

The Esoteric She

Articles on H.P. Blavatsky's Life, Work
and Teachings

William Quan Judge



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by

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The Esoteric She

The Late Mme. Blavatsky --- A Sketch of Her Career

[First published in *The Sun* (New York),
Sept. 26, 1892, p. 5.]

A woman who, for one reason or another, has kept the world --- first her little child world and afterward two hemispheres --- talking of her, disputing about her, defending or assailing her character and motives, joining her enterprise or opposing it might and main, and in her death being as much telegraphed about between two continents as an emperor, must have been a remarkable person. such was Mme. Helena Petrovna Blavatsky, born under the power of the holy Tzar, in the family of the Hahns, descended on one side from the famous crusader, Count Rottenstern, who added Hahn, a cock, to his name because that bird saved his life from a wily Saracen who had come into his tent to murder him.

Hardly any circumstance or epoch in Mme. Blavatsky's career was prosaic. She chose to be born into this life at Ekaterinoslaw, Russia, in the year 1831, when coffins and desolation were everywhere from the plague of cholera. The child was so delicate that the family decided upon immediate baptism under the rites of the Greek Catholic Church. This was in itself not common, but the ceremony was ---

under the luck that ever was with Helena --- more remarkable and startling still. At this ceremony all the relatives are present and stand holding lighted candles. As one was absent a young child, aunt of the infant Helena, was made proxy for the absentee, and given a candle like the rest. Tired out by the effort, this young proxy sank down to the floor unnoticed by the others, and, just as the sponsors were renouncing the evil one on the babe's behalf, by three times spitting on the floor, the sitting witness with her candle accidentally set fire to the robes of the officiating priest, and instantly there was a small conflagration, in which many of those present were seriously burned. Thus amid the scourge of death in the land was Mme. Blavatsky ushered into our world, and in the flames baptized by the priests of a Church whose fallacious dogmas she did much in her life to expose.

She was connected with the rulers of Russia. Speaking in 1881, her uncle, Gen. Fadeef, joint Councillor of State of Russia, said that, as daughter of Col. Peter Hahn, she was grand-daughter of Gen. Alexis Hahn von Rottenstern Hahn of old Mecklenburg stock, settled in Russia, and on her mother's side daughter of H el ene Fadeef and grand-daughter of Princess Helena Dolgorouky. Her maternal ancestors were of the oldest families in Russia and direct descendants of the Prince or Grand Duke Rurik, the first ruler of Russia. Several ladies of the family belonged to the imperial house, becoming Czarinas by marriage. One of them, a

Dolgorouky, married the grandfather of Peter the Great, and another was betrothed to Czar Peter II. Through these connections it naturally resulted that Mme. Blavatsky was acquainted personally with many noble Russians. In Paris I met three princes of Russia and one well-known General, who told of her youth and the wonderful things related about her then; and in Germany I met the Prince Emile de Wittgenstein of one of the many Russo-German families, and himself cousin to the Empress of Russia and aide-de-camp to the Czar, who told me that he was an old family friend of hers, who heard much about her in early years, but, to his regret, had never had the fortune to see her again after a brief visit made with her father to his house. But he joined her famous Theosophical Society by correspondence, and wrote, after the war with Turkey, that he had been told in a letter from her that no hurt would come to him during the campaign, and such turned out to be the fact.

As a child she was the wonder of the neighborhood and the terror of the simpler serfs. Russia teems with superstitions and omens, and as Helena was born on the seventh month and between the 30th and 31st day, she was supposed by the nurses and servants to have powers and virtues possessed by no one else. And these supposed powers made her the cynosure of all in her early youth. She was allowed liberties given none others, and as soon as she could understand she was given by her nurses the chief part in a mystic Russian

ceremony performed about the house and grounds on the 30th of July with the object of propitiating the house demon. The education she got was fragmentary, and in itself so inadequate as to be one more cause among many for the belief of her friends in later life that she was endowed with abnormal psychic powers, or else in verity assisted by those unseen beings who she asserted were her helpers and who were men living on the earth, but possessed of developed senses that laughed at time and space. In girlhood she was bound by no restraint of conventionality, but rode any Cossack horse in a man's saddle, and later on spent a long time with her father with his regiment in the field, where, with her sister, she became the pet of the soldiers. In 1844, when 14, her father took her to London and Paris, where some progress was made in music, and before 1848 she returned home.

Her marriage in 1848 to Gen. Nicephore Blavatsky, the Governor of Erivan in the Caucasus, gave her the name of Blavatsky, borne till her death. This marriage, like all other events in her life, was full of pyrotechnics. Her abrupt style had led her female friends to say that she could not make the old Blavatsky marry her, and out of sheer bravado she declared she could, and sure enough, he did propose and was accepted. Then the awful fact obtruded itself on Helena's mind that this could not --- in Russia --- be undone. They were married, but the affair was signalized by Mme. Blavatsky's breaking a candlestick over his head and precipitately leaving

the house, never to see him again. After her determination was evident, her father assisted her in a life of travel which began from that date, and not until 1858 did she return to Russia. Meanwhile her steps led her to America in 1851, to Canada, to New Orleans, to Mexico, off to India, and back again in 1853 to the United States. Then her relatives lost sight of her once more until 1858, when her coming back was like other events in her history. It was a wintry night, and a wedding party was on at the home in Russia. Guests had arrived, and suddenly, interrupting the meal, the bell rang violently, and there, unannounced, was Mme. Blavatsky at the door.

From this point the family and many friends testify, both by letter and by articles in the *Rebus*, a well-known journal in Russia, and in other papers, a constant series of marvels wholly unexplainable on the theory of jugglery was constantly occurring. They were of such a character that hundreds of friends from great distances were constantly visiting the house to see the wonderful Mme. Blavatsky. Many were incredulous, many believed it was magic, and others started charges of fraud. The superstitious Gooriel and Mingrelian nobility came in crowds and talked incessantly after, calling her a magician. They came to see the marvels others reported, to see her sitting quietly reading while tables and chairs moved of themselves and low raps in every direction seemed to reply to questions. Among many testified to was one done for her

brother, who doubted her powers. A small chess table stood on the floor. Very light --- a child could lift it and a man break it. One asked if Mme. Blavatsky could fasten it by will to the floor. She then said to examine it, and they found it loose. After that, and being some distance off, she said, "Try it again." They then found that no power of theirs could stir it, and her brother supposing from his great strength that this "trick" could easily be exposed, embraced the little table and shook and pulled it without effect, except to make it groan and creak. So with wall and furniture rapping, objects moving, messages about distant happenings arriving by aerial port, the whole family and neighborhood were in a constant state of excitement. Mme. Blavatsky said herself that this was a period when she was letting her psychic forces play, and learning fully to understand and control them.

But the spirit of unrest came freshly again, and she started out once more to find, as she wrote to me, "the men and women whom I want to prepare for the work of a great philosophical and ethical movement that I expect to start in a later time." Going to Spezzia in a Greek vessel, the usual display of natural circumstances took place, and the boat was blown up by an explosion of gunpowder in the cargo. Only a few of those on board were saved, she among them. This led her to Cairo, in Egypt, where, in 1871, she started a society with the object of investigating spiritualism so as to expose its fallacies, if any, and to put its facts on a firm,

scientific, and reasonable basis, if possible. But it only lasted fourteen days, and she wrote about it then: "It is a heap of ruins --- majestic, but as suggestive as those of the Pharoahs' tombs."

It was, however, in the United States that she really began the work that has made her name well known in Europe, Asia, and America; made her notorious in the eyes of those who dislike all reformers, but great and famous for those who say her works have benefited them. Prior to 1875 she was again investigating the claims of spiritualism in this country, and wrote home then analyzing it, declaring false its assertion that the dead were heard from, and showing that, on the other hand, the phenomena exhibited a great psycho-physiological change going on here, which, if allowed to go on in our present merely material civilization, would bring about great disaster, morally and physically.

Then in 1875, in New York, she started the Theosophical Society, aided by Col. H. S. Olcott and others, declaring its objects to be the making of a nucleus for a universal brotherhood, the study of ancient and other religions and sciences, and the investigation of the psychical and recondite laws affecting man and nature. There certainly was no selfish object in this, nor any desire to raise money. She was in receipt of funds from sources in Russia and other places until they were cut off by reason of her becoming an American citizen, and also because her unremunerated labors for the society prevented

her doing literary work on Russian magazines, where all her writings would be taken eagerly. As soon as the Theosophical Society was started she said to the writer that a book had to be written for its use. *Isis Unveiled* was then begun, and unremittingly she worked at it night and day until the moment when a publisher was secured for it.

Meanwhile crowds of visitors were constantly calling at her rooms in Irving Place, later in Thirty-fourth street, and last in Forty-seventh street and Eighth avenue. The newspapers were full of her supposed powers or of laughter at the possibilities in man that she and her society asserted. A prominent New York daily wrote of her thus: "A woman of as remarkable characteristics as Cagliostro himself, and one who is every day as differently judged by different people as the renowned Count was in his day. By those who know her slightly she is called a charlatan; better acquaintance made you think she was learned; and those who were intimate with her were either carried away with belief in her power or completely puzzled."

Isis Unveiled attracted wide attention, and all the New York papers reviewed it, each saying that it exhibited immense research. The strange part of this is, as I and many others can testify as eyewitnesses to the production of the book, that the writer had no library in which to make researches and possessed no notes of investigation or reading previously done. All was written straight out of hand. And yet it is full

of references to books in the British Museum and other great libraries, and every reference is correct. Either, then, we have, as to that book, a woman who was capable of storing in her memory a mass of facts, dates, numbers, titles, and subjects such as no other human being ever was capable of, or her claim to help from unseen beings is just.

In 1878, *Isis Unveiled* having been published, Mme. Blavatsky informed her friends that she must go to India and start there the same movement of the Theosophical Society. So in December of that year she and Col. Olcott and two more went out to India, stopping at London for a while. Arriving in Bombay, they found three or four Hindoos to meet them who had heard from afar of the matter. A place was hired in the native part of the town, and soon she and Col. Olcott started the *Theosophist*, a magazine that became at once well known there and was widely bought in the West.

There in Bombay and later in Adyar, Madras, Mme. Blavatsky worked day after day in all seasons, editing her magazine and carrying on an immense correspondence with people in every part of the world interested in theosophy, and also daily disputing and discussing with learned Hindoos who constantly called. Phenomena occurred there also very often, and later the society for discovering nothing about the psychic world investigated these, and came to the conclusion that this woman of no fortune, who was never before publicly heard of in

India, had managed, in some way they could not explain, to get up a vast conspiracy that ramified all over India, including men of all ranks, by means of which she was enabled to produce pretended phenomena. I give this conclusion as one adopted by many. For any one who knew her and who knows India, with its hundreds of different languages, none of which she knew, the conclusion is absurd. The Hindoos believed in her, said always that she could explain to them their own scriptures and philosophies where the Brahmins had lost or concealed the key, and that by her efforts and the work of the society founded through her, India's young men were being saved from the blank materialism which is the only religion the West can ever give a Hindoo.

In 1887 Mme. Blavatsky returned to England, and there started another theosophical magazine, called *Lucifer*, and immediately stirred up the movement in Europe. Day and night there, as in New York and India, she wrote and spoke, incessantly corresponding with people everywhere, editing *Lucifer*, and making more books for her beloved society, and never possessed of means, never getting from the world at large anything save abuse wholly undeserved. *The Key to Theosophy* was written in London, and also *The Secret Doctrine*, which is the great text book for Theosophists. *The Voice of the Silence* was written there too, and is meant for devotional Theosophists. Writing, writing, writing from morn till night was her fate here. Yet,

although scandalized and abused here as elsewhere, she made many devoted friends, for there never was anything half way in her history. Those who met her or heard of her were always either staunch friends or bitter enemies.

The Secret Doctrine led to the coming into the society of Mrs. Annie Besant, and then Mme. Blavatsky began to say that her labors were coming to an end, for here was a woman who had the courage of the ancient reformers and who would help carry on the movement in England unflinchingly. *The Secret Doctrine* was sent to Mr. Stead of the Pall Mall Gazette to review, but none of his usual reviewers felt equal to it and he asked Mrs. Besant if she could review it. She accepted the task, reviewed, and then wanted an introduction to the writer. Soon after that she joined the society, first fully investigating Mme. Blavatsky's character, and threw in her entire forces with the Theosophists. Then a permanent London headquarters was started and still exists. And there Mme. Blavatsky passed away, with the knowledge that the society she had striven so hard for at any cost was at last an entity able to struggle for itself.

In her dying moment she showed that her life had been spent for an idea, with full consciousness that in the eyes of the world it was Utopian, but in her own necessary for the race. She implored her friends not to allow her then ending incarnation to become a failure by the failure of the movement

started and carried on with so much of suffering. She never in all her life made money or asked for it.

Venial writers and spiteful men and women have said she strove to get money from so-called dupes, but all her intimate friends know that over and over again she has refused money; that always she has had friends who would give her all they had if she would take it, but she never took any nor asked it. On the other hand, her philosophy and her high ideals have caused others to try to help all those in need. Impelled by such incentive, one rich Theosophist gave her \$5,000 to found a working girls' club at Bow, in London, and one day, after Mrs. Besant had made the arrangements for the house and the rest, Mme. Blavatsky, although sick and old, went down there herself and opened the club in the name of the society.

The aim and object of her life were to strike off the shackles forged by priestcraft for the mind of man. She wished all men to know that they are God in fact, and that as men they must bear the burden of their own sins, for no one else can do it. Hence she brought forward to the West the old Eastern doctrines of karma and reincarnation. Under the first, the law of justice, she said each must answer for himself, and under the second make answer on the earth where all his acts were done. She also desired that science should be brought back to the true ground where life and intelligence are admitted to be within and acting on and through every atom in the

universe. Hence her object was to make religion scientific and science religious, so that the dogmatism of each might disappear.

Her life since 1875 was spent in the unremitting endeavor to draw within the Theosophical Society those who could work unselfishly to propagate an ethics and philosophy tending to realize the brotherhood of man by showing the real unity and essential non-separateness of every being. And her books were written with the declared object of furnishing the material for intellectual and scientific progress on those lines. The theory of man's origin, powers, and destiny brought forward by her, drawn from ancient Indian sources, places us upon a higher pedestal than that given by either religion or science, for it gives to each the possibility of developing the godlike powers within and of at last becoming a co-worker with nature.

As everyone must die at last, we will not say that her demise was a loss; but if she had not lived and done what she did humanity would not have had the impulse and the ideas toward the good which it was her mission to give and to proclaim. And there are today scores, nay, hundreds, of devout, earnest men and women intent on purifying their own lives and sweetening the lives of others, who trace their hopes and aspirations to the wisdom-religion revived in the West through her efforts, and who gratefully avow that their dearest possessions are the result of

her toilsome and self-sacrificing life. If they, in turn, live aright and do good, they will be but illustrating the doctrine which she daily taught and hourly practised.

Madame Blavatsky's Occult Phenomena in the New York Days

[First published in A.P. Sinnett's
Incidents in the Life of Madame Blavatsky,
1886, pp. 186-199.]

My first acquaintance with H. P. Blavatsky began in the winter of the year 1874. She was then living in apartments in Irving Place, New York City, United States. She had several rooms *en suite*. The front rooms looked out on Irving Place, and the back upon the garden. My first visit was made in the evening, and I saw her there among a large number of persons who were always attracted to her presence. Several languages were to be heard among them, and Mme. Blavatsky, while conversing volubly in Russian, apparently quite absorbed, would suddenly turn round and inject an observation in English into a discussion between other persons upon a different topic to the one she was engaged with. This never disturbed her, for she at once returned to her Russian talk, taking it up just where it had been dropped.

Very much was said on the first evening that arrested my attention and enchained my imagination. I found my secret thoughts read, my private affairs known to her. Unasked, and certainly without any possibility of her having inquired about me, she

referred to several private and peculiar circumstances in a way that showed at once that she had a perfect knowledge of my family, my history, my surroundings, and my idiosyncrasies. On that first evening I brought with me a friend, a perfect stranger to her. He was a native of the Sandwich Islands, who was studying law in New York, and who had formed all his plans for a lifelong stay in that city. He was a young man, and had then no intention of marrying. But she carelessly told him, before we left for home, that before six months he would cross the continent of America, then make a long voyage, and, stranger yet to him, that before all of this he would marry. Of course the idea was pooh-pooed by him. Still fate was too much for him. In a few months he was invited to fill an official position in his native land, and before leaving for that country he married a lady who was not in America at the time the prophecy was uttered.

The next day I thought I would try an experiment with Mme. Blavatsky. I took an ancient scarabaeus that she had never seen, had it wrapped up and sent to her through the mails by a clerk in the employment of a friend. My hand did not touch the package, nor did I know where it was posted. But when I called on her at the end of the week the second time, she greeted me with thanks for the scarabaeus. I pretended ignorance. But she said it was useless to pretend, and then informed me how I had sent it, and where the clerk had posted it. During the time that elapsed between my seeing her and the

sending of the package no one had heard from me a word about the matter.

Very soon after I met her, she moved to 34th Street, and while there I visited her very often. In those rooms I used to hear the raps in furniture, in glasses, mirrors, windows and walls, which are usually the accompaniment of dark "spiritist" seances. But with her they occurred in the light, and never except when ordered by her. Nor could they be induced to continue once that she ordered them to stop. They exhibited intelligence also, and would at her request change from weak to strong, or from many to few at a time.

She remained in 34th Street only a few months, and then removed to 47th Street, where she stayed until her departure to India in December 1878. I was a constant visitor, and know, as all others do who were as intimate with her as I was, that the suspicions which have been breathed about her, and the open charges that have from time to time been made, are the foulest injustice or the basest ingratitude. At times she has been incensed by these things, and declared that one more such incident would forever close the door against all phenomena. But over and over again she has relented and forgiven her enemies.

After she had comfortably settled herself in 47th Street, where, as usual, she was from morning till night surrounded by all sorts of visitors,

mysterious events, extraordinary sights and sounds continued to occur. I have sat there many an evening, and seen in broad gas light, large luminous balls creeping over the furniture, or playfully jumping from point to point, while the most beautiful liquid bell sounds now and again burst out from the air of the room. These sounds often imitated either the piano or a gamut of sounds whistled by either myself or some other person. While all this was going, H. P. Blavatsky sat unconcernedly reading or writing at *Isis Unveiled*.

It should be remarked here that Mme. Blavatsky never exhibited either hysteria or the slightest appearance of trance. She was always in the full possession of all her faculties --- and apparently of more than those of average people --- whenever she was producing any phenomena.

In the month of November or the beginning of December of the same winter, a photograph was received from a correspondent at Boston by Col. Olcott, which was the occasion of two very striking phenomena. It purported to be the portrait of a person said to have written the books called *Art Magic* and *Ghost Land*. The sender required Col. Olcott to return it almost immediately; which he did on the following evening, and I myself, being there as a caller, posted it in the nearest post-box. Two or three days later a demand was made upon Mme. Blavatsky for a duplicate of the picture, in the belief that it would be beyond even her powers, since she

had no model to copy from. But she actually did it; the process consisting merely in her cutting a piece of cardboard to the requisite size, laying it under a blotting-paper, placing her hand upon it, and in a moment producing the copy demanded. Col. Olcott took possession of this picture, and laid it away in a book that he was then reading, and which he took to bed with him. The next morning the portrait had entirely faded out, and only the name, written in pencil, was left. A week or two later, seeing this blank card lying in Col. Olcott's room, I took it to Mme. Blavatsky, and requested her to cause the portrait to reappear. Complying, she again laid the card under another sheet of paper, placed her hand upon it, and presently the face of the man had come back as before; this time indelibly imprinted.

In the front room where she wrote, there was a bookcase that stood for some time directly opposite her writing-desk. Upon its top stood a stuffed owl, whose glassy, never closing eye frequently seemed to follow your movements. Indeed, I could relate things *apropos* of that same defunct bird, but - in the words of Jacolliot --- "We have seen things such as one does not relate for fear of making his readers doubt his sanity. . . Still we have seen them." Well, over the top of the doors of the bookcase was a blank space, about 3 inches wide, and running the breadth of the case. One evening we were sitting talking of magic as usual, and of "the Brothers," when Madame said, "Look at the bookcase!"

We looked up at once, and as we did so, we could see appear, upon the blank space I have described, several letters apparently in gold, that came out upon the surface of the wood. They covered nearly all of the space. Examination showed that they were in gold, and in a character that I had often seen upon some of her papers.

This precipitation of messages or sentences occurred very frequently, and I will relate one which took place under my own hand and eyes, in such a way as to be unimpeachable for me.

I was one day, about four o'clock, reading a book by P. B. Randolph, that had just been brought in by a friend of Colonel Olcott. I was sitting some six feet distant from H. P. Blavatsky, who was busy writing. I had carefully read the title-page of the book, but had forgotten the exact title. But I knew that there was not one word of writing upon it. As I began to read the first paragraph, I heard a bell sound in the air, and looking, saw that Mme. Blavatsky was intently regarding me.

"What book do you read?" said she.

Turning back to the title-page, I was about to read aloud the name, when my eye was arrested by a message written in ink across the top of the page which, a few minutes before, I had looked at, and found clear. It was a message in about seven lines, and the fluid had not yet quite dried on the page ---

its contents were a warning about the book. I am positive that when I took the volume in my hand not one word was written in it.

On one occasion the address of a business firm in Philadelphia was needed for the purpose of sending a letter through the mail, and no one present could remember the street or number, nor could any directory of Philadelphia be found in the neighborhood. The business being very urgent, it was proposed that one of us should go down nearly four miles to the General Post Office, so as to see a Philadelphia directory. But H. P.B. said: "Wait a moment, and perhaps we can get the address some other way." She then waved her hand, and we instantly heard a signal bell in the air over our heads. We expected no less than that a heavy directory would rush at our heads from the empty space, but no such thing took place. She sat down, took up a flat tin paper-cutter, japanned black on both sides, and without having any painting on it. Holding this in her left hand, she gently stroked it with her right, all the while looking at us with an intense expression. After she had rubbed thus for a few moments, faint outlines of letters began to show themselves upon the black, shining surface, and presently the complete advertisement of the firm whose address we desired was plainly imprinted upon the paper-cutter in gilt letters, just as they had it done on slips of blotting-paper, such as are widely distributed as advertising media in America --- a fact I afterwards found out. On a close examination, we

saw that the street and number, which were the doubtful points in our memories, were precipitated with great brilliancy, the other words and figures being rather dimmer. Mme. Blavatsky said that this was because the mind of the operator was directed almost entirely to the street and number, so that their reproduction was brought about with much greater distinctness than the rest of the advertisement, which was, so to speak, dragged in in a rather accidental way.

About any object that might be transported mysteriously around her room, or that came into it through the air by supermundane means, there always lingered for a greater or less space of time a very peculiar though pleasant odor. It was not always the same. At one time it was sandal-wood mixed with what I thought was otto of roses; at another time some unknown Eastern perfume, and again it came like the incense burnt in temples.

One day she asked me if I would care to smell again the perfume. Upon my replying affirmatively, she took my handkerchief in her hand, held it for a few moments, and when she gave it back to me it was heavy with the well known odor. Then, in order to show me that her hand was not covered with something that would come off upon the handkerchief, she permitted me to examine both hands. They were without perfume. But after I had convinced myself that there was no perfumery or odoriferous objects concealed in her hands, I found

from one hand beginning to exhale one peculiar strong perfume, while from the other there rolled out strong waves of the incense.

On the table at which *Isis Unveiled* was written stood a little Chinese cabinet with many small drawers. A few of the drawers contained small trifles, but there were several that were always kept empty. The cabinet was an ordinary one of its class, and repeated examination showed that there were no devices or mechanical arrangements in it or connected with it; but many a time has one or other of those empty drawers become the vanishing point of various articles, and as often, on the other hand, was the birth-place of some object which had not before been seen in the rooms. I have often seen her put small coins, or a ring or amulet, and have put things in there myself, closed the drawer, almost instantly re-opening it, and nothing was visible. It had disappeared from sight. Clever conjurers have been known to produce such illusions, but they always require some confederacy, or else they delude you into believing that they had put the object it, when in reality they did not. With H. P. B. there was no preparation. I repeatedly examined the cabinet, and positively say that there was no means by which things could be dropped out of sight or out of the drawer; it stood on four small legs, elevated about two inches above the desk, which was quite clear and unbroken underneath. Several times I have seen her put a ring into one of the drawers and then leave the room. I then looked in the drawer, saw the

ring in it, and closed it again. She then returned, and without coming near the cabinet showed me the same ring on her finger. I then looked again in the drawer before she again came near it, and the ring was gone.

One day Mrs. Elizabeth Thompson, the philanthropist, who had a great regard for H. P. B., called to see her. I was present. When about to leave, the visitor asked Madame to lend her some object which she had worn, as a reminder and as a talisman. The request being acceded to, the choice was left to the lady, who hesitated a moment; Madame then said, "Take this ring," immediately drawing it off and handing it to her friend, who placed it upon her finger, absorbed in admiring the stones. But I was looking at H. P. B.'s ringers, and saw that the ring was yet on her hand. Hardly believing my eyes, I looked at the other. There was no mistake. There were now two rings; but the lady did not observe this, and went off satisfied she had the right one. In a few days she returned it to Madame, who then told me that one of the rings was an illusion, leaving it to me to guess which one. I could not decide, for she pushed the returned ring up along her finger against the old one, and both merged into one.

One evening several persons were present after dinner, all, of course, talking about theosophy and occultism. H. P. B. was sitting at her desk. While we were all engaged in conversation somebody said that he heard music, and went out

into the hall where he thought it came from. While he was examining the hall, the person sitting near the fire-place said that instead of being in the hall, the music, which was that of a musical box, was playing up in the chimney. The gentleman who had gone into the passage then returned and said that he had lost the music, but at once was thoroughly amazed to find us all listening at the fire-place, when he in turn heard the music plainly. Just as he began to listen, the music floated out into the room, and very distinctly finished the tune in the air over our heads. I have on various occasions heard this music in many ways, and always when there was not any instrument to produce it.

On this evening, a little while after the music, Madame opened one of the drawers of the Chinese cabinet and took from it an Oriental necklace of curious beads. This she gave to a lady present. One of the gentlemen allowed to escape him an expression of regret that he had not received such a testimonial. Thereupon H. P. B. reached over and grasped one of the beads of the necklace which the lady was still holding in her hands, and the bead at once came off in Madame's hand. She then passed it to the gentleman, who exclaimed that it was not merely a bead but was now a breast-pin, as there was a gold pin fastened securely in it. The necklace meanwhile remained intact, and its recipient was examining it in wonder that one of its beads could have been thus pulled off without breaking it.

I have heard it said that when H. P. B. was a young woman, after coming back to her family for the first time in many years, everyone in her company was amazed and affrighted to see material objects such as cups, books, her tobacco pouch and match-box, and so forth, come flying through the air into her hand, merely when she gazed intently at them. The stories of her early days can be readily credited by those who saw similar things done at the New York head-quarters. Such aerial flights were many times performed by objects at her command in my presence. One evening I was in a hurry to copy a drawing I had made, and looked about on the table for a paper-cutter with which to rub the back of the drawing so as to transfer the surplus carbon to a clean sheet.

As I searched, it was suggested by someone that the round smooth back of a spoon bowl would be the best means, and I arose to go to the kitchen at the end of the hall for a spoon. But Mme. Blavatsky said, "Stop, you need not go there; wait a moment." I stopped at the door, and she, sitting in her chair, held up her left hand. At that instant a large table-spoon flew through the air across the room from out of the opposite wall and into her hand. No one was there to throw it to her, and the dining-room from which it had been transported was about thirty feet distant; two brick walls separating it from the front room.

In the next room --- the wall between being solid --- there hung near the window a water-color

portrait in a frame with glass. I had just gone into that room and looked at the picture. No one was in the room but myself, and no one went there afterwards until I returned there. When I came into the place where H. P. B. was sitting, and after I had been sitting down a few moments, she took up a piece of paper and wrote upon it a few words, handing it over to me to put away without looking at it. This I did. She then asked me to return to the other room. I went there, and at once saw that the picture which, a few moments before, I had looked at, had in some way been either moved or broken. On examining it I found that the glass was smashed, and that the securely fastened back had been opened, allowing the picture within to fall to the floor. Looking down I saw it lying there. Going back to the other room I opened and read what had been written on the slip of paper, it was:--

"The picture of ----- in the dining-room has just been opened; the glass is smashed and the painting is on the floor."

One day, while she was talking with me, she suddenly stopped and said --- "So-and-so is now talking of me to -----, and says, &c." I made a note of the hour, and on the first opportunity discovered that she had actually heard the person named saying just what she told me had been said at the very time noted.

My office was at least three miles away from her rooms. One day, at about 2 P.M., I was sitting in my office engaged in reading a legal document, my mind intent on the subject of the paper. No one else was in the office, and in fact the nearest room was separated from me by a wide opening, or well, in the building, made to let light into the inner chambers. Suddenly I felt on my hand a peculiar tingling sensation that always preceded any strange thing to happen in the presence of H. P. B., and at that moment there fell from the ceiling upon the edge of my desk, and from there to the floor, a triangularly-folded note from Madame to myself. It was written upon the clean back of a printed Jain *sutra* or text. The message was in her handwriting, and was addressed to me in her writing across the printed face.

I remember one phenomenon in connection with the making of a water-colour drawing of an Egyptian subject for her, which also illustrates what the Spiritualists call *apport*, or the bringing phenomenally of objects from some distant place. I was in want of certain dry colors which she could not furnish me from her collection, and as the drawing must be finished at that sitting, and there was no shop nearby where I could purchase them, it seemed a dilemma until she stepped towards the cottage piano, and, holding up the skirt of her robe-de-chambre with both hands, received into it seventeen bottles of Winsor & Newton dry colours, among them those I required. I still wanted some

gold-paint, so she caused me to bring her a saucer from the dining-room, and to give her the brass key of the door. She rubbed the key upon the bottom of the saucer for a minute or two, and then, returning them to me, I found a supply of the paint I required coating the porcelain.

The So-Called Exposé of Madame Blavatsky

[First published in *The Index* (Boston),
March 11, 1886, pp. 441-442.]

EDITORS of the *Index*:

Will you give me a little space in your valuable paper for a few words regarding the so-called exposé of Madame H. P. Blavatsky, and the report of the Society for Psychological Research of London upon theosophic phenomena?

This report extends over several hundred pages, and is called scientific.

It must not be forgotten that, first, the investigation was self-constituted, and not requested by the Theosophical Society; and, secondly, that it related to a part of the history of theosophy which is not of great importance, nor dwelt on much by its members. We are a society devoted to Universal Brotherhood and Philosophy. It was true that Col. Olcott, the President, related to Mr. Hodgson nearly all the phenomena he had ever seen; but that was only injudicious, for they were not performed publicly nor for the public.

Now, I was the third person engaged in founding the society here, in 1875. Have been very active in it ever since. Went to India, *via* London, in

1884. And yet Mr. Hodgson did not interrogate me, nor did he get the facts he relates in his report at first hand.

He says, among other things, that "Mr. Judge, an American, was at Adyar, and was not allowed to see the shrine or its room." This is false. I went to India expressly to be concerned in the coming *exposure* by the Coulombs, and I took charge of everything the moment I arrived there. I had the final and exhaustive examination made. I myself removed the shrine to an adjoining room, from which that night it disappeared. This was months before Hodgson arrived in India. If he saw what he thought was a part of the shrine, it was a joke put on him by Dr. Hartmann, who would be pleased to lead such a wild investigator into a trap. No part of it was retained by Hartmann.

Again, he describes a hole in the wall behind the shrine. There was none, and he gets it all at second hand. There was an unfinished opening in the second wall, behind the shrine, having jagged projections of lath ends all around it, just as Coulomb had to leave it, when we stopped him. The cupboard put up against it was unfinished, and the false door thereof could only be opened with mallet and pryer. All this was Coulomb's concoction, ready to be opened to Missionary Patterson at the proper time. But the proper time never arrived, and I will tell you why. I was in Paris in April, 1884; and, while there, a message was received in the very way

which Hodgson thinks he has exploded, --- informing us that the Coulombs had begun operations, and that, unless someone went and stopped them, they would get their traps finely finished, with a due appearance of age and use to carry out the conspiracy. So I started for Adyar, with full authority. But, while on the way, the people had received there a similar intimation, so that I found the Coulombs just out of the place when I arrived. At once, a register was opened there. Over three hundred people examined the place, who signed their names to a declaration of the condition and appearance of things; and then a resolution prohibiting further prying by the curious was passed. The very next day Missionary Patterson, expert Gribble & Co., came to examine. It was too late. The law was already in existence; and Mr. Gribble, who had come as an "impartial expert," with, however, a report in full in his pocket against us, had to go away depending on his imagination for damaging facts. He then drew upon that fountain.

I tell you, Mr. Editor, the report of Hodgson is only half done work. No account has been taken of the numerous letters received by me and others, during these years between 1874 and 1884, from various adepts, under circumstances entirely free from Blavatskyism. And he has failed to get the evidence regarding things at Adyar, of the only person who went there free from excitement, and who remained cool while the rest were wild. An experience of ten years had placed my mind where

the puerile traps of missionaries, or resemblances of letters from adepts to Blavatsky's writing, could not affect it. For I will divulge to you this, sir, that, if an adept wanted to write to you, the curious circumstance might be found that the writing would resemble your own. I once saw a message thrown upon the leaf of a book; and it was in the handwriting of him holding it, who was as much amazed as anyone else.

One word more. Mr. Hodgson's argument on the evidence proceeds thus: Damodar says, in a separate examination, that the figure of the adept "went over a tree and disappeared," while Mohini says, "The figure seemed to melt away." *Ergo*, they lie, because they disagree as to the disappearance. This is sheer folly. Then he goes through what happened in Paris when I was present, asking Mohini and Keightley if a man might not have entered the window. They had forgotten the window. I say the window was in my room; and its height from the stone courtyard was over twenty feet, with no means of reaching by climbing.

Finally, I received in Paris several letters from American friends, ignorant of adepts; and inside were pencilled notes in the familiar handwriting which Hodgson has exploded and proved "fraudulent."

The report is valuable as a contribution to history; and when Mr. Hodgson has gained some

acquaintance with the several adepts, of whom he does not dream, who are engaged with the society, he and your readers may be pleased to revise conclusions, as science has so often been compelled to do.

Yours,
William Q. Judge,
New York, February, 1886,

Letter of W.Q Judge to Madame Blavatsky on the Hodgson Report

[First published in *The Letters of H.P. Blavatsky to A.P. Sinnett*, 1926, Letter CLIX, pp. 312-314.]

Feby. 5, 1886.

My dear H. P. B.,

So they have *reported* on you. You are a corpse. You are squelched, you are a mere Mahatma fabrication. But they praise you too, for you must ever remain the chief, the most interesting, the hugest, the most marvellous and the most able impostor and organiser of great movements, who has appeared in any age either to bless or to curse it. Not Cagliostro had such honour as this! Well you deserve honor; I only wish it were not accompanied by such vile lies and trash as they put on you. You revisit these glimpses of the moon, and these madmen forthwith assail you and while they admit you have no motive they will not if they can help it permit you to do the great work which without you, might have waited longer yet for its beginning.

I shall have written before you get this a letter to the *Boston Index* which reprinted the report. You must have observed that Hodgson has left me out.

And yet I am an important factor. I was there. I examine all, I had all in charge, and *I say there was no aperture* behind the shrine. Then as to letters from . . . , you know I have many that came to me which *resemble my writing*. How will they explain that? Did I delude myself? And so on.

You can rely on me at this point for all the help that may be thought necessary. You will remember that I was at Enghien with you the day of one of the phenomena. They did not get those times when I got letters from the postman with messages inside. I have here some old letters, and one of them relates to the cremation of De Palme.

But people here are not distressed by this report. They see that truth runs through our whole movement and they are not so hidebound by reports and authority as in other places.

Gebhard is my pupil! He and I have been crowding the mourners, and in Boston and Cincinnati great interest is growing. They find me back from India still a believer and still explaining away what they call your "impostures."

Mr. and Mrs. E. Forbes Waters of Boston, have returned to the field. I reinitiated them the other night. They control many intellectual people and we expect to do something in Boston, great. We had meetings there night after night and you can imagine them plying poor Gebhard with questions who

referred to me when they desired to know all the laws of Occultism, the residences of Mahatmas, how they appear, all the fine "ramifications" of Karma etc. etc. Well, as they know nothing the little I do know seemed much to them. By the time they find themselves with the same amount of knowledge perhaps I will have acquired more.

Now as to me will you ask .•. if there be anything to say to me. I work all the time. How does he [Master Morya] explain the meaning of his message through you that I "showed intuition by leaving India"? If you do not care to bother with [it] it will not make any difference. If 10 years have not made any change certainly failure to get this will not.

As ever yours,
William Q. Judge.

Letter of W.Q Judge to B. J. Padshah on the Hodgson Report

[First published in *Practical Occultism*, 1951,
Letter CLIX, pp. 312-314.]

35 Broadway N. Y.
Feb. 5, 1886

My dear Brother Padshah:

I have received from you the Report of the P. S. Socy. For this I am much obliged as I was just then wanting one and despaired of getting it.

And is this the investigator from whom you asked me to get evidence. Why I wouldn't give him the facts of a mere horse stealing case. He has too much perverting ingenuity. All through he shows ignorance and merely a spirit of denial. He had no desire to investigate, but only to prove the absurdity of everything. In my opinion he has not succeeded.

The chief thing in his argument is "differences between witnesses." But for ages that has been called the true test of a witness's value when the differences do not amount to absolute contradiction. He says that Mohini disagrees with Damodar in that M. said the figure *melted away*, while D. said it appeared to go over a tree "*and disappeared*." I always thought "melting away" and "disappearance" were synonymous terms. And so he goes all through. Then

he lies when he says (1) that there was an aperture behind the shrine. There was not. I examined it, had it all torn down and fully exposed what was there. He never examined me. How do you know that I did not leave India to give him a good chance to hang himself on his own rope; (2) that "Mr. Judge an Am. Theos. was there and desired to see the shrine etc. but was not permitted." This is false. I went there with full authority and from the first moment saw all, had all the keys and took complete charge; (3) that the partition in Damodars room was not examined. It *was* examined and no marks were found on it. Besides it was I who put the Shrine in there when we tore down curtain etc. to examine the wall.

If he thinks his analysis of writing is conclusive he is welcome to that.

I have a lot of letters *not* in H. P. B. writing but in writing *similar to my own* that came to me through myself. It proves nothing. You and I know (at least you ought) that an adept does not always write in his own hand but if he uses another person's organs the writing will resemble theirs.

Then as to Massey. I wrote him some letters from London which he said he would think H. P. B. had written if he did not know I had been the writer.

The whole Report is valuable. It will be of use from time to time. It is however defective in that it does not contain *all* the facts nor all the witnesses.

And I shall always remain obliged to you for
it.

Believe me to be
as ever fraternally yours,

William Q. Judge

Blavatsky Still Lives and Theosophy is in a Flourishing Condition.

**The Very Latest News
From the World of Occultism ---
Blavatsky and Her Mahatmas**

[First published in *The New York Times*,
January 6, 1889, p. 10.]

Mr. W. Q. Judge, who is the head of the theosophical organizations of the United States, as well as President of the local Aryan Theosophical Society of New York, and editor of the theosophical magazine, the *Path*, has just returned from a trip to England and Germany in the interest of the organizations in which he holds such prominence. In London, of course, his principal business was with Mme. H. P. Blavatsky, who is justly considered the head of all theosophic teaching and organization outside India and Thibet, or, as she modestly prefers to be regarded, the mouthpiece and representative of the masters, or Mahatmas, who systematically seclude themselves somewhere in the Orient from public knowledge.

"Mme. Blavatsky," said Mr. Judge, in a conversation since his return, "is living with the Countess Wachtmeister --- widow of a Swedish Count, who was an Ambassador to the Court of St.

James --- in Holland Park, London, and is devoting herself to the most arduous labors in the cause of theosophy. She scarcely ever leaves the house, and from 6:30 o'clock in the morning until evening is constantly engaged in writing articles for her magazine, *Lucifer*, or other theosophic publications, replying to correspondents, and preparing the matter for further forthcoming volumes of her gigantic work, 'The Secret Doctrine'. In the evening she has many visitors of all sorts --- inquirers, critics, skeptics, curiosity seekers, friends --- and all are welcomed with such charming grace, friendliness, and simplicity that every one is made to feel at home with her. By 10 o'clock generally all but intimate friends have retired, but they remain an hour or two later."

"Notwithstanding that Mme. Blavatsky is beyond the vigor of middle age and for nearly three years past has been living in defiance of the leading London physicians, who gave her up long ago as hopelessly incurable of a deadly kidney disease that was liable to kill her at any moment, she never seems weary, but is the animated leader of conversation, speaking with equal ease in English, French, Italian, and Russian, or dropping into Sanskrit and Hindoostanee as occasion requires. Whether working or talking, she seems to be constantly rolling, lighting, and smoking cigarettes of Turkish tobacco. As for her personal appearance, she hardly seems changed at all from what she was

when in this country several years ago, except that she has grown somewhat stouter perhaps.”

"The characteristics that are apparent in her countenance are in equal blending, energy, and great kindness. Looking at her, one can realize readily that she is just the sort of a woman who would do what she did a dozen years ago when she was coming over here from France. She reached Havre with a first-class ticket to New York and only \$2 or \$3 over, for she never carries much money. Just as she was going aboard the steamer she saw a poor woman, accompanied by two little children, who was sitting on the pier weeping bitterly.”

“‘Why are you crying?’ she asked.”

"The woman replied that her husband had sent to her from America money to enable her and the children to join him. She had expended it all in the purchase of steerage tickets that turned out to be utterly valueless counterfeits. Where to find the swindler who had so heartlessly defrauded her she did not know, and she was quite penniless in a strange city.”

“‘Come with me,’ said Mme. Blavatsky, who straightway went to the agent of the steamship company and induced him to exchange her first-class ticket for steerage tickets for herself, the poor woman, and the children. Anybody who has ever crossed the ocean in the steerage among a crowd of

emigrants will appreciate the magnitude of such a sacrifice to a woman of refined sensibilities, and there are few but Mme. Blavatsky who would have been capable of it.”

"As I said, she has been condemned to death for three years, but no fear is entertained of her dying before her mission is accomplished. Twice before, when in India, she was given up by the doctors, who on each occasion set a time limit of only a few days upon her existence, and her recoveries were looked upon as simply marvelous. At the time when she was worst and seemed likely to die on the road she set out for Northern India, and as it was generally understood that she was going to the Mahatmas for succor, several persons who had a strong desire to see those mysterious adepts followed and watched her. But at Dharjeeling she mysteriously disappeared. She had been carried there, and it was inconceivable how she could, by herself, have slipped away, but she was gone and that was all that anybody could say about it. In three days she returned, apparently as well as she ever was. The most that any one is told about how the transformation in her condition was effected is given by her in 'The Secret Doctrine,' when she says:

"“Sound generates, or rather attracts together, the elements that produce an ozone, the fabrication of which is beyond chemistry, but within the limits of alchemy. It may even resurrect a man or an animal whose astral "vital body" has not been

irreparably separated from the physical body by the severance of the magnetic or odic chord. As one saved thrice from death by that power, the writer ought to be credited with knowing personally something about it.”

"People who do not believe there is any 'astral body' or any 'ozone' of that sort may question her averment, but occultists and all who know how truthful a woman she is will believe her. That she recovered health with astounding suddenness is a fact that cannot be denied. Since she has been in London the physicians have been amazed by her living. First, they say the astounding quantity of uric acid in her blood should have killed her long ago, and if that was not enough to do it, the deadly poisons given her in enormous doses in treatment to which she has lately been subjecting herself ought to have finished her. But she seems to be getting better, and doubtless, if all else fails and her work continues to be necessary, she will be saved again as she was before.”

"Mme. Blavatsky now very seldom gives any manifestation of her occult powers, except to intimate friends; but I had, while over there, several evidences that she can do things quite inexplicable by any laws of 'exact' science. Two years ago I lost, here in New York, a paper that was of considerable interest to me. I do not think anybody but myself knew that I had it, and I certainly mentioned to no one that I had lost it. One evening, a little over a

fortnight ago, while I was sitting in Mme. Blavatsky's parlor with Mr. B. Keightley and several other persons, I happened to think of that paper. The Madame got up, went into the next room, and returning almost immediately, handed to me a sheet of paper. I opened it and found it an exact duplicate of the paper that I had lost two years before. It was actually a facsimile copy, as I recognized at once.

“I thanked her and she said: ‘Well, I saw it in your head that you wanted it.’”

"It was not a thing to astonish any one acquainted with the laws of nature as comprehended by occultists, who understand clearly how consciousness of my thought was possible, how the reproduction of a thing once within my knowledge was necessarily facsimile, and how that reproduction could be effected by a simple act of volition on her part, but it would puzzle materialists to explain it in accordance with the facts.”

"One night when I talked very late with a gentleman at a house distant from Mme. Blavatsky's he expressed a wish that I would, if I had an opportunity, get her views, without mentioning his name, upon a subject that was under discussion between us. The next day, when I was talking with her, the subject came up and I began offering his suggestions, when she interrupted me, saying: ‘You needn't tell me that --- I was there last night and heard you,’ and went on to repeat all that had been

said. Of course it can be said that he had informed her with a view to deceiving me, but I am well assured that there was nothing of the sort, and that under certain existing circumstances that would have been practically impossible. I know that she very often reads people's thoughts and replies to them in words."

"The silvery bell sounds in the astral current that were heard over her head by so many persons when she was here in New York still continue to follow her, and it is beyond question to those familiar with her life and work that she is in constant receipt of the most potent aid from the adepts, particularly her teacher, the Mahatma Morya, whose portrait hangs in her study and shows a dark and beautiful Indian face, full of sweetness, wisdom, and majesty. Of course it does not seem possible that he in Thibet instantaneously responds either by a mental impression or a 'precipitated' note to a mental interrogatory put by her in London, but it happens to be the fact that he does so all the same.

"Her most intimate friends in London are the Countess Wachtmeister, the Keightleys, Mable Collins --- who is associated with her in the literary work on *Lucifer* --- and Dr. Ashton Ellis. Mr. A. P. Sinnett drops in occasionally, and notwithstanding the corrections she has felt called upon to make in her 'Secret Doctrine' of some things in his 'Esoteric Buddhism,' there seems to be cordial good feeling between him and Mme. Blavatsky. The

magazine, *Lucifer*, I do not think is paying expenses yet. It is a very costly thing to get up, and its circulation has necessarily slow growth. But the 'Secret Doctrine' has been an enormous success. Its first edition was exhausted as quickly as it came from the binders, and, a second edition is already nearly all gone. Such a demand for a work so erudite, metaphysical, and in all respects overwhelming, demonstrates that those interested most deeply in theosophy belong to the most cultured and intelligent class of society. It requires a person to have a good education to understandingly read that book. Nevertheless, abstruse, metaphysical, erudite, and brilliant as it is, almost the whole of that gigantic work has been either dictated by Mme. Blavatsky to a shorthand writer or spoken by her into a phonograph from which it has been directly reproduced with very little if any subsequent emendation or alteration. It is, in fact, just her talk, and reading it gives a good idea of her conversation on any topic upon which she 'turns herself loose.' If at times she is in momentary doubt or question as to an authority or quotation, it is at once supplied to her by the Mahatmas with whom she is in constant communication."

"Theosophy is gaining ground solidly in England, and with a degree of rapidity that is surprising in view of the conservatism of English thought and feeling. There are already flourishing theosophical societies in London, Edinburgh, Liverpool, Cambridge, Dublin, and several other

places. One was just about to be started in Glasgow when I left. And among those interesting themselves most in it are scientists, leading educators, prominent men in governmental departments and gentlemen of fortune and education. Of course, the clergy do not take kindly to it. A religious paper in London, called *The Christian*, picked up a little description in an American paper of the decorations in one of the rooms of the office of *The Path* --- which was made to appear as a Buddhist temple --- and editorially expressed its horror at such a demonstration of 'paganism' in the Christian city of New York."

"Col. Olcott left London just before my arrival there. It is not at all probable now that he will be able to give this year the series of lectures through the United States, as had been planned for him. His work in Japan and India will preclude his doing so."

"In Germany I called upon Mr. G. Gebhard, in Elberfeld, who is one of the leading theosophists of the 'Vaterland.' Incidentally he is a large velvet and lace manufacturer, *Commerzien-Rath* of the town and a very highly-accomplished gentleman. It will be remembered that it was in his house that the famous materialization of the letter behind the picture, the sounding of the astral bells and other strange occurrences took place at the time Mme. Blavatsky was stopping there. Mme. G. Gebhard is as advanced an occultist as her husband, having been during a number of years a pupil of the famous Eliphas Levy. Dr. F. Eckstein is the other great theosophical leader

of Germany. Dr. Franz Hartmann is not so much of a theosophist as a mystic. I learned from him that he has a new book almost ready for issue, which I fancy will show his position rather more clearly than anything previously put forth by him. Theosophy is gaining ground in Germany, but more slowly than in France. The one magazine published in its interest there --- the *Sphinx* --- is rather weak. Its editor, Herr Hubbe-Schleiden, is doubtless a good man and a theosophist from conviction, but lacks the courage of his convictions in promulgating the doctrine, seeming to be afraid of getting beyond the established bounds of materialistic science. Nevertheless, his journal has done some good in awakening thought in new lines, and in its conservatism commands at least tolerant respect. I learned that not long since in one of the German courts a lawyer set up a plea of hypnotic influence as a defense for a client accused of some offense, and when it was rejected by the court cited as demonstrations and proofs of the correctness of the scientific basis of his theory articles published in the *Sphinx*, which convinced the court and won the case.”

"Several theosophic societies are flourishing in France and the doctrine is already strong and gaining strength very rapidly in Paris, where a new magazine in its interest, *Hermes*, has just been established, in addition to that of M. Arnand, *Le Lotus*, which is probably the most prosperous of the

theosophic periodicals next to Col.
Olcott's *Theosophist* in India."

A Review of *The Secret Doctrine*

[First published *The Sherman Democrat*,
February 10, 1889.]

The Secret Doctrine, by Blavatsky, is a work whose aim is stated as follows:

“To show that Nature is not ‘a fortuitous concurrence of atoms,’ and to assign to man his rightful place in the scheme of the Universe; to rescue from degradation the archaic truths which are the basis of all religions; and to uncover, to some extent, the fundamental unity from which they all spring; finally, to show that the occult side of Nature has never been approached by the Science of modern civilization.” S.D., Vol. I, p. viii.

This is a high aim, a great claim to advance. Whether both are fully sustained must be left, not alone to the judgment of individual readers, but to that large verdict of “humanity and the future generations,” to which the author appeals. Meantime, the just critic recognizes that these claims are ably put forth, in a work of great erudition and power. The publication of a book like this has, in itself, an emphatic significance. The attention of thinkers has in late years been directed to the evolution of thought, its laws and its results. Of these last *The Secret Doctrine* is a tremendous one. It marks the acme of the theosophical movement; that movement which urges a search after truth in every

department of life, while predicting the final and essential unity of the whole. It shows the most advanced phase of religious development and points out its future course; not alone concerned with the beliefs of the present; refusing indeed to recognize that present as a separate fact, but showing past and future interwoven into one eternal now, and all religions, all sciences, proceeding from one primeval belief, which afterwards became differentiated, along the path of evolutionary progress, into forms which are various facets of the one truth. The writing of this work is sufficient evidence for a demand for it, and however we may take issue with some of its teachings, we must recognize the breadth and beauty of its aim; also three facts concerning it.

First, it is a great event in literature per se.

Second, it is not the outcome of the mental or other experience of any one person. No human brain could singly conceive a scheme so vast, so complex in details, so simple of base. It is evidently an aggregation beginning far back in archaic times.

Third, it is thrown into the arena where science and religion, where matter versus spirit, are warring, as the scepter of the king was thrown into the lists to bid contention cease. It logically reconciles the combatants in proving their basic unity, in saying to the materialist: All issues from the one substance which is eternal --- and to the spirit: That one substance is vivified by the co-eternal

undetermined potency called Spirit, of which our word "will" is the nearest expression.

A work which can do us this service in a rational manner, while bringing the testimony of all recorded time to sustain its teachings, certainly deserves careful attention. The need of unity is the great tendency of our time. It is displayed in art, literature, religion, mechanics, industrial enterprise and international law, by efforts towards cooperation, arbitration, in a word --- unity. To find this need met in the religious field without empiricism or dogmatism, without attempt at scientific limitations or theological form, attacks our innate sense of justice, and inclines us to weigh before we reject.

The basis of this remarkable work is the "Book of Dzyan," an archaic Ms. unknown to the western world and secretly preserved in the Far East. Stanzas from it are given, with ancient and modern commentaries, followed by learned references and explanations. The whole is supplemented by addenda showing the respective positions of modern scientists and occultists, their agreements and their differences. To persons wishing to be well informed on such questions without the need of reading many books, these last are invaluable as giving a bird's-eye view of the modern situation by well selected quotations from writers of established reputation. Vol. I treats of Cosmogogenesis; Vol. II of Anthropogenesis. The stanzas are weird,

magnificent. They have the grand calm of classics, joined to that subtle, soul-stirring quality which is of all time and conveys the aroma of the orientalist, to the student, from their own inherent literary quality, quite apart from that deeper interest with which their teachings invest them for the bold explorer into the mysteries of Being. Altogether the book is a fascinating one. The style is abrupt and full of variations which show the work of different minds and sustain the author's claim to the aid of Tibetan Adepts. For all these reasons it is sure to be much read, much abused and hotly defended.

H. P. B. : A Lion-Hearted Colleague Passes

[First published in *The Path* (New York),
June, 1891, pp. 65-68.]

That which men call death is but a change of location for the Ego, a mere transformation, a forsaking for a time of the mortal frame, a short period of rest before one reassumes another human frame in the world of mortals. The Lord of this body is nameless; dwelling in numerous tenements of clay, it appears to come and go; but neither death nor time can claim it, for it is deathless, unchangeable, and pure, beyond Time itself, and not to be measured. So our old friend and fellow-worker has merely passed for a short time out of sight, but has not given up the work begun so many years ago - the uplifting of humanity, the destruction of the shackles that enslave the human mind.

I met H.P.B. in 1875 in the city of New York where she was living in Irving Place. There she suggested the formation of the Theosophical Society, lending to its beginning the power of her individuality and giving to its President and those who have stood by it ever since the knowledge of the existence of the Blessed Masters. In 1877 she wrote *Isis Unveiled* in my presence, and helped in the proof reading by the President of the Society. This book she declared to me then was intended to aid the cause for the advancement of which the

Theosophical Society was founded. Of this I speak with knowledge, for I was present and at her request drew up the contract for its publication between her and her New York publisher. When that document was signed she said to me in the street, "Now I must go to India."

In November, 1878, she went to India and continued the work of helping her colleagues to spread the Society's influence there, working in that mysterious land until she returned to London in 1887. There was then in London but one Branch of the Society --- the London Lodge --- the leaders of which thought it should work only with the upper and cultured classes. The effect of H.P.B.'s coming there was that Branches began to spring up, so that now they are in many English towns, in Scotland, and in Ireland. There she founded her magazine *Lucifer*, there worked night and day for the Society loved by the core of her heart, there wrote the *Secret Doctrine*, the *Key to Theosophy*, and the *Voice of the Silence*, and there passed away from a body that had been worn out by unselfish work for the good of [not only] the few of our century but of the many in the centuries to come.

It has been said by detractors that she went to India because she merely left a barren field here, by sudden impulse and without a purpose. But the contrary is the fact. In the very beginning of the Society I drew up with my own hand at her request the diplomas of some members here and there in

India who were in correspondence and were of different faiths. Some of them were Parsees. She always said she would have to go to India as soon as the Society was under way here and *Isis* should be finished. And when she had been in India some time, her many letters to me expressed her intention to return to England so as to open the movement actively and outwardly there in order that the three great points on the world's surface --- India, England, and America --- should have active centres of Theosophical work. This determination was expressed to me before the attempt made by the Psychological Research Society on her reputation, --- of which also I know a good deal to be used at a future time, as I was present in India before and after the alleged *exposé* --- and she returned to England to carry out her purpose even in the face of charges that she could not stay in India. But to disprove these she went back to Madras, and then again rejourneyed to London.

That she always knew what would be done by the world in the way of slander and abuse I also know, for in 1875 she told me that she was then embarking on a work that would draw upon her unmerited slander, implacable malice, uninterrupted misunderstanding, constant work, and no worldly reward. Yet in the face of this her lion heart carried her on. Nor was she unaware of the future of the Society. In 1876 she told me in detail the course of the Society's growth for future years, of its infancy, of its struggles, of its rise into the "luminous zone"

of the public mind; and these prophecies are being all fulfilled.

Much has been said about her "phenomena," some denying them, others alleging trick and device. Knowing her for so many years so well, and having seen at her hands in private the production of more and more varied phenomena than it has been the good fortune of all others of her friends put together to see, I know for myself that she had control of hidden powerful laws of nature not known to our science, and I also know that she never boasted of her powers, never advertised their possession, never publicly advised anyone to attempt their acquirement, but always turned the eyes of those who could understand her to a life of altruism based on a knowledge of true philosophy. If the world thinks that her days were spent in deluding her followers by pretended phenomena, it is solely because her injudicious friends, against her expressed wish, gave out wonderful stories of "miracles" which cannot be proved to a skeptical public and which are not the aim of the Society nor were ever more than mere incidents in the life of H. P. Blavatsky.

Her aim was to elevate the race. Her method was to deal with the mind of the century as she found it, by trying to lead it on step by step; to seek out and educate a few who, appreciating the majesty of the Secret Science and devoted to "the great orphan Humanity," could carry on her work with

zeal and wisdom; to found a Society whose efforts --
- however small itself might be --- would inject into
the thought of the day the ideas, the doctrines, the
nomenclature of the Wisdom Religion, so that when
the next century shall have seen its 75th year the new
messenger coming again into the world would find
the Society still at work, the ideas sown broadcast,
the nomenclature ready to give expression and body
to the immutable truth, and thus to make easy the
task which for her since 1875 was so difficult and so
encompassed with obstacles in the very paucity of
the language, - obstacles harder than all else to work
against.

"Yours Till Death and After, H.P.B."

[First published in *Lucifer* (London),
June, 1891, pp. 290-292.]

Such has been the manner in which our beloved teacher and friend always concluded her letters to me. And now, though we are all of us committing to paper some account of that departed friend and teacher, I feel ever near and ever potent the magic of that resistless power, as of a mighty rushing river, which those who wholly trusted her always came to understand. Fortunate indeed is that Karma which, for all the years since I first met her, in 1875, has kept me faithful to the friend who, masquerading under the outer mortal garment known as H. P. Blavatsky, was ever faithful to me, ever kind, ever the teacher and the guide.

In 1874, in the City of New York, I first met H.P.B. in this life. By her request, sent through Colonel H. S. Olcott, the call was made in her rooms in Irving Place, when then, as afterwards, through the remainder of her stormy career, she was surrounded by the anxious, the intellectual, the bohemian, the rich and the poor. It was her eye that attracted me, the eye of one whom I must have known in lives long passed away. She looked at me in recognition at that first hour, and never since has that look changed. Not as a questioner of philosophies did I come before her, not as one

groping in the dark for lights that schools and fanciful theories had obscured, but as one who, wandering many periods through the corridors of life, was seeking the friends who could show where the designs for the work had been hidden. And true to the call she responded, revealing the plans once again, and speaking no words to explain, simply pointed them out and went on with the task. It was if but the evening before we had parted, leaving yet to be done some detail of a task taken up with one common end; it was teacher and pupil, elder brother and younger, both bent on the one single end, but she with the power and the knowledge that belong but to lions and sages. So, friends from the first, I felt safe. Others I know have looked with suspicion on an appearance they could not fathom, and though it is true they adduce many proofs which, hugged to the breast, would damn sages and gods, yet it is only through blindness they failed to see the lion's glance, the diamond heart of H.P.B.

The entire space of this whole magazine would not suffice to enable me to record the phenomena she performed for me through all these years, nor would I wish to put them down. As she so often said, they prove nothing, but only lead some souls to doubt and others to despair. And again, I do not think they were done just for me, but only that in those early days she was laying down the lines of force all over the land and I, so fortunate, was at the centre of the energy and saw the play of forces in visible phenomena. The explanation has been

offered by some too anxious friends that the earlier phenomena were mistakes in judgment, attempted to be rectified in later years by confining their area and limiting their number, but until someone shall produce in the writing of H.P.B. her concurrence with that view, I shall hold to her own explanation made in advance and never changed. That I have given above. For many it is easier to take refuge behind a charge of bad judgment than to understand the strange and powerful laws which control in matters such as these.

Amid all the turmoil of her life, above the din produced by those who charged her with deceit and fraud and others who defended, while month after month, and year after year, witnessed men and women entering the theosophical movement only to leave it soon with malignant phrases for H.P.B., there stands a fact we all might imitate --- devotion absolute to her Master. "It was He," she writes, "who told me to devote myself to this, and I will never disobey and never turn back."

In 1888 she wrote to me privately: ---

"Well, my only friend, you ought to know better. Look into my life and try to realize it --- in its outer course at least, as the rest is hidden. I am under the curse of ever writing, as the wandering Jew was under that of being ever on the move, never stopping one moment to rest. Three ordinary healthy persons could hardly do what I have to do. I live an artificial

life; I am an automaton running full steam until the power of generating steam stops, and then --- good-bye! . . . Night before last I was shown a bird's-eye view of the Theosophical Societies. I saw a few earnest reliable Theosophists in a death struggle with the world in general, with other --- nominal but ambitious --- Theosophists. The former are greater in numbers than you may think, and they prevailed, as you in America will prevail, if you only remain staunch to the Master's programme and true to yourselves. And last night I saw . . . and now I feel strong --- such as I am in my body --- and ready to fight for Theosophy and the few true ones to my last breath. The defending forces have to be judiciously --- so scanty they are --- distributed over the globe, where ever Theosophy is struggling against the powers of darkness."

Such she ever was; devoted to Theosophy and the Society organized to carry out a programme embracing the world in its scope. Willing in the service of the cause to offer up hope, money, reputation, life itself, provided the Society might be saved from every hurt, whether small or great. And thus bound body, heart and soul to this entity called the Theosophical Society, bound to protect it at all hazards, in face of every loss, she often incurred the resentment of many who became her friends but would not always care for the infant organization as she had sworn to do. And when they acted as if opposed to the Society, her instant opposition seemed to them to nullify professions of friendship.

Thus she had but few friends, for it required a keen insight, untinged with personal feeling, to see even a small part of the real H. P. Blavatsky.

But was her object merely to form a Society whose strength should lie in numbers? No so. She worked under directors who, operating from behind the scene, knew that the Theosophical Society was, and was to be, the nucleus from which help might spread to all the people of the day, without thanks and without acknowledgment. Once, in London, I asked her what was the chance of drawing the people into the Society in view of the enormous disproportion between the number of members and the millions of Europe and America who neither knew of nor cared for it. Leaning back in her chair, in which she was sitting before her writing desk, she said: ---

"When you consider and remember those days in 1875 and after, in which you could not find any people interested in your thoughts, and now look at the wide-spreading influence of theosophical ideas -- - however labelled --- it is not so bad. We are not working merely that people may call themselves Theosophists, but that the doctrines we cherish may affect and leaven the whole mind of this century. This alone can be accomplished by a small earnest band of workers, who work for no human reward, no earthly recognition, but who, supported and sustained by a belief in that Universal Brotherhood of which our Masters are a part, work steadily,

faithfully, in understanding and putting forth for consideration the doctrines of life and duty that have come down to us from immemorial time. Falter not so long as a few devoted ones will work to keep the nucleus existing. You were not directed to found and realise a Universal Brotherhood, but to form the nucleus for one; for it is only when the nucleus is formed that the accumulations can begin that will end in future years, however far, in the formation of that body which we have in view."

H.P.B. had a lion heart, and on the work traced out for her she had the lion's grasp; let us, her friends, companions and disciples, sustain ourselves in carrying out the designs laid down on the trestle-board, by the memory of her devotion and the consciousness that behind her task there stood, and still remain, those Elder Brothers who, above the clatter and the din of our battle, ever see the end and direct the forces distributed in array for the salvation of "that great orphan --- Humanity."

H.P.B. At Enghien

[First published in *Lucifer* (London),
July, 1891, pp. 359-361.]

In the spring of 1884, H.P.B. was staying in Rue Notre Dame des Champs, Paris, and in the house were living Col. Olcott, Mohini M. Chatterji and the writer. Part of the time Bertram Keightley was also there. As always since I have known H.P.B. during the past seventeen years, she was there as elsewhere engaged daily with her writing, save for an occasional drive or visit. Many visitors from all classes were constantly calling, and among the rest came the Countess d'Adhémar, who at once professed a profound admiration for H.P.B. and invited her to come to the Château owned by the Count at Enghien, just outside the city, including in her invitation myself and Mohini Chatterji. Bertram Keightley was also invited for a few days. The invitation was accepted and we all went out to Enghien, where H.P.B. was given two large rooms downstairs and the others slept in rooms on the upper floors. Every convenience was given to our beloved friend, and there she continued her writing, while I at her request carefully read over, sitting in the same room, *Isis Unveiled*, making indices at the foot of each page, as she intended to use it in preparing the *Secret Doctrine*.

A lake was at one side of the house and extensive grounds covered with fine timber hid the

building from the road, part being a well kept fruit and flower garden. A slight description of the rooms is necessary. Wide stairs led up to the hall; on one side, which we may call the road front, was the billiard room, the high window of which opened upon the leaden roof of the porch; the dining room looked out at the back over the edge of the lake, and the drawing room opened from it on the other side at right angles to the side of the billiard room. This drawing room had windows opening on three sides, so that both garden and lake could be seen from it. In it was the grand piano at the end and side opposite the dining room door, and between the two side windows was a marble slab holding ornaments; between the windows at the end near the piano, was the fireplace, and at that corner was one of the windows giving a view of the lake,

Every evening it was the custom to spend some time in the drawing room in conversation, and there, as well as in the dining room, took place some phenomena which indeed were no more interesting than the words of H.P.B., whether those were witty, grave or gay. Very often Countess d'Adhémar's sister played the piano in a manner to delight even H.P.B., who was no mean judge. I remember well one melody, just then brought out in the world of Paris, which pleased her immensely, so that she often asked for its repetition. It was one suggestive of high aspiration and grandiose conceptions of nature. Many lively discussions with the Count on one side and H.P.B. on the other had place there, and often in

the very midst of these she would suddenly turn to Mohini and myself, who were sitting listening, to repeat to us the very thoughts then passing in our brains.

Count d'Adhémar did not ask for the production of phenomena, but often said that could he and a few of his friends be convinced about Theosophy perhaps much good would result in France. Some of us desired in our hearts that in the home of such kind friends phenomena might occur, but none suggested it to H.P.B. But one day at dinner, when there were present the Count and Countess, their son Raoul, H.P.B., Mohini, the Countess' sister, myself, and one other, the strong and never-to-be-forgotten perfume which intimate friends of H.P.B. knew so well as often accompanying phenomena or coming of itself, floated round and round the table, plainly perceptible to several and not perceived either before or afterwards. Of course many skeptics will see nothing in this, but the writer and others well know that this of itself is a phenomenon, and that the perfume has been sent for many miles through the air as a message from H.P.B. or from those hidden persons who often aided in phenomena or in teachings. At this dinner, or at some other during the visit, we had all just come in from the flower garden. I had plucked a small rosebud and placed it upon the edge of the tumbler between myself and the Countess' sister who was on my left, H.P.B. being seated on my right.

This lady began to talk of phenomena, wondering if H.P.B. could do as related of the Indian yogis. I replied that she could if she would, but did not ask her, and added that she could make even that small rosebud bloom at once. Just then H.P.B. stretched her hand out towards the rose, not touching it, and said nothing, continuing at once her conversation and the dinner. We watched the bud until the end of the meal and saw that it grew in that space of time much larger and bloomed out into a rose nearly full grown.

On another evening after we had all been in the drawing room for some time, sitting without lights, the moon shining over the lake and all nature being hushed, H.P.B. fell into a thought state. Shortly she rose and stood at the corner window looking over the water, and in a moment a flash of soft light shot into the room and she quietly smiled.

Reminding me of this evening the Countess d'Adhémar writes in this month of June: ---

“H.P.B. seemed wrapped in thought, when suddenly she rose from her chair, advanced to the open window, and raising her arm with a commanding gesture, faint music was heard in the distance, which advancing nearer and nearer broke into lovely strains and filled the drawing room where we were all sitting. Mohini threw himself at H.P.B.'s feet and kissed the hem of her robe, which action seemed the appropriate outcoming of the profound admiration

and respect we all felt toward the wonderful being whose loss we will never cease to mourn.”

This astral music was very plain to us all, and the Count especially remarked upon its beauty and the faintness of it as it sank away into the unknown distance. The whole house was full of these bell sounds at night when I was awake very late and others had retired. They were like signals going and coming to H.P.B.'s room downstairs. And on more than one occasion as we walked in the grounds under the magnificent trees, have they shot past us, sometimes audible to all and again only heard by one or two.

The lead roof of the portico was a place where after dinner we sometimes sat, and there on some of those delightful evenings we were joined by the Countess Wachtmeister, who afterwards did so much for the comfort of H.P.B. at Würzburg and other places. Many chats were held there about occultism. In one of these we were speaking of images in the Astral Light and H.P.B. said: "Well, you know that it moves as other things in Kosmos do, and that the time comes when it floats off, as it were, letting another mass of the same 'light' take its place."

It was with a feeling of some regret that we left this delightful place where such quiet reigned and where H.P.B. was able to work amid the beauty and the stillness of nature. It cannot be blotted from the memory, because there our friend and teacher

was untroubled by the presence of curiosity seekers, and thus was free to present to us who believed in her a side of her many-sided nature which pleased, instructed and elevated us all.

One incident remains to be told for which we must depend on others. I took away with me a book which could not be finished there, and just before leaving France went out to Enghien to return it. There I met the Countess d'Adhémar, who said that the peculiar and unmistakable perfume of which I spoke above had come in the house after we had all left. It was one evening about two days after H.P.B.'s departure and the d'Adhémar had some friends to dinner. After dinner they all went into the drawing room and soon noticed the perfume. It came, as they said to me, in rushes, and at once they began to hunt it out in the room, coming at last to the marble slab described, where, from one spot in the stone, they found the perfume rushing out in volumes. Such was the quantity of it that, as the Countess said to me, they were compelled to open the windows, since the odor was overpowering in larger masses. In returning to Paris I told H.P.B. of this and she only said: "It sometimes happens."

Madame Blavatsky In India

A Reply to Moncure D. Conway

[First published in *The Arena* (New York),
March 1892, pp. 472-480.]

There are three reasons why I reply to Moncure D. Conway's article in the October *Arena*, entitled "Madame Blavatsky at Adyar."

First, I am an old and intimate friend of hers, while Mr. Conway met her but twice according to his own account, and then only for a short time. Second, she has given up her mortal body and cannot reply to his attacks. Third, because, although his article is given as an account of her, it is, in fact, an attack on the Theosophical Society I had the honor to take part in founding with Madame Blavatsky and others, and with the history of which in all its details I am well acquainted, from having been one of its secretaries ever since its organization in 1875.

The October article covers twelve pages, and is mainly a rehashing of old charges made by other people, and about which Mr. Conway has no personal knowledge whatever, besides a good deal of matter in which the mistakes are too evident to mislead anyone who has really given the theosophical movement any study.

Let us observe in the beginning the qualifications which Mr. Conway possesses as a reporter. He says Adyar is fifteen miles from Madras when at the most it is only six, and the extent of Madras itself is only fifteen. "Palms" are described as being at the entrance, whereas the only palms on the place were a few weak ones at the seaside of the compound and where the road did not run. No doubt the "palms" he speaks of are to give a better color to the luxuriousness of the self-sacrifice he does not approve. In the next few lines the "guru" of a chela is described as a "mahatma" (page 508), a definition invented solely by the critic. In this little scene he gives the command of a mahatma as the reason for a Hindu's not shaking his hand; all travelers know that the Hindus do not shake hands with one another, much less with strangers; Mr. Conway must have observed this as I did when there, if he met any but the official English. His description of the "shrine," on page 582, is so far removed from fact that I am constrained to doubt the accuracy even of his recollection of what was said to him by Madame Blavatsky.

I know the shrine well, have examined it fully, and just after he was there, and not only that, but by my own orders it was taken from the wall, and its contents removed soon after he left India, and in that removal I took chief part just before the famous so-called exposé, in the Christian College magazine. According to Mr. Conway "it reached nearly to the

ceiling," the fact being that it was a wall cabinet and nothing more, and its total height from bottom to top was not four feet, which would be a very low ceiling. Its doors were painted black and varnished, but his recollection attributes to it a decoration of "mystical emblems and figures," perhaps to accord with what he thought a theosophical shrine out to have. "The interior of the shrine was inlaid with metal work," he says, and evidently he saw it but once in haste. I saw it for several days together, examined it fully, took charge of it, with my own hands removed the objects within it, and instead of its interior being inlaid with metal work it was lined with common red plush. The description given by Mr. Conway makes a better newspaper story, however. Painting the interior with his imagination, he says there was a Buddha there, which is not so; and then occurs the crowing absurdity that the portrait of Koothumi "holds a small barrel-shaped praying machine on his head."

This is curious instance of hypnotism and bad memory mixing facts, for there was a tibetan prayer wheel in the shrine, but it lay on the bottom shelf, and the picture of Koothumi which I then removed, gives him with a fur cap on. It sounds like a bad dream that the learned doctor had. But further, and this is the case when any good journalist would have verified the mere facts of record, he says, speaking of the effect of the scandals on the branches of the society in India, that the seventy-seven branches there in 1879 are now (1891) "withering away under the Blavatsky scandal," the fact being that now over

one hundred and fifty branches exist there which pass resolutions of high respect for her memory, and continue the work she incited them to begin, included in that being a growing correspondence with the increasing membership in America, and the helping forward of a special department of the society's work, especially devoted to the translation of their old books and the procurement of manuscripts and treatises that Max Muller and others wish to have.

If Mr. Conway had never before taken part in attacks upon Madame Blavatsky and the society, some inaccuracy might be attributed to inexperience; but as the case is otherwise, one is led to the conclusion that some other motive than zeal for fact must have stimulated the present article. And it may interest him to know that Madame Blavatsky herself said to me of him after he had seen her:—"The gentleman is in his decadence, with a great disappointment hanging over his life; from this point he will find himself of less and less importance in the world, and you will find him at last for a paltry pay attacking over my shoulders the cause you wish to serve," a part of which we know to be now true.

Since I am trying to defend a friend who has passed beyond the veil, it is impossible to overlook the statement made in the note on page 582 of Mr. Conway's article, in which he leaves the impression that that article is his first presentation of the matter to the public; indeed, such is his declaration, the only

indefiniteness being the omission of the names of the "friends of Madame Blavatsky" to whom he mentioned the affair so as to give them the chance of replying. The omission of their names now prevents my having their testimony, for I know all her friends and they are a sort who would not fail to give me the facts.

It may have escaped Mr. Conway's recollection that after he had made his visit to Adyar and had his conversation with Mme. Blavatsky, he wrote a long account of it to the Glasgow Herald published in Glasgow, Scotland, in which he showed the same spirit as in the one under review, and that I wrote a reply to it for the same paper, which the paper published: and that later when I was in London on my way to Adyar he met Colonel Olcott and myself over one of the services in South Place Chapel, in which he had advertised himself as to speak on theosophy and spiritualism, but wholly omitted any reference to theosophy when he saw us there; and that our conversation was in the underground railroad, in the course of which he referred to the articles in the Glasgow Herald, and exhibited the same vexation of which he accuses himself in the present one at page 581, when he found that the shrine had been permanently closed just three days before he got there. Perhaps the "glamour" of Adyar still lingers around his recollections.

I come now to the particular incident around which the October article revolves. It is the explanation supposed to have been offered by Madame Blavatsky of all her life and work to a visitor who told her he wanted an explanation to give to his flock (in South Place Chapel) who were always ready to admit facts. From his account it is clear that he did not inquire of her as to the philosophical doctrines of man and mind, and theories as to cosmogenesis she had been engaged in promulgating, nor of the objects and purposes of the Theosophical Society to which her life was devoted, and then as now an active body working not only in India but in Europe and America. His sole inquiry was about paltry phenomena that she never spoke of with any particular interest. For, he goes on: "Now," I said, 'what do these rumors mean? I hear of your lifting teapots from beneath your chair, summoning lost jewels, conversing with Mahatmas a thousand miles away."

If this is all that passed-and no more is given of questions by him-there is not a word in it relating to philosophy nor any of the many other important subjects upon which Madame Blavatsky had been for long before assiduously writing and talking. Her reply therefore attaches solely to the question. It is given by him: "It is glamour, people think they see what they do not. That is the whole of it." This reply has naught to do with the existence of Mahatmas, nor with their powers, nor with the theories of cosmogenesis and anthropogenesis given by her, nor

with the aims and work of her society, nor with her views as to many hidden and natural powers of man, on which she had before that spoken and written much. It simply offered an explanation she had never failed to give, included in the "glamour." This power of producing glamour is now well known to the French and other schools of hypnotists, and it is a correct explanation of many of her very best and most wonderful phenomena. It is the explanation of numerous extraordinary feats to be witnessed in India. By its means a letter could be brought into the room and deposited anywhere without a person present seeing either letter or messenger. For grant the power, and the limits of the exercise cannot be fixed.

Take the production of a teacup from beneath a chair where a moment or two before it had not been. The same power of glamouring would enable her to leave the room, still seeming to be present, to procure a teacup from the adjoining apartment and then to produce it suddenly from beneath the chair, all the while the spectators thinking they saw her sitting there. This is one of the possibilities of the realm of glamour, and admitted by Mr. Conway in my presence as I shall show. Glamour is only another name for hypnotism, partly understood by Dr. Charcot and his pupils, but fully known to Madame Blavatsky, who was taught in a school where the science is elaborated with a detail that western schools have not yet reached to but eventually will. And this she has often asserted of many of her own

phenomena, for she has deliberately called them "psychological frauds."

I have said Mr. Conway admitted in my presence something germane to this inquiry. It was in his own South Place Chapel where I went in 1884 to hear him discourse on a subject which he advertised to be upon spiritualism and theosophy. For some reason unknown to me, he omitted all reference to theosophy, but dwelt at length on his experiences in India with fakirs, juggles, and yogis. He related with a sober mien marvels of magic, of hypnotism, or of fraud that outshine anything he has criticised in Madame Blavatsky. Among those, he told of seeing an old fakir or yogi make coins dance about a table at the word of command and following Mr. Conway's unexpressed wish, there being no connection between the operator and the table, as he averred. "This," he said, "is very wonderful. I do not know how to explain it. But some day I will go back and inquire further." And yet Madame Blavatsky explained it for him at the Adyar conversation.

I do not think, as some have said, that she was making fun of him by thinking: "You soft-headed and innocent old goose, do you really suppose that I am going seriously to answer a person who proclaims in advance his mission here as you did and expects to see me execute phenomena whereon he may write a sermon for his London babes?" (1) [Footnote: 1. Theosophical Forum for November, 1891.] On the contrary, she was ready to go on with

him further if he chose to proceed beyond mere marvels that she had often dubbed with the name of glamour before he came. But he went no further, and calmly proceeded, plodding along with grotesque solemnity that is refreshing in the extreme.

In fine, all that Mr. Conway's somewhat labored article amounts to is that we are asked by him to believe that after Madame Blavatsky had duped some of the brightest minds of both West and East, and secured a firm hold on their loyalty, reverence, and affection,-including many hundred Hindus of learning and wide experience in their own land of marvels, as they have told me with their own lips-had succeeded in establishing a system of imposture upon which, if we accept his view, she must depend, she was ready in a casual conversation to confess all her acts to be frauds and to throw herself on the mercy of Mr. Conway merely because he preached in South Place Chapel and had a congregation-hardly. If confession,-"an unwitnessed confession" as he calls it,-were her determination at the interview, it is interesting to ask why she did not confess to him that there were trap-doors and sliding panels to help phenomena? But there was no such confession, no trap-doors, no frauds.

On p. 587, Mr. Conway says: "The most curious thing about this turbaned spiritualism is its development of the Koothoomi myth. I asked Sir. W. W. Hunter, Gazetteer-General of India, and other orientalisists about the name of this alleged Mahatma

or Rahat (Sic), and they declared Koothoomi to be without analogies in any Hindu tongue ancient or modern.

It is easy to lose one's self in the ocean of Indian literature with its vast number of names, so perhaps Mr. Conway can be forgiven. But the name of Sir. W. W. Hunter is not that of a great orientalist, and those of the "other orientalists" whom he asked are not given, so they must be considered of doubtful authority. On turning to The Classical Dictionary of India (by Mr. John Garrett, Director of Public Instruction at Mysore, India, printed in 1871 at Madras, Higginbotham & Co.) under K we find:

Kuthumi: a pupil of Paushyinji and teacher of Sama Veda.

The name is the same as the one spelled "Koothoomi" in The Arena, for the double "o" stands for "u".

Proceeding with his peculiar analysis of this "myth," Mr. Conway says: "I was assured on good authority that the name was originally 'Cotthume' and a mere mixture of Ol-Cott and Hume, Madame Blavatsky's principal adherents." The evident recklessness of statement here is noticeable and inexcusable. No name of the "good authority" is given; certainly it was not Mr. Sinnett who first gave publicity to the name Koothoomi; perhaps it was some learned orientalist who never read John

Garrett's book. But as I knew H.P. Blavatsky well in 1874, before she met Messrs. Sinnett or Hume, and before this name-now dubbed a myth-was ever given to the public, I may be allowed to say that it was not originally "Cotthume," but was one that I and others in New York were perfectly familiar with through his correspondence with us at that time on matters connected with the society. And when Mr. Sinnett published his *Esoteric Buddhism*, giving this name to the world, we all felt that ribaldry would follow. I wrote then to Madame Blavatsky expressing regret that the name was given out. To this she replied:

“Do not be alarmed nor grieved. The name was bound to come out some day, and as it is a real one its use instead of the New York substitute is better, because the latter was unreal. The mud that you fear is now to be thrown at sacred names will not hurt them, but inevitably will fly back in the face of those who throw it.”

The remainder of the article shows an utter lack of acquaintance with the theosophical movement which has been classed by the great Frenchman Emile Burnouf, as one of the three great religious movements of the day. Mr. Conway appears to think it depends on Colonel Olcott, ignoring the many other persons who give life to the "propaganda." Such men as Mr. A.P. Sinnett, and women like Mrs. Annie Besant, are left out of account, to say nothing of the omission to notice the fact that in each of the three great divisions of the

globe, Europe, Asia, and America, there is a well-organized section of the society, and that there is a great body of literature devoted to the work. This was so well known to others that shortly before her death an article by Madame Blavatsky was printed by the North American Review, describing the progress of the movement. But Mr. Conway would have us suppose that Colonel Olcott's few published speeches represent us or indicate our future, and he gravely advises that headquarters should be fixed in Ceylon, so that through a union with Buddhism, a lasting vitality may be assured. This can never be done. The society has had for several years a headquarters in Ceylon, just as it has others in London, New York, San Francisco, and Madras, but it is not, nor is it to be, a Buddhist society.

A slight review of its literature, emanating from those centres, would have shown this to Mr. Conway, and perhaps enabled him to give us a better and broader article. Again, the interest it has excited in England make the last sentence of his article, "If theosophy is to live, it must 'take refuge in Buddha' " a stale, emaciated joke. The convention of the society in London, in July last, attracted over twelve hundred people to a public meeting at Portman Rooms, and later St. James Hall and St. George's were crammed with people, including such men as Sir Robert Peel, and Lord Justice Pollock, to hear Mrs. Annie Besant lecture as a theosophist on "Reincarnation," while her lecture on theosophy at the Democratic Club brought such a crush that doors

and windows were pressed in. All of this was the subject of newspaper reports, column after column having been devoted to it, with an immediate exhaustion of morning editions. It seems more likely that theosophy will "take refuge" in London than in "Buddha."

Having now directly answered Mr. Conway's article I will take advantage of the opportunity to append some facts directly known to myself, about the "shrine" and the rooms at Adyar.

I went to Adyar in the early part of the year 1884, with full power from the president of the society to do whatever seemed best for our protection against an attack we had information was about to be made in conjunction with the missionaries who conducted the Christian College at Madras. I found that Mr. Coulomb had partly finished a hole in the wall behind the shrine. It was so new that its edges were ragged with the ends of laths and the plaster was still on the floor. Against it he had placed an unfinished teak-wood cupboard, made for the occasion, and having a false panel in the back that hid the hole in the wall. But the panel was too new to work and had to be violently kicked in to show that it was there. It was all unplanned, unoiled, and not rubbed down. He had been dismissed before he had time to finish.

In the hall that opened on the stairs he had made a cunning panel, opening the back of a

cupboard belonging to the "occult room." This was not finished and force had to be used to make it open, and then only by using a mallet. Another movable panel he also made in the front room, but even the agent of the psychical society admitted that it was very new. It was of teak, and I had to use a mallet and file to open it. All these things were discovered and examined in the presence of many people, who then and there wrote their opinions in a book I provided for the purpose, and which is now at headquarters. The whole arrangement was evidently made up after the facts to fit them on the theory of fraud. That it was done for money was admitted, for a few days after we had completed our examination the principal of the Christian College came to the place—a thing he had never done before—and asked that he and his friends be allowed to see the room and the shrine.

He almost implored us to let him go up, but we would not, as we say he merely desired to finish what he called his "exposure." He was then asked in my presence by Dr. Hartmann what he had paid to Coulomb for his work, and replied, somewhat off his guard, that he had paid him somewhere about one hundred rupees. This supports the statement by Dr. Hartmann (made in print), that Coulomb came to him and said that ten thousand rupees were at his disposal if he could ruin the society. He merely exaggerated the amount to see if we would give him more to be silent.

The assailants of H.P. Blavatsky and the Theosophical Society have ever seemed to be beset by a singular fatuity. It seems that they must, as it were by force, deny all accepted laws of motive and of life in judging these things, explaining the conduct of members of the society on principles the reverse of any ever known to human beings, facts as plain as noonday being ignored, and other facts construed on theories which require the most tremendous credulity to accept. They perceive no fine impulse, and laugh at the idea of our desiring to give a basis for ethics although not a word in all the writing of Madame Blavatsky shows her or us in any other light.

Habitations of H. P. B.

**302 West 47th Street,
New York, New York**

[First published in *The Path* (New York),
Nov. 1893, pp. 237-239.]

...It would not be possible to procure pictures or descriptions of all the houses where H. P. B. lived and worked during her life, but most of those in which she dwelt since 1874 while working for the Theosophical movement are known. Some of these will be given in these articles....

H. P. B. before moving to the place from which she started for India in 1878, lived for a while in 34th Street near Ninth Avenue, New York, in a modest flat. While living there, the funeral of Baron de Palm, described fully by Col. Olcott in his *Old Diary Leaves*, took place, attracting great attention and endless newspaper comment.

A flat was taken afterwards on the corner of 47th Street and Eighth Avenue, in the house which is shown in the picture [on the next page].



The illustration shows the narrow front of the house facing Eighth Avenue, which is a business street running all the way from lower New York to 155th Street. The building is what is known as a double flat, with a shop on the street level. The entrance to the apartments is down on 47th Street under the rear suites of rooms. H.P.B. had the flat which begins in the middle of the building, running to the front on Eighth Avenue and being immediately over the shop. The building is at this date in the same condition and under the same arrangements as when H. P. B. lived there.

Her writing-room was in front, taking in the corner window and the next two over the shop. The third window in front is of a small room which was used for various purposes, sometimes for breakfast, at others for sleeping. On that side, within, the inner hall ran down to the entrance door of the apartment with rooms in the following order: adjoining the writing and sitting room was her bed-room, having doors as well as a door into the hall, and cut off from the dining-room, next on that side, by a solid wall. Beyond the living-room is the kitchen, which looks out on 47th Street. On the other side of the hall is first the bathroom fronting the kitchen, and next, proceeding again forward, is a small dark room in which Col. Olcott slept. Upstairs, Mrs. I. C. Mitchell, sister of Col. Olcott, lived for some time. The writing-room and the small room first spoken of cut the hall off in front.

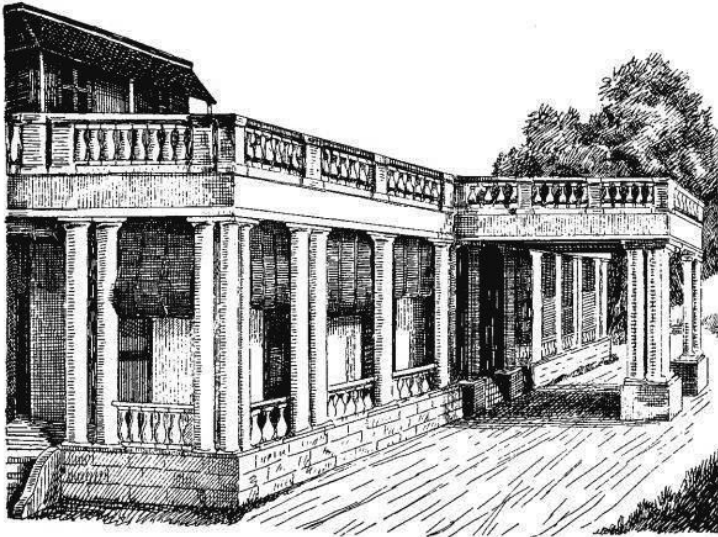
It was in this flat, in the larger front room, that *Isis Unveiled* was written and finished. There so many extraordinary phenomena had place that volumes would be required to describe them. Here the "astral music and bells" were so often heard, which self-styled wise critics have assumed were produced by a maid walking up and down the hall with an instrument: an absurdity for those who, like myself, were there and heard all such things. Here, in the corner of the room over Eighth Avenue, the stuffed owl stood and sometimes blinked. It is now in the possession of a lady living not far from the New York Headquarters. And here when *Isis* was

finished H. P. B. sat among her few belongings and saw the auctioneer sell them off to the highest bidder; from here she at last, in December, 1878, went off to the steamer which took her to London, from whence she sailed to India never to return to the land where she was ever such a perplexity and an amusement to the people of the metropolis. It is a modest place in a modest, busy part of a great city; yet how much was done there and what mighty forces played within those four walls while the immense personality known as Helena P. Blavatsky dwelt therein!

Habitations of H. P. B.

The Theosophical Society Headquarters at Adyar, Madras, India

[First published in *The Path* (New York),
June, 1892, pp. 71-75.]



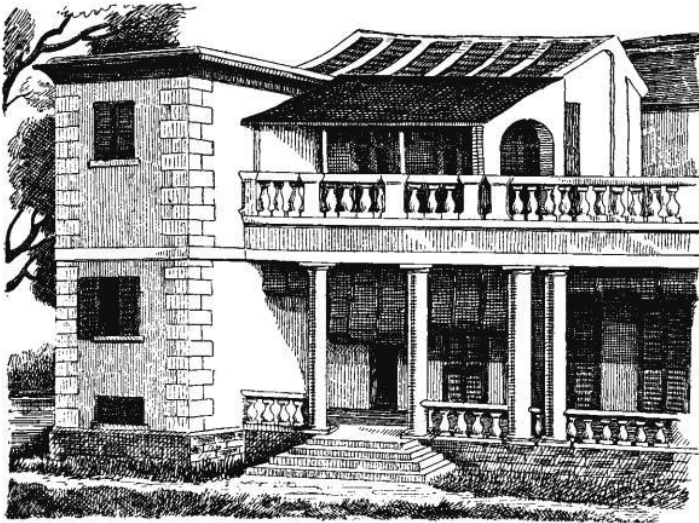
This picture [above] is reproduced from an accurate sketch made on the spot in 1884, the point of view being as you come up the drive from the entrance gate. It shows the front of the building as it faces the compound, and runs down to where the library building now stands. The *porte cochere* . . . is seen in perspective. It gave a grand air to the front . . . The whole building was, in 1884, of a white color,

appearing at a distance like a marble structure, but in reality is constructed of brick plastered white, as is very usual in India. It was purchased some years ago by subscription, and is now free of debt. Standing in a compound --- or grounds --- of some 21 acres, it is a very fine place, and if its counterpart were found in this country the cost would be very large, whereas in India its value is small by comparison with American properties. The Adyar River flows along behind the house not more than ten feet away. It is not a river of any consequence, its mouth being generally closed with sand through which the stream percolates into the ocean; and at this season of the year the water is very low and the odor from the mud rather disagreeable, but at full season it is a delightful little creek, as we would call it.

Just appearing over the ornamental balustrade which encloses the roof is the front of H. P. B.'s own room, which led into the shrine-room shown in the second picture. Her room was an addition to the building, and in a way served to join the two towers which rise at the back corners at either end. The stairs of the tower illustrated [in the picture on the next page] were the means of communication with her apartment, although the other tower had also a stairway, and another stairway was made running directly into the lower rooms at the library end. But these were not completed in June, 1884, when she was in Europe, as Monsieur Coulomb suspended work as soon as Mme. Blavatsky and Col. Olcott had gone to London, and began at once to construct

the *ex post facto* trap-doors which he hoped to ruin the Society with, and at the same time to turn over some honest pennies of the missionaries for his so-called *expose*.

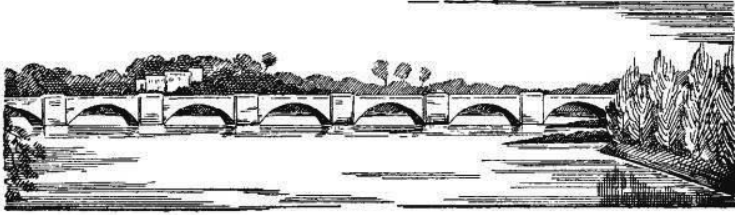
That part of the compound extending from the entrance gate on the highway was full of mango trees, and through them the driveway brought you up to the house and under the *porte cochere*. Alighting there, a short flight of steps took you up to the entrance hall, where the floor was of black and white marble. Here there were two tables, sofas, and some chairs, and on the floor many a night slept Damodar K. Mavalankar, of pleasant memory, together with several others, including Ananda and Babajee.



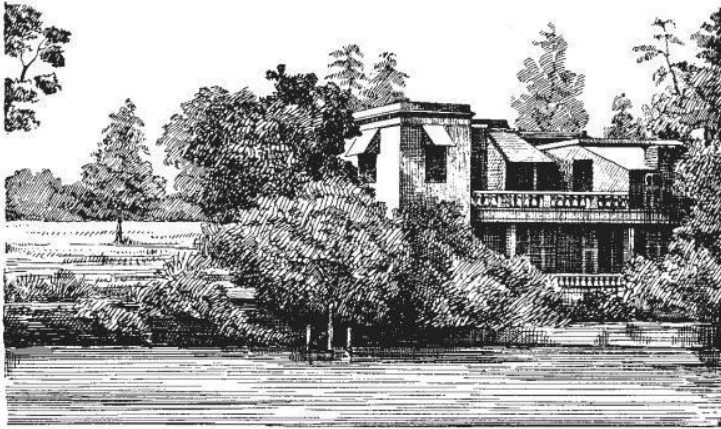
Part of the end of the building on the side near the main road is given [in the above picture] It

is a continuation of the corner seen in the first cut. The tower finished the river end of the building, and the river itself can be just seen at the back. On the top is the occult room with the extension or verandah. The roof of the "occult room" was slanting and tiled in red, the plaster being tinted yellow. In this was the shrine. It was entered from the other side, and, being a few feet lower than the rooms used by H. P. B., a short flight of steps ran down into it. In the tower is a winding brick stairway, and opening on that was one window of the occult room. This window was made into a cupboard, the back of which looked on the stairs. This back was altered by Alexis Coulomb after H. P. B.'s departure so as to have a sliding panel as a part of his conspiracy. It was not workable, however. The whole upper part of the house was, in fact, a patchwork devoid of regularity.

Damodar's room was in this tower at the top as you came up the narrow stairs. It was from that little room the famous "shrine" was stolen on the night after its removal from the wall in the "occult room." A corridor, as you might call it, ran across the back of H. P. B.'s rooms from tower to tower, open to the river and giving a view of the little island opposite and the long queer bridge which carries the highway across the river. The small picture [on the next page] shows this bridge, which was painted pink.



Opposite beyond the bridge can be seen among the trees other large houses, as the vicinity was once in great demand before the trade of Madras declined. Every evening at sunset large flying foxes would rise up in great numbers from the direction of the city and fly over to Adyar to feed during the night on the mangoes and other fruit-trees in the vicinity. Many of them stopped on the Headquarters grounds.



This [picture above] is reproduced from a photograph of the back of the building taken from the little island at the right of the bridge picture. It

shows the other tower, companion to that in which was Damodar's room. The lower floor under the roof was the back part of the middle of the building, and was occupied by *The Theosophist* magazine. Trees and shrubs almost hid the view. A plastered embankment ran for a short distance along this side so as to protect the foundations.

These pictures give a very correct idea of the house when H.P.B. lived in it, but all has now been changed by the addition of the Library and by the various changes in the roof which Col. Olcott put into effect after the desecration of the place by the Coulombs, so that now the old "occult room" is a thing of the past, not to be revived until another great personage such as H. P. B. was shall have come and been revealed to us.

...The changes consisted in filling in the spaces at each side of the *porte cochere*, thus turning the latter into an entrance, and adding rooms at each end of the building in front. Col. Olcott also constructed an additional building, on the ocean side, for the Oriental Library. Some changes were made in the roof by the raising of the top of...the "occult room," which had a sloping roof when H. P. B. lived there....

Habitations of H. P. B.

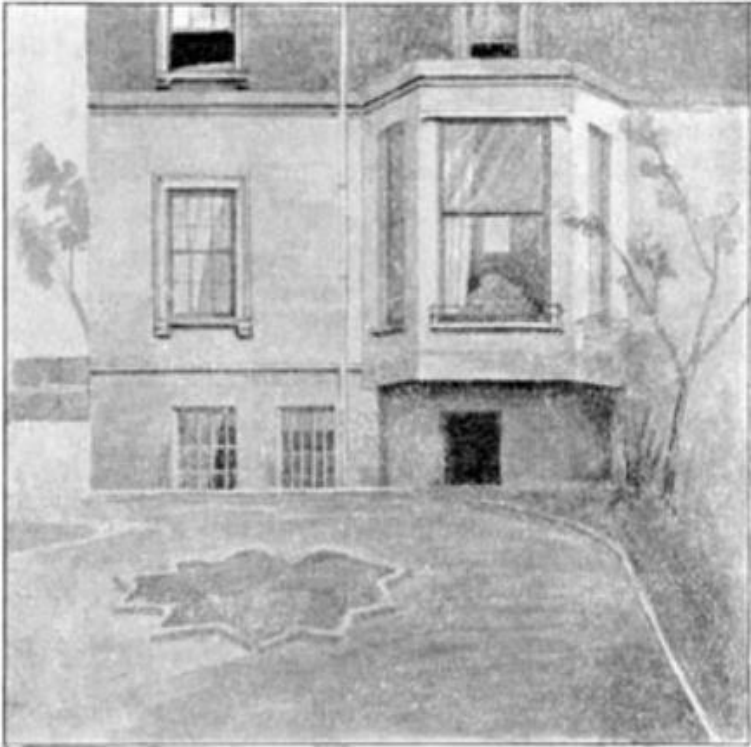
17 Lansdowne Road, Holland Park, London

[First published in *The Path* (New York),
May, 1892, pp. 237-239.]



The illustration [above] gives the front view on [17] Lansdowne Road...[to which H.P.B. moved shortly after coming to England].

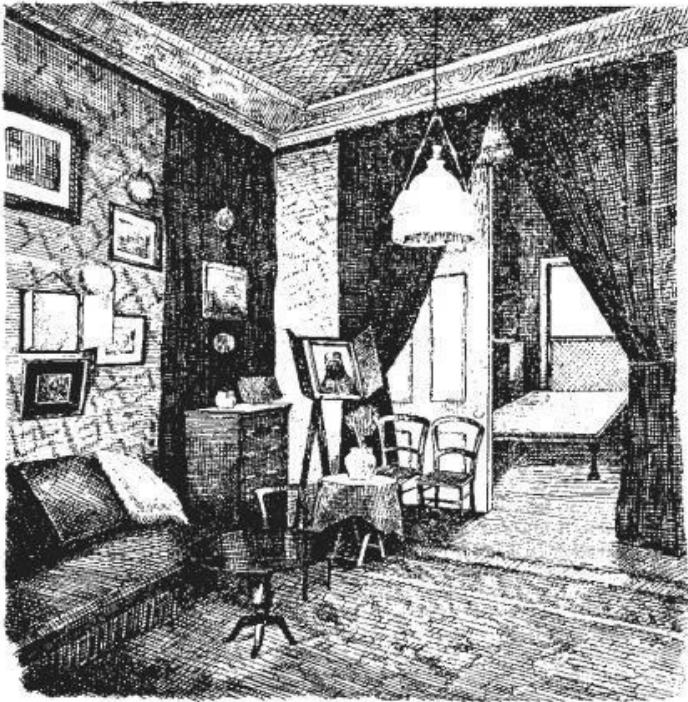
It is made of brick, the first story covered with plaster. In this street most of the houses are built two together. The window beside the hall door is the window of the dining room, her own room being back of that and opening on the large garden, or small park, shared in common by all the neighbors.



The back room, where she worked during the day and in which the Blavatsky T.S. met on its evenings, looks southward, and sometimes received the rare rays of the sun, who dislikes apparently to shine on London. The picture [above] was taken with an American Kodak camera one morning in

1888 when H. P. B. was working at her desk inside. The grey square space in the window pane is a transparency given to her by a Mr. Wade when she lived in Elgin Crescent. The window on the right of the house is that of her bedroom which opened into her workroom. Like the front, this part of the house was stuccoed on the first story.

Inside, the dining room in front opened into the work room behind. The front one was seldom used for anything but meals, except when a crowded meeting compelled visitors to sit there. Folding doors divided the rooms from each other.



The view of this room is taken from the corner near her desk, and shows the sofa where Mr. Harbottle and others one evening during Lodge session saw plainly the astral form of a Hindu sitting and calmly watching the people. Indeed, so plain was the sight that only when someone sat down into this visitor, causing his disappearance, did Mr. Harbottle exclaim "He wasn't there at all," very excitedly.

The picture on the easel is that of an old Eastern friend of H. P. B.'s --- of her Master, in fact, as she often said. The little round and ricketty table was used very often in the mornings for holding a frugal breakfast, for H.P.B. was always up and at work very early each day.

It was purposely placed in this picture, as it had actually been used just before the view was taken. Such is the magnificence with which the successor of de Saint-Germain was surrounded.

During Lodge meetings the president and H. P. B. sat at the garden end of the room, the members occupying seats about. On other evenings the well-known little folding table with a baize cover was brought out, and on that, placed where the round table is in this picture, she beguiled away some hours playing solitaire or whist.



All pictures of Mme. Blavatsky except this [picture above] and one other were taken at set times, either in the shop of the photographer or at Conventions and other meetings. But none were obtained of her as she paused in her work until in 1888 this little photograph seized her, after consent, just as she was beginning the day's work on *Lucifer*, then in its babyhood.

She had only a short while before come out from the room behind her and sat down at the desk on which the first pages of *Lucifer* were begun and whereon most, if not all, of *The Secret Doctrine* was written. The pen in her hand is an American Gold pen given to her by a New York Theosophist and

made by John Foley, whose name is known to thousands of writers. The sheet of paper in front is a sheet of the MSS. of *The Secret Doctrine*, and others lie about. The old wrapper she wears was more comfortable than gowns of state, to which she did not incline though they were prettier.

The famous Matara tobacco basket is just beyond her hand, and on the bracket against the wall is a little white marble elephant --- emblem of power and wisdom --- given her by a friend. All about are photographs of admirers and disciples from every part of the world. She delighted in pictures of her friends, and always had them near, on the walls, on brackets, covering door-panels, everywhere in fact. This was an old habit. In the early days of 1874-75 pictures were always crowding each other, and many of them she ingeniously framed and hung up herself.

Out of this house she seldom went. Here day after day and night after night for some years her every hour was open to the gaze of all men. Yet detractors never ceased their spiteful flings, but she worked on ceaselessly in those rooms, at that desk, editing, corresponding, transcribing *The Secret Doctrine*, leaving a treasury of information and suggestion for those who care to look beneath the surface and are not wholly carried away by the rush and bluster of a transitory civilization.

Three years and a half after this picture was taken, the tenement of clay so well used by H.P.B.

for sixty years was abandoned by her and cremated at Woking.

The House Where H.P.B. Worked and Died

**19 Avenue Road,
Regent's Park, London**

[First published in *The Path* (New York),
July, 1891, pp. 131-134.]



The house where H. P. B. worked and died out of this life is at 19 Avenue Road, and a short description of it may interest our readers. It is a large square house about 50 feet front and situated two blocks from Regent's park. Like many houses in London it is covered with stucco and painted coffee-color. Standing in a large garden, it looks free and open to the American eye so accustomed to houses in rows. There is an extension along the front for a large room 20 feet wide, and at the back projects another one story addition intended for the private

use of H. P. B. This is built of the yellowish brick so much used in London. The entrance door is in the middle of the front, and is a pylon with two large pillars.

Running up to it from the front gate in the front brick wall is a walk of cement covered completely with glass, so that as one enters through the gate he finds himself in a glass passage with the front door at the other end slightly higher than the level of the gate. Enter the hall and we see that it runs back to the winding stair to the upper floors enclosed at the foot by glass doors.

At the left of the stairs is the door leading into H. P. B.'s rooms, and opposite on the other side of the hall is the wide arch for the parlor entrance now hidden by a screen on one side and a curtain on the other. At the foot of the stairs on the right is a room marked "general work room" in which I slept during my visit there. Just there is the entrance to the garden.

On the story above are five rooms, and on this floor the house staff in part have their rooms, and on the story above the others. There is a small lawn in front of the house and the two front rooms look out upon it. Pass through the parlor and at the other side is a descending passage of four steps by which we go into the lecture hall that has been built up against that in the house side of the house, part of iron and part of brick.

Going into the room where H. P. B. worked, we find that it is square and papered in dark color. Her desk was near the window, and on one side another desk or secretary. There is the large armchair in which she sat the livelong day, and all about are the ornaments she procured herself, with the photographs and pictures of her theosophical friends on every hand. In the opposite corner as we enter is the book case, and on the other side stood another case for books.

On the wall over the fireplace is a curious Indian figure of Krishna, and up in the corner near the ceiling a little gold Buddha, while in other places are other Indian objects. The panels of the inner side of the entrance door are full of photographs, among them those of Allen Griffiths, Dr. Buck, A. B. Griggs, Dr. Anderson, W. C. Temple, A. Fullerton, T. R. Prater, Dr. Salisbury, Dr. Westcott, and some others unfamiliar.

Over the door is a small wooden image of Buddha. Across the room is a door leading to the room where her secretary sat and also Mrs. Besant, and this door is covered with velvet, having on it the photographs of some more of her fellow theosophists.

This brings us to the mantel on which rests a high darkly-framed mirror with a picture of Mrs. Besant on one side. There are two standing brackets, and on one of them at the end is a picture of the

famous woman yogi of India --- Maji. Beside the door last spoken of is the other case, and on the top of it a bust of Plato and another of Socrates, while just over the door and inclined at an acute angle is a circular concave mirror. Some dark shelves are on the other side of the mantel covered with pictures and objects, among them being a large and very finely carved paper cutter which was presented to her by some Indian students.

Opposite on the inner wall hangs a long and very ancient Japanese screen said to be 800 years old; it was given to her by Col. Olcott after his last visit to Japan, and near it is his picture. Turning again to the case beside the door into the extension, we can see on the top the little Japanese cabinet used by her in 1875 in the city of New York, and in which I have often seen things put to disappear at once, and from which she often in my sight drew out objects that had not been there just before and the quantity of which could not be contained in it in any ordinary manner. The last time I saw her she told me that she had always had it with her, and that it had suffered many accidents in which it had been often broken.

The back room is separated by an arch on which curtains hang, and with a screen to hide the bed just beside the arch. It is a bedstead of brass and iron, and there are still the large pillows used by her. In one corner is a dressing-table at which in the morning she often sat and opened her letters. Beside the head of the bed and just where it could be seen as

one lay down hung a photograph of her friend William Q. Judge, and in other places those of the Indian Headquarters and of persons she knew.

On the other side of the room is a large clothes-press where was to be found clothing that she seldom had any use for, as she delighted in two or three old familiar things that felt like old friends not to be annoyed by inattention or want of display.

Such is the plain and unassuming room in which this noble woman, this mysterious being, passed so much time in working steadily from day to day for the cause she loved, for the Society she started, and for true theosophists as well as for those ungrateful men and women who have abused her in her life and have tried to drag her name from the grave, but who will one day come to acknowledge the great services she has done for the whole human race.

She had the door cut into the extension room so that near to her call might be those who had chosen to take up the work of helping her on the spot without any hope of reward except the privilege of being near to her and to hear her speak of the mystery of life and the hope of the future.

The world is in the habit of supposing that the life of such people as H. P. B. is full of excitement, and theosophists have often thought that to be near to her was to be in the constant presence of the

marvellous. But such was not the case. It was a daily hard round of work and nothing but work for the sake of others.

And as for the marvellous and the doing of magical things, that was not what she was here to do, and that she kept to herself, for, as she wrote to me, she knew well that her real life was never known to those who were about her, and they also came to know the same and to admit that they could never hope to understand her.

But one thing is certain, and that is that she herself made up her mind some months before her death that she was soon to go, and she began to quietly prepare the workers for that and to make sure that the center she established in England would last for many years.

That it will last as such a center is evident to anyone who will come and look at it and note the aspiration and the motive she created in the minds and hearts of those who were of late so constantly about her.

In accordance with H. P. B.'s wish her rooms will be kept intact just as she left them, and there is no doubt but that in the course of time they will be a place of pilgrimage for those who were able to appreciate her work. *The Secret Doctrine* was finished on the desk in the room, and that alone will be one great object of interest. Her pens and ink are

there, and the scissors hanging by a tape. These were used every day in cutting out the paragraphs from different publications which she explained or replied to.

About *The Secret Doctrine*

[First published in *Reminiscences of H.P. Blavatsky and The Secret Doctrine*, by the Countess Constance Wachtmeister, 1893, pp. 101-104.]

I have been asked to write anything known to me personally about the writing of *The Secret Doctrine* by H.P.B. As but little time was then spent by me in the company of the author, what I have to say is meagre. If I had been with her as much when *The Secret Doctrine* was being put together as I was when she was writing *Isis*, very great benefit would have accrued to myself, and in view of a letter she wrote me from Wurzburg, I have some regret that the opportunity offered was not availed of.

When the plan for *The Secret Doctrine* had taken definite shape in outline in her mind, H.P.B. wrote me several letters on the subject, one of which I will quote from:

“Wurzburg, March 24th, 1886.”
“Dear W.Q.J. I wish only you could spare two or three months and come to me at Ostende where I am emigrating again, to be nearer to ---- and friends. I have some money now and could easily pay your fare out and back. There's a dear, good fellow, do consent to it. You will be working for the Society, for I want you badly for the arrangement of *Secret Doctrine*. Such facts, such facts, Judge, as Masters are giving out will rejoice your old heart. Oh, how I

do want you. The thing is becoming enormous, a wealth of facts. I need you for calculations and to write with me. I can assure you, you will not lose time by coming. . . Do think of it, dear old boy.”
Yours sincerely, and affectionately, H.P.B.”

This pressing invitation I could not accept because of certain circumstances, but on looking back at it I am sorry that it was let slip by. Other letters going into the matter of what was to be done and referring to old beginnings need not be quoted. One of them, however, reminds me of another period when *The Secret Doctrine* was in her mind, though I am not aware she had told anyone else. It was in Paris in 1884, where I had gone to meet her. We stopped in a house in the Rue Notre Dame des Champs, and for a shorter time at the country house of the Count and Countess d'Adhemar at Enghien near Paris. At Enghien especially, H.P.B. wanted me to go carefully through the pages of her copy of *Isis Unveiled* for the purpose of noting on the margins what subjects were treated, and for the work she furnished me with what she called a special blue and red pencil.

I went all through both volumes and made the notes required, and of those she afterwards wrote me that they were of the greatest use to her. During our stay there several psychical phenomena took place seen by many persons. But every night while others were asleep I was often awake for several hours, and then in the quiet and the darkness saw and heard

many things which no one else but H.P.B. knew of. Among these were hundreds of astral signal bells flying back and forth, showing --- to those who know the meaning under such things --- that much was on foot when people were asleep and the place free from disturbances of noise and ill-feeling common to the waking mortal.

At the house in Paris she worked all day and often far into the night on the book, and conversed with me about it. Sometimes she became changed in manner and much absorbed, so much so that automatically the famous cigarettes were lighted and then forgotten. In that way one night she lighted and let go out so many that I forgot to keep count.

One day I said to her that I would write the book entire, for a joke. She took me up seriously, saying that I might and she would see that I accomplished it, but I declined of course. This was in private, and there was no attempt at guying at all. The subject of elementals came up, and I asked her if she intended to give much on it. Her reply was that she might say something, but it was all sub judice as yet and must wait for orders, as it was not a quiet or harmless part of the thing.

She then asked me to write down all I knew or thought I knew on that head, and she would see if that much coming from me would be allowed to pass the unseen critics. A long chapter on Elementals was then done, nearly all by my pen, and she put it away

for some time. The day that it was finished was warm and pleasant, and in the middle of the afternoon she suddenly grew absorbed once more.

The air of the room at the same time was turned to the temperature of much below freezing, to judge by sensation, and I remarked on the fact. It was not a change of the weather at all, but seemed to blow out from H.P.B. as if she were an open door from some huge refrigerating store. I again drew her attention to it and said, "It feels as if a door was open on the Himalaya Mountains and the cold air was blowing into this room."

To this she replied: "Perhaps it is so," and smiled. It was so cold that I had to protect myself with a rug taken from the floor.

In about three days she announced that my small and inadequate chapter on Elementals had been of such a sort that it was decided she would not put much, if anything, into *The Secret Doctrine* on the subject, and mine was either destroyed or retained. It certainly is not in any part of the published volumes.

Speaking to those who know and believe that H.P.B. was all the time in communication with the Masters in their retreats somewhere on the globe, I can say that a serious series of consultations was held among them as to what should go into *The Secret Doctrine*, and that it was plainly said that the book was to be done in such a manner as to compel

the earnest student to dig out many profound truths which in a modern book would be announced especially and put down in regular course. It was also said from the same source that this age, being a transition one in all respects, the full revelations were not for this generation. But enough was to be given out in the manner described, as well as plainly, to make it substantially a revelation. All students, then, who are in earnest will do well not to pass carelessly over the pages of any part of the book.

This is all I can say on the subject of the writing of this wonderful book. I only wish it were more, and can but blame myself that I was not present at a time when, as I know now, greater opportunity was offered than at any other period for inner knowledge of the writers, seen and unseen, of The Secret Doctrine.

Authorship of *The Secret Doctrine*

[First published in *The Path* (New York),
April, 1893, pp. 1-3.]

A good deal has been said about the writing of *Isis Unveiled*, and later of *The Secret Doctrine*, both by H. P. Blavatsky. A writer in the spiritualistic journals took great pains to show how many books the first work seems to quote from, and the conclusion to be arrived at after reading his diatribes is that H.P.B. had an enormous library at her disposal, and of course in her house, for she never went out, or that she had agents at great expense copying books, or, lastly, that by some process or power not known to the world was able to read books at a distance, as, for instance, in the Vatican at Rome and the British Museum. The last is the fact. She lived in a small flat when writing the first book and had very few works on hand, all she had being of the ordinary common sort.

She herself very often told how she gained her information as to modern books. No secret was made of it, for those who were with her saw day after day that she could gaze with ease into the astral light and glean whatever she wanted. But in the early days she did not say precisely to the public that she was in fact helped in that work by the Masters, who gave from time to time certain facts she could not get

otherwise. *The Secret Doctrine*, however, makes no disguise of the real help, and she asserts, as also many of us believe, that the Masters had a hand in that great production. The letters sent to Mr. Sinnett formed the ground for *Esoteric Buddhism*, as was intended, but as time went on it was seen that some more of the veil had to be lifted and certain misconceptions cleared up; hence *The Secret Doctrine* was written, and mostly by the Masters themselves, except that she did the arranging of it.

For some time it was too much the custom of those who had received at the hands of H.P.B. words and letters from her Masters to please themselves with the imagination that she was no more in touch with the original fount, and that, forsooth, these people could decide for themselves what was from her brain and what from the Masters. But it is now time to give out a certificate given when *The Secret Doctrine* was being written, a certificate signed by the Masters who have given out all that is new in our theosophical books. It was sent to one [Dr. William Hubbe-Schleiden] who had then a few doubts, and at the same time copies were given from the same source to others for use in the future, which is now. The first certificate runs thus:

“I wonder if this note of mine is worthy of occupying a select spot with the documents reproduced, and which of the peculiarities of the ‘Blavatskian’ style of writing it will be found to most resemble? The present is simply to satisfy the

Doctor that ‘the more proof given the less believed.’ Let him take my advice and not make these two documents public. It is for his own satisfaction the undersigned is happy to assure him that the Secret Doctrine, when ready, will be the triple production of M[orya], Upasika [H.P.B.] and the Doctor’s most humble servant. K.H.”

On the back of this was the following, signed by the Master who is mentioned in the above:

“If this can be of any use or help to Dr. Hubbe-Schleiden --- though I doubt it --- I, the humble undersigned Fakir, certify that the Secret Doctrine is dictated to Upasika [H.P.B.], partly by myself and partly by my Brother K.H. M.”

A year after this, certain doubts having arisen in the minds of individuals, another letter from one of the signers of the foregoing was sent and reads as follows. As the prophecy in it has come true, it is now the time to publish it for the benefit of those who know something of how to take and understand such letters. For the outside it will all be so much nonsense.

“The certificate given last year saying the Secret Doctrine would be when finished the triple production of Upasika [H.P.B.], M[orya], and myself was and is correct, although some have doubted not only the facts given in it but also the authenticity of the message in which it was contained. Copy this

and also keep the copy of the aforesaid certificate. You will find them both of use on the day when you shall, as will happen without your asking, receive from the hands of the very person to whom the certificate was given, the original for the purpose of allowing you to copy it; and then you can verify the correctness of this presently forwarded copy. And it may then be well to indicate to those wishing to know what portions in the Secret Doctrine have been copied by the pen of Upasika into its pages, though without quotation marks, from my own manuscript and perhaps from M[orya], though the last is more difficult from the rarity of his known writing and greater ignorance of his style. All this and more will be found necessary as time goes on, but for which you are well qualified to wait. K.H.”

Masters, Adepts, Teachers and Disciples

[First published in *The Path* (New York),
June, 1893, pp. 65-68.]

This article is meant for members of the T.S., and chiefly for those who keep H.P.B. much in mind, whether out of respect and love or from fear and envy. Those members who believe that such beings as the Masters may exist must come to one of two conclusions in regard to H.P.B.: either that she invented her Masters, who therefore have no real existence, or that she did not invent them but spoke in the names and by the orders of such beings. If we say she invented the Mahatmas, then, of course, as so often was said by her, all that she has taught and written is the product of her own brain, from which we would be bound to conclude that her position on the roll of great and powerful persons must be higher than people have been willing to place her. But I take it most of us believe in the truth of her statement that she had those teachers whom she called Masters and that they are more perfect beings than ordinary men.

The case I wish to briefly deal with, then, is this: H.P.B. and her relations to the Masters and to us; her books and teachings; the general question of disciples or chelas with their grades, and whether a

high chela would appear as almost a Master in comparison to us, including every member from the President down to the most recent applicant.

The last point in the inquiry is extremely important, and has been much overlooked by members in my observation, which has extended over the larger part of the T.S. An idea has become quite general that chelas and disciples are all of one grade, and that therefore one chela is the same as another in knowledge and wisdom. The contrary, however, is the case. Chelas and disciples are of many grades, and some of the Adepts are themselves the chelas of higher Adepts. There is therefore the greatest difference between the classes of chelas, since among them has to be counted the very humblest and most ignorant person who has devoted himself or herself to the service of mankind and the pursuit of the knowledge of the Self. On the other hand, there are those chelas high in grade, actual pupils of the Masters themselves, and these latter have so much knowledge and power as to seem to us to be Adepts. Indeed, they are such when one compares them with oneself as a mere product of the nineteenth century. They have gained through knowledge and discipline those powers over mind, matter, space, and time which to us are the glittering prizes of the future. But yet these persons are not the Masters spoken of by H.P.B. So much being laid down, we may next ask how we are to look at H.P.B.

In the first place, everyone has the right to place her if he pleases for himself on the highest plane, because he may not be able to formulate the qualities and nature of those who are higher than she was. But taking her own sayings, she was a chela or disciple of the Masters, and therefore stood in relation to them as one who might be chided or corrected or reprov'd. She called them her Masters, and asseverated a devotion to their behests and a respect and confidence in and for their utterances which the chela has always for one who is high enough to be his Master.

But looking at her powers exhibited to the world, and as to which one of her Masters wrote that they had puzzled and astonished the brightest minds of the age, we see that compared with ourselves she was an Adept. In private as in public she spoke of her Masters much in the same way as did Subba Row to the writer when he declared in 1884, "The Mahatmas are in fact some of the great Rishees and Sages of the past, and people have been too much in the habit of lowering them to the petty standard of this age." But with this reverence for her teachers she had for them at the same time a love and friendship not often found on earth. All this indicates her chelaship to Them, but in no way lowers her to us or warrants us in deciding that we are right in a hurried or modern judgment of her.

Now some Theosophists ask if there are other letters extant from her Masters in which she is called

to account, is called their chela, and is chided now and then, besides those published. Perhaps yes. And what of it? Let them be published by all means, and let us have the full and complete record of all letters sent during her life; those put forward as dated after her death will count for naught in respect to any judgment passed on her, since the Masters do not indulge in any criticisms on the disciples who have gone from earth. As she has herself published letters and parts of letters from the Masters to her in which she is called a chela and is chided, it certainly cannot matter if we know of others of the same sort.

For over against all such we have common sense, and also the declarations of her Masters that she was the sole instrument possible for the work to be done, that They sent her to do it, and that They approved in general all she did. And she was the first direct channel to and from the Lodge, and the only one up to date through which came the objective presence of the Adepts. We cannot ignore the messenger, take the message, and laugh at or give scorn to the one who brought it to us. There is nothing new in the idea that letters are still unpublished wherein the Masters put her below them, and there is no cause for any apprehension. But it certainly is true that not a single such letter has anything in it putting her below us; she must ever remain the greatest of chelas.

There only remains, then, the position taken by some and without a knowledge of the rules

governing these matters, that chelas sometimes write messages claimed to be from the Masters when they are not. This is an artificial position not supportable by law or rule. It is due to ignorance of what is and is not chelaship, and also to confusion between grades in discipleship. It has been used as to H.P.B. The false conclusion has first been made that an accepted chela of high grade may become accustomed to dictation given by the Master and then may fall into the false pretense of giving something from himself and pretending it is from the Master. It is impossible. The bond in her case was not of such a character to be dealt with thus. One instance of it would destroy the possibility of any more communication from the teacher. It may be quite true that probationers now and then have imagined themselves as ordered to say so and so, but that is not the case of an accepted and high chela who is irrevocably pledged, nor anything like it. This idea, then, ought to be abandoned; it is absurd, contrary to law, to rule, and to what must be the case when such relations are established as existed between H.P.B. and her Masters.

Occult Vibrations

A Fragment of Conversation with H.P.B. in 1888

[First published in *The Path* (New York),
June, 1893, pp. 79-81]

The following was written by me at the dictation of H.P.B. in 1888 with the purpose of printing it at that time. But it was not used then, and as I brought it home with me it is now of interest. --- W.Q.J.

Question --- It has struck me while thinking over the difference between ordinary people and an adept or even a partly developed student, that the rate of vibration of the brain molecules, as well as the coordination of those with the vibrations of the higher brain, may lie at the bottom of the difference and also might explain many other problems.

H.P.B. --- So they do. They make differences and also cause many curious phenomena; and the differences among all persons are greatly due to vibrations of all kinds.

Q. --- In reading the article ["Aum!"] in the *Path* of April, 1886, this idea was again suggested. I open at p. 6, Vol. I.: "The divine Resonance spoken of above is not the Divine Light itself. The

Resonance is only the outbreathing of the first sound of the entire Aum....It manifests itself not only as the power which stirs up and animates the particles of the universe, but also in the evolution and dissolution of man, of the animal and mineral kingdoms, and the Solar system. Among the Aryans it was represented by the planet Mercury, who has always been said to govern the intellectual faculties and to be the universal stimulator." What of this?

H.P.B. --- Mercury was always known as the god of secret wisdom. He is Hermes as well as Budha the son of Soma. Speaking of matters on the lower plane, I would call the "Divine Resonance" you read of in the *Path* "vibrations" and the originator, or that which gives the impulse to every kind of phenomena in the astral plane.

Q. --- The differences found in human brains and natures must, then, have their root in differences of vibration?

H.P.B. --- Most assuredly so.

Q. --- Speaking of mankind as a whole, is it true that all have one key or rate of vibration to which they respond?

H.P.B. --- Human beings in general are like so many keys on the piano, each having its own sound, and the combination of which produces other sounds in endless variety. Like inanimate nature they have a

key-note from which all the varieties of character and constitution proceed by endless changes. Remember what was said in *Isis Unveiled* at p. 16, Vol. I, "The Universe is the combination of a thousand elements, and yet the expression of a single spirit, --- a chaos to the sense (physical), a cosmos to the reason" (manas).

Q. --- So far this applies generally to nature. Does it explain the difference between the adept and ordinary people?

H.P.B. --- Yes. This difference is that an adept may be compared to that one key which contains all the keys in the great harmony of nature. He has the synthesis of all keys in his thoughts, whereas ordinary man has the same key as a basis, but only acts and thinks on one or a few changes of this great key, producing with his brain only a few chords out of the whole great possible harmony.

Q. --- Has this something to do with the fact that a disciple may hear the voice of his master through the astral spaces, while another man cannot hear or communicate with the adepts?

H.P.B. --- This is because the brain of a chela is attuned by training to the brain of the Master. His vibrations synchronize with those of the Adept, and the untrained brain is not so attuned. So the chela's brain is abnormal, looking at it from the standpoint of ordinary life, while that of the ordinary man is

normal for worldly purposes. The latter person may be compared to those who are color-blind.

Q. --- How am I to understand this?

H.P.B. --- What is considered normal from the view of the physician is considered abnormal from the view of occultism, and vice versâ. The difference between a color-blind signal man who mistakes the lamps and the adept who sees is that the one takes one color for another, while the adept sees all the colors in every color and yet does not confuse them together.

Q. --- Has the adept, then, raised his vibrations so as to have them the same as those of nature as a whole?

H.P.B. --- Yes; the highest adepts. But there are other adepts who, while vastly in advance of all men, are still unable to vibrate to such a degree.

Q. --- Can the adept produce at his will a vibration which will change one color to another?

H.P.B. --- He can produce a sound which will alter a color. It is the sound which produces the color, and not the other or opposite. By correlating the vibrations of a sound in the proper way a new color is made.

Q. --- Is it true that on the astral plane every sound always produces a color?

H.P.B. --- Yes; but these are invisible because not yet correlated by the human brain so as to become visible on the earth plane. Read Galton, who gives experiments with colors and sounds as seen by psychics and sensitives, showing that many sensitive people always see a color for every sound. The color-blind man has coming to him the same vibrations as will show red, but not being able to sense these he alters the amount, so to say, and then sees a color corresponding to the vibrations he can perceive out of the whole quantity. His astral senses may see the true color, but the physical eye has its own vibrations, and these, being on the outer plane, overcome the others for the time, and the astral man is compelled to report to the brain that it saw correctly. For in each case the outer stimulus is sent to the inner man, who then is forced, as it were, to accept the message and to confirm it for the time so far as it goes. But there are cases where the inner man is able to even then overcome the outer defect and to make the brain see the difference. In many cases of lunacy the confusion among the vibrations of all kinds is so enormous that there is not correlation between the inner and the outer man, and we have then a case of aberration. But even in some of these unfortunate cases the person inside is all the time aware that he is not insane but cannot make himself be understood. Thus often persons are driven really insane by wrong treatment.

Q. --- By what manner of vibrations do the elementals make colors and lights of variety?

H.P.B. --- That is a question I cannot reply to though it is well known to me. Did I not tell you that secrets might be revealed too soon?

Mars and Mercury

[First published in *The Path* (New York),
July, 1893, pp. 97-100.]

In the June *Path* there was printed a review of a pamphlet issued by the London Lodge T. S., and this magazine may perhaps be construed as committed to an approval of everything contained in the pamphlet, although the private initials of the reviewer were annexed to the remarks. The pamphlet referred to brings up an old dispute which we had thought was settled by what is found in *The Secret Doctrine*, Vol. 1, running from page 162 to 168. "Gratification of curiosity is the end of knowledge for some men," wrote H.P.B.'s teacher, and this curiosity led to a question being put some years ago to the Adepts, who furnished the main body of *Esoteric Buddhism* and all the important matter in *The Secret Doctrine*, in respect to other visible globes. The author of *Esoteric Buddhism* then construed the reply to mean that Mars and Mercury are two of the seven planets of the earth-chain of globes.

H.P.B., the only person in actual and constant communication with the Masters, corrected the mistake made by Mr. Sinnett in the pages of *The Secret Doctrine* to which I have referred, saying on page 164:

"But neither Mars nor Mercury belongs to our chain; they are, along with the other planets, septenary Units in the great host of 'chains' of our system, and all are as visible as their upper globes are invisible."

Her correction of the misconception was made upon the written authority of the same Masters who sent through her the letters on which *Esoteric Buddhism* was written.

On the ground of authority in respect to this question, about which none of the Theosophical writers have any information independent of what the Masters have written, we must conclude that the statement in *The Secret Doctrine* is final. If no other point were involved, there would be no necessity for going further with the matter, but as the consistency of the entire philosophy is involved, it is necessary to advert again to this subject. The two Masters who had to do with *Esoteric Buddhism* and *The Secret Doctrine* have distinctly said:-first, that none of the other globes of the earth-chain are visible from its surface; second, that various planets are visible in the sky to us because they are in their turn fourth-plane planets, representing to our sight their own septenary chains; third, that the six companion globes of the earth are united with it in one mass, but differ from it as to class of substance; fourth, that Mr. Sinnett misunderstood them when he thought they meant to say that Mars and Mercury were two of the six fellow globes of the earth-and this

correction they make most positively in *The Secret Doctrine*; lastly, they have said that the entire philosophy is one of correspondences, and must be so viewed in every part. We do not understand that Mr. Sinnett has said that H.P.B. was not reporting the Masters when she wrote the above in *The Secret Doctrine*, or that the Masters have denied that they hold the above views.

If we admit that Mars and Mercury are two visible planets of the seven-fold chain belonging to the earth, then the consistency of the philosophy is destroyed, for as it is with planets, so it is with man. Every planet, considered for the moment as an individual, is to be analysed in the same way as a single human being, subject to the same laws in the same way. Hence, if two of the principles of the earth are visible, that is, Mars and Mercury, then why is it that two of man's seven principles are not visible, in addition to his body? In his seven-fold constitution his body represents the earth in her septenary chain, but he cannot see objectively any other of his principles. The philosophy must be consistent throughout. If it is inconsistent at one point it fails at every other. The same Masters who have communicated through H.P.B. with Mr. Sinnett for the purpose of having *Esoteric Buddhism* written, have over and over again positively stated that the law of correspondence rules throughout in this philosophy.

The earth is a fourth-plane planet. The beings upon it are now in the fourth stage, and for that reason cannot see objectively any planet that is not on the same plane of development, and every planet which they see is for that reason a fourth-plane planet. If this be correct, then Mars and Mercury must be fourth-plane planets, and hence not in the earth's chain of globes.

If we assume with the writer of the pamphlet referred to that Mars and Mercury are two out of the whole seven of which the earth is a third, then the question arises, "To what principle do these two planets correspond?," for they must correspond to either prana, kama, astral body, Manas, Buddhi, or Atman. Any attempt at an answer to this question will show the confusion in the assumption; for it is admitted that Mars is in obscuration, and the natural question then would be, "Which of the earth's principles is correspondingly in obscuration?" In attempting to answer this from the assumption started with, we have the statement that Mars is the planet we have last been in, hence it must represent a disused faculty or principle, and not one which we are about to develop. As Manas is the next principle to be fully developed, it would follow that Mars does not represent it, and hence the whole matter falls into confusion, because the first four principles have been already developed and are not in disuse. Following this on the false assumption, then Mars would represent an eighth principle.

Mars is in a state of obscurity at the present time, as stated by the Masters and H.P.B. This is because, in that chain of development, the Egos have finished their fourth round, or because the fourth round has not yet commenced, except in respect to the planet itself as a place of habitation, the Egos having passed on to the next globe of that chain, quite as invisible from the surface of Mars as our next globe in order is invisible from our surface. The same may be said for Mercury, except in respect to obscurity, since the information vouchsafed about it declares that it is beginning to get out of the obscurity caused by the absence of Egos.

A reference to the pages of *The Secret Doctrine* referred to above will be found helpful on this point. It is also stated on page 163 of that book, Vol. 1, on the authority of the Masters, that "No companion planets from A to Z, that is, no upper globes of any chain in the Solar System, can be seen." I may say that the relation borne by Mars and Mercury to the earth will not be spoken of or explained by the Masters. Furthermore, one of the Masters wrote to the author of *Esoteric Buddhism* in respect to this matter, stating, "You are putting me questions pertaining to the highest initiation. I can give you only a general view, but I dare not, nor will I enter upon details."

It is not necessary for us to know the relation between Mars, Mercury, and the Earth, especially, nor to know whether Mars and Mercury are in any

particular state; all that is necessary is to know, do they or not belong to our chain? And that they do not has been distinctly stated, both from the position of authority and upon the ground of consistent philosophy. Upon authority, because in no other way can we solve this riddle; upon philosophy, to show the reasonableness of the authoritative statement. All such difficulties can be solved by remembering and working upon the law that, as it is in respect to man and his principles or vehicles, so it is in respect to any planet whatever.

How To Square The Teachings

[First published in *The Path* (New York),
September, 1893, pp. 172-174.]

Place has been given to Mr. Sinnett's admirably written article "Esoteric Teaching" for two good reasons: first, because he requested its publication, and second, because the theme is excellent and the time propitious. But by its appearance *The Path* is not bound to the conclusions of the learned author

Roughly summarizing the history of the recrudescence of the teaching of the Lodge for this century, we find H.P.B. publicly beginning it, though guardedly, in *Isis Unveiled* as herself the messenger of the real Teachers behind. At that time (1875) she gave private teachings in America to certain persons. As stated in *The Secret Doctrine*, Vol. I, pp. xviii-xix: "Moreover, a considerable part of the philosophy expounded by Mr. Sinnett was taught in America, even before *Isis Unveiled* was published, to two Europeans and to my colleague, Col. H. S. Olcott."

Then in India in the *Theosophist*, with H.P.B. as editor, it proceeds to further unfolding in articles entitled "Fragments of Occult Truth." It is a pity this name was not preserved and used for the book which the "Fragments" afterwards became --- *Esoteric*

Buddhism. Later the *Occult World* came out in 1881, and also *Esoteric Buddhism* in 1883.

During all this time H.P.B. was doing her own work with others, explaining the same philosophy as was given to Mr. Sinnett, and contributed to literature the *Key to Theosophy* and the *Secret Doctrine*.

The fact --- not denied by Mr. Sinnett or anyone --- is that the letters from the Masters from which the matter for *Esoteric Buddhism* was taken came in the main through H.P.B., for although it is true she "showed surprise" to Mr. Sinnett on seeing certain things communicated to him in letters from the Masters, the surprise was not at teachings which were new to her, but surprise that they were divulged at all, for she knew the teaching, inasmuch as she taught it under pledge as far back as from 1875 to 1878 in America.

In her *Secret Doctrine*, availing herself of the same teachers to whom she introduced Mr. Sinnett, she corrected two errors into which she said he had fallen, i.e., respecting Devachan and our companion planets. It is a perfectly unthinkable proposition to say that she was not advised by the Masters when writing the *Secret Doctrine*. I who saw many of the Masters' letters in 1888 in reference to the *Secret Doctrine* certainly cannot give up the evidence of my inner and outer senses. I know as surely as I know any fact that the same teachers were giving her in

1887 and 1888, as before, information for that book, in black upon white, and I am certain they dictated the corrections given in *Secret Doctrine* upon the points now before us. Evidence, eye-sight, and tradition confirm it, for in 1876 to 1878, I was given by her the same theories and the clue to the misunderstanding which a desire for consistency as to mere words has now aroused.

Even in 1888 it was not the time to make the point precisely clear to the public. Times have rule in occult teaching more than most readers --- or writers --- of theosophical books suspect. But the clue was given, a broad hint was thrown out. It is now the time when what I was told in 1876 and 1878 by the Masters through H.P.B. may be told, since the prohibition put personally upon me has been withdrawn.

The questions respecting Mars and Mercury -- - and I might add those which might have been but were not put about Venus --- did touch upon other questions on the outskirts of higher initiations and which never are and never will be answered before the right time. The statement in the Master's letter to Mr. Sinnett that the questions put by the latter approached too near to secrets of higher initiations did not, it is true, refer directly to these questions about Mars and Mercury, but that does not alter the fact that all the questions then propounded on this planetary subject touched the delicate area; and whether Mr. Sinnett or anyone else liked it or not,

attention had to be drawn off even at the risk of creating a temporary confusion on the topic. But in 1888 time had rolled on further, and now it is 1893, and nearer and nearer to another cycle. The clue may now be given.

It may be noticed, if readers will observe, that the many questions raised in reference to Mars and Mercury served the additional purpose of so distracting the attention of questioners that hardly any queries were raised about the subject of "Cycles" on which the Masters had the completest information but about which the Lodge is more careful to remain silent than in respect to other points yet the cycles are more important and have more bearing on life than Mars and Mercury.

Mars, Mercury, and Venus have a special and direct relation to this earth and its invisible companions. Those three visible spheres have to do with certain cosmic principles and lines of influence in and on the earth, while the remaining visible planets of the Solar System have not the same relation. Read it thus, as taught before Mr. Sinnett was in the T.S., and as repeated in the *Secret Doctrine*:

“The unseen companions of your earth are united with it in mass, though different as to quality of substance. The visible planets of your Solar System which have a relation special and peculiar to Earth are Mars. Mercury, and Venus. But what that

peculiar --- nay wonderful --- relation is do not ask, for we will not tell you. If while the current is open you persist in the question, you will arouse in yourselves a perplexity which the answer obtained will not relieve. Is there not a spirit of irritation, of rage, and another of wisdom and active judgment in man and Nature which may relate to visible planets which are not an actual part of earth's own special family? This is as far as we will now go.”

The whole misunderstanding hinges on the word "relation." It was a word which led up to many things. The presence of Mars and Mercury in the sky presents a relation to the earth, yet they have another relation to it which Saturn, Jupiter, and so on have not, while the latter bear the same relation to us of proximity as do the first. Admit the proposed construction above given, and at once there is complete concordance between *Esoteric Buddhism* and *Secret Doctrine* as to esoteric divulgements. But continue the controversy to try and show that *Esoteric Buddhism* had not a single blunder, and perplexities of all sorts impossible to relieve will spring up on every hand. The Masters have commended the book, and well so, as it is made up from their letters. But that does not prevent one making slight mistakes, as, for instance, the one that all men stay in devachan for 1500 years. This is not the fact, nor is it according to reason. And I make bold to say that it is not 1500 years since I was last in devachan, but much less; and this assertion is made on personal knowledge supported by

confirmatory statement from the same Masters. But it is true that the general run of the human race stays in devachan for the average time of 1500 years of mortal time.

Mars, Mercury, Venus, then, are a part of our system in the sense of having an extremely important relation and influence with the human race and its planets, and having that in mind it was quite permissible for the teacher to reply that Mars and Mercury belong to our system.

Conversations On Occultism With H.P.B.

[First published in *The Path* (New York),
April, 1894, pp. 17-21.]

In 1875, '76, '77 and '78 my intimacy with H.P.B. gave me many opportunities for conversing with her on what we then called "Magic." These useful, and for me very wonderful, occasions came about late at night, and sometimes during the day. I was then in the habit of calling on her in the daytime whenever I could get away from my office. Many times I stayed in her flat for the purpose of hearing as much and seeing as much as I could. Later on, in 1884, I spent many weeks with her in the Rue Notre Dame des Champs in Paris, sitting beside her day after day and evening after evening; later still in 1888, being with her in London, at Holland Park, I had a few more opportunities. Some of what she said I publish here for the good of those who can benefit by her words. Certainly no greater practical occultist is known to this century: from that point of view what she said will have a certain useful weight with some.

On Devachan

This terms was not in use at this time. The conversation was about steps on the Path and returning here again. In answer to a question:

"Yes, you have been here and at this before. You were born with this tendency, and in other lives have met these persons [supposed Adept influences], and they are here to see you for that reason."

Later, when definite terms had come into use, the question raised was whether or not all stayed 1500 years in Devachan.

"Well, Judge, you must know well that under the philosophy we don't all stay there so long. It varies with the character of each. A thoroughly material thinker will emerge sooner than one who is a spiritual philosopher and good. Besides, recollect that all workers for the Lodge, no matter of what degree, are helped out of Devachan if they themselves permit it. Your own ideas which you have stated, that 1500 years had not elapsed since you went into Devachan, is correct, and that I tell is what Master himself tells me. So there you are."

Precipitation by Masters

In reply to a question on this she said:

"If you think Master is going to be always precipitating things, you mistake. Yes, He can do it. But most of the precipitations are by chelas who would seem to you almost Masters. I see His orders, and the thoughts and words He wishes used, and I precipitate them in that form; so does _____ and one or two more."

“Well, what of Their handwritings?”

"Anything you write is your handwriting, but it is not your personal handwriting, generally used and first learned if you assume or adopt some form. Now you know that Masters' handwritings, peculiar and personal to Themselves, are foreign both as to sound and form --- Indian sorts, in fact. So They adopted a form in English, and in that form I precipitate Their messages as Their direction. Why B_____ almost caught me one day and nearly made a mess of it by shocking me. The message has to be seen in the astral light in facsimile, and through that astral matrix I precipitate the whole of it. It's different, though, if Master sends me the paper and the message already done. That's why I call these things 'psychological tricks.' The sign of an objective wonder seemed to be required, although a moment's thought will show it is not proof of anything but occult ability. Many a medium has had precipitations before my miserable self was heard of. But blessed is the one who wants no sign. You have seen plenty of these things. Why do you want to ask me? Can't you use your brain and intuition? I've sampled almost the whole possible range of wonders for you. Let them use their brains and intuition with the known facts and the theories given."

If White Magicians Act, What Then?

"Look here; here's a man who wants to know why the Masters don't interpose at once and save his business. They don't seem to remember what it means for a Master to use occult force. If you explode gunpowder to split a rock you may knock down a house. There is a law that if a White Magician uses his occult power and equal amount of power may be used by the Black one. Chemists invent powders for explosives and wicked men may use them. You force yourself into Mater's presence and you take the consequences of the immense forces around him playing on yourself. If you are weak in character anywhere, the Black ones will use the disturbance by directing the forces engendered to that spot and may compass your ruin. It is so always. Pass the boundary that hedges in the occult realm, and quick forces, new ones, dreadful ones, must be met. Then if you are not strong you may become a wreck for that life. This is the danger. This is one reason why Masters do not appear and do not act directly very often, but nearly always by intermediate degrees. What do you say, -'the dual forces in nature'? Precisely, that's just it; and Theosophists should remember it."

Do Masters Punish?

"Now I'm not going to tell you about this. They are just; They embody the Law and Compassion. Do not for an instant imagine that

Masters are going to come down on you for your failures and wrongs, if any. Karma looks out for this. Masters' ethics are the highest. From the standpoint of your question, They do not punish. Have I not told you that, much as detractors have cast mud at Them, never will the Masters impose punishment. I cannot see why such a question comes up. Karma will do all the punishing that is necessary."

About Elementals

"It's a long time ago now that I told you this part would not be explained. But I can tell you some things. This one that you and Olcott used to call _____ can't see you unless I let him. Now I will impress you upon it or him so that like a photograph he will remember so far. But you can't make it obey you until you know how to get the force directed. I'll send him to you and let him make a bell."

In a few days after this the proposed sign was given at a distance from her, and a little bell was sounded in the air when I was talking with a person not interested in Theosophy, and when I was three miles away from H.P.B.. On next seeing her she asked if ***** had been over and sounded the bell, mentioning the exact day and time.

"This one has no form in particular, but is more like a revolving mass of air. But it is, all the same, quite definite, as you know from what he has done. There are some classes with forms of their

own. The general division into fiery, airy, earthy, and watery is pretty correct, but it will not cover all the classes. There is not a single thing going on about us, no matter what, the elementals are not concerned in, because they constitute a necessary part of nature, just as important as the nerve currents in your body. Why in storms you should see them how they move about. Don't you remember what you told me about that lady ***** who saw them change and move about at that opera? It was due to her tendencies and the general idea underlying the opera."

[It was the opera of Tristan and Isolde, by Wagner. --- J.]

"In that case, as Isolde is Irish, the whole ideas under it aroused a class of elementals peculiar to that island and its traditions. That's a queer place, Judge, that Ireland. It is packed full of a singular class of elementals; and, by Jove! I see they even have emigrated in quite large numbers. Sometimes one quite by accident rouses up some ancient system, say from Egypt; that is the explanation of that singular astral noise which you said reminded you of a sistrum being shaken; it was really objective. But, my dear fellow, do you think I will give you a patent elemental extractor? --- not yet. Bulwer Lytton wrote very wisely, for him, on this subject."

[Riding over in Central Park, New York.] "It is very interesting here. I see a great number of Indians, and also their elementals, just as real as you seem to be. They do not see us; they are all spooks. But look here, Judge, don't confound the magnetism escaping through your skin with the gentle taps of supposed elementals who want a cigarette."

In W. 34th Street, New York. The first time she spoke to me of elementals particularly, I having asked her about her Spiritualism. --- J.

"It is nearly all done by elementals. Now I can make them tap anywhere you like in this room. Select any place you wish."

I pointed to a hard plaster wall-space from from objects.

"Now ask what you like that can be answered by taps."

Q. What is my age? Taps: the correct number.

Q. How many in my house? Taps: right.

Q. How many months have I been in the city?
Taps: correct.

Q. What number of minutes past the hour by my watch? Taps: right.

Q. How many keys on my ring? Taps: correct.

H.P.B. "Oh bosh! Let it stop. You won't get any more, for I have cut it off. Try your best. They have no sense; they got it all out of your own head, even the keys, for you know inside how many keys are on the ring, though you don't remember; but any how I could see into your pocket and count the number, and then that tapper would give the right reply. There's something better than all that magic nonsense."

She Precipitates in London

In 1888 I was in London and wanted a paper, with about four sentences written on it in purple ink, which I had left in America. I came down to her room where B. Keightley was, and, not saying anything, sat down opposite H.P.B.

I thought: "If only she would get me back some way a copy of that paper." She smiled at me, rose, went into her room, came out at once, and in a moment handed me a piece of paper, passing it right in front of Keightley. To my amazement it was a duplicate of my paper, a facsimile. I then asked her how she got it, and she replied: "I saw it in your head and the rest was easy. You thought it very clearly. You know it can be done; and it was needed." This was all done in about the time it takes to read these descriptive sentences.

H.P.B. Was Not Deserted By The Masters

[First published in *Theosophy* (New York),
April, 1896, pp. 14-18.]

There are certain things connected with the personality of the great leader which have to be referred to and explained every now and again even in a Society whose effort is as much as possible to avoid the discussion of personalities. Sometimes they are disagreeable, especially when, as in the present instance, some other persons have to be brought in. And when the great leader is H.P. Blavatsky, a whole host of principles and postulates as to certain laws of nature cluster around her name. For not only was she one who brought to us from the wiser brothers of the human family a consistent philosophy of the solar system, but in herself she illustrated practically the existence of the supersensuous world and of the powers of the inner and astral man. Hence any theory or assertion touching on her relations with the unseen and with the Masters she spoke for inevitably opens up the discussion of some law or principle. This of course would not be the case if we were dealing with a mere ordinary person.

Many things were said about H.P.B. in her lifetime by those who tried to understand her, some of them being silly and some positively pernicious.

The most pernicious was that made by Mr. A.P. Sinnett in London in the lifetime of H.P.B., and before the writing of the *Secret Doctrine*, that she was deserted by the Masters and was the prey of elementals and elemental forces. He was courageous about it, for he said it to her face, just as he had often told her he thought she was a fraud in other directions.

This theory was far-reaching, as can be seen at a glance. For if true, then anything she might say as from the Masters which did not agree with the opinion of the one addressed could be disposed of as being only the vapping of some elementals. And that very use was made of it. It was not discussed only in the charmed seclusion of the London Lodge, but was talked of by nearly all of the many disciples and would-be disciples crowding around H.P.B. It has left its mark even unto this day. And when the total disagreement arose between H.P.B. and Mr. Sinnett as to the relation of Mars and Mercury to this earth, and as to the metaphysical character of the universe --- H.P.B. having produced an explanation from the Master --- then the pernicious theory and others like it were brought forward to show she was wrong, did not have word from the Master, and that Mr. Sinnett's narrow and materialistic views of the Master's statement --- which had been made before the alleged desertion and elemental possession --- were the correct ones. The dispute is imbedded in the *Secret Doctrine*. The whole philosophy hangs upon it. The disagreement came about because Mr. Sinnett

held that his view of one of the letters from the Master received in India --- through the hand of H.P.B. --- was the correct view, whereas she said it was not. He kept rigidly to his position, and she asked the Master for further explanation. When this was received by her and shown to Mr. Sinnett he denied its authenticity, and then the desertion theory would explain the rest. He seemed to forget that she was the channel and he was not.

Although wide publicity was not given to the charge then, it was fully discussed by the many visitors to both camps, and its effect remains to this day among those who of late have turned in private against H.P.B. Among themselves they explain away very easily, and in public they oppose those who adhere firmly to her memory, her honor, and the truth of her statements about the Masters and their communications to her. They think that by dragging her down to the mediocre level on which they stand they may pretend to understand her, and look wise as they tell when she was and when she was not obsessed. This effort will, of course, be unsuccessful; and some will think the matter need not be brought forward. There are many reasons why it should be discussed and left no longer as a secret poison: because it leads to a negation of brotherhood; to an upholding of ingratitude, one of the blackest crimes; and, if believed, will inevitably lead to the destruction of the great philosophy broadly outlined by the Masters through H.P.B.

If, as claimed by Mr. Sinnett, H.P.B. was deserted by the Masters after they had used her for many years as their agent and channel of communication, such desertion would be evidence of unimaginable disloyalty on their part, utterly opposed to their principles as stated by themselves. For when the advisability of similar desertion was in Mr. Sinnett's mind many years before, when he did not approve of H.P.B.'s methods of conducting the movement in India, Master K.H. emphatically wrote him that "ingratitude is not among our vices," asking him if he would consider it just, "supposing you were thus to come," as H.P.B. did, and were to "abandon all for the truth; to toil wearily for years up the hard, steep road, not daunted by obstacles, firm under every temptation; were to faithfully keep within your heart the secrets entrusted to you as a trial; had worked with all your energies, and unselfishly to spread the truth and provoke men to correct thinking and a correct life --- would you consider it just, if, after all your efforts," you were to be treated as you propose Mdme. Blavatsky should be treated?

But this warning evidently produced only a transient effect, for in a few years' time, as stated, Mr. Sinnett came to the conclusion that his suggestion had been acted upon to an even greater extent than he had originally intended. At first he had only wished that H.P.B. should be put on one side as a channel between himself and the Master, leaving a newly organized T.S. to his own

management under those conditions; but he afterwards thought that H.P.B. had been put on one side as a channel of any sort so far as the Masters were concerned. This wholesale later desertion would mean that in the meantime Master K. H. had entirely changed in character and had become capable of gross ingratitude, which is absurd. Masters are above all things loyal to those who serve them and who sacrifice health, position and their entire lives to the work which is the Master's; and H.P.B. did all this and more, as the Master wrote. To take the other view and imagine that after years of such service as is described in the above quotation, H.P.B. was left to be figuratively devoured by elementals, would prove Masters to be merely monsters of selfishness, using a tool not made of iron but of a wonderful human heart and soul, and throwing this tool away without protection the moment they had done with it.

And how about the members and more faithful disciples who were left in ignorance of this alleged desertion? Would it have been loyal to them? They had been taught for years to look with respect upon H.P.B. and the teachings she gave out, and to regard her as the Masters' channel. They received no warning that the plan Mr. Sinnett had for so long carried in his mind could possibly be carried out, but on the contrary often received personally from the Masters endorsements of H.P.B.'s actions and teachings. Those who harbored constant doubts of her veracity were reproved; and yet it would seem

for no other apparent reason than a necessary correction by her of Mr. Sinnett's wrong interpretation of earlier teachings she was abandoned by her old teachers and friends who had spent years in training her for just this work!

So the whole of this far-fetched supposition is alike contrary to brotherhood and to occultism. It violates every law of true ethics and of the Lodge, and to crown its absurdity would make the *Secret Doctrine* in large measure the work of elementals. Deserted before the explanation of Mr. Sinnett's mistakes appeared in that book, H.P.B. was obsessed to some advantage, it may be thought! But in fact a great depth of ignorance is shown by those who assert that she was deserted and who add that elementals controlled her, doing the work for her. They do not know the limitations of the elemental: an elemental can only copy what already exists, cannot originate or invent, can only carry out the exact impulse or order given, which if incomplete will cause the result to be similarly incomplete, and will not start work unless pushed on by a human mind and will. In no case is this elemental supposition tenable.

The ignorance shown on this point is an example of the mental standing of most of H.P.B.'s critics. Materialists in their bias, they were unable to understand her teachings, methods or character, and after badly assimilating and materializing the ideas they got original from her, they proceeded to apply

the result to an explanation of everything about her that they could not understand, as if they were fitting together the wooden blocks of several different puzzles.

But if in spite of all reason this view of desertion were to be accepted, it would certainly lead in the end, as I have said, to the destruction of the Theosophical philosophy. Its indirect effect would be as detrimental as the direct effect of degrading the ideal of Masters. This is clearly shown in the Secret Doctrine.

After pointing out in her "Introductory" to the *Secret Doctrine* (p. xviii) the preliminary mistake made by the author of *Esoteric Buddhism* in claiming that "two years ago (i.e., 1883) neither I nor any other European living knew the alphabet of the Science, here for the first time put into scientific shape," when as a matter of fact not only H.P.B. had known all that and much more years before, but two other Europeans and an American as well; --- she proceeds to give the Master's own explanation of his earlier letters in regard to the Earth Chain of Globes and the relation of Mars and Mercury thereto (vol. i, pp. 160-170). Mr Sinnett himself confesses that he had "an untrained mind" in Occultism when he received the letters through H.P.B. on which *Esoteric Buddhism* was based. He had a better knowledge of modern astronomical speculations than of the occult doctrines, and so it was not to be wondered at, as H.P.B. remarks, that he formed a

materialistic view of a metaphysical subject. But these are the Master's own words in reply to an application from H.P.B. for an explanation of what she well knew was a mistake on Mr. Sinnett's part --- the inclusion of Mars and Mercury as globes of the Earth Chain:

"Both (Mars and Mercury) are septenary chains, as independent of the earth's sidereal lords and superiors and as you are independent of the 'principles' of Daumling."

"Unless less trouble is taken to reconcile the irreconcilable --- that is to say, the metaphysical and spiritual sciences with physical or natural philosophy, 'natural' being a synonym to them (men of science) of that matter which falls under the perception of their corporal senses --- no progress can be really achieved. Our Globe, as taught from the first, is at the bottom of the arc of descent, where the matter of our perceptions exhibits itself in its grossest form... Hence it only stands to reason that the globes which overshadow our Earth must be on different and superior planes. In short, as Globes, they are in coadunition but not in consubstantiality with our Earth, and thus pertain to quite another state of consciousness."

Unless this be accepted as the correct explanation, the entire philosophy becomes materialistic and contradictory, analogy ceases to be of any value, and both the base and superstructure of

Theosophy must be swept away as useless rubbish. But there is no fear of this, for the Master's explanation will continue to be accepted by the large majority of Theosophists.

And as to H.P.B. personally, these words might possibly be remembered with advantage: "Masters say that Nature's laws have set apart woe for those who spit back in the face of their teacher, for those who try to belittle her work and make her out to be part good and part fraud; those who have started on the path through her must not try to belittle her work and aim. They do not ask for slavish idolatry of a person, but loyalty is required. They say that the Ego of that body she uses was and is a great and brave servant of the Lodge, sent to the West for a mission with full knowledge of the insult and obloquy to be surely heaped upon that devoted head; and they add; 'Those who cannot understand her had best not try to explain her; those who do not find themselves strong enough for the task she outlined from the very first had best not attempt it'."

