

LETTERS OF H. P. BLAVATSKY
TO ANNIE BESANT¹

I
17, LANSDOWNE ROAD,
Holland Park, W.
March 15th, 1889.

DEAR MRS. BESANT,

I too have long been wishing to make your acquaintance, as there is nothing in the world that I admire more than pluck and the rare courage to come out and state one's opinions boldly in the face of all the world—including Mrs. Grundy.

I am at home every evening from our tea time at seven till eleven o'clock; and I shall be delighted to see you whenever you come. On Thursdays I have a meeting here, so on that night you would not find me alone; but all the rest of the week you would find me quite free.

Hoping that I shall soon have the pleasure of seeing you, believe me,

Yours very sincerely,
H. P. BLAVATSKY.

P. S.—This invitation includes of course also Mr. Burrows or anyone whom you may choose to bring with you.

H. P. B.

¹Dr. Besant has just handed me these few letters received by her from H. P. B.—C. J.

II

[Post Card]

EAGLE HOUSE, DAVID PLACE,

St. Heliers, Jersey,

[July 26, 1889¹].

DEAREST,

Caught train at five at last and arrived at 12½ a.m. to Granville. Were caught as *we crossed on foot* from one hotel to the other in a terrible shower of rain. Left on the following day Granville at 2, arrived Jersey 5. Got tumbled about, swindled, tortured and put out of sorts all the way here. Anchored, at last! Well, I am stronger now, not to have even caught cold!! Now what's that new humbug from America? Lane² in conspiracy with Coues³? Do ask Old⁴ and write to me. For mercy sake do look over chap. xiii and xiv of *Key*⁵. You are my only hope and ray of salvation in the London fogs. Love to H. B.⁶, as much for yourself of it as you want. Ever yours,

H. P. B.

III

FROM H. P. B. TO ANNIE BESANT, DICTATED TO B. K.⁷

EAGLE HOUSE,

David Place,

St. Heliers,

Jersey.

MY DEAREST ALTER EGO,

I have written you this morning a post-card which I hope you have received. And now being full of the Holy Ghost

¹ This is the date of postal cancellation on the card.

² For the moment, this name has not been traced.

³ Elliot Coues.

⁴ Walter R. Old.

⁵ *Key to Theosophy*.

⁶ Herbert Burrows.

⁷ The letter is in the handwriting of Bertram Keightley, except the signature and the postscript, which are in H. P. B.'s.

and milk soup I am unable to write myself, owing to my front infirmity, exoterically my stomach. For your offer to help me with *Lucifer* especially this month, behold me in the astral light standing on my knees before you, if such a feat could be accomplished even in the astral light. Receive my thanks and send me an article, even *two*, if you can. Hold an indignation meeting with yourself and write on any burning question that you like.

After your departure, Mrs. Candler proceeded to way-lay me to the Exhibition where we passed two hours in vain searching for the Parsi who sold us the paper knives, whom we only found at the last moment when there was a great rush of spilt porte-monnaies, lost pocket-handkerchiefs, umbrellas, above all (Karma). Mrs. Candler, who had accused me the day before at Fontainebleau of having stolen her silver mounted umbrella, lost it in reality by dropping it out of the carriage. After which we nearly lost our railway train. She rushed [to] Rue de Provence for the luggage leaving me and her daughter in pawn at the railway station Gare St. Lazare. At last we caught the train within five minutes of starting. It was 5.10 and we were due to arrive at 9.30 but did not get in till 12.30 by this so-called express train. At Grandville our adventures were not ended. In the Hotel we went to there were no rooms and they sent us to some succursale two streets off. Unwilling to submit my unfortunate knees to further torture by climbing back into the omnibus I preferred walking the two streets on foot; for which I was forthwith repaid by the merciful heavens by the biggest shower of rain that could be imagined and which ceased at the very moment we entered the house. Though not unlike a mushroom personally, this did not help me to grow, but rather turned the natural milk of my kindness into sourness, which ended in voluminous but vain and useless abuse and grumbling. That night I went to bed at three o'clock: back broken, knee

broken, throat broken, heart-broken after you and all kinds of things.

On the following day, having only had a slight *déjeuner* in the Hotel we were pounced upon by the Proprietors and made to pay fr. 70 for what was not worth ten. At last we sailed in an old wash-tub called steamer from the Boulangiste bourg called Grandville. Mrs. and Miss Candler proceeded without any further delay to return their respective *déjeuners* on the heads of stewardess and other officers. As for myself, proud of my hitherto invulnerability and imperviousness to sea sickness, I remained parading them on deck until I felt myself irrepressibly attracted toward the lower regions, where hardly arrived, I followed the glorious example of Mrs. and Miss Candler—but without feeling really ill. Having at last ended the delicate operation, I felt a heavenly bliss and had 3 good hours sleep on the sofa after which I awakened at Jersey, to throw myself into the arms of Bert K. and crush him at once.

In Jersey we put up in Eagle House which sounds grand but in reality is not much. Rooms good and large on the ground floor—mine—kept by a mother and daughter having seen better days and keeping but one innocent servant, incapable of discerning a stinking chop from a fresh one. Result: Mrs. Candler, true to her national pride, pretending to be satisfied with a scrap of cheese and some bread and cheese. No more room therefore Adoo.¹

Ever yours,

H. P. BLAVATSKY.

Love to H. B.²—ask him to write a poem for Lucifer.

H. P. B.

(To be continued)

¹ What follows is in H. P. B.'s handwriting.

² Herbert Burrows.

LETTERS OF H. P. BLAVATSKY
TO ANNIE BESANT

(Continued from p. 380)

IV

BELGRAVE VILLA,

St. Aubins, Jersey,

(Aug. 2, 1889.)

MY DEAREST,

We had to move these last two days and were like Marius on the ruins of Carthage, sitting disconsolate on our trunks. Now we are within reach of pen and ink once more. Thousand thanks for your dear ash-tray and your thought of me, you, sweet *mango*, among women. I will not dirty and use it, but look at it standing before me. It is lovely for it comes from you and is *Jap* by birth. Do write dear. Tell me how you shall have managed among the Philistines on Sunday night. Yours ever affectionately and sincerely

H. P. B.

Love to H.B.

V

JERSEY, WEDNESDAY.

DEARLY BELOVED ONE,—

I am proud of you, I love you, I honour you. You are and will be yet before all men—the star of salvation.

Now, don't kick oh thou, dove-eyed one, it's all sincere. Please read enclose, and correct it; after which if it has your approval (and if it has not then I will commit suicide) and take it to Bert or Old or any of the young flapdoodles of Lansdowne Road and let it be taken to the printers and sent to me in pages, if you will kindly look over the galley proofs. Tell Keightley please and others that to save time they may as well not send me the rough galleys. But I must *see all of them in pages*. There is a magnificent original poem by E. Arnold from *Dhammapada*, followed by comments by Sumangala the High Priest *that must go*.

I have used three stamps of G. money¹ to you and on you dearly beloved one. *Are you mad?* But I had to answer your headless Headlam from Bedlam.¹

Again, I enclose two things dear, a cutting about the incorporation of the St. Louis Th. S. and the abridged *Rules*. Can you arrange it with appropriate additions for the *Appendix* to go into *Key to Theosophy*? This has to go, as I promise it in the text; and the act of incorporation and the decision of the Court about the nature of the T. S. is a very important document. It can yet *become a precedent*.

Now, my trust and only hope is in you—Bert is positively losing his memory. It is impossible to rely upon him in anything as far as memory and recollection go. It is *simply awful*.

Oh Lord how I do wish to see you! We are coming back on the 20th or 21 of August. Olcott is expected on the 24th or 25th of August. I *do* hope he will listen to you. Goodbye dearest. I kiss you on both your dear dear cheeks and I see your big lotus-like eyes peeping into mine and *I do see and visit you if you don't*. Love and two fraternal kisses to H. B.
Yours ever in Hell and Heaven.

H. P. B.

¹ These words are not clear. The letter is evidently written in a great hurry.—C. J.

VI

TO ANNIE BESANT,

My dearest, as it is so much easier for me to write than to speak; and that speaking—especially when I feel too strongly what I say—I am apt to forget one half, and express in a very muddled way the other half—I decided to put all I have to tell you upon paper.

Last night, I did not and *could not*—fearing as I did to hurt your feelings—let you know all I thought and that which made and makes me feel so wretched. I had received a terrible shock, one utterly unexpected by myself as by every one else, even by Miss Cooper *who ought to have known the arrangement* but did not, both she and I being utterly confused. But now after a whole night's thoughts and confabulations upon the subject, all is clear to me, especially MY DUTY.

Now our "Women's Club" answers neither the original desire of the donator of the money to found it; nor the fundamental principles of the T.S., by which it was built and opened, nor even its alleged and professed object, or rather its name "Women's Club". It does not answer either because:

(a) Mr. K.'s desire was as expressly stated to me in letters and orally, that every girl and woman tempted by poverty to resort to the streets should, irrespective of creed (whether religious or political) class, trade, and opinion, be made to benefit by this club in the limits of its rooms and resources; and that Mr. H. Burrows stated last night *authoritatively* and as one having power in the administration of this "Women's Club" that no girl would be received in it whether as inmate or member *who did not belong to the Trade Union*. Now *what* RIGHT had he to say this?

(b) Because this just quoted phrase of Herbert B.'s goes against the fundamental principle of the T.S., *i.e.*, brotherhood,

irrespective of creed, views, class, race or colour, and that therefore it is untheosophical.

(c) Because finally, it is the "Women's Club" (women in general) and not the *Trade Union's* or "Match Girls" Club; and therefore to say what he said last is to make of the name *an untruth*.

More than that: it is to drag the T.S. and all those who founded it into a determined groove of action; it is to pin them forcibly and as *unexpectedly*, to one definite and narrow sectarian view of theosophy and philanthropy; to connect us all before the public (as there were two editors there and reporters) with Trades' Unions, strikes, public demonstrations, etc.,—hence with the whole circle of agitators whether Socialists, Democrats, or whatever their many names, all of which unfortunately and whether rightly or wrongly, police and government and the whole of the Conservative party brands as rioters, rebels and what not! And if we, of the T.S., and the T.S. itself, live to this day and that nothing could crush us it is just because of the wise policy of our Society as a body, of absolute non-interference with such political movements, and keeping always within the limits of law. Whatever rights and privileges, or course of action, every individual has *outside* the T.S., as an individual, as a theosophist, pure and simple, he has no such rights [within the Society]. A. has a right to go to a Methodist chapel as a Methodist, and B to Hyde Park as a Socialist, and C, if a Jew, to his Synagogue; but neither A, B. or C has a right as a Theosophist to preach at our meetings either Methodist or Wesleyan doctrines, Socialism or Judaism. This, my dearest Annie, is our saving principle, as you know yourself.

Again, I promised *on my word of honour* to K., that no *ism*, religious or political, no one special thing should be inculcated, let alone preached in that Club—not even

theosophy with its all embracing subjects under that name, but simply *ethics* or universal morality. K., was dead against any but a moral restraint, dead against forcing the girls to say grace before meals, being made to read tracts or inculcated any one particular tenet or tenets. As he urged upon me and begged that the T. S. should take upon itself the trouble of founding such a refuge or Club, leaving it with me and the T. S. alone to do the best we could I promised him in my turn all of that which I just stated above. I did so, because I saw what practical good theosophy could do thereby, and I to theosophy by consenting to do that thing for him. It was agreed, moreover, that no man should live on the premises and that this House of Refuge, or Club for *Women*, should be governed entirely by *Women theosophists*, alone. Had you told me beforehand that you meant to place Herbert or any man in any capacity in it, I would not have consented. And yet, last night while you, who have toiled and worked and done all in that house spoke as modestly and as broadly as you could, Herbert B. spoke *authoritatively* as one having full powers in its administration, with powers as full to consult no one but himself. "I want you to do," this and that—"I will not permit"—etc., he repeated, just as if he alone got the money and had prepared the house! Now, the first thing to be done was to select trustees among theosophists as I had insisted with K.—who at first insisted in his turn, that I should be the only manager, and then when I spoke of yourself, of you saying no one could do it better than Annie B., that you and I should be the only managers and select our own helpers, *among women*. Why have I refused poor Mrs. Lloyd as a matron if the law was to be broken at the very opening? Now, I have nothing against his being the "treasurer" (though I learnt this nomination rather unexpectedly last night, nor had any one known of it), but I oppose most decidedly that he should *lead* the girls or have any

authority or voice in the Club. This alone, that they (the members and inmates of the Club) shall start by his arrangement to Hyde Park from the Women's Club to-day with banners flying and *et ceteras*—and that papers may write to-morrow that a female Corporation or Trade's Union started to the Park with such fuss and banners from a Club just founded by *the Theosophical Society* and thus compromise the latter for ever—the very thought of it is maddening to me. I cannot permit the work of my life, my sufferings and toils for the true cause to thus be ruined in a day by such a rash act. How could you permit it, Annie! Why have you said to me nothing about this arrangement before, or to Laura Cooper, who knew no more than I did? I did not feel surprised yesterday when you told me that H. B. *had to be at the opening* because I interpreted your desire that he should quite naturally. But I never even dreamed that he was to be there to assume *authority over* the women of the Club, declare to them *that none should be accepted unless belonging to the Trade Union*, (thus breaking the first principle insisted upon by Mr. K.) and act as sole arbiter and Master of the Establishment.

And now, what shall we do? No one had more real affection for H. B. than I had in the T. S. But now he goes clean against us, and you let him. I do not want to hurt his feelings, and I dread to give you pain. But what can I do, when here I am between my duty as a Theosophist, and the defender of the T. S., my duties to the Masters, and one who does not seem to care a fig for either.

Well, happen what may, but in the face of the greatest moral tortures I will remain true to my mission and task—had I to die worried to death by all this, and so I hope will you. Theosophy does not and cannot prevent you being a Socialist outside the T.S.; but I have no right to be anything outside it *but a theosophist*. I leave the solution of the problem

in your hands, and beg you in the name of the MASTER (M.:) to define the future attitude of yourself and H.B., by putting an end to this *very* painful situation, one way or the other.

Yours ever affectionately,

“ H. P. B.”

P.S.—When you have read this—come to me “child of my heart”—if you believe in the latter.

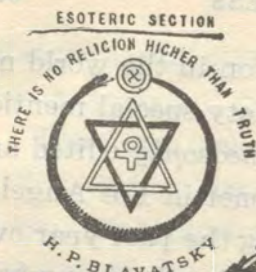
(To be continued)

LET me not pray to be sheltered from dangers, but to be fearless in facing them.

Let me not beg for the stilling of my pain, but for the heart to conquer it.

Let me not crave in anxious fear to be saved, but hope for the patience to win my freedom.

RABINDRANATH TAGORE.



Jim

My dearest friend -
I have just read your letter
to Old, and my heart is sick for
the poor little ones! Look here, I have
but 30 s.h. of my own money, of which
I can dispose, (for, as you know, I am
a pauper & proud of it). But I want
you to take them, and not say a word.
This may buy 30 dinners for 30 poor
little starving wretches, and I may feel
happier for 30 minutes at the thought.
Now don't say a word and do
it; take them to those unfortunate
babes who loved your flowers &
felt happy. I forgive your old
uncouth friend, useless in this world!
Ever yours whom I respect
with every day more - H.P.B.

LETTERS OF H. P. BLAVATSKY
TO ANNIE BESANT

(Continued from p. 515)

VI

(Envelope)

Annie Besant. - T. S. S.
The one & the only one

(Transcription of Letter)

Esoteric Section

There is no Religion higher than Truth

H. P. Blavatsky

My dearest friend—

I have just read your letter to Old, and my heart is sick for the poor little ones! Look here, I have but 30 sh. of my own money, of which I can dispose, (for, as you know, I am a pauper and proud of it) but I want you to take them, and not say a word. This may buy 30 dinners for 30 poor little starving wretches, and I may feel happier for 30 minutes at the thought. Now don't say a word and do it; take them to those unfortunate babes who loved your flowers & felt happy. Forgive your old uncouth friend, useless in this world?

Ever yours whom I respect with every day more— H. P. B.

LETTERS OF H. P. BLAVATSKY
TO ANNIE BESANT

(Continued from Vol. LIII, Part I, p. 634)

VII

E. S. T. S.

Strictly Private,

THEOSOPHICAL HEAD QUARTERS,

19, Avenue Road,

Regent's Park, N. W.,

London, New Year's Eve, 1891.

TO ANNIE BESANT AND ISABEL COOPER (O).¹

"The Kingdom of God is taken *by violence*", is a paraphrase from "The realm of divine knowledge is taken by force and perseverance", it does not descend to the Chela; it is the disciple who has to ascend to it, and to penetrate its adamantine walls. In the East, the Guru and Chela stand in the relation of the Higher and the Lower Manas—ONE, yet for ever separated, unless the lower *forces* itself upon the Higher: it is not in the power of the latter to refuse or to accept. There is *no* "impertinence" to *asking*, but it is certainly useless if you have the right *to take*; and every one has it, who has in him the power *to reach*.²

¹ Isabel Cooper-Oakley was her married name, her maiden name being Cooper.

² This paragraph is in the handwriting of Mrs. Cooper-Oakley. What follows is in H. P. B.'s handwriting, though unusually small.

My dear friends, you make too much of me, who am but the unworthy and humble, though devoted servant of the MASTER, beyond. He and I can accept you, but until your *Higher Ego*, with the light on the Higher SELF on it does, the first Triangle will never become a complete *Tetraktis*. If you *feel* ready—go on, and you will soon find it out. To reach the *Shangna robe*, one must first reach the plant; and thorny are the paths that lead the chela to the sacred spot.

However, I *am* your true friend till the blessed day of my deliverance.

H. P. B. ∴

VIII

Esoteric

17, LANSDOWNE ROAD,

Holland Park, W.,

[No date].

DEAREST ANNIE,

I see that the builders have forgotten the little windows—the ventilators on the top of the walls of the Occult Room. I feel sure that before we come to the end of building there will be fifty mistakes made. Do, dear, put a stop to it. Let all your workmen work at something else until I am in the house myself. Do make them stop and begin the covered porch and finish everything, leaving the O.R. *statu quo*. Other mistakes may be fatal and not so easily repaired. Put the key into your pocket and give it to no one, please. When I am on the spot I can direct myself. The mirrors are not ready¹, my

¹ This Occult Room was never finished. I remember it well at the 19, Avenue Road Headquarters, where I resided during three years. The "esoteric working room," referred to in the next letter, was in my time the office of the European Section, out of which a wooden partition divided off a part about six feet wide as the E. S. T. office of Miss Laura Cooper (later Mrs. G. R. S. Mead). From this E. S. T. office, one descended by four or five steps (my memory here is vague) into a small heptagonal or octagonal room about eight feet in diameter. It had a glass roof—blue, if I recollect rightly. Each wall of the room was to be covered with a particular metal. The mirrors—of which I recollect seeing one, in some

things have not yet come from India and were the O.R. finished now externally it would still remain useless and can not be used till the rest is. Please, darling, do so. I am afraid confusion has become still more confused since a certain day. I know it is all because I could not be there. Let the blessed Arch¹ see that my rooms are finished and dry and then I come like a shot.

Annie, I am most *profoundly miserable*. Why, you would hardly understand. I believe but in *one* person in England and this is *YOU*.

Goodbye, darling,

Yours ever,

H. P. B.

IX

MONDAY MORNING,

17, Lansdowne Road,

Holland Park, W.

MY DARLING PENELOPE,


Do not accuse your old "occult nurse" of not knowing her mind, but I have *dreamed* of a dreadful thing. I saw that if a door from my study was opened into the esoteric working room on the right side of the fire place—*i.e.*, toward, and on the right side of my desk it will cram me utterly preventing me to place my pigeon hole on my right side and leaving no room to move. So I have called forth the picture of the future before me and see that the only way of making things comfortable was to open it (the door) on the left side, there,

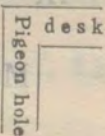
cupboard, about one foot in diameter, and concave—were intended for some purpose of concentrating both light and occult influence upon the esoteric student who was to be seated in the centre of the room for "development". I am told that there was an opening, a window, from H.P.B.'s room into the Occult Room, so that she could keep the student in Yoga under observation. In 1899, Dr. Besant disposed of the lease of the house. After remaining for a while empty, Mrs. Katharine Tingley took possession of it, as her London centre. The house later was pulled down, and a more modern one erected in its place.—C. J.

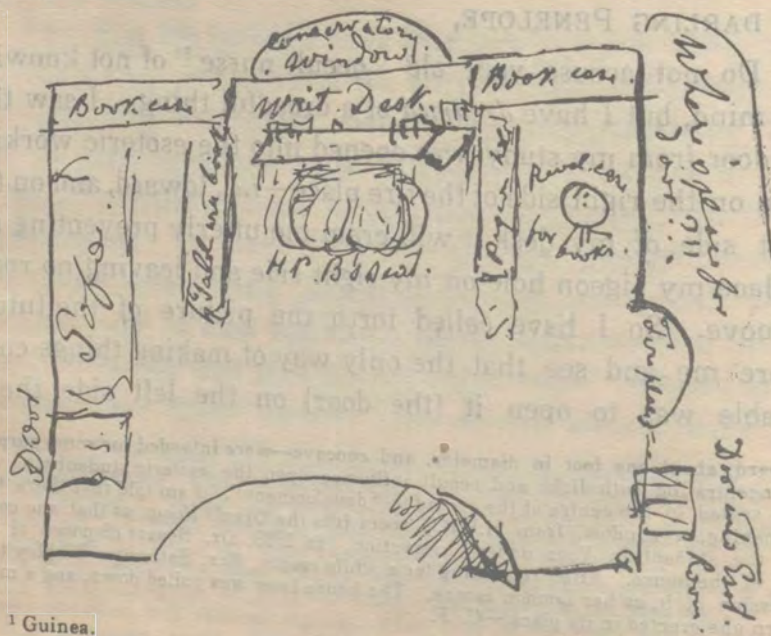
¹ Archibald Keightley.

where I wanted to place my large press for dresses. (the 20 gu¹ one.)

With great reluctance then I give up the idea and will place it in my bedroom along the interior wall, and to preserve myself from catching cold from the entrance door will fix a high screen, at the head of the bed and along its side.

You know how I like to *expand* and extend in my writing corner, and how I need all the available space for it. Now, if I place my writing desk near the window (with conservatory) and parallel to it I may have space to put my pigeon hole table, etc., on my left, but there will be no room to put anything on the right, and instead of being encased in my three sided square  thus I will condemn myself to misery

in a two-sided flapdoodle  and feel as though my right side was paralyzed. This is then how I have concluded to do—Behold my Michael Angelo frescoes, here below :



¹ Guinea.

So that this *is settled* for good. Make the door on the side where the clothes press was to go and I will order myself a solid screen to conceal my bed and protect me from draughts (not *drafts* which would be but too welcome).

Yours —¹ your,

female Ulysses,

H. P. B.

(To be continued)

THIS open page of my Diary . . . brings back to my 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 coolly's naked foot on the roof above us . . .

COLONEL OLCOTT in *Old Diary Leaves*.

¹ A symbol perhaps, but has the appearance of a stenographer's script for a word.

LETTERS OF H. P. BLAVATSKY
TO ANNIE BESANT

[Continued from p. 23]

STRICTLY CONFIDENTIAL

and Esoteric

17, LANSDOWNE ROAD,

Holland Park, W.,

[Date undecipherable from postmark].

MY DEAR, BLESSED "PENELOPE,"

You *must* know why I have been so miserable for the last 10 days. Better you should; as most of these miseries are connected with yourself.

My dear, I have acquired almost a conviction that I am :

- (1) the biggest fool on earth for all practical purposes ;
- (2) that my friendship and sincere love for a person (very rare with me) leads that person astray from his right and correct ideas and fills him with *maya* of all sorts. This, in Occultism is *but natural* and has to be expected by me, because, no sooner does a person feel friendly to me,—and the more friendly the more likely to be led astray by influences adverse to myself—than these terribly subtle powers begin to work. Even YOU, honest like day, sincere and true, you could not escape the thing. It is the more dangerous because you do not seem even to realize the danger. Well,—

time will show. On Herbert *it* works in one way; on you, in another. May the Masters protect you and open your eyes *before it is too late*.

And now from apocalyptic to plain sayings.

My dear child, we are both to be blamed for doing business as we have, or rather *for not doing it at all*. When you had the idea of making of your house the Headquarters, and live all together, and when I consented—you know I did so merely *for your sake*, not to disappoint you, though now I have conquered almost all the adverse influences that made me at first refuse to accept your offer—I ought to have first consulted with all of those concerned in it, instead of *forcing upon them my decision*. But since I have done so, and once I have, I ought to have acted on securer lines and not only told you what people said, but insisted that things should be done properly, legally, guaranteeing *you*, as well as ourselves from any future losses and complications. We (you and I) have done nothing of the kind. You, a clever and cool business woman were *blinded* by the “adverse influences” I spoke of; I, the flapdoodle of the ages in business matters never gave it a thought. But I now find that while carrying out my wishes and keeping silent, most of our Theosophists¹ (besides the staff) were all the time thinking of our *illegal modus operandi*, and they burst out at last.

My darling, you and I have opened ourselves to the accusation of asking for, and accepting money from our Fellows authoritatively and *autocratically* and giving the payers no security, let alone returns in value for their money. We have a *building fund*, and spent it for show of lecture room and pretty comfortable house, but neither lecture room nor house nor even furniture belongs *to the Society*, nor to any one in particular—save to your heirs if you come to die. Mrs. C. O. has taken quite a delight, in repeating constantly

¹ “Theosophists” with capital “T” in MS.

and taking the Countess to task for *unfairness* toward you. "The Old Lady *may die at any moment*" she said, and "Annie's rent of the house is not guaranteed by you." So it is; but she failed to add, that (if Annie was *not* "Annie") she had the legal right to turn us out of her house, at any moment, and leave the T. S. and Theosophists¹ *minus* their money and their property.

Now (this by parenthesis) I wish Mrs. C. O. would not meddle in the Society's business and pay more attention to her own, which does affect the E. S. and even the T. S. more than she is ready to admit.

The fact is that Sturdy one of my chosen *advisory* councillors spoke of all this 3 months ago, spoke of it again a fortnight ago and last night when Arch and Bert and Mead and the Countess and all—even Edge, represented to me how *carelessly I dealt with the Society and our Fellows' monies*. It is MY DUTY they said to guarantee immediately the Fellows and Society from any possible loss, etc., and call in a lawyer to do the thing legally and—as I know from other and *higher* sources—they are right. LISTEN, we have the dugpas against us, as Esotericists and Theosophists². The Masters can protect us so far only as we do not bring upon us mischief Karmically. Both you and I have made bad Karma from the first by such a transaction. You travel weekly on railroads. Suppose a misfortune, an accident would happen to you,—Master's protection notwithstanding? Where would be the Society at Avenue Road, what Theosophists³ would have a right to the lecture room, the money sunk in the buildings, and even their furniture in *your* house? £1,000 collected penny by penny would thus be lost, and our Fellows those who gave to the Fund would have the right to

¹ "Theosophists" with capital "T" in MS.

² "Theosophists" with capital "T" in MS.

³ "Theosophists" with capital "T" in MS.

accuse yourself and me and call us bad names. This is what was brought before me last night.

My dear, this is *one* of my miseries. I hate business, but it is my bounden sacred duty to see that our heavy Karmic mistake should be repaired without delay, without putting it off and to the satisfaction of those who donated the monies. *We must do it*, Annie, for your own sake, for my sake and chiefly for the sake of the T. S. You must think over it for the next 24 hours, and see how you can do it or would do it. I propose that you should transfer the lease of the house to trustees representing the Society (as it is not registered) subject of course to the mortgage¹ which we would pay; you to have your two rooms secured to you without pay to the end of the lease. Trustees to be—say the Countess, Arch, Bert, yourself and myself, the first three having money and *rentiers*, the last two having none, but great potentialities for the same². You will thus be released of your mortgage which bothers you, be the proprietor for 18 years of your rooms and trustee for the Society. This will be fair all round, for I have been thinking of this all night and thought and talked over it. But you may perhaps, suggest something better still.

Bert and Arch will come down and bring you this letter and you can talk with them³. And whatever you do, Annie, let it come to a decision and have Oldfield—a theosophist⁴ and the deepest of lawyers, therefore—do the legal thing at once, and thus deliver *me* from this one great misery. Then we may think of removing the others.

Ever yours in
love and sincerity,
H. P. B.

¹ So in MS.

² This is one H.P.B.'s cleverest sayings, which Dr. Besant has often quoted.

³ As the letter is in an envelope and addressed "Annie Besant, 63 Fleet Street, E. C." and was posted, presumably H. P. B. changed her mind about sending it by hand.

⁴ "theosophist" with small "t" in MS.



E. S.
Order

I hereby appoint in the
name of the Master, Annie
Besant Chief Secretary
of the Inner Group of the
Esoteric Section & Recorder
of the Teachings.

H. P. B.

To Annie Besant, P. S. of
the I. G. of the E. S. & R. of the I.
April 1, 1891.
Read & Recorded April 11/91 William Woodford
Secy

XII

LETTERS OF H. P. BLAVATSKY
TO ANNIE BESANT

(Continued from p. 128)

XI

Esoteric Section

[SEAL]

H. P. Blavatsky

E. S.

ORDER

I hereby appoint in the name of the Master, Annie Besant Chief Secretary of the Inner Group of the Esoteric Section & Recorder of the Teachings.

H. P. B. . .

To Annie Besant, C. S. of the I. G. of the E. S. & R. of the T.

April 1, 1891.

Read & Recorded April 11/91.

William Q. Judge,

Sec. U. S.

XII

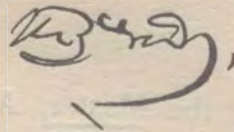
(This document is in the handwriting of Mr. G. R. S. Mead. It is signed by H.P.B. To the left side of her signature occurs the undeciphered hieroglyphic, which she put earlier on the envelope of Letter IX. The acknowledgement is in Mr. Judge's handwriting.)

THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY,
Strictly Private, 19, Avenue Road,
E. S. Regent's Park,
London, N.W. March 31, 1891.

I hereby appoint Mrs. Annie Besant (Councillor of the E.S.) to be my agent and representative during her visit to the U.S.

She is directed to call together Lodges and Groups of the E.S. whenever practicable and to explain such matters as are necessary.

Bro. W. Q. Judge is requested to give Mrs. Besant all the aid necessary for this undertaking.



H. P. BLAVATSKY .'. .

Head of the E.S.

Read and Recorded April 11/91,

WILLIAM Q. JUDGE,

Sec. U.S.

XIII

(Cable)

(Received New York, April 22, 1891)

JUDGE, NEW YORK.

Besant. Their blessing, my love. Beware Socialism.

H. P. B.

XIV

(The following letter, though not from H. P. B., is here published as it deals with the two letters of hers which precede.

As the envelope bears the initials E. A. N. (those of Mr. E. A. Neresheimer), and the note-paper is of the envelope's size, we must presume that "Kama-LoCa" was the name of Mr. Neresheimer's house.—C. J.)

KAMA-LOCA,

May 4/91.

DEAR H. P. B.

I am glad you sent Annie Besant here. It has done good not only to the T. S. but to me. She has brought me many words about you and your sayings, food for a hungry devil in a far land—exiled by his own acts—and I love her, finding in her a sister and a friend.

Maharajah my salaams to thee

As ever

yours in Jesus,

WILLIAM Q.

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 them in sweetness of expression and speech and the resplendency of spirituality, stand our Teachers and Masters.

COLONEL OLCOTT in *Old Diary Leaves*, Vol. V.