

ISIS FURTHER UNVEILED:

OR

SOME MORE LIGHT

ON THE

PRE-W. Q. JUDGE-MAHATMAS.

THERE IS NO RELIGION HIGHER THAN TRUTH.

(THE MOTTO OF THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY.)

WITH A PICTURE OF

THE MAHATMA AND FAC-SIMILES OF HIS WRITING.

BY

K. R. SITARAMAN, B.A.,

SON OF THE LATE S. RAMASWAMIER, B.A., F.T.S.

Madras:

PRINTED BY ADDISON & CO.,

158 & 188, MOUNT ROAD.

1894.

Price 8 Annas.]

[All Rights Reserved.]



MAHATMA "M_____"(MORYA)

From a Drawing presented to my father.

The original bears the following:—"To Rama B. Yogi, my faithful
(word undecipherable) in commemoration of the event of 5th, 6th, and 7th
October, 1882, in the jungles of Sikkim."

As for our giving you
an increase of physical
power - that will come
in time & cannot come
so soon. We have no right to
force & no good can come
of forcing Nature; she has
been already generous to
you. Sleeping be with you
my love. M. J. W.

If you
have done with
of her on is in the
Doubt + by out that
store it by out that
whole into her be best
An accepted child. Does not
become out from temptations
probations + trials flapping
of he with crossed the seat
and crossed with doubt + fear
from the probation of 2
Narrow. Invert
upon it. In
invert
in
in

As soon as
can claim + be
in but now it
the best room
- M.D.

PREFATORY NOTE.

THIS pamphlet has been prepared in very great haste to be brought out in time for the forthcoming Theosophic Convention. No apology then need be made for the signs of haste which must be visible in it in most places. But in spite of unavoidable omissions caused by want of time to gather materials from outside, and the great difficulties in getting access to them, it is hoped that this booklet will still amply justify its publication, in view of the fact that it gives to the world letters and documents which have hitherto been wrapped up in the profoundest mystery. Apart from the interesting facts and conclusions which they themselves suggest, the documents that now for the first time see the light of day have every likelihood of yielding satisfactory results when combined with information which is now, or may in future come to be, placed before the public. This consideration alone would have been sufficient to induce me to undertake a task which in most respects has not been pleasant or congenial.

K. R. S.

MADRAS,

24th December 1894.



ISIS FURTHER UNVEILED.

I.

It is not proposed in the following pages to enter into a consideration of the tenets or doctrines, or system of thought or belief, which at the present day goes by the name of Theosophy. I do not set before myself the formidable task of examining the grounds on which Theosophy can justify its position in the arena of polemical thought. Such a discussion is entirely foreign to the immediate object that lies before me. This object is to perform a task—unpleasant and hateful to a degree, it is true—but one that has now become a duty, an imperative duty, which cannot possibly be any longer shirked, in the interests of the public and of morality. Feelings indeed of delicacy and affection towards a dearly beloved parent—now placed beyond the reach of the snares of charlatanry and the stabs of officialdom—have hitherto prevailed upon me to draw a veil on an episode of barefaced and impudent trickery, that belongs to the larger tale of the most audacious and successful hoax that has been perpetrated in our days. At the time when a lamented event placed me in possession of the papers that but too plainly revealed the sickening facts of that episode, there was little need to draw them to the light of day.

from their dread abode. The Theosophical movement had practically died out, in our country at any rate. The Coulombs had done their work, and the Psychic Research Society had finished what the *Christian College Magazine* had begun. The rest was silence. The President-Founder's Address to the Annual Convention of a preceding year was one long howl of despair and lamentation at the apathy of "our Indian branches." The impassive "brotherhood" sat and listened like Patience on a monument smiling at Grief. Such was the state of this movement born of the Mahatmas, when the first real miracle which the Theosophical Society had performed began to bear its fruits before the eyes of the astonished world. A woman of high talents whom the world had for years been looking up to as the very perfection of intellectual sincerity, had suddenly declared herself the devotee of the Tibetan Mahatmas. The new Apostle brought to the aid of the moribund movement gifts which any cause would gladly have gone into penance for a considerable period to obtain. The fortunate creed of the Mahatmas was again destined to have a regular "boom." But not for long. The "Masters" who had been good enough to intimate to Madame Blavatsky that "mischief was brewing" just before the Coulomb exposure were not pleased to be as good to her successor. All at once and without warning the storm has burst, where all was so smiling and peaceful. The *Westminster Gazette* has sounded the doom of the Great Mahatma concern. The last mail brings us the news that Mrs. Besant has been deposed from her position in the society by a timely bulletin issued to Mr. Judge directly from Tibet. *Et tu Brute!*

Mrs. Besant is come among us once again. Some of our countrymen seem to show no diminution of interest in the mystic movement. I shall not here enter into the speculative side of the question. Accident having placed me in possession of certain facts, proving indisputably that one of the mysterious Himalayan Brothers at any

rate, the Mahatma Morya,* was no other than Madame Blavatsky herself, I shall place these facts before the public with the hope that they will not fail to reap what benefit they can out of it.

Let me here say a few words as to the great reluctance with which I proceed to make the following disclosures. The papers relating to them came into my possession as the eldest son on the decease of my father, Mr. S. Ramaswamier, in January 1893. I would fain bury in obscurity the sickening tale of deceit of which he was made the victim, if I could do so without prejudice to what I consider my duty towards the public. It is hard, indeed, to face a conflict of duties. Long and painful has been my mental struggle. At length, after mature deliberation, I have made my choice. I leave it to the public to judge how far the benefit was worth the sacrifice.

II.

In the civilized world of the present day, two nations occupy an interesting and unique position. Being "full of life, but young and newly in contact with an old and powerful civilization," the Russians and the Americans exhibit a wonderful and a diversified activity in innumerable directions, and are powerfully moulding the life of nations. Russia and America have produced celebrities, reputable or otherwise—poets and orators, inventors and discoverers, warriors and statesmen, reformers and patriots, millionaires and needy adventurers, cheats and dupes in abundance; and not the least interesting among this mighty roll of names are those of Helena P. Blavatsky and William Q. Judge.

Mr. William Q. Judge's contributions to the progress of the world and the good of humanity in general, in the

* The professed *Guru* of Mrs. Blavatsky, Col. Olcott, Mrs. Besant, and I do not know who else.

shape of messages from those mighty yet beneficent Beings,—the Mahatmas,—who anxiously watch and mercifully guide the destinies of mankind in its progress through this phenomenal world of time and space, from their remote and mysterious Tibetan and other solitudes, have been recently made known to the world in the pages of the *Westminster Gazette*. Mr. Judge deserves our sincerest and best thanks, for being the means of throwing now and then shafts of divine light before our dazed and purblind vision. The latest communication from the Mahatmas is, we are told, an order from them to depose Mrs. Annie Besant from the office which she now holds in the Theosophical Society. This may rather puzzle us. But doubtless the Mahatmas are right. Our puny and confused intellects, how can they comprehend the reason for the mighty nexus of things? We are but

“Infants crying in the night,
 Infants crying for the light,
 And with no language but a cry.”

But I have no intention, though I had the means at my disposal, of trenching upon the field of Mr. Edmund F. Garrett, to whom also our best thanks are due. But certainly,—I cast no imputation on Mr. Judge, and it is a truth which he himself may perhaps readily admit—Helena P. Blavatsky is a far more interesting and puissant personality than William Q. Judge. She is, apart from her sex, an altogether greater force, and stands on a much higher level—plane, perhaps, I should say in Theosophical parlance—than Mr. Judge can ever aspire to. Theosophists hold her in so great an estimation that they never call her by her name—that would be a sacrilege—but by the appellation H. P. B.; and the outside world, well, at any rate the Psychic Research Society could not but pronounce her to be “one of the most accomplished, ingenious and interesting impostors in history.”

III.

It is then mostly with Madame Blavatsky that I have to concern myself in the following pages—with Madame Blavatsky in the earlier stages of the history of the Theosophical Society in India, and in connection with the Mahatma letters received by my father, who was one of the most prominent Theosophists of the day. He had attained his celebrity in that direction mainly by having seen his Guru, the Mahatma “M——” (Morya), face to face in the Himalayan solitudes. An account of his experiences is related in the December number of *The Theosophist*, 1882, to which the reader is referred.*

My father, Mr. S. Ramaswamier, B.A., joined the Theosophical Society in the palmy days of September 1881. He was then District Registrar of Assurances, Tinnevely. His was a nature genuine and fervid, which threw itself heart and soul into anything which appealed to its sympathies. Through his zeal and earnestness he soon attracted the notice of the Founders, Col. Olcott and Madame Blavatsky, then stationed at their headquarters at Bombay. The Theosophical literature of this period abounds with references to him, all showing the great esteem in which he was held by the Founders.

I shall now proceed to the correspondence with which the “beloved Guru, the Himalayan Brother, Mahatma M——” (Morya), was pleased to honour my father. These letters afford—as I shall attempt to show—the most convincing proof, as depending mostly on internal evidence, of the systematic and heartless fraud practised upon my poor father, which his faith and his spirit of reverence † prevented him from suspecting for a moment, besides being also valuable as throwing much light on other interesting events in the history of the Society.

* “How a chela found his Guru.”—*The Theosophist*, December, 1882, pp. 67—9.

† See his letter to Col. Olcott printed as a footnote to a later page.

A word of necessary digression. Many Theosophist relatives and friends, for some of whom I have great regard and esteem, have since the death of my father frequently exhibited peculiar vexation at my insisting on keeping these papers in my possession. One gentleman in particular, a well-known Theosophist and a relative of mine, was so far candid as to admit to me in conversation that "he wanted me to give up these papers, because it was the fact of such things having been left in the possession of strangers, that on previous occasions had involved the Society in trouble." I may say that even Colonel Olcott often gave himself much trouble in trying to get back these things if possible from my hands. As soon as I came to Madras early in 1893 from Tinnevely, where my father died in the first month of that year, I received the following letter from Colonel Olcott:—

"MY DEAR SIR,

"Kindly send me all private Theosophical papers, letters, and photos left by my dear and lamented friend your father, whose untimely loss I so much deplore. I shall dispose of them as he would have wished me to do, had I been favoured by seeing him on his deathbed.....

Believe me,

Yours truly,

(Signed) H. S. OLCOTT."

"M.R. Ry. SITARAMA IYER."

Of course I was not in a position to comply with this request, and I wrote to the Colonel to that effect. No doubt he and others will now see plainly enough the reasons that determined me to refuse to part possession with these letters. The feelings of humiliation and indignation, which were the result of the perusal of these curious-looking documents, fixed in my mind the resolve that I should bury them for ever in some corner of my drawer, unless indeed I was called upon, on a subsequent occasion, to give them to the public by the dictate of a higher and more imperative duty. This, in fact, was the purport of a letter that I wrote about this time last year to my uncle,

Mr. Ramachandra Sastriyar, Secretary, Branch Theosophical Society, Tinnevely, through whom at that time Colonel Olcott had thought fit to repeat the request he had already made to me. The "occasion" which I referred to in that letter has now come.

IV.

The first point to be noticed in connection with these letters is the significant fact that, emanating from the Tibetan Mahatma as they do, *they are all of them written in English*. This may well give us pause, considering what my father himself says about the Mahatma's conversation with him in the wilds of Sikkim:—

"The Mahatma, I found, speaks very little English—or at least it seemed so to me—and spoke to me in my mother tongue, Tamil."*

But the Mahatma who spoke "very little English" in the wilds of Sikkim chooses, strangely enough, to write nothing but English in his letters to my father. This is so in all the Mahatmic letters in my possession.†

My father's Guru, and astral correspondent—the correspondence itself is material, enough ‡,—was the great Mahatma "M————" (Morya), the Guru also, as I am informed, of Madame Blavatsky, Colonel Olcott, Mrs. Besant, and perhaps also Mr. William Q. Judge. Consequently all the letters in my possession—except one—are from this Mahatma, who always writes in red characters, using chalk, pencil or ink; while in the one letter which forms the exception, Mahatma Koot Hoomi enters a script—

* *The Theosophist*, December, 1882, p. 68.

† In one letter alone (Letter G.), which is otherwise wholly in English, there appears in the middle, a word in Telugu characters; but this word, written in blue pencil (as distinguished from the rest, which is in red) unmistakably shows a different hand.

‡ It is a pity they were not indited in invisible ink—a suggestion which the Mahatmas in future may think fit to take up.

the only message my father appears to have received from him—which is written in blue, this being apparently the colour he prefers to distinguish himself from his brother.

Another curious fact in connection with these letters is some serious discrepancies they contain as against my father's own published account of his Himalayan experiences so often referred to. One such is the note that the Mahatma makes in a letter from a Mr. Wagnalls, of America (Letter J.), on the following question which Mr. W. puts to my father: "Am I to infer you made such efficacious progress in psychic development that in one short year you were considered worthy to see your Guru in his body?" The Mahatmic note on this point is this: "At any rate in his *astral*." (The italics are the Mahatma's.) Now, this good-natured suggestion of the Mahatma's, namely, that he was seen only in his *astral* body, is in direct contradiction to what my father himself says in his memorable letter: "What I saw was not the mere appearance only, the astral body of the Mahatma, as we saw him at Bombay, but *the living man in his own physical body*." Strange, indeed, that the Mahatma's memory should so far deceive him as to make him forget on what occasions he showed himself in his astral body, and on what others in his physical.

But the most striking feature of all in connection with the letters is the fact that—as I shall proceed to show—most of them undoubtedly, and the rest very probably, from the circumstances of the case, have passed through the hands of Madame Blavatsky. I shall return to this most important point at a later stage.

V.

It is plain to a mind of the most ordinary capacity, and on the ordinary methods of estimating evidence—except to those who have fed on occult truth—that Madame Blavatsky's hand is everywhere discernible in these

Mahatma letters, and Madame's systematic fraud everywhere apparent. It is idle to contend that Madame's phenomena—Madame's "occasional tomfooleries" as Col. Olcott calls them—have nothing to do with the Theosophical Society, and when phenomena fail, or are exposed, to insist most conveniently on the philanthropic work and objects of the Society.*

The Society was founded by the inspiration of the Mahatmas; it is under the special protection of the Mahatmas, who watch over it, and guide and inspire its work. On the existence of the Mahatmas the Society stands or falls. Of course it may insist upon its so-called primary object, the promotion of Universal Brotherhood—whose nature has been sufficiently explained by Mr. Garrett—and its rather puzzling neutrality, though why a Society with such cosmopolitan views should call itself by the distinctive appellation of "Theosophical" passes my comprehension. But its distinctive character vanishes with the Mahatmas, and it stands on the same level with a "Universal Society for providing cheap cotton neckerchiefs for orphans." And the existence of the Mahatmas depends a great deal on Madame Blavatsky's character. For to her has been given the privilege—with the exception of Mr. Damodar K. Mavalankar, who has disappeared, and Mr. Judge, whom I leave in the hands of Mr. Garrett—in these latter days of being the channel of communication between the "Masters" and mankind. She was no ordinary medium. She was on the high road to the lower grades of adeptship. To even the President-Founder of the Society such a privilege has not been given.† Mrs. Annie Besant has nailed her flag to Madame Blavatsky's mast. Will Mrs. Besant "laugh aloud at the absurdity" of the recent revelations, and fling away this pamphlet too, as she did

* As Colonel Olcott does in a private circular to the London Lodge of the Theosophical Society, pending the Report of Mr. Hodgson, after his investigations had been completed. Published, so far as I know, for the first time in these pages.

† See Letter from X—Y to G—Y in *Hints on Esoteric Theosophy*, No. 1.

the report of the Society for Psychic Research? Will Mrs. Besant still believe in "the frank, fearless nature," and "the proud, fiery truthfulness that shone at me from the clear blue eyes—honest and fearless as those of a noble child?" Or will she sing a requiem over her fallen—fallen to the outer world—idol, and decently bury it? The time is also critical, and it is for the Theosophists who meet at the Annual Convention to-day, to decide after the revelations in the *Westminster Gazette*, and this slender and humble contribution of mine in the same direction—whether they ought to remain in a Society from which there have often been mysterious secessions of a very remarkable kind, caused by too intimate acquaintance

A. O. Hume.
T. Subba Rau.
W. R. Old.

with its inner workings; or come to the manly, though mournful conclusion of Mr. Herbert Burrows; and I leave it for

the Society to decide whether it is to feed on the meat diet of Mahatmas and phenomena, or on the milk and water one of Universal Brotherhood and such moonshine—the one or the other, but in the name of common sense not on both.

V.

It was, as I have said, in September 1881, that my father was admitted as a member of the Theosophical Society. As in duty bound, he left Tinnevely for Bombay to attend the Annual Convention to be held in December 1881. It was on the occasion of this visit that my father for the first time saw his Guru in the astral body on the balcony at the headquarters of the Theosophical Society in Breach Candy, Bombay. But the said Guru, or astral form of the Guru, was no other than Monsieur Coulomb with the doll's head on his own.*

* See *Some Account of my Intercourse with Madame Blavatsky by Mme. Coulomb.*

The first of the Mahatmic letters in my possession is the one in which my father is accepted as "chela." It is as follows:—

LETTER A.

"Greetings to my faithful chela. He is accepted even from now, so that he may consider himself as an accepted chela of mine.

"Upasika has all the instructions. Let my chela Rama B. Yogi follow the instructions he will receive from her. I bless you, son.

M."

The letter bears no date, and no place is given. On the outside of the folded paper there is the simple address "Rama B. Yogi." All the evidence in my possession tends to fix the letter to this period, viz. December 1881. In so short a time then my father is admitted as chela. 'Upasika' is the name by which Madame Blavatsky is known in Mahatmic parlance. There is another little point in this letter to which the reader's attention is particularly entreated. It is the name by which my father is addressed in it—"Rama B. Yogi." Though my father was known as Ramaswamier, his real name or sarman, as we call it, was Ramabathra. In his first letters to his Guru (sent through Madame of course *), he signed his communications or Prârthanâs by his sarman or real name, as is customary among us in all letters written with great respect to religious or other superiors. There is nothing then strange or unaccountable in the Mahatma addressing my father by his real name. What is strange, from a non-occult point of view, is the fact that the Mahatma is either subject to occasional lapses of memory, doubtless in consequence of the immense multiplicity of things he has to attend to, or thinks fit now and then to conform to the usages of the outer world. In no other way can we explain the strange fact that my father is addressed in some letters as Ramaswamier

* All such letters went through Mme., who was the "Astral Post Office." See Letter B.

merely. But the strangest thing of all, from the occult or any point of view, is the fact that the Mahatmic memory revives a little too late on one or two occasions, and inserts a truant B between the A and the unwittingly written S, thus :—

Rama B. S. S.

unmistakably betraying the evident after-thought. But after all this is a trifle. Surely one's memory cannot always be at one's command, and in this respect the Mahatmas seem to be in the same plight with us poor ordinary mortals.

When the Convention was over, my father returned home and took charge of his official duties, but was never again the same man that he was before he went to Bombay. He became wholly engrossed with thoughts of his Guru and of how he could meet him and receive instruction from him. So immersed, indeed, did he become in this train of thought that he soon came to the conclusion that it was absolutely necessary for his peace of mind to find his Guru, at whatever cost and sacrifice. So he took leave in June 1882, and shortly after proceeded to the North. Writing subsequently to Mr. Damodar K. Mavalankar, Joint Recording Secretary, he says :—

“ In September 1882, one day while reading, I was ordered by the audible voice of my blessed Guru, M———Maharshi, to leave all and proceed immediately to Bombay, whence I had to go in search of Madame B. wherever I could find her, and follow her wherever she went.”

Arrived at Bombay, he found himself in a pretty fix. Madame had gone away, throwing around her disappearance a becoming halo of mystery. Damodar could only tell him that she had suddenly left with another chela, whither, Damodar himself did not know, though he took care to acquaint my father, with suitable looks of mysterious se-

crecy, his own private suspicion that Madame was gone to see the Mahatmas. Not knowing where to go, my father took a through ticket to Calcutta. At Allahabad, the "well-known voice" directed him to go to Berhampore. Further on he met some Babus, whom he did not then know to be Theosophists, but who also happened to be just then engaged in the same task as my father—searching Madame Blavatsky. "They got a note from her," they said, "allowing them to come if they so desired, but that she herself was prohibited from going to Tibet just then." She was to remain, she said, in the vicinity of Darjeeling, and see the Brothers in the Sikkim territory, whither they would not be allowed to follow her,—doubtless the most convenient arrangement she could have devised under the circumstances. On the 23rd September my father was taken from Calcutta to Chandernagore, where he found Madame Blavatsky ready to start for Darjeeling. My father accompanied her to Darjeeling.

Here on the 29th of September he had a conversation with her, in which he was questioned as to his "motives" for following her. Certainly she was taken aback by the quietly resolute proposal of my father to accompany her to Tibet or Sikkim, or wherever she was bound. Here was, indeed, a pretty mess. Madame Blavatsky had after all a considerable fund of human nature in her with all her occultism, and feeling herself thus cornered, her eyes could not but become brimful of suspicion as she keenly glanced at her "dear brother and co-chela," and questioned the "motives" that prompted him to make such an agreeable proposal. The following simple letter of explanation was my father's reply:—

LETTER B.

30th September 1882.

"REVERED MADAME,

"With my humble namaskarams to you, I think it due to myself to submit the following explanation with reference to your question to me last night as to my motives.

"I never asked to be shown the high road to the possession of powers, and I do not thirst for them. In my two letters to my Guru, addressed to yourself, I simply asked to be taught the esoteric doctrines of Brahamanism, or the wisdom-religion of the ancient Aryans. For this purpose, I said I could stay some years in any place I may be directed, to receive instructions. My aim is simply to labour in Southern India, to preach to my countrymen the excellence of this system of Aryan philosophy, and try to reclaim them from their present apathy to anything good and their superstitions. I do not look forward to any reward of any kind from any quarter.

"It has struck me that I could learn what I want by staying some years with my venerable Guru in his Asramam at Tibet. This, and this alone, induced me to offer myself to accompany you to Tibet. I am not actuated by any idle curiosity. So far as I am concerned, my seeing the BROTHERS in flesh and blood cannot INCREASE my faith in them.

"Once more I beg to submit my aim is simply to work without looking for or thinking of reward, for the reclamation of my countrymen from superstition, and as a means for this end to study the esoteric doctrines of the wisdom-religion under any conditions. I shall respectfully abide by the instructions of my venerable Guru and yourself.—NAMASKARAMS."

But the remedy was easy. The letter itself had closed with an expectation of "instructions from my venerable Guru." Accordingly it was duly returned to my father with the following postscripts by Koot Hoomi and Morya :—

B—i.

"You cannot go to Tibet. I am not the only master there, nor is M——Chohan. You must first show that you deserve it by labouring in that direction for two or three years. You must be prepared to do anything told to you, anything you are ordered through her. If you *have faith* in us—*others have not*—are you *prepared to do all and everything to prove our existence?*

K. H."

B—ii.

“ Approved.—M.”

N.B.—The italics are the Mahatma’s.

K. H., as already observed, writes in blue, while his “beloved Brother” M—— delights in red. A Mahatma script is awfully convincing and imperative. “Two heads are better than one” says the popular adage. If this be so in the case of ordinary mortals, and the joint opinion of two possesses greater weight than a single person’s judgment, what shall we say when two Mahatmic heads are put together, and the injunction of one in blue pencil is regularly endorsed by the other in red ink? The Mahatmic orders are given through ‘Upasika’—of course it is Upasika that is referred to by the pronoun ‘her,’ though there is no noun as the antecedent. Like Mr. Rider Haggard’s “She” the pronoun and its declensions are quite sufficient to designate the all-important Madame Blavatsky.

The Mahatmas are *very* anxious to let the world know of their existence—doubtless for its own good. In another letter (Letter D.) my father is told that “his whole aspiration and concern must be directed toward one aim—*‘convince the world of our existence.’*” (The italics are the Mahatma’s) A third letter, which he is instructed to give Mr. Subba Rau, is spoken of as “a new proof of our reality *independently of Upasika*” (the italics are the Mahatma’s). It will also be remembered that in his memorable conversation with my father of the 6th of October 1882, the Mahatma had told him that “he would do well to write to you (Mr. Damodar) and describe all.” In fact this anxiety to convince a sceptical world of their “reality” and “their existence independently of Upasika” is the burden of their song. But what shall be said of the following:—

“My own teachers,” says Colonel Olcott in *Hints on Esoteric Theosophy*, “have always told me that the danger of giving the

world complete assurance of their existence is so great by reason of the low spiritual tone of society, and the ruthless selfishness with which it would seek to drag them from their seclusion that it is better to tell only so much as will excite the curiosity and stimulate the zeal of the worthy minority of metaphysical students. If they can keep just enough oil in the lamp to feed the flame, it is all that is required."

All this is very fine, no doubt; but the Mahatmas with whom we are acquainted unhappily show a feverish anxiety to have "all and everything done to prove their existence." Are K. H. and M.—among the "teachers" of Col. Olcott, or are they not? If, as we are told, they are, the great Mahatmas seem subject to lapses of memory, one instance of which has already been given, and forget not only names, but opinions also. Or is there a change of opinion in this case? Or is it all a mystery which baffles our poor understandings, so that we can only gasp out in the language of Tertullian, "*Credo quia impossibile est.*"

Thus was my father, happily for the Mahatmas and for himself, turned from his purpose of going into Tibet to receive instruction from his Guru. But he had made up his mind, as he says in his memorable letter, to "see the Mahatma—or die!" So, without telling any one, he left Darjeeling a few days later on the 5th on the path toward Sikkim and on the forenoon of the next day met the Mahatma. (See his letter to Damodar published in *The Theosophist*, December 1882.)

VII.

We have seen the anxiety of the Masters to let the world know of their existence, strangely enough in contradiction to their orders given at other times. But this is not the only concern that vexes their benign souls. Now and then dark clouds of doubt float across the minds of even the most devoted. Even Colonel Olcott, occasionally in public and in private, shows some signs of a

troubled mind. He speaks of Madame's "occasional tomfooleries," and his mind is puzzled by the increase of Mahatmic activity latterly, and suspicions force themselves on his mind against his will. Here is a new rub. He must not suspect Upasika. Upasika is beyond all reproach. It is not her fault, if her conduct is sometimes puzzling and inexplicable. She is only obeying the instructions of the Mahatmas. She is the medium of communication, the bridge that spans the gulf between the Masters and the world. Why is she chosen? She has high psychic powers, which the "simple" Colonel has not yet developed. But here we might well pause and ask ourselves if the development of high psychic powers generally tends to loss of all respect for others, and of self-respect too? We have it on the authority of her most intimate friends and associates that her temper and manners towards those who were near her were sometimes simply unbearable. Her published letters also, and the anecdotes concerning her, reveal a nature that is not very pleasant to contemplate, having, as it does, many points in common with that revealed to us in the journal of that interesting country-woman of hers, Marie Bashkirtseff. In one of the letters in my possession written by her, she speaks of a high Government official in the following choice words:—

"Your damned _____ or _____ or whatever the Sahib's name may be."

But be that as it may, the unjust apprehensions of Colonel Olcott must be removed. Perhaps a message through an intermediary chela would have more effect than one sent direct. However that may be, the following curious epistle is now sent by the vigilant Mahatma to my father:—

LETTER C.

"Ramasawmier will don the robes of a regular Vedantⁱⁿ ascetic—even to the top-knot if necessary, and send his useless clothes to Bombay. He must travel from town to town along the line to Allahabad, and preach Theosophy and

Vedantism. Every one must know he is my chela, and that *he has seen me in Sikkim*. He must let Upasika know of his movements constantly, and finally join her at Allahabad—as also receive my orders through her. His whole aspiration and concern must be directed towards one aim—*convince the world of our existence*. To Olcott Sahib he will say verbally the following: My master, among other messages already delivered to whom they concerned, told me—say to my faithful son and worker, that great was his patience, but also great will be the reward. Tell him that he but too often mistakes Upasika. She is all he *thinks* her to be, and nothing what he *suspects* her of. Let him understand the riddle. She has *never* deceived him—only left him ignorant of many things in accordance with my orders. Henceforth in order to facilitate his comprehension, let him know that whenever an order is delivered to him through her, it must be prefixed with the words ‘Chohan Rimbochry,’—wherever these words are omitted, the order does not emanate from me but from her. Tell him to have faith, hope and trust. More anon. Dress yourself as a pilgrim from to-day, and tell your friends you have received direct orders from me—how or in what way it is no one’s business. *Silence, discretion* and courage. Have my blessings upon your head, my good and faithful son and chela.

M.”

(Italics as usual Mahatma’s.)

Apart from the unwearied injunctions to make known everywhere that he “has seen me in Sikkim,” that he “has received direct orders from me,” there is one remarkable favour shown in this letter. It is the new test so kindly vouchsafed to Col. Olcott to distinguish Madame’s letters from Mahatma’s. Apparently they are indistinguishable because this talismanic mark is found necessary for that purpose. “*Facilitate the comprehension*” of the poor Colonel indeed! What a device! The Mahatma seems to have a very low opinion of the Colonel’s powers of comprehension when he gives this most satisfactory direction whereby all his troublesome doubts may be removed in future.

VIII.

The next Mahatmic letter received in the North was evidently got by my father at Allahabad, where he had been instructed to join Upasika. (See Letter C.) It is written on fine, thick note paper of the Government of the North-West Provinces and Oudh. I confess I would feel some scruples if I were to use Government property in a way in which it was never intended to be used. But, perhaps, such trifles do not affect the Mahatmic conscience very much. The purport of my father's letter to which this is a reply is itself made known to us here. It is such a fine piece of characteristic Mahatmic rigmarole, that I am tempted to quote it in full at some cost to the reader's patience :—

LETTER D.

“ GREETINGS MY CHELA,

“ At my request, Olcott has explained the theory of chelaship. It is an educational as well as probationary stage, and the chela alone can determine whether it shall end in adeptship or failure. Chelas, from a mistaken idea of our system, too often watch and wait for orders, wasting precious time which should be taken up with personal effort. These remarks are suggested by your questions. You offer your services; well. You are willing to devote time, incur expense, run risks for OUR cause. Well, it is the cause of humanity, of true religion, of education, of enlightenment and spiritual elevation—of course. It needs missionaries, devotees, agents, even martyrs perhaps. But it cannot demand of any man to make himself either. If he so chooses—well;—well for the world and for himself. For, to work for mankind is grand, its recompense stretches beyond this brief dream of life into other births. So now, you my chela, choose and grasp your own destiny. You wish to heal the sick,—do so; but remember your success will be measured by *your faith*—in yourself, more than in us. Lose it for a second, and failure will follow. I will give orders to Morya Junior—Olcott, to teach you the mechanical art. Have faith in your soul power, and you will have success. You wish to take leave

for two years; decide after counting the whole cost, and may the light of our Lord Tathayata's memory aid you to decide for the best. But before proceeding to South, I would have you go on a mission to the Maharajah of Benares for Sinnett's business which Olcott will explain. You could do great good in many cases and ways, besides endowing the Society, no doubt, were you free to act. But this idea is meritorious and just, and you have done well to choose it. *Karma is not blind.*

"I will not say your surmise as to certain prince's relation is not correct; but the secret is not mine to impart. Use it in a discreet way, and use your own intuitions. There are two men in T.—who know the secret—search them out.

"As for our giving you an increase of psychic powers—that will come in time, and cannot come so soon. We have no right to force, and no good can come of forcing nature. She has been already generous to you. My blessing be with you.

My son,

M."

"P.S.—You will please forward the enclosed to its address, and write a note to explain who you are, and that you are *my chosen chela*. Upasika will tell."

On the cover we find these words "*Private*. None can see this but Olcott"—a clever way of intimating that it must be shown to Olcott. The particular thing to be noted in this letter is the skilful mode in which my father's questions are answered or rather evaded. He offers his services—and they are accepted, not a very difficult matter surely; but he wishes to heal the sick,—and the boon is granted; but if he finds his efforts fail, well, he must have lost his faith in himself, that is all; for failure will follow, if he loses it for a second—a charge which my father, or anybody, would rather have found it difficult to deny. He wishes to give up his official work for two years—and he is told to decide it for himself with the help "of our Lord Tathayata's memory to aid" him. Finally, he wishes for an increase of psychic powers,—and is reminded that nature "has been already generous to you."

Which oracle of old could have come out of the ordeal better?

The order to "endow the Society," though clothed in the form of a casual suggestion, was faithfully followed by my father during his lifetime, and the coffers of the Society were in consequence richer by some hundreds of rupees. The order to "go to the Maharajah of Benares for Sinnett's business which Olcott will explain" has not much light thrown on it. And the secret which my father found out "as to certain prince's relation" (whatever that may mean) is a secret indeed to us.

The postscript deserves a passing notice. What the enclosed was, and to whom it was addressed, do not appear. The significant point, however, is that my father, in sending the enclosed to its address, is required to send a note explaining "*who he is,*" and that he is "*my chosen chela.*" Thus is my father gradually, and as it were unconsciously, made a ready vehicle of Mahatmic messages to the timid and the hesitating.

IX.

Like unto the prophets of old, my father's movements were guided by the spirit; but whereas the men of the old world were mainly prompted by the inner workings of their heart, in the fag end of the nineteenth century, my father's return home was guided by a visible and tangible Mahatma script neatly folded in a triangular shape, and found by him one morning in his head-dress. The letter is written in red ink in the familiar handwriting—rather a sprawling one—of Mahatma Morya, and bears his signature—now too well-known—at the end.

LETTER E.

"You are right—it is more meritorious to do one's duty without any forethought of reward than to be bargaining for pay for one's deeds. You are young, my friend, and have long

years before you. You have worked unselfishly and with great profit to both your country and the good cause. And we thank you. Return now home, and whatever trouble may seem to brood over you, remember I am with you.—M.”

No doubt my father was very well pleased with this letter, and thought himself amply rewarded for all the trouble he had taken. He returned home and took charge of his official duties.

X.

But he had by no means seen the last of the Mahatma letters. The Mahatma is anxious as ever to give hesitating devotees convincing proofs of his existence. Suspicions have already fallen or bid fair to fall on Upasika. Upasika has been the medium hitherto. And the Mahatma, either anticipating, or rather knowing the future history of the Society, wants to convince the world that he stands or falls on his own merits, and not on Upasika's. And a letter comes from the Mahatma to my father, with the following injunction written in the familiar Mahatmic red sprawl on the outer face of the envelope:—

LETTER F.

“In the name of M—, R. S. is ordered to take the enclosed to Subba Row. R. Swami has my blessings, and is commanded not to reveal this to any one. He may, however, say that he received this letter—a new proof of our reality *independently of Upasika.*

M.”

(Italics as usual Mahatma's.)

The first point that would have arrested the attention of the reader in this letter is why my father should have been made the channel of communication to Mr. Subba Row. The enclosed, whatever it was, might have been sent to Subba Row himself directly, whose place of residence could not certainly have been inaccessible to the Mahatma. The

second point that puzzles one is why my father should be asked to take the enclosed *alone* to Mr. Subba Row, and not hand over the envelope with the enclosed. Is it because that the Mahatma feels that "a new proof independently of Upasika" is necessary, that my father is made the medium of communication, and is it because this clause is written in the envelope that the enclosed alone is "commanded" to be taken to Subba Row? Of course, the mystery becomes still more puzzling when we come to determine the exact meaning of "this" in "reveal this", and that of "this letter"; and is rendered worse still when we add to these two the further one of determining whether "any one" excludes or includes Mr. Subba Row himself. Verily, were it ever possible to invent a puzzle, prolific in interpretations, and each one of them enough to tease us out of thought, this mere envelope, with such cabalistic instructions thereon, without the enclosed and without any sort of external evidence, is surely one such. But, whatever else this script in the light of other evidence might "reveal," one thing is placed beyond any doubt—the unceasing and ever-killing anxiety to give "a new proof of our reality independently of Upasika."

XI.

The shrine at Adyar, once so famous; the one spot in India where its ancient glories were again made visible in these degenerate days; the chosen seat for the manifestation of the Mahatmic presence; the one place where men in doubt and perplexity could, as in olden days, have them removed from "on high"; where the celebrities of the city sent questions and reverently waited for the answers; "Ichabod, Ichabod, thy glory is departed from us!" The oracles are dumb. Shut stands the sandal-wood gate. Phenomena have disappeared with Upasika, or rather with the Coulombs. The shock of the unmerited slander cast upon the "proud, fiery, truthful," nature of

Upasika, conscious of its own innocence, and too proud to attempt to defend itself before the world, seems to have killed her psychical power at one blow. The Mahatmas have fled from us, miserable people that we are in this corner of the globe, and with a view to furnishing the world with new proofs of their "reality *independently of Upasika*" have betaken themselves to the other hemisphere and delivered themselves into the esoteric hands of Mr. William Q. Judge.

My father in his doubts and perplexities often had resort to the shrine. But not content with graciously answering his queries and solving his difficulties, and enlightening his mind, and guiding his ways, the Mahatma bestowed such special favour upon him that he was actually invited to come and visit him in the shrine.

LETTER G.

".....An accepted chela does not become free from temptations, probations and trials. Happy is he who crosses the great gulf between himself and us—unscared with doubt and free from the pollution of suspicion. Do you know, meditate upon it;... and as soon as you can, come and see us in our new home—the occult room.—M."

It may be as well to give in full one of the petitions to the shrine made by my father, by way of illustration :—

LETTER H.

"Sashtanga Namaskar at the thrice holy feet of my Father.

"Will it be for my good, and will it assist me in the development in me of my clairvoyant and clairaudient powers, if I every morning between 4 and 6 A.M. keep a pin of iron before me and try to move it by my will-power ?

VIGNAPANAM.

(Sd.) S. R."

To which the Mahatma has safely replied in the following words :—

"Try : it can do no harm, and may assist.—M."

Verily no harm can come to any one, least of all to the iron pin.

XII.

Among the remaining Mahatmic scripts in my possession, there are only two worth notice, and to these I shall now briefly direct my attention. The first of these is a postscript by our friend Mahatma M—to a long rhodomontade, written by Mr. Damodar K. Mavalankar from Bombay, on the 17th October 1882, in reply to the famous letter which my father had addressed to him after his Sikkim experience, in obedience to the injunction of the Mahatma. This postscript is as follows:—

LETTER I.

“Well said—brave heart and chela of my beloved Brother Koot Hoomi. I hope and trust *my* good chela Ramaswamier will be no worse. I hope and trust in him. Blessings upon you, my faithful boy—blessings on all.—M.”

The second script which I shall notice is in the form of a series of comments or notes on a letter received by my father from Mr. A. W. Wagnalls, a book-seller in New York. This is the letter to which I have already referred* as containing some statements by the Mahatma which are in direct contradiction to the facts stated by my father in his famous letter to Damodar, extracts from which were published in *The Theosophist*. I have given one instance already, and am not going to trouble the patient reader with more. But one curious fact in connection with this letter must be mentioned. This letter from Mr. Wagnalls, the first that my father received from that gentleman (dated February 16, 1883), is addressed to my father to the care of Mr. Damodar K. Mavalankar, Adyar P. O. It so happens, also, that about the time this letter is likely to have reached Adyar, Madame Blavatsky was staying at that place. Now, while the Mahatmic script appears in this letter, strangely enough, not the slightest trace of it is seen in another written by the same gentleman, but addressed direct to my father's official designation at Tinnevely.

* See page 8.

XIII.

In spite of the ever-present anxiety of the Mahatma to give independent proofs of his existence, it is a lamentable fact that all the evidence that can be brought to bear upon the letters point to the conclusion that all of them have passed through Upasika's hands. Here I may state that with the single possible exception of the K. H. script written in blue, all the Mahatmic writings in my possession are written in red, and show themselves to be the productions of the same hand. I shall not proceed a step further, and attempt to make any comparison between the Mahatmic handwriting and that of Madame Blavatsky, because any such attempt of mine will be smashed by my Theosophic friends on the ground that I am not an 'expert.' I confess I am not; and I shall not therefore rest my case on that ground. It is quite needless. It is enough for me to confine myself to the circumstances connected with the writing and transmission of these letters, so far as they can be made out from the documents as they are.

Of the fifteen Mahatmic letters and scripts in my possession, four alone bear date and place (I. J. M. O.), and one (B.) bears date alone. Two of these are addressed to Madame Blavatsky herself (B. and M.), and one is addressed by Madame Blavatsky to my father (O.) Letter I. is addressed by Damodar to my father from Bombay, and bears the date 17th October 1882. It is written in reply to the celebrated letter my father sent to Damodar narrating his Sikkim experience, from Darjeeling on the 7th October 1882. The envelope is missing. At the time this letter was written my father was still in the North, in or near Darjeeling, and as he was one of the band of pilgrims who followed Madame Blavatsky in quest of the Tibetan Mahatma, and as my father was an unknown personage in the North, while Madame Blavatsky was a well-known personage everywhere, the letter would naturally have been addressed to her care; and the

Mahatmic postscript in this letter, which bears resemblance to all Morya's writings, is thus easily enough explained. Letter J., from Mr. Wagnalls to my father, dated "New York, February 16, 1883," and addressed to the care of Damodar, Adyar P. O., bears a Mahatma script, and, as has been already observed, Madame Blavatsky was at Adyar at the time this letter would have been received at that place, she having come to Madras on December 19, 1882, and leaving it for Ooty in July 1883.*

The other ten letters bear no date and place, but by internal and other evidence we are in a position to extract a good deal of truth regarding them. Letter A. is the letter in which Mahatma Morya accepts my father as his chela, in reply to a petition from my father, to be admitted as such, sent through Madame Blavatsky.† When was my father accepted as chela? In December 1881, when he was at Bombay attending the convention‡ of the Theosophical Society, we are told that in reply to a petition of his, the Mahatma dropped a letter addressed to him in a miraculous way. The question is whether letter A., the letter of acceptance as chela, was the letter so received in December 1881. I think it is. Mr. Wagnall's letter of February 1883 says, "Am I to infer that you made such efficacious progress in psychic development, that *in one short year* you were considered worthy to see your Guru in his body?" And my father saw his Guru on the 6th October 1882. This extract from Mr. Wagnall's letter, therefore, places the acceptance of the chelaship about this period. We cannot, therefore, be wrong in fixing the date and place of this letter as December 1881 and Bombay, respectively. At this period, of course, Madame Blavatsky was in Bombay.

* "Some Account of my Intercourse with Madame Blavatsky" by Mme. Coulomb, pp. 50, 54.

† See letter to Damodar, published in *The Theosophist*, December 1882.

‡ Hints on Esoteric Theosophy, No. 1.

Letters C., D. and E. were without doubt received by my father while still in the North. Here I may mention that with the exception of a short visit on business to Calcutta in the year before his death, when all thaumaturgic activity had ceased, this was the only occasion on which he was in Northern India, if we leave out of consideration the trip to Bombay of December 1881, to attend the Theosophical Convention, on which latter occasion my father came back as soon as the Convention was over, to attend to his official work after the Christmas recess.

Letter C. is the one in which he is ordered to don ascetic robes and proceed on a lecturing tour along the line to Allahabad, at which place he is to join Madame Blavatsky. Evidently it was received by my father in Darjeeling, after his return from Sikkim on the 7th October 1882. And at this time Madame Blavatsky was with him at Darjeeling.

Letter D. is the one written in the Government paper of the North-West Provinces, and seems to point to Allahabad. Evidently it was received after my father had joined Madame Blavatsky in Allahabad in accordance with the instructions given in letter C. This point is decided by the words in the postscript to this letter to the effect that "Upasika will tell," which shows that she must have been with him at the time the letter was received.

Letter E. is a piece of paper folded neatly in a triangular shape which my father found in his head-dress. It was the last letter received by him in the North. It tells him *to return home*, and thanks him for faithfully following the instructions which had been given in letter C. This letter is thus evidently subsequent to letter D.; but whether it was received like D. at Allahabad or not, does not matter, for after joining Madame at Allahabad, my father was in her company till he came to Madras, where the Annual Convention of the Theosophical

Society was held for the first time at Adyar in the last days of December 1882.

Letter F. is an envelope containing written instructions on the outside, to "take the enclosed to Subba Row." The place and date of this letter cannot be fixed, but it is in the well-known hand of the Mahatma.

Letter G. is an invitation from the Mahatma, asking my father to come and visit him in "the new home—the occult room." Now, the occult room at Adyar was built shortly after the arrival of the Founders there. We know that Madame arrived there on December 19th and left for Ooty in July next. As the occult room is spoken of as the "new home," the date of the letter is easily fixed in the early days of 1883, and Madame is in Adyar at this very period.

Letters H. and N. are my father's petitions sent to the Adyar shrine, in which the Mahatmic writing appears at the end of the questions. The shrine, as already said, was built early in 1883. As for N. my father's question is, "Will it turn out to my good, if I get myself initiated into the ceremonies by the two Brahmins who are with me in Tinnevely?" Now, my father stayed in Tinnevely only till April 1883 after which he was transferred to Madura. Hence this petition must have been sent between January and April 1883, during which period Madame was at Adyar.

There now remain only letters K. and L. K. simply says: "There is a message for you that you will receive through Upasika to-morrow morning." L. simply exhorts to "patience," and informs my father that "I am here alive, and still watching over you so long as you deserve it." Nothing can be said about these letters except that they are in the hand of our Mahatma Morya.

Now reviewing the foregoing analysis, we find that out of the five letters bearing date and place or date only (B. I. J. M. O.), two (B. and M.) were addressed direct to Madame

B. and one (O.) written by her in her own name; and as regards the other two (I. J). it has been shown already that she was in a position to obtain possession of them.

Out of the ten letters bearing no date and place, A. was received in Bombay in December 1881, where Madame B. was at the time. C. was received in Darjeeling, where my father was staying with Madame. D. and E. were received in Allahabad while Madame was there. G. and N. relate to the shrine and belong to a time when Madame was at Adyar. As for the remaining letters F., H., K. and L., they do not give us any information as to their time or place, but their case might safely be left to rest on the point that they are all in the familiar Moryau hand.

As to the character of the Mahatma letters and scripts, sufficient evidence has been already adduced, which forces on our mind the surprising fact that the Mahatmas, like ordinary human beings, are subject to occasional lapses of memory and contradictions, and forget not only names, but even their own opinions, and in fact behave very much like erring mortals, or perhaps worse.

XIV.

Now, taking leave of the Mahatmas, who have laid us under such infinite obligations to them, I pass on to a few other papers in my possession, the importance and interest of which are inferior only to those of the Mahatma. These papers are the productions of "Morya Junior"—Colonel Olcott.

Mr. Hodgson's investigations are completed. The results are not likely to be very encouraging for "the good cause." London Lodge is in a critical state. But the Colonel is equal to the situation. On the 23rd of March 1885 he sends a letter to the London Lodge, a lithograph copy of which is among the papers in my possession:—

ADYAR, *March 23rd.*

"As the report of the Special Commissioner of the S. P. R.

to India is likely to be unfavourable as regards the genuineness of our phenomena, and to reflect upon the character of individuals, and as much pain will be caused to, and doubts raised in, the minds of our distant colleagues and sympathizers, your attention is asked to the following points:—

“Mr. Hodgson has, of course, made no specific statement as to the tone of the report, so I am not able to answer its points in detail. Nor can I say whether any answer or explanation would be possible as regards some of them, but from what has come to my knowledge, I am convinced that despite his good intentions, his intelligence and his zeal, he is conveying to his colleagues and the public very incorrect notions both as to the facts and persons. I should compare his report to that of the French Royal Commission of 1784 upon mesmerism as to its possible effects; a temporary checking of public interest in our movement, a rain of abuse and denunciation, and a speedy reaction in our favour upon sober second thought. The weak point in his case is, that having as he thinks discredited certain specified phenomena, ergo, all undescribed phenomena are to be rejected, and (as he also thinks) bad faith having been shown on the part of Madame Blavatsky, ergo, all her witnesses were dupes or accomplices. The condemnation in a word is so sweeping that inevitably it must react. To fit a general theory of fraud to all our observed phenomena, he is forced to invent hypotheses in each case which the circumstances utterly refute.”

It requires a sphinx to know Colonel Olcott's mind—in the ordinary way—in connection with Madame B.'s frauds (alleged). “And (as he—Mr. Hodgson—also thinks) bad faith having been shown on the part of Madame Blavatsky—” the question is, What does the Colonel think about the matter? As referred to previously, he has spoken of “Madame's occasional tomfooleries.” He evidently has his own suspicions regarding Madame. If there be any doubt on the point, every trace of it may be removed, since we have the Mahatma's own word for it.* After giving various circum-

* See Letter C.

stances which go to prove the existence of phenomena, the Colonel continues :—

“We all know that almost every prominent and proved medium has at times resorted to trickery to piece out his failing or enfeebled psychic powers. Evidently then it would be the height of impropriety either to discredit altogether the Theosophical phenomena, because some classes of them may be imitated fraudulently, or to deny to Madame B. the possession of any control over the occult forces, because doubt has been or may be thrown upon her *bona fides* in certain instances.”

Those who can read between the lines will see that the Colonel himself entertains some serious suspicions about Madame Blavatsky, in regard to certain phenomena at any rate. But the Colonel is valiant. He will dispute every inch of ground. If Madame's good faith with regard to some phenomena be discredited—he does not say that it has or has not been—he takes up his stand on the next piece of ground in his Theosophic retreat, and fights it out bravely. He will even go a step further :—

“If we should concede to our enemies everything they claim, by admitting that every published phenomenon may have been a trick—a most violent and unwarrantable concession certainly,—there will still remain a mass of others equally surprising and instructive, more than is sufficient to support the claims of Asiatic occult science. Do not forget that such phenomena have been seen in all epochs and countries; that in Sanskrit literature alone there are 10,000 works upon this science, and that in one of the six ancient schools of Indian philosophy—the Yoga Sutras of Patanjali—full descriptions are given of the eight siddhis or supernatural human faculties, with instructions how to develop them. So, unless it be pretended that Mme. B. is the Society solely and absolutely, then assuredly the basis of its attempt to verify the claims of Eastern occultism remains unshaken. And since the existence of the Mahatmas, Dhyan chobans and other superior personages or entities, as well as that of lower entities than man, fits in with the current theories of evolution, we have no right to ignore the testimonies as to their existence found in Eastern

literature, and borne by many living persons outside and inside our Society."

Not only this; there is hope even if all phenomena go; there is something yet to cling to, even though occultism past and present be discredited. We have our reserve force. We have another plank. We have 'useful and philanthropic work to do.' Let us take our stand on this firm rock. Here we stand on impregnable ground, and not all the tribe of Coulombs and Hodgsons can drive us from it.

"'To turn,' he continues, "from the phenomenal aspect of things, let us see whether the Society is or is not entitled to your allegiance, and hearty sympathy for useful and philanthropic work done. The sensational character of our phenomena has so attracted the attention of our members and the general public that the other work has been mostly overlooked."

After enumerating several good results done in the fields of science, philosophy and religion, the venerable President concludes in these pathetic words:—

"Just now we are beginning to found an Indian National League of Honour among youth, whose object is to promote truth, honesty, virtue and manly self-sacrifice. It is for you to decide whether for the sake of the good we have done and can do, you will stand by the Society or leave your colleagues to labour alone. If you have to complain of faults in our managements and scandals arising from Madame B.'s phenomena, you will have to do so no longer: for I am forming an Executive Committee of the General Council to have with myself the direction of affairs, reserving to myself but one equal vote with the rest, and Mme. B. resigns her office of Corresponding Secretary."

Poor Colonel! Who so hard-hearted as not to pity him in the straits to which "Madame's occasional tomfooleries" have reduced him?

XV.

The anxiously-awaited report of Mr. Hodgson is published at last in December 1885. The minds of many Theosophists, in whom intellectuality predominates over spirituality, are vacillating ominously. The demon of suspicion is abroad. Secessions from the "Good Cause" are imminent. Mr. N. D. Khandalwala, 1st class Sub-Judge, Poona, a leading Theosophist, writes to my father on the 11th May 1886 a letter frankly and manfully giving expression to very grave doubts regarding the Theosophic phenomena. He says:—

"Mr. Hodgson's report has been prepared with great care, and his collection of facts is formidable. The conclusions that he has drawn are such as would commend themselves to the majority of the thinking public, and our position is a most unfortunate one. Madame Blavatsky's contradictions are many and various, and Damodar and Babaji have made themselves unworthy of credit by attempting to prove too much. The earlier K. H. letters bear a striking resemblance to Madame's hand, and her mis-spelling and bad English also appear in these letters.....Some of the very best members have commenced to doubt the existence of the Mahatmas and their connection with the Society. The fact is, whether you take Madame to be innocent or not of fraud, the existence of the Coulombs for years together in the Society, and their being allowed to mix up in the most sacred facts and things, raises the question: How could the Mahatmas who scent the auras of persons, allow these to remain, and spoil and ruin so great a cause, which they say they have been watching? Many such questions arise, and there will be, I think, in course of time a reaction, and our own members will loudly call for explanations....."

My father sent this letter of Mr. Khandalwala's to the Colonel for perusal and advice. The Colonel makes annotations here and there in the body of the letter, and sends it back with a reply. The whole correspondence, especially the Colonel's reply, is so exquisite that it is a pity that the world should lose it. Here is his letter:—

LETTER Q.

ADYAR, 1st June 1886.

"MY DEAR BOY,

"By the same mail that brought me your letter, I got a similar one from T———*also enclosing a letter from the same party.* He has written all of us here to the same effect, also H.P.B., and doubtless many others. I am not sorry for it. It is far better that he should draw to one head all the lurking discontent and suspicion, cause an explosion, and thus relieve the Theosophical Society once and for all from these morbid influences. N. D. K. is a highly intellectual but not a spiritual minded man—that is, one who gets knowledge through the Buddhi. He is also a good lawyer, and perfectly honest and sincere. He cannot see both sides of this affair as we can, and realize *how really weak and insufficient Hodgson's case looks to an occultist who knows what is Maya, and how it can be made to deceive the senses.* So I advise you to reply to him that in your opinion the stand taken by the Blavatsky Committee of 1884 was perfectly sound, and the reasons which led to its adoption are cogent and irrefutable; that you therefore believe that while there may be a certain amount of suspicion and discontent—but more indifference and sloth—among our members, and an almost unanimous hostile verdict among outsiders, you do not believe there will come any profit to the Theosophical Society, to ourselves, to Mme. B., or to the cause of Theosophy, by making further statements, compiling testimony or keeping up the agitation."

This was no doubt the most comfortable conclusion he, or for that matter the Society, could have come to under the circumstances. But I will let him continue:—

"There always will be—no matter what anybody shall do or say—a large body of persons who are incapable of believing in the truth of occult science or esoteric philosophy; of such there are many in the Theosophical Society—men who have come in out of curiosity or some selfish notion, while there are others unselfish, but at the same time without spiritual insight."

It would seem so!

"You deprecate all these scandals, it is true, and no one more; but you cannot say you are surprised, for all your reading of the Hindu Sastras goes to show that such and a thousand times worse tribulations and tests obstruct the path towards adeptship. Your counsel, then, is that all the leading men in the Theosophical Society should unite in doing the utmost that lies within their power to promote, push on, and bring into especial prominence the literary, scientific, educational and philanthropic work of the Society, and cease casting the pearls of occult mysteries before a swinish public.—Ever yours affectionately, H. T. O."

Comment is needless. But that "pearl" of an argument—"how really weak and insufficient Hodgson's case looks to an occultist who knows what is Maya, and how it can be made to deceive the senses," deserves something more than being printed in italics (which are mine). But let it be as it is. What is the use of casting pearls before swine?

Again I ask, whose is the heart that will not be melted into pity at the sight of this sublime Tibetan-Russo-Yankee philanthropic movement, "born of the Mahatmas,"

"Fallen, fallen, fallen, fallen,
Fallen from its high estate."

But before taking leave of this heart-rending part of our story, let us hope that Mr. N. D. Khandalwala's spiritual short-sighted doubts and Maya-created suspicions were thoroughly removed after getting the reply. Apparently this should have been so, for Mr. Khandalwala would never again appear to have opened his lips on the subject, at any rate in the same key. I believe he is still among the foremost supporters of the "Brotherhood" movement in India; I remember him as one of the delegates to the Convention of last year who spoke in the Victoria Hall.

XV.

My story, or at any rate as much of it as I have chosen to tell now, is over. It is quite enough for our purpose.

I have delivered myself of my task, hateful and unpleasant as it has been, from a sincere wish to open the eyes of my countrymen to the true facts regarding an early stage of this movement hitherto wrapped up in mystery. Knowing so much, I could not bring myself to contemplate calmly the spectacle of more of my countrymen being every day deluded into the acceptance of the Mahatmic creed. But apart from this primary object, I have not also been without a consolation of a personal nature. This consolation is the thought that,—shrinking with horror as I do from the atrocity of the frauds which have been so systematically practised among a simple people, bound as by an inexorable destiny to the azure memories of an infinite past—the beloved person, a part of whose life has been so intimately connected with the facts I have revealed, stands clear apart from any taint of discredit or suspicion on his character. Essentially of an impulsive nature, his whole life is an eloquent sermon on the disastrous results that must inevitably follow to a fiery, enthusiastic nature, which once filled with some prepossession, sincerely and devotedly adopted, will die rather than forsake its own cherished convictions, so long as it could find some miserable crutch, some pitiful prop for it. The very intensity of his sincerity proved his ruin. The impartial reader cannot but agree with me in this estimate of my father's character, after the story I have now told. One point is enough to place it beyond all doubt—the fact that months after he had returned from the North, he still kept sending devout petitions to the shrine at Adyar, in all sincerity of heart.

I shall not dwell any more on this, since it is only a personal matter; but I hope the gentle reader will agree with

me when I say that I could not possibly have said less in pure justice to the memory of my father.*

To those of my readers who have followed me so far—occultists who know how the senses deceive us, and intuitionists, to whom no amount of evidence can outweigh the truth “of the childlike and sincere natures” which they feel, alone being excepted—the manner of working by which the “great Mahatma Hoax” has been imposed upon the world, will have been to some extent revealed. The wonder is how it could have endured so long. The wonder is, how so many able and honest men could have so long been imposed upon by the doctrines and deeds of this literally heaven-born movement—doctrines which are nothing but vague and visionary moonshine—and deeds, which have scarcely a parallel in the annals, ancient or modern, Eastern or Western, of jugglery and charlatanism. Great, indeed, would seem to be the capacity for self-deception and contradiction, which each one of us carries with him, especially where his prejudices, tendencies, and preconceptions are con-

* This fact is further made altogether clear from the letter which my father wrote to Colonel Olcott on the 30th May 1886, enclosing the letter of Mr. N. D. Khandalwala's above referred to:—“This gentleman wrote to me in February last a letter to the same effect. I then excused myself on the ground that I had not with me Hodgson's pamphlet. He now asks me again certain questions, giving extracts from the report. Of late I have become very much convinced of the bad effect of throwing pearls to the swine. He has already arrived at a conclusion that Madame is a trickster, and, pardon me, that you are a dupe. What then will be the result of my writing to him anything on the subject for the hundredth time? Perhaps to misunderstand phrases, and so invent new arguments for ridicule? He flatters me a little, but I am not now at this stage to be taken in by it. However, I have sent all these papers to you for advice and instruction. They call this the age of civilization and progress. Yet, at every step, people are now as much dead against truth, if it transcends their experiences, as at any other time in the history of the world. These truths are a little before their time, and some years hence everything will be all right. In the meantime we will do as persons in the world have done before us in similar circumstances, *act up to our convictions, through good fame and ill fame, work our course unswervingly and leave the rest to Karma and the Mahatmas.*—Yours obediently, S. RAMASWAMIER.”

cerned. On no other ground can this movement of such vast proportions, which has now been in existence for the last twenty years, be accounted for. My earnest hope is that after the scathing exposure contained in the letters of Mr. Edmund Garrett in the *Westminster Gazette*, and this slight contribution of mine towards a further elucidation of the Mahatmic mysteries, the venerable Mahatmas will leave a perverse and material world to take care of itself, and betake themselves to their Tibetan retreats, and in those remote solitudes, contemplating the impenetrable mystery of things, and the ignorance and wickedness of man,

"lie reclined

On the hills like gods together, careless of mankind,"

and that the Theosophical Society, if such as I am may dare breathe a wish of that kind, freeing itself from phenomena and Mahatmas direct its attention to more useful and mundane things, to real "philanthropic work." With this fervent hope and wish, I beg to take leave of my readers and of the Theosophical Society.

