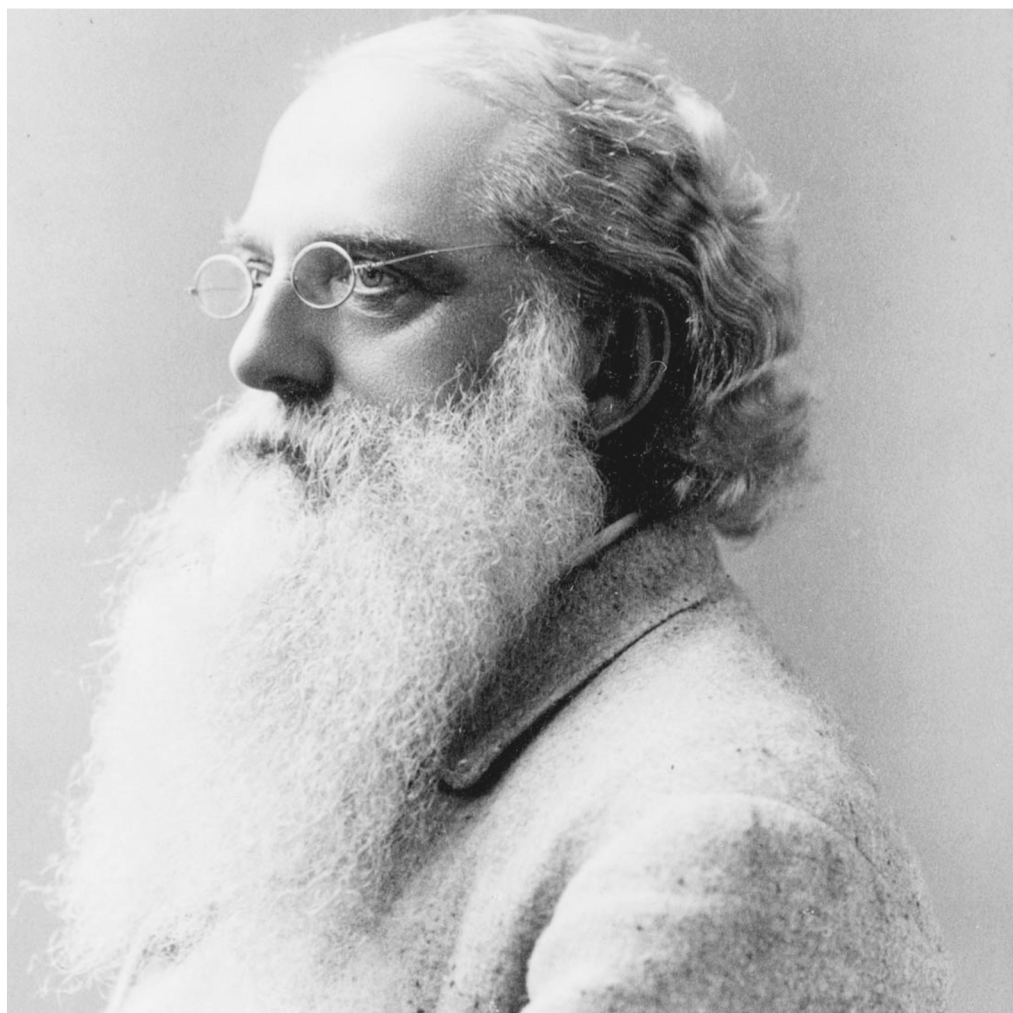


Henry S. Olcott and the Mahatmas

Compiled by Daniel H. Caldwell



Helena Petrovna Blavatsky (1831-1891) was the first person in modern times to claim contact with the Theosophical Adepts, especially the Masters Morya and Koot Hoomi. However, there has been a great deal of controversy concerning the existence or non-existence of these Adepts. Madame Blavatsky's critics have usually doubted the reality of her Masters. Probably the most important witness who testified to personal meetings and encounters with H.P.B.'s Adept Teachers was Henry Steel Olcott (1831-1907). Colonel Olcott was an American Theosophist, journalist, editor, attorney, and co-founder/first president of The Theosophical Society (founded 1875). He served in the American Civil War and was appointed Special Commissioner (1862-66) in the U.S. War and Navy Departments to investigate corruption and fraud in military arsenals and navy yards. Colonel Olcott also practiced law in New York City from 1868 to 1878. While investigating Spiritualistic phenomena at Chittenden, Vermont in October, 1874, he met Madame Blavatsky. They became close friends and associates and were two of the principal founders of the Theosophical Society. As first President of The Theosophical Society (an office he held for the rest of his life), Colonel Olcott worked tirelessly on behalf of the Society, traveling throughout India, southern Asia, Australia, Europe and elsewhere. In the pages of this book the reader will find Colonel Olcott's first hand accounts and testimonies describing his many encounters with some of the Theosophical Mahatmas.

CHAPTER 1

Colonel Olcott Writes about His Personal Experiences with the Mahatmas

Madame Blavatsky and the Mahatmas² by Henry S. Olcott

. . . In the year 1874, Madame Blavatsky and I met. I had been a student of practical psychology for nearly a quarter of a century. From boyhood no problem had interested me so much as the mystery of man, and I had been seeking for light upon it wherever it could be found.

To understand the physical man, I had read something of anatomy, physiology and chemistry. To get an insight into the nature of mind and thought, I had read the various authorities of orthodox science, and practically investigated the heterodox branches of phrenology, physiognomy, mesmerism and psychometry.

² Quoted from Henry S. Olcott's lecture titled "Theosophy, the Scientific Basis of Religion." He gave the lecture at the Town Hall in Calcutta, India on April 5, 1882. See Colonel Olcott's book *Theosophy, Religion and Occult Science*, London, George Redway, 1885, pp. 121-124.

To understand mesmerism one must have read Von Reichenbach's "Researches on Magnetism, Electricity, &c., &c., in their relations to the Vital Force," and I venture to say that no one can possibly comprehend the *rationale* of the astounding phenomena of modern spiritualism, who has not prepared himself by a glance at all the subjects above enumerated.

So, then, this had been my bent of mind since boyhood, and although I always took an active part in all that concerned my country and fellow-countrymen, and an especially active one during our late Civil War, yet my heart was not set on worldly affairs.

In the year above mentioned (1874), I was investigating a most startling case of mediumship, that of William Eddy, an uneducated farmer, in whose house [near Chittenden, Vermont] were nightly appearing, and often talking, the *alleged* spirits of dead persons.

I will not go into particulars just now.... Suffice it that with my own eyes I saw, within the space of about three months, some five hundred of these apparitions, under circumstances which, to my mind, excluded the possibility of trickery or fraud. My observations were communicated to a New York daily journal during the whole period, and the facts excited the greatest wonder.

Madame Blavatsky and I met at this farm-house, and the similarity of our tastes for mystical research led to an intimate acquaintance. She soon proved to me that, in comparison with even the *chela* of an Indian *Mahatma*, the authorities I had been accustomed to look up to knew absolutely nothing.

Little by little she opened out to me as much of the truth as my experiences had fitted me to grasp. Step by step I was forced to relinquish illusory beliefs, cherished for twenty years. And as the light gradually dawned on my mind, my reverence for the unseen teachers who had instructed her grew apace.

At the same time, a deep and insatiable yearning possessed me to seek their society, or, at least, to take up my residence in a land which their presence glorified, and incorporate myself with a people whom their greatness ennobled.

The time came when I was blessed with a visit from one of these *Mahatmas* in my own room at New York - a visit from him, not in the physical body, but in the "double," or *Mayavi-rupa*.

When I asked him to leave me some tangible evidence that I had not been the dupe of a vision, but that he had indeed been there, he removed from his head the *puggri* [turban] he wore, and giving it to me, vanished from my sight. That cloth I have still, and in one corner is marked in thread the cipher or signature he always attaches to the notes he writes to myself and others.

This visit and his conversation sent my heart at one leap around the globe, across oceans and continents, over sea and land, to India, and from that moment I had a motive to live for, an end to strive after. That motive was to gain the Aryan wisdom; that end to work for its dissemination.

Thenceforth I began to count the years, the months, the days, as they passed, for they were bringing me ever nearer the time when I should drag my body after the eager thought that had so long preceded it.

In November, 1875, we founded the Theosophical Society as a nucleus around which might gather all those of every race and land, who were in sympathy with our mode of research; and as no such body could have any permanence unless we should eliminate the ever obvious causes of disagreement among men - religious bigotry and social intolerance - we organised it on the basis of universal brotherhood.

The idea must have been a good one, since it has succeeded. I doubt if any society of a cognate character has ever so rapidly increased as ours. We already have branches in most parts of the world, and are fast overspreading India with our organization. ...

But I am getting ahead of my subject....

During the three years when I was waiting to come to India, I had other visits from the *Mahatmas*, and they were not all Hindus or Cashmeris. I know some fifteen in all, and among them Copts, Tibetans, Chinese, Japanese, Siamese, a Hungarian, and a Cypriote.

But, whatever they are, however much they may differ externally as to race, religion and caste, they are in perfect agreement as to the fundamentals of occult science and the scientific basis of religion. . . .”

The “Himalayan Brothers”³

by Henry S. Olcott

To the Editor of the "Spiritualist." [London]

...About two months ago, I sent...a letter [to you] respecting my personal knowledge of the so-called "Himalayan Brothers," which has not yet been published in your columns.

It was called forth by your editorial remark that I have not given testimony to the fact of their existence; and the necessary implication that my silence was due to disbelief in the same, or at least to lack of proof sufficient to make me willing to so commit myself. Pray allow me to set the question at rest, once for all.

I have seen them, not once but numerous times.

I have talked to them. I was not entranced, nor mediumistic, nor hallucinated, but always in my sober senses.

I have corresponded with them, receiving their letters, sometimes enclosed inside the letters of ordinary correspondents, upon common-place subjects, coming to me by post; sometimes written on blank spaces or margins of such ordinary letters; sometimes dropped to me in full light from out the air; sometimes in their own covers, through the post, and from places where I had no other correspondents, and where they personally did not reside, and in other ways.

³ Quoted from Henry S. Olcott's "The Himalayan Brothers," *Light* (London), March 4, 1882, p. 98.

I have seen them, both in their bodies and their doubles, usually the latter....

I have thus personally known "Koot Hoomi" since 1875, making his acquaintance in New York.

Since November last, four different Brothers have made themselves visible to visitors at our head quarters.

I know the Brothers to be living men and not Spirits; and they have told me that there are schools, under appointed living adepts, where their Occult science is regularly taught.

It is all this actual knowledge of them and close observation of multifarious phenomena shewn me by them, under non-mediumistic conditions, that has made me take the active part I have in the Theosophical movement of the day.

And their precept and example has made me try to do some practical good to the Asiatics. For their lives and their knowledge are devoted to the welfare of mankind.

Though unseen by, they yet labour for, humanity. The first lesson I, as a pupil, was required by them to learn, and having learnt, to put into practice, was --- unselfishness....

Letter from Henry S. Olcott to A.O. Hume about the Mahatmas⁴

The enclosed card, to the SPIRITUALIST [in London], I had written ... as early as the 27th [September 1881]...and meant it to go straight to London by this post.

But on the night of that day I was awakened from sleep by my Chohan [Master Morya] (or *Guru*, the Brother whose immediate pupil I am) and ordered to send it *via* Simla, so that you might read it. He said that it would serve a useful purpose in helping to settle your mind about the objective reality of the Brothers, as you had confidence in my veracity, and, next to seeing them yourself, would as soon tak my word as any other man's to the fact.

I have to ask the favour, therefore, of your sending the letter on by the next succeeding post [to London]....

I can well understand the difficulty of your position --- far better I think than H. P. B., who, woman-like, hates to reason. I have only to go back to the point where I was in 1874, when I first met her, to feel what you require to satisfy you. And so going back, I know that, as I would never have taken anybody's evidence to

⁴ Quoted from Henry S. Olcott's "Letter from Col. Olcott to Mr. H--- X ----". This letter (dated Sept. 30, 1881) from Henry S. Olcott to Allan O. Hume about the Mahatmas was first published in Hume's *Hints on Esoteric Theosophy, No. 1*, Calcutta, India: Issued under the Authority of the Theosophical Society and printed by the Calcutta Central Press Co., 1882, pp. 76-86.

so astounding a claim as the existence of the Brothers, but required personal experience before I would head the new movement, so much you, a person far more cautious and able than myself, feel now.

I got that proof in due time; but for months I was being gradually led out of my spiritualistic Fool's Paradise, and forced to abandon my delusions one by one. My mind was not prepared to give up ideas that had been the growth of 22 years' experiences, with mediums and circles.

I had a hundred questions to ask and difficulties to be solved. It was not until a full year had passed by that I had dug out of the bed-rock of common sense, the Rosetta stone that showed me how to read the riddle of direct intercourse with the Brothers. Until then I had been provoked and exasperated by the --- as I thought --- selfish and cruel indifference of H. P. B. to my yearnings after the truth, and the failure of the Brothers to come and instruct me.

But now it was all made clear. I had got just as much as I deserved, for I *had been ignorantly looking for extraneous help to achieve that which no man ever did achieve except by his own self-development.*

So as the sweetness of common life had all gone out from me, as I was neither hungry for fame nor money, nor love, and as the gaining of this knowledge and the doing good to my fellowmen appeared the highest of all aims to which I could devote my remaining years of life, I adopted those habits and encouraged those thoughts that were conducive to the attainment of my ends.

After that I had all the proofs I needed, alike of the existence of the Brothers, their wisdom, their psychical powers, and their unselfish devotion to humanity.

For six years have I been blessed with this experience, and I am telling you the exact truth in saying that all this time I have known perfect happiness. It has seemed to you "the saddest thing of all" to see me giving up the world and everything that makes the happiness of those living in the world; and yet after all these years not only not made an adept, but hardly having achieved one step towards adeptship.

These were your words to me and others last year; but if you will only reflect for one moment what it is to transform a worldly man, such as I was in 1874 --- a man of clubs, drinking parties, mistresses, a man absorbed in all sorts of worldly public and private undertakings and speculations --- into that purest, wisest, noblest and most spiritual of human beings --- a BROTHER, you will cease to wonder, or rather you will wonder, how I could ever have struggled out of the swamp at all, and how I could have ever succeeded in gaining the firm straight road.

No one knows, until he really tries it, how awful a task it is to subdue *all* his evil passions and animal instincts, and develop his higher nature. Talk of conquering intemperance or a habit of opium-eating --- this self-conquest is a far harder task.

I have seen, been taught by, been allowed to visit, and have received visits from the Brothers; but there have been periods when, relapsing into a lower moral

state (interiorly) as the result of most unfavourable external conditions, I have for long neither seen them nor received a line from them.

From time to time one or another Brother who had been on friendly terms with me (I am acquainted with about a dozen in all) has become disgusted with me and left me to others, who kindly took their places. Most of all, I regret, a certain Magyar philosopher, who had begun to give me a course of instruction in occult dynamics, but was repelled by an outbreak of my old earthly nature.

But I shall win him back and the others also, for I have so determined; and *whatever a man really WILLS, that he has*. No power in the universe, but one, can prevent our seeing whomsoever we will, or knowing whatsoever we desire, and that power is --- SELF!

Throughout my studies I have tried to obtain my proofs in a valid form. I have known mesmerism for a quarter of a century or more, and make every allowance for self-deception and external mental impressions. What I have seen and experienced is, therefore, very satisfactory to myself, though mainly valueless to others.

Let me give you one instance: ---

One evening, at New York, after bidding H. P. B. good night, I sat in my bed-room, finishing a cigar and thinking. Suddenly there stood my *Chohan* beside me.

The door had made no noise in opening, if it *had* been opened, but at any rate there he was. He sat

down and conversed with me in subdued tones for some time, and as he seemed in an excellent humour towards me, I asked him a favour.

I said I wanted some tangible proof that he had actually been there, and that I had not been seeing a mere illusion or *maya* conjured up by H. P. B. He laughed, unwound the embroidered Indian cotton *fehla* [turban] he wore on his head, flung it to me, and --- was gone. That cloth I still possess, and it bears in one corner the initials...of my *Chohan* in thread-work.

This at least was no hallucination, and so of several other instances I might relate.

This same Brother once visited me in the flesh at Bombay, coming in full day light, and on horseback. He had me called by a servant into the front room of H. P.B.'s bungalow (she being at the time in the other bungalow talking with those who were there).

He came to scold me roundly for something I had done in T. S. matters, and as H. P. B. was also to blame, he *telegraphed* to her to come, that is to say he turned his face and extended his finger in the direction of the place she was in.

She came over at once with a rush, and seeing him dropped on her knees and paid him reverence. My voice and his had been heard by those in the other bungalow, but only H. P. B. and I, and the servant *saw* him.

Another time, two, if not three, persons, sitting in the verandah of my bungalow in the Girgaum compound,

saw a Hindoo gentleman ride in, dismount under H. P. B.'s portico, and enter her study. They called me, and I went and watched the horse until the visitor came out, remounted and rode off.

That also was a Brother, in flesh and bones; but what proof is there of it to offer even to a friend like yourself? There are many Hindus and many horses....

But this, it may be said, was all an illusion; that is the trouble of the whole matter; everything of the kind seen by one person is a delusion, if not a lie, to those who did *not* see it. Each must see for himself, and can alone convince himself.

Feeling this, while obeying my *Chohan*, as I try to do in little as well as great things, and sending you these writings, I do so in the hope, though by no means in the certainty, that your present reliance on my veracity will survive their perusal....

You may possibly glean, if not from personal observation, at any rate from the printed record of my American services of one kind or another, that I am not the sort of man to give up everything, come out as I did, and keep working on as I have done, without having obtained a superabundance of good proofs of the truth of the cause in which I am embarked.

And you may possibly say to yourself: "Why should not I, who am more capable of doing good to this cause than a dozen Olcotts, be also favoured with proofs?"

The answer you must seek from another quarter; but if my experience is worth anything, I should say that that answer would be in substance that, however great a man may be at this side of the Himalayas, he begins his relationship with the Brothers on exactly the same terms as the humblest *Chela* who ever tried to scale their Parnassus, he must “win his way.”

If you only knew how often, within my time even, a deaf ear has been turned to the importunities, both of influential outsiders professing readiness to do everything in the way of personal exertion and liberal gifts, and of our own fellows who pretended to be ready to sacrifice the world if the Brothers would only come to them and teach them, you would perhaps be less surprised at their failure to visit you.

Events have always proved their wisdom, and so it will be in your case, I fancy; for, if you do see them, as I hope and trust you may, it will be because you have earned the right to *command* their presence.

The phenomena they have done have all had a purpose, and good has eventually come even from those which brought down upon us for the moment the greatest contumely. As for my mistakes of judgment and H. P. B.’s occasional tomfooleries, that is a different affair, and the debits are charged to our respective accounts.

My teachers 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.

I do not know whether or not there is any significance...in the fact of my *Chohan's* visiting me on the night of the 27th, but you may. He made me rise, sit at my table and write from his dictation ... for an hour or more.

There was an expression of anxiety mingled with sternness on his noble face, as there always is when the matter concerns H. P. B., to whom for many years he has been at once a father and a devoted guardian. How I do hope you may see him! You would confess, I am sure, that he was the finest possible type of *man*.

I have also personally known _____ [Koot Hoomi] since 1875. He is of quite a different, a gentler, type, yet the bosom friend of the other. They live near each other with a small Buddhist Temple about midway between their houses.

In New York, I had _____ [Koot Hoomi]'s portrait; my *Chohan's*; that of another Brother, a Southern Indian Prince; and a colored sketch on China silk of the landscape near _____ [Koot Hoomi]'s and my *Chohan's* residences with a glimpse of the latter's house and of part of the little temple. ...

You and I will never see Jesus in the flesh, but if you should ever meet _____ , or one or two others whom I might mention, I think you will say that they are near enough our ideal "to satisfy one's longing for the tree of humanity to put forth such a flower."

I am ordered [by Morya] to say that you may use this letter as your judgment may dictate after noting carefully its contents....

**Colonel Olcott's May 11, 1884
Testimony About the Mahatmas to
the Society for Psychical Research
in London⁵**

MR. [F.W.H.] MYERS: We, that is to say, the Committee appointed by the Society for Psychical Research, understand that Colonel Olcott has cases to tell us of apparitions of living persons at a distance....

MR. [J. Herbert] STACK: Are we to understand that when a double appears it is as tangible as an ordinary body?

COLONEL OLCOTT: Not necessarily or ordinarily, but the sensation of solidity can be given at will, if the double is that of an adept and he wishes to make that impression upon your mind.

⁵ Quoted from Henry S. Olcott's May 11, 1884 testimony to a Committee of the Society for Psychical Research in London and published in the *First Report of the Committee of the Society for Psychical Research, Appointed to Investigate the Evidence for Marvellous Phenomena offered by Certain Members of the Theosophical Society*, London, November 1884, Appendix 1, pp. 35, 45-53.

MR. STACK: Then there have been cases where the double has given the sensation of touch to the person to whom he appeared?

COLONEL OLCOTT: Yes.

MR. STACK: Have you yourself ever actually touched a double?

COLONEL OLCOTT: Yes, but of a Mahatma.

MR. STACK: Not of an ordinary person?

COLONEL OLCOTT: No.

MR. STACK: As to the projection of the doubles of such Mahatmas as have also been seen in the flesh, can you testify to the two parts of that --- that you knew the Mahatma as an ordinary man and on other occasions have seen his double?

COLONEL OLCOTT: I can.

MR. MYERS: In the case of one or two Mahatmas?

COLONEL OLCOTT: I could name two cases where I have encountered the person both in the physical body and in the astral body. There are also a number of instances in my experience where I have seen the person in the astral body but not in the physical, and in the physical but not in the astral; but in two cases I can state that I have known the person in both capacities.

MR. STACK: You need not mention all, but mention the two instances close together in which you saw a man in

the flesh, and a short time afterwards saw him in the astral body, and under what circumstances?

COLONEL OLCOTT: In both cases I saw them in the astral body first.

MR. MYERS: Will you mention, first, the circumstances of the apparition?

COLONEL OLCOTT: The first case I will mention is the case ...[involving] my Teacher, whose photograph lies on the table here; and I now exhibit the turban which he took off his head, when I demanded of him some tangible proof of his visit. (Turban produced.)

MR. MYERS: With regard to that visit as narrated, I wish to ask whether you have a precise recollection as to the condition of the door, whether it was shut or locked? I wish to see on what ground you think it impossible that this was a living Hindu who left the apartment by ordinary means.

COLONEL OLCOTT: In the first place, I never saw a living Hindu before I arrived in London on my way to India. I had had no correspondence with anybody until then, and had no knowledge of any living Hindu who could have visited me in America.

MR. MYERS: Of course, the idea of the apparition would be that it was somebody paid by Madame Blavatsky....

COLONEL OLCOTT: The answer to that is that the man who visited me was instantly recognised by me from a

portrait which I had in my possession --- the portrait which you see there.

MR. MYERS: But that portrait was formed under the direction, to a certain extent, of Madame Blavatsky?

COLONEL OLCOTT: She was present, as well as myself, in the room while it was being drawn, but she gave no instructions as to how it should be drawn.

MR. MYERS: Was the Hindu you saw in New York indisputably the same as you subsequently saw in India?

COLONEL OLCOTT: The same.

MR. MYERS: And whom you saw in the astral body?

COLONEL OLCOTT: The same.

MR. STACK: He suddenly appeared?

COLONEL OLCOTT: He appeared when I was in my room before retiring at night. As it was my custom to lock my door, I presume that my door was locked at that time. I know that the door was not opened, for I sat in such a way reading that the door could not be opened without immediately attracting my notice.

MR. MYERS: In the description which you gave you said that the door had made no noise in opening if it had been opened. Do you consider it possible that it may have been open? Or do I understand that you now deny that?

COLONEL OLCOTT: I used that expression so as to leave the widest possible latitude for any theory of that kind. My own conviction is --- in fact, I should be willing to affirm most positively --- that the door did not open and that the appearance and disappearance of my visitor occurred without using the means of ingress or exit.

MR. STACK: In fact, you were in the habit of locking your door every night then?

COLONEL OLCOTT: And then we were in an "apartment house," where the exterior door of the suite of chambers was closed with a spring latch. Of course, everyone, in such a case, invariably locks his own door leading into the outer passage; so that a person, to get in, would have to ring the bell.

MR. MYERS: Then you conceive that there were probably two locked doors?

COLONEL OLCOTT: Yes.

MR. MYERS: Although you knew that that was a needless precaution?

COLONEL OLCOTT: Not so, because in New York houses burglars get in by windows and various ways.

MR. MYERS: Who lived in your suite of apartments besides yourself?

COLONEL OLCOTT: That was the headquarters of the [Theosophical] Society, and Madame Blavatsky and I lived there; and during the greater part of the time there

were lady or gentlemen members of the Society stopping with us as visitors. Whether there were actually visitors in the house or not at the time I cannot remember.

MR. STACK: Judging from your expression as to his materialising his turban, your impression is that the Hindu who presented himself to you was not material?

COLONEL OLCOTT: It would hardly be fair to say that, because I do not believe that there can be any appearance, either phantasmal or other, without the presence of matter. It would be better to say that he was in the state of an etherealised body.

MR. STACK: The question is, is it a tangible body?

COLONEL OLCOTT: It is but faintly tangible, unless there is some special condensation of it by the will of the Mahatma.

MR. STACK: At his will he could make it tangible or intangible?

COLONEL OLCOTT: Yes, as well as in the case of so-called "materialised spirits," of which I have seen more than 500 in my time, at the Eddy Homestead. In that case the phantoms were sufficiently ponderable to be weighed in a weighing machine.

MR. MYERS: But Mr. Stack's question was directed to this, whether you conceive that the rest of the phantom which appeared to you in New York was of equal solidity with the turban?

COLONEL OLCOTT: The phantom man had a phantom turban on his head, and he fully materialised the turban only by drawing to it through the current --- electric, odic, astral, ethereal, or whatever you please --- which is constantly running between the projected phantasm and the body, all the residual coarser atoms of the head cloth upon the solid body left behind.

MR. MYERS: How tall was the Hindu who appeared to you in New York?

COLONEL OLCOTT: He was a model of physical beauty, about 6ft. 6in. or 7in. in height, and symmetrically proportioned.

MR. MYERS: That is a very unusual height, and is in itself a tolerable identification.

COLONEL OLCOTT: Great stature is not so rare among the Rajpoots.

MR. MYERS: I presume that you were impressed by his height in New York?

COLONEL OLCOTT: Yes.

MR. MYERS: Have you seen other Hindus of that height?

COLONEL OLCOTT: No; I have seen very tall Hindus, for I have been through the Rajpoot country; but taking him all in all, he was the most majestic human figure I ever laid my eyes upon....

MR. MYERS: We want now an account of seeing your Teacher in the flesh.

COLONEL OLCOTT: One day at Bombay I was at work in my office when a Hindu servant came and told me that a gentleman wanted to see me in Madame Blavatsky's bungalow --- a separate house within the same enclosure as the main building. This was one day in 1879. I went and found alone there my Teacher. Madame Blavatsky was then engaged in animated conversation with other persons in the other bungalow. The interview between the Teacher and myself lasted perhaps 10 minutes, and it related to matters of a private nature with respect to myself and certain current events in the history of the Society...

MR. MYERS: How do you know that your Teacher was in actual flesh and blood on that occasion?

COLONEL OLCOTT: He put his hand upon my head, and his hand was perfectly substantial; and he had altogether the appearance of an ordinary living person. When he walked about the floor there was noise of his footsteps, which is not the case with the double or phantasm.

MR. MYERS: Do you conceive that he had travelled to Bombay in the ordinary way?

COLONEL OLCOTT: He was then stopping at a bungalow, not far from Bombay, belonging to a person connected with this brotherhood of the Mahatmas, and used by Mahatmas who may be passing through Bombay on business connected with their order. He came to our place on horseback.

MR. STACK: Was he on that occasion dressed the same as in New York?

COLONEL OLCOTT: Yes. They wear ordinarily, when away from Thibet, a dress of white cotton --- in fact, that is the common dress of Hindus.

MR. MYERS: Was that the only occasion on which you have seen him in the flesh?

COLONEL OLCOTT: No; I have seen him at other times.

MR. MYERS: Have you seen him three or four times in the flesh?

COLONEL OLCOTT: Yes, more than that, but not under circumstances where it would be evidence to others.

MR. MYERS: And about how many times in the astral body?

COLONEL OLCOTT: Oh, at least 15 or 20 times.

MR. MYERS: And his appearance on all those occasions has been quite unmistakable?

COLONEL OLCOTT: As unmistakable as the appearance of either of you gentlemen.

MR. MYERS: Generally, when you have seen him in the astral body you have been alone?

COLONEL OLCOTT: Not always. I have seen him in the presence of other people. But the others, except in the instances recorded in the pamphlet, have not seen him at the same time, and therefore my testimony would have to stand without corroboration.

MR. STACK: Has he appeared in the flesh to more than one person at a time?

COLONEL OLCOTT: No; save to the servant and myself at Bombay.

MR. STACK: He never attended a meeting of your Society, or anything in that way, in the flesh?

COLONEL OLCOTT: No. There are reasons why that should be so, because a man who has developed himself into the state of a Mahatma is peculiarly sensitive to what you call the mesmeric influence of all persons with whom he comes into contact. It is a fact that every human being is giving out an influence which is perfectly perceptible and recognisable, not only by Mahatmas, but by many sensitive persons among you who are not able at all to define their sensation in any way....

These attractions and repulsions we all feel, and the whole theory of the mesmeric healing of the sick rests upon the fact that a certain influence can be imparted from one person to another. Therefore, these men cannot exist in the atmosphere of ordinary society, without taking special precautions, any more than a diver can go to the bottom of the water except with his diving-dress and a communication with the upper air.

MR. STACK: State, if you please, the other instances of your meeting a Mahatma in the physical body.

COLONEL OLCOTT: I have seen Mahatma Koot Hoomi in the body. While at Lahore I received from the Mahatma Koot Hoomi, through one of his associates --- a former pupil --- an intimation that he would visit me in the body. On the second night of my stay, I was awakened while asleep in my tent by someone putting his hands upon me. In the instant of awaking, having a vague impression that this might be an intruder, I seized him with both hands, at the same time asking him in Hindustanee who he was. He replied, "Do you not remember me?" The tone of the voice immediately recalled the Mahatma Koot Hoomi, and it then flashed across my memory that I was to have been visited by him. In the next moment I was in full consciousness, and let go my hold of him, slipping my hands down the whole length of his arms to his hands, having first caught him by the shoulders. So I felt the substance of his arms all the way down. A brief colloquy ensued, and he then, as I lay in bed, took my left hand, and placing the fingers of his right hand into contact with my palm, I felt growing up, as it were, some substance underneath his fingers. In another moment he closed my hands upon this substance, said something more to me, bade me "Good-night," and went out of the tent. I then got up, and, going to the light burning in the tent, found that what he had left me was a small package enveloped in Chinese silk. On opening the package, I found within a letter in a Chinese envelope to my address. (Colonel Olcott here exhibited the package.) The note is of a personal character, and need not be printed; but I will allow you gentlemen to read it. The handwriting of the communication is identical with that of the many

communications received at various times by Mr. A. P. Sinnett and many other persons.

MR. MYERS: This letter was received without the intervention of Madame Blavatsky?....

COLONEL OLCOTT: Madame Blavatsky was at Madras at that time, a distance of perhaps 2,500 or 3,000 miles. ...

MR. MYERS: The light in the tent was sufficient to allow you to distinctly recognise the features of your visitor?

COLONEL OLCOTT: Yes.

MR. MYERS: Whom you had seen in the astral body?

COLONEL OLCOTT: Yes, and whose portrait, phenomenally produced for Mr. Sinnett, by Madame Blavatsky at Allahabad, would give any one an accurate idea of his personal appearance. I am prepared to affirm that his hand was absolutely empty when he placed it in my palm, and that this packet was formed --- or, to use a current phrased, materialised --- upon my own hand.

MR. MYERS: Of course, people would say that conjurers would slip these things down their sleeves.

COLONEL OLCOTT: Yes, but that was not possible in this case. The sleeves worn by Asiatic people are very large and flowing, not tight like ours. It is important that I should mention that this communication contains a prophecy of the death of two public characters in India, who did actually die.

MR. MYERS: We can extract a passage from the letter?

COLONEL OLCOTT: You may if you like.

MR. STACK: Are there any other instances in the experience of the Society of letters having been transmitted, say, from Europe to India, or from India to Europe --- actual letters, not mere impressions?

COLONEL OLCOTT: Well, the other day, when coming from Paris to London, *via* Calais, I was in the railway carriage with Mr. Mohini, a Brahmin gentleman, now in Paris. I was reading a passage in a letter from a London gentleman to myself, which spoke of Mahatmas under their Chinese designation; and at that instant a letter, exactly similar to the other as regards the envelope, dropped from the ceiling of the carriage. Here is the letter (showing it), but it is too private to be put into the record *verbatim*.

MR. STACK: Were you and Mr. Mohini alone in the carriage?

COLONEL OLCOTT: Yes.

MR. STACK: Were the windows closed?

COLONEL OLCOTT: Yes, but that is not material, because it was an express train going at high speed.

MR. STACK: You suppose that Mahatma Koot Hoomi sent that letter direct from India to the railway carriage?

COLONEL OLCOTT: Yes, considering that he was in India or somewhere in Asia, and I was in the train in France.

(The letter, which was privately read by Mr. Stack and Mr. Myers, was found to contain distinct allusion to a conversation between the writer, Koot Hoomi, and Colonel Olcott at Lahore, explained to be a conversation on the night subsequent to the one already referred to, when the materialised letter was put into Colonel Olcott's hand. On the second occasion, Colonel Olcott explained, the interview was of about half-an-hour's duration, Mahatma Koot Hoomi being in the flesh.)

MR. STACK: What is the explanation of the Theosophical Society as to the power of Mahatmas to transmit letters instantaneously from India to Europe in this way?

COLONEL OLCOTT: As Mahatmas do not work by miracle, but strictly according to natural law, it is necessary for them to have at this end of the line some person with whom they can establish a direct astral current. A medium of a certain sort would furnish that requirement if none other person were available.

MR. MYERS: Could they send a letter to you or Mr. Mohini in the same way, not only in a railway carriage but at a meeting of the Society for Psychical Research?

COLONEL OLCOTT: That I could not answer. I should think it doubtful; for just as the attraction of the masts of an iron steamship will cause the needle to deflect, and require a certain circle of magnets around it so as to neutralise the effects of the iron, so without favouring

polaric conditions a phenomena of this kind could not occur in the presence of persons not already in relation with Mahatmas, especially where the parties may be unfamiliar with the laws of psychic attraction and repulsion, and be prejudiced by their education against them to such an extent as to have rendered their “psychic aura” positively repellent.

MR. MYERS: You need not dwell upon that. We understand that difficulty. But we are asking whether it could not be done in the presence of this Committee?

COLONEL OLCOTT: I stated that I could not answer. It could not be done by me, because my training has not gone to that length that I could furnish perfect means of communication.

MR. MYERS: Mr. Mohini would need to be there?

COLONEL OLCOTT: Mr. Mohini and myself might not furnish the attraction, but if it were a question of Madame Blavatsky I would say distinctly yes. If her health was in a proper condition, she could produce something of that kind here just as well as in New York, at Simla, Madras, Odessa or elsewhere, as she has in the past....”

CHAPTER 2

Concerning the Masters

**How Colonel Olcott was First Introduced to
H.P.B.'s Masters and How He Received
Messages and Letters from Them in the
New York Days (1874-1878)
(from Henry Olcott's *Old Diary Leaves*, Vol. I)**

...In November, 1874, when my researches were finished, I returned to New York and called upon...[Madame Blavatsky] at her lodgings at 16 Irving Place, where she gave me some séances of table-tipping and rapping, spelling out messages of sorts, principally from an invisible intelligence calling itself "John King." This pseudonym is one that has been familiar to frequenters of mediumistic séances these forty years past, all over the world. It was first heard of in 1850, in the "spirit room" of Jonathan Koons, of Ohio, where it pretended to be a ruler of a tribe or tribes of spirits. Later on, it said it was the earth-haunting soul of Sir Henry Morgan, the famous buccaneer, and as such it introduced itself to me. It showed its face and turban-wrapped head to me at Philadelphia, during the course of my investigations of the Holmes mediums, in association with the late respected Robert Dale Owen, General F. J. Lippitt and Madame Blavatsky (vide *People from the Other World*, Part II), and both spoke and wrote to me, the latter frequently. It

had a quaint handwriting, and used queer old English expressions. I thought it a veritable John King then, for its personality had been as convincingly proved to me, I fancied, as anybody could have asked. But now, after seeing what H. P. B. could do in the way of producing mayavic (i.e., hypnotic) illusions and in the control of elementals, I am persuaded that “John King” was a humbugging elemental, worked by her like a marionette and used as a help towards my education. Understand me, the phenomena were real, but they were done by no disincarnate human spirit....⁶

Little by little, H. P. B. let me know of the existence of Eastern adepts and their powers, and gave me by a multitude of phenomena the proofs of her own control over the occult forces of nature. At first, as I have remarked, she ascribed them to “John King,” and it was through his alleged friendliness that I first came into personal correspondence with the Masters. Many of their letters I have preserved, with my own endorsement of the dates of their reception. For years, and until shortly before I left New York for India, I was connected in pupilage with the African section of the Occult Brotherhood; but, later, when a certain wonderful psycho-physiological change happened to H. P. B. that I am

⁶ Quoted from Henry S. Olcott’s *Old Diary Leaves*, 1895, pp. 10-11.

not at liberty to speak about, and that nobody has up to the present suspected, although enjoying her intimacy and full confidence, as they fancy, I was transferred to the Indian section and a different group of Masters. For, it may be stated, there is and ever was but one altruistic alliance, or fraternity, of these Elder Brothers of humanity, the world over; but it is divided into sections according to the needs of the human race in its successive stages of evolution. In one age the focal centre of this world-helping force will be in one place, in another elsewhere. Unseen, unsuspected as the vivifying spiritual currents of the Akash, yet as indispensable for the spiritual welfare of mankind, their combined divine energy is maintained from age to age and forever refreshes the pilgrim of Earth, who struggles on towards the Divine Reality. The sceptic denies the existence of these adepts because he has not seen or talked with them, nor read in history of their visible intermeddling in national events. But their being has been known to thousands of self-illuminate mystics and philanthropists in succeeding generations, whose purified souls have lifted them up out of the muck of physical into the brightness of spiritual consciousness; and at many epochs they have come into personal relations with the persons who are devoting or inclined to devote themselves to altruistic labour for bringing about the brotherhood of mankind. Some of this class, very humble and apparently very unworthy—like us leaders of the Theosophical Society movement—have been blessed with their sympathy and partaken of their instruction.

Some, like Damodar and H. P. B., have first seen them in visions while young; some have encountered them under strange guises in most unlikely places; I was introduced to them by H. P. B. through the agency that my previous experiences would make most comprehensible, a pretended medium-overshadowing “spirit.” John King brought four of the Masters to my attention, of whom [1] one was a Copt, [2] one a representative of the Neo Platonist Alexandrian school, [3] one—a very high one, a Master of the Masters, so to say—a Venetian, and [4] one an English philosopher, gone from men’s sight, yet not dead. The first of these became my first Guru, and a stern disciplinarian he was, indeed, a man of splendid masculinity of character. In time I came to know from themselves that H. P. B. was a faithful servant of theirs....⁷

It was in the first quarter of the year 1875, that we became interested in the *Spiritual Scientist*, a small but bright and independent journal, published and edited in Boston, by Mr. E. Gerry Brown. The crying need of the hour was a paper which, while recognised as an organ of Spiritualism, could be induced to help in bringing Spiritualists to scrutinise more closely the behaviour and pretended psychical gifts of their mediums, and to patiently listen to the

⁷ Quoted from Henry S. Olcott’s *Old Diary Leaves*, 1895, pp. 17-19.

theories of spirit being and intercourse with the living.

The older journals of that class were, what might be termed too orthodox, while Mr. Brown's speciality seemed to be to win his way by fearless criticism of abuses. Our relations with him were brought about by a letter to him (*Spi. Sci.*, March 8, 1875), and within the next month he had been taken under the favour of the powers behind H. P. B. In the number of the journal in question for April 17th, appeared a very notable circular headed "Important to Spiritualists." The importance of it to Mr. Gerry Brown was in the promise (fairly redeemed)⁸ it embodied of literary and pecuniary help to be given him, while to the public which concerned itself in the question of Spiritualism, it held out the profitable idea that the paper would be used as the organ of the new movement for placing American Spiritualism on a more philosophical and intellectual basis.

The circular stated that the leading Spiritualist papers were "compelled to devote most of their space to communications of a trivial and purely

⁸ Quoted from Professor Buchanan, Epes Sargent, Charles Sotheran and other known writers, not to mention our two selves, began contributing to his columns, and H. P. B. and I gave him several hundred dollars towards current expenses. The latter form of help was acknowledged in his "leader" of June 1, 1875, entitled "Rock Bottom." [Note by Henry S. Olcott.]

person-al character, interesting only to the friends of the spirits sending them . . .” and to beginners. The London Spiritualist and Paris Revue Spirite were cited as “examples of the kind of paper that should have been established in this country (U. S. A.) long ago—papers which devote more space to the discussion of principles, the teaching of philosophy, and the display of conservative critical ability, than to the mere publication of the thousand-and-one minor occurrences of . . . circles.”

The third paragraph read as follows:

“It is the standing reproach of American Spiritualism that it teaches so few things worthy of a thoughtful man’s attention: that so few of its phenomena occur under conditions satisfactory to men of scientific training; that the propagation of its doctrines is in the hands of so many ignorant, if not positively vicious, persons; and that it offers, in exchange for the orderly arrangements of prevailing religious creeds, nothing but an undigested system of present and future moral and social relations and accountability.”

I wrote every word of this circular myself, alone corrected the printer’s proofs, and paid for the printing. That is to say, nobody dictated a word that I should say, nor interpolated any words or sentences, nor controlled my action in any visible way, I wrote it to carry out the expressed wishes of the Masters that we—H. P. B. and I—should help the Editor of

the Scientist at what was to him, a difficult crisis, and used my best judgment as to the language most suitable for the purpose. When the circular was in type at the printer's and I had corrected the proofs, and changed the arrangement of the matter into its final paragraphs, I enquired of H. P. B. (by letter) if she thought I had better issue it anonymously or append my name. She replied that it was the wish of the Masters that it should be signed thus: "For the Committee of Seven, BROTHERHOOD OF LUXOR." And so it was signed and published. She subsequently explained that our work, and much more of the same kind, was being supervised by a Committee of seven Adepts belonging to the Egyptian group of the Universal Mystic Brotherhood.⁹

Up to this time she had not even seen the circular, but now I took one to her myself and she began to read it attentively. Presently she laughed, and told me to read the acrostic made by the initials of the six paragraphs. To my amazement, I found that they spelt the name [TUITIT] under which I knew the (Egyptian) adept under whose orders I was then studying and working.

⁹ It has been already explained that I first worked under the Egyptian part of the African section and later under the Indian section. [Note by Henry S. Olcott.]

Later, I received a certificate, written in gold ink, on a thick green paper, to the effect that I was attached to this “Observatory,” and that three (named) Masters had me under scrutiny. This title, Brotherhood of Luxor, was pilfered by the schemers who started, several years later, the gudgeontrap called “The H. B. of L.” The existence of the real Lodge is mentioned in Kenneth Mackenzie’s *Royal Masonic Cyclopaedia* (p. 461).

Nothing in my early occult experience during this H. P. B. epoch, made a deeper impression on my mind than the above acrostic. It proved to me that space was no bar to the transmission of thought-suggestions from the teacher’s to the pupil’s brain; and it supported the theory that, in the doing of world-work, the agent may often be actually led by overseeing directors to do things which they choose to have done, without his being at all conscious that his mind is not functioning under the sole impulse of its controlling Ego....¹⁰

...We had laboured at the book [*Isis Unveiled*] for several months and had turned out 870-odd pages of manuscript when, one evening, she put me the question whether, to oblige—(our “Paramaguru ”), I would consent to begin all over

¹⁰ Quoted from Henry S. Olcott’s *Old Diary Leaves*, 1895, pp. 72-76.

again! I well remember the shock it gave me to think that all those weeks of hard labour, of psychical thunder-storms and head-splitting archæological conundrums, were to count—as I, in my blind-puppy ignorance, imagined—for nothing. However, as my love and reverence and gratitude to this Master, and all the Masters, for giving me the privilege of sharing in their work was without limits, I consented, and at it we went again. Well for me, was it, that I did; for, having proved my steadfastness of purpose and my loyalty to H. P. B., I got ample spiritual reward. Principles were explained to me, multifarious illustrations given in the way of psychical phenomena, I was helped to make experiments for myself, was made to know and to profit by acquaintance with various Adepts, and, generally, to fit myself—so far as my ingrained stubbornness and practical worldly self-sufficiency would permit—for the then unsuspected future of public work that has since become a matter of history. People have often thought it very strange, in fact incomprehensible, that, of all those who have helped in this Theosophical movement, often at the heaviest self-sacrifice, I should have been the only one so favoured with personal experiences of and with the Mahatmas that the fact of their existence is a matter of as actual knowledge as the existence of my own relatives or intimate friends. I cannot account for it myself. I know what I know, but not why many of my colleagues do not know as much. As it stands, many people have told me that they pin their faith in the Mahatmas upon my unchanging and

unimpeached personal testimony, which supplements the statements of H.P.B. Probably I was so blessed because I had to launch the ship “Theosophy” with H.P.B. for H.P.B.’s Masters, and to steer it through many maelstroms and cyclones, when nothing short of actual knowledge of the sound basis of our movement would have influenced me to stick to my post....¹¹

...I had ocular proof that at least some of those who worked with us were living men, from having seen them in the flesh in India after having seen them in the astral body in America and Europe; from having touched and talked with them. Instead of telling me that they were spirits, they told me they were as much alive as myself, and that each of them had his own peculiarities and capabilities; in short, his complete individuality. They told me that what they had attained to, I should, one day, myself acquire; how soon, would depend entirely upon myself; and that I might anticipate nothing whatever from favour; but, like them, must gain every step, every inch of progress by my own exertions.

One of the greatest of them, the Master of the two Masters [Master Serapis]¹² about whom the

¹¹ Quoted from Henry S. Olcott’s *Old Diary Leaves*, 1895, pp. 217-219.

¹² [For more on the Master Serapis, see Appendix 2 in this book. DHC.]

public has heard a few facts and circulated much foul abuse, wrote me on June 22, 1875:

“The time is come to let you know who I am. I am not a disembodied spirit, Brother, I am a living man; gifted with such powers by our Lodge as are in store for yourself some day. I cannot be with you otherwise than in spirit, for thousands of miles separate us at present. Be patient and of good cheer, untiring labourer of the sacred Brotherhood! Work on and toil too for yourself, for self-reliance is the most powerful factor of success. Help your needy brother and you shall be helped yourself in virtue of the never-failing and ever active Law of Compensation”¹³: the law of Karma, in short, which, as the reader perceives, was taught me from almost the beginning of my intercourse with H. P. B. and the Masters....¹⁴

... One Mahâtma, writing me about some occult business, speaks of it—the H.P.B. body—as “the old appearance”; again, in 1876, he writes about “it and the Brother inside it”; another Master asks me—à propos of a terrific fit of anger to which I had

¹³ [This letter Olcott is quoting from is found in part in *Letters from the Masters of Wisdom*, Series II, Letter 9 from Serapis. DHC.]

¹⁴ Quoted from Henry S. Olcott’s *Old Diary Leaves*, 1895, pp. 236-237.

(unintentionally) provoked H.P.B.—“Do you want to kill the body?”; and the same one, in a note of 1875, speaks of “those who represent us in the shell”—the underscoring of the word being his.

Can any one understand my feelings upon discovering on a certain evening that I had unsuspectingly greeted the staid philosopher described in the next few sentences of the main text, with an hilarious levity that quite upset his usual calm? Fancying that I was addressing only my “chum” H.P.B., I said: “Well, Old Horse, let us get to work!” The next minute I was blushing for shame, for the blended expression of surprise and startled dignity that came into the face, showed me with whom I had to deal. It was as bad a *gaucherie* as that committed by good old Peter Cooper at the New York Academy Ball to the Heir Apparent, when he slapped him on the shoulder and said: “Well, Wales, what do you think of this?”

This was the one of them for whom I had the most filial reverence. It was not alone for his profound lofty character and dignified demeanour, but also for his really paternal kindness and patience. It seemed as if he alone had read to the bottom of my heart, and wished to bring out every little spiritual germ that lay there as a latent potentiality. He [Narayana] was—I was told—a South Indian personage of long spiritual experience, a Teacher of Teachers; still living among men ostensibly as a landed proprietor, yet known for what he was by

nobody around him. Oh, the evenings of high thinking I passed with him; how shall I ever compare with them any other experiences of my life! Most vividly of all I remember one evening when, by half hints more than anything else, he awakened my intuition so that it grasped the theory of the relationship of cosmic cycles with fixed points in stellar constellations, the attractive centre shifting from point to point in an orderly sequence.

Recall your sensations the first time you ever looked through a large telescope at the starry heaven—the awe, the wonder, the instant mental expansion experienced in looking from the familiar and, by comparison, commonplace Earth to the measureless depths of space and the countless starry worlds that bestrew the azure infinity. That was a faint approach to my feeling at the moment, when that majestic concept of cosmic order rushed into my consciousness; so overpowering was it, I actually gasped for breath. If there had previously been the least lingering hereditary leaning towards the geocentric theory, upon which men have built their paltry theologies; it was then swept away like a dried leaf before the hurricane. I was borne into a higher plane of thought, I was a free man.

It was this Master [Narayana] who dictated to H.P.B. the *Replies to an English F.T.S.* on questions suggested by a reading of “Esoteric Buddhism,”

which was published in the *Theosophist* for September, October, and November, 1883....¹⁵

....By an interesting coincidence, I had just read this passage when a certain circumstance flashed into my memory, and I turned over my old New York files of letters and memoranda until I had found the following. It occurs in some notes I made at the time, of a conversation between myself and one of the Mahâtâmâs, a Hungarian by birth, who, on that evening, occupied H. P. B's body:

“He shades his eyes and turns down the gas in the standing burner on the table. Ask him why. Says that light is a physical force, and entering the eye of an unoccupied body, encounters—i.e., strikes against, the astral soul of the temporary occupant, gives it a shock and such a push that the occupant might be pushed out. Paralysis of the occupied body is even possible. Extreme caution must be used in entering a body, and one cannot thoroughly fit oneself to it throughout until the automatic movements of the circulation, breathing, etc., adjust themselves to the automatism of the occupier's own body—with which, however far distant, his projected astral body is most intimately related. I then lit a burner of the chandelier overhead, but the occupier

¹⁵ Quoted from Henry S. Olcott's *Old Diary Leaves*, 1895, pp. 247-249.

at once held a newspaper so as to shade the crown of the head from the light. Surprised, I asked for an explanation, and was told that it was even more dangerous to have a strong top light strike upon the crown of the head than to have light shine into the eyes.”

I knew nothing then about the six vital centres (shat chakrams) of the body; nor was I aware that the most important of them, the brahmarândhra, was under the parietal bones.....¹⁶

... I wished to hear from a certain Adept upon a certain subject. She bade me write my questions, put them in a sealed envelope, and placed the letter where I could watch it for the time being. This was even better than the Egyptian sheikh incident, for in that case the letter was hidden from the enquirer by the back-pillow. As I was sitting at the moment before the grate, I put my letter behind the clock on the mantel, leaving just one edge of the envelope projecting far enough for me to see it. My colleague and I went on talking about a variety of things for perhaps an hour, when she said my answer had come. I drew out the letter, found my own envelope with its seal unbroken, inside it my own letter, and

¹⁶ Quoted from Henry S. Olcott's *Old Diary Leaves*, 1895, pp. 275-276.

inside that the answer in the Adept's familiar manuscript, written upon a sheet of green paper of peculiar make, the like of which—I have every reason to believe—was not in the house. We were in New York, the Adept in Asia. This phenomenon was, I submit, of a class to which the theory of trickery could not apply, and therefore has much weight....

In the (London) *Spiritualist* for January 28, 1876, I described this incident with other psychical matters...¹⁷

...Another production of H. P. B.'s has disappeared...It is a caricature representing my supposed ordeal of initiation into the school of adepts, and most comical picture it is. In the lower foreground I stand with a Hindu fehta (turban) as my only article of dress, undergoing a catechetical examination by Master K. H. In the lower right-hand corner a detached hand holds in space a bottle of spirits, and a bony bayadere, who looks like a starved Irish peasant in a time of potato-blight, is dancing a pas de fascination. In the upper corner H. P. B., wearing a New Jersey sunhood and Deccanee men's turn-up shoes, and carrying a bell-shaped umbrella with a flag marked "Jack" streaming from

¹⁷ Quoted from Henry S. Olcott's *Old Diary Leaves*, 1895, pp. 359-360.

its point, bestrides an elephant and holds out a mammoth hand to “control the elements” for my helping, while another Master stands beside the elephant watching my ordeal. A funny little elemental in a cotton nightcap and holding a lighted candle, says, “My stars! what’s that?” from a perch on K. H.’s “shoulder, and a series of absurd questions and answers written below my Interrogator’s book, complete the nonsensical satire.

From this description the reader may judge of the joviality of H. P. B.’s temperament at that period, and of the kindly license allowed us in our dealings with the Teachers. The mere thought of such irreverence will doubtless make cold chills to run down the spines of some of H. P. B.’s latest pupils. ...¹⁸

¹⁸ Quoted from Henry S. Olcott’s *Old Diary Leaves*, 1895, pp. 416.

CHAPTER 3

Colonel Henry S. Olcott's Experiences with the Theosophical Mahatmas: A Detailed, Chronological List

Experience #1 New York City, New York, ca. February 1876

(1) Extract from a letter written by Colonel Olcott to C.C Massey and W. Stainton Moses:¹⁹

“Wonder treads upon wonder....I wrote an account of my [first] interview with the Brother I took for a Hindoo Brahmin, and was sorry enough afterwards I had said a word about it, either in letter or lecture....[Then] I began to doubt my own senses and fancy the scene had all been an objective hallucination but I have seen him again yesterday and another man was with him.

¹⁹ Excerpts quoted from “Colonel Olcott Meets the Brothers: An Unpublished Letter,” in *Theosophical History*, January 1994, pp. 5-9.”

...Other persons have seen this man in New York. He is not a Brahmin, but a swarthy Cypriote. I did not ask him before of what country he was.

...I was reading in my room yesterday (Sunday) when there came a tap at the door. I said "come in" and then entered the Brother with another dark skinned gentleman of about fifty with a bushy gray beard and eye brows.

We took cigars and chatted for a while....

...He said he would show me the production of flowers as the adepts do it. At the same time pointing to the air, fancy --- the shadowy outlines of flower after flower and leaf after leaf grew out of nothing. The room was perfectly light; in fact the sun was shining in. The flowers grew solid. A beautiful perfume saturated the air. They were suspended as the down of a thistle in the air; each separate from the other. Then they formed themselves into bouquets and a splendid large one of roses, lilies of the valley, camelias, jessamine and carnations floated down and placed itself in my hand. Then the others separated again and fell in a shower to the floor. I was stupefied with the manifestation....

...[Then] as he spoke [again] rain drops began pattering around us in the room and positively a drenching shower was falling about us. The carpet was soaked and so were my clothes, the books on the table, and the bronzes, and clock, and photos on the mantel piece. But neither of the Brothers received a drop.

They sat there and quietly smoked their cigars, while mine became too wet to burn. I just sat and looked at them in a sort of stupid daze. They seemed to enjoy my

surprise but smoked on and said nothing. Finally the younger of the two (who gave me his name as Ooton Liatto) said I need not worry. Nothing would be damaged.

The shower ceased as suddenly as it had begun. Then the elder man took out of his pocket a painted lacquered case. Upon opening the case a round flat concave crystal was displayed to view. He told me to look in it. Holding it a few inches from my eye and shading my eye from the light so that there might be no reflected rays cast upon the glass, the box exhaled a strong spicy aromatic odor much like sandal wood but still not just that. Whatever I wished to see, he said I need simply think of, only taking care to think of but one thing at a time. I did as directed.

I thought of my dead mother as she used to sit with me twenty years ago. I saw as it were a door in the far distance. It came nearer and nearer, and grew plainer until I lost consciousness of external objects and seemed to be in the very room I had in mind. Details long forgotten, pictures, furniture, &c. came into view. My mother sat there, and the conversation of twenty years ago was renewed.

I thought of a landscape --- lo! I stood upon the spot and mountain, valley, river, and buildings lay smiling before me. I was there --- not in my room in 34th Street. So for more than an hour, the thing went on. I seemed able to flit from one clime to another with the speed of thought, and to call up any spirit I wished to talk with. Things too that had occurred to me when out of the body (all recollection of which had been obliterated upon the return of my spirit to flesh) were shown me. But these

were only a few and unimportant, for when I seemed to be growing inquisitive, some power prevented my seeing anything.

Was I hallucinated? No sir, I was not. At least I can't imagine a person being hallucinated and still be in such a state of mental activity as I was in. I have never been psychologized. I am like cast iron so far as sensitiveness to mesmeric influence while I used to be a strong mesmeriser myself....

The seance being over as I supposed, I asked Liatto if he knew Madam B. He stared too. But as I thought he ought to know her, since her flat was in the same house, I went on to...[comment] upon her character, her virtues, her intellectuality, &c. &c. The elder Brother asked me to present their compliments to Madam and say that with her permission they would call upon her.

I ran down stairs, rushed into Madam's parlour and there sat these two identical men smoking with her and chatting as quietly as if they had been old friends. Madam motioned to me as if I had better not come in, as if they had private business to talk over. I stood transfixed looking from one to another in dumb amazement. I glanced [at] the ceiling (my rooms are over Madame B's) but they had not tumbled through.

Madam said, 'What the Devil are you staring at Olcott? What's the matter? You must be crazy.' I said nothing but rushed up stairs again, tore open my door and the men were not there. I ran down again; they had disappeared. I heard the front door close, looked out of the window and saw them just turning the corner.

Madam said they had been with her for more than an hour. And that is all she would tell me about them.

When I showed her my wet clothes and the bouquet of flowers that remained in evidence that I had not been hallucinated, she only said, 'That's nothing remarkable. Ask me no questions for I shall tell you nothing. Let the Brothers do what they please for you, I shan't have my name put out again as a medium.'...

...In a half hour from the time the two men left, there was not a drop of moisture in the room nor a shade of dampness to indicate that there had been a shower. But my clothes stayed wet and had to be dried before the fire....”

Experience #2
New York City, New York,
sometime between March & September 1877

(1) Extract from a letter written by Colonel Olcott to A. O. Hume:²⁰

“One evening, at New York, after bidding H. P. B. good night, I sat in my bed-room, finishing a cigar and thinking. Suddenly there stood my *Chohan* [Guru, i.e., Master Morya] beside me. The door had made no noise in opening, if it *had* been opened, but at any rate there he was.

He sat down and conversed with me in subdued tones for some time, and as he seemed in an excellent humour towards me, I asked him a favour. I said I wanted some tangible proof that he had actually been there, and that I had not been seeing a mere illusion or maya conjured up by H. P. B. He laughed, unwound the embroidered Indian cotton *feheta* [turban] he wore on his head, flung it to me, and --- was gone. That cloth I still possess, and it bears in one corner the initials . . . of my *Chohan* in thread-work. This at least was no hallucination. ...”

²⁰ Quoted from Henry S. Olcott’s “Letter from Col. Olcott to Mr. H---- X ----”. This letter (dated Sept. 30, 1881) from Henry S. Olcott to Allan O. Hume about the Mahatmas was first published in Hume’s *Hints on Esoteric Theosophy, No. 1*, Calcutta, India: Issued under the Authority of the Theosophical Society and printed by the Calcutta Central Press Co., 1882. See pages 79-80 of *Hints* for the above extract.

(2) Extract from a lecture given by Colonel Olcott:²¹

“The time came when I was blessed with a visit from one of these *Mahatmas* in my own room at New York - a visit from him, not in the physical body, but in the “double,” or *Mayavi-rupa*. When I asked him to leave me some tangible evidence that I had not been the dupe of a vision, but that he had indeed been there, he removed from his head the *puggri* [turban] he wore, and giving it to me, vanished from my sight. That cloth I have still, and in one corner is marked in thread the cipher or signature he always attaches to the notes he writes to myself and others.

This visit and his conversation sent my heart at one leap around the globe, across oceans and continents, over sea and land, to India, and from that moment I had a motive to live for, an end to strive after. That motive was to gain the Aryan wisdom; that end to work for its dissemination. ...”

(3) Extract from testimony given by Col. Olcott to a Committee of the Society for Psychical:²²

²¹ Quoted from Henry S. Olcott’s lecture titled “Theosophy, the Scientific Basis of Religion.” He gave the lecture at the Town Hall in Calcutta, India on April 5, 1882. See Colonel Olcott’s book *Theosophy, Religion and Occult Science*, London, George Redway, 1885, pp. 121-124.

²² Quoted from Henry S. Olcott’s May 11, 1884 testimony to a Committee of the Society for Psychical Research in London and published in the *First Report of the Committee of the Society for Psychical Research, Appointed to Investigate the Evidence for*

“COLONEL OLCOTT: I could name two cases where I have encountered the person [the Mahatma] both in the physical body and in the astral body. There are also a number of instances in my experience where I have seen the person in the astral body but not in the physical, and in the physical but not in the astral; but in two cases I can state that I have known the person in both capacities....In both cases I saw them in the astral body first....

The first case I will mention is the case already reported in the pamphlet called “Hints on Esoteric Theosophy --- No. 1”...In that instance the person was my Teacher [Morya] . . . and I now exhibit the turban which he took off his head, when I demanded of him some tangible proof of his visit....

MR. MYERS: Was the Hindu you saw in New York indisputably the same as you subsequently saw in India?

COLONEL OLCOTT: The same.

MR. MYERS: And whom you saw in the astral body?

COLONEL OLCOTT: The same.

MR. STACK: He suddenly appeared?

COLONEL OLCOTT: He appeared when I was in my room before retiring at night. As it was my custom to lock my door, I presume that my door was locked at that time. I know that the door was not opened, for I sat in

Marvellous Phenomena offered by Certain Members of the Theosophical Society, London, November 1884, Appendix 1, pp. 45-48.

such a way reading that the door could not be opened without immediately attracting my notice....

COLONEL OLCOTT: ...My own conviction is --- in fact, I should be willing to affirm most positively --- that the door did not open and that the appearance and disappearance of my visitor occurred without using the means of ingress or exit....

MR. MYERS: How tall was the Hindu who appeared to you in New York?

COLONEL OLCOTT: He was a model of physical beauty, about 6ft. 6in. or 7in. in height, and symmetrically proportioned.

MR. MYERS: That is a very unusual height, and is in itself a tolerable identification.

COLONEL OLCOTT: Great stature is not so rare among the Rajpoots [of India].

MR. MYERS: I presume that you were impressed by his height in New York?

COLONEL OLCOTT: Yes.

MR. MYERS: Have you seen other Hindus of that height?

COLONEL OLCOTT: No; I have seen very tall Hindus, for I have been through the Rajpoot country; but taking him all in all, he was the most majestic human figure I ever laid my eyes upon....”

(4) Extract from Colonel Olcott's autobiography *Old Diary Leaves*:²³

“Our evening’s work on [the manuscript of H.P.B.’s future book] *Isis [Unveiled]* was finished, I had bade good-night to H. P. B., retired to my own room, closed the door as usual, sat me down to read and smoke, and was soon absorbed in my book; which, if I remember aright, was Stephens’ *Travels in Yucatan*; at all events, not a book on ghosts, nor one calculated in the least to stimulate one’s imagination to the seeing of spectres. My chair and table were to the left in front of the door, my camp-cot to the right, the window facing the door, and over the table a wall gas-jet.

The following simple ground plan will convey the correct idea of the premises of the “Lamasery”, although not accurate as to the measurements.

[INSERT DIAGRAM HERE]

EXPLANATION.—A, our working and only reception room; B, bed-room of H. P. B.; C, my bed-room; D, a small, dark bed-room; E, passage; F, kitchen; G, dining-room; H, bath-room; I, hanging closet; J, exterior door of the flat opening upon the house staircase; always closed with a spring-latch and locked at night. In my room, *a* is the chair where I sat reading; *b* the table; *c* the chair where my visitor seated himself during the interview; *d* my camp-cot....

²³ Quoted from Henry S. Olcott’s *Old Diary Leaves: The True Story of the Theosophical Society*. Vol. 1 (1874–1878). New York: G. P. Putnam’s Sons, 1895, pp. 377–82.

The door of my room, it will be seen, was to my right as I sat, and any opening of it would have at once been noticed; the more so, since it was locked, to the best of my present recollection. That I am not more positive will not seem strange in view of the mental excitement into which the passing events threw me; events so astonishing as to make me forget various minor details which, under a cooler frame of mind, would perhaps have been retained in my memory.

I was quietly reading, with all my attention centered on my book. Nothing in the evening's incidents had prepared me for seeing an adept in his astral body; I had not wished for it, tried to conjure it up in my fancy, nor in the least expected it.

All at once, as I read with my shoulder a little turned from the door, there came a gleam of something white in the right-hand corner of my right eye; I turned my head, dropped my book in astonishment, and saw towering above me in his great stature an Oriental clad in white garments, and wearing a head cloth or turban of amber-striped fabric, hand-embroidered in yellow floss silk.

Long raven hair hung from under his turban to the shoulders; his black beard, parted vertically on the chin in the Rajput fashion, was twisted up at the ends and carried over the ears; his eyes were alive with soul fire, eyes which were at once benignant and piercing in glance....He was so grand a man, so imbued with the majesty of moral strength, so luminously spiritual, so evidently above average humanity, that I felt abashed in his presence, and bowed my head and bent my knee as one does before a god or a godlike personage.

A hand was lightly laid on my head, a sweet though strong voice bade me be seated, and when I raised my eyes, the Presence was seated in the other chair beyond the table.

He told me he had come at the crisis when I needed him; that my actions had brought me to this point; that it lay with me alone whether he and I should meet often in this life as co-workers for the good of mankind; that a great work was to be done for humanity, and I had the right to share in it if I wished; that a mysterious tie, not now to be explained to me, had drawn my colleague [H.P.B.] and myself together, a tie which could not be broken, however strained it might be at times. He told me things about H.P.B. that I may not repeat, as well as things about myself, that do not concern third parties....

At last he rose, I wondering at his great height and observing the sort of splendor in his countenance --- not an external shining, but the soft gleam, as it were, of an inner light --- that of the spirit.

Suddenly the thought came into my mind: "What if this be but hallucination; what if H.P.B. has cast a hypnotic glamour over me? I wish I had some tangible object to prove to me that he has really been here, something that I might handle after he is gone!"

The Master smiled kindly as if reading my thought, untwisted the fehta [turban] from his head, benignantly saluted me in farewell and --- was gone: his chair was empty; I was alone with my emotions! Not quite alone, though, for on the table lay the embroidered head cloth, a tangible and enduring proof that I had not been

“overlooked,” or psychically befooled, but had been face to face with one of the Elder Brothers of Humanity.

To run and beat at H.P.B.’s door and tell her my experience was the first natural impulse, and she was as glad to hear my story as I was to tell it. I returned to my room to think, and the gray morning found me still thinking and resolving. Out of those thoughts and those resolves developed all my subsequent theosophical activities, and that loyalty to the Masters behind our movement which the rudest shocks and the cruellest disillusioning have never shaken. I have been blessed with meetings with this Master and others since then. ... However others less fortunate may doubt, I KNOW.

As due to my ideal of candour, I must recall a circumstance which threw a doubt once upon my competency as a witness as to the above incident. While in London in 1884, I was examined as a witness before a Special Committee of the Society for Psychical Research, and told the above story among others. A member of the committee in cross-examination, so to say, put to me the question how I could be sure that Madame Blavatsky had not employed some tall Hindu to play this farce on me, and that as to the supposed mysterious details my fancy might not have played me false. I was thereupon seized with such a disgust for their cruel suspicion of H. P. B., and their seemingly dishonourable shirking of palpable spiritual facts under cover of assumed astuteness, that I hastily answered, among other things, that I had never until that moment seen a Hindu in my life. The circumstance of my having actually made in 1870 the voyage across the Atlantic with two Hindu gentlemen, one of whom was later our close friend at Bombay—Mooljee Thackersey—entirely

slipped out of my mind. This was a clear case of amnesia (loss of memory) for I had not the least intention or interest in concealing so commonplace a circumstance; the meeting of 1870, fourteen years before the examination of me by the S. P. R., had left no such mark in my memory as to be recalled in my moment of anger, and so the force of my testimony was weakened to that extent. A meeting with Hindus five years or so before I knew H. P. B., and, through her, the real India, would not have been of paramount importance to a man of such multifarious acquaintance-ships and adventures as myself. Yes, it was amnesia; but amnesia is not lying, and my story is true, even though some may doubt it....”

Experience #3

London, January 1879

(1) Extract from Colonel Olcott's autobiography *Old Diary Leaves*:²⁴

The most striking incident of our stay in London was the meeting of a Master by three of us as we were walking down Cannon Street. There was a fog that morning, so dense that one could hardly see across the street, and London appeared at its worst. The two who were with me saw him first, as I was next to the curb, and just then my eyes were otherwise occupied. But when they uttered an exclamation, I turned my head quickly and met the glance of the Master as he looked back at me over his shoulder. I did not recognize him for an acquaintance, but I recognized the face as that of an Exalted One; for the type once seen can never be mistaken. We three friends kept together in the City and went together back to Dr. Billing's house, yet on entering we were told by both Mrs. Billing and HPB that the Brother had been there and mentioned that he had met us three—naming us—in the City. Mrs. Billing described him as a very tall and handsome Hindu, with a peculiarly piercing eye which seemed to look her through. For the moment she

²⁴ Quoted from Henry S. Olcott's *Old Diary Leaves: The Only Authentic History of the Theosophical Society*. London: Theosophical Publishing Society, 1900. Vol. 2 (1878-1883), pp. 4-6.

was so staggered that she could not say a word, but the stranger said: "I wish to see Madame Blavatsky," and moved towards the door of the room where she sat. Mrs. Billing opened it for him and bade him enter. He did so, and walked straight towards HPB, made her an Oriental salutation, and began speaking to her in a tongue the sounds of which were totally unfamiliar to Mrs. Billing.

Experience #4

Bombay, India, July 15, 1879

(1) Extract from Colonel Olcott's diary:²⁵

“...[I] had visit in body of the Sahib [Morya]!! [He] sent Babula to my room to call me to HPB's bungalow, and there we had a most important private interview. Alas! how puerile and vain these men make one feel by contrast with them.... “

(2) Extract from a letter from Colonel Olcott to A.O. Hume:²⁶

“...This . . . Brother [Morya] once visited me in the flesh at Bombay, coming in full day light, and on horseback. He had me called by a servant into the front room of H. P.B.'s bungalow (she being at the time in the other bungalow talking with those who were there).

He came to scold me roundly for something I had done in T. S. matters, and as H. P. B. was also to blame, he *telegraphed* to her to come, that is to say he turned his face and extended his finger in the direction of the place

²⁵ Quoted from Henry S. Olcott's unpublished diaries. Entry for July 15, 1879, Bombay, India.

²⁶ Quoted from “Letter from Col. Olcott to Mr. H----- X -----”, dated September 30, 1881 in A.O. Hume's *Hints on Esoteric Theosophy, No. 1*, Calcutta, India: Issued under the Authority of the Theosophical Society and printed by the Calcutta Central Press Co., 1882, Second edition, p. 80.

she was in. She came over at once with a rush, and seeing him dropped on her knees and paid him reverence. My voice and his had been heard by those in the other bungalow, but only H. P. B. and I, and the servant *saw* him....”

(3) Extract from the testimony Colonel Olcott gave to a Committee of the Society for Psychical Research:²⁷

“...MR. MYERS: We want now an account of seeing your Teacher in the flesh.

COLONEL OLCOTT: One day at Bombay I was at work in my office when a Hindu servant came and told me that a gentleman wanted to see me in Madame Blavatsky’s bungalow --- a separate house within the same enclosure as the main building. This was one day in 1879. I went and found alone there my Teacher. Madame Blavatsky was then engaged in animated conversation with other persons in the other bungalow. The interview between the Teacher and myself lasted perhaps 10 minutes, and it related to matters of a private nature with respect to myself and certain current events in the history of the Society....

MR. MYERS: How do you know that your Teacher was in actual flesh and blood on that occasion?

²⁷ Quoted from Colonel Olcott’s May 11, 1884 testimony in *First Report of the Committee of the Society for Psychical Research, Appointed to Investigate the Evidence for Marvellous Phenomena Offered by Certain Members of the Theosophical Society*, London, 1884, Appendix I, pp. 48-49.

COLONEL OLCOTT: He put his hand upon my head, and his hand was perfectly substantial; and he had altogether the appearance of an ordinary living person. When he walked about the floor there was noise of his footsteps, which is not the case with the double or phantasm.

MR. MYERS: Do you conceive that he had travelled to Bombay in the ordinary way?

COLONEL OLCOTT: He was then stopping at a bungalow, not far from Bombay, belonging to a person connected with this brotherhood of the Mahatmas, and used by Mahatmas who may be passing through Bombay on business connected with their order. He came to our place on horseback.

MR. STACK: Was he on that occasion dressed the same as in New York?

COLONEL OLCOTT: Yes. They wear ordinarily, when away from Thibet, a dress of white cotton --- in fact, that is the common dress of Hindus.

MR. MYERS: Was that the only occasion on which you have seen him in the flesh?

COLONEL OLCOTT: No; I have seen him at other times.

MR. MYERS: Have you seen him three or four times in the flesh?

COLONEL OLCOTT: Yes, more than that, but not under circumstances where it would be evidence to others.

MR. MYERS: And about how many times in the astral body?

COLONEL OLCOTT: Oh, at least 15 or 20 times.

MR. MYERS: And his appearance on all those occasions has been quite unmistakable?

COLONEL OLCOTT: As unmistakable as the appearance of either of you gentlemen....”

Experience #5

Bombay, India, March 25, 1880

(1) Extract from Colonel Olcott's handwritten diary:

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“Evening. H.P.B. took Damodar and myself to Worlee Bridge. A superb and striking electric storm raged. As we sat in the carriage enjoying the scene and the sea breeze, Hamlet, one of our Brothers and a pupil of T. Bey’s showed himself, came to the carriage, touched H.P.B.’s hand, and saluted us. He moved in silence and with such dignity as to deeply impress me. Then he walked off fifty yards and disappeared....”

(2) Extract from Colonel Olcott’s testimony to the Committee of the Society for Psychical Research in London:²⁹

²⁸ Quoted from Henry S. Olcott’s unpublished diaries. Entry for March 25, 1880, Bombay, India.

²⁹ Quoted from Henry S. Olcott’s May 27, 1884 testimony to the Committee of the Society for Psychical Research in London as it appears in the Oct. 1884 draft copy of the S.P.R.’s First Report on Madame Blavatsky and the Mahatmas. This portion of his testimony was deleted in the published version of his testimony as found in the *First Report of the Committee of the Society for Psychical Research, Appointed to Investigate the Evidence for Marvellous Phenomena offered by Certain Members of the Theosophical Society*, London, November 1884.

“One evening Madame Blavatsky, Damodar and I had gone out in our carriage to take the sea breeze at Bombay. We got to the further end of what is known as Warli Bridge, a long causeway to the north of Bombay. There was a vividly bright moonlight. A Hindoo marriage party had been to a neighbouring house, and breaking up, came thronging to that part of the road where our carriage stood. They entered their own carriages and drove off for town. Two or three groups, of perhaps 20 or 30 each, had come up in this way. Presently, as the last group were coming, we saw behind them at some little distance, walking alone, a figure which we instantly recognized as probably a Mahatma. His height was conspicuously great, and there was a peculiar sheen, or radiance, about the white of his clothes which actually made the white dresses of the group of Hindoos walking in front of him appear grey by contrast, just as the whiteness of the electric light makes the light of the ordinary gas appear dim by comparison....

As he walked along, we heard his feet upon the gravel of the road. After the party had passed us he came up. Deflecting from his straight course, he came to our carriage and touched the hand of Madame Blavatsky, which lay on the side of the carriage. Damodar and I saw him. I did not know him personally, but I have since seen his portrait and recognised the man. He was a splendid looking figure, and we saluted him in Oriental fashion by joining palms. He returned the salutation, and saluting Madame Blavatsky he walked off towards the causeway. We watched him until he had got a distance from us of, perhaps, 50 yards. He was then at a point on the causeway where there was absolutely nothing for him to hide behind --- no bush, no tree, no pillar --- nothing. There was simply a low parapet wall on the other side of

the roadway. In the full light before us he suddenly disappeared....”

(3) Extract from Colonel Olcott’s autobiography *Old Diary Leaves*:³⁰

“On the evening of the 25th, H. P. B., Damodar, and I had an experience of a most delightful character, which I have related elsewhere from memory, but which must now be repeated in its proper place from my notes of the same evening written in my Diary.

We three had driven out in the open phaeton that Damodar had presented to H. P. B., to the farther end of the causeway known as Worli Bridge, to enjoy the cool sea-breeze. A magnificent electric storm was raging, unaccompanied with rain, the flashes being so vivid as to light up the neighbourhood almost like day. H. P. B. and I smoked and we all chatted about this and that, when we heard the sound of many voices coming from the seashore to our right, from a bungalow situated on a transverse road not far from the corner where we sat. Presently a party of well-dressed Hindus, laughing and talking together, came in sight, passed us and entered their carriages, which were drawn up in line on the Worli Road, and drove off to town. To see them, Damodar, who was sitting with his back to the driver, stood up and looked over the box. As the last party of convivial friends were coming abreast of our carriage, he silently touched my shoulder and motioned with his head that I

³⁰ Quoted from Henry S. Olcott's *Old Diary Leaves: The Only Authentic History of the Theosophical Society*. Vol. 2 (1878–1883). London: The Theosophical Publishing Society, 1900, pp. 145-146.

was to look at something in that direction. I stood up and saw behind the last group a single human figure approaching.

He, like the others, was dressed in white, but the whiteness of his costume positively made theirs look grey, as the electric light makes the brightest gaslight appear dull and yellow. The figure was a head taller than the group which preceded him, and his walk was the very ideal of graceful dignity. As he came about as far as our horse's head, he deflected from the road in our direction, and we two, to say nothing of H. P. B., saw that it was a Mahatma. His white turban, and dress, mass of dark hair dropping to his shoulders, and full beard, made us think it was 'the Sahib,' [Morya] but when he came to the carriage-side and stood not more than a yard from our faces, and laid his hand on H. P. B.'s left arm as it lay on the carriage body, and looked us in the eyes and responded to our reverential salutations, we then saw it was not he, but another, whose portrait H. P. B. wore, later, in a large gold locket, and which many have seen.

He spoke no word, but quietly moved towards the causeway, taking no notice of, nor, seemingly, exciting any from the Hindu guests as they rolled away in their carriages towards the town. The recurrent blazes of electric light lit him up as he stood by us; and as his tall form showed against the horizon and the dark earth of the causeway. I noticed, too, that a lamp of the last of the carriages threw him up in high relief when he was some fifty feet away from us and on the causeway. There was no tree or bush to screen him from us, and, it may be believed, we watched him with intense concentration. One instant we saw him, the next he was gone; disappeared, like one of the lightning flashes. Under the

strain of excitement, I jumped out of the carriage, ran to the spot where he was last seen, but no one was there. I saw nothing but the empty road and the back of the carriage that had just passed.”

Experience #6

Bombay, India, August 4 1880

(1) Extract from Colonel Olcott's diary:³¹

“...M[orya was] here this evening & wrote to Fauvety of Paris. He says 5000 English troops killed in Afghanistan in the recent battle....”

(2) Colonel Olcott writes in his autobiography *Old Diary Leaves*:³²

“On the evening of 4th August [1880], a Mahatma [Master Morya] visited HPB, and I was called in to see him before he left. He dictated a long and important letter to an influential friend of ours at Paris, and gave me important hints about the management of current [Theosophical] Society affairs. I was sent away before his visit terminated, and as I left him sitting in HPB's room, I cannot say whether his departure was a phenomenal disappearance or not....”

³¹ Quoted from Henry S. Olcott's unpublished diaries. Entry for August 4, 1880, Bombay, India.

³² Quoted from Henry S. Olcott's *Old Diary Leaves: The Only Authentic History of the Theosophical Society*. London: Theosophical Publishing Society, 1900. Vol. 2 (1878-1883), p. 208.

Experience #7
The Golden Temple, Amritsar, India,
October 26, 1880

(1) Extract from Colonel Olcott's diary:³³

“...In the afternoon we went to the Golden Temple again & found it as lovely as before. Saw some hundreds of fakirs & gossains more or less ill-favored. A Brother there saluted H.P.B. and me & gave us each a rose.”

(2) Colonel Olcott writes in his autobiography *Old Diary Leaves*:³⁴

“...at a shrine where the swords, sharp steel discs, coats of mail, and other warlike weapons of the Sikh warrior priests are exposed to view in charge of the akalis, I was greeted, to my surprise and joy, with a loving smile by one of the Masters, who for the moment was figuring among the guardians, and who gave each of us a fresh rose, with a blessing in his eyes.”

³³ Quoted from Henry S. Olcott's unpublished diaries. Entry for October 26, 1880, Amritsar, India.

³⁴ Quoted from Henry S. Olcott's *Old Diary Leaves: The Only Authentic History of the Theosophical Society*. London: Theosophical Publishing Society, 1900. Vol. 2 (1878-1883), p. 255.

Experience #8

Bombay, India, February 19, 1881

(1) Extract from Colonel Olcott's diary:³⁵

“Hilarion is here en route for Tibet and has been looking over, in, and through the situation. Finds Bombay something morally awful. Views on India, Bombay, the T.S. in Bombay, Ceylon...., England and Europe, Christianity and other subjects highly interesting.”

³⁵ Quoted from Henry S. Olcott's unpublished diaries. Entry for February 19, 1881, Bombay, India.

Experience #9

Colombo, Ceylon, September 27, 1881

(1) Extract from a letter of Colonel Olcott to A.O. Hume in Simla, India: ³⁶

“...on the night of that day [Sept. 27, 1881] I was awakened from sleep by my *Chohan* (or *Guru*, the Brother [Morya] whose immediate pupil I am)...He made me rise, sit at my table and write from his dictation for an hour or more. There was an expression of anxiety mingled with sternness on his noble face, as there always is when the matter concerns H.P.B., to whom for many years he has been at once a father and a devoted guardian....

³⁶ Quoted from “Letter from Col. Olcott to Mr. H----- X -----”, dated September 30, 1881, Colombo, Ceylon in A.O. Hume's *Hints on Esoteric Theosophy, No. 1*, Calcutta, India: Issued under the Authority of the Theosophical Society and printed by the Calcutta Central Press Co., 1882, Second edition, pp. 76, 82-83.

Experience #10

Bombay, India – December 28, 1881

(1) Extract from a statement by Colonel Henry S. Olcott and Damodar K. Mavalankar, and S. Ramaswamier:³⁷

“The undersigned, returning a few moments since from a carriage ride with Madame Blavatsky, saw, as the carriage approached the house [the headquarters of the Theosophical Society in Bombay], a man upon the balcony over the *porte cochere*, leaning against the balustrade, and with the moonlight shining full upon him. He was dressed in white, and wore a white *Fehta* on his head. His beard was black, and his long black hair hung to his breast. Olcott and Damodar at once recognised him as the ‘Illustrious.’ [Master Morya.] He raised his hand and dropped a letter to us. Olcott jumped from the carriage and recovered it. It was written in Tibetan characters, and signed with his familiar cypher. It was a message to Ramaswamier, in reply to a letter (in a closed envelope) which he had written to the Brother a short time before we went out for the ride. M. Coulomb,

³⁷ Quoted from A.O. Hume's *Hints on Esoteric Theosophy, No. 1*, Calcutta, India: Issued under the Authority of the Theosophical Society and printed by the Calcutta Central Press Co., 1882, Second edition, pp. 72-73.

who was reading inside the house, and a short distance from the balcony, neither saw nor heard any one pass through the apartment, and no one else was in the bungalow, except Madame Coulomb, who was asleep in her bedroom.

“Upon descending from the carriage, our whole party immediately went upstairs, but the Brother had disappeared.

Experience #11

Bombay, India, January 28, 1882

(1) Extract from Colonel Olcott's diary:³⁸

“...M[orya] showed himself very clearly to me & HPB in her garden. Walked to & fro & she joining him they talked together....”

³⁸ Quoted from Henry S. Olcott's unpublished diaries. Entry for January 28, 1882, Bombay, India.

Experience #12
Howrah, Calcutta, India,
Thursday, March 23, 1882

**(1) Extract from Mrs. Alice Gordon's account of the
"Vega Incident":**³⁹

"...Colonel Olcott...told me that he had had an intimation in the night from [Morya] his *Chohan* (teacher) [that] K.H. [Koot Hoomi] had been to the [steamship] *Vega* and had seen [William] Eglinton [the famous English medium]. This was at about eight o'clock on Thursday morning the 23rd.

A few hours later a telegram, dated at Bombay 22nd day, 21 hours 9 minutes past 9 P.M., on Wednesday evening. This telegram came as a 'delayed' message, and was *posted* to me from Calcutta, which accounts for its not reaching me until midday on Thursday. It corroborated, as will be seen, the message [of Master Morya] of the previous night to Colonel Olcott."

³⁹ Quoted from *Psychic Notes*, March 30, 1882, p. 60.

Experience #13
Howrah, Calcutta, India,
Friday, March 24, 1882

(1) Extract from Colonel Olcott's diary:⁴⁰

“At 9 the Gordons and I sat together. Morya and K.H. appeared at the windows, and notes from Eglinton (from on board the Vega), Morya, K.H. and H.P.B., tied together, dropped through the air on Mrs. Gordon's shoulder. A stupendous phenomenon all round. E. says in his note that he is sending it off by the Brothers to H.P.B. after showing it to a fellow passenger, Mrs. Boughton, and having her mark the envelope.”

(2) Extract from Mrs. Alice Gordon's account of the “Vega Incident”:⁴¹

“...We then felt hopeful of getting the letter by occult means from Mr. Eglinton. A telegram later on Thursday asked us to fix a time for a sitting, so we named 9 o'clock Madras time, on Friday 24th. At this hour we three --- Colonel Olcott, Colonel Gordon, and myself, --- sat in the room which had been occupied by Mr. Eglinton. We had a good light, and sat with our chairs

⁴⁰ Quoted from Henry S. Olcott's unpublished diaries. Entry for March 24, 1882, Howrah, Calcutta, India.

⁴¹ Quoted from *Psychic Notes*, March 30, 1882, p. 60.

placed to form a triangle, of which the apex was to the north. In a few minutes Colonel Olcott saw outside the open window the two 'Brothers' whose names are best known to us, and told us so; he saw them pass to another window, the glass doors of which were closed. He saw one of them point his hand towards the air over my head, and I felt something at the same moment fall straight down from above on to my shoulder, and saw it fall at my feet in the direction *towards* the two gentlemen. I know it would be the letter, but for the moment I was so anxious to see the 'Brothers' that I did not pick up what had fallen. Colonel Gordon and Colonel Olcott both saw and heard the letter fall. Colonel Olcott had turned his head from the window for a moment to see what the 'Brother' was pointing at, and so notice the letter falling from a point about two feet from the ceiling. When he looked again the two 'Brothers' had vanished. There is a verandah outside, and the window is several feet from the ground. I now turned and picked up what had fallen on me, and found a letter in Mr. Eglinton's handwriting...."

Experience #14
Ceylon (at a village on the way to Colombo),
August 18, 1882

(1) Extract from Colonel Olcott's diary:⁴²

“...[I had a] night visit from M[orya] who directed telegram to be sent to A[lan] H[ume] about Fern's visions....”

⁴² Quoted from Henry S. Olcott's unpublished diaries. Entry for August 18, 1882, Ceylon (at a village on the way to Colombo).

Experience #15

Lahore, India, November 20, 1883

(1) Extract from Colonel Olcott's diary:⁴³

“1.55 a.m. Koot Hoomi came in body to my tent. Woke me suddenly out of sleep, pressed a note (wrapped in silk) into my left hand, and laid his hand upon my head. He then passed into Brown's compartment and integrated another note in his hand (Brown's). He spoke to me. Was sent by Maha Chohan.

Evening Lecture “Theosophy”, in camp. Large audience.

P.M. at 10. K.H. and Benjm [Benjamin] both showed themselves back of the camp to D.K.M., Brown and myself, both dressed in white.”

(2) Extract from the testimony Colonel Olcott gave to a Committee of the S.P.R. in:⁴⁴

“MR. STACK: State, if you please, the other instances of your meeting a Mahatma in the physical body.

⁴³ Quoted from Henry S. Olcott's unpublished diaries. Entry for November 20, 1883, Lahore, India.

⁴⁴ Quoted from Colonel Olcott's May 11, 1884 testimony in *First Report of the Committee of the Society for Psychical Research, Appointed to Investigate the Evidence for Marvellous Phenomena Offered by Certain Members of the Theosophical Society*, 1884, pp. 50-51.

COLONEL OLCOTT: I have seen Mahatma Koot Hoomi in the body. While at Lahore I received from the Mahatma Koot Hoomi, through one of his associates --- a former pupil --- an intimation that he would visit me in the body. On the second night of my stay, I was awakened while asleep in my tent by someone putting his hands upon me. In the instant of awaking, having a vague impression that this might be an intruder, I seized him with both hands, at the same time asking him in Hindustanee who he was. He replied, "Do you not remember me?" The tone of the voice immediately recalled the Mahatma Koot Hoomi, and it then flashed across my memory that I was to have been visited by him. In the next moment I was in full consciousness, and let go my hold of him, slipping my hands down the whole length of his arms to his hands, having first caught him by the shoulders. So I felt the substance of his arms all the way down. A brief colloquy ensued, and he then, as I lay in bed, took my left hand, and placing the fingers of his right hand into contact with my palm, I felt growing up, as it were, some substance underneath his fingers. In another moment he closed my hands upon this substance, said something more to me, bade me "Good-night," and went out of the tent. I then got up, and, going to the light burning in the tent, found that what he had left me was a small package enveloped in Chinese silk. On opening the package, I found within a letter in a Chinese envelope to my address. (Colonel Olcott here exhibited the package.) The note is of a personal character, and need not be printed; but I will allow you gentlemen to read it. The handwriting of the communication is identical with that of the many communications received at various times by Mr. A. P. Sinnett and many other persons.

MR. MYERS: This letter was received without the intervention of Madame Blavatsky?

COLONEL OLCOTT: Madame Blavatsky was at Madras at that time, a distance of perhaps 2,500 or 3,000 miles.

MR. MYERS: The light in the tent was sufficient to allow you to distinctly recognise the features of your visitor?

COLONEL OLCOTT: Yes.

MR. MYERS: Whom you had seen in the astral body?

COLONEL OLCOTT: Yes, and whose portrait, phenomenally produced for Mr. Sinnett, by Madame Blavatsky at Allahabad, would give any one an accurate idea of his personal appearance. I am prepared to affirm that his hand was absolutely empty when he placed it in my palm, and that this packet was formed --- or, to use a current phrased, materialised --- upon my own hand.

MR. MYERS: Of course, people would say that conjurers would slip these things down their sleeves.

COLONEL OLCOTT: Yes, but that was not possible in this case. The sleeves worn by Asiatic people are very large and flowing, not tight like ours. It is important that I should mention that this communication contains a prophecy of the death of two public characters in India, who did actually die.

MR. MYERS: We can extract a passage from the letter?

COLONEL OLCOTT: You may if you like....”

(3) Extract from Colonel Olcott’s autobiography *Old Diary Leaves*:⁴⁵

“My camp was thronged with visitors during the three days of our stay, and I gave two lectures under the largest *shamiana* to multitudes, with great pots of fire standing along the sides to modify the biting November cold.

I was sleeping in my tent, the night of the 19th, when I rushed back towards external consciousness on feeling a hand laid on me. The camp being on the open plain, and beyond the protection of the Lahore Police, my first instinct was to protect myself from some possible religious fanatical assassin, so I clutched the stranger by the upper arms, and asked him in Hindustani who he was and what he wanted. It was all done in an instant, and I held the man tight, as would one who might be attacked the next moment and have to defend his life. But the next instant a kind, sweet voice said: “Do you not know me? Do you not remember me?” It was the voice of the Master K.H. A swift revulsion of feeling came over me, I relaxed my hold on his arms, joined my palms in reverential salutation, and wanted to jump out of bed to show him respect. But his hand and voice stayed me, and after a few sentences had been exchanged, he took my left hand in his, gathered the fingers of his right into the palm, and stood quiet beside my cot, from which I could

⁴⁵ Quoted from Henry S. Olcott’s *Old Diary Leaves: The Only Authentic History of the Theosophical Society*. London: Theosophical Publishing Society, 1904. Vol. 3 (1883-1887), pp. 35-37, 41-43.

see his divinely benignant face by the light of the lamp that burned on a packing case at his back. Presently I felt some soft substance forming in my hand, and the next minute the Master laid his kind hand on my forehead, uttered a blessing, and left my half of the large tent to visit Mr. W. T. Brown, who slept in the other half behind a canvas screen that divided the tent into two rooms. When I had time to pay attention to myself, I found myself holding in my left hand a folded paper enwrapped in a silken cloth. To go to the lamp, open and read it, was naturally my first impulse. I found it to be a letter of private counsel....On hearing an exclamation from... [Brown's] side of the screen, I went in there and he showed me a silk-wrapped letter of like appearance to mine though of different contents, which he said had been given him much as mine had been to me, and which we read together....

The next evening, after the visits to Mr. Brown and myself, we two and Damodar sat in my tent, at 10 o'clock, waiting for an expected visit from Master K.H. The camp was quiet, the rest of our party dispersed through the city of Lahore. We sat on chairs at the back of the tent so as not to be observed from the camp: the moon was in its last quarter and had not risen. After some waiting we heard and saw a tall Hindu approaching from the side of the open plain. He came to within a few yards of us and beckoned Damodar to come to him, which he did. He told him that the Master would appear within a few minutes, and that he had some business with Damodar. It was a pupil of Master K.H. Presently we saw the latter coming from the same direction, pass his pupil—who had withdrawn to a little distance—and stop in front of our group, now standing and saluting in the Indian fashion, some yards away. Brown and I kept our

places, and Damodar went and conversed for a few minutes with the Teacher, after which he returned to us and the king-like visitor walked away. I heard his footsteps on the ground....

Still further proof was given me before retiring, when I was writing my Diary: the pupil lifted the *portiere*, beckoned to me, and pointed to the figure of his Master, waiting for me out on the plain in the starlight. I went to him, we walked off to a safe place at some distance where intruders need not be expected, and then for about a half hour he told me what I had to know...There were no miracles done at the interview...just two men talking together, a meeting, and a parting when the talk was over....”

Experience #16
Paris, France,
sometime between March 28 and April 5, 1884

**(1) Extract from a letter of William Q. Judge to
Laura C. Holloway:**

“...the next morning, as I was sitting in the bedroom with Mohini, in which he and I slept, and after we had been there about an hour after coffee, Olcott came from his room, which was at the other end of the hall, and called me out, and told me privately that the Master [Morya] had been then to his room and had told him that I was not to go yet to India, but to stay and help H.P.B. on the *Secret Doctrine*....”⁴⁶

⁴⁶ Quoted from William Q. Judge’s *Letters That Have Helped Me*. Los Angeles: The Theosophy Company, 1946, p. 199.

Experience #17

London, England, July 10, 1884

(1) Extract from a letter of Colonel Olcott to Franz Hartman:

“My Dear Dr. Hartmann, The enclosure was received by me without explanation in a cover post marked Madras, some little time ago....But this morning in going through my papers I noticed that the Master had been putting his hand upon the document⁴⁷, and while reading his endorsement I heard him tell me to send it to you by today’s post....”⁴⁸

⁴⁷ Franz Hartmann writes that this enclosure (letter) he received from Colonel Olcott in London had the following endorsement or note on the back of it in the handwriting of the Master Morya:

“A clumsy forgery, but good enough to show how much an enterprising enemy can do in this direction. They may call this at Adyar --- a pioneer. M.”

See Franz Hartmann’s *Report of Observations Made During a Nine Months’ Stay at the Head-Quarters of the Theosophical Society at Adyar (Madras), India*. Madras, India: Printed at the Scottish Press by Graves, Cookson and Co., 1884, p. 35.

⁴⁸ Quoted from Colonel Olcott’s July 10, 1884 letter to Dr. Hartmann at Adyar, Madras, India as given in Franz Hartmann’s book *Report of Observations Made During a Nine Months’ Stay at the Head-Quarters of the Theosophical Society at Adyar (Madras), India*. Madras, India: Printed at the Scottish Press by Graves, Cookson and Co., 1884, p. 53.

Experience #18

Adyar, Madras, India, January 8, 1885

(1) Extract from Colonel Olcott's diary:

“During the night chela “D.K.” visited and talked with me about persons and things. Leadbeater sleeping in another bed in my room heard his voice and mine and saw a phosphorescent light by my bed but could not see his form. M and five chelas were at the place together. H.P.B. saw them all.”⁴⁹

(2) Colonel Olcott writes in his *autobiography*:

“During the night...I was visited by Dj.K....who talked with me about sundry persons and things. Mr. Leadbeater...sleeping on another *charpai* in the same room, heard the two voices and saw a column of light by my bedside, but could not distinguish the form of my visitor.”⁵⁰

⁴⁹. Quoted from Henry S. Olcott's unpublished diaries. Entry for January 8, 1885, Adyar, Madras, India.

⁵⁰ **Quoted from Henry S. Olcott's** *Old Diary Leaves: The Only Authentic History of the Theosophical Society*. London: Theosophical Publishing Society, 1904. Vol. 3 (1883-1887), p. 199.

Experience #19

Adyar, Madras, India, February 7-8, 1885

(1) Extract from Colonel Olcott's letter to Francesca Arundale:⁵¹

“Again has our Master [Morya] snatched HPB from the jaws of death. A few days ago she was dying and I was recalled from Burma by telegraph, with little or no prospect of seeing her again. But, when three physicians were expecting her to sink into coma and so pass senseless out of life, He came, laid his hand upon her, and the whole aspect of the case changed.

The day before yesterday things looked so bad that Subba Row and Damodar lost heart and got quite panicky and said the T.S. would go to the dogs.

Well, yesterday came here a certain Indian yogi, dressed in the usual saffron robes, and accompanied by a female ascetic—his supposed disciple. I was called, came and sat down, and we stared at each other in silence. Then he closed his eyes, concentrated himself, and gave me psychically his message.

He had been sent by the Mahatma [Narayana] at Tirivellum (the one who dictated to HPB the “Replies to an English F.T.S.”) to assure me that I should not be left

⁵¹ Quoted from one of Henry S. Olcott's letters to F. Arundale in London. See “Letters of H. S. Olcott to Francesca Arundale.” *The Theosophist* (Adyar, Madras, India), September 1932, pp. 732-4.

alone....And he [Narayana] asked me (mentally) if I could for a moment have believed that he, who had always been so true to me, would leave me to go on without help.

Then he and his Maya of a she-chela went up to HPB's sick-chamber, and she—contrary to every Hindu usage for females of the sort—went ...[to HPB] and made passes over her, and at the Guru's command began to recite mantrams. Then the Guru took from beneath his robe a ball, the size of an orange, of the nirukti or sacred ashes used in Hindu temples for external application after the bath, and told the disciple to put it in a small cupboard that hangs over the head of HPB's bed.

He told the latter that when she needed him she should simply think of him in his present visible form and mentally repeat his name thrice. Then there was some conversation all around, and they went away.”

Experience #20

Gooty, India, September 25, 1885

(1) Extract from Colonel Olcott's Diary: ⁵²

“...In night [I] had visit from M[orya] and Majji....”

(2) Extract from Colonel Olcott's letter to Francesca Arundale: ⁵³

“...that night [at Gooty] I was visited by my Guru [Morya] and 'Majji'....”

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⁵² Quoted from Henry S. Olcott's unpublished diaries. Entry for September 25, 1885, Gooty, India.

⁵³ Quoted from one of Henry S. Olcott's letters to F. Arundale in London. Olcott's letter is dated: Adyar, Madras, India, October 10, 1885. See “Letters of H. S. Olcott to Francesca Arundale.” *The Theosophist* (Adyar, Madras, India), December 1932, p. 275.

Experience #21

Adyar, Madras, India, October 15, 1886

(1) Extract from Colonel Olcott's diary:⁵⁴

“The Master gave me last night an insight....”

(2) Josephine Ransom writes about this event:

“The Master visited...[Colonel Olcott] and gave him an insight into events and people by which, though some things saddened him he was forewarned and helped.”⁵⁵

⁵⁴ Quoted from Henry S. Olcott's unpublished diaries. Entry for October 15, 1886, Adyar, Madras, India.

⁵⁵ *A Short History of The Theosophical Society, 1875-1937* compiled by Josephine Ransom. Adyar, Madras, India: The Theosophical Publishing House, 1938, p. 233.

Experience #22
Approaching Rome, Italy by train
October 25, 1888

(1) Extract from Colonel Olcott's diary: ⁵⁶

“...At 9:30 [I] took train for Rome via Pistoia and Pisa. In train all night....[I] had a most encouraging visit from M[orya] in the train....”

(2) Extract from Colonel Olcott's diary: ⁵⁷

“Reached Rome at 7 am. Put up at the Anglo-American Hotel. Visited St. Peter's. Great beyond all conception....Tired....I went to bed after luncheon. I slept several hours.”

(3) Extract from a letter Colonel Olcott wrote from his hotel in Rome to Madame Blavatsky in London: ⁵⁸

⁵⁶ Quoted from Henry S. Olcott's unpublished diaries. Entry for October 25, 1888, approaching Rome, Italy by train.

⁵⁷ Quoted from Henry S. Olcott's unpublished diaries. Entry for October 26, 1888, Rome, Italy.

⁵⁸ Letter dated Oct. 26, 1888 from Henry S. Olcott to H.P. Blavatsky. Adyar Archives. Quoted in Howard Murphet's *Hammer on the Mountain: Life of Col. Henry S. Olcott*. Wheaton, Illinois: The Theosophical Publishing House, 1972, p. 236. (This biography was reprinted in 1988 under a new title: *Yankee Beacon*

““Well, I have seen St. Peter’s....it beats everything I have seen....I saw the gilded, worldly soul of Catholicism there....[I had] the most unexpected and splendid visit from M. in the train. I felt so rejoiced I could almost have jumped out of the window. He was so kind, so loving and compassionate; despite all my faults and shortcomings, he bears with me and holds to me because of the useful work I have now and then done, and of my fervent desire to do my duty.

If he has not told you already, he will; so I shall not flog my tired brain to describe how he came, talked, looked and went. Goodnight, Chum --- to you and to all....”

