

The Irish Theosophist.

“TRUTH AND OCCULTISM.”

IN *Lucifer* for February, 1895, p. 442, occurs the following statement by Mrs. Besant:

“Before I left England in July I had received from Dr. Buck the assurance of his conviction—reiterated by him to Countess Wachtmeister in America—that Mr. Judge had received so severe a lesson that there would be no more of these red pencil missives. . . .”

The following correspondence between Countess Wachtmeister and Dr. Buck covers the above and other assertions. Comment would be inadequate and useless.

[COPIES.]

“BRISTOL HOTEL, COLOMBO.

“Dec. 21st, 1894.

“DEAR DOCTOR BUCK,—Do you remember telling me that I was right in believing that W. Q. Judge had acted in a fraudulent and deceitful manner in sending out spurious orders and messages, that you intended to pull him through the convention at whatever cost to honour, but that afterwards you would give him a piece of your mind, telling him that such messages must cease for the future. You told me this in Dr. Jerome Anderson’s house in San Francisco. You may imagine, therefore, my disgust when I saw your name attached to this unjustifiable attack of W. Q. Judge’s on Annie Besant. You know her to be innocent and the other one to be guilty, and yet you can endorse this abominable lie. No words of mine are sufficient to express my indignation at such conduct. As you have said to Annie Besant exactly the same as you have said to me I do not feel myself bound to secrecy on this matter, for by telling her (the accused) you have made it public. Stand before Master’s portrait and ask Him what He thinks of your

conduct, for Master is truth Himself; how, then, can He approve of that which is untrue and false. I am sorry for you with all my heart.

(Signed) "CONSTANCE WACHTMEISTER."

"TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.

"I have this day received a letter from Countess Wachtmeister, of which the above is a verbatim copy. Aside from the insulting tone of the letter, which I pass by, I hereby declare upon my honour that the above statements are from beginning to end fabrications. There is not a word of truth in any single statement therein contained. I not only made none of the above statements to the Countess or to anyone else, but no such conversation ever occurred, nor did the Countess ever say to me or in my hearing that she herself believed Mr. Judge guilty. She was entirely non-committal on the subject when I saw her in San Francisco, and when, later, she was entertained for a week at my house in Cincinnati. By what means, or with what motive, the Countess has arrived at her present attitude and made these statements, is beyond conception. To the present day I do not know and have no means of knowing the source or methods of Mr. Judge's communications with Masters, but have supported Mr. Judge solely on my own knowledge of his work and character, deeming the matters involved in the said communications incapable of proof or disproof. I have never said to anyone that in these matters Mr. Judge is 'guilty' or 'innocent,' because I do not *know*, and as I see no means of knowing I have no 'belief' and do not care, but go on with the legitimate work of the T. S.

(Signed) "J. D. BUCK, M.D., F.T.S

"*Cincinnati, Ohio, U. S. A., Jan. 21st, 1895.*"

"MY DEAR COLONEL (OLCOTT).—You are at liberty to make what you can and whatever use you please out of the foregoing. Further communication from me is unnecessary and would evidently be useless. If I had made those statements I should stand by them, for where I am known I have never been accused of cowardice, or of being a liar or a sneak. Strangers will, of course, believe what they please, as it is a matter of veracity between the Countess and myself.

"Sincerely and fraternally yours,

(Signed) "J. D. BUCK."

Mrs. Besant having written Dr. Buck under date of Dec. 25th, 1894, from Adyar:

"My poor friend, you told me you would take the karma of defending Judge even at the cost of truth."

Dr. Buck replied, drawing a line under the words, "*even at the cost of truth*":

"The underlined portion is not mine, as you will see by referring to my letter just before I sailed for London. That means, if words have meaning, that I would disregard known truth or wilfully prevaricate to uphold Judge. I never knowingly did such a thing, or said it, or thought it."

Dr. Buck then enclosed a copy of the above from Countess Wachtmeister, and continues:

". . . See how these things go. When will we come to an end of them? This statement by the Countess is without a single fact to stand on, but taken with yours will be believed and go against Judge. I tried on several occasions to draw her out on the question, but she was as mum as an oyster, never once admitted Judge's guilt, only said, 'It will all come out right.' I never said to anyone that Judge was guilty or I believed him guilty, but always 'I do not know,' and have defended him solely from what I do know, viz., his great work and general character, leaving the rest without prejudice one way or another. It seems to me that you might understand this position whether you approve it or not. We are in an awful whirl, my dear good sister; let us not even unconsciously multiply difficulties. So in regard to Judge's statements in regard to you and Chakravarti. I do not *know*. It would have to be proven to become for me a basis of action, and had nothing to do with my going with Judge in E. S. Some of the things you have done I do not understand. I cannot reconcile them, therefore I do not condemn you or acquit you. I leave them absolutely in abeyance, believing you have 'tried to follow truth' and do right, and the motive is far more important than the act. The outer whirl of matter will vanish as soon as we all get right inside. May the good law hasten the day. Here is the statement, word for word, occurring in a letter I wrote you dated June 10th, 1894: 'I would take the karma myself of *condoning a fault in Judge*, rather than see him humiliated so he could work no more, or to have the T. S. divided on the question of his guilt or innocence, as there is great danger of its becoming if we are not very wise and prudent.' We have not been 'wise and prudent,' and the division that I saw and tried in every way to prevent has come. But you must see the difference between 'taking the karma of condoning a fault to save a brother and save the society,' and as you quote me, 'You (I) would take the karma of defending Judge *even at the cost of truth*,' or, as the Countess puts it (out of whole cloth, for I never said anything of the kind to her), that I 'intended to pull him through the convention *at whatever*

cost to honour. I did not 'pull him through the convention' or try to; there was no occasion, as the convention was unanimous in his support. Of course if you and the Countess so repeat these statements they will seem to justify your course, and strengthen your cause and hurt Mr. Judge and his supporters. Need I say more than *they are wholly untrue* and that you and the Countess have either entirely forgotten, or are willing to so entirely misconceive and therefore misrepresent my motives and sentiments. I am not personally aggrieved, because I am not in the front, only a worker in the background, trying to help all who work in Master's cause. But these things intensify the feelings against Judge, and seem to justify the attack by showing how mean are the motives and basis of action of his supporters.

"America will disregard all these *accusations* (not 'disregard truth and honour') and support Judge for his splendid work and character as we know it. The evidence we have for him is far stronger than the evidence yet brought against him. . . .

"Sincerely yours,

(Signed) "J. D. BUCK."

On page 456 of *Lucifer* Mrs. Besant says:

"Let me say I had drawn up six charges to lay before the committee. Under each of these charges I had drawn up the evidence on which the charge depended. I had made what would be called a brief; the charges were the indictments, and the evidence was practically the speech of the counsel stating what the charges were. My only deviation from the legal action was this—that I sent a complete copy of the whole statement that I proposed to make, to Mr. Judge; that, I knew, was outside the legal duty, but I did it in order that the case might be met upon its merits, that he might know everything I was going to say, every document I was going to use, and every argument I was going to employ."

Much virtue is continually claimed for sending Mr. Judge the little that was sent him in regard to the charges. The course followed is alleged to be a deviation from the legal procedure for the benefit of Mr. Judge. It was a deviation, but not in the sense implied by Mrs. Besant. Quite the reverse. I am professionally informed that the procedure in an action of law is as follows:

1. A statement of the complaint must be sent to the defendant. This Mrs. Besant did, though vaguely. Her statement consisted of the six charges and a specification of documents upon which they were based.
2. A full statement setting forth the purport of all the documents upon which the complaint is founded must be sent to the defendant.

This Mrs. Besant did not do. She sent a partial statement insufficiently setting out *some* of the documents only and entirely omitting others which, according to the specification, were intended and therefore had to be used, unless the defendant consented to their withdrawal. This partial statement Mrs. Besant calls her prosecutor's brief. Here, therefore, she departed from legal procedure and entirely in her own favour.

3. The defendant must put in what is called a "defence." This Mr. Judge did even before the second item of procedure was taken by the plaintiff.

4. The plaintiff must give full opportunity for the defendant and his agents to inspect and take copies and extracts and facsimiles or photographs of all documents intended to be used against him, and no document can be used except those produced. This Mrs. Besant did not do and never has done.

5. At least six weeks, sometimes six months or more, are allowed before the trial for the preparation by the parties of their respective evidence and witnesses. It has been forgotten that the genuineness of all documents has to be proved on oath unless admitted to be genuine by the opposite party. If evidence is required from abroad the Court will postpone the trial until it can be obtained. The fact is that Mrs. Besant delayed taking procedure No. 2 until Mr. Judge was actually leaving the U. S. A. to attend the trial, the date of which had already been fixed. This was a flagrant injustice which would not be tolerated in any Court of Law. No opportunity whatever was given for inspection and copying documents before the trial. This also is a gross breach of even legal procedure.

And now Mr. Judge is (*vide Vahan*, March, 1895) arraigned before the whole Society on charges which it has not seen, on evidence supplied neither to the Society nor to the defendant.

I suppose it to be upon the strength of Mrs. Besant's statement in *Lucifer*, as above quoted, that Mr. Mead is issuing an official statement, advance copy of which has been sent to me, as member of the Executive Committee, in which, in reply to Mr. Judge's official letter saying that he has no copies of the evidence, Mr. Mead replies that Mr. Judge has copies of all that was to be used against him. I at once notified Mr. Mead that the above statement was not true, and gave my reasons (in part) therefor. But as I now find other advance copies have been sent out, and Mr. Thomas Williams has published the same incorrect statement in *Light*, I am obliged to make public contradiction of the above. The facts are as follows:

Mrs. Besant sent Mr. Judge: (*a*) a rough specification of some

seventy-eight exhibits (letters, telegrams, etc.) as evidence in support of six charges. I say "some seventy-eight," because such items as the following occur:

"Various sentences written in Judge's letters to A. B., Babula, Olcott, Tookeram, Cooper-Oakley." Allotting in all such cases *one* letter to each person named, there are seventy-eight pieces of evidence. But there is nothing to show whether there are one or a dozen such letters to each person. This specification in my hands is a certified copy of the original one sent to Mr. Judge in New York.

(*b*) Mrs. Besant sent also what she calls "a brief." It contained many arguments based upon many assertions. In this brief were quotations from a few of the seventy-eight pieces of "evidence." I am told by three persons who have seen this brief that there are under a dozen pieces of evidence given. These latter are *all* the copies of evidence which Mr. Judge has or has had, and this is the way in which Mr. Judge has known "every document I was going to use," or has had, as Mr. Mead says, copies of all that was to be used against him. It cannot be denied that Mrs. Besant intended to use against him all the seventy-eight or more pieces of evidence quoted, for the six charges and rough specification were the official documents to be used before the T. S. Judicial Committee, not one of which could subsequently be withdrawn by Mrs. Besant, or anyone else, at their own discretion. I have not seen this brief, as Mrs. Besant required Mr. Judge to give his word of honour that he would show it to no one (Dr. Buck having previously seen it), and told several of us that she had ordered it to be burned when the matter was supposed to be settled. It now appears that Miss C——, who is not a T. S. official, has it in charge and has shown it to members. Three members who have seen it pledge their honour to the statement that it contains under a dozen of the pieces of evidence.

Moreover, Mr. Judge has not even *seen* all the evidence. None of that which is the property of Mr. Bertram Keightley was even shown to him!

Furthermore, Mrs. Besant at Richmond, in July, 1894, promised Mr. Judge, in the presence of Mr. Mead, Dr. Buck, Mr. B. Keightley, Mrs. A. Keightley and myself, that he should have copies of all the evidence. Why did she so promise if, as is now said, Mr. Judge had knowledge of every document and copies of the evidence before leaving America? As a portion of this conversation is now being used against Mr. Judge and is distorted, I here give the real context. *Other parts of that conversation have yet wider bearing.*

Mr. Judge asked Mrs. Besant if she would then give him back his

letters, which were the so-called evidence, seeing that the closing of the matter was under consideration. It was evidently useless to talk about bringing the matter to a conclusion, if the alleged evidence was to be promptly handed over to one of his avowed enemies, who would naturally have continued the office of prosecutor, even if that office had been laid down by Mrs. Besant. In reply to Mr. Judge's question, Mrs. Besant said that they were not all hers to give. The question was not so strange as it is made to appear, as Mrs. Besant and Mr. B. Keightley were, with Colonel Olcott, owners of the bulk—if not all of the evidence so-called. Colonel Olcott had been and was consulted on this head. Mr. Judge then said, in almost these exact words:

“Well, Annie, if the case was reversed, I would take the consequences of returning you *your* letters under the same circumstances. However, will you give me copies?”

Mrs. Besant consulted Mr. Mead by a look and Mr. Mead said:

“Why, yes, Annie, I think Judge ought to have copies.”

Mrs. Besant then agreed that the copies should be given. Four of the seven persons present remember this as here set forth. The copies NEVER have been given, and the statement made by Mr. Judge in his letter, published by Mr. Mead in *The Vahan*, and in *The Irish Theosophist* for February, 1895, is in every particular correct.

Mr. Judge is being asked to reply to charges based upon letters and telegrams beginning 1875 down to the present day, often very vaguely specified, as in the extract above, part of which he has not even seen. And when he makes his very natural and necessary demand, untrue statements are made in regard to him.

In any case it is not only unjust, but contrary to every code of common fairness, to endeavour to prove charges such as those brought against Mr. Judge on the strength of brief extracts from supposed letters. Everyone must know that carefully selected extracts can be made to prove almost any villainy. It is significant that Mrs. Besant admitted to many persons in July, 1894, that she was aware these charges could not be actually proven against Mr. Judge.

Mr. Judge has not at his command the lists of the Theosophical Society kept at Adyar, as have his accusers, the statements even of Mrs. Besant and my step-uncle, Mr. Bertram Keightley, being circulated all over the world by those lists, so that I must ask members who receive this statement of Dr. Buck and myself to circulate it as widely as possible.

Lucifer, p. 466, Mrs. Besant again says: “Further, by the carelessness of Mr. Judge's agents, this circular has been sent to an expelled

member of the E. S. T. in India. . . ." There is also much being said about a "quasi-private" circular and so forth.

I beg to say that copies of a circular were sent to Mrs. Besant's E. S. T. Council (ten, I think, in number) and the I. G., with the exception of Mrs. M—. These were the only copies signed—and in an unusual manner—by Mr. Judge. One of these *signed* copies was published in part (I do not say whether correctly or incorrectly) by *The Westminster Gazette*, and the exact signature reproduced. These were *the only signed copies* except my own. Mrs. Cleather and Messrs. Pryse and Coryn had and have their copies. Therefore one of the remaining members of Mrs. Besant's own E. S. T. Council published the circular to which she refers. Moreover, if any such circular was sent—and of this we have no proof—to an expelled member in India, that is the fault of Mrs. Besant's London agents, who failed to notify the American office of such expulsion—as is both the rule and necessity. I have the lists, with every name marked, by which a circular was sent out, and if Mrs. Besant will give the name to impartial referees, I am willing to place the lists in their hands. It remains to be proven (*a*) to whom the circular was sent and (*b*) by whom; for the member of Mrs. Besant's Council who published a circular in England may have also sent it to India.

In the above I do not commit myself to any statement as to whether the document referred to by Mrs. Besant as in the public prints is or is not a paper of the E. S. T., as publication and reference to such paper by Mrs. Besant or any other do not justify me in breaking my pledge. I do, however, feel justified in saying that all the nonsense about the "circulation of private slanders under the sacred obligation of secrecy" comes grotesquely from Mrs. Besant, who circulated a "private" statement, with special safeguards against discovery, as to Mr. Judge's guilt over six months ago, and after promising to say nothing to anyone until Mr. Judge should be in England. And I positively deny that there is, either in the two circulars so published or in any E. S. T. document or circular, any statement that Mrs. Besant is *consciously* doing wrong, or under black magicians, or more than a "*possible* vehicle," or is one herself. There are no "appalling" statements, and there is decided tribute to the original intention and the work of Mrs. Besant. All that is said on this head by Mrs. Besant is quite hopelessly exaggerated. I would urge members who are interested in the matter to compare Mrs. Besant's version of these "appalling" statements with whatever has actually been written by Mr. Judge. Let them go over the papers for themselves and then decide.

In regard to the so-called Council message of "Judge's plan is right," I have Mrs. Besant's own statement, written, dated and signed *at the time*, to the effect that no one had or could have had access to the papers among which this missive was found, but herself. She made also statements at various times—the last one in May, 1893, to Messrs. Main, Patterson and Hyatt, of Brooklyn, Mr. Crosbie, of Boston, Mrs. A. Keightley and myself, that it was absolutely impossible for Mr. Judge or anyone else to have access to those papers and place the slip among them. With the exception of Mr. Crosbie, I have the statements of the above persons attested, and all are in writing. I could produce over a score more by simply asking for them. Mrs. Besant has never defended Mr. Judge from this charge.

At the Adyar Convention, December, 1894, Miss Müller publicly accused Mr. Judge of having tried, some years ago, to force Col. H. S. Olcott to resign the Presidency of the T. S. This is utterly untrue. Both Mrs. Besant and Colonel Olcott knew it to be untrue. They knew who it really was who took action against Colonel Olcott with a view to force him to resign from the Presidency. They knew it was not Mr. Judge, and that the action in no way originated in America; but Mrs. Besant and Colonel Olcott permitted this false charge to be publicly made against Mr. Judge, in their presence at Adyar, and said no word to exonerate him.

These are some of the discrepancies which I and others shall later be called upon to point out. Very much to my regret—for all must be wearied with the constant reiteration of charges against Mr. Judge, and the consequent necessary defence—I cannot longer remain, by my silence, an accomplice in a great wrong. But the action of Mr. Mead in canvassing the European Section, and that of Mrs. Besant in her *Lucifer* publications, compel me to point out one or two of these misstatements, which, together with personal attacks, by letter and otherwise, upon almost all those who openly express belief in Mr. Judge's innocence, compel me to break—in some degree—my silence before the general public.

After the above had gone to press I received the March *Vahan*. Mr. Mead says on p. 3 that his "memory is defective" as regards the request made by Mr. Judge, at the meeting of the Judicial Committee, for copies of the evidence. The memories of Messrs. Kingsland, Firth and Sinnett are also, he says, defective on this point. Against this I can only place my own positive recollection and the equally positive recollection of Mr. E. T. Hargrove and Mr. Jas. M. Pryse.

I would further state that the conversation I have referred to as

taking place at Richmond, at which the special demand was made for at least copies of the evidence, is that which Mrs. Besant refers to in her letter in *The Review of Reviews* for February, quoted by Mr. Mead in *The Vahan*. This meeting, in a sense private, has been made use of as against Mr. Judge by Mrs. Besant in the above letter. I cannot, of course, remain silent in regard to it any longer, and have given a part of the conversation as it actually occurred.

ARCHIBALD KEIGHTLEY.

“THE WORLD KNOWETH US NOT.”

[Being extracts from letters of W. Q. Judge to various students, 1891-1894.]

IV.

“DEAR BROTHERS AND SISTERS,—I do not think that you will take it amiss that I again intrude myself before you. I am so far off, and the place where my old friend and teacher—the one who pointed out to me the way that must bring us, if followed, to the light and peace and power of truth—is so dear to me, I fain would speak with those my fellow-workers who now live where she worked and where her mighty soul left the body it used for our advantage. This is surely sufficient reason.

“Refer to the Master’s letter in *The Occult World* and you will find him saying that the Masters are philanthropists and care only for that. Hence, the very oldest F. T. S. who has been selfish and not philanthropic, has never come under the notice of the Masters, has never done anything, in fact, toward the development of the soul in his possession, nothing for the race of man. It is not membership in the T. S., or any other mystical body, that brings us near the Masters, but just such philanthropic work with just the pure motive.

“Then I know, and say plainly—for as so close to each other we should plainly speak—that some of us, may be all, have waited and wondered and wished and hoped, for what? Various expressed thus: one wants to go to the Masters, not knowing even if it be fitting; another wants to know what is the vague longing inside; another says that if the inner senses were but developed, and hopes the Master would develop them, and so on; all, however, expressed by what the Master himself has written, ‘You want to find out about us, of our methods of work, and for that you seek along the line of occultism.’ Well, it is right for us to seek and to try and to want to reach to Them, for otherwise we never will in any age get where such Beings are. But

as wise thinkers we should act and think wisely. I know many of you, and what I am saying should help some as it does me also.

“You are all on the road to Masters, but as we are now, with the weak and hereditarily diseased bodies we have, we could not live an hour with Masters did we suddenly jump past space to Them. Some, too, have doubt and darkness; the doubt mostly as to themselves. This should not be harboured, for it is a wile of the lower man striving to keep you back among the mediocre of the race. When you have lifted yourself up over that level of the race, the enemy of man strikes and strives at all times to bring clouds of doubt and despair. You should know that all, everyone down to the most obscure, who are working steadily are as steadily creeping on to a change, and yet on and to other changes, and all steps to the Master. Do not allow discouragement to come in. Time is needed for all growth, and all change, and all development. Let time have her perfect work and do not stop it.

“How may it be stopped? How many have thought of this I do not know, but here is a fact. As a sincere student works on, his work makes him come every day near to a step, and if it be an advance then it is certain there is a sort of silence or loneliness all around in the forest of his nature. Then he may stop all by allowing despair to come in with various reasons and pretexts; he may thus throw himself back to where he began. This is not arbitrary law but nature's. It is a law of mind, and the enemies of man take advantage of it for the undoing of the unwary disciple. I would never let the least fear or despair come before me, but if I cannot see the road nor the goal for the fog, I would simply sit down and wait; I would not allow the fog to make me think no road was there and that I was not to pass it. The fogs must lift.

“What then is the panacea finally, the royal talisman? It is **DUTY**, **Selflessness**. Duty persistently followed is the highest yoga, and is better than mantrams or any posture or any other thing. If you can do no more than duty it will bring you to the goal. And, my dear friends, I can swear it that the Masters are watching us all, and that without fail when we come to the right point and really deserve, They manifest to us. At all times I know that They help and try to aid as far as we will let Them.

“Why, the Masters are anxious (to use a word of our own) that as many as possible may reach to the state of power and love They are in. Why, then, suppose They help not? As They are Atman and therefore the very law of Karma itself, They are in everything in life, and every phase of our changing days and years. If you will arouse your

faith on this line you come nearer to help from Them that you will recognise.

"I send you my love and hope and best thoughts that you may all find the great light shining round you every day. It is there.

"Your brother,

"WILLIAM Q. JUDGE."

(*To be continued.*)

THE T. S. CONSTITUTION.

THERE are a few points in March *Vâhan* which seem to need a little comment in a friendly way. In the first place it is well to note the admission of our General Secretary that last year's Judicial Committee "proved the disability of the Constitution to grapple with the difficulty." The obvious inference—especially in view of action taken by the Aryan Lodge, to which Mr. Judge belongs—is that we have to go *outside* the Constitution "to grapple with the difficulty" (of keeping up the hue and cry?). This agrees well with Mr. H. Burrows' recent declaration to the Blavatsky Lodge that "we make a mistake in applying theosophical principles to the present crisis."

Now those who are styled "Mr. Judge's adherents," whether members of the Executive Committee or private members in Europe or elsewhere, are merely people who believe in upholding the Constitution of the T. S. in letter and spirit, at all costs. For that alone Mr. Judge successfully stood last July, and for that alone let us stand. We shall be accused of quibbling, of entering "demurrers," of being "under his thumb," and what not, but what matters it? There is no complaint by the Aryan Lodge against W. Q. Judge as a private member of that Branch; there is none by the American Section against him as General Secretary of that Section, nor is there one against him *quâ* his actions as Vice-President, as proved by decision of Judicial Committee last year.

As if conscious of this hitch in the man-hunt along *constitutional* lines, the General Secretary of the European Section now humorously attacks the Aryan Lodge by the remark that "it has not the courage to face the problem."

Poor Aryan Lodge! I extend you my sympathy in your present distressing condition. But stop, it may not yet be too late. Do, please, try and summon up a little courage. The European Section—nay, the Theosophical Society—is in danger unless you act boldly. Ask him to defend himself—at his peril! And please state a time limit. We can't afford to wait, you know. Never mind waiting for certified copies of documents to be put in evidence—and which nobody has yet seen. (Besides, why not try and *collect* some? Quite easy if you really apply your minds. Make it dovetail as nicely as you can, but don't show it to anyone.) You have delayed far too long already. Oh, how terrible! To keep us all waiting and reining in our fiery steeds, merely because *you* won't jump the fence. Be men, and don't put yourselves under anyone's thumb. Attack! Throw theosophical principles to the winds. Sound the charge! Attack! attack!

FRED. J. DICK.

THE LEGENDS OF ANCIENT EIRE.

A REVEREND and learned professor in Trinity College, Dublin, a cynic and a humorist, is reported once to have wondered "why the old Irish, having a good religion of their own, did not stick to it?" Living in the "Celtic twilight," and striving to pierce backward into the dawn, reading romance, tradition and history, I have endeavoured to solve something of the mystery of the vast "Celtic phantasmagoria," I can but echo the professor. In these legends, prodigal of enchantment, where Gods, heroes and bright supernatural beings mingle, are at league or war together, I have found not misty but clear traces of that old wisdom-religion once universal. There are indeed no ancient Irish Scriptures I am aware of, but they were not needed. To those who read in the Book of Life, philosophy and scripture are but as blinds over the spiritual vision. But we to-day—lost children of the stars—but painfully and indirectly catch glimpses of the bright spheres once our habitations, where we freely came and went. So I will try to tell over again some of these old stories in the light of philosophy spoken later. What was this old wisdom-religion? It was the belief that life is one; that nature is not dead but living; the surface but a veil tremulous with light—lifting that veil hero and sage of old time went outwards into the vast and looked on the original. All that they beheld they once were, and it was again their heritage, for in essence they were one with it—children of Deity. The One gave birth to the many, imagining within itself the heaven of heavens, and the heavens, and spheres more shadowy and dim, growing distant from the light. Through these the Rays ran outward, falling down through many a starry dynasty to dwell in clay. Yet—once God or Angel—that past remains, and the Ray, returning on itself, may réassume its old vesture, entering as a God into the Ancestral Self. Every real scripture and every ancient myth, to be understood truly, must be understood in this light. God, the angelic hierarchies, the powers divine and infernal, are but names for the mightier Adam in whose image man was made and who is the forgotten Self in humanity. Mystic symbolism is the same the world over, and applying it to the old Celtic romances, phantasy and faeryland are transformed into history and we are reading about the ancient Irish Adepts.

Ireland was known long ago as the Sacred Island. The Gods lived there; for the Tuatha De Dannans who settled in Eire after conquering the gigantic races of Firbolgs and Fomorians (Atlanteans) were called Gods, differing in this respect from the Gods of ancient Greece and India, that they were *men who had made themselves Gods* by magical or Druidical power. They were preëminently magi become immortal by strength of will and knowledge. Superhuman in power and beauty, they raised themselves above nature; they played with the elements; they moved with ease in the air. We read of one Angus Oge, the master magician of all, sailing invisibly "on the wings of the cool east wind"; the palace of that Angus remains to this day at New Grange, wrought over with symbols of the Astral Fire and the great Serpentine Power. The De Dannans lived in the heart of mountains

(crypts for initiation), and to-day the peasant sometimes sees the enchanted glow from the green hills he believes they still inhabit. Perhaps he believes not foolishly, for, once truly occult, a place is preserved from pollution until the cycle returns, bringing back with it the ancient Gods again.

The cycle of the Gods is followed in Irish tradition by the cycle of the heroes. The Gods still mingled with them and presumably taught them, for many of these heroes are Druids. Finn, the hero of a hundred legends, Cuchullin, Dairmud, Oisín and others are wielders of magical powers. One of the most beautiful of these stories tells of Oisín in Tir-na-noge. Oisín with his companions journeys along by the water's edge. He is singled out by Niam, daughter of Manannan, king of Tir-na-noge, the land of the Gods. She comes on a white horse across the seas, and mounting with her Oisín travels across the ocean; after warring with a giant Fomor he passes into Tir-na-noge, where for a hundred years he lives with Niam and has all that heart could wish for. But desire for Eire arises within him and returning, he falls off the magic steed, and becomes an old man weary with years. It is purely occult. Oisín, Niam, her white steed, Tir-na-noge, the waters they pass over, are but names which define a little our forgotten being. Within Oisín, the magician, kindles the Ray, the hidden Beauty. Let us call it by what name we will, so that we spare the terms of academic mysticism or psychology. It is the Golden Bird of the Upanishads; the Light that lighteth every man; it is that which the old Hermetists knew as the Fair or the Beautiful—for Niam means beauty; it is the Presence, and when it is upon a man every other tie breaks; he goes alone with It, he is a dying regret, an ever-increasing joy. And so with Oisín, whose weeping companions behold him no more. He mounts the white horse with Niam. It is the same as the white horse of the Apocalypse, whereon one sits called Faithful and True. It is the power on which the Spirit rides. Who is there, thinking, has felt freed for a moment from his prison-house, and looking forth has been blinded by the foam of great seas, or has felt his imagination grow kingly in contemplation—he has known its impelling power; the white horse is impatient of restraint.

As they pass over the waters "they saw many wonderful things on their journey—islands and cities, lime-white mansions, bright greenans and lofty palaces." It is the mirror of heaven and earth, the astral light, in whose glass a myriad illusions arise and fleet before the mystic adventurers. Haunt of a false beauty—or rather a veil hung dazzling before the true beauty, only the odour or incense of her breath is blown through these alluring forms. The transition from this to a subtler sphere is indicated. A hornless deer, chased by a white hound with red ears, and a maiden tossing a golden lure, vanishes for ever before a phantom lover. The poet whose imagination has renewed for us the legend has caught the true significance of these hurrying forms:

"The immortal desire of immortals we saw in their eyes and sighed."

"Do not heed these forms!" cries Niam. Compare with this from another source: "Flee from the Hall of Learning, it is dangerous in its perfidious beauty. . . . Beware, lest dazzled by illusive radiance thy Soul should linger and be caught in its deceptive light. . . . It shines from the jewel of the Great Ensuarer." There are centres in

man corresponding to these appearances. They give vision and entrance into a red and dreadful world, where unappeasable desire smites the soul—a dangerous clairvoyance. But in the sphere beyond their power has to be conquered, and here Oisín wars with the giant Fomor. De Dannan and Fomorian passed from Eire wrestle still in the invisible world, say the legends. We, too—would-be mystics—are met on the threshold of diviner spheres by terrible forms embodying the sins of a living past when we misused our spiritual powers in old Atlantean days. These forms must be conquered and so Oisín battles with the Fomor and releases the power—a princess in the story. This fight with the demon must be fought by everyone who would enter the land of the Gods, whether in conscious occult adventure or half-consciously after death, when the strange alchemist Nature separates the subtle from the gross in the soul in this region which Oisín passes through. Tir-na-noge, the land of Niam, is that region the soul lives in when its grosser energies and desires have been subdued, dominated and brought under the control of light; where the Ray of Beauty kindles and illuminates every form which the imagination conceives, and where every form tends to its archetype. It is a real region which has been approached and described by the poets and sages who, at all times, have endeavoured to express something of the higher realities. It is not distant, but exists in earth as the soul within the body, and may be perceived through and along with the surface forms. In a sense it corresponds with the Tibetan Devachan, and in this region Oisín lives for a hundred years, until desire to see Eire once more arises and he parts from Niam. For the details of his return, the drowsy land in which he slumbers; how he fell off the white horse and became an old man with the weariness of his hundreds of years upon him—I must refer the reader to the legends. He will read not alone of Oisín, but of many an old hero, who, hailed by the faery (divine) voice, went away to live in the heart of green hills (to be initiated) or to these strange worlds.

Dear children of Eire, not alone to the past but to to-day belong such destinies. For if we will we can enter the enchanted land. The Golden Age is all about us, and heroic forms and imperishable love. In that mystic light rolled round our hills and valleys hang deeds and memories which yet live and inspire. The Gods have not deserted us. Hearing our call they will return. A new cycle is dawning and the sweetness of the morning twilight is in the air. We can breathe it if we will but awaken from our slumber.

Æ.

THE PERSECUTION OF WILLIAM Q. JUDGE.

THE OBJECT IN VIEW.

THE design from the beginning was to get me out of the way to the Presidency of the T. S. Mrs. Besant was to demand my resignation, after that Colonel Oicott was to resign his office, then Mrs. Besant was to be nominated as President; Vice-Presidency probably to go to Bert. Keightley, though on that the outer proofs are not yet definite. In London last July Mrs. Besant said several times that the object of the proceeding was to prevent my succeeding to the Presidency. But here are a few samples from her letters:

"*Calcutta, Jan. 11th, 1894.*—You must resign the outer headship (of E. S. T.) held jointly with myself, or the evidence which goes to prove the wrong done must be laid before a committee of T. S. . . . And you must resign the position of President-elect."

"*Delhi, Feb. 14th, 1894.*—He [Chakravarti] endorsed the idea that I should take sole charge of the School. . . . Indeed, he told me last summer [about August, 1893.—J.] that it had to be so presently."

"*Agra, Feb. 8th, 1894.*—As you know, I refused the offer to nominate me as President: since then I have been told [by whom?—J.] 'not to oppose,' so I remain passive and wait."

"*Agra, Feb. 14th, 1894.*—That you had made an intellectual blunder, misled by a high example. [This means H. P. B.] . . . X. would not take the Presidency at any price. *If I have to, pity me.*" [Italics are mine.—J.]

In July she told me the first day, as explaining the sentence above quoted about a "high example" and another, that I was "largely a victim," that her theory was *first*, that H. P. B. had committed several frauds for good ends and made bogus messages; *second*, that I was misled by her example, and *third*, that H. P. B. had given me permission to do such acts. She then asked me to confess thus and that would clear up all. I peremptorily denied such a horrible lie, and warned her that everywhere I would resist such attack on H. P. B. These are facts, and the real issue is around H. P. B.

RESIGNATION ASKED.

Some European Lodges and the Indian Section have asked me to resign as Vice-President. I have refused and shall refuse. The attempt to force me by saying "all honourable men resign when attacked" is silly nonsense. No office in the T. S. has any attraction for me, but I will not be forced. An "Anniversary Meeting" in India, with no power and being, in fact, only an extra meeting of the Indian Section, passed resolutions asking my resignation. To that I replied that I do not recognize either the meeting or the resolutions. T. S. Anniversary Meetings are unknown to our Constitution.

WHY NO EXPLANATION YET.

By reading the Vice-President's letter to the European General Secretary printed hereunder (see *Váhan*, March, 1895), members will see that I cannot make any explanation without copies of my letters and alleged memoranda. In addition, I find that some of the documents have up to this day been kept back from me, so that I have not seen them at all. It is quite true that Mrs. Besant gave me a copy of her proposed statement as prosecutor; but that contained only references and a few garbled extracts, and besides, it did not cover the items they have since added to the number.

W. Q. J.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

THE PRIESTESS OF ISIS AND HER ACCUSERS.

To the Editor of THE IRISH THEOSOPHIST.

DEAR SIR,—Wide publicity having recently been given to attacks on the late Mme. Blavatsky, will you be so good as to allow us, her only relatives in England, to say a few words on the other side.

Like the rest of Mme. Blavatsky's relatives, we have long ceased to wonder at any criticism of her wonderful life; have almost ceased to feel resentment at any misunderstanding of her almost incomprehensible personality.

It is not, therefore, with resentment that we regard these attacks on Mme. Blavatsky, but rather with wonder that, in any valuation of her life and work, there should be such complete blindness to realities, not incomprehensible at all, but very patent to everyone who has eyes to see.

It appears to us a fact, altogether undoubted, that Mme. Blavatsky made thinkable to tens of thousands the ideal of spiritual life, of the real Self that stands above the ocean of birth and death. And in making thinkable the idea of the higher Self, she has also made thinkable the inferior worth of this life of storm and sorrow.

Then again she has made tangible to thousands the theory of repeated births; of the development of the enduring Self through a long series of personal selves. Or, as she herself would say, the doctrines of Reincarnation and Karma, the doctrines to which she invariably linked the sanative ethical principle—whatever a man sows, the same shall he also reap.

These two teachings—the real Self and the series of rebirths—are the heart and head of Indian philosophy, and Mme. Blavatsky has made them thinkable and tangible to tens of thousands whom the transcendental works of Kant and Schopenhauer, and the academic studies of the Orientalists, have never even touched.

We are also assured by the greatest popularizer of psychic studies that “she did more to imbue the mind of her day and generation with psychic truths than any man or woman of her time.”

All this she has done, not so much by original research and speculation—these she never claimed—but rather by the sheer force of her personal power, that first seized these ideas with tremendous vividness, and then presented them with tremendous vividness to the minds of her age. She was a force, the like of which we shall not see again.

Is it a small thing to have made this immortality of the soul a thinkable, tangible reality to tens of thousands? To attempt this would have been a splendid thing; Mme. Blavatsky did more—she actually accomplished it.

If even a tithe of this be true—we think it falls far short of the truth—then Mme. Blavatsky has deserved very well of her time. And, in view of this real work done, we cannot but consider all personal attacks on her as ridiculous—not to use a harder word.

To turn for one moment to the attacks themselves. Mr. Solovyoff's volume, *A Modern Priestess of Isis*, contains two elements—private

letters of Mme. Blavatsky and the narrative of Mr. Solovyoff. In the letters, somewhat unscrupulously published, there is no proof of Mme. Blavatsky's "fraudulence." As to the narrative of Mr. Solovyoff, it is abundantly proved that he has given two quite discrepant accounts of his own attitude and doings, and a witness who does this is hardly believed when he testifies about others. We are justified in saying that the whole of Mr. Solovyoff's narrative is so completely coloured by his subsequent ideas, that it is practically a work of fiction, the only one of his popular romances that Englishmen are ever likely to read. So much for Mr. Solovyoff's book: the private letters of a dead woman, genuine and honest; the narrative of a living romancer, largely fictitious.

The second accuser, Mr. Lillie, has gracefully availed himself of the labours of others: the foundation of his work is the attack of Mme. Coulomb on Mme. Blavatsky—an attack based on letters asserted by Mme. Blavatsky to be forged. Now the most famous political trial of our days should have opened our eyes to the danger of believing in this kind of evidence, especially when the "revealer" is paid for his "revelations."

It is a noteworthy fact, that has never been sufficiently insisted on, that in no case has it been claimed that any of Mme. Blavatsky's psychical "phenomena" were "exposed" at the actual moment of occurrence; while even Mr. Solovyoff testifies to real and undoubted psychical phenomena—physical forces directly controlled by her will. Then again Mme. Blavatsky is accused of wrong and faulty literary methods. Very likely; her work was not for literary methods, but for human life. And, if her words are sometimes inconsistent, her will was perfectly, strongly consistent all through, and will is better than words.

In view of her splendid achievement, most plain people will probably agree with us that, if the failings pointed out by her accusers were real, it would have been far more generous to have left them to silence; while, if they are largely false, as we believe, then these railing accusations that made a long martyrdom of the evening of her life are something worse than ungenerous.

Mme. Blavatsky may have been wrong in many things, perhaps, but, in a few supreme things, she was splendidly right. We are,

Yours truly,

VERA JOHNSTON.

CHARLES JOHNSTON.

27, LEINSTER GARDENS, HYDE PARK, W.

February 20th, 1895.

DEAR SIR,—In reference to an article by Mr. Judge in the last number of *The Irish Theosophist*, I feel reluctantly compelled to deny that I regard the message he sent me as genuine. It is a pity he challenged my testimony on this matter. He does not fairly put the facts when he says "about that time" I sent him a letter for transmission to the Master M., and must therefore have believed him in communication. The letter in question was merely a reply to the "message" spontaneously sent. At the time I merely *doubted* its authenticity and thought it best to send a reply on the hypothesis that there might be some genuine origin for the message, however it might have been dis-

torted. Later on I obtained what I consider to be certain assurance that the message, and some others Mr. Judge sent me about the same time, were not genuine.

May I rely on you to publish a statement from me to this effect, in which case I will not trouble to answer the article in your pages in any other way. Indeed if you print this letter that will suffice. But though I have not thought it my duty to take any part so far in the public controversy about Mr. Judge's claims, I cannot remain silent when an attempt is made to show that my testimony would be in their favour if it were given.

Yours very truly,
A. P. SINNETT.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

L.—I do not wonder at your being in doubt. To me the position seems clear. It is *really* the Constitution of the T. S. that is being attacked. Apart from the personality of Mrs. Besant, or Mr. Judge, there is a *principle*. No charges have been brought against Mr. Judge in his capacity of Vice-President. Mrs. Besant states that point to have been rightly held good by the Judicial Committee in July last, and she states also that Mr. Judge is responsible only to his own Branch, in New York, who, as you know, have voted confidence in him. It becomes, then, a question of whether we are to uphold the Constitution or not. If attention was directed more to this aspect of the case, and less to the personal element, much confusion would be saved. As you say, no proofs have been brought forward in support of the charges, and besides, Mr. Judge has promised a reply. We should resist every attempt to undermine the Constitution; drop all this insanity; go on with our work, and leave time to prove all things. Is it too late?

G. L.—The statement that Masters are too high for this plane; that They do not descend to this plane, is one fraught with much danger. It could, if accepted, do away with H. P. B. and all else. (See "Three Great Ideas," February number.)

C. R.—Thanks. I have seen a great deal of what has been said about the "demise" of the T. S. "Sepharial" (W. R. Old), in giving the horoscope of the T. S., in *The Astrologer's Magazine* for March says, "the Society has not long to live." Mr. Sturdy has written about its helpless condition and "disbanding Branches" in *The Unknown World*. In the same journal Mr. Cattanaach, writing for the President of the Scottish Lodge, talks of a "lamentable upset," and says the S. L. stands serenely apart unmoved. "No propaganda" has been its watchword from the first, and consequently it displays none of the "weaknesses" of "those provincial Lodges, who have been told what to read and think by itinerant lecturers from Avenue Road." It, of course, warmly supports the lines advocated by Mr. Sturdy as being those it has "consistently followed" all along. Can you see the humour of it? It is almost necessary to ask: what is the first object of the T. S.? Meantime the drift of events is being watched closely by *The Unknown World*. Mr. Sturdy has suggested a book depôt at Headquarters. Significant, isn't it? Like you, I was much surprised to see no exception taken to the bitter language used by Mr. Sturdy about Mr. Judge. Any suggestion put forward by such personal animus could not result in good if acted upon.

M.—In reply to your question I would like to point out that in 1889 H. P. B. gave Mr. Judge a photo, on which are the following words: "To my dear and loyal colleague, W. Q. Judge." This bears the Master's signature. I believe Mrs. Besant has seen it, and declared it to be genuine. Others also have seen it. I think the talk about East and West misleading, and grossly exaggerated in the aspect you refer to. No one disputes that the East is a storehouse of "old wisdom," which we in the West can and do use. In the light of reincarnation the problem seems simple enough. Facts bear out the statement that the cyclic wave of spiritual evolution is in the West. That India is not to-day an active spiritual centre anyone can see. The fact, too, that the T. S. is a movement started by Westerns, is significant, surely. It is not a matter of race distinction, but of *law*. Think it over for yourself.

E.—You will find on referring to *The Path* for April, 1894, that the exact words used by Bertram Keightley are as follows: "Moreover, H. P. B. spoke of her friend Mr. Judge as the 'exile,'" and Annie Besant wrote later on: "You are indeed fortunate in having W. Q. J. as chief. Now that H. P. B. has gone it is the Americans who have, as immediate leader, the greatest of the exiles." In an article in one of the old numbers of *The Theosophist*, signed "An Ex-Asiatic," H. P. B. has a footnote, "W. Q. Judge."

O.—"The Cause of Sublime Perfection." Glad you liked the new name of Theosophy. I intend to use it now and again. Others may, no doubt, do the same. So should you. It may do good. Pleased, too, that you liked those articles of Bryan Kinnavan in *The Path*. It will interest you to know that it is another name for W. Q. Judge.

H. H.—The *I. T.* is not the official organ of anyone.

J. MCK.—Poem received. "No room." Suppose you send it to some of the other T. S. magazines.

M. F. L.—Article received. Will try and find room for it soon. Glad to cement the bonds of brotherhood with the U. S.

E. C.—Thanks for MS.; have a great deal in the same strain.

KATHORAS.—Your letter was not inserted, because the circular to which it referred did not appear in our columns.

D. N. D.

DUBLIN LODGE, T. S.

3, UPPER ELY PLACE.

We hope to reproduce some notes on Bro. Jas. M. Pryse's lecture, *Theosophy in Ancient America*. The subject is a fascinating one, in view of future development predicted in *The Secret Doctrine* for that land. The next lecture on *Theosophy in Ancient Ireland*, was ably treated by Bro. Russell. Some of our distinguished archaeologists, who seem to delight in belittling the dignity and antiquity of man, might have got a wrinkle or two at these lectures. *Quin sabe?*

Discussions for ensuing month: March 20th, *Cagliostro*; 27th, *The Dream of Ravan*; April 3rd, *Occult Training*; 10th, *The Communion of Saints*.

FRED. J. DICK, Hon. Sec.