stated that the Tooth Relic had been handled both by Christians and Buddhists high in authority, and the only Buddhist King now living should have been allowed his wish. He submitted that the Buddhist community should condemn the action and submit the true state of affairs to His Majesty [170] the King. At the end of his speech he moved the following resolution: “Whereas the Buddhist community of Ceylon have been deeply pained by certain acts of disrespect offered to His Majesty the King of Siam, while visiting the Dalada Maligawa on the 21st April, and whereas an inquiry made into the facts by the Executive Committee charged by the Buddhist community to organise the reception of His Majesty on his arrival at Colombo, has resulted in proving beyond question that the responsibility for the said acts rests on Mr. T. B. Panabokke, President, Provincial Committee, Central Province, under the Buddhist Temporalities Ordinance, and upon no one else; now, therefore, be it resolved that the Buddhists of Ceylon protest against and condemn his conduct as discourteous, uncalled for, and wholly unwarranted.”

MR. SIMAN FERNNDO seconded the resolution. He also made a few

remarks condemning the action of Mr. Panabokke. The resolution was then put and was unanimously adopted. After a resolution warmly thanking the Executive Committee for their efficient services, the following resolution was, on motion of Mr. A. Perera and seconded by Mr. D. C. Pedris, unanimously and enthusiastically adopted: “That this mass meeting of the Buddhists of Ceylon do instruct their Chairman and Secretary [171] to forward copies of these resolutions and reports relating to the Tooth Relic incident to His Majesty, the King of Siam, through the proper channel, for his information, with the prayer that he will hold the Buddhists of Ceylon entirely innocent of blame in the matter and accept their unanimous declaration of personal respect and affection for himself and his royal house and of their love for the Siamese people, their co-religionists.”

Thus an incident, inexcusable in itself, toppled over the house of cards which Prince Prisdan and I had so carefully constructed in the matter of the proposed international brotherly union of three Buddhist nations, and which we had hoped to be able to bring about. Of course it did not affect the main question in the least but only the King’s momentary attitude towards the subject. When he parted with me on the jetty he said that he would give the question full consideration, at the same time adding, however, that it would be a very hard thing to accomplish. I ventured to call his attention to the fact that quite as difficult a thing had been successfully carried through in the foundation and happy culmination of the educational movement in Ceylon and that I was persuaded that it was possible to realize our scheme for international Buddhistic unity.

CHAPTER XI

WORK IN CEYLON

(1897)

THE King of Siam sailed away in his Royal yacht on the 22nd April, as above noted; but my connection with royalties was not yet ended: though His Majesty of Siam had gone I was now brought into close relations with an important representative of a far more powerful sovereign, the Czar of Russia.

When the Czarewitch made the tour of the world in the year 1891 he was accompanied by Prince Hespere Oukhtomsky, Gentleman of the Chamber of His Majesty the Emperor (Czar), who acted in the capacity of his Private Secretary. The Prince is one of the most highly educated men of Russia and a paramount authority on the subject of Lamaic philosophy. His family is one of the oldest and traces itself back to the time when it ruled over the whole Empire. His collection of books, images, pictures and the apparatus of religious worship [178] of the Northern Buddhists enjoys the reputation of being one of the richest and finest in the world. His studies, pursued for many years, have created in him a deep interest in the subject of Buddhism, and this community of taste drew us together in correspondence. His museum has since been acquired by the Russian Government, and later, in the year 1900, Brockhaus, of Leipzig, published a descriptive catalogue, which I mention because of an Introduction by Prince Oukhtomsky, himself, in which he speaks hopefully of the prospects of a friendly mutual understanding being created between the representatives of Northern and Southern Buddhism, as an outcome of my successful attempt to get them to unite in accepting the Fourteen Fundamental Propositions common to both divisions of the Buddhistic cult. The author of this learned monograph is Herr Alfred Grunwedel, Dr. Phil., and it is entitled: Mythologie des Buddhismus in Tibet under Mongolei.

Although it is out of the strict chronological sequence, I might as well quote a few sentences from the translation of the Introduction, kindly made for me by my friend Herr J. Van Manen, F. T. S., of Amsterdam, to show the kindly feeling

of the Prince for myself. He says: “The illustrious [sic] American, Colonel Olcott, as President of the Theosophical Society, has for years energetically followed [174] the plan of finding the links of the spiritual chain which binds together the countries in which Buddha is honoured as a God [sic]. He travelled over Asia, made himself acquainted with the leading native Priests, and then composed a kind of creed for the Buddhists of the whole world. All things unessential and conventional, all things narrowly national and purely casual therein, were put aside.... In Japan, Burma, Chittagong and Ceylon, Colonel Olcott’s platform of the Fourteen Fundamental Propositions has already been accepted. It remains to be seen how far Colonel Olcott’s efforts in connection with the solidification of the spiritual ties between the Buddhist peoples in Indo-China, in Central China, in Korea, and in Tibet will work. As far as I could find out in conversation with the Indo-Chinese Laos they are Buddhists, but probably stand nearer to Lamaism than to the Sinhalese or Siamese-Burmese form.” The Prince goes on to say: “The connection of the followers of Sakyamuni in Ceylon with their fellow-religionists in the Far East has been existing since the most ancient times. The relation existed not only by sea but also by land. Many Sinhalese went on pilgrimage across the Himalayas to China... The middle-ages strengthened this consciousness of the inner oneness between the countries, politically strange to each other, in which the worship of Buddha flourished. What holds good for [175] Tibet also holds good for Mongolia, for our Buriats and Kalmuks; the ideas of the convinced co-workers of the deceased Madame Blavatsky find sympathy and attention also there. The moment is now not distant when the Buddhist world in its manifold subdivisions will wake from its dream and link itself together as one organic whole.”

Undoubtedly there was intercourse between the Indian Buddhists and the people of different countries; in fact, we know that the missionary parties sent out by the Emperor Asoka went to fourteen Indian nations outside the boundaries of India and to five Greek kings; it also appears from Sinhalese records that five of Asoka’s monks carried the religion to the five divisions of China. But I need not dwell upon these details as all the facts are given in the latest (40th) edition of the Buddhist Catechism. The international relations between Northern and Southern Buddhists have not been kept up and for this very reason the Buddhists of Japan sent their now historical committee to invite me to come to that country and explain the foundations of the religion; moreover, the High Priest Sumangala, in the Samskrit letter of credence which he sent by me to the Japanese High Priests, specially mentions the fact of the

non-intercourse between the North and the South and the great necessity for its establishment. I cannot leave the subject without entering [176] my protest against the Prince's statement that the Buddha is "honoured as a God", for he is not by those who know the bases of their religion.

The foregoing is but preliminary to the meeting between the Prince and myself, at Colombo, on the 23rd April, 1897, and will show the absolutely non-political character of our mutual relations. He was almost as deeply interested in the study of Buddhism as I, myself, and our meeting at Colombo on this occasion was the result of a request of his to that effect in a letter received by me from him some weeks before. As fortune would have it, my presence at Colombo in connection with the visit of His Majesty, the King of Siam, made it very easy for me to comply with his request. He arrived on a German mail steamer, in company with Prince Wolkonsky and two other gentlemen of his suite. As no hour was fixed for the arrival of the steamer, there was, naturally, no exact appointment for our meeting, so I just sent a note by the pilot-boat asking him to be pleased to wait on board until I should arrive; this he did, but his associates went ashore with the Russian Consul. His greeting to me was most cordial and at once prepossessed me in his favor. He had all that high-bred courtesy, ease of manner, and social polish which is so marked among the Russian nobility. He told me that he was on his way to China as a special [177] ambassador to the Emperor, with an autograph letter from his master and numberless cases of costly presents down in the steamer's hold. It being none of my business, of course, I asked him no further questions as to the object of his mission, but proceeded to arrange for our getting ashore.

Among the boats that encircled the ship were those curious dug-out canoes with outriggers, that are peculiar to Ceylon. I pointed to one and asked him if he had ever had the experience of riding in such a craft, and whether he would like, for the joke of it, to discard my boat and take one of these to the jetty. He said he should be delighted with the novelty of the-experience, one that would never have fallen in his way but for my happy suggestion. So we called the canoe, got in, and with great precautions adjusted the disposition of our feet to suit the exigencies of the small space left for that purpose in the hollowing out of the log. There being no keel nor centreboard, the outrigger is indispensable to prevent the upsetting of the craft. When the small sail is full, one of the crew has to sit out on the outrigger to counterbalance its pull; in a strong breeze two men are needed, and that is what is called a "two-man breeze". As neither of us had

sailed in such a contrivance before, we were equally delighted with the experience, and laughed like boys all the way to the jetty. As the steamer [178] was only to remain at Colombo until the next morning there was no time to waste; so I spent the whole day with the Prince, taking him to the Kotahena Temple, to see Prince Jinawarawansa, to Mrs. Higgins' Musæus, and the Sanghamitta Girls' schools, and to call on the High Priest, Sumangala, with whom the Prince had a most interesting conference, through a Sinhalese interpreter. In the middle of the day we took train to Mount Lavinia where we had one of those delicious fish dinners for which the local hotel is so famous. Towards evening I accompanied him to the ship and was introduced to his travelling companions. The meeting with Prince Wolkonsky was particularly gratifying to me because H. P. B. and I, in 1884, at Lady Caithness' palace at Nice, got intimately acquainted with his aunt, a most charming lady, who was one of the distinguished party who joined our Society during our stay there and who were deeply interested in Theosophy. She was one of the three ladies mentioned in], Volume III, p. 85, whom at H. P. B.'s request I psychopathically cured of serious diseases: one having the stubborn remnant of a stroke of hemiplegia of twelve years standing, which impeded the free use of her left hand and left foot: within a half-hour I freed both limbs from their bonds. The second, a Countess and a cousin of [179] H. P. B.'s, whom she had not met from childhood, was extremely deaf but within fifteen minutes I made her able to hear ordinary conversation, and she came back from a concert later in the evening enchanted beyond measure with her restored sense of hearing. The third lady I relieved from some minor spinal trouble.

At parting, Prince Oukhtomsky expressed to me his great delight with all that he had heard and seen during the day, and carried away with him several unique images and other Buddhistic curios, given him by Sumangala and by the Prince-priest, Jinawarawansa. He was so pleased with the Musæus and Sanghamitta Girls' Schools that he made them generous donations, while to me he gave his photograph and, the most valuable thing he had to offer, his friendship.

If I am not mistaken, it was his intention to revisit the Buddhist Lamaseries of Mongolia before [from his Chinese mission; at any rate, he gave me a cordial invitation to make the grand tour with him and personally discuss with the chief priests, the resemblances and differences between Northern and Southern Buddhism. He has translated into the Russian language my Fourteen Fundamental Propositions, and assures me that they have all been approved by the Mongolian and Tibetan Buddhist scholars; their only objection [180] having

been to Proposition IV which says: “The fourth Teacher in the present, Kalpa was Sakya Muni or Gautama Buddha, who was born in a royal family in India about 2,500 years ago. He is an historical personage and his name was Siddartha Gautama.”

They have an idea that Sakya Muni figured on earth many thousand years before the sixth century B. C.: a belief that I cannot understand, since all the Buddhist scriptures about which I know anything agree as to the correct date. In mentioning this discrepancy elsewhere, I have tentatively offered the suggestion that they may possibly have confused the date of Buddha Gautama with that of his next immediate predecessor in the Buddhist tradition.

If he was pleased with our day’s outing, I am sure that I was, for the making of so distinguished an acquaintance was one of the greatest intellectual treats that I have enjoyed.

While I was at Colombo the Spiritualist author and lecturer, Dr. Peebles, arrived there on one of his round-the-world tours, and as we were old acquaintances, I put him in the way of seeing some things which would not normally come under the notice of globe-trotters. Among other incidents was a visit to an interior village, named Walpolla, in the jungle back of the village of Rambakkana, where it had been arranged that I [181] should lecture to delegates from several villages of very low caste people, something like the Indian Pariahs. Although there is no caste in Buddhism, yet, all the same, the Indian dynasties who have ruled Ceylon have left behind them marked social distinctions, and in the hill country the Kandyan aristocracy have treated the laboring classes with as much harshness and injustice as though they had been their slaves. The people in the district to which I was going had been taught next to nothing about Buddhism, and since they were made by the aristocrats to feel themselves the vilest of the vile, they fell a natural prey to proselyting agents of the Salvation Army, who told them that if they would drop this accursed Buddhism and come into Christianity, they would be free men and could look anybody in the face. It was to open their eyes to the truth that I was asked to go to this obscure hamlet in the heart of the forest.

Accordingly I left Colombo on the sixteenth of April, in the early morning, with my old colleague and friend, C. P. Goonewardene, as interpreter, a Buddhist priest to hold the service, and the indefatigable Bob Appu, my old servant, for Rakwana: Dr. Peebles, coming from Kandy, met us there and went on with us. The poor people had sent as transport one big elephant, one half-grown one, and

an ox-cart, without springs and apparently [182] constructed with a view to pulverizing the bones of unfortunate travellers. As Dr. Peebles had never had an elephant ride except as a boy at the circus, he gleefully accepted my benevolent offer to let him ride the big beast; without howdah or pad, be it said. Although experience had prepared me for the terrors of the ox-cart, I preferred to face them rather than the risk of being swept off the big elephant's back by a bough of some one of the many trees of the forest that we would have to pass under. This, however, I did not mention to Dr. Peebles, for I thought that it might do him good if his pride should have a fall. He having mounted by a short ladder to the back of the kneeling elephant, and been nearly flung off when the beast rose to its feet, we entered the forest. Dr. Peebles had on, I remember, white trousers, and although his legs were long they were not long enough to bestraddle the elephant's broad back; so, perforce, they stuck out straight athwartship, and I was nearly convulsed with laughter to see him clutching at the back of the guide who sat in front of him, and trying to balance himself so as to adjust himself to the elephant's stride. As to myself, there was not a bone in my body that did not feel as if it had been passed through a threshing-machine. When we reached our destination it was as much as Dr. Peebles could do to get down to terra firma, [183] and then his white "continuations", after serving as a clean towel to wipe the elephant's dusty back, were more like a crash roller that has hung all day in a machine-shop for the use of the men, than anything else that I can recall. As for his body he said that he felt as if "there would have been two of him if we had gone much farther!" A large audience had assembled to hear my lecture, which I gave after the Buddhist priest with us had given the Pancha Sila (the Five precepts). It was a beautiful landscape that spread out before us, one of broad stretches of emerald green fields, majestic forests, and encircling hills. I placed my back towards the wall of the monastic building that stood there and the people sat cross-legged on the ground in many hundreds. Of course the theme of my discourse was an indignant protest against the treatment which these hard-working peasants have received from the Kandyan higher classes on account of caste. I gave them to understand as distinctly as possible that, not only was Buddhism free of caste distinctions but that the Lord Buddha, himself, had denounced it as an unnatural and unwarrantable social injustice. I quoted to them things that he had said in various sermons, or sutras, among others, those known as the Vâsala and Brahmajála, wherein he says that it is not birth that makes a man a Brahman or a Pariah, but the [184] actions of the person. "By deeds," says he in the Vâsala Sutra, "one becomes an outcaste, by deeds one becomes a

Brahman.” I illustrated the principle also by telling them the story of Prakriti, a girl of the Matanja, or Pariah, or Chandala caste, from whom Ananda, the great disciple of the Buddha, took water at a roadside well. Passing along in the heat of the day and feeling thirsty, he asked the girl to give him water to drink. She said that she dare not do it because she was of such a low caste that he, a high-caste man, would become contaminated by taking water from her hands. But Ananda replied: “I asked not for caste but for water, my sister”; and the Matanja girl’s heart was glad and she gave him to drink. The Buddha blest her for it. I told them, moreover, that in that very sermon, the Vâsala Sutra, the Buddha told the Brahmana Aggikabharadvája, who had sought to insult him by calling him an outcaste, that a certain chandala of the Sopaka caste, had become a Buddhist monk and attained to such a glorious renown “as was very difficult to obtain”, and many Kshattriyas and Brahmanas had rendered their personal services to him; whereas there were many Brahmanas born in the highest families who “are continually caught in sinful deeds and are to be blamed in this world, while in the coming (world) hell (awaits them); birth [185] does not save them from hell nor from blame.” I then called up the acknowledged headman of the outcastes and, through the interpreter, asked him to bring me a drink of water. I took it, held it up before the people, and said: “I drink this water as a Buddhist who protests against the falsehoods that have been spread among you about our religion. “

There were no more conversions made by the Salvation Army in that village, and I never saw an audience in Ceylon hang more attentively upon the lips of a public speaker than they did upon those of the Buddhist priest who had come with me and who preached to them after I had done. At their request he stopped with them some days and held religious services day and night.

It goes without saying that the carrying on of a great educational movement like ours in Ceylon and the supervision and management of some three hundred schools and three colleges involves no end of labor and large pecuniary expenses. The Sinhalese, as I have explained before, are poor and might well be excused for not denying themselves, as they have been doing since the movement began in 1880; yet they have gone on making constant sacrifices of luxuries, and sometimes even of comforts, to contribute towards the maintenance of the movement, while without pay or hope of any [186] material benefit whatever, they have given ungrudgingly their best services in time and labor. The costs of the movement have been met in different ways; largely by the profits earned by our successful Sinhalese semi-weekly journal, the Sandaresa; some money has

come from proceeds of annual fancy fairs; much from Government Grant-in-aid; the rest by individual subscriptions. During this visit of 1897 it occurred to me that a more than ample revenue could be derived by the voluntary imposition upon themselves of a monthly tax of one cent (one hundredth of a rupee, or one-sixth of a penny, or one-twelfth of an American cent) per capita for each man, woman and child of the Sinhalese Buddhist population. With the Sandaresa circulating throughout the whole Island and the petty postal employees and villagers all friendly, it seemed to me possible to organize an agency system for the collection and forwarding to the Central Committee at Colombo of this tax, so as to have a stream of money constantly coming in; much more than would be required to put a Buddhist school in every Ceylon village. The plan commended itself to my principal colleagues, and some small show of a beginning was made; but the novelty of the scheme rather dampened popular enthusiasm, and it soon became self-evident that it could never succeed [187] unless I, myself, or someone equally in their confidence, should remain in the Island and organize the movement. This I had to refuse, as I had already refused the similar request of the Japanese in 1889, that I should take up residence in their country and develop a great Buddhist movement under the auspices of our Society. Well, at any rate, I have thrown out the suggestion and perhaps it may be taken up by my successor.

CHAPTER XII

KRAKATOA CATASTROPHE

(1897)

ALL business being finished satisfactorily, I left Ceylon on the 3rd of May and reached home on the 5th. Dr. Peebles was there and my Hawaiian friend, to whom I was able to give striking proof of the reality of Madame Mongruel's clairvoyant powers. Sometime previously, wishing to get information as to the causes of his father's illness, he had given me a scrap of his writing to send to the great seeress as an experiment to test her psychical gifts. A letter from her, returning the specimen with a diagnosis, was awaiting me at Adyar on my return. K. was perfectly astonished at her revelations, the genuineness of which he unreservedly endorsed and which struck him as being the more wonderful because there was no indication whatever either in his father's writing or in what I wrote her about it, to give her any clue even as to his sex. The next evening, when we were all sitting out in the moonlight on the terrace I got the hoary [189] "Pilgrim" Peebles, to show the company how they used to dance and prance around at Spiritualistic séances when Indian "guides" controlled mediums. Those who have only known him as a combative sage and propagandist of Spiritualism would have surely shared our merriment at seeing him bouncing about in quasi-elephantine gambols more or less resembling the original.

The next afternoon I presided at the formal opening of the new building erected by our printers, Messrs. Thompson & Co. On the 8th the masons began building in our Convention Hall pilasters to support the steel girders that were to bear the new roof that had been planned. In the afternoon the sixth anniversary of White Lotus Day was celebrated, speeches being made by Dr. Peebles, Dr. English, Mr. Knudsen, myself and others. This being the hot season, the thermometer was standing at 106° F. and perforce I was driven to working out of doors under shelter. It seems that to avoid the excessive heat, I did what many Government officials and judges of the Court do, I worked from day-break on for three or four hours, rested in the heat of the day, and resumed work in the

evening. On the 9th—this may be another surprise for the friends of Dr. Peebles—he took from me, at his own request, the Five Precepts which make a man a Buddhist, and which, under a commission from [190] Sumangala and the Kandyan High Priests, I am empowered to administer to such as wish to enter into Buddhism.

The state of our movement in Australasia since the death of the beloved General Secretary, Mr. Staples, did not suit me and I felt a strong impulse to go there and look over the ground; Miss Edger was making a tour among the Australasian Branches and I thought that my presence might help her. I, therefore, made up my mind to go, without waiting to get the views of my local colleagues. Accordingly, after writing two or three chapters of O. D. L. and arranging matters in general, I left for Colombo via Tuticorin and got there on the 16th May; on the 18th I sailed for Townsville in the SS. Duke of Westminster, the Captain of which proved to be one of the best sailors and most agreeable of men that I ever sailed under. Besides myself there were only four passengers, of whom one was a most charming, little boy baby. The South-East trades were blowing at the time and made the ship roll continually: but at least we were kept cool, which was a blessed relief after our thermometrical torment of the Indian Hot Season.

On the 25th, after having skirted the west coast of Sumatra, we were entering the Staits of Sunda, Bound for Batavia. On our way, on a smooth sea [191] and with brilliant sky overhead, we passed the site of Krakatoa which, in August, 1883, had been the locality of the most fearful volcanic explosion ‘in history’. As I stood on the deck looking at the sun-gilt, tranquil water and the three fragments of what had been a volcanic cone, from which leaped out a seismic force so resistless and appalling that it caused the death of, some say 50,000, some 100,000 human beings, it was hard to believe that any such catastrophe had occurred at this smiling spot.

The following rude diagram shows the position of the three remaining fragments of the island, and the asterisk the point of explosion. Though the Captain and passengers told me about the tragedy, I could not create in my mind an adequate picture of this appalling catastrophe. The water was too smooth, the golden light of the sun on it too brilliant, the surroundings too lovely to allow me to make the mental picture. So now, eight years later, the scene comes up before my memory all brilliant and lovely, not as it was on that day in August, 1883, when the pent-up forces down in the bosom of the ocean-bed tore away the

superincumbent masses of rock and made for themselves a passage into the outer air. In view of the details of the event, the press of the whole world occupied itself off and on [192] for several years in recording the facts so far as they could be arrived at, and in 1889 a report of a committee appointed by the British Royal Society to investigate the eruption and the subsequent phenomena, came as near to describing the tragical incidents as was possible. The reader who may not have access to a file of the Royal Society's Transactions will find extracts in the Encyclopædia Britannica (Art. Geology, XXVIII). It says:

"On 26th August, a succession of paroxysmal explosions began which lasted till the morning of the 28th, but of which the four most violent took place on the morning of the 27th. The whole of the northern and lower portion of the island of Krakatoa, lying within the original crater ring of prehistoric times, was blown away; the northern part of the cone of Rakata almost entirely disappeared, leaving a vertical cliff which laid bare the inner structure of that volcano. Instead of the volcanic island which had previously existed, and rose from 300 to 1,400 feet above the sea, there was now left a submarine cavity the bottom of which is here and there more than 1,000 feet below the sea-level.

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"So much was the sea filled up that a number of new islands rose above its level. But a vast body of the fine dust was carried far and wide by ærial currents, while the floating pumice was transported [193] for many hundreds of miles on the surface of the ocean. At Batavia, 100 miles from the centre of eruption, the sky was darkened by the quantity of ashes borne across it, and lamps had to be used in the houses at mid-day. The darkness even reached as far as Bandong, a distance of nearly 150 miles. It was computed that the column of stones, dust, and ashes projected from the volcano shot up into the air for a height of seventeen miles or more. The finer particles coming into the higher layers of the atmosphere were diffused over a large part of the surface of the earth, and showed their presence by the brilliant sunset glows to which they gave rise. It was computed that within the tropics they were at first borne along by air-currents at the rate of about seventy-three miles an hour from east to west until within a period of six weeks they were diffused over nearly the whole space between the latitudes 30° N. and 45° S. Eventually they spread northwards and southwards and were carried over North and South America, Europe, Asia, South Africa, and Australasia. In the Old World they spread from the north of Scandinavia to the Cape of Good Hope.

“The actual sounds of the volcanic explosions were heard over a vast area of the earth’s surface, especially towards the west. Thus they were noticed at Rodriguez, nearly 3,000 English miles away, at Bangkok in Siam (1,413 miles), in the [194] Philippine Islands (about 1,450 miles), in Ceylon (2,058 miles), and in West and South Australia (from 1,300 to 2,250 miles). On no other occasion have sound-waves ever been perceived at anything like the extreme distances to which the detonations of Krakatoa reached.

“Not less manifest and far more serious were the effects of the successive explosions of the volcano upon the waters of the ocean. A succession of waves were generated which appear to have been of two kinds, long waves with periods of more than an hour, and shorter but higher waves, with irregular and much briefer intervals. The greatest disturbance, probably resulting from a combination of both kinds of waves, reached a height of about 50 feet. The destruction caused by the rush of such a body of sea-water along the coasts and low islands was enormous. All vessels lying in harbour or near the shore were stranded, the towns, villages, and settlements close to the sea were either at once, or by successive inundations, entirely destroyed, and more than 36,000 human beings perished. The sea-waves travelled to vast distances from the centre of propagation. The long wave reached Cape Horn (7,818 geographical miles) and possibly the English channel (11,040 miles). The shorter waves reached Ceylon and perhaps Mauritius (2,900 miles).” [195] Fancy what must have been the sensations of the onlookers. Another account (New National Encyclopædia, Vol. II, Art. Krakatoa) amplifies the story as follows: “The sky presented the most terrible appearance, fierce flashes of lightning penetrating the dense masses of cloud over the island, clouds of black matter were rushing across the sky, rapidly recurring detonations like discharges of artillery, with a crackling noise in the atmosphere, were heard continuously, and large pieces of pumice, quite warm, rained down at a distance of ten miles. At a point 76 miles from Krakatoa the height of the black cloud projected from the volcano was estimated at 17 miles. At 40 miles distance this cloud looked like an immense wall with bursts of forked lightning at times like large serpents rushing through the air. Balls of fire (corpogants) rested on ships’ mastheads and on the extremities of the yard-arms. During the night the intense darkness was relieved by a ‘peculiar pinky flame’ which seemed to come from clouds and touch the ship, chains of fire seemed to be ascending from the volcano to the sky.”

The same Encyclopædia dwells upon one very beautiful effect of this

explosion, the exquisite new tints that were infused into the sunrises and sunsets. It says: [196] “The autumn of 1883 and the succeeding few months were noteworthy for the occurrence of brilliant phenomena in the western sky in every part of the globe, but especially in the Indian ocean and the South Pacific. Shortly after sunset a vivid red glow suffused the entire western sky, remaining for upwards of an hour, when it would slowly fade away. This strange sight was first noticed in India, where, it is said, the sun assumed a distinct greenish tinge on nearing the horizon. In the latitudes of N. Am. these red sunsets were of almost nightly occurrence for several months.”

All of us at Adyar can bear testimony to the greenish afterglow and to its great beauty as a new element in the color scheme. The delicacy of the tint was indescribable, it was, as it were, a sublimation of the hue of the emerald, such as one finds in rising to supramundane planes; to belong to what Mr. Leadbeater describes as a “higher octave of colour,” and reports of similar observations in nearly all parts of the world found their way into print. But now, if there had been standing beside me on the deck of the ship on that sunbright twenty-fifth day of May, 1897, a person with developed clairvoyant or psychometric sensitiveness, he would not have seen, as I did, a smooth pavement of seawater lying there between the remaining fragments of Krakatoa which still showed themselves above the [197] surface, and all traces of the eruption covered over with a sort of golden carpet of sunlight, but he would have seen and felt in the akashic records the eruption still going on; to him, the Titanic submarine forces would be still smashing the volcanic cone into bits and flinging them up into the air and then, later, scooping out in the bowels of the rock a basin so deep that a plummet with a line of two hundred fathoms would not touch bottom; to him, the explosions, louder than ten thousand cannon belching at once, would be heard sending out their waves of sound to travel a distance of 3,000 miles; to him, there would have been no sunlit or smiling water, but the black pall of darkness hiding the face of Nature to a distance of 150 miles. And what he would be seeing would be seen with equal vividness a thousand or ten thousand or uncountable thousands of years later, for, as Denton tells us, in his classical work, The Soul of Things, which, certainly, every Theosophist who would learn about the Astral Plane ought to read: “incredible as it may appear, all forces that operate upon bodies leave their impress upon them just as indelibly as the radiant forces. Or in other words, what we call insensible matter receives the impression of whatever force is applied to it, treasures it up and can impart it to a

sufficiently sensitive individual." In [198] another place he says: "This I have frequently observed in psychometric examinations; so that the examiner can frequently see what occurs millions of years ago better than if he had been on the spot at the time." In his three volumes he gives numerous reports of psychometric observation of volcanic explosions which occurred far back in the night of time. Here is onewhere the psychometer says: "I see a volcano in the water, and lots of hilly islands. One has sunk down. There is a little lake in the middle and a round island like a ring. The lava flows into the water; and the steam rushes up in clouds. I can barely see the fire. There is quite a high mountain in the water. It makes an awful noise,—worse than any thunder... Great red-hot rocks come down with a terrible splash." And these akashic pictures came before a boy-psychometer's interior vision when he placed a fragment of calciferous sandstone against his forehead, without the least knowledge as to what the hard fragment was: and this rock, remember, belongs to the lowest level of the Lower Silurian Era, that is to say, to a geological period millions of years back in time.[18]

But we have said enough about Krakatoa and its tragical memories, as we are due to arrive at Batavia in the morning and must be getting ready to go ashore.

CHAPTER XIII

AUSTRALIAN TOUR

(1897)

I WONDER how many people who have been to Amsterdam or known any of our dear Dutch colleagues, are aware that when the league between the States of the Netherlands was established on the 16th of May, 1795, the name "Batavian Republic" was given to the new organization and that it was derived from that of the Batavi, an ancient German people who inhabited a part of the present Holland, who were brave, particularly strong in cavalry, who fought and afterwards faithfully served the Romans. This is interesting to us because we can now see where our modern Dutchman derived some of the conspicuous traits of his character. It was therefore from the old country that the conquerors of Java and founders of Batavia, capital city of all their East Indian empire, took the name [200] that they gave to the city at which, at the end of our last chapter, we were getting ready to disembark.

The traveller is struck on arriving by the view of the great and roomy port, the superb anchorage, the numerous public buildings, palaces, naval stores, military hospital, theatre, the Society of Arts and Sciences, the different schools and the bustle of a huge commerce. The private houses, with their gardens and shade trees, their wide verandas and air of domestic comfort give an unmistakable oriental appearance to the town. The hotel at which I stopped on the 26th May, 1897[19], and which bears the appropriate title, Hôtel des Indes, offered a very agreeable contrast with our cramped quarters on shipboard. At the back of the house stretched a vast veranda paved with large marble tiles which gave an air of coolness that was most refreshing; in the compound near the house was a monster banyan tree, one of the largest I ever saw, whose umbrageous shade was peopled by a multitude of birds whose twitterings and love-calls made music [201] throughout the whole day. Under its shade an army of Chinese and Javanese pedlars spread their enticing wares on the ground and used all the arts of cajolery to secure our custom. The spacious grounds were carpeted with green lawns and

shade trees lined the walks. To the right and left stretched lines of guest-chambers giving on to brick-paved verandas, while now and again gallant little Timoor ponies came dashing up to the doors with their curious cabs filled with passengers. The spirited little beasts reminded me of the Shan ponies of Burma and it was a pleasure for any lover of horses to see them. I cannot say that the vehicles they drew were equally enticing, for the passengers had to sit back-to-back in jaunting-car fashion, all the time nursing the idea that they might be pitched out on the road when the ponies dashed around corners. I had the pleasure of making the personal acquaintance of the brother of Mrs. Campbell, F. T. S., of Soerabaya, who was good enough to show me some of the sights and see me safely aboard the steam launch that was to take us back to the ship. The ducking we got in transit is not a pleasant thing to recall, for it served as a sort of offset to the pleasant experiences of the day ashore.

We sailed the next morning for Semarang, our next Javan port of call and the port of the province of that name and lying about 280 miles east of [202] Batavia. A fellow-passenger, well acquainted with the history of Java, told me that in the island there were about twenty-five millions of natives and but about five thousand Dutch. From his account it would appear that the first Dutch Governor must have been a terrible despot who obtained his ends by the unflinching use of cruelty. He offset his national stubbornness against the soft, sensual mildness of the Javanese. A story was told me to this effect. A broad, well-graded carriage road, necessary for military purposes, was wanted between two distant points. The chiefs were assembled and the situation explained to them. With oriental inertness they declared it impossible, for reasons stated. Thereupon the Governor, rising from his chair and looking at them with a Medusa-like countenance, said: “This carriage road is wanted within one month; it can be made; it shall be made; if it is not ready by the time specified I shall hang the chiefs.” He did hang them. The road was then finished in a hurry.

We reached Semarang the next morning and anchored in the roads all that day and the following night. We then moved on to Soerabaya and anchored at the mouth of the river, distant twenty-one miles from the town, which we could not visit, much to my regret, for I had anticipated the delight of seeing my friends, the Campbells. At 4 p.m. the [203] same day we weighed anchor and sailed for Thursday Island, a stretch of six full days. On the morning after leaving Soerabaya we passed the Peak of Lombok, on the island known to outsiders under the same name but by the natives called Sassak: it is one of the Lesser

Sunda islands, in the East Indian Archipelago. Since I passed that way the island has been placed under the direct government of the Dutch, the people being, however, left in the undisturbed exercise of their own laws, religions, customs and institutions.

The peak we saw is one of the southern chain of mountains which traverse the island; that is, I suppose so, for I was told that it was not more than 4,000 feet high, whereas the real Peak of Lombok towers to a height of 11,810 feet and is one of the highest volcanoes in the Archipelago. With the accompaniment of fine weather, varied on the sixth day by head winds which made us ship water at the bow and sent sheets of spray dashing across the upper deck, we reached Thursday Island, that surviving link between us and the sunken Lemuria, on the afternoon of the fifth of June. The ship came to an anchor four miles from the town and none of the passengers went ashore. By the courtesy of the Company's local agent I was enabled to telegraph my coming arrival to our Queensland Branches and the Sydney Headquarters; [204] this being their first intimation of my intended tour of observation. On Sunday, the 6th (June) we went through the Albany Pass of Torres Straits, seeing the pearling fleet at work on their fishing grounds.

According to the Encyclopædia Britannica this fishery has, for over twenty-five years, given a magnificent return on the capital invested. Pearls of great value are occasionally obtained, and the shells realize from £100 to 150 per ton in London. As an instance of the value of this industry, it may be stated that in 1898, £100,000 worth of shells were exported to London, bringing in a revenue of £1,100 to Government, the shells having been to a great extent collected off the shallow reefs; diving is now prosecuted in deep water of twenty-five fathoms, causing frequent and fatal accidents to divers engaged. This is not to be wondered at since in the waters throng voracious fishes, such as sharks of all varieties, gigantic sword-fish and sawfish, and immense stinging rays.

As the well-informed reader knows, this sheet of water stretches between New Guinea and Australia and is so crowded with islets and reefs as to make its navigation very dangerous. It was discovered in 1606 by the Portuguese navigator, Luis de Torres, whose name it bears. Moving on towards Cooktown we encountered strong headwinds and [205] were not at all sorry to reach the shelter of the Cooktown harbor on the 8th. After discharging some cargo we started again, reached Cairns, discharged cargo and resumed our voyage early that afternoon. The Company's agent, who came aboard, got himself introduced

to me and in conversation expressed his interest in Theosophy. The next day we reached Townsville at 5-30 p.m.--the end of my projected sea trip. I disembarked, went to the Criterion Hotel and, with the old journalistic instinct, paid a visit to the editor of the Bulletin to get his opinion about the chances of my having an audience at a lecture on Theosophy. It will be remembered that none of our people had been forewarned of my visit and so, of course, no preparations whatever had been made for my reception: moreover, our movement had not spread so far north. My editorial friend gave me so discouraging a forecast that I had serious doubts as to the advisability of my beginning a lecturing campaign at that point, and this opinion being strengthened by a jeweller who was himself very interested, I gave up the idea, took my luggage back to the ship, slept aboard and booked my passage for Rockhampton, which port we reached on the 13th, after passing on the way Bowen and Mackay. To reach Rockhampton we had to ascend the river forty-five miles. My telegram from Thursday Island [206] having been misread, Mr. Will. Irwin, President of our local Branch, did not meet me, so I took a cab to his house and was given a most cordial welcome by himself, his wife and two daughters.

The next day was devoted to visits to our members and others. Coming from tropical Madras I found the temperature cold and the air biting at 47° F. As Miss Edger was making a tour just then in Queensland, it was manifestly the best course for us to meet and arrange the combining of the two tours in one, so we exchanged telegrams and appointed a meeting at Rockhampton. She arrived on the 17th June at 10 p.m. and was met at the landing by some of our leading members and myself. The projected agreement was made between us the next day, and the campaign was opened that evening with a lecture by myself on “TheTheosophical Society, Its Aims and Its Success.” We held a joint reception and question meeting the next evening at the house of Mr. Greenish, President of the Branch. On the 20th Miss Edger lectured at the School of Arts on “Reincarnation”, doing, as she always does, full justice to the subject. The 21st was a holiday to celebrate the Queen’s Record Reign Jubilee, and at 10-30 p.m. we two embarked on the steamer Burwah for Maryborough. We reached that place after a most comfortable voyage, [207] at midnight on the 22nd and put up at the Custom House Hotel. The next day, however, we accepted a most cordial invitation to become the guests of Mr. and Mrs. F. J. Charlton, who did everything in their power to make us comfortable and happy.

On the 24th Miss Edger and I left by train for Bundaberg and reached there in

three hours: Miss Edger becoming the guest of our colleague, Mrs. Nicoll, a kind, liberal woman, and I, of Mr. J. E. Turner, a wealthy drygoods merchant, who was as well provided with children as with the means to support them. A drive to the famous Mon Repos sugar works and plantation, which we found thoroughly well-appointed and successful, occupied a good part of the next day. There was a lecture at the theatre on the 27th evening by myself on the "History of the Theosophical Society", and the next day, returning to Maryborough, the same lecture was given at the Town Hall. On Tuesday, the 29th, I presided at a lecture by Miss Edger in defence of Theosophy against an ill-natured attack on it by a local Presbyterian clergyman, who evidently believed there would not be room in heaven for his party and ours.

Miss Edger having been relieved of the responsibility of the General Secretaryship of our New Zealand Section and being free to work where she might choose, it occurred to me that it would be a [208] great advantage to the Australasian Section if the Executive Committee should induce her to take the appointment of Travelling Inspector of Branches, and at a meeting of the Maryborough Branch on the evening of the 30th June the matter was broached and a unanimous vote of approval recorded. Not every one who has the privilege of Miss Edger's acquaintance is aware of her claim to our respect by reason of her brilliant scholarship. Her sister was the first and she the second lady to take the degree of B.A. at the New Zealand University. Miss Edger won a Junior Scholarship (Latin, Mathematics, History and French) in 1878; a Senior Scholarship (Mathematics) in 1879; another one (English) in 1880; graduated B.A. in 1880, and M.A. in Arts, with Honors (Latin Language and English Literature) in 1881.

On the 2nd July she and I left by train for Brisbane, reached there at 6 p.m. and were given a reception by the local Branch. My old friend, Mr. Justice Paul, with whom I have been on cordial terms since my tour of 1891, made me an honorary member of the Johnsonian Club, at which I was enabled to make the acquaintance of all the cleverest men in. town. Old readers of this magazine[20] will recall the circumstances of my visit [209] to Australia in 1891 to inquire into the facts relating to the bequest to myself as P. T. S. of his whole estate by the late Carl H. Hartmann, of Toowoomba; of my refusal to accept the legacy because of its injustice to the family of the deceased; and of my appointment of Mr. Justice Paul as my personal attorney, with instructions to transfer the property to the natural heirs as soon as they could agree in the choice of

somebody who should act for them collectively to take title and dispose of the estate according to their wishes. In previous allusions to this case I have mentioned the fact that owing to legal impediments I was not able to strip myself of the property until after the lapse of nearly six years: in fact, the transfer had only been made a short while before my present visit of 1897. The full particulars I learned on visiting the office of Mr. Macpherson, and he and Judge Paul sent to my hotel the subjoined notes, which have their place in a candid narrative of this sort, which aims to exhibit to the reader not only the details of the Society's history but also the motives which actuate its responsible officers. I venture to say that there are few large societies like ours which would applaud and warmly endorse the action of their President which deprived them of a legacy of [210] £5,000 because it connoted injustice. The notes of Judge Paul and Mr. Macpherson were worded as follows:

BRISBANE, 6th July 1897. COL. H. S. OLCOTT,

President, Theosophical Society. DEAR SIR,

I have great pleasure in informing you that by your directions (contained in a Power of Attorney made about three years ago), in conjunction with Mr. P. Macpherson, your Solicitor, I have transferred all the real and personal property to Herman Hartmann, one of the sons and the nominee of the family of the late Carl H. Hartmann, of Toowoomba, Queensland, who had disposed by will of the whole of his property to you as President of the Theosophical Society.

Mr. Herman Hartmann expressed to me his heartfelt thanks and stated that he was very glad that his father had not left his property to a church.

Yours faithfully,

(Sd.) GEO. W. PAUL.

———

[211]BRISBANE, 6th July 1897,

COL. H. S. OLCOTT,

President, Theosophical Society.

[HARTMANN DECEASED.]

DEAR SIR,

Referring to His Honor Judge Paul's note to you of to-day, I have to explain that the delay which occurred in carrying your wishes into effect arose entirely

through legal technicalities.

Pardon my expressing to you my admiration of your conduct in this matter and to say that it has been at once generous and just.

I am,

Faithfully yours,

(Sd.) P. MACPHERSON.

During the next few days Miss Edger and I were occupied with visits and receptions and each of us lectured at different times to good audiences. On the ninth of the month a man named Buckmaster, formerly of the 4th U. S. Dragoons, came and showed me papers to prove that his aunt had left a legacy of £18,000 to the Roman Catholic Church and that the priests did not give the heirs a penny although they were in want. This and another case [212] which was made public at about that time, in which the trustees of a Presbyterian Church had refused to give to the pauper sister of the testator who had left to them her whole property, even a pittance to save her from the Poorhouse, aroused public attention and restored our Society to the good opinion of the public and caused me to be received with great cordiality by my audiences during the remainder of the tour. The Sydney Bulletin, one of the most bitingly sarcastic of contemporary journals, had published a caricature in its issue of May 18th, 1891, an enlargement of which is in my possession. In this I was represented as sailing away on the steamer, while a black-clad clergyman was standing on the beach frantically waving his hand and shouting “Hi! I say, you have left something behind!” At the same time he points to a Hindu idol standing near-by on the beach, with the word “Theosophy” inscribed on its pedestal. This old friendly feeling towards us was now reawakened by the outcome of the Hartmann case. After a busy fortnight at Brisbane, Miss Edger left me on the 6th to go to Toowoomba by rail to keep a lecturing appointment, and I sailed for Sydney in the Warrage, one of the excellently appointed and comfortable coasting steamers that ply between the Australian, Tasmanian and New Zealand ports.

CHAPTER XIV

THE VALUE OF SOCIAL FUNCTIONS

(1897)

I REACHED Sydney at noon on the 15th and was met at the landing by Miss Edger and the leading members of the Sydney Branch and of the Australasian Section and taken to our spacious headquarters in Margaret street, where I had a cordial welcome from members who could not get to the wharf. I was put up by Mr. Scott at his boarding-house and both Miss Edger and I lectured that same evening in Protestant Hall to a full audience. The next day there was a levee at our headquarters and in the evening she lectured on “Reincarnation” and I on “Spiritualism and Theosophy”: there was again a large audience and much interest shown. On the posters and in the advertisements there was an announcement which was quite a novelty to me and I asked an explanation. It was: “Admission by silver coin”, which meant, I was told, that persons on entering the Hall were [214] expected to put, in a plate kept there for that purpose, any sum they liked as a contribution towards the expenses, but with the understanding that it should not be less than a three-penny bit, the smallest silver coin. This was an improvement on the old system of taking up a collection before the adjournment of the meeting. Of course, in both cases individuals would show their generosity or parsimony by the denomination of the coins contributed. I noticed that in some rare cases a coin of gold would be dropped into the plate.

At Sydney, Melbourne, Auckland and some other places they have the excellent custom of providing a luncheon at the local headquarters for the benefit of subscribers whose place of business being too far away from their homes to permit of their going to their houses for their midday refreshment, are in the habit of lunching at some restaurant. It occurred to some bright, practical mind, presumably a lady’s, that the most active workers of a Branch or Section might just as well lunch together at the headquarters, and thus have daily the chance of keeping up friendly relations and talking about current Society affairs. So it was

agreed that each of those who were willing to come into the arrangement should contribute daily what they were accustomed to spend, and give it over to one of the lady members who were willing to take the management [215] in weekly turns, and leave her to give the best lunch she could for the money. In the course of my tour I found the plan working most successfully, and I highly recommend it for adoption in all large towns where such a plan would be practicable. The reader may perhaps recollect the frequent testimony I have borne to a somewhat similar plan that has been pursued at our Colombo headquarters for many years past. The best workers are in the habit of stopping there on their way home from office and chatting for a half-hour or an hour about the Society business, as it comes up day by day. The disposal of it at Society meetings is a later affair.

A large meeting of the Sydney T. S. was held on the 17th (July), at which a resolution in favor of the appointment of Miss Edger as Branch Inspector was passed. Miss Edger and I attended a crowded meeting of the Sydney T. S. the next afternoon and in the evening we lectured together in Leigh House Ballroom —she on “Christianity” and I on “The Life of Buddha”. We held a levee the next day for three hours and in the evening, before a large audience, who applauded much, she discoursed on: “How we can help the world”; and I on a subject that was frequently repeated throughout my tour, viz., “The Divine Art of Healing”; in which I discussed more or less cursorily the different systems of healing [216] practised in ancient and modern times and their several underlying theories. On the night of the 20th Miss Edger and I took train for Melbourne and reached there at about noon the next day.

One of the first visitors who called to see me at our headquarters was Mr. W. H. Terry, the veteran editor of that influential Spiritualist organ, The Harbinger of Light. It is one of the oldest and best of the publications of its class and has made the name of Mr. Terry known throughout the world of Spiritualism. In the very last number that has reached me at Adyar (for September, 1905) I see that Mr. Terry is retiring from public life and that he is succeeded in the editorial chair by Mrs. Charles Bright, also a well-known Spiritualistic leader. Soon after the arrival in India of H. P. B. and myself Mr. Terry accepted membership and even office in the Theosophical Society, but later broke the connection without, however, interruption of the relations between us two. I was glad to make his personal acquaintance on the occasion of my present visit to Melbourne.

For many years past Melbourne has been an active centre of the Spiritualistic movement and many public mediums, good, bad and indifferent, support

themselves by their vocation. On the 23rd of the month under review, Miss Hinge, a charming little New Zealand lassie and Private Secretary to [217] Mr. Terry, was kind enough to take me to see a somewhat famous medium who lived in one of the suburbs of the town; but instead of receiving communications from the denizens of the other world we had the bad luck to find her drunk and when she heard my name, she became maudlin, so we left her in a hurry.

The first lectures of Miss Edger and myself were given on the evening of the 24th in Masonic Hall, with Mr. H. W. Hunt, President of our Branch, in the chair. The next day we lunched at the house of the Hon'ble Alfred Deakin, then an F. T. S., and now Prime Minister of the Australian Commonwealth. On the 26th I lunched with Mabel Scott, daughter of Mrs. Annie Besant, now married to a son of the late renowned dramatic critic, Clement Scott, of London. At the time of my visit Mr. Scott, Jr., was a Senate reporter in the Victoria Parliament. I had known his wife as a young girl in London but found her now developing into a staid housekeeper, very proud of her baby and of the clothes that she had been making for her. On the wall of her sitting-room hung a great many photographs of her idolized mother. Among my callers on that day were James Miller, whose acquaintance I had made during my Japan tour of 1889, and Cavalier James Smith, a highly gifted editor and author, who has been for many years writing [218] on Spiritualism in the Harbinger and who claims to have had intercourse through his medium with Jesus, Buddha and all the other deceased world-teachers and saviours, from the remotest time down to our day.

Of the four public lectures given by me in Melbourne three were on psychical subjects and practically all the great Melbourne mediums attended them. On the 28th Miss Edger and I were taken separately to see a wonderful psychometrist, Mrs. Laidlaw, a Scottish woman. She is a palmist and certainly has a great gift in that line. I was a perfect stranger to her, even as to my name, but she very clearly read in my hand a great deal of my personal history. Knowing nothing about Miss Edger, and seeing her, in a separate sitting, she told her that she would soon make a short voyage which would be successful in the fulfilment of its objects, and that, later, she would make a very long one, in the company of the white-haired gentleman who had recently visited her (myself); that during this predicted journey she would travel through far-distant countries in the tropics and that she would gain much renown by public lectures; that all the signs were favorable for her having a brilliant career in the large Society to which she was attached. When in my sitting she was reading my palm, she told me that I should

by all means [219] take with me to India the young woman whom she saw in relation with me, as she was a person of noble character and her tour in the country where I lived would be a great success. In my Diary entry of that date I find a note to the effect that Mrs. Laidlaw told me that thenceforth I should never want for money, as much would be bequeathed to me: also that I should live twenty years more which, the year being 1897, would give me a lease of life until 1917. This strangely corroborates the prediction of the late Madame Mongruel, and substantially those of the different horoscopes that have been cast for me at different times. If Mrs. Laidlaw's prophecy should come true that would make me die at the age of eight-five. This, I should say, is not far from the mark, and it is for that reason only that I am putting this prediction on record at the present time: for, so far as I am concerned, it is a matter of smaller importance in which year I may have to transfer my activities to the other plane, since I shall be working as much for the Society then as I am at present. But the Masters have all that in Their keeping and I am satisfied to go or stay as may be necessary for the carrying out of Their plans.

On the 29th I attended a joint meeting of both of our Melbourne Branches and "improved the occasion" to give them some very plain talk on the [220] subject of Brotherhood, the ideal so constantly preached but too frequently not practised among us. I have no patience with those outside critics who expect us to live fully up to our lofty ideal of tolerance and eclecticism, making no allowance whatever for human infirmities (save in their own cases) and condemn us out of hand because we are no better than the average man. Not one of us who has a share in leading the Theosophical movement has ever made the pretence that we were any better than our neighbors, any wiser, any stronger morally, and it certainly shows a perverted nature to hold us guilty because we have not been able, with all our strivings, as yet to make ourselves saints or adepts. We are like the heterogeneous soldiers of an army of varying moral strength who follow a great leader and the banner of an Ideal which is calculated to appeal to all that is best in the heart and mind of a human being. So then, as I have often said and written, I am never surprised or discouraged when dissensions between individuals or groups break out within our Society, and instead of opposing I am rather inclined to favor the separation of a large Branch into two or more when there seems a prospect that such a separation will make for the restoration of peace and harmony. Old members will recollect how I dealt with the case of the unrest that prevailed in our London [221] Lodge in the year 1884 because of the

different opinions held by the late Dr. Anna Kingsford and her friends, and Mr. Sinnett and his party, who were tenaciously loyal to the Indian Teachers and teachings. A struggle which threatened the disruption of the Branch was imminent but the danger was averted when Mrs. Kingsford was persuaded to retire from the London Lodge and form a Branch of her own, in which she could have full sway for the giving out of her opinions about the supreme perfection of the Egyptian teachings.

My plain talk to the people at Melbourne was provoked by the existence of more or less unfriendly feelings between the two groups who had formed separate Branches. My own conviction is that these dissensions are almost inexcusable when we come to think of the heavy responsibility resting upon us as a Society which professes to be co-working with the WHITE LODGE for the revival of ancient learning, the purification of religions and the elevation of the race. It always makes me wonder if these quarrelsome persons who let themselves be carried away by sometimes the most contemptible of motives, have ever for one moment realized what Eyes are watching them and what spiritual insight is searching the innermost recesses of their hearts. What have we, as Theosophists, to do with wars and insurrections and political animosities and [222] commercial strife; what with race hatreds and color lines and mutually contradictory theologies? The influence of the Society upon us individually has been strong, as is plainly shown by the exhibitions of mutual goodwill and brotherliness at the meetings of Branches, Federations, Conventions and International Congresses. This is something to be proud of and thankful for since it gives great promise of the future; but while we are waiting for the consummation of our collective desires we ought to keep constant watch and ward over our lower natures and make it possible for our colleagues to live and work with us in harmony.

On the 30th I became the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Roughton Hogg, two of the finest characters and most useful members in our Society, who have now been for some years residents of London and have taken an active part in the management of our affairs in the metropolis. On that same day I met at Mr. Terry’s office Mr. Bowles, the Christian Scientist, and dined at the house of Mr. Stirling, F.T.S., the Government Geologist. The next day Miss Edger and I were taken by Miss Hinge to a séance at the house of Cavalier James Smith and received through his medium, discourses alleged to come from Pythagoras and Jesus Christ. The latter blessed me; an incident which I respectfully commend to

the [223] notice of all Popes, Cardinals, Archbishops, Bishops and other clergy. It may interest some of these gentry to learn that many years ago I received in due form through his Cardinal Master of Ceremonies, Cardinal Cataldi, the blessing of the late Pope Pio Nono: which nevertheless has not interfered with the foundation and success of the Theosophical Society, in spite of his having had the reputation of having the malocchio.

Miss Edger and I were holding daily levees and giving lectures to good audiences. At the levee on the 3rd (August) there was a natural seeress who, although an ignorant woman, gave Miss Edger a wonderfully accurate psychical reading. Like Mrs. Laidlaw, she too prophesied for her a brilliant career in the Society. I see in my entry of the 5th, in speaking of a reception given at Mr. and Mrs. Hogg's house, the remark—"These social functions are more useful than public meetings": an opinion to which I hold after many years of experience. The fact is that a lecturer talks more or less over the heads of his audience, stirring them up perhaps and implanting in their minds ideas which may take root and produce good harvests later on; but it is not so sure of results as when the inquirer can sit down with the teacher and get answers to the questions that spring up in his mind. Where the putting of questions after a lecture is allowed, I [224] have found that it has taken me quite as long to answer them as it did to give the lecture, and that, while occasionally there are some utterly absurd interrogatories as, for instance, that of a person at Chicago who asked me to please tell them "Why Madame Blavatsky was born a foreigner", yet the majority are worthy of thoughtful attention and courteous reply. I know that some lecturers show impatience, and sometimes rudeness, but I am always glad to be questioned and never afraid to say that I do not know, if I really do not. One time in Europe I got credit for great candor when, in answering the question: "When the Second Logos evolved from the first Logos, was it of His own will or because it was in the nature of things?" I replied that, having no personal acquaintance with the Logos, I could not answer the question, more-ever that I was perhaps the only man in the Society who dared say, when necessary, "I do not know"! These speculations commend themselves to a certain type of mind but I, as a practical man, cannot help feeling vexed when I see colleagues wasting their lives in that sort of kite-flying while the world around them is weltering in ignorance which they do nothing practical to dispel or to make their neighbors wiser and happier.

The 7th August was our last day in Melbourne. In the morning I went with

Mr. and Mrs. Hogg to [225] consult a woman who styled herself a “Futurist”, but apparently got nothing of sufficient importance to be noted in my diary. A visit to the Museum and a lunch with friends filled up our day and in the afternoon Miss Edger and I embarked for Hobart, Tasmania, on the coasting-steamer Moonawan, many friends coming to see us off.

Over a calm sea and in fine weather we sailed until the second morning after, when we reached Hobart. It was a bright, bracing, sunny day and the picture of the town and harbor that was spread out before us was one of the prettiest I have ever seen. On landing we were most heartily welcomed by our members, who took me to the Imperial Hotel and Miss Edger to the house of Mr. Leo Sussmann, President of the Branch. Tasmania, as every student of geography knows, was discovered in the middle of the seventeenth century by the Dutch sailor, Abel Janssen Tasman, who circumnavigated the Australian continent and discovered the great island in the Southern Pacific Ocean which called Van Dieman’s Land, in honor of his patron, the then Governor of the Dutch possessions in the East Indies; but which, in 1803, was given his own name by the British expedition under Bowen, dispatched from Sydney to form a settlement on the island, until then absolutely neglected by white men. With a few soldiers and convicts, Bowen finally [226] fixed on the spot where Hobart Town now stands. From 1817 commenced a rapid increase in the number of free (i.e., not convict) settlers who received grants of land in proportion to the capital which they brought into the colony: In 1825 Tasmania was declared independent of New South Wales; since 1854 authority has been invested in a Parliament, consisting of a Governor as Queen’s representative and two elective Houses—the Legislative Council of fifteen and the Assembly of thirty-two members. The total population is about a quarter of a million only.

CHAPTER XV

NEW ZEALAND TOUR

(1897)

A LITTLE back of Hobart Town rises a hill called Mount Wellington which, though less than 4,500 feet in height, was at the time of our visit covered with snow and formed a superb background in photographs taken of the town from the deck of a ship. Altogether I think that Hobart deserves to be classed as one of the prettiest spots in the world. The twelve days of our visit were well filled with Society work, such as levees, private visits, conversation meetings, public lectures, and visits to charming localities under the friendly guidance of Miss Octavia Sussmann and other friends. At its meeting on the evening of 10th August, the Branch adopted my scheme for employing Miss Edger as Branch Inspector. She gave some excellent lectures, notably one on the rather hackneyed subject of “Karma and Reincarnation”.

I availed myself of the chance of a meeting of the principal Masonic Lodge to “work my way in” [228] and assist in the work. It was extremely interesting to me as being so unlike what we have in America, but I must confess that I came away impressed with its puerile character as compared with Theosophy. Although it was thirty-four years since I had sat in a Masonic Lodge I felt that I should not care to repeat the experience during an equal space of time. One might say that the spirit of Theosophy, especially in its aspect of brotherhood and religious tolerance, was there, but buried out of sight in the husks of formalism and a species of theatrical display. Our readers may remember[21] that at New York, when the Society had dwindled into a very small affair, H. P. B. and I had some talk with Masonic friends about making the Theosophic teachings a framework for a new Masonic degree, but that we abandoned it as impracticable.

Among the interesting persons whom we met was a young Englishman, a university graduate, who had got about him a group of ladies and another of gentlemen who were pursuing under his direction a course of reading

accompanied by profitable discussions on high themes. I was greatly pleased to see the generous enthusiasm which he put into his work and the intellectual and spiritual results obtained. During the whole of our visit we had no idle nor wearisome time; we made a number of [229] warm friendships and were sorry to have to leave Hobart, which we did at 5 p.m. on the 20th August, in the Union Company's steamer Talune for Dunedin. During the next three days we experienced the delights of a rolling ship which flung us about under the impulse of a swell from the eastward, but on the fourth day we reached "The Bluffs", a port of call about 150 miles from Dunedin. It was a splendid sunny day with that crispness in the air which gives us people of the temperate zone such a feeling of buoyant health. At the other side of the harbor, some fifty miles away, stretched a range of hills completely covered with snow, which stood out in brilliant splendor against a clear azure sky. In the afternoon we resumed our journey and the next day got to Port Chalmers, the seaport of Dunedin and an hour's ride from the town. Messrs. George Richardson, A. W. Maurais, and Pearmain came aboard and with outstretched hands gave us a cordial welcome. Among our active workers in Australasia Mr. Maurais has always held a conspicuous place, his connection with a newspaper having enabled him to keep the subject of Theosophy well before the public. The other two gentlemen of the committee have also rendered most valuable services, and Mr. Richardson by the strength and purity of his character has lent [230] dignity, to the office of President of the local Branch.

The next day I walked about town and made acquaintances. The streets are very hilly and there are many fine buildings. In the evening, I lectured on Spiritualism to a large audience, Mr. Richardson being in the chair. It was Miss Edger's turn the next evening to lecture, and her subject, "What Theosophy can teach us", was well handled. The next night was spent at Mr. Pearmain's house at Sawyer's Bay, a suburb particularly hard to reach on a rainy night when one has to tramp over the sleepers of the railway track to avoid making a long detour. I returned to town the next day and at 6-30 p.m. addressed a crowded audience on the subject of "Healing". An amusing feature of the occasion was that after I had spoken an hour the audience made me go on for another one, thus dividing a long discourse into two shifts. We had to hold two levees a day to give a fair chance to all who wanted to talk with us. There was a Branch meeting on the evening of the 30th and on the next evening a "sociable" was given us at the "Tailoress's Union Hall", a title which I think must be unique. It certainly is suggestive of the existence among one class of colonial women workers of a

spirit of self-helpfulness and organizing faculty. On the evening of the 1st of September Miss Edger [281] and I dined at the house of one of our members whose daughter was so beautiful that I asked her father to give me her photograph: it was what some of the French writers call a “cameo face”, that is, one that seems made on purpose to be cut as a cameo in shell or stone. As the young lady has the greater beauty of being a good Theosophist I think she will not mind this passing note by an art-lover to her artistic form.

We sailed for Christchurch, September 3rd, on the steamer Te Anau, and had a rough time of it. We met a heavy swell outside the harbor and were tossed about all night; the weather was cold and rainy and everyone on board was miserably uncomfortable. At 11 a.m. on the 4th we reached Christchurch, or rather Lyttleton, its harbor, some miles from town, where we were met and welcomed on behalf of the Branch by Mr. Rhodes and Mrs. Richmond, a lady who is known in India and Great Britain as well as in the colonies as an instructive platform speaker. I was the guest of Mrs. Fletcher, who made my stay most pleasant. At that time there flourished in that town the notorious bigamist and confidence-man, the “Rev.” A. B. Worthington, a native of one of the Western States of America, gifted with great oratorical powers, a handsome person, persuasive in conversation, unscrupulous to the last degree; a man fit to [282] teach high things but morally perverted; a woman-hunter whose career embraced a series of seven bigamous marriages in America and the pecuniary ruin of various wealthy ladies, whose money he got from them by lavish promises of mystical initiation and the acquisition of psychical powers. Just before my arrival he had made a great scandal in Christchurch by the seduction of a tall and handsome lady with whom he went through a bigamous marriage ceremony, but whose eyes were opened and heart broken by the discovery of still another liaison.

I was taken to see a fine church that he had built with the money of local dupes; a well-planned edifice with a spacious auditorium and a large round-fronted speaker’s platform that recalled the one in Henry Ward Beecher’s church at Brooklyn. His sermons, congregational talks and esoteric instructions to a select group of hypnotized men and budding prophetesses, were framed on Theosophical lines and he availed himself without compunction of the best things he could find in the books of Mrs. Besant and others of our writers. His villainy having been exposed by a male dupe, he fled the place, took refuge in another colonial town and with matchless effrontery began the same game over

again. On the 10th of September the poor lady, the victim above mentioned and who had adopted [283] the name “Sister Magdala”, came to see me and excited my warm sympathies by her tale of woe. I can see her now standing before me, with her large eyes swimming with tears and her tall, graceful figure shaken with grief. I tried to give her some comfort and she brightened up for the time being, but alas! misery was her karmic inheritance for this life and since the interview in question she has committed suicide. The case of this man Worthington furnishes a romantic chapter for the history of the rogues of both sexes who have utilized the Theosophical teachings, sometimes as members and sometimes as non-members, for the promotion of vile personal ends. Worthington’s is a sad case, however looked at, for, as said above, he was possessed of talents and, but for the perversion of his lower nature as regards women and money, for each of which he had an equal hunger—although he wanted money only to squander it—he might have been one of the most useful as well as eloquent religious teachers of the day. He taught a gilded Theosophy with surpassing eloquence, and when his crises came and he was sent to prison for terms of years (as he was, and is now) his followers had no natural rallying centre save in the Theosophical Society. Of the character of “Sister Magdala” before and after her relations with Worthington, I am not well enough [284] informed to speak, save that undoubtedly she was Worthington’s victim, completely under the glamor which he could throw over people whom he wished to victimize. Whether she consciously helped him to deceive others is a matter which no one can decide in the case of any hysteric or hypnotic sensitive; the medical authorities are still divided in opinion as to moral responsibility, and the Courts of law as well.

On the 9th September I visited the fine Museum, where I saw a Maori house made of natural size and pattern, a large number of Maori curiosities, and reconstructed skeletons of the gigantic ostrich-shaped Moa (Dinornis) which stood about 14 feet high and had thigh bones stouter than those of a horse.

My dear friend Mrs. Aiken, of the Christchurch Branch, told me a curious story about a picture in this gallery, which illustrates what we would call the recollection of a past birth, but which the cautious scientist has recently christened “regressive memory”. A lady was visiting the gallery with her little boy when, pointing to a certain landscape, he said: “Oh, Mother, I painted that picture!” The mother was about to pass it over as a mere jest, but when she told the child that the picture had been painted a great many years before he was born, he replied: “I can’t help that, Mamma, but I know I painted it. At first I

intended it for a [285] sunset, but I changed my mind and on the other side of the canvas painted a sunrise." The Mother, being a Theosophist, at least by conviction, was immediately struck with the possible importance of the fact, so she persuaded the Superintendent of the Museum to have the picture taken down for examination and, sure enough, there was found on the back of the canvas the unfinished sketch that the child had spoken of. The story was told me in good faith and, if my memory serves, the incident was known generally by the members of our local Branch.

The women of Christchurch impressed me as being more than usually intelligent and self-resolute. I attended a meeting of them with Miss Edger (at Mrs. Aiken's house) which we both addressed. I was particularly charmed with a Mrs. Ada Wells, the recognized leader of the Women's Suffrage movement, who is credited with having been the chief agent in getting the suffrage bill enacted. In the evening Miss Edger lectured on "Christianity" and I on "Buddhism", our farewell addresses in Christchurch, for the next day we embarked at Lyttleton for Wellington on the. steamer Roturunda, where we arrived at 10 o'clock the next morning. My hosts there were Mr. and Mrs. Ellison. In the afternoon there was a conversation meeting in our Branch hall, and in the evening a lecture on [286] "Re-birth of the Soul": the audience was large and attentive and there was much applause. During our stay at this place I made agreeable acquaintances among our members, some of whom were very earnest. Miss Edger was stopping at another house but both of us had many visits from inquirers and my two lectures were well attended. On the evening of the 16th (September) there was a Branch meeting at which a resolution approving of the appointment of Miss Edger as Inspector of Branches was adopted. The next day I had the curious experience of having my right hand molded at the request of a local palmist who seemed to think that the lines were exceptional enough to warrant her going to his trouble and expense.

On the 18th we left by train for Pahiatua, a small interior place where we had some very intelligent Branch members. It was my good fortune to be the guest of a very musical family, all the adult members of which played on instruments and some had fine voices. Such an episode as that is a most charming interlude when one is travelling over long distances by sea and land, with one's time constantly occupied with public functions. On the 21st we left by carriage for Woodville, the district where Mr. E. T. Sturdy lived when he first wrote me to inquire about Theosophy. In the evening there was a Branch [287] meeting and the resolution

adopted about Miss Edger's inspectorship. The next day I had a séance with a cranky medium who pretended to be controlled by H. P. B.! In proof of this she was obliging enough to give me what was supposed to be the signature of my dear old chum, written in lead pencil on a scrap of paper, but all the Bertillons and Netherclifts in the world would never have the audacity to trace any resemblance between that scrawl and H. P. B.'s signature. After giving one lecture on "Reincarnation" on the 22nd, I left Woodville with my companion on the 23rd for Wellington, which we reached at 9 p.m., after a seven hours' ride by train.

The weather was terribly gusty and rainy, the beginning of a great rain-storm. The 24th, Friday, was our appointed day of departure but the gale was so powerful and the light made so obscure by torrential rains that, instead of leaving at 1 a.m. the boat, the Richmond, did not begin her voyage for Nelson (N.Z.) until midnight, and lay at anchor in the lower bay until 2 p.m. The morning broke clear, the sky was bright, the gale had blown itself out and we had smooth water until we reached Nelson at 5 p.m., calling en route at Picton, a pretty land-locked harbor. We were put up by Mrs. Saxon, a married daughter of our old friend Mrs. Pickett. I lectured that evening on [288] "Spiritualism" and on the following one on "Healing". On the third day Miss Edger and I sailed for Auckland in the SS. Mahinapua. On the 28th we stopped all day at a place called New Plymouth and at 10 p.m. resumed the voyage. Fortunately we had a calm sea and the wee steamer did not roll much, although we had expected it.

We reached Auckland on the 29th at 10-30 a.m. Mr. and Mrs. Draffin, Dr. Sanders, President, Auckland T. S., Mr. F. Davidson, Assistant General Secretary, Mrs. Hemus, Miss Edger's sister, and other friends met us. The Draffins took me to their house and Miss Edger went to her sister's. In the evening there was a reception given us at the Branch rooms, which had been tastefully decorated with foliage and flowers, mainly lilies.

One would never think when walking through the streets that Auckland had been settled as late as 1840, for it has what a Highland friend of mine calls "an elderly, settled look". The climate is warmer than it is in the South Island, the temperature ranging from about 60° to 80° F., which to us Indians is almost overcoat weather, but in comparison with Christchurch and Dunedin it is almost tropical; in fact the South Island people scornfully say that the Aucklanders have the way of lying on their backs until the ripe peaches drop into their mouths. This reproach—evidently unwarranted [289] and due perhaps to a little jealousy of

Auckland's beautiful surroundings and to its greater size—is exactly like that applied to the Jamaica Negroes, who are contemptuously said by the Whites to be so lazy that, lying under a banana tree, they are too lazy to get up to pluck one, but pull it down with their prehensile toes. So far as I saw during my New Zealand tour, the scanty population are as active and eager in the pursuit of wealth as the average Britons whom one meets in other parts of the Empire. I have pasted in my diary a printed list of my engagements during my stay at Auckland, from Sep. 29th to Oct. 12th. It includes a reception, three Branch meetings, four "At Homes", three lectures, and a picnic to Lake Takapuma, leaving not an idle day. At a joint meeting of the two Auckland Branches my suggestion with regard to Miss Edger's inspectorship was unanimously approved.

In Auckland as, indeed, throughout the colonies, there is a good deal of psychism and search after phenomena, mediumistic and otherwise. One of our own members, in fact, one of the oldest in New Zealand, since deceased, was Mr. James Cox, who had such a reputation as a psychometrist, principally by way of diagnosing disease, that he made a good living by practising the profession. He was constantly going between Auckland and Sydney to see [240] patients. Rarely, he would use his power for the finding of lost property and persons. The three most noted men in our Auckland centre were Dr. Sanders, Mr. Draffin and Mr. Samuel Stuart, whose contributions to The Theosophist have made his name familiar in the many countries in which the magazine has readers. Of the talented lady members the only ones of whom I permit myself to speak are Miss Edger, her sisters, and Mrs. Draffin, who has suddenly blossomed out as an eloquent platform speaker after having passed through a very severe illness. I received so many kindnesses and so much brotherly courtesy during my fortnight's Auckland visit that I always think of it with gratitude and pleasure. The visit came to an end on the 12th October when Miss Edger and I sailed for Sydney in the SS. Waihora. There were many friends to see us off, despite the blowing of a heavy westerly gale against which it was difficult to keep one's footing on the wharf. Among them was Mrs. Stuart, a dear white-haired old lady of seventy old years, since deceased.

CHAPTER XVI

“THEOSOPHY APPLIED”

(1897)

THE 13th, 14th and 15th of October were occupied in the sea voyage from Auckland to Sydney, which town we reached at midnight on the 16th. There was a Council meeting on the afternoon on the 17th and in the evening I lectured at our Hall on “The Common Sense of Theosophy” to a crowded audience.

Our faces being now turned towards India we had to economize time at the different stations visited. On the 18th, 19th, 20th and 21st there were receptions, some public, others for the benefit of inquirers; I gave two more lectures, on the evenings of the 20th and 21st, and on the 22nd left by train for Bathurst, in fulfilment of the promise made to Mr. H. Wiedersehen when last in Sydney. The weather at Bathurst was very fine and I profited by it to walk about and see the town. I lectured in the evening, had a bit of supper afterwards to [202] fortify my strength and, at 10 p.m., left in a buggy for Rockleigh, a thirty-five mile stretch, got there at 1 a.m. behind a pair of those wonderful Australian horses which we know in India as “Walers” (derived from New South Wales) and which in their own climate are gifted with marvellous endurance. In the hot climate of India they are liable to sunstroke and heat apoplexy and have to be coddled with pith sun-bonnets and carefully handled, but in the colonies they sometimes make a journey of a hundred miles a day. In the present case they covered the ground between Bathurst and Rockleigh in a steady trot at the rate of about twelve miles an hour. The driver told me that the price paid for the team had been £30.

After breakfast the next morning I was driven to Mount David, a gold-mining camp, reached there at noon and was put up at the house of the Superintendent, Mr. Wiedersehen. He had a room cleared for me and at 3 p.m. I gave a Theosophical lecture to an audience of sixty, virtually the whole population of the camp. The weather was so fine and the air was so perfumed with the balmy odors of the forest trees that I felt very happy and entered with zest into the exposition of Theosophy to those rough-clad miners. At the close there was

much friendly handshaking and exchange of courtesies. The result was that on that same evening I formed [243] the Mount David Branch T. S. My new friends very kindly showed me the next day the mine and the battery of stamps at work. At 1 p.m. I left by carriage for Bathurst on my return journey, stopped there at the hotel until 10 p.m. when I took train for Sydney, which I reached at 6 o'clock the next morning. I found Miss Edger at the house of Mrs. Page; we lunched at the headquarters and spent the rest of the day there. The same thing happened the next day, but in the evening there was a farewell public meeting at Protestant Hall where a good audience listened to Miss Edger's lecture on "The Building of a World". I presided and dosed with a farewell speech. Mrs. Moore-Jones, a fine artist and a sweet, sympathetic woman, but sadly crippled, gave Miss Edger and myself a reception at her studio. In the evening we attended a medical lecture to the ladies' class for the Civil Ambulance Brigade, at which I presided and, by request, addressed the class at the close of the lesson. There was a conference the next morning between us and the Matron of the nursing staff of the brigade. I paid a visit to Mrs. Moore-Jones, lunched at our rooms, received visitors, and with Miss Edger dined at Dr. Le Freemann's and in the evening attended a farewell meeting of the Sydney T. S. at which there were speeches by Mr. George Peell, the assiduous [244] and excellent President of the Sydney Branch, since unhappily deceased, Miss Edger, Mr. Kollesträm, Dr. Stordeur, Ph.D., a German mystic and an F. T. S., myself and others. Our pleasant and profitable visit to Sydney ended on the 30th. Messrs. Scott and Wilson accompanied us to the Orient Steamer, Oruba, in which we were to sail for Colombo via Melbourne. There were many friends to see us off, many sweet flowers given us and many affectionate words of farewell.

The weather was very cold at sea, the ship very large, the table very plain and the service only passable. We reached Melbourne on the morning, of the 1st November, lunched at the Society's rooms, and I made a farewell call on my friend Mr. Terry. In the evening I left by train for Adelaide, Mr. Knox, having sent me the money for the railway ticket so that I might visit the Branch and give a lecture. Miss Edger remained on board the ship. I had a very cold night and broken sleep on the train, but all troubles eventually come to an end and I reached Adelaide at 10 the next morning. Mr. Knox, President of the Branch and a most useful member, and other friends met me. I lunched in town and in the afternoon Mr. Knox drove me to "Burnside", his country seat, where Mrs. Knox gave me a most gracious welcome. The next morning at a reception at the

Society's rooms in [245] town I had the pleasure of meeting two charming French lady members, sisters, and both artists, by names Mme. Mouchette and Mlle. Lion, who attended the Convention at Benares in 1904 and made the tour of India. There being many Spiritualists in Adelaide my first lecture was, by request, on the subject of "Spiritualism and Theosophy", the one on the following evening on "Healing", and that on the 5th (November) on "The Theosophical Society and Theosophy",—my last in Australia. During the tour throughout the colonies of Australia, Tasmania and New Zealand, I had given sixty-three lectures and addresses.

Miss Edger arrived on the Oruba on the 8th November and in the evening of the same day, lectured at the Society's rooms on "The Building of a World". On the next evening, her last in Australia she discussed the question of "How to help the WorId". The next morning we took the train for Port Adelaide and embarked on the Oruba, which sailed at 1-30 p.m.

A run of three days brought us to Albany, our last Australian port, from which it is a voyage of eleven days to Colombo. I had there the pleasure of making the personal acquaintance of that good man, Wilton Hack, who had driven six hundred miles, from the mining town of Coolgardie to Albany to see me: a proof of devotion to the Society hard to [246] beat. Among other amusements to relieve the tedium of the voyage there was a fancy dress ball on the evening of the 27th November which Miss Lilian Edger, M.A., etc., attended in the character of "Night". Her black dress besprinkled with stars and a crescent moon on her head, together with the excitement of the ball made her look very well from the human point of view if not from that of the university graduate. I confess that I was very pleased with her dissipation for it showed that there was the usual quota of human nature beneath the shell of collegiate enamel.

We reached Colombo on the 24th, glad enough to get ashore. Miss Edger was taken to Mrs. Higgins' school and I to Sanghamitta School. I lunched that day with the Marquis Mahayotha of Siam and in the afternoon received many visitors, among them the Prince-Priest Jinawarawansa. In the evening there was a meeting of Hope Lodge T. S. at the Musæus School, at which I admitted a Mr. Sinclair, a member of a Highland regiment then garrisoned at Colombo, whose brother, Mr. G. Sinclair of Ibis Lodge T. S., Melbourne, made the exquisitely engrossed address of the Australasian Section to me on my 70th birthday, which has been so admired by all visitors to my office at Adyar. On the next day my enemy the gout attacked me, but with the aid of a pair of crutches I was able to

get through [247] the routine of my daily engagements. Our people were all pleased with Miss Edger so far as they could see her, and she with them. We embarked on the steamer Coromandel for Madras on the first of December. After a stretch of fine weather we landed at the latter port at nine o'clock on the fifth of the month. Miss Edger and I received garlands and addresses on disembarking, and then we had a hot drive to Adyar along the Beach road. Naturally enough, Miss Edger was charmed with the appearance of Adyar and with her welcome.

During the next few days the state of my gouty feet prevented my getting about much, even on crutches, but after a few days the trouble disappeared and I had my hands full of work. Wishing to make Miss Edger known to the leaders of the Indian community of Madras, I arranged a reception for her at Adyar, and on the 19th of the month, in the tastefully decorated hall, several hundred leading men headed by our respected Judge, Sir S. Subramania Aiyar, gave her a most cordial welcome. To my introductory speech she responded so admirably as to win the suffrages of her own audience.

It will be remembered that Mrs. Besant was at that time making a long and most important tour in the United States and that it would be impossible [248] for her to return to address the Adyar Convention and, until I met Miss Edger in Australia, no possible substitute was suggested to my mind. But when I saw her qualifications as a lecturer on Theosophical subjects exemplified in her discourses throughout my Australasian tour, I determined to persuade her, if possible, to return with me to India and give the Convention lectures. When we came to discuss suitable topics I told her that what was preeminently necessary now was to drive home upon the minds of our members the fact that they could have no chance of spiritual progress unless they put into practice the rules of life which had been so splendidly defined by Mrs. Besant and others of our speakers: I therefore begged her to accept that idea as a guide for her discourses, which she very readily acceded to. She chose the general title of Theosophy Applied and in her four lectures applied its teachings to Religion, to the Home, to Society, and to the State. Having reported to the General Secretary of the Indian Section the scheme and having received his concurrence, I accordingly got Miss Edger to resign her position of General Secretary of the New Zealand Section, got Dr. Sanders elected in her place, made all necessary arrangements and brought her to India as temporary substitute for Mrs. Besant. With this explanation made, my narrative may proceed. [249] On the second day after the reception we had the extreme pleasure of welcoming as a delegate Dr. Arthur Richardson, that most

respected colleague who came on from Bombay where he had been fighting the plague during the preceding half-year, exposing his life daily in the hospitals and working without remuneration. The delegates to the Convention now began pouring in, a group from Ceylon being composed of Mrs. Higgins, Miss Gmeiner, Miss Rodda, Mr. Peter d'Abrew and the Prince-Priest Jinawarawansa. Mr. K. Narayanaswami Iyer and Mr. J. Srinivasa Row, of Gooty, whose services at every Convention, in the matter of the feeding of the delegates, are invaluable, also arrived. On the 25th, Babu Upendranath Basu, General Secretary of the Indian Section, and Mr. A. Mahadeva Sastri, Director of the Mysore Government Oriental Library, and many other delegates came and crowded our house. In the evening Miss Edger held a conversation meeting and answered questions.

The first of her course of four lectures was given at 8 a.m. on the 27th, the title being "Theosophy applied to Religion". The note in my diary is that "all liked her plain, clear exposition of the practical application of Theosophy to religion", and the Hindu of the 28th contained one of those admirable critiques for which that influential journal has [250] always been noted. My commentaries on each of the discourses are equally favorable, and at the close of the fourth, Judge Sir S. Subramania Aiyar, on behalf of the Indian public, gave a terse and eloquent expression of thanks. She was enthusiastically applauded at the close of each of the lectures and the language used by a Tasmanian paper about one of her lectures at Hobart is thoroughly applicable to the effect of those at Adyar: "... As Miss Edger proceeded, her audience was drawn nearer to her and she seemed to communicate to them some of her own depth of earnestness when she strove to impress on their minds that, as religion was of the greatest moment to everyone, they should strive to make their religion purer and broader, and that this was what Theosophy sought to do. Theosophy was not opposed to the churches but it tried to remove narrow dogmatism. Theosophy was the very essence of every spiritual religion. With a clear and well modulated voice and wonderfully sustained earnestness, she impressed her hearers with the sincerity of her convictions as she went on to show how Theosophy had sought to give birth to a true Brotherhood of man, the teaching of social righteousness and the rooting out of social evils." This "drawing nearer" of her audiences to herself was clearly manifested in her Adyar lectures. Perhaps one reason was that she was more didactic [251] than oratorical; she aimed to instruct, not to dazzle, in which, she showed good judgment, for we must never forget that our Indian audiences are not being addressed in their own vernaculars, in which they would

understand any possible synonyms, used by the lecturer and every subtle handling of phrases; whereas if they are listening to an English discourse it goes without saying that the subtler sense of many words must escape them. As an orator Miss Edger could never be compared with Mrs. Besant—how many could?—but one of the most eminent of our educated Madrassis said that every one of her audience had understood what she said.

The attendance at the Convention that year (the 22nd) was large, and a feeling of buoyancy, and perfect confidence in the future of the Society pervaded the meetings. The reports from all our Sections were optimistic and the centering of these various lines of thought among us created a most harmonious atmosphere. From the President's Address the following few points are summarized:

The educational movement in Ceylon was very encouraging; 105 schools, with some 17,000 children, had been established. My [covered a distance of about 17,000 miles and had resulted in creating strong personal ties of friendship between the members in Queensland, New South [262] Wales, Victoria, Tasmania, New Zealand and South Australia, and myself: previously I had been to them only a name and a title. And now, in this connection, let me mention a curious coincidence which I had forgotten to include in my narrative of the tour. I made it, as mentioned, at my own initiative, without consultation with anybody and because I was much dissatisfied with the state of things Theosophical out there —the result of secret machinations of the conspirators before the Secession. Of course there had been no fund set aside for the expenses, so I had advanced the money myself. During the tour there had been gifts from private individuals, from Branches, and the novel "silver coin collection at the door". As usual on my return, I regulated my accounts with the Treasurer of the Society, and we found that my expenses (including Miss Edger's) had been covered, all but five shillings. By the next mail or the following one there came from Dr. Sanders, General Secretary of the New Zealand Section, a Postal Money Order for five shillings, the delayed payment of a subscription of that amount by some friend in that colony! What sort of a "coincidence" would the reader call this?

One need not be surprised to find a sort of spirit of restlessness and combativeness showing itself occasionally in Branches whose members have [263] acquired but a faint conception of the federal character of our Society and the enormous moral strength which it derives from the cultivation of a brotherly spirit among its members, a spirit which obliterates political, sectarian and racial antagonisms. Though the two Colonial Sections were, as a rule, on the best of

terms with Headquarters, yet I found, in a very few instances, the signs of incipient antagonism which, if not removed at the very outset, might, in the course of time, create evil results. As the imperative necessity for the general understanding of the constitution of our Society is evident, it will be well for me to quote from the Presidential Address to the 22nd Annual Convention the follow ing remarks:

"I was sorry to see a tendency in certain very few Branches towards the assertion of a corporate importance and autonomy which, if carried far, might resemble that which bore such bitter fruits in the American Section two years ago. This heresy of individual sovereignty was the cause of the great Slaveholders' Rebellion of 1861-5, in America. No world-covering, practical movement can possibly be carried on without perfect loyalty to the principle of federal combination of autonomous units for the common good. Our Theosophical Society is, I think, as perfect an example of a maximum of centralised moral strength with a [254] minimum of invasion of local independence as the world can show. Until I formed distant Branches into autonomous Sections, all was drifting into confusion because there were not hours enough in a day nor working strength enough in my body to keep me (unaided, almost, as I was) in touch with them. The Sections of Australia and New Zealand are but organised Central Committees, which act for all their Branches, derive their power from them, and serve as their agency to keep alive the bond between them and the President-Founder, the Society's central executive. I hope that this view may become clear to every Branch throughout the world, and that it may realise that it is but one out of four hundredsimilar groups of students, and that no one Section is of any more importance to me than any other, but is equally important as any other in the whole Society. A Section cannot do its whole duty to the Society or the Branches which compose it, unless every Branch and every member loyally and unreservedly supports its lawful measures. As Sections are parts of the Society, so Branches are parts of the Sections, and any disunity between a Branch and its Section is as deplorable and dangerous as disunity between a Section and the Headquarters. We need go no farther than the Judge Secession for proof of this."[22]

[255] One day, riding in a tramcar in Auckland, a Salvation Army man sitting next to me showed me a subscription list and asked me to contribute something to their Self-denial Week Fund, at the same time explaining to me this admirable plan of General Booth's to raise money. When writing my Address this fact

recurred to me and I ventured to make to the Convention the following suggestions:

“ORGANIZED SELF-DENIAL”

“I feel it my duty to call your attention to the splendid example of self-denial for a religious and philanthropic cause, which is shown the world by the Sa1vation Army. While I was in New Zealand the ‘Self-denia1 Week’ of the Army occurred, and the astounding fact is that the sum of £25,000 was put into its treasury as the result of this self-sacrifice. What can we, Theosophists, show of this sort that is worth mentioning, by comparison? Here are we who profess to be spreading the most noble of all truths throughout the world and to teach the highest morality and purest altruism. Who among us has practised the self-denial of these eccentric religious sensationalists; what have we to boast of in this direction? I solemnly adjure you, my brethren, to begin this year to earn the respect of your own consciences by setting aside some fixed percentage [256] of your respective incomes as a great fund for the benefit of the Society. Why should we not select the week in which our White Lotus Day occurs to do this generous thing that H.P.B. would have approved, and that Annie Besant and Constance Wachtmeister habitually practise? This should be a general, not a Sectional fund, and should be kept at Headquarters, for distribution as the exigencies of our work in the Sections and otherwise throughout the world shall demand. The cutting off of our mere luxuries for one week of each year would give us enough for all our pressing needs.”

There were other important matters worth recalling in the Report for that year, but as we have reached the limits of my space they may be put over until the next chapter.

CHAPTER XVII

THE PHENOMENAL GROWTH OF THE T.S.

(1897)

WE resume our notice of the Convention of 1897 which was begun in the last chapter. The tone of the Annual Report is that of a breezy optimism, as will appear from the following extract from the Presidential Address: “Never before, since the Society’s foundation, have its prospects been brighter, its sky more unclouded. Storms may come again, may we may be sure they will, and fresh obstacles present themselves, but one such exciting and exhilarating year as 1897 braces up one’s courage to stand the worst shocks and surmount the most obstructive difficulties that can be found in our forward path. It is not merely from one quarter that good fortune is flowing towards this centre, but from all sides; not only from America but from Europe, India and the Australasian colonies come to us the proofs that our Theosophical movement [258] rides on the crest of a wave of spiritual influx that is circulating around the globe.”

One of the most important events of the year as affecting the interests of the whole Society was the long tour made by Mrs. Besant, accompanied by the Countess Wachtmeister, throughout the United States. At the outset, in New York, the leaders of the Secession party were engaged in a campaign of slander and hatred against Mrs. Besant for the part she took in the exposure of Judge’s guilt; baseless slanders were circulated against her, her motives calumniated, and all she had done, out of the abundance of her sisterly love for him and his Section, was absolutely forgotten and her benevolence repaid by criminal ingratitude. For a time during the tour her audiences were small and her expenses exceeded her receipts. But the power behind her was irresistible, and perfect success crowned the latter half of her tour. Here is what Mr. Fullerton said in his Official Report of that year:

“The great event of the year has been the she months’ tour of Mrs. Annie Besant. Of course no estimate is possible of the thousands to whom came, directly or indirectly, a knowledge of Theosophy through her public lectures,

receptions, and interviews, with the widespread newspaper notices thereof, or of the countless thought-forces set in [259] motion by labors of such length. Nor is it possible to gauge the instruction, the cheer, the enlightenment, the inspiration given by her in private intercourse, nor yet the gratitude felt by those thus helped. As a mere matter of numerical statistics it may be stated that Mrs. Annie Besant formed twenty-three new branches, and that her recommendatory signature appears on two hundred and twenty-one applications for membership.

"One element of indescribable value in the results of Mrs. Besant's tour is the rescue of Theosophy from popular opprobrium as a system of clap-trap, cheap marvel, and sensationalism, and its restoration to its real plane of dignified religious philosophy. The general contempt brought upon Theosophy by recent travesties of it has been greatly abated through her magnificent expositions of it. At this time Mrs. Besant's portrayal of the real Ancient Wisdom has an importance exceptionally great, one which will be more and more discerned as years unroll. That her tour was enjoined and supervised can readily be perceived by all familiar with its bearings."

Mr. Fullerton speaks appreciatively of the long-continued labors of the Countess Wachtmeister, who, from May of 1896 up to the time of his writing, had formed fourteen new Branches, travelled over a large part of the [260] North and West and was to do a tour through the South during the coming winter. Anything that can be said in praise of the self-sacrificing labors of this patrician lady would be well deserved, for since she joined the Society and helped and consoled H. P. B. in Europe, she has thrown herself with tireless energy into the helping on of the movement: her time, her strength and her money have been ungrudgingly given, and despite her age and growing infirmities she has travelled over many countries of the world.

Three important systems of Sectional work were devised and aided by Mrs. Besant,—a committee from each group of arranged States, with a correspondent in each State, for giving information as to hopeful points and for labor therein; a committee to whom questions as to doctrine or duty or truth might be sent for consideration and response; a Lending Library plan, by which Branches might enjoy for a time the use of standard works: moreover, under Mrs. Besant's auspices, a committee was appointed by that year's Convention to issue successive Outlines of Branch Study, and the Chicago Branch published a carefully analysed Syllabus, very helpful to Branches and private students, and as an aid to propaganda a member of the Section contributed 50,000 copies of

Mrs. Besant's pamphlet, What Theosophy Is. [261] The European Section reports among its important events of 1897, the publication of Vol. III of The Secret Doctrine, Mrs. Besant's The Ancient Wisdom and Mr. Leadbeater's manual on The Devachanic Plane; H. P. B.'s magazine, Lucifer, changed its name to The Theosophical Review, increased in size and improved in form. A very comprehensive programme of visits to Branches and of public lectures was carried through within the Section and Mrs. Cooper-Oakley visited France, Italy, Germany, Austria and Russia, while Mr. Mead travelled through Sweden and Holland.

"The newly-formed Dutch Section made a most encouraging report for the fraction of a year which had transpired from the date of the granting of its charter; May 14th, to the date of the report; Mr. Fricke also introduced a brief historical retrospect. It appears that when the first charter was issued to a Dutch Branch in 1891 there were only three of the members who understood English and no Theosophical literature in the Dutch language had as yet appeared. But at the time of the General Secretary's Report in 1897, all the Lodges, with one exception, possessed Lending Libraries containing all Dutch publications and the standard English Theosophical works; all of them held weekly meetings and devoted at least one evening in the month to public lectures; study classes and [262] question meetings for the benefit of inquirers were being held as well as classes in English and Sanskrit, mathematics in the Amsterdam Lodge and in the other Amsterdam Lodge, the Vahana, a weekly class for theoretical and practical geometry. The change in public sentiment towards us is also noted: at the beginning the newspapers would have nothing to do with our members and refused all articles sent in, but things had already so changed at the date of the Report that editors were not only willingly accepting articles on our subjects but also were giving very fair reports of our public lectures. Sectarians had begun to write against us, especially the Roman Catholic papers which had been devoting much time and space to attempts to prove our ideas fallacious. In short, the prospects of the Netherlands Section were bright and encouraging.

The phenomenal growth of our Society during the year 1897 had no parallel in our previous history. Sixty-four new Branches were added to the list and distributed as follows: Indian Section fifteen, European Section eight, American Section thirty-seven, Scandinavian Section one, Australasian Section two, New Zealand Section one. Deducting Branches seceded we had 402 living charters and recognized Centres remaining. It was in that year that the Dutch Branches

were grouped into the Netherlands Section, making the seventh of the grand divisions [263] of our Society, the sequence of their ages being: 1. The American, 2. The European, 3. The Indian, 4. The Australasian, 5. The Scandinavian, 6. The New Zealand, 7. The Netherlands. I am glad that, in noticing the organization of the Netherlands Section, I recorded the following prophecy: “Once let them become convinced of the merits of the Theosophical teaching, there is no sacrifice they are not capable of making, no obstacles they will not try to surmount to put our movement on a sure footing. In this, they resemble the Scotch.” The outcome of the movement in Holland bears out this prophecy to the very letter: as for Scotland, she is not yet awakened; her tremendous latent strength in this direction will be developed in the future.

The General Secretary of the Indian Section, Babu Upendranath Basu carried an optimistic tone throughout his report. There is a record of great activity on the part of all the workers. New members had been admitted into 49 Branches, 15 new charters had been issued, 6 old Branches revived and 355 members had joined the Section. The Reports of the Australasian and New Zealand Sections, of course, make much mention of the joint tour of Miss Edger and myself and notice the encouraging fact that the sale of our literature is constantly increasing. A very healthy state of things was reported by the General [264] Secretary of the Scandinavian Section, which to me is always a most interesting item in our yearly report of activities. How impressive is a fact like the following: “A new Lodge was founded on the 16th October under the name of Bäfrast, in Lulea, a Swedish town, situated in the Polar regions. It already has sixteen members, with Mr. S. R. Sven-Nilson as President.” The Report of Mr. Buültjens, General Manager of Buddhist Schools (Ceylon), shows that at the close of 1897 there were in the Colombo Circuit 13,910 children under instruction in 64 schools; the number in the Galle Circuit is not given, but in the Kandy Circuit there were 2,884.

As usual the Anniversary of the Society was publicly celebrated on the 28th December at Victoria Public Hall, Madras: the usual crowd were present and the usual enthusiasm prevailed. The addresses of the year were by the President-Founder, Dr. A. Richardson, H. R. H. the Prince-Priest Jinawarawansa, Mr. Roshan Lal of Allahabad, Mr. Harry Banbery, Mr. Knudsen of Hawaii, and Miss Edger. The Prince’s address was in the form of an Open Letter, which was read for him by myself, and from which it will be worth while to copy some extracts as showing how the views of a royal Prince, ex-diplomatist and man of the

world, can change when he turns his back on [265] the worldly career and takes up the life of a religious mendicant. Such an act of renunciation as this naturally appealed in a striking degree to the imaginations of the Indian audience in the history of whose ancestors are found many similar instances. The Prince said:

“I am extremely reluctant to come on the platform at this meeting, as requested and give my views on questions engaging the attention of the Theosophists.

“In my present retired life, which is that of a Buddhist Monk who is yet in his first stage of the priesthood—that of learning and acquiring knowledge and experience,—to take the position of a speaker on a public platform would not be consistent with my aims, or the rules of my order, and certainly contrary to my naturally retiring disposition.

“I would, therefore, crave your kind indulgence to allow me to remain as an attentive listener and receive the teaching and suggestions of those more ripened in experience and who are qualified to teach on subjects so abstract and philosophical as well as practical. As a listener and a student I shall fulfil the desire I have so long indulged in, to come to India and learn her ancient wisdom.

* * * * *

“I confess, my dear Colonel, I shudder to reflect on the modern calamities of which we have already [266] had the experience, and the possibility of a European war is more frightful still, amidst religious activity and societies for all kinds of works for the alleviation of the sufferings of humanity.

“Is it not anomalous, that such should be the state of things in the world of to-day?

“The truth is, I venture to suggest, that men have become too learned and knowledge is a drug in the market.

“The beauties of morals and religion are taught and acquired as any other knowledge is taught and acquired, and for the same object, but neither the teacher nor the learner practises them after they have learnt. Hence knowledgebecomes a dangerous weapon, as very clearly pointed out by Miss Edger this morning.

“If Theosophy would undertake, in addition to the work of bringing men together into one Universal Brotherhood, the duty of leading men by example and practice, and training them instead of merely teaching them in religious

truth, by their exemplary life, so that they might be either true Christians or Hindus, or Buddhists, etc., whatever be their religion, and not hypocrites as they now appear to be, it would be conferring the greatest of all the boons of the century. The one work that is needed now, I believe, is example and practice and not mere theories. [267] "Personally, and as far as I have yet learnt, I think that all the elements necessary for the basis of a Universal Religion are found in Buddhism. For there you find the Truth that no man can deny and no science can disprove. In its purest form as originally taught by its "Finder" (Buddha was not a founder but a finder, so was Christ, etc.) there is no superstition or dogma. It is therefore the re1igion of nobody, the religion for everybody, and to regard it as of Buddha alone and call it Buddhism is extremely misleading. Buddha was a finder of truth concerning existence and eternity. This religion of truth is always here in the Universe and it is found out by anyone who seeks it and brings it to light when the world has need of it in the course of its eternal evolution, for its spiritual requirement.

"The key-note to Buddhism, and its idea of salvation, which is purely philosophical, is that it is neither 'you' nor 'I' nor anybody else that suffers misery or enjoys happiness or attains to Nirvâna. It is the 'Pancakkhandha' or the five component elements of being that does this.

"The secret of misery and happiness is to be found in selfhood and where there is self there can be no truth, for self is an illusion.The moment one forgets one's self, pleasure and pain and all other sensations disappear, and the Truth of Buddhism is seen, and Nirvâna gained. [268] "As thought is the seat of the delusion of self, it is in thought that either happiness or misery is found. Hence the whole of the Buddhist metaphysic or psychological science is summed up in these four words of very deep meanings and capable of great expansion: Cittam, Cetasikam, Rûpam Nibbânam, or Thought, Perception, Sight,and Nirvâna.

"From this, deep and earnest contemplation on the Four Noble Truths brings the conviction as a sequence, that misery or happiness depends on thought and conception; right thought and conception bring happiness; erroneous thought and conception bring misery; for the one makes you see things in the cosmos as they really are in their abstract truth, and the other as they appear to be in relative truth.

"Hence Nirvâna depends upon the three elements of Thought, Conception and Sight.

“The whole of their religion, as you have already stated in your Catechism, is summed up in the celebrated verse:

To cease from all wrong doing,

To get virtue,

To cleanse one’s own heart—

This is the religion of Buddha.

“And a more beautiful doctrine and a greater truth has never been told in any religion in the world... [269] “This reminds me again that we are really spiritually retrograding, and need radical reform in our educational methods for bringing up our children and for the Buddhists of Ceylon in providing them with education based on the plan of bringing up the Buddhists in their own religion. This system, before your time, practically did not exist, and the universal praise that has been bestowed on you by the Sinhalese for the blessings which they now enjoy, must be a source of pleasure and happiness to you.

“May you and your Society, such as I to-day conceive it to be, be protected by the Triple Gem which is Truth, and be successful in all right efforts.”

CHAPTER XVIII

INDIAN TOUR

(1898)

A NEW section of our historical panorama unrolls itself to view—the year 1898.

Miss Edger's lectures were so highly appreciated that the Hindu (1st January of 1898) contained a very strong leading article recognizing us as a worldwide Society with such a growing influence that it may in time rally around it all the Indian nations. This forecast may very well be realized in the course of time if nothing unforeseen should happen to destroy the Society's vitality, but its well-wishers need to be often reminded of the fact, so forcibly stated by Herbert Spencer, that great sociological changes are never sudden, but are gradually worked out. The fact is that many of our colleagues allow themselves to be carried away by blind enthusiasm, and while they should be assiduously working to reform and develop their own characters, are grouped together to manufacture idols out of [271] favorite personalities to set up in their private temples to be worshipped.

On the second of January we had a visit from a yogi who looked thirty but was said to be two hundred years old—a preposterous claim, I should say. On the same day Miss Edger lectured in Victoria Town Hall, Madras, to a large audience, on "The Secret of Death".

Mrs. Besant being in America, and Miss Edger having been brought to India by me to, in some measure, replace her, had, as before stated, won great success both in her South Indian tour and at the Convention. A much longer tour which should carry her from Madras via Calcutta as far as Rawalpindi had also been arranged and was entered upon on the 9th January by sailing for Calcutta on the French steamer Dupleix, under the escort of the President-Founder. Some of the faithful ones, among them T. V. Charlu,V. C. Seshachari and S. V. Rangaswami Iyengar, saw us off at the pier, leaving with us baskets of fruit and some money

towards Miss Edger's travelling expenses. We availed of the opportunity afforded by our sea travel to prepare printers' copy—she, the manuscript of her lectures and I,]—whenever the sea was complacent enough.

We reached Calcutta at 4 p.m. on the 12th; Miss Edger went to Dr. and Mrs. Salzer as their [277] guest, and I to an old German friend, Herr Boltze. The experiences of the next few days indicated very clearly that we were going to have a very busy time of it on this tour. Our rooms were crowded with visitors, we had conversation meetings at the Society's room, which lasted sometimes four or five hours at a stretch, and both Miss Edger and I had lectures to give, almost invariably to large audiences. The accession of another educated lady as a Theosophical lecturer, especially one who had taken the highest university degrees in Arts and who was, presumably, able to meet any sceptical graduates of the Indian universities on equal terms, naturally created a great public interest. Moreover, the very favorable criticisms on her Adyar lectures, circulating through the Indian Press, bespoke her a wide fame and popularity. The notes in my diary show that her audiences were "deeply interested" and "enthusiastic", etc. Her first Calcutta lecture was given on the 14th January; the second, the next day; on the next she held a long conversation meeting and attended with me on the same evening a meeting of the Bengal T. S.: her third and last lecture was given at the Star Theatre to an overcrowded house.

The thing that most moved and held the attention of her audiences was not her oratory, for in that she [278] was not to be compared with Mrs. Besant, but the tone of candor and unpretentious earnestness with which she elaborated her themes, and the common-sense way in which she showed how the ideas of Theosophy ought to enter into the lives and control the conduct of people. I think that, from all I heard during the several tours that I made with her in 1897 in Australia, New Zealand and Southern and Northern India, her addresses made as lasting an impression upon her hearers as those of any other speaker who has stood upon our platform. Take, for instance, the following extract from a lecture upon the application of Theosophy to the home and note how clear is her exposition and how original her use of the idea that the relationship of children to each other and to their parents is not a matter of this one incarnation, but that all individuals of the family group have had similar kinship with many other families in the past, and that this helps us to conceive of the impressive truth that, after all, mankind compose one great family. Her language is as follows:

"The thought arises that we have a certain very important responsibility

towards those in our own homes; we have some responsibility, it is true, towards every brother and sister, the whole world over, but during this life our responsibility is greatest to those of our own home. Could we look back [274] through our past lives, we should see that there are very many with whom we have been associated by the closest ties; we should see that we have had not one father nor one mother, but many; sometimes one, sometimes another. This seems to me to be a beautiful illustration of the universal brotherhood which we are trying to attain, for the recognition of it is the first step towards a realisation that we must not allow our sympathies to be confined to those who belong to our family of this incarnation. We recognise that the true relationship is that of the soul, which includes all those with whom we have been associated, life after life. In this life we are brought into outward kinship with but a limited number of those to whom we are bound by the wider kinship of the soul; in another incarnation we may be brought into relationship with some of the same souls, or with others; and thus in each life there is a widening, an expansion of our ties of family. It might at first sight be thought that this view would lead us to undervalue these ties and to neglect our duties to our present group; but this can never be so if, at the same time, we remember that our relatives of to-day are those with whom we are just now most closely associated. We shall rather think that this is a soul to which I have been attracted because there is a spiritual tie between us. But there is just as [275] strong a tie between this same soul and many others, and we have been drawn closely together on the lower plane for this life that we may be stronger and better able to work in harmony for the good of humanity. We must, therefore, let our love strengthen us to work for others, and strive to bring nearer the time when all may be united in one spiritual family, where there is ‘neither marrying nor giving in marriage.’”

On the 19th January we embarked on a river steamboat for Midnapore. We changed boats at Ulubaria and proceeded on to Dinan, where we entered the river Rupnarayan. We got stuck at low tide, went on with the flood, and passed the night. No meals being supplied to passengers, we ate biscuits and fruit.

We reached Midnapore at 8 a.m. on the 20th, were met at the river bank by our local colleagues and taken to the Travellers’ Bungalow. Throughout the day there was a great flux of visitors, and numberless questions to answer. In a large hall in a private house Miss Edger lectured that evening on “An Outline of Theosophy”, a subject which she always treats with great clearness. There was a Branch meeting the next morning at 7-30, admissions to membership and many

visitors of the general public. The lecture that day was on “A Practical View of Theosophy”, a theme which I am [276] never tired of recommending for treatment to our public speakers. The fact is that if we could have nine out of ten of their discourses devoted to this paramount question, we should get enough of theoretical Theosophy out of the tenth lecture to supply our wants, in our present incarnation. At 10-30 that evening we started on our return trip for Calcutta, slept on board and had our servants prepare meals for us. We reached Calcutta at 3 p.m., dined with the kind Salzers and took the train for the north late that evening.

The next morning we got to Bankipore and were most kindly received at the station by the members of the local Branch. The case of Bankipore is a good illustration of the way in which our movement goes on under Indian conditions. As previously explained, the preponderating number of our Indian members are Government employees who are shifted from stations according to established rules at the pleasure of the chiefs of their respective Bureaux and Departments. So long as a good strong man is at the head of a local Branch, so long it prospers. Regular meetings are held, activities abound and the name of the Branch bulks largely in the Annual Report of the General Secretary of the Section. When this natural leader is transferred to another post and his successor is, possibly, a less masterful or less interested [277] member, or perhaps a non-member, the local group is like a flock of sheep without a shepherd, it becomes “dormant” and remains obscure until either a better man is sent by Government to the place, or the interest of the new incumbent is aroused by the visit of one of our Branch Inspectors. Thus we see, in looking back through the series of our Annual Reports, how our Indian Branches rise, flourish for awhile, go into eclipse, and resume activity and re-awaken in that neighborhood or district a popular interest in Theosophy. On page 6 of the Annual Report for the year 1905, it will be seen that thirteen of these dormant Branches were revived, twenty-nine new Branches were formed and two were dissolved, thus leaving 207 active Branches and 100 dormant. Between 1900 and 1905, both inclusive, 64 “dormant” Branches were restored to the active list. In the case of Bankipore, for many years we have had at the head of the Branch one of the most intelligent, best educated and devoted men of India, Babu Purnendu Narayana Sinha,[23] the Government Pleader, whose contributions[24] to literature are well known throughout India. Hence the Branch is always active, always prosperous and at no station [278] do our travelling lecturers, like Mrs. Besant. Miss Edger, Mr.

Leadbeater and myself, receive a warmer or more ungrudging aid. On the occasion of the present visit there were meetings of the Branch, an E. S. T. talk with Miss Edger, and lectures by us both; she speaking on her usual subjects and I addressing the public in the interest of the religious education of Indian boys, a subject always dear to my heart. It may be remembered, that to promote this cause, I started in the year 1895, a little monthly periodical called the Arya Bala Bodhini, which was a success, and if I had had the time to give to it, could easily have been worked up to a very large circulation. I see, for instance, that I got for it during the tour under notice thirty, fifty and even many more subscribers at our different stations. When the Hindu College was established and there was need for such a publication, I turned the Bodhini over to Mrs. Besant and after a time she re-named it the Central Hindu College Magazine. Its present circulation is creeping up to 15,000, a great thing for India, where periodicals count their subscribers by the single thousand, but which I am sure could be increased to 100,000 if there were a competent man to occupy himself especially with this interest.

While at Bankipore I took Miss Edger to hear those weird echoes in the Ghol Gurh, the [279] empty, monster grain-bin built by Warren Hastings for the storing of food-stuffs in time of impending famine. I have described these echoes before but the acoustic phenomenon is so impressive that one never tires of speaking of it. Let the reader fancy what his sensations would be if, when, pronouncing a word even in a moderate tone, he should hear it repeated to him from the air all about him and from the ground beneath his feet: he might well be pardoned for thinking for the moment that he was in the midst of an unseen host of mocking demons. And yet I doubt if one traveller out of every thousand visiting India has ever stopped at Bankipore to enjoy this sensation.

We left Bankipore for Muzaffarpûr on the afternoon of the 25th January and arrived there after a twenty-four hours' ride in the train. As usual we were met at the station by our members who put us up at the "India Club", its members having agreed to close the club during the three days of our stay. This was a brand new experience for me as, notwithstanding my eighteen years of Indian travel, I never received such an act of courtesy before. Miss Edger lectured on the following two days, the subject of the second lecture being "The Theosophic Life"; my notes say that she treated it "eloquently and admirably". I followed her, with a talk to the elders, of their [280] duty to their children, and the dear little chaps came and clustered around me to get my advice about the making and

management of a Boys' Association. By the train of 5-23 p.m. we left for Benares. We were put up at the headquarters and I availed of the chance to go about and see some of my old friends,—Pramada Dasa Mitra, Mokshada Dasa Mitra, Pandit Adityaram Bhattacharya and others. Upendra Babu took us for a morning sail along the river face to see the bathing multitudes and I tried to find Majji, but she was not at home at the time, to my regret, because I wanted Miss Edger to see this famous woman who called on H.P.B. when we first visited the Sacred City, and who told Damodar and myself a secret about the Guru of H.P.B. which I had reason to suppose was known only to her and myself.

On the afternoon of the 30th January Miss Edger lectured at the Town Hall to a large audience, very acceptably, on the subject of "Man, his Nature and Evolution". That night she got a great fright. She was suddenly roused from a deep sleep by a wild human cry close to her window. She told me that she thought it either a madman or a drunken person frenzied with excitement. Bathed in a cold perspiration she lay quivering on the bed until the shriek was repeated at a distance and she knew that [281] the supposed marauder was going away and that her life was probably out of immediate danger. The next morning she anxiously asked me to explain the mystery and was not a little mortified on finding that it was nothing but the cry of a Chowkidar, or night-watchman, although the horrible noise he made to inform his employers that he was wide awake and making his rounds was enough to warrant a new-comer to rush out and hit him over the head with a club.

There were other lectures and conversation meetings, and on the night of the 2nd February, the eve of our departure, Upendra Babu, Bhavani Shankar, Miss Edger and I, sailed along the river to see the city by moonlight. It was certainly one of the weirdest experiences of my life. Benares seemed transformed into a spectral city behind a veil of smoky haze. Its ghâts with numberless boats tethered at their feet; the columnar bastions, the Hindu and Mahomedan temples and mosques with their pyramidal towers, their domes and minarets, the immense flights of steps to give the bathers access to the river, the lights twinkling out of the gloomy fronts of the buildings, the sound of Indian music, the shrill voices of belated gossips, here and there a devotee making his ablutions in preparation for the evening worship, big boats propelled by oars, with Indian singing parties on [282] board gliding over the smooth Ganges, and over, in, and through the panorama the thin curtain of a hazy moonlight that gave a character of unreality to the grandiose picture.

The next morning we bade good-bye to all and left Benares for Allahabad.

CHAPTER XIX

TO ALLAHABAD AND LAHORE

(1898)

ALL this ground that we were now going over was embalmed in my heart because of the associations which connected it with the memory of H. P. B. Together we had visited these towns, together had first made the acquaintance of many of the very friends who now came together to welcome Miss Edger to the field of her Indian work. For instance, one of those who met us at the Allahabad railway station was Dr. Avinas Chandra Banerji,[25] who treated her in 1879 with so much devotion and intelligence when she lay tossing about in fever at the house of our friends, the Sinnetts. He was very young in the profession then, but the conduct of no graybeard Æsculapius could have been more discreet. He won her affectionate regard and my friendship and gratitude at the same time. Then another was Rai Pyari Lal, [284] that old Government official who, since joining our Society in the year 1887, has been one of the most conspicuous workers in that part of India. Dr. Avinas took Miss Edger and myself to the huge and handsomely furnished house of Kumar Pârmânand, the living representative of an important family and one who had gained a large personal influence by his personal abilities.

At 6-30 p.m. of that same day Miss Edger lectured at Mayo Hall to a large and sympathetic audience which included many Europeans. She lectured the next day at the Kyastha Pathasala, or school, on “The Theosophic Life”. On the following morning I called on my old friend, Pandit Aditya Ram Battacharya, the Sanskrit Professor in the local College, and got his consent to be President of the Allahabad Branch when the pending reorganization was completed. At 3 p.m. we left for Cawnpore, arrived there at 7, and were received by Rai Kishen Lal, Dr. Mohindra Nath Ganguli, Babu Devipada Roy, all old, tried and trusted friends and others, who gave us that whole-hearted hospitality which the Hindus, as a matter of religious necessity, keep in store for all guests, especially those whom they love.

The next day, February 6th, we visited the Mutiny Massacre well and cemetery, which H. P. B. and I had visited together nineteen years earlier. [285] There was a meeting of the Branch that day at which a committee was appointed to begin a movement for female education, and in the evening my companion lectured on “Religion, its Aim and Object”. On the evening of the 7th, a large crowd gathered to hear her lecture and received it with enthusiasm. Later, there was a Branch meeting and one admission to membership. On the 8th, we called on Dr. Ganguli’s mother, a most lovable old lady, after which I formed the Cawnpore Hindu Boys’ Association. We left the station at 10-30 a.m. for Barabanki and were received by my staunch old friend Pandit Parmeshri Dâs, who put us up at his big house. Miss Edger’s lecture that evening on “Man, his Nature and Evolution” was particularly fine, and the one of the next day, given without interpretation, to an audience of thirty persons—all the English-knowing ones of the place—was also very good. At 8-30 p.m. we left for Bareilly.

We reached our destination at six o’clock the next morning, were received by Messrs. Cheda Lal, Bishen Lal and others, and received gracious hospitality from Babu Preo Nath Banerji, the gentleman by whom Mrs. Besant, Countess Wachtmeister and I were entertained in 1894. Miss Edger lectured that evening to a good audience in spite of a pouring rain. There were many visits from [286] inquirers the next day and a concluding lecture, after which, nearly at midnight, we left for Agra, travelling all night and changing trains three times; an incident not at all conducive to peaceful slumber or bracing to the health. However, Miss Edger, though in appearance a delicate little woman, bore the fatigues of all this long tour remarkably well.”

At Agra we were put up at the Metropole Hotel kept by a Frenchman. Miss Edger had her first view of that world-wonder, the Taj, an experience that leaves in the mind of everybody possessed of even a grain of intelligence, an imperishable reminiscence. Miss Edger’s lecture that evening was given to a crowded and enthusiastic audience: I retain the adjective despite tautology, because it exactly expresses the temper of her hearers.

We left for Aligarh the next morning (February 13th) and got there at 2-15 p.m. I gratified my unregenerate taste by going to a great Horse Show that was in progress, where I had a chance to see a large number of the spirited and well-formed animals, many of the best Cabul blood, which recalled to my mind some of the meetings of a similiar character that I had attended many years before in my own country; but the Aligarh crowd were so picturesque in their multifarious

costumes, their lissome figures and their bronze complexion, [287] as to make this show infinitely more interesting than those one sees in Western countries. Miss Edger lectured that evening at the Government High School on “The Necessity for Religion”, in the presence of the Principal, Mr. Casaubon, a very old acquaintance of mine, whom H. P. B. once tried with all her might, but fruitlessly, to convert from Agnosticism. At the Conversation meeting the next morning, Miss Edger, laying aside all her Colonial habits and prejudices, sat on the floor, Indian fashion, amid her interrogators. This was then to her a great novelty, but during the subsequent eight years she has become so accustomed to it, I should think that on revisiting other lands she would almost have to learn over again the uses of tables and chairs.

We left after midnight on the 14th for Kapurthala, travelled all the rest of the night, and reached our destination at 2 p.m. the next day. Babu Hari Chand, Judicial Assistant, met us with the Rajah’s carriage at Kartarpur station, distant seven miles from the Capital. At 6 p.m., by what would be called in a European state, “special command”, Miss Edger lectured to the Maharajah and his court, and apparently to their great satisfaction, to judge from the applause and the nice little speech of thanks made by His Highness at the close. We were put up in the palatial guest-house where [288] Mrs. Besant, the Countess and I stopped in 1894. A clever French artist was there and he and I talked together upon congenial themes until a late hour; after which I read the proof-sheets of Mr. Bilimoria’s interesting book on Zoroastrianism and Theosophy. Before we left for Lahore the next day in a heavy rain, the Maharajah gave Miss Edger a present of a pair of Kashmir shawls and to myself a cash donation for the Theosophical Society. We reached Lahore the same day and were warmly received by our dear friend, Dr. Balkissen Kaul, F.T.S., for years past one of the most prominent figures in our Indian movement. We dined that day at the house of Sirdar Amrao Singh. The Sirdar is a wealthy Sikh noble, typically brave, courteous and intelligent, who is also a pillar of strength in our Lahore Branch. We had visitors all day on the 17th and at 4 p.m. my companion and I were taken by Pandit Gopinath to a meeting of his orthodox Indian Society, the Sanâtana Dharma Sabha, where we made short speeches: the day was wound up by an interesting meeting of the Lahore Branch. Pandit Gopinath’s Society is, or was at the time, for I have not heard from it since, an intensely, not to say aggressively orthodox Hindu body, perpetually at strife with the heterodox Arya Samaj, of the late Swami Dayânand Saraswati. In the old times, when all was peace between the [289] Swamiji and

ourselves, I had been on rather intimate terms with the leaders of the Lahore Arya Samaj, and I was glad of the opportunity now offered to meet the members of the rival religious Society, for I wanted to give one more proof that no feeling of sectarianism has ever animated the Society or its Founders.

On the 18th February we had calls from influential Sikhs, Sirdar Gurumuk Singh, Professor at the Oriental College, and another gentleman who was Sessions Judge at Sialkote. I suggested to them the advisability of compiling a Catechism of Guru Nanak's religion, and at their request put the suggestion into the form of a letter which they agreed to lay before a council of Sikhs which was to meet at Amritsar on the following day. After receiving the visits of many other inquirers we went again to the Sanâtana Dharma Sabha to receive addresses that had been prepared, and at 5-30 p.m. Miss Edger gave a clear and improving lecture on "The Building of a World". Despite a heavy downpour of rain her audience was large, yet not so large as that on the following evening when, as appears from my notes, two thousand persons listened to her.

On that same day (19th February) I had a visit from a young man of whose life and exploits Mr. Stead made a whole chapter in Borderland for [290] April, 1897. The stories told about him alone and in connection with the famous Mr. Jacob (Marion Crawford's Mr. Isaacs) were so extraordinary as to cause them to be copied and commented upon very widely throughout the world. His name was Balmukund Jhingan, variously styled "pandit", "professor" and "doctor"; but that is neither here nor there; our chiropodists now call themselves professors, and mere tyros in psychopathic healing advertise themselves as doctors. Having read Mr. Stead's article I was naturally interested in seeing the man to whom was ascribed the possession of strong psychic powers. Mr. Kanhaiyalal, a brother of Pandit Gopinath and an editor of the Lahore Urdu paper, Akhbar-i-Am, writing to Mr. Stead said: "I assure you the Professor, my intimate friend, has far more wonderful things to show to the favoured few; such as raising himself from the ground and remaining suspended in the air without any support, making his body so stiff as not a heavy hammer can hurt it or break his skull. Perhaps it will be a news to you, that when he makes his stick stand in the air without support, he himself and the stick lose their shadows, that is, no shadow is cast at day, before the sun, or at night before a lamp." The bad English is given as written. The writer says, apropos of the shadows, "this is not noticed by [291] ordinary spectators. After seeing the young man, about whom I could not detect even the flavor of magical power, I should not have been surprised if Mr.

Kanhaiyalal had used the word “extraordinary” instead of the one which appeared in his sentence. Certainly, he either could not or would not show me any proof of his occult powers. In the course of the article in question the writer gives an alleged list of Jhingan’s accomplishment: “He can produce, apparently from nothing, all sorts of things such as flowers, vegetables, betel leaves, coins, etc., etc. He can make a stick, or a paper, or a book, or a burning lamp stand in the air without any support, apparently by mere force of will. Not only this, but he can order it to lean towards this point or that. He can pass knives through the body without injury, and the cut is healed at once. He can remove small articles such as rings, coins, etc., held in your hand, by his mysterious power and order them to come out from where you please. Once he removed a large bottle from under the cover of a handkerchief to another room.” Kanhaiyalal tells how the alleged magician recovered a lost watch for Pandit Bishambar Nath Mota. That gentleman with others were chatting together one evening in the bookshop of the writer’s family when Mr. Jhingan came along and [292] upon being asked by Kanhaiyalal’s father whether he would do some tamasha for the amusement of the company, he consented and it was agreed between the people present that he should try to recover for Bishambar Nath his watch, which had been missing for several weeks. The narrative is curious enough to be quoted as follows: “He washed his hands, for which water was brought by my younger brother, Balkrishna, and then asked for a little quantity of rice. It was given him and he read some words on it. He then asked that a glass full of water be brought before him to receive the lost watch. It was brought and kept before him at a distance of six or seven yards, and he never touched it nor even came near it. He then threw away the enchanted rice about himself, and the glass full of water. He then brought both his hands to his mouth as if to blow through them. He shut his eyes, and after awhile opened them, and told the audience that the watch had come. He asked the owner to go to the glass and see if his watch was there—and lo! the watch was there.”

In my thirty years experience in India I have never found one person who had the reputation of being a real wonder-worker of the better sort who would show me phenomena, while on the other hand they have almost invariably [293] spoken slightingly of them as objects to be searched after and have directed attention to the real object of Yoga, the development and evolution of the Higher Self. In cases, therefore, like the one under notice, the readiness of Jhingan, alleged by his friend Kanhaiyalal to step into a house when passing and forthwith display phenomena makes it appear to me that one of two things must be true—that he

produced his effects by prestidigitation or by the practice of black magic and the employment of elementals. However, as said above, he gave me no chance to form an opinion upon his alleged powers.

On the day of his visit I visited the respected parents of Pandit Gopinath, who received me with great friendliness. I mention the circumstance partly because it gave me the chance to see how a Lahore family houses itself during the hot season. Their living apartments are excavated in the clayey soil and during the hottest days the temperature of the rooms is more or less agreeable. It is really living in deepened cellars under the ordinary brick dwelling-house.

During our visit at Lahore, Miss Edger was kept busy with her daily lectures, E.S.T. meetings and two Conversation meetings every day. A final Branch meeting was held on the 20th February, a number of new members were admitted, and [294] Miss Edger showed the Branch how to work a “Secret Doctrine Class”. We slept in the Waiting Rooms at the station and left at 2 a.m. the next morning for Rawalpindi. This extreme northern-most point of our tour was reached at 2-30 p.m. on the 21st. Many friends, including several Sikh nobles and Mr. Dhunjibhoy, a rich Parsi, welcomed us. In the evening Miss Edger lectured on “The Necessity for Religion”, to an audience of two thousand people, standing in a summer-house porch and talking into a huge Shamianah, or canvas-roofed shelter raised on poles and tastefully decorated. Later, there was a Branch meeting. We were now at a point 2,000 miles distant from Adyar, which gives the non-Indian reader an idea of the extent of the Theosophical movement in this country.

At 5 p.m., the next day, I formally opened the “Annie Besant Samskrit School” at the request of Lala Jiva Râm, its founder, who was fired to do this charity by Mrs. Besant’s lectures of the previous year. Miss Edger’s lecture on that same day was given to a rather big audience. There was a Branch meeting in the evening with admission of members, and at midnight, turning our faces southward, we left for Amritsar. A twelve hours’ rail journey brought us to that place; we were garlanded at the station and after being settled in some small rooms which had been provided for us, went to see the [295] world-renowned Golden Temple, where we were shown the jewels (said to be worth three lacs of rupees) and the swords of the Sikh Gurus and Princes, and were treated with great honor. We saw two boys baptized in Sikh fashion and were presented with Cloths for pagris, turbans.

Of all the races of India the Sikhs are the most picturesque and, as a whole,

the handsomest. The race evolution dates back only to the latter half of the fifteenth century and was originally composed of two warlike tribes—the Jâtas and Khatris, who were blended together into a religious sect, the union being additionally cemented by the tie of military discipline. Their founder, who was one of the greatest men in Indian history in several respects, was one, Nânak, an excellent and successful preacher, who taught what might be called a reformed and monotheistic Hinduism. He was born in 1469 at Talwandi on the Râdi in the Punjab and, possessed of great natural dignity himself, and being surrounded by a number of followers of striking personal appearance and great military ardor, he was able to infuse into the inchoate nation the qualities of heroic bravery and enthusiastic sense of duty which, being transmitted in a marvellous way from generation to generation, have made the name of Sikh a synonym of all that goes to make up the true warrior. Taking it all in all, the story of the [296] evolution of what is now the Sikh nation is one of the most romantic in history. Among the members of the Theosophical Society there are none for whom I have a stronger personal regard than the members of this fighting race.

Nânak lived seventy years and has been succeeded by a long line of “Gurus”. The word Sikh is translated as “disciple”. The teachings of the Gurus were compiled near the close of the sixteenth century by Guru Râm Dâs into a volume that is known as the Adi Granth, a valuable literary work, a very fine copy of which has recently been presented to the Adyar Library by Captain and Mrs. Ganpat Rai. At the Golden Temple the sacred book is daily read from, for the benefit of the people, by the priest on duty. It lies upon a great cushion on the floor of the Golden Temple itself; a beautiful structure which rises from the centre of the large square tank called “Amritsar” (the pool of immortality), dug by Râm Dâs on a piece of land given to him by the Mogul Empero Akbar the Great. From the ceiling of the temple-room, in which the Adi Granth is kept, hang great glass globes of golden and other colors, and, as I noticed that some of them were missing, Miss Edger and I sent four, handsome golden-hued globes with our compliments to Colonel Jwala Singh, the manager of the Temple. He had hardly received them before he sent [297] me a brotherly letter of thanks, with presents of a red and gold sâri, a white pagri and some karahprasad, a sweetened flour mass which is considered sacred, like the wafer of the Catholics, and which I was informed was a great compliment. In an article in the Encyclopædia Britannica the following interesting facts are given: “As Sikhs they acquired a distinctive appearance by giving up the Hindu practice of shaving the head and face. They were forbidden the use of tobacco; and their discipline in other things

prepared them for being indeed the soldiers they looked. Govind Râi adopted the designation ‘Singh’ (lion), and this became the distinctive addition to the names of all Sikhs. He called the whole body the ‘Khalsa’, or free, and he devised a rite of initiation called the pahal. He compiled a supplement to the ‘Granth’, containing instructions suited to the altered condition of the Sikh people.”

On the 25th we bade farewell to our kind hosts and other friends, Hindus and Sikhs, and resumed our journey.

CHAPTER XX

RETURNING HOME

(1898)

THE tedium of the night journey between Amritsar and Lucknow, the capital of Oudh, and our next halting-place, was enlivened by the congenial company of the Sirdar Umrao Singh, of Lahore, his wife and children, for whom a carriage had been reserved and who hospitably made us share it. On reaching Lucknow at about 1 p.m., our dear and respected old colleague, Judge Narain Das, F.T.S., whose zeal for the Society is not diminished by the advance of age or the demands made upon him by his public duties, met us with several other members, including Mr. Ross Scott, C.S., whose friendship for H. P. B. and myself dates back to the voyage of the Speke Hall on which we three were fellow passengers. At that time he was a comparatively young civilian, full of enthusiasm and courage, as befitted his Irish nationality. His charming qualities gained the [289] affection of us both, and the prospect of now meeting him at Lucknow where he was District Judge was extremely pleasant. He sent me a note to say that he could not meet us as he was holding court at the time. At 4 p.m., however, we went to his house where he was very nice to us, keeping us for dinner, at which we met two ladies and a gentleman of the station and Mr. Campbell of the British Museum, our fellow passenger from Colombo to Madras, who was also Judge Scott's guest.

The Judge drove us the next day to see the city's sights, including the Gardens, the historical Residency of tragical Mutiny fame, etc. A Branch meeting with a reception to outsiders was held at the house of Rai Narain Das Bahadur, and at 4-30 p.m. Miss Edger gave one of her good lectures. Our fleeting visit to Lucknow was brought to an end the next morning at 6 o'clock when we left for Allahabad, which we reached at 3-40 p.m., having stopped an hour and a half at Cawnpore to see our friends. Miss Edger lectured before the Literary Society of Mayo College that evening on the subject of "Female Education". Our host this time was the same as before, Kumar Parmânand.

Many friends, including Mr. Roshan Lal, his wife and sister-in-law, Rai Iswari Prasad, Pandit Aditya Ram, etc., came to see us. At 6-30 p.m. we attended and addressed a meeting at the Kyastha Pathasala [300] and registered thirty-seven names for a class to study Theosophical works and Hindu Philosophy. The next day (March 2nd) I had a touching interview with Babu Cally Kissen, one of the millionaires of the great Tagore family of Bengal, whom I found with his health almost broken up, but, in feeling, the same generous, kind-hearted man as before. In the North Indian Famine of 1897, he remitted the rents of his ryots or agricultural tenants, and paid the Government tax out of his own pocket—a huge charity. At 11-40 p.m. we left for jubbulpore and arrived there at 6-30 a.m. the next morning. Among the friends who met us were Babu Kalicharan Bose, the loyal T.S. veteran and a philanthropist to the bottom of his heart, and our dear Bhavani Shankar, now a seasoned worker and an able Branch Inspector, whose connection with us began far back in the old Breach Candy days at Bombay, when he was a handsome youth with Hyperian curls, but who now at the present time of writing (1906) has become transformed into a handsome old graybeard, known throughout India and respected for his valuable services. The place where our quarters were given us was a draughty, windowless, upper storey suite of rooms which we found extremely uncomfortable but attached no blame therefore to our good hosts who had done the best they could under the circumstances. [301] Lucknow is a great centre of business activity but not conspicuous for spirituality. It is the pivotal point of the railway system of Oudh and Rohilkund, with extensive machine shops, warehouses and other appanages of railway traffic. There are long established industrial specialities, such as the weaving of gold and silver brocades, plain and printed muslins and calicoes, embroideries, glasswork, including colored bangles in enormous quantities and clay molding, among others of those dainty little figures, costumed and painted like life, which represent many of the persons of all castes and classes whom one sees when going about in India. One would say that Lucknow was a great intellectual centre, for it possesses one hundred and forty printing presses, a paper mill employing 550 hands, and three English and thirty vernacular newspapers. But over the former capital of the Kings of Oudh hangs—if one looks at it from the standpoint of the higher planes—the dark cloud of the aura of the sensual and self-seeking character of the ruling class which made it, up to the time of the British conquest, a cess-pool of animality. There are, of course, some holy men to be found who shine amid this moral gloom, but they are few in number and do not increase.

We slept so cold that night that the next morning I bought some cotton cloth and nailed it across the [302] open windows of our respective rooms. Our present visit to Jubbulpore included one pleasing incident, the exchange of mutual explanations between an old F.T.S., a Sub-Judge and a man of influence, and myself, and the removal from his mind of an imaginary grievance for which he had kept a grudge against me since 1888 and held himself aloof from our work. Needless to say we both felt glad when the matter was set right. Miss Edger lectured that evening on the subject of religion, in the same open courtyard of a house where I lectured in 1887 and raised a fund of Rs. 2,000 for the support of a Samskrit school. The next day we visited a Hindu Orphanage, founded by Babu Kalicharan Bose, as a Theosophical Society's Famine work. They had thirty-five boys and girls learning weaving, carpentering and other industries. Upon inquiry, I found that they made substantial frames of jungle-wood for Charpâis (Hindu beds), for the extravagant sum of three annas, or about six cents American currency; cotton towels they made at six pies, or one cent, cotton dress cloth at 2¾ annas a yard, sleeping carpets at two annas four pies, or about five cents; at such prices house furnishing would be a very easy affair. The fact is that the absolute requirements of the teeming millions of India are so modest as to offer but small inducements to our Western manufacturers of the thousand and one [303] articles of furniture, household fittings and other things that we regard as absolute necessaries of life. This is what I reported to the American Government in 1879, when I was acting for it as a Special Commissioner to report what legislation and other steps would be necessary to promote an increase of trade relations between the United States and Eastern countries. After submitting to the inevitable photograph we left for Poona at 8 p.m., passed all night in the train, missed connection at Manmad, were kept there waiting five hours for the next train, got to Dhond at 1-30 a.m. and to Poona at 5 on the morning of the 6th March.

Poona, it will be remembered, is the place where our old and respected colleague, Judge N. D. Khandalwala, Khan Bahadur, has been so long officiating in his judicial capacity with much distinction. He is one of the soundest advisers and most enlightened leaders in our movement in the Orient; a Parsi, universally respected by his co-religionists and by the Bombay Government. He met us at the station, took us to the Napier Hotel and at 9 a.m. gave us a reception at his house at which the most influential gentlemen of the Parsi and Hindu community were presented to Miss Edger. At 5-30 p.m. she lectured to a crowded audience. Monday, the 7th, was a busy day; Judge Khandalwala drove us out in the

morning, [304] then there was a Branch meeting, then one of the E.S.T., and at 5-30 p.m. Miss Edger discoursed on the subject of “The Path of Progress”, at Albert Edward Hall. Many years ago, as I have elsewhere explained, I broke up the injudicious system formerly prevailing, of allowing the chief members of local Branches to stop with us at the station, as in duty bound, until our train should come along: no consideration whatever was given either to their own comfort or to ours, the one thing to be avoided was the appearance even of want of courtesy towards the guest or guests. Many a night of sleep had I been deprived of by not interrupting this kindly but unpractical custom. Usually my public engagements for the day would be over by 9 or 10 p.m. and if my train was timed to arrive at 2, 3, or 4 in the morning, one can imagine that the weary traveller would feel only gratitude to his kind hosts if they would drop him at the station at a reasonable bedtime and go to their own homes and beds, leaving him or them to be wakened, and put into the train when it came along, after having had, perhaps, some hours of refreshing sleep. At Poona I persuaded our friends to adopt this plan, so at 9-30 they left us at the station and we departed in our train at 2 the next morning, our destination being Bellary. [305] We got to Bellary at 8 p.m. We were met, of course, by the officers of the local Branch, The Hon’ble Rai Bahadur A. Sabhapathy Mudaliar, President; Mr. B. P. Narasimmiah, B.A., Secretary, whose name is so well and favorably known for his translations from Samskrit into English for The Theosophist in former times; with them, Mr. R. Jagannathiah, for many years past an Inspector of Branches in the Indian Section. This gentleman, now so intensely orthodox a Hindu, was as intensely heterodox, a free-thinking Bradlaughite, at Madras when we first came there in 1882. Mr. Sabhapathy was one of the most progressive Hindus I have ever met, public-spirited, practical, yet always patriotic and religiously inclined. The land about Bellary is a rich, deep black soil like that of the Illinois prairies, and well adapted to cotton, which is, I believe, the chief crop of the district. Mr. Sabhapathy, as an extensive landowner, was deeply interested in this culture, imported prairie plows from America and used all his influence to get modifications of the pattern which would bring their manufacture within the capacity of the village blacksmith, adopted by the ryots. He was also a grower of sugar-cane and showed me his mills and batteries. Our kind friends lodged Miss Edger and myself in a huge empty house, known as the “Old Bruce Bungalow”, the oldest one in the [306] Station and dating back a century. When it was at last possible to retire for the night Miss Edger found herself quite fagged out by the heat, railway travel, broken rest and lecturing of the long tour. There were many

visitors the next day, and we had to go to the headquarters of Jagannathiah's pet society, the Sanmarga Sabha, and of our local Branch, receiving addresses of welcome in English, Samskrit and Telugu. In the evening Miss Edger lectured and later, at 9 p.m., gave audiences to inquirers, after which I put pressure on her and got her to go to bed.

As we were to leave for Gooty early the next afternoon, her lecture was given at 7-30 a.m., but in India that means no necessary diminution in the size of the audience, as our experience at our annual Convention abundantly proves. We had visitors up to two o'clock, received presents of fruit and—from Mr. K. Venkatarow, F. T. S.—of money for society purposes, and at 3-44 p.m., left the Station for our next stopping place, Gooty. Before taking leave of Bellary, it is worth stating that from a remote historical period the district has been the scene of many fierce fights between Moslems and Hindus and between the warlike chieftains of the two races among themselves. Strange to say, there is very little historical record of the place before the sixteenth century, at which [307] time the ancient Vijayanagaram dynasty was overthrown by the Mahomedans. Before that its varying fortunes are only recalled in traditions, few of them trustworthy. Within the Mahomedan period the territory of Bellary was split up into a number of small military holdings, held by chiefs called Poligârs; an unruly, perhaps unscrupulous set of predatory soldiers who ruled according to their sweet pleasure and enforced their will by the help of the sword. If I remember correctly, they figured in a not very creditable manner during the operations for the suppression of thuggee and dacoity. By turns, the suzerainty of the country was vested in the Mahomedan conquerors and the Bijapur chief, from whom it was wrested by Sivaji, the founder of the Mahratta power. It was then absorbed by the Nizam-ul-Mulk, the nominal Viceroy of the great Mughul in the Deccan. From him it was snatched by Hyder Ali of Mysore. Tipû Sultân got it from the last-named sovereign; but at the close of the British war with Tipû Sultân in 1792, the territories which now form the Bellary District fell to the share of the Nizam of Hyderabad, by whom it was ceded to the British in 1800, in return for a force of English troops to be stationed at his capital. In 1818 the District of Bellary was constituted as it at present remains; thus [308] bringing it under the sway of that most marvellous thing, rightly called the Pax Britannica.

The above succinct sketch of the political convulsions through which this one agricultural district has passed, I have thought it worth while to insert because it is so typical of the history of all the Indian peninsula. Well, indeed, may the

British nation feel proud of this marvellous achievement of administrative genius which has been shown in the welding together of all these hereditarily warring tribes, sects and races into one vast body, administered by the greatest civil service that the world has seen since the time of the Romans. Of course there is a fort at Bellary which afforded shelter by turns to the different warrior chiefs who owned the place. It is built upon a height of 450 feet above the plains, is a quadrangular building on the summit of the rock, with only one way up to it, and deemed impregnable by the Mysore Princes. I mention it for the sake of telling the story of how Hyder Ali treated the French military engineers who helped him to improve the fortifications. They did their best according to his orders; but when he found out that he had made the mistake of fortifying a rock which was dominated by a higher peak, he soothed his pride by hanging the engineers! That was a way they had in the Orient. Do we not all recall the story of the Taj Mahal, that architectural [309] wonder of the world at Agra, which is said to have been built from the plans and under the superintendence of an Italian architect, although Mahomedan tradition has it that it is a copy of a building in paradise, and that the plan of it was given to Shah Jehan. The story runs that when it was finished the selfish and blood-thirsty emperor put out the eyes of the architect so that he might never produce another building to compare with the Taj Mahal in beauty. Returning from our digression, I now take up the thread of the narrative of this memorable Indian tour of Miss Edger.

Our visit to Gooty was a very brief one. We reached there at 7 p.m. on the 10th March, dined well at the excellent restaurant at the Railway station and were then taken in a torch-light procession to the stone building in which the Samskrit school, started and maintained by our local Branch, is housed, received there an address and were then taken to the travellers' bungalow for quarters. On the 11th there were many inquirers and other visitors and long and friendly conversations with Mr. P. Kesava Pillay and the other admirable workers who have been leading this local group so successfully for so many years. There are three of them specially notable, viz., the one just mentioned, Mr. T. Ramachandra Row and Mr. J. Srinivasa Row. Men like them bring success to any movement with which [310] they may connect themselves.[26] Miss Edger lectured once that day but on the next, the 12th, she lectured at 8 a.m. on the "The Finding of God", and at 6 p.m. on "The Theosophic Life". At 8-30 the same evening we left for Cuddapah. Although our train got there at four o'clock the next morning, I found to my regret, a dozen of our members awaiting us. To

my friendly protest against their robbing themselves of their night's rest, they would hardly listen, saying that it was a pleasure for them to be there to meet us at any hour of the night or day we might arrive. They took us to the travellers' bungalow where we received many visitors and suffered no little from the heat for the thermometer stood above 100°. In fact Cuddapah is one of the hottest places in India as well as one of the most fever-stricken, for the thin soil rests upon the stratum of that slaty alluvial rock from which the celebrated slabs of stone so extensively used for paving floors and side-walks are quarried. Despite all local disadvantages, however, Miss Edger lectured once that evening. [311] The next day, the 14th March, was the last one of this long tour. Miss Edger lectured at 7 a.m. on "The Finding of God", at 6 p.m. on "The Theosophic Life", held two conversation meetings in the morning and afternoon, and after the evening lecture, addressed the ladies of some sixty families on "Religion and Female Duty". Then came kindly farewells, and finally at 10-50 p.m. we left for Madras. Early the next morning we got back to our beautiful Adyar, with almost as much joy as the traveller by caravan in the desert who unloads his weary camels in the oasis and rests on the grass beside the spring under the shade of umbrageous trees.

That the tour was a success throughout, has been already stated: it may be repeated that it was preeminently so throughout the whole sixty-five days that it occupied. It gave our new recruit a comprehensive view of Northern India from Madras to Rawalpindi, brought her into contact with its various races and enabled her to realize, as she never could have done in her New Zealand home, the reality of the network of influence which our movement has woven throughout Bharatavarsha.

CHAPTER XXI

MAGIC: BLACK AND WHITE

(1898)

ADYAR is for me a place for work and not for play, so, naturally, the first thing I had to do was to dispose of the accumulation of business, the most pressing of which was the writing of the current chapter of], which was begun on the day after my arrival. Among the foreign letters to be disposed of for the mail of the 17th March was one from Mr. Samuel Stuart of Auckland, telling me the story of a monstrous imprudence committed by Mr. Judge when writing to the late Dr. C. Carter Blake, which I mentioned in connection with an analysis of the Judge case. It seems that when writing a bogus Mahatma letter to Dr. Blake, in an imitation of the "K. H. writing", he signed it by misadventure with his own name instead of the mystical "K. H." initials. Dr. Blake told the story and showed the letter to Mr. J. B. Wither, President of our Branch at Christchurch, [313] New Zealand, when he was visiting London in 1895. Mr. Wither told it to Mr. Stuart at the Convention of our New Zealand Section at Auckland in 1898. Immediately upon hearing this most important revelation, I wrote to Blake's most intimate friend in London, asking her to procure from him and send me this most incriminating document; but, unfortunately, Dr. Blake had died in a Jesuit hospital and, he being a Jesuit, his papers were taken over by the Order, who, doubtless, have got it yet. This being taken for granted, we can probably explain their not using it, on the theory that they preferred to keep the piece of evidence in their own hands for future contingencies, as a weapon to be used against the Theosophical Society. If this is true, which, of course, I cannot guarantee, they have postponed the sensation too long, for we did not try to whitewash Mr. Judge, and he seceded, taking along with him every possible responsibility we might have had for his misdeeds. Could any incident have illustrated better than this the importance of a society's skirts being kept clean by its managers? Supposing that we had condoned Mr. Judge's acts of deception, the Jesuits could have brought forward at any time the Judge-Blake bogus letter and so brought

shame to our faces, whereas our prompt and drastic action rendered the document in question valueless as a weapon against the Society. As to their using it [314] against the Judge party, “the game was not worth the candle”. Nothing more completely vindicates the course we adopted. It may appear to some of the younger members of the Society, looking back from this distance, that there was but the one course open to its leaders at that time, but they do not know what moral courage it required. For let it be remembered that almost one hundred Branches, carrying a membership of many hundreds, followed Mr. Judge out of the Society as a protest against our action, and this loss had to be anticipated and quietly accepted rather than sacrifice the high principle involved.

Since the Convention, H. R. H. Prince Prisdan Chunsi, cousin of the King of Siam, once Ambassador but now transformed into a Buddhist monk, Jinawarawansa, and another monk, had been our guests at Headquarters but were now prepared to return to Ceylon. I had conceived a strong friendly regard for the Prince-Priest by reason of his lack of offensive hauteur and his real instinct of comradeship. Undoubtedly he had been bitterly disappointed—as I have above remarked—in his not having found in Ceylon the ideal bhikku of the Master’s describing. I felt very sorry for him for he had thrown up all the luxury, pomp and influence of his worldly position and instead of sitting down to a banquet of spiritual food had found it a sort [315] of a Barmecide religious feast. However, he was not the man to sit down and mourn over his lot, but the very concatenation of affairs seemed to brace him up to perform his monastic duties as best he could. On the 22nd March, he and Wacissara Bhikku embarked on his steamer and I saw them off.

I had in hand at the time the business of publishing the Theosophical Question Book (Questionnaire Théosophique) of Commandant Courmes, and the preparation of manuscript and the reading of proof was a part of the literary work which had to be attended to. At the same time, by a rather interesting coincidence, I got from London simultaneously from two different publishers, review copies of two important works on Magic: The Book of Black Magic and of Pacts, by A. E. Waite, and The Book of the Sacred Magic of Abra-Melim, the Mage, by S. MacGregor Mathers, both wonderfully interesting to the amateur of this literary specialty. Their literary merit was high and almost equal Mr. Waite handles his subject as a transcendentalist who, recognizing that there is “a Magic that is behind Magic”, regards all written ceremonials as either debased and scandalous travesty or trivial and misconstrued application. The object in view

was to bring forth from the obscurity of centuries a variety of processes “which would be abominable if it could be supposed that they were to be seriously [316] understood”. Despite his scepticism, however, there is not the least reason for doubt that the methods for Ceremonial Magic were very serious things indeed, backed as they had to be by the power of a concentrated and developed will-power on the part of a practitioner: without that, the most appalling and gruesome ceremony would be like a sharp sword or a loaded rifle standing in the corner of a room without a man to use them either for offence or defence. The phenomena of H.P.B. and other adepts in occult science prove superabundantly that when there is present the dominating will, the ceremonials may be dispensed with. When it is a question of a less developed thaumaturge the consecrated sword, the triangular altar, the prepared lamb-skin, the circle of burning lamps, the lighted incense sticks, the flowers, the solemn invocations would be useless. In the Abra-Melim book the veil is partially raised so as to give the reader a quite sufficient peep into the penetralia of Black Magic. It dates from 1458 A.D. and it purports to have been given by Abraham, the author, to his son, Lamech, and to comprise the Magic taught by God to Moses, Aaron, David, Solomon, and other Patriarchs and Prophets. It is alleged to have been known to Eliphas Lévi and Bulwer Lytton, the latter having based his description of the adept sage Mejnour, in Zanoni and his description of the [317] observatory of Sir Philip Derval, in A Strange Story, upon this quaint work. Mr. Mathers believes that this Abraham, of the seventeenth century, was a man of great influence, who doubtless had much to do in the political struggles of the time. His tremendous self-confidence is proved by his many and dangerous journeyings for many years, through wild and savage regions and places most difficult of access, even in our own day, in search of a Teacher of the Sublime Science. Discouraged by no obstacles, he still persevered until he was rewarded by the accomplishment of his heart’s wish: his Guru was found, the teachings were given him. No Hindu or other Asiatic will refuse credence to this narrative on the score of any inherent improbability, for it is but the repetition of the experience of many searchers after the hidden wisdom. His travels ended, he seems to have passed the most of his subsequent life at Wurzburg, a place of H.P.B.’s sojourn before she took up her final residence in London. His elder son, Joseph, “he instructed in the Mysteries of the Holy Qabalah, while to Lamech, the younger, he bequeathed this system of Sacred Magic as a Legacy”. He seems to have utilized his occult knowledge to some purpose, since he admits that by it he got his wife, and a treasure of 3,000,000 golden florins (say about £900,000), by means of some of

the magical operations described [318] in the third book of the present treatise. A formidable list is given of the various sovereigns, popes, bishops and nobles before whom he performed marvels, which shows him to have been renowned as an adept in his specialty. In religion he must have been very broad-minded and eclectic, for he insists that this system of magic may be attained by anyone, whether Jew, Christian, Mahomedan or Pagan, and discountenances the changing of one's religion for another, such a change meaning in those times the absolute renunciation of the essential basis of all religions and the consequent enfeeblement of the necessary prime qualification in the Magician, an absolute faith in his own divine nature and a divine overruling Power. His advice on the manner of using Magical Power when acquired, to the honor of God, the welfare and relief of our neighbor and for the benefit of the whole Animate Creation, is, says Mr. Mathers, worthy of the highest respect. Yet he can scarcely be said to have stuck very closely to the law of White Magic, since he used his acquired power to enrich himself and get a wife—presumably not otherwise a consenting party. In his very learned introduction Mr. Mathers classifies the spirits of the Elements of Nature in the usual way, viz., as mild, good and friendly to man; bad, devilish and malignant; and neither good nor evil per se—monkeyish, [319] tricksy, childish—taking their color or impulse from the persons into whose company they may for the moment be drawn.But it is not pleasant to find enumerated among things possible, the multitudinous feats of sorcery that are banned in India as of the Black Tantra or Jadoo; such as the finding of treasures, the possession of unlimited wealth, the making of tempests, the revival of corpses, the rendering of oneself invisible for evil as well as good purposes, the opening of locked doors, the compelling of spirits to bring one whatever is desired for eating or drinking, the transformation of men into the appearance of animals, the casting of spells, the destruction of buildings, flying through the air, to know others' secrets, to excite hatred and enmity, quarrels, contentions, combats, battles, loss and damage.

Mr. Mathers' author, Abra-Melin, the seventeenth century Abraham, the translation of whose book by Mr. Mathers has provoked the foregoing comments, like the majority of these commercial traders in occult secrets, makes his excuses quite after the fatalistic fashion. He excuses himself for giving out these secrets on the ground that God is the Supreme Ruler of all, and that harm can only be done by the misuse of these magical formula if it is His sovereign pleasure: a neat way, it [320] would seem, of shifting the responsibility for the evil

consequences of his own indiscretion upon the shoulders of a personal God who, of course, would not have allowed the publication of either the Hebrew original of his work, or the seventeenth century French translation, or Mr. Mathers' clever rendering of it into most readable English, if he had not been willing that it should have been done! Truly, a soothing salve to a rebuking conscience.

It is very possible that I may be reminded that among the phenomena accredited to H. P. B. by different observers were a number of those which are included in above category as being classified in India under the head of Jadoo, i.e., Black Magic. That is so, but then it makes all the difference in the world whether the phenomena worker—let us say a real yogî or an Adept's chela—does the things with the object of self-gratification or for the purpose of instructing a third party in the mysteries of Natural Law. Broadly speaking, Black Magic is developed occult power used for selfish purposes; White Magic the same power employed to benefit mankind. The courage of the soldier has been vaunted in the most extravagant terms in both prose and verse since the beginning of history, but those who know by experience tell us that this physical [321] courage is an absurd trifle in comparison with what is needed to face the horrors of the Borderland, when one goes there consciously and for the purpose of reducing its tribes to obedience without guide and helper. The soldier's peril is less than nothing beside that which the other must encounter, who rushes into the crooked path along which madness and death too often lurk. Only he is safe who can keep ever vivid throughout his whole experience, the consciousness of the power of his spiritual self over all other powers that can and will pit themselves against him, and whose motive is untainted with even the slightest trace of selfishness.

As I have elsewhere said, the personal relations between Mr. F. Max Müller and myself were cordial. At various times I consulted him as to the best way of developing the usefulness of the Adyar Library. At the time to which our narrative has now brought us (April, 1898), I wrote him a letter about the bequest of the late Mr. C. A. White, who had left his estate to myself for its benefit. I frankly told him at that time that I was not in the possession of funds that would enable me to get out from Europe a young German or English scholar who would be capable of taking charge of the Library and developing its literary resources; I only asked him if, when I had realized [322] the White bequest, he would be able to recommend to me one of his pupils of something like the calibre of Dr. Thibaut. His reply was friendly, but I was not in a position to take

his help during his lifetime. On April 2nd I wrote, at Mr. Bilimoria's request, the Introduction to his excellent work, Zoroastrianism in the Light of Theosophy, and on the 4th, ordered at the School of Arts the two bas-relief statues which flank the door of the riverside apartment which was then occupied by the Western Section of the Library.

The Overland Mail of that week brought me a large bundle of newspapers and American newspaper clippings and copies of the Forum, which showed up in a ridiculous light the bitter struggles between the leaders of the secession party created by Mr. Judge and left by him to his abettors. The mantle of Mahâtmaship, a thin and sleazy material, gaudily tinted but without substance, which he had flung over one of them to hide for a twelve-month her sex and her personality, they were now tearing into tatters, apparently hoping each to get a fair-sized remnant. Here they were abusing, warning and deposing each other, recalling, though in a pitifully small way, the comedy that was enacted at Rome, Geneva and Avignon, when there were three popes, and for a period of thirty-eight years they kept Christian Europe scandalized by their [323] contentions. Each hurled at the others anathemas, excommunications and the foulest accusations. The popes of Rome and Geneva were compared by Wyclif to "two dogs snarling over a bone"—a simile which, says the Encyclopædia Britannica, "affords significant proof of the manner in which the popedom had fallen in the estimation of Christendom." It will be remembered that before H. P. B.'s death she appointed Mrs. Besant her successor as "Outer Head", that is, visible manager, of the Esoteric Section. Subsequently, misled by certain influences brought to bear upon her by Mr. Judge, in whom she had absolute confidence, she divided the power with him, giving him the direction of the American half of the movement and keeping for herself the rest. To a man of Judge's ambitious temperament this was but the throwing of a sop to Cerberus, and when his secession plot had matured and nothing short of autocracy would satisfy him, he determined to depose her and to rule alone so that he might use this powerful agency to carry out his plans. In the Path for March, 1895, he published extracts from four of her private letters to himself (!) in two of which, seeing the impending disgrace that was to come upon him, she suggested his resignation of "the outer headship (of E. S. T.) held jointly with myself," his practical answer to which was the issue [324] in due course of an ukase deposing her from the directorship of the E. S. T., in language so insolent and abusive as to be absolutely inexcusable: the machinery of the E. S. T. was thenceforward employed remorselessly to break her influence and vilify her character. In this

connection it will be interesting and profitable to quote the text of letters written to Mr. Judge and Mrs. Besant by an influential member of the American Section under date of January 2nd, 1895:

"My dear JUDGE,

I have received from... a note asking if I recognise your action in turning down Annie Besant, and appointing yourself as sole dictator of the Esoteric School of the T. S. As I do not recognise you as the sole head of this Section, I herewith tender you my resignation from this school.

I hope to have the time within the next two weeks to write you another open letter, touching on a number of points which have come within my observation from the time that I secured the impression of the Persian coin on your watch-chain, up to date. I have kept silent since 1889. But a time has now been reached where every person should speak out, who loves the philosophy which you have so degraded in your effort to re-establish a [325] hierarchy with yourself as the veiled prophet speaking from the Holy of Holies. I know too well the force that is behind you. You are indeed serving your master, but whether consciously or unconsciously, I do not pretend to say. As experience has taught me that your method of warfare is to endeavour to blacken the character of those who take issue with you, and as you are always merciless in your underhanded thrusts, I will say that so far as the power lies in me, I shall give you no quarter and I ask none. This is a fight of Truth against a very old enemy of the human race."

* * * *

"Dear MRS. BESANT,

In order to be honest with myself, I am obliged to utterly repudiate the claim made by W. Q. Judge that he is to be acknowledged as the sole head of the Esoteric School. I have held my peace for several years, but I feel now that it is due to a large number of American Theosophists to speak out frankly and plainly. I have no war to make on Judge personally. But I honestly believe that he is dragging down a great many people by Jesuitical means which are little short of diabolical. I do not know as I can help matters, but if a word of warning is of any use, I shall speak it so far as I can. I enclose you [326] a copy of a letter which I sent this morning to Mr. Judge." A search made among Mr. Judge's papers a fortnight after his death (21st March, 1896) revealed the fact that he had nominated as his successor, Mrs. K. A. Tingley, an American Spiritualistic medium, entirely unknown to myself and the members in general. He added a

condition, it seems, that the secret should be closely kept for one year, from all except those whom he had chosen to open and examine his papers. Dr. Franz Hartmann, a fellow-seceder with Judge, but who at the time of writing had given his “voluntary and prompt resignation from the Presidency of the T. S. in E. (Germany) after my (his) discovery that ‘the spirit of intolerance prevailed therein,’” contributes to the Theosophical Forum[27] the following caustic paragraph about the alleged secret methods, employed in the interests of Mrs. Tingley: “The letters before us, privately written by Mr. B...C..., S...C... and others, in which orders are given as to how the public should be mystified and the members of the T. S. taken by surprise, and in which every doubt about the Mahâtmaship of Mrs. Tingley is put down as a deadly sin against the Holy Ghost, are a masterwork of Jesuitism; but it is none of our business to trouble ourselves [327] about the means which any church organism may use for obtaining power over the minds of the faithful and over their money; I only wish to state that the church of Mrs. Tingley never has been and is not now representing the real Theosophical Society which has been established by H. P. Blavatsky, nor did the real W. Q. Judge ever resemble the caricature which the adherents of Mrs. Tingley have made of him and of which they have created an object of adulation and idolatry.” Another group into which the secessionists had split in revolt against Mrs. Tingley’s autocracy, which called itself the “Temple” and had for its “veiled prophet” another psychic, figuring under the pseudonym of “Blue Star”, published in a circular dated at Syracuse, N. Y., February 1st, 1899, the following indictment: “Before Wm. Q. Judge passed into the silence, he left with the selected Outer Head an injunction and a request. He told her that at a certain time after he was gone she would receive a certain sign, immediately upon the receipt of which, she was to send for the person bearing that sign, and place that one in the Inner Circle of advisers. This person, whom we will refer to by the impersonal name of Blue Star, had strong occult connections with the Lodge of Masters, and would receive directions which would be transmitted to, [328] the O. H. and from her to the different groups. The sign was sent to the O. H. over a year ago, but she refused to accept it, or recognize the person giving it. She disobeyed this injunction as well as the one commanding her to keep secret her connection with the Lodge for one year. Overweening ambition and desire for public recognition is the cornerstone of her failure to keep connection with the Lodge. She organized the Crusade around the world which should not have been attempted until ten years after the death of W. Q. J., when conditions in America, now under preparation, would have made it a great success, instead of the

useless expenditure of time, money and force that it really was. She selected the site for the School of Mysteries which is not the place selected by the Lodge. Then she called the Convention at Chicago, where was cut the last strand of the thread which bound her to Masters. Since then she has been working solely on her own responsibility." A year earlier (February 26th, 1898) Dr. J. D. Buck, later of the "Temple", backed by twenty-four sympathizers, forming what was called the Amrita Group, had himself notified her thus of his revolt: "I have resigned from that section of the E. S. T. over which you preside. This action was [329] due to you no less than myself. Being no longer in sympathy with your methods, and my confidence in your direction being broken, I could not receive instruction or bestow obedience to any order of yours. You have converted the E. S. into a starchamber, where insinuations and slander against Brothers is indulged in without protest, and where explanation or defence is not permitted. This I regard as not only unbrotherly but as Jesuitical and cowardly. I think such methods demoralising. I deny that they emanate from the Great Lodge and I believe they will rebound on all who participate in them." A third split, led by Mrs. Tingley's most trusted lieutenant, Mr. E. T. Hargrove, who was one of a globe-trotting party called the "Crusaders", sent out (at an expense of $30,000) to advertise their party in all countries where we were known, in the hope of destroying our influence, and who issued a circular on the 1st March, 1898, in which Mr. Hargrove, with a pathos which would be touching if it were not so funny, solemnly notifies his "Purple Mother": "You have ceased to be the Outer Head of the E.S.T. in the interior and true sense. You will before long cease to be the Outer Head of the school in the exterior sense. The Outer Head to follow you has already been appointed by the [330] Master." She must have thought this cruel, indeed, as coming from one to whom she had written on September 5th, 1896, signing herself "Purple": "You are more to me than all in this great world." We have Congreve's authority that hell has no fury like a woman scorned, which may explain her saying in a letter of April 11th, 1898, to Mr. Neresheimer, that Messrs. Griscomb, Hargrove and Spencer were a lot of "occult desperadoes".

The chronological sequence of the secession movement would then be as follows:

May 8th, 1891.—H.P.B. died, after appointing Mrs. Besant her successor: subsequently, influenced by representations made by him, the latter united Mr. Judge with herself in a joint leadership.

July 10th, 1894.—Judicial Committee, on Mr. Judge, sat in London.

November, 1894.—Mr. Judge issues a circular “deposing” Mrs. Besant and assuming sole control.

April 28th, 1895.—Boston Convention: American Section secedes.

June 27th, 1895.—Secession recognized, and Charter of American Section transferred to loyal minority.

A. P. Sinnett appointed Vice-President to fill vacancy caused by Mr. Judge’s secession.

B. The pitiful part of this pitiful business is that each of these secession leaders pretends to be acting

[331] under the inspiration and guidance of the Masters, while at the same time doing everything to degrade the name of and bring shame upon the Theosophical movement. The thoughtful reader cannot fail to see that these splits and quarrels were an inevitable sequence to the original Boston secession, secretly engineered by Mr. Judge—the lust of power spreading its contagion from person to person. At present (August, 1906) Mrs. Tingley has been the most successful and, as “She Who Must Be Obeyed”, rules her millionaire and pauper followers as Autocrat at Point Loma.

CHAPTER XXII

THE GREAT CARVED DOORS

(1898)

THE first week in April of the year under review was mainly devoted to a search through my office archives of 1884 for matter for the current number of]. It is recorded in the diary entry for April 9th that up to that time I had examined between four and five hundred letters, not to speak of printed matter. It will be seen from this that the writing of this historical retrospect of mine is not such an easy matter as the tossing off of a newspaper paragraph, but involves a great deal of conscientious hard work. On April 13th, at Messrs. Oakes' place, there was one of the many large book-auctions that during the course of the year give us the chance of securing valuable books for our library at nominal prices: in the present instance I bought between two and three hundred volumes of choice, freshly bound books, for an average of one rupee a volume. At the lowest estimate the collection was worth £60, though it cost only £14.

[333] On the 14th of April we set the frame of the great carved door of the room that was intended for the Western Section of the Library and was occupied by it until February of last year, when the books were put on the shelves prepared for them in the Fuente Extension of the Library building. In this same month I was busy with the getting of the votes of the General Secretaries of the Sections on my proposal to utilize what was called the "H.P.B. Memorial Fund" for the creation of a Panchama School, to bear that name. My argument was that the money in question was lying idle in the bank with only the slightest probabi1ity of its ever swelling into a capital large enough for its income to pay the cost of publication of special books, the original purpose. To anticipate, it may be stated that my proposition was ultimately accepted and the money in due course turned into the Panchama Education Fund, along with my own Pension Fund.

Among the objects at Adyar which provoke the most admiration in visitors are the splendid specimens of native wood-carving in teakwood in the library doors, and the long, high screen which shuts off and secures the privacy of the

portraits of the Masters. From the Viceroy down, it has been hard for them to believe that the price asked by the Madras carvers is so extremely small. For instance, the two leaves of a door measure 9 feet by 5 feet in [334] height and width, with three panels in each leaf, surrounded by carved rosewood moldings, and yet the doors with frames and all complete, cost only about one hundred rupees each, or, say, about £7. When I asked Lord Curzon what he thought such a door would cost at Home, he said “Oh! almost any price”, and could scarcely believe me when I told him the fact. The School of Arts fills large orders every year for these tasteful and artistic carvings received from foreign countries. I am sorry to say that very little patronage is extended to these artisans, these priests of the Beautiful, by wealthy Indians. The same may be said as to modellings in clay and terra-cotta. Govinda Pillai, for example, the modeller of the noble sitting statue of H. P. B., in our Convention Hall, is only Modelling Master at the School of Arts, on a beggarly salary of something like £3 a month, if my memory serves, with no remunerative field open for his talent such as a man of his worth would assuredly find in Europe or America. But his ways are Indian ways, his desires small, and so he plods on, turning out things of beauty which are at least a consolation to himself and a joy to his friends.

While I am touching on the subject of Indian Art, I am confronted by the entry in my diary for May 13th: “The Cuddapah stones supplied for the [335] flooring of the new Western Library room are so inaccurately cut that 300 out of 500 of the smaller size are from a quarter to a half inch too small, while of the larger size one half are so. Then the Library room itself is several inches out of square at the eastern end.” From the standpoint of Indian art, this is the feature which vitiates it completely: accuracy in measurement and proportion is almost impossible to find. Whether it be the building of a temple, a pagoda, a house, a flight of steps, a tank, or any other structure, the chances are that the parts do not match each other. I doubt if in our Headquarters buildings there are two stone steps exactly alike. When we came to measure the Library Building for the erection of the verandahs, we found that our head mason had not aligned the Fuente extension with the main building. Some years ago, as my readers may recollect, I lectured on the Industrial Arts of India, at the Town Hall, Benares. From the bazaar I had brought a considerable number of the artistic bronze articles so largely bought by travellers: no two of the vases had their handles exactly opposite each other, no two of them stood on even bottoms or had covers that fitted accurately, the engraving and repoussé work were scant in details. For my part, I think the evil is almost irremediable, and I think I can understand

why: there are no longer [396] the royal patrons of indigenous art that there were in olden times. What people call for now is a showy article at the minimum cost: result, inaccuracy and the commercializing of art. In the happier olden days the Govinda Pillais and other artistic workmen would have been properly recompensed for their talent instead of half starving as they do now on the pittances given them by their employers and their customers. And yet all India is now convulsed over the question of patronizing indigenous industries and even boycotting those of foreign countries. Of course, nothing could be more laudable than the sentiment back of the Swadeshi movement, but from the standpoint of common sense, nothing could be more hopeless than the movement itself, whose promoters are dreaming of upsetting industrial conditions by a popular shout (pace the walls of Jericho) when it will require many years to put Indian industries on a level with those of more strictly commercial nations. Nobody need doubt my sympathy with the present Indian industrial movement, since as far back as 1880 I actually held at Bombay an exposition of Indian Arts and Industries.

On the 15th May the embroidered blue carpets which have since been always used at our Annual Conventions and have been so admired for their artistic effect, were received from our dear [397] Dr. Kaul, of Lahore, who had kindly supervised their preparation.

On the 18th of the month news came to me from Bombay of the death of Mr. Edward Wimbridge five days earlier. He was one of the two English people who accompanied H. P. B. and myself from New York to Bombay, in 1879.

It may be doing a favor to some of my readers if I mention the fact that at the time at which we have arrived I was cured of a painful swelling of the gum and cheek by the application of a remedy known to every low-caste Hindu, though to few if any Europeans, if my own ignorance be taken as a measure. The remedy consists in rubbing into a paste a pollum (about 1 ¼ oz. av.) of ripe tamarind fruit, into which mass a half teaspoonful of salt has been incorporated. This is laid between the gum and the cheek, while on the outside there is applied a fomentation of fresh-plucked margosa leaves. Steep the leaves thoroughly in boiling water, and apply them as a poultice to the cheek. In an attack, for which this margosa decoction is the best remedy I know of, the rule is to steep the margosa leaves in a half pint of water, adding a small piece of saffron and a few peppercorns; boil it down to one-half the quantity of liquid, then strain it and take it in two doses. I have known obstinate cases of fever easily cured in this

way and [338] no return of the symptoms. Compilations have been made, from time to time, by western medical men, of these ancient Indian remedies, and I think it would be a good thing if some one who possesses the full confidence of the Indians would bring out a revised and fuller treatise on the subject. At this time the Panchamas (Pariahs) of Madras, through their chief spokesman, Dr. Iyothee Doss, were urging me to help them to organize a league for mutual help and the uplifting of their race. On the 22nd May I wrote to the High Priest, Sumangala, a preliminary letter about the matter and told him to expect some papers from me soon. The Pariah committee called on me that same day and I instructed them as to the form of petition that they could draft to be forwarded through me to the Ceylon Buddhists. The matter was discussed at several meetings between the Committee and myself, and on June 4th the Committee came to Adyar and arranged for a public meeting of the Panchama community, at which to form a Dravidian Buddhist Society. Dharmapala and Guneratne—a Sinhalese priest, who had arrived from Calcutta the day before—took part in the discussion. On the 5th, I received a telegram from Bombay that Tookaram Tatya, our well-known and energetic Bombay Indian colleague, had died during the [339] previous night. It was a great loss to the Society because of the services that he rendered in the practical way of publishing Theosophical literature. He was not one of the first to join us at Bombay on our arrival, for he was of a cautious nature and his intercourse with Europeans had made him believe that they would not come to India without the ulterior design of either benefiting themselves or, by one means or another, trying to pervert Hindus to Christianity. He had seen us often and cross-questioned our principal visitors as to their impressions, but he held back from taking the decisive step of casting in his lot with ours. From an obituary notice, written by me for The Theosophist, for July 1898, I copy the following extract: “At last, after closely watching our actions and weighing our words, he decided to join, and on the 9th April, 1880, while we were still living in the Girgaum quarter of Bombay, he brought me an introductory letter from Mr. Martin Wood, then editor of the Bombay Review. I remember well the incident. I was writing in my small room when he came. Nothing had occurred to make me think him of any more importance than any other of our daily visitors. He seemed a strong, healthy, intelligent and active man, wearing glasses. Mr. Wood jokingly asked me in his note not to ‘let Tookaram too deep in the mysteries of Theosophy for fear he might be drawn [340] off from the local politics, in which he had a large share.’ Seeing him so anxious an enquirer about Eastern Religions and their alleged key in Theosophy, I put aside my work and

talked with him two or three hours. At the end of this time, after remaining silent for a few moments, he suddenly dropped on his knees, bowed his head to the ground, placed my naked feet on his head, in the oriental fashion, and asked me to give him my blessing. This was my first experience of the kind and it was very impressive, while giving a shock to my western ideal of personal dignity. I laid my hand on his head and blessed him, of course. He then rose and, for the first time, told me about his suspicions and doubts about us and our Society, and how our conversation had swept away his last lingering opposition. He applied for membership; I let him sign his papers, gave my name as his sponsor, and then introduced him to H.P.B. "The Bombay moral atmosphere was repugnant to us then, partly on account of disagreeable incidents in connection with the two English persons who had come from America with us but turned enemies, and the Bombay Branch T. S. was never much of an active centre while we kept the Headquarters there. We bought the Adyar property in 1882 and removed there at the close of that year. It was after that that Tookaram's active, energetic and loyal temperament [341] showed itself. To him and the late Rustomji A. Master is primarily due the evolution of the Branch into one of the most active in the Society, their efforts being supplemented by those of others who have come in from time to time. Originally mostly a Hindu, it is now largely a Parsi body, and in its President, Mr. Gostling, its late regretted Vice-President, Mr. Gadiali, and others, it has been of late blessed with excellent administrators. "Tookaram Tatya was a born philanthropist. A self-made man and a keen and successful merchant, he yet had a great desire to do good to his fellowmen. Learning mesmeric healing from me, he began its gratuitous practice at his own cost and opened a free Dispensary for mesmeric and Homœopathic treatment. Probably forty thousand patients have been treated by him and other F. T. S.free of cost. He established a Hindu press at which he published some of the most important classical works in Sanskrit, and a number of works in English. At our Annual Conventions at Adyar he was an almost constant attendant as a delegate from his Branch, and his subscriptions towards our various Funds have been liberal. He was one of the men I selected as Trustees of the Society's property, under the Chingleput Deed of Trust, both on account of his probity and his unswerving loyalty to our Masters. And now he has gone to his reward. Farewell [342] staunch friend, companion and brother: we shall meet and work together again." During the same month of May, I received from "An English Theosophist", a very prominent member of the British Section, but who laid me under an obligation of secrecy as to his name, a draft for Rs. 2,200, towards the Panchama Education

Fund, and especially the H.P.B. Memorial Free School. The almost uninterrupted stream of gifts, large and small, towards this object, down to the present time, shows its popularity, while the educational results under Mrs. Courtright's management have very far exceeded my expectations. On the 8th June I presided at a public meeting of Panchamas, held in the garden of Mr. L. V. Varadarajulu Naidu, in Royapettah, Madras, at which the petition to aid them in their endeavor to found their Buddhist Society and to receive their formal petition to that effect, was to be presented.

I was very much touched on receiving from Mr. Cooper-Oakley in person, on the 13th June, an offer to sub-edit The Theosophist during the illness of Dr. English, then at Ootacamund, suffering from an affection of the eyes which threatened blindness. Since he left Adyar some years previously to accept a professorship in Pachaiyappa College, and, subsequently, the Registrarship of Madras University, we had not been on such terms of familiar [349] intercourse as previously, and I was very much gratified by this act of kindness. It will be remembered that, in 1887, while Mr. Cooper-Oakley was, by H.P.B.'s appointment, acting as Editor of The Theosophist, he published an article by T. Subba Row, on the number of "principles" going to make up a man, he preferring the exoteric classification of five, as opposed to her occult group of seven; step which threw her into a violent rage and was followed shortly after by her establishment of the magazine, Lucifer, now The Theosophical Review. Mr. Cooper-Oakley withdrew from the editorship and I took it over, but kept the name of H.P.B. on the cover several years and until she begged me to substitute my own for hers. Mr. Cooper-Oakley and his friend, Dr. Nield Cook, as well as T. Subba Row, resigned their membership in the Society.

As Miss Edger needed a rest and change of climate, I closed up my office business at Adyar and left with her for Ootacamund on the 14th June. After a very tedious journey, more than half of it passed in bone-pounding, country bullock-carts, we reached "Gulistan" on the 16th about noon; finding, to our great satisfaction, that Dr. English's ulcerated eye was getting better.

On Sundays, at Ootacamund, the members of our local Branch are in the habit of gathering at my [344] house for Theosophical studies. While up there, Miss Edger took charge of these meetings. Leaving Miss Edger in the safe custody of Dr. and Miss English, I left the station on the 22nd, on my return journey to Madras. I got home on the 24th and found everything right.

CHAPTER XXIII

THE SOUTH INDIAN PARIAH

(1898)

THREE days after my return, my friends Mr. and Mrs. Kirkpatrick and their son, coming from Australia and en route for London, paid me a visit for a few days.

The problem of the origin and religious heredity of the Pariahs of Southern India was so important, that I determined to bring the communities into relation with the High Priest Sumangala, so that in case they were proved[28] to have been original Buddhists their communities might be brought into close connection and under surveillance of the Buddhists of Ceylon. Mr. Iyothee Doss, the native physician already mentioned in this narrative, and P. Krishnaswami, a teacher in my first Pariah school were chosen by the Pariah communities to represent them at Colombo, and on the 1st of July I left Madras with these two for Colombo, via [346] Tuticorin and reached our destination on the second day. I presented the delegates to the High Priest, who was delighted to see them and on the same evening brought them before a monster meeting, whose feelings were highly excited by the addresses of the delegates themselves, and of the High Priest, myself and Dharmapala. The remarks of the High Priest were very dignified and noble. He told the delegates to remember that, although they had been degraded to the lowest social level under the caste system of India, at the moment when they became Buddhists all these arbitrary social distinctions were stript off their shoulders; they became free men, entitled to their own self-respect and of whom it was expected by every Buddhist that they would do nothing to lower the dignity of their new condition. Then taking me as their sponsor he gave them the Pancha Sila with great impressiveness. The whole audience listened with the closest attention to the pronunciation of the words and when the fifth Precept was completed, they gave vent to their restrained enthusiasm in a great shout of “Sadhu! Sadhu!” The Sinhalese are an emotional people, easily aroused by anything which touches upon their religion, so that, when they realized that these

two black men were the chosen delegates of an outcaste Indian community numbering five millions of people, that it was claimed for them that they had [347] been Buddhists at the time of the emperor Asoka, that they had been mercilessly persecuted and tortured to compel them to become converted, that, yielding to force majeure, the once independent community had been reduced to a state of degradation and slavery, and that, at this moment these delegates and their associate leaders of the Pariahs nourished the hope that with the help of the Sinhalese Buddhists they might recover their religion, build temples and establish monasteries for the support of the Bhikshus who might be sent over to take them under their spiritual charge, the outbreak of enthusiasm at this meeting need surprise nobody.

The next day I sent the delegates under good escort to Kelani Temple and spent the day in town, visiting Mrs. Higgins and Madame Canavarro, and going with Dharmapala to see his Raja Giri estate, where he had made a failure of an attempt to establish a Buddhist college. Our young friend has a marked tendency to fly kites, the strings of which persist in getting broken; he lets them go and they are out of sight. Dharmapala could not see the absurdity of the proposal he made me after the scheme had hopelessly failed, viz., that as I was growing old and had placed the Buddhists under enormous obligations, I should now retire from the management of The Theosophical Society, [348] settle down at Raja Giri and pass my remaining days in dignified retirement. Stript of all covering of fine talk, the idea was simply that I should pull his chestnuts out of the fire—so illogically and impulsively does his mind work.

Before retiring that night I dictated to Mr. Jayatilaka a draft of a reply for the High Priest to make to the Pariah petition, and the next day went over it with Sumangala, got his approval, had the printers set it up and the same evening read the proofs.

That same day Mr. Harry Banbery came down from Kandy to escort us to the Mountain Capital. On Wednesday (the 6th July) we went there, were received at the railway station by a number of friends, among them Mr. Kobbekaduwa, a Kandian noble, whose family had great influence at the time of the native sovereignty before the British occupation. I took the delegates to pay their respects to the Mahâ Nayakas, High Priests of the royal temples of Malwatte and Asgeriya, and the High Priest of the Ramanna Nikaya. In the evening there was a very big and demonstrative meeting to welcome the delegates, and speeches were delivered by Kobbekaduwa, Dr. Iyothee Doss, myself and others. There

being no important priest present I gave the Pancha Sila to the assembly and the Pariah delegates had the opportunity for the first time of joining with their new co-religionists in this act of Buddhist worship. [349] On Thursday (the 7th July) we returned to Colombo and in the evening the Buddhist Theosophical Society entertained the delegates and myself at dinner at headquarters. I happened to drop in the afternoon upon a meeting that was being held there and where it was very persistently urged by Dharmapala to eliminate the word “Theosophical” from the title of the Colombo Branch and break its relations with our Society. The young advocate of secession made the protest that our Society was in reality hostile to Buddhism and that the connection between the two was doing harm to the religion. This was the beginning of an agitation that this ambitious young man has been carrying on ever since with the real object of bringing himself into notoriety and weakening the influence of our Society in the Island. At the meeting in question he and his few sympathizers explained to me that they had no desire or intention of altering my personal relations with the Sinhalese people, but should expect me to go on as before as their leader. I exposed their sophistry and repudiated their proposal with scorn, showing them the base ingratitude that underlay the plot, and telling them that, while they were perfectly at liberty to expunge the word “Theosophical” from the title of their Branch, if they did it I should immediately break my relation with them and never answer another appeal for help, [350] whether coming through their High Priest or any other channel: a people so devoid of the sense of gratitude were not worth my while to waste any more time over. Needless to say, nothing more was heard of the proposal at that time.

On the 8th of July our good-byes were said and we sailed for Tuticorin in the B. I. Steamer, Kapurthala. The sea was rough, the delegates very sick and the next morning on our arrival they looked about as miserable as human beings could, yet rejoicing over the success of their mission. On the morning of the 10th I reached Adyar and found awaiting me a copy of my Sorgho and Imphee book on the sugar-canes of China and Africa, which I had written in 1857, which has passed through seven editions and of which I had not seen a copy for many years, until my friend, Mr. Gould, editor of Notes and Queries, had procured me one after inserting a paragraph in his excellent magazine.

The next few days were crowded for me in the way of foreign correspondence and the writing of editorial paragraphs and articles. On the 14th a letter came from Banbery reporting that the Kandian public were enthusiatic over our recent

visit and that as one result he had got several new scholars for the Buddhist High School of which he was Principal. [351] A fund, known as the “Olcott Pension Fund”, which had been started some time previously without my consent and which, though most kindly conceived, was, in my case useless, lying idle in bank and earning a small interest. I thought the money would be much better employed by turning it into a fund for the upkeep of the Panchama School, so on the 16th of July I drafted a public notice of its transfer to the credit of the “Olcott Free School” as invested capital for its support.

As it was decided that Miss Edger should make the tour of Southern India I left home for Coimbatore on the 19th and began the work. I was met at Podanur Junction by a committee and was put up in a large empty house that had been kindly loaned for the occasion. At 3-30 p.m. Miss Edger arrived from Ooty with our Parsi friend, Mr. Panday, of Bombay, and Mr. K. Narayanaswamy Iyer, Inspector of our Branches in Southern India. In the evening she held a conversazione at the Coimbatore College Hall, received an address of welcome and was garlanded in the usual poetical Hindu fashion. In the evening she gave her first public lecture at the same place on the subject: “Will Theosophy help the world?” On the next day there was an E. S. T. meeting, another conversazione which lasted from 2 till 5 p.m. and in the evening a lecture on “God in Man and Nature”. [352] On the next morning before 10 a.m. there was another E. S. T. meeting and conversazione: at 2 p.m. I took her to see the old temple at Perûr and examined the many monolithic pillars carved with huge figures of Indian gods and rearing hippogriffs, of which there are so many splendid examples at Madura and the other chief temples of Southern India. The three grand carved portals that we now have at Adyar are of the same pattern.

Miss Edger found, during that night, that travel in India is not without its disagreeable features, for the old house where we lodged was alive with a certain kind of vermin of a most persistent character which feasted on her fresh Australian body to her great dissatisfaction. However she had the moral courage to take things as they came and keep in view the great object of the tour without paying too much attention to these unpleasant details.

At 7-27 the next morning we left for Palghat, our westernmost objective point, where we were nicely received and put up in the very good Government Rest-House. Miss Edger held a conversazione in the afternoon and at 4-30 p.m. lectured to a packed house on “Theosophy in Theory and Practice”.

Palghat is inclosed in a strip of the Western Coast of India, lying between the

southern chain of the Ghats and the ocean and is probably more [353] tropical in its character than almost any part of India. The mountain chain fences in moisture-laden breezes of the Ocean with the result that a luxurious vegetation makes the country appear as though it were a strip of the sea-begirt Island of Ceylon. The inhabitants having no part in the feverish activity of the other portions of India, have kept to their ancient customs and beliefs with peculiar tenacity; the folklore is very rich in tales of the interference of the invisible powers with men, practitioners of sorcery abound and some of the worst aspects of black magic, such, for instance, as lycanthropy—the changing of the sorcerer's astral body into the appearance of wolves and other wild animals—are said to be rife. If the reader will consult my translation of D'Assier's book L'Humanité Posthume he will find among the replies to the circular of enquiry which I issued to correspondents throughout India, what the inhabitants of this Western Coast have to say on these interesting subjects. It was this Western Coast that in remote historic and prehistoric centuries was visited by the adventurous merchants of Arabia, Egypt and Venice, who made themselves rich by the enormous traffic which they carried on. It was to Cochin, capital of the native state of the same name, that came Albuquerque, the Portuguese admiral, in the year 1503. Of course he built a [354]fortress, and founded the first European colony, which comprised, equally of course, a lot of bigoted Roman Catholic priests who brought a train of disasters in their wake. The doom of the country as an independent kingdom was sealed, for—after the Portuguese—came, on the 6th January, 1663, the Dutch, who proceeded forthwith to strengthen the fort, but consecrated most of their force to the laying of the basis of an active trade in Indian commodities, which enriched the merchants of Amsterdam and Rotterdam and created in them a thirst for Eastern conquest, that is not even now, after the lapse of four centuries, assuaged (e.g., the Dutch East Indian politics). While we are at Palghat and are resting from our railway journey, I may say in parenthesis, that nowhere are the difficulties of my poor friends, the Pariahs, so merciless as in this strip of a physical paradise. The hatred of the caste people is so exaggerated that, if a Pariah is walking on a public road and sees a caste man approaching at a distance, he is obliged to give utterance to a peculiar cry of warning and before the caste man reaches him, must turn off into a field beside the road, turn his back and hold his hands over his mouth, so that by chance not even a whiff of his breath might be wafted in the direction of the other. If a Pariah should ever read Bishop [355] Heber's "Missionary Hymn", when he came to the lines: Where every prospect pleases And only man is vile; he

might almost be excused for saying, “That means the West Coast”. This however is one of the points which go to make up the picture on the reverse of the medal, and which a casual traveller like Miss Edger is not likely to have forced upon her attention, so we will return to our narrative.

Palghat presented to us a smiling appearance in its tropical aspect, and our pleasure was enhanced by the kind treatment given us by our local friends. I founded here one of those Bala Samajas or Hindu boys’ societies which I made for the purpose of interesting the younger generation in their religion, while at the same time giving them a training in the administration of public affairs. My idea was that the boys should be taught the lesson of self help, and the plan I pursued was to propose at a public meeting, after a lecture on education, that the boys of the town should join together and manage their own affairs, looking to their elders only for encouragement and practical help such as the supply of books, the rent of a meeting place and advice as to the best course to pursue in emergencies. I found no difficulty in enlisting the sympathy of the juvenile public and of their parents and [356] guardians, and I am happy to say that the seed thus sown has since borne a good harvest.

At 4 p.m. on the 25th July Miss Edger gave her final lecture, and at 7-30 p.m. we left by train for Salem. The night was passed in the train and in the morning we reached our destination and were most charmingly received. The Branch with which we now came in contact was one of the most energetic and useful in the Indian Section. Its presiding officer, Mr. T. N. Ramachandra Iyer, B.A., Deputy Collector, was a man of exceptional ability and force of character. He took hold of the Branch with the same energy which he gave to the direction of the affairs of his own bureau, with the result that a nest of capable workers was soon established and the influence of the group spread over a wide area of the country.

It is the custom of India, as my readers know, to present addresses to visitors along with those fragrant garlands of flowers that express the poetical temperament of the people. The Salem Branch on this occasion presented to Miss Edger a nicely-worded address, enclosed in a silver tube highly ornamented on the outside and having at the two extremities figures of Hindu gods.

Our people put up Miss Edger in a bungalow and myself in a tent close by. From 8 to 9 a.m. there was a conversation meeting at our Branch rooms, [357] and at 6 p.m. at the Town Hall, a lecture by Miss Edger on “A Bird’s-Eye View of Theosophy”, to a great crowd. Despite the intense heat I wrote many letters. On the next day, the 27th, we had the same routine, a morning conversation, a

reception of visitors at fixed hours and an evening lecture, very much applauded by an audience as large as the capacity of the hall would allow. The routine of the following day was varied by the giving of lectures to Hindu boys by both of us and the forming of a “Boys’ Society”. At 10 p.m. we went to the station, escorted by our friends, dismissed them—not without difficulty, so anxious they seemed to enjoy our company to the last—settled ourselves down in the two waiting rooms for a bit of rest and at 3-30 the next morning took the train for our next station, Karur.

CHAPTER XXIV

MATERIALISM AND PSYCHOLOGY

(1898)

THIS stop of two days at Karur did not differ in its incidents from the previous ones included in the programme of our tour. Receptions, addresses, conversation meetings, public lectures and personal interviews followed each other. It possessed one feature, however, of interest to that class of well-meaning enthusiasts who yearn to come to India and assist in my work. After two busy days we went to the railway station at 10 p.m. on the 30th July, sent away the local committee and tried to get some sleep on the hard benches at the disposal of travellers. How much rest we got might be imagined when it is known that at 1-40 a.m. we took the train for the return journey to Salem. This is an illustration of what one has to go through on a propagandist tour in India, viz., plenty of broken rest, hard sleeping, irregular meals and constant personal contentions with those insect [359] enemies whose invariably successful attacks on us go far towards teaching proud man that a little humility would go far toward lessening his discomforts and increasing his philosophical capacity.

We reached Salem at 6-30 a.m., were photographed in a group, and held two conversation meetings, at the second of which I gave by request some idea of the great interest attached to mediumistic phenomena, for the benefit of materialists present. I have noted in my diary that the two most active branch officers at the time of our visit to Salem were Messrs. T. N. Ramachandra Iyer, B.A., Deputy Collector, and T. S. Lakshmi Narayan Iyer, Inspector of Branches.

On the second day we left for Erode, a large railway junction, where a certain amount of interest caused by the activity of one or two earnest colleagues prevailed. We were put up in the commodious rooms at the station maintained by the railway company for the accommodation of travellers, and later in the day Miss Edger lectured in the school-house very satisfactorily. On that day we witnessed the Hindu festival of Sravanam, when the wearers of the mystical “thread” put off the one they have worn during the last twelvemonth and receive

a fresh one from the Brahmin priest, who is supposed to have consecrated it by the very ancient ceremonies which have been handed down [360] to them from remote antiquity. A whole chapter might be written upon this interesting subject but it would needlessly interrupt the course of our narrative. As is well known, the higher three castes, Brahmin, Kshattriya, and Vaisya (the priestly, the princely and the commercial), are entitled to wear this distinction. Naturally it is not given to non-Hindus, pro forma, my own case being exceptional. So occupied with their routine duties were our local members that we had hardly any visitors throughout the day. Miss Edger lectured late in the afternoon, we dined at the house of a very agreeable English official and at 9-46 p.m. took train for Madura, reaching there at 11 a.m. on the 3rd, after a night of broken rest and various discomforts. Not even the fact of the occurrence of my 66th birthday on the 2nd of August helped to relieve the monotony of our second day at Erode.

Madura is one of the great show-places of India and only the most ignorant globe-trotter would pass that way without stopping to visit its wonderful temple, its palace of Tirumal Naik, its lovely tank-reservoir with its island and temple at the centre, and its other objects of interest.

The Society is fortunate in having at this place one of its most active and useful Branches, under the presidency of Mr. P. Narayana Iyer, B.A., B.L., [361] a pleader of the High Court and one of the most devoted, intellectual and self-sacrificing of its members. Naturally, with such a man at the head of local affairs, there could not fail to be constant activity and useful work. Miss Edger lectured on “Theosophy”, in the College hall at 6 p.m., to a large audience. Until 9 o’clock, the next morning was devoted to the reception of visitors, after which we went around to see the sights. Visitors filled up the hours then until noon and at 6-30 p.m. Miss Edger gave her second lecture on “The Secret of Death”. The next day, the 5th August, she and I lectured to boys and I founded a local Bala Samaja. When we visited the temple of Mînakshi, the trustees very kindly displayed for our inspection the valuable collection of jewels belonging to the temple and that are used for the decoration of the idols on occasions of ceremony. It was really a wonderful show, with its great profusion of diamonds, sapphires, rubies, pearls and other gems, some of them made up into little tiaras, shoulder- and breast-plates, gauntlets, bracelets, greaves, and other details of ornament that are put upon idols no bigger than a great doll. But there were also similar decorations appertaining to the larger gods, the whole making up a collection of precious objects whose value could only be comprehended by a

skilled jeweller. [362] These idols, when carried in public procession, are seated upon life-sized vâhanas—the bull of Siva, the mouse of Ganesha, the peacock of Sarasvati. These are all wrought in pure silver, at a great cost, of course. I am afraid to quote figures from memory, but if I do not mistake, these silver dolls cost the donors something like 2,00,000 rupees. However, that is a mere detail, the chief point being that their presence in the temple illustrates the lavish generosity which is shown in the making of the adornments of the gods.

A saunter through the Minakshi temple is a rather wearisome experiment, the passage being unlighted, and in gloomy contrast with the brightness of the busy streets outside. At one's right and left hand stand upon continuous plinths colossal monolithic figures of the gods of the Hindu Pantheon, but half seen on the surrounding obscurity, giving one the impression of being in the company of huge phantoms. But on turning a corner one comes at last to the famous tank, sunlit and shining, which I have described before, and on one wall of which are painted those dreadful scenes of torture and persecution by which the ancestors of the present Pariah[29] community were [363] forcibly converted to Hinduism, two thousand years ago. I have paid my respects to these horrible pictures of religious wickedness in my little pamphlet, "The Poor Pariah", and very interesting reading it supplies. Our visit to Madura was, of course, a success and was crowned with a final lecture by Miss Edger before a large and appreciative audience, after which came very kind farewell addresses and a wealth of flowers.

Our next station was Trichinopoly, also one of the show-places of India, certainly as well worth visiting as one of the towns of North India that lie in the path of the usual personally-conducted traveller. It always seems to me such a great pity that the South Indian tour, from Ceylon to Madras, should be so neglected, if the real object of the traveller is to get a correct idea of Indian India; for, as often explained, one sees in Northern India, or rather at the places along the beaten track, the vestiges of Mussalman conquest and empire, but, save at Benares and a few other places, almost nothing of the great architectural monuments left behind them by the sovereigns of the different Indian dynasties which have flourished [364] in Bharatakhanda. Nothing in Northern India equals the temples of Madura, Trichinopoly and Tanjore in their peculiar style of architecture.

We reached Trichinopoly at the highly convenient hour of 3-30 a.m. after a night of horrible shaking-up in the train. Our local friends came for us at six and put us into an empty, big bungalow situated at a distance of three miles away.

This was rather too much, in view of the necessity of receiving visitors and making lectures. So, later in the day, we were moved to the Town Hall and lodged in rooms on the upper floor, where appliances for comfort were not in the least calculated to foster in us Sybaritic tastes. A large number of students came in the afternoon, well primed with their multifarious questions upon religious and philosophical subjects, some of which were more of the nature of conundrums than searches after fundamental wisdom. To tell the truth, the Indian student has a capacity of planning and executing these mind-traps almost as great as that I have encountered in the course of my European travels.

On the next day I lectured to about 600 boys and helped them to form a Society, with officers of their own choice, while Miss Edger's rooms were crowded with visitors in the morning and afternoon. In the evening she gave her splendidly reasoned lecture on "Religion and Science", which was [365] highly appreciated by a huge crowd. No subject is quite so congenial as this to a Theosophic lecturer for, despite the apparent obstacles offered by materialistic critics, it is really not so difficult a task to carry the amateur scientist stage by stage and step by step from his fixed standpoint to the borderland of science and thence move onward along the line of a flawless evolution, the most majestic conceivable in the sweep of its comprehensiveness, until we reach the domain of Hindu philosophical conceptions.

The great mistake made by beginners is to take a violent issue at the start, with a materialist, and make no concessions to his natural inclination to secure firm footing before proceeding on to the next step. After all, what he wants is to be perfectly sure of the ground on which he is to stand, and it always seems to me that in Practical Psychology one has the means, the only means, of giving that rational basis for the evolution of an idea of the Unity of Nature and the Infinitude of the One Principle lying behind. Many times I have seen materialistic enquirers sitting for hours together discussing those problems good temperedly and in the most friendly spirit. It is among the nicest of gifts to be able to find the middle path between the extremes of belief and feeling shown by the materialist, on the one hand, [366] and the spiritualist on the other; and yet the path exists and can always be found, with proper care and by keeping under strict control all impulses and prejudices.

On Monday the 8th of August Miss Edger held three receptions for visitors and lectured on "Christianity and Theosophy". This was particularly appropriate in Trichinopoly, for nowhere have those active Catholic teachers had greater

success in winning over high-caste Hindu boys to their religion than in Trichinopoly. Of course they do not tell the truth either about Christianity or Hinduism, but what can the poor boys, with their adolescent intellects, know about this until they have access to the collection of books that have been written by scholars upon the subject. With many, repentance comes later and if they have not taken the irrevocable step of breaking the rules of their caste, they naturally revert to their ancestral faith and become its devoted students and defenders. But the Pâdres know this as well as we, and their best efforts are directed, at the beginning of one of these "conversions", to persuade the Brahmin boy to eat with them forbidden food and do other things which under the iron code of Indian religion involve the cutting off of the lad from intercourse with his family and friends. He is to them as though dead or as a person [367] who belongs to another nation, and even the mother who bore him cannot have personal intercourse with him except at the risk of being herself declared outcast. It has always seemed to me the height of folly that the door between Hindu exclusiveness and the outside world has not been kept ajar for the juvenile back-slider to open it to re-enter the orthodox community. For the lack of this, hundreds if not thousands of bright children have been lost to their parents and their community, from sheer inability to retract the fatal step which they have taken in their school days without knowledge of the consequences it involved.

I set Miss Edger going with her lecture and then went to the station and started for Madras where personal business called me.

Reaching home at 8 a.m. the next morning I found the building full of noise and shouting, as the workmen were preparing to make some architectural ahanges in the Convention Hall; it being my plan to make room for increasing crowds at the Convention and, removing the obstructive brick columns, to substitute steel girders for them, raise the roof, and make other improvements. Our dear friend C. Sambiah had that day an escape from death that was extremely narrow. A hole had been cut through the brick terrace of the vestibule roof to admit the passage of heavy timbers that [368] were to be used by the riggers in raising the steel girders. His sight being imperfect he walked right into it and would certainly have been crushed by falling on the girders lying on the floor below if he had not suddenly thrown out his hands so as to reach across the hole and thus support his body till help could come. No one was more surprised than himself at this impulsive action of self-protection and he, and I myself, were

more than half persuaded that his valuable life had been saved by one of those Invisible Helpers about whom so much has been said of late. In the afternoon of that day I attended a book-sale and bought a good many volumes for the Library at very cheap prices. The sale was continued the next day and I made further purchases. To save time I dined at the railway station and left by the train for Tanjore to meet Miss Edger and continue our tour. After a comfortable night in the train I reached the place at 4-30 the next morning, found Miss Edger and K. Narayanaswamy at the Rest House, both alive and sound. Miss Edger lectured in the evening to a full audience but with considerable difficulty, for she had caught cold at Trichinopoly and was quite hoarse. Early the next morning I took her to the great temple to see the bull Colossus, a monolithic figure in sitting posture that measures 12 ft. from the ground to the shoulder. This is the one standing [369] beside which I had twice lectured to great Indian audiences. As Miss Edger was too hoarse for public speaking I myself took the lecture to the Hindu boys, formed a Society for them and set them going. We slept at the Travellers' Bungalow that night, but at 3-30 a.m. had to rouse ourselves up to take the train for Negapatam.

We reached our destination at 7-30 a.m. and were wretchedly accommodated in an unfurnished house. It was a severe test of our good nature but as we were convinced that the committee had meant to show us only kindness we made no complaints. Miss Edger lectured in the evening, despite her sore throat, thus giving a fair example of the indomitable pluck which is one of her characteristics. That day was a trying one under our circumstances. A sudden downpour of rain drove us out of our bedrooms into any shelter we could find, the water pouring in through an hundred holes in the roof. My companion's cot was removed by the butler and myself to the dining room, or what would have been the dining room if the house had been furnished; the butler's umbrella served as a fastening to her door, while I slept on a wooden bench, without anything soft under me, in another chamber. When the Secretary of the local Branch came to see us the next morning he was moved to tears on hearing about our discomforts, but the poor fellow [370] could not help it. There were two or three hotels in the neighborhood and some rich Theosophists in town, but they had subscribed the magnificent sum of a rupee each to the cost of our entertainment, so it did not take much time to convince us that whatever gratitude we might feel for our entertainment was due to the poorer members to whom one rupee was not a "negligeable quantity": and yet when it comes to the hatching of metaphysical conundrums, who would be more glad and ingenious

than these one-rupee well-to-do FF.T.S. It is more than likely that the question whether we should or should not have been made comfortable had not entered their minds, and that the reading of this note may be the cause of their first giving a serious thought to the question.

We slept in the carriage at the railway station and the train bore us away at midnight for Kumbakonam.

CHAPTER XXV

THE HERALDIC COCKS

(1898)

AS explained before, Kumbakonam has always been a centre of learning in Southern India; in ancient times the influence of its great scholars and teachers was widely spread and the descendants of the men who then gave it renown are now pushing their way to the front as students at the government colleges and universities. Their acquired familiarity with the English language has opened out to them the whole field of contemporaneous philosophical speculation and as, by heredity, these Brahmin lads are natural metaphysicians, it is not at all surprising that this renowned city, this ancient fortress of Eastern knowledge, should now be filled with a generation of college-educated young men of strong materialistic proclivities. Realizing this fact, when I first confronted a monster audience in the town, [872] years before, I carefully shaped my arguments so as to avoid giving any shock to their susceptibility as students of science. Miss Edger followed the same policy in her discourse on the day of our arrival (16th of August) during the tour under review, and the packed and sweltering crowd of her audience appreciated her and applauded her to the echo. Many friends had met us at the station at our arrival, the venerable and always respected Dewan Bahadur R. Raghoonath Row among them, and we were favored with the usual garlands and addresses. The committee put us up at the Rest House where in 1883—15 years previously—I had treated the sick psychopathically and had made some rather sensational cures.

On the next morning we received visitors at the Society's Hall and Miss Edger received again, from 4 to 6 in the afternoon. At 6-30 she gave her second lecture outdoors, to avoid the discomforts of the previous evening. There was a very large audience and her subject was "Religion and Science", for the treating of which her brilliant university career and her study of Theosophy had fully prepared her. On the next day she held a levee for visitors, both in the morning and afternoon; in the evening both of us lectured to boys, in the presence of a

large crowd of adults, and at 9-30 that night left for Chingleput, another famous South [373] Indian intellectual centre. Addresses, flowers, refreshments, were offered us at the station on arrival; we were then driven to a large empty house hastily fitted up for us, where we found ourselves comfortable. When I say that, of course the word “relatively” is implied, for a Westerner unaccustomed to the hard realities of Indian travel would hardly find himself what he would call comfortable in one-fourth of the places stopped at on tour. We had to take with us a servant to act as courier, cook, valet, and cashier, who had to take charge of the bedding, cooking pot and table service, to look after our luggage, to prepare our sleeping apartments, cook our meals, and wait on us at table; with the help of a cooly locally engaged he had to wash our dishes, get things from the bazaar, keep an account of his cash expenses and, one hour before our departure, take our things to the railway station, buy our tickets, and be ready to accompany us to the next stopping place. If the servant finds the beds infested beyond his capacity to overcome the difficulty, he must then make beds on the floor if nothing better can be done; and if no fireplace is available he must then improvise one with the first two or three stones that he may pick up, and turn out a satisfactory meal as though he had to exercise no ingenuity in the matter. Sometimes for lack of stones he [374] will dig a hole in the ground for each pot and with surprising knack give one a meal that would not discredit a cook working in his kitchen. Thirty years of experience of this sort of thing in India have not lessened my capacity for being surprised at what a faithful servant is capable of doing to carry his master comfortably on a journey.

On the evening of our arrival Miss Edger lectured at the Native High School, on “Theosophy”. At 7 the next morning she again lectured; in the afternoon she held a conversation meeting, and in the evening presided at an anniversary of the Native High School, when Shakespeare was more or less honored by the presentation of A Winter’s Tale, by some of the schoolboys, who did as well as might be expected under the circumstances. The evening’s performance was brought to a close by an admirable speech from Miss Edger, on “Education”, for the benefit of both parents and children.

On the next morning (Sunday the 21st of August) we received a telegram asking us not to visit Bangalore and Mysore on account of the prevalence of plague. A new programme had therefore to be made. In the morning we lectured to boys and formed the usual Boys’ Society; in the afternoon there was a conversation meeting and in the evening my companion discoursed on “God and

Man in Nature". At 6 the next morning I left for Madras [375] and Miss Edger and Mr. Narayanaswami[30] for Conjeeveram.

I reached home at 10 o'clock, found all right at the Headquarters and set myself to work to clear off arrears of correspondence. The next two days were crowded with business and on the evening of the 24th Miss Edger and Mr. Narayanaswami arrived from Conjeeveram at 11 p.m., the programme for the tour being again interrupted. On the 25th Miss Edger felt much debilitated and on the 26th had an attack of fever as the result of overwork and the hardships of travel, and was not able to resume her tour till after 10 days. Meanwhile there was a pressure of work of different sorts, literary and architectural (for the repair and enlargement of buildings) going on.

To protect the lower floor of the Convention Hall and the adjacent rooms from rain during the progress of repairs, we built a great pandal or shelter of 1,200 square feet in area. With the outgoing September number of The Theosophist, went to subscribers, voting papers, so that they might notify me of their choice of the writers of the year who were best entitled to receive respectively the medals of gold and silver offered for the best and next best literary contributions [376] in the volume for 1897-8. The second of September we received the rolls of embossed paper (Lincrusta Walton), which were a present, for covering the ceiling in the Library, the cost of which had been collected by my old friend Miss Edith Ward, among our English members. In the afternoon of that day I presided at a meeting in town, where the "Life and Teachings of Buddha" were discoursed upon by a Mr. Ethiraja Naicker.

The 5th of September is memorable in the history of our Pariah Education Movement by the receipt on that day of a letter from Miss Sarah E. Palmer, B.Sc., of Minnesota, offering her services without any payment, as a teacher of Pariah children. I gratefully accepted the offer.

Miss Edger being convalescent and a new programme arranged, we two, in company with Mr. Narayanaswami, started for Tirupatûr, but as the man who was transporting the luggage dallied on the way, it did not reach the station in time, so I sent the other two ahead and myself waited until the cart arrived, sleeping at the station and then starting on the next morning early. But our troubles were not ended, for some stupid clerk at Jalarpet Junction did not tranship the luggage; it remained there while I went to Tirupatûr, ignorant of the loss. The result was that we got nothing to eat until 8 p.m. and only then because

[377] Mr. Narayanaswami drove back to the Junction in a jutka (a small two-wheeled cart) and brought our tiffin basket. Despite these petty troublesMiss Edger gave a magnificent lecture on “Theosophy”, seemingly having quite recovered from her indisposition.

On the 8th our baggage arrived and we were again furnished with food and clothes. At 7 a.m. Miss Edger lectured and in the evening presided at the anniversary of the Young Men’s Literary Society, at which there was a dramatic performance. On the 9th I lectured in the early morning to boys, after which Miss Edger held a conversation meeting at the rooms of our local Branch; at 1 p.m. she gave a lecture and at 4 p.m. we left for our next station, Vaniyambadi. There was no sleep for us in the train, for we reached our destination at 1-12 a.m., rested at the station, and at 7 a.m. were taken to the local Reading Rooms where an address and a handsome silver cup were presented to Miss Edger as tokens of respect. At first we were both accommodated with tents but later Miss Edger was shifted to a room in the Court House.

The following morning we began work, with a lecture to the boys; in the afternoon there was the usual conversation meeting. We visited the local Branch and inspected the grounds selected for the [378] local Society. In the evening Miss Edger lectured very acceptably. On the morning of the 12th a group photograph was taken and there were conversation meetings both in the morning and evening; after the second one Miss Edger gave her farewell lecture, “From Death to Life”: then came the good-bye speech and we left at midnight for Chittoor, but there was a night of broken rest on account of the changing of trains. We reached Chittoor at 5-30 the next morning and had a nice reception. We were put up at the Chittoor Association premises, which the members, with impressive kindness, vacated for us, shifting themselves into tents temporarily—a nice example of altruistic hospitality. In the evening both of us lectured to boys. There was a conversation meeting the next morning and another in the afternoon. Among the questioners was a blatant, coarse-voiced infidel[31] who roared at my companion, until he had driven her into a state of nervous agitation, whereupon I took a hand in, and shut him up summarily. “Another enemy for me”, is the entry in my diary, the judiciousness of which my readers will scarcely deny. In the evening Miss Edger lectured on “The Secret of Death”. From a memorandum made at the time I find that Miss Edger had given [379] during her tour and up to that time, 45 lectures. On the morning of the 15th she held a conversation meeting; at 1 p.m. a private one with Hindu ladies; from 2 to

4 there was another conversation meeting and at 5 she gave her last lecture in the place. We left in the evening for Tiruvallûr, but were detained five wearisome hours at Kâtpâdi and left there only at 3-12 on the morning of the 18th.

Reaching Tiruvallûr at 5-30 a.m. we were affectionately received at the station and taken to a small bungalow in the town, close to the big tank, which is a famous place of pilgrimage. A conversation meeting was held and in the evening Miss Edger lectured, or tried to lecture, in an upstairs room in a long Chattram, or lodging place for pilgrims. The management was bad, there were continual interruptions by talking, at the other end of the room, between people who could not understand English and apparently did not care to know anything about the subject of the lecture. Then there was a downpour of rain which clattered on the iron roof so that it was impossible to hear the lecturer. Perforce she stopped speaking until the worst of the noise was over and then resumed. Two conversation meetings, a lecture to boys by myself at noon and one to adults by Miss Edger in the evening, filled up the day. At 10 p.m. we left for Madras and reached home early the next morning. [380] It goes without saying that plenty of work awaited me and that I had no leisure to devote to lounging or the invention of metaphysical conundrums. I have often wished that a good many of my colleagues in different countries could find in Theosophical work a similar corrective to their profitless word-spinning.

Visitors to Adyar within the past eight years[32] have admired the bas-reliefs in terra-cotta that crown the door of what was then the room of the Western Section of our Library and flank it at the two sides. The one over the door represents Pallas Athene, our classical goddess Minerva, the patroness of learning; the full-length, life-size figures to the right and left of the door are of a symbolical character, and all three are copied from ancient statuaries the engravings of which are at the Madras School of Arts: all were executed in terra-cotta at that School. A few days later I left an order with the Director to repair another bas-relief inserted in the wall above the Minerva plaque, the object of which will, I presume, interest the reader. By a strange coincidence the heraldic crests of the family of H.P.B. and of my own are identical, viz., a cock. Her family name is Hahn (cock) and mine is not at all what it is as now written, but Alcocke, and dates from very ancient Saxon days of England. [381] One of my ancestors, Bishop Alcocke, who was a great favorite with King Henry VII, and governor of his troublesome and luxurious son, Henry VIII, founded Jesus College, Cambridge, and his Coat of Arms, to be seen over the entrance gate of Jesus College, has

three cock’s heads, combined with other symbols. So I conceived the idea of putting up this humble memorial of the two families, placing the standing bird of the Hahns in the centre and the three cock’s heads of my family around it in the form of the mystical triangle. It is an interesting coincidence, when one thinks of it, that we two predestined joint workers in Theosophy should be thus heraldically related.

Mrs. Besant having called Miss Edger to Benares to assist in her work, she left us for that place by the mail train on the 30th of September, taking with her our best wishes for her health and happiness. The narrative of our Southern tour, now brought to a close, shows how indefatigably she had lectured, despite her frail body and the unaccustomed impediments of Indian travel, to do her duty by the Society to whose destiny she had linked her own. It is but justice to say that she had won the respect of her South Indian colleagues and the great audiences before which she had propounded her views. We people at Adyar had enjoyed her company and parted from her with regret.

Notes

[←1]

A silken waist-belt. Having been worn by the Marquis it would be saturated with his aura and, therefore, put her on his track, mesmerically speaking.—O.

[←2]

The young so-called prophetess who claims to be under the inspiration of the Angel Gabriel and has made such direful predictions of the calamities that are to befall France that thousands have been excited and to some extent terrorised by them.—O.

[←3]

I made no passes but simply took her left hand, pressed my right thumb against her left, closed my eyes, and fixed my mind upon her with “mesmeric intent,” i.e., the will that she should sleep.—O.

[←4]

He died in his thirty-ninth year.—O.

[←5]

At a second consultation which I had with the clairvoyant some weeks later, when passing through Paris on my way home, I asked Madame Mongruel, to tell me something more about this lady of the portrait. She told me, when in the clairvoyant state, that it was not his wife but a young person who at the time when it was taken would be perhaps sixteen or eighteen years of age, one for whom he had a pure affection as for an ideal. She was beautiful, pure and of very fair complexion, and dressed in white. The portrait was contained in a box of oxydized metal, apparently silver, and closed hermetically, as if it were not meant to be opened but to be carried as a sort of talisman. I record this fact because, up to the present time, there has been no verification of her statement that the unfortunate nobleman wore such a portrait. Should it be proved later on to be true, it will redound to the credit of our clairvoyant.—O.

[←6]

Meaning, as she explained, that the massacre had a political motive.—O.

[←7]

The Buddhist Catechism, Question 144, 37th Edition.

[←8]

Of course, it must be said that the Spiritualists, from the time of A. J. Davis' production of his Nature's Divine Revelations onwards, have taught the occupancy of other worlds besides our Earth by sentient beings, but this sensible doctrine has not yet been taken into the body of Christianity; nor has Spiritualism, as such, been as yet developed into the form of a specific religion.

[←9]

Vide "The Mahatma Quest" Theosophist, Vol. XVI, pp. 173, 305.

[←10]

OLD DIARY LEAVES, Vol. I, p. 85.

[←11]

Loc. cit., Chap. XXXIV.

[←12]

A lac is 100,000. Ed.

[←13]

I.e., Hawaii. Ed.

[←14]

Vol. I, Chap. VIII, p. 268.

[←15]

Vol. XVIII, p. 417, footnote.

[←16]

Pp. 182-186

[←17]

Memoir of The Tooth Relic of Ceylon.—London, Thacker & Co., 1870.

[←18]

Op. cit., Vol. III, p. 24.

[←19]

In the Journal of the China Branch of the Royal Asiatic Society (Vol. xxxvi, 1905). Mr. Juan

Mencarini says: I have never seen such lavish use of white marble as in Java. The most unpretentious foreigner's house is paved with this white stone, and elegant columns of the same material support the roofs of the entertaining rooms. In the evenings as one passes in front of these small but dainty-looking palaces, especial1y with open doors and windows splendidly lighted, the effect is superb and cannot easily be forgotten.

[←20]

The Theosophist in which these chapters originally appeared; vide O. D. L. Vol. IV, Chap. 16.

[←21]

OLD DIARY LEAVES, Vol. I, p. 468.—ED.

[←22]

1239 in 1934. Ed.

[←23]

General Secretary of the Indian Section, T. S. from 1919 to 1923.—Ed.

[←24]

Theosophy of the Bhâgavat Purâna; etc.—Ed.

[←25]

O. D. L., Vol. II, Chap. 20.—Ed.

[←26]

The late Mr. T. Ramachandra Rao retired as a Judicial Officer and served as Provincial and Joint General Secretary of The Theosophical Society in South India for several years. He was an honorary whole time worker touring all the year round at his own expense and doing good Theosophical propaganda. He acted as General Secretary for India in 1923. The late Mr. Srinivasa Rao, a retired lawyer, also did useful work as a whole time worker, writer and lecturer for many years.—Ed.

[←27]

New Series. Vol. III, No.7, April, 1898.

[←28]

They were not.—Ed.

[←29]

Historically this community was not concerned in this. The forcible conversion to Hinduism cannot by any means apply to the Panchamas (Pariahs), as they were always held to be included in the

Hindu community. There are references to the Jains and the Buddhists of Southern India having been so persecuted. The Colonel thought the Pariahs, as their then leaders claimed that they had been originally Buddhists, were the people pictured as persecuted and tortured. But the Colonel himself has later recorded that they were not able to produce evidence of the fact of their having been once Buddhists.—Ed.

[←30]

Late K. Narayanaswami Aiyar, Joint-General Secretary for India (1907-1908), translator of Thirty Minor Upanishads, etc.—Ed.

[←31]

The late Mr. N. K. Ramasami Aiya, B.A., B.L., who later on joined our Society and did good work. Ed.

[←32]

This chapter originally appeared in December, 1906. Ed.