

## LETTERS OF H. P. BLAVATSKY TO FRANCESCA ARUNDALE

THE name of Francesca Arundale will be known perhaps only to the older members in England and India. Yet she is one who worked valiantly for the Society from 1881 to the year of her death in 1924. She was also one to whom both H. P. B. and Colonel Olcott felt a warm affection and expressed deep gratitude for the many services which she rendered.

Miss Arundale's mother, Mrs. Mary Anne Arundale, was also a person to whom much affection was shown by both the Founders, though she was never prominent in the doings of the Society. It was at her house at 77, Elgin Crescent, Notting Hill, London, W., that H. P. B. stayed for several months in 1884. Mrs. Arundale was a daughter of the Royal Academician, H. W. Pickersgill, and did a certain amount of painting, particularly in copying pictures. When I knew her in 1891 she was very old but still busy copying Italian pictures.

Miss Arundale stands out in a particular way with her special contribution to the Society. She received one long letter from the Master K. H. which has been published in *Letters from the Masters of the Wisdom*, First Series. A second long letter was also received during the time that she was the Secretary of the London Lodge. But most interesting is how the Master K. H. saw her pure and devoted nature from the moment she joined the Society, for in 1882 He gave a hint to H. P. B. to cultivate a close friendship with Miss Arundale. On September 8th, 1882, Miss Arundale wrote a letter to H. P. B., who was then in India, renewing her subscription to THE THEOSOPHIST. I have printed the letter in the book referred to above. At the bottom of the letter, before H. P. B. received it, the Master K. H. had written in His blue handwriting the following: "A good, earnest theosophist, a mystic whose co-operation ought to be secured thro' you. K. H."

Miss Arundale was the elder sister of the mother of G. S. Arundale. As the mother died in giving birth to her third child, George Sydney, the aunt adopted the boy and gave him her own name Arundale. Miss Arundale has written her reminiscences of H. P. B.

in THE THEOSOPHIST, July-October, 1917. These will sometime be published, with the letters received by her from H. P. B. and Colonel Olcott. In the year 1902, both Miss Arundale and her nephew G. S. Arundale offered to Dr. Besant to come out to India and help in connection with the Central Hindu College. The offer was gladly accepted and they arrived in March, 1903. Mr. Arundale became first the Honorary Headmaster of the Central Hindu School, and later Vice-Principal and later still Principal of the College. Miss Arundale also taught in the Boys' School, and later opened a small class for Indian girls in her own rooms in Benares, and out of a class of five girls, there has slowly developed the Women's College of Benares to-day.

There are two long letters of H.P.B. to Miss Arundale which I do not publish, as mostly they deal with the painful incidents in connection with what is known as the "Leonard Case"; one person involved in the affair is still living.

A sister of Miss Arundale, Madame Maria Martin, had married a French gentleman and was a prominent "feminist" in Paris. Madame M. Martin joined the Co-Masonic movement at its beginning, and through her Miss Arundale also joined in 1896. It was from Miss Arundale that Dr. Besant heard of the existence of Co-Masonry, and was introduced to the heads of the Movement in 1902.

A few years before her death Miss Arundale gave me for the records of the E.S. the letters which she had received from the Masters, as well as those in her possession received by another Chela. After her death, her nephew, Bishop Arundale, gave me these letters of H.P.B. which are now published, as also a long series of letters of Colonel Olcott to her. These last will begin publication in our August issue.

Miss Arundale was called both by H.P.B. and Colonel Olcott "St. Teresa," and "Sister Teresa".—C. JINARĀJADĀSA.

## I

CORRESPONDING SECRETARY OF THE T.S.A.S., BOMBAY

[? Paris, June, 1884.]

MY DEAREST MISS ARUNDALE,

Olcott writes to me to say that I had better go to Elberfeldt then to come to London. Now I know better for Master

<sup>1</sup> Though written probably in 1884, H. P. B. uses some old note-paper with these letters which are for "Theosophical Society of the Arya Samaj".

told me I *was needed* for more than one purpose in England. My aunt and sister leave in a few days and I have to leave Paris on the 27th—at the latest. Now I want to know, whether it is simply a flapdoodle of his—this advice or that he thinks, perhaps, that I will be in your way. Perhaps indeed, I will be a source of disturbance and botheration to you? Do tell me frankly and candidly; for in such case I will take a room somewhere with board and lodging. Do not keep on ceremonies, or make it a question of delicacy, if indeed I will be *de trop* in coming, as agreed, to you. I am very much perplexed and do not know what to do.

H. P. BLAVATSKY.<sup>1</sup>

II

9th Sept. [1884, Elberfeldt.]

MY DEAREST MISS ARUN.

It is very dull without all of you. The rooms look like a fashionable burying vault and I feel like an unfashionable corpse in it. My aunt travels the whole day long and I sit and see sights in my old armchair—some of them quite funny too. Have you seen Mme. de Morsier, and Mme. Adam? Why was your programme—that of Solovioff—with regard to your visit to that lady—changed or if you like, altered? I am very much afraid, dear child of the Gods, that you are at times very fickle and nervous. You are easily demoralized now-a-days. You ought to become a little firmer, Sister Teresa, lest from a saint you should tumble down into a sinner.

Well my love, and kindest regards to your dear Mother. My love and blessing to Dharbagiri Nath<sup>2</sup> and do not forget,

Yours truly,

H. P. BLAVATSKY.

<sup>1</sup> The signature has been cut out of the letter, presumably for some album.

<sup>2</sup> "Bawajee" who later turned against H. P. B.

## III

(The first part of this letter is missing. Evidently it refers to the Coulomb attack, and the date is probably between August and October, 1884.—C. J.)

*with my permission.* He has *deceived no one*, as far as I know, hitherto. He has only *withheld* the truth from thou who would never understand it. But if he went on preaching *no Masters*, and the falseness of the "red and blue letters" giving them out for *spook*-letters (to save the Masters' names)—then he would be *deceiving most cruelly* theosophists, and I would stop the attempt, by unveiling the truth he and I were *ordered* to keep silent upon. Now if these words are once more understood by you as implying that MASTERS *either* countenanced or *encouraged* deception then all I can say is you have not acquired yet the true perception of a theosophist—and I had hoped you had. There are things in the *Occult* circle which *no one outside of it* can rightly judge. That's all. You write as though I—one who is, perhaps, *the only one* to appreciate you at your *true value* (on the scales of MASTERS—which scales *cannot err*)—that I, doubt you, or blame you or what not. This is the saddest of all. Even Mohini is incapable of appreciating the cruel position I am in, the *inextricable* occult web, I am made helpless by—but whatever happens I will be true to my duty and MASTERS. If, instead of misunderstanding such, theosophists would join together and keep stubbornly *unaffected* by the attacks on false charges by this false *unreal* world then would Masters be nearer to them and *obviously* help them. But They can never meddle with the false.

Yours with love,

H. P. B.

## IV

(In this letter of complaint against Colonel Olcott by H.P.B., we must not forget there is another side to the matter. That will appear in his letters to Miss Arundale.—C. J.)

WURZBURG,

6 Ludwig Strasse,

Aug. 29, 1885.

MY DEAR MISS ARUNDALE,

This is a business letter and such as you know I hate writing. But "necessity has no law" as you know. I could have written it to Col. Olcott, but since he is started upon representing me as a *shell* with no more soul or spirit inside it, and as suffering at times from *mental aberrations* he would be quite capable of paying no attention to my just complaint. Otherwise, I might ask him, whether it enters into his schemes of *saving the Society* by sacrificing me to the Nether world, by means of regular starvation. Now you are one, whom I consider I may say, my best and truest friends. You and your dear mother have always been my staunchest defenders and therefore, to you, I shall say all and take any advice you may choose to proffer.

When we went away, packed off at 24 hours' notice, after paying our passages, and arriving at Naples, where we landed with hardly any clothes (no warm ones at all events) no linen etc., and some 600 francs in our pockets (that's to say in *Bawajee's*, for in mine and Mary Flynn's there was primeval chaos with nothing in it) half of that money was immediately spent in securing lodgings, paying hotel bills, etc., etc. Well for the first month we lived upon £10 or 12 (250 or 30) francs), wiped our faces with towels made out of an old chemise of mine and I ate one meal a day—Bawajee and Mary Flynn going generally without—*he*, poor noble little fellow under the pretext of vegetarianism, she to keep him company. During the second month I received £25 from — (you will believe it, others WONT) and another £20 from some unknown friend, a theosophist who would not give his name sent from Paris. We bought a few towels and a

friend lent us sheets, as up to that time we had slept on our plaids spread out. Then I received from Adyar—for May and June Rs. 400 or 800 francs—and we ceased starving. I could not remain in Italy. I needed comfortable rooms with stoves, and a little quiet and in Italy nothing of that could be found. I then selected a town in Germany, the quietest, and the cheapest and, as I was told that Kissingen Pandur waters were good for gout I decided to come here. But, had not poor devoted Bhawani Row sent Bawajee to help me the Rs. 500 you know about, we could not have moved and performed a journey, which, with sending on the luggage and forced stoppages on the way, for I feel too weak to go night and day in railway, this cost us more than 2,000 francs. We are now here, settled and well enough, in the way of comfort but in the sweet hope of remaining penniless in a very short time. Even the little money received by me for some Russian articles, not half that I reckoned upon is gone. It is nearly *five* months that we landed in Europe and since then we received only 400 rupees or 800 francs from Adyar. Were they even to send me regularly those wretched 400 francs a month it is next to impossible for me to live decently upon that money and Col. Olcott *ought to know it* if he does not or wont. Sick, weak and crippled as I am, I had till now *no* means to take *even a servant*. I have to get up, and drag myself to the entrance door at every bell ringing, if Bawajee has to go out.

Such is the state of affairs and my position. But I would have never complained had not the Colonel in a most unaccountable way grugged me even that small help I received from devoted friends. Even those miserable 25 £—the crumbs collected for me by the devotion of a few poor Hindus, even to those crumbs he must need lay claim, assert his authority over them and instead of allowing Bhawani to send them on to us, he disposes of them, merely saying that he has provided otherwise for me !! What right in the world has *he*, to dispose

thus of that money. When the Rs. 500 were first received, I said to Bawajee, "See if Colonel Olcott does not turn this sum into my monthly allowance." Bawajee thought the idea monstrous, yet it has turned as I thought.

Now I ask you to do me one favour. Write to him and if you like you may even send him on this letter. I *shall not* write to him any more. I am proud enough not to make a row for money, or begin a polemic with him for the sake of a few pounds meant for me but which he confiscates for the Society. I have served the latter and given it my life's devotion my soul and blood as much and probably, if people always knew the truth—much more than he has. And if now the Society (meaning a few of its members) has not even the right to help me in my exile of sickness, without his meddling and dictating to it—then *I have done with him*. Unless you write to him the truth and say to him what I am now telling to you, he may never know it. But it *is* preposterous and well may Bawajee open his eyes in amazement, at *his* (the President's) doings.

Well, if it is so decreed that I should be left helpless in Col. Olcott's hands, then shall Bawajee and I, both starve for the greater glory of *Col. Olcott's Society*. You may tell him that owing to this last wise arrangement of his I am here, nearly penniless, with the £25 collected and sent to me lying in the bank in London, as an ornament, I suppose, and a sign of the Theos. Society's great wealth and prosperity in Europe.

My warmest love and regards to both dear Mrs. Arundale, yourself and my beloved boy Mohini. May every one of us feel as proud as he ought to be if he isn't, of the satisfaction he gives TO BOTH OUR MASTERS.

Yours for ever, here and elsewhere,

H. P. BLAVATSKY.