

CITIES SEEN

IN EAST & WEST

BY *Cathlyn Pepper*
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AUTHOR OF "THE VOICE OF THE ORIENT"

Cain builded a city.

GENESIS.

WITH 34 ILLUSTRATIONS

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THE GOLDEN MOSQUE

City of cities, are you a dream?
Do you simply drift on the heart's gold gleam?
Do you float on the banks of the brain's blue stream?
Is there no such city anywhere?

L. M.

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PART I

*TO THE MEN AND WOMEN
MET IN ALL CITIES AND SEAS
WHO ALSO HAVE WISHED FOR ALL SENSATIONS*

PREAMBLE

TO THOSE LEFT BEHIND

THE true traveller has never left the goal of his travels till he reaches a land in which all social duties vanish—even the suggestion of them. Then the spell begins to be woven round him. The men and women he sees are no longer fellow-citizens, but figures moving in a magician's crystal. The streets and gardens he passes through all belong to fairyland, and take the colour of his own longings and fancies, just like the woman seen by Faust on the Brocken, who to each man looking at her had the likeness of the woman he loved. We are, in fact, under happy circumstances such as these, redeemed for a little from what life has done to us, and we walk amongst images of what we once hoped it would do.

In an Enchanted Island.

WHEN my first book appeared, among those who, from royalty to bookstall boys, were good enough to acclaim there was some blame.

With the critics, the ladies and gentlemen of the Press, it was indeed a case of *tot homines tot sententiæ*. While several saluted "a true poet," one shook his Presbyterian head over "a frank pagan." One man hailed me as "the Lafcadio Hearn of India," while another denounced me to moralists as "worse than Rabelais." A woman found me "a pure mystic," a man "a thousand times worse than de Maupassant." He wished my work kept out of the country as "smelling of oriental hotbeds, which made his brain reel," while yet another knight of the pen scented it as "a bouquet of delicious

flowers." The man of *The World* felt it his duty to awaken Puritan England to "a female keeper of a literary opium den," the *Catholic Times* recognised "a heroine" and "a strong and great soul." The *Academy*, edited by Lord Alfred Douglas, condemned the work as "too voluptuous" and thus joined forces with the daughters of the vicar of Bray who thought it "too fast" for their parochial library, but read it and lent it in their own private circle.

But friend and foe, those who blessed and those who cursed, were all agreed on one thing, that my book was different from every other book. That is something at this stage of the world's history. But I have never tried to be original, only to be true.

It is hard to keep one's own brain calm while tossed, faint yet pursuing, in this maelstrom of opinion. I would wish to mollify one eminent critic who wrote from Fleet Street vexed in spirit that I had not narrated more of what I saw and did in India and Kashmir. More information he wanted specially about the boatman of Ganderbal. He would have been delighted for him to have been hugged by a bear, to have seen us chased by a tiger. Such books are written at Charing Cross and in the Strand. But in the Orient it is what people *think* that matters. The tigers, the cobras, the rajahs, the howdahs are the least of her marvels. They only mask the Behind. You will see in the second division of this book that Aladdin's dreams shrivel before India's mysteries.

The real reward for the time, travel, and trouble expended on the production of *The Voice of the Orient* is in the letters of the men and women in every part of the world who have written thanks for help it has given them: letters written in English

country-houses and in Irish demesnes, in London hotels and in quiet Thames-side rectories, on Parisian boulevards and from Hungarian fastnesses, from busy Australian capitals and solitary New Zealand stations, from palatial yachts and from canvas tents, penned by the busy fingers of British officers in far-away frontier forts, as well as by the subtler brains of the Children of the Sun in their marble palace on the lake of Udaipur, and by others brooding in the dim windings of Indian cities and bazaars. They will never know how much they were valued!

There is a Parisienne whose books have an enormous sale in France because they are *romans vécus*. They are the last word for those interested in the world which they describe. If this narrative seems to adopt a tone too personal, I must plead in extenuation that I also have written only and solely from experience, of history lived.

How many women "at home" are dying to start too! When one has loved the wide world "at home" means a prison cell. Two friends, officers' wives, live *vis-à-vis* in lodgings in a hideous garrison town. The dust whirls in sheets through the squalid streets in the spring. The grey drizzle obscures the days which should be summer. The winter brings hacking coughs to lungs lately breathing tropical heat. Their windows look on to a grey landscape, scudding clouds, and furious windmills. The daily and hourly prayer of these women, as of hundreds of others in England, is to return to India. One of them was last met in Bombay. Then her life was passed in palmy palaces. Now the daily round consists of tradesmen's books and provincial tea-parties. The future, poor little woman, holds nothing brighter than retired pay and a *depôt*. Even more pathetic

is the wistful Godspeed of one to whom India gave a royal state which many princesses of the blood of Europe would envy. Once guns thundered at the approach of her scarlet and gold liveries, and a body-guard trotted ahead of her carriage, and everywhere on her triumphal progress through the land were deputations and decorations and shamianas and bowing A.D.C.'s on crimson carpets. There is, perhaps, no greater vicissitude in the gamut of human experience than to drop from such a life to the Streatham villa and "first-aid" lectures.

From an ex-Resident's wife came a kindly farewell. Till lately she dispensed royal hospitality in Kashmir. Her barge upon the Jhelum rivalled Cleopatra's. Its crew in vermilion cloth paddled swiftly up and down the river. In rest it lay moored among groves of purple iris. Now she shivers in chilly English country-houses and yawns among beefy relatives, while her lord, lately the guardian angel of a state larger than Holland, kicks up his heels and wonders what on earth to do.

From an older woman who has let life slip past her comes the saddest message of all, written by the sight of the one eye left: "If I were only younger and could go too!"

The door into the life romantic opens to the aspirant widest in the world of travel. The giant rock of Gibraltar guards its entrance. Algeciras, lulled in the sea-green lights of a stormy evening, promises lethe of the past.

In that world too, in every land, you will find your friends, the people who count, whose personalities leave a mark. A freemasonry exists the earth over amongst such. "It is the power we like," said Cecil Rhodes to Melba.

Your enemies are the everyday people, the genteel Hodge. If you are wise you will shun him like the plague. Let him chaw his bacon while you sip golden wine. The first part of this book is dedicated to you.

The second part is for a different circle.

It is for those men and women, forming a belt of fire all round the world, of every colour, creed, and clime, who have known and sickened of all experiences of the outer life and wish for definite knowledge of the World Unseen, but have not yet the power to penetrate it for themselves. A terrible responsibility rests upon the hand that raises the curtain. To all aspirants of the life spiritual, eastern and western, pagan and Christian, the second part of this book is dedicated to you. Some of the sections are separately dedicated by permission to various friends of mine.

The photographs of the Riviera were obtained from local artists. The remainder, unless otherwise notified, are my own.

K. T.

CITIES SEEN IN EAST & WEST

ST. PATRICK'S CITY

To Captain George Pepper, "The Adventurer," his shade.

Obit. 1695.

He who fell from Yoga is reborn in a pure and blessed house.

Bhagavad Gita.

THE indulgent public will, perhaps, pardon if we commence this narrative of travel in many lands with a short account of the home nest. This for three reasons.

- (1) Ballygarth Castle is of historic interest.
- (2) It represents an order which in Europe is fast passing away.
- (3) To know the physical heredity of one who is to be your guide for so many thousands of miles may inspire confidence at the start.

These are terrible days for British landowners. The poor tormented Irish landlords are not sorry that the English milords should have their turn. Democracy is bringing them in droves to the hammer. The social revolution of Britain is drastic if bloodless. Our own place, Lisaniskea, has fallen after a proud history of two centuries. Yet another ancestral fortress remains, the halls of Ballygarth Castle,

near Drogheda, Co. Meath, so famed in Irish history, legend, and song. It was won by the enterprise of Captain George Pepper, "the Adventurer," for military services rendered in Ireland. He was one of those men who were sent over and established in Ireland to keep the Irish quiet. He received from Charles I the forfeited estates of Viscount Netterville who had owned a large portion of the County of Meath.¹ In 1662 he was a commissioner for Meath, that is to say immediately after the Restoration of the monarchy in Charles II. In 1666 he obtained a confirmation of a previous grant of lands. These had been forfeited by the gallant George himself during the Cromwell Rebellion, for the family have ever been fierce loyalists. They were restored by the Merry Monarch to this faithful servant of the Crown who became a Commissioner under Charles II, and lived to hold the same office under William and Mary. To this day Ballygarth Castle cradles the elder branch of our race. Let us have a peep at it before starting for our thirteenth voyage to and from the Orient.

We are treading now from London in the actual footsteps of this paternal ancestor of three centuries ago. The ancient rode on horseback, the modern reclines in the Flying Dutchman. He was however probably well horsed, for the family taste in horses is proverbial, from the time when one Gerald is said to have regained his kingdom by a horse to this day when, on his account, it is still considered lucky in Dublin to meet a white horse. This tale will be found in "The White Horse of the Peppers" in *Irish Stories and Legends* by Samuel Lover. It was dramatised by Thomas Moore and performed with

¹ *Vide* Burke's *Landed Gentry of Ireland*.

tremendous success in London in the early Victorian Era and was witnessed by Her Majesty. It relates of a Dutchman who had been assigned the forfeited estates of "Gerald" Pepper by Cromwell and came to claim them in person. Lost in the bogs round Ballygarth, for no one would show him the way to dislodge the owners, the despairing Dutchman at last met a stranger on a magnificent white charger. Sick of his fruitless search in a strange and hostile country, he pulled the title-deeds of Ballygarth from his pocket and offered them to the unknown in exchange for the horse to ride out of the bogs. The offer was accepted and the Dutchman rode away all unknowing that he had restored his own property to "Gerald" Pepper. If this story is more than "a legend of the Boyne" its hero must have been none other than the doughty George, "the Adventurer," himself, for he was the owner of Ballygarth at this period and no "Gerald" appears in our family tree until modern times.

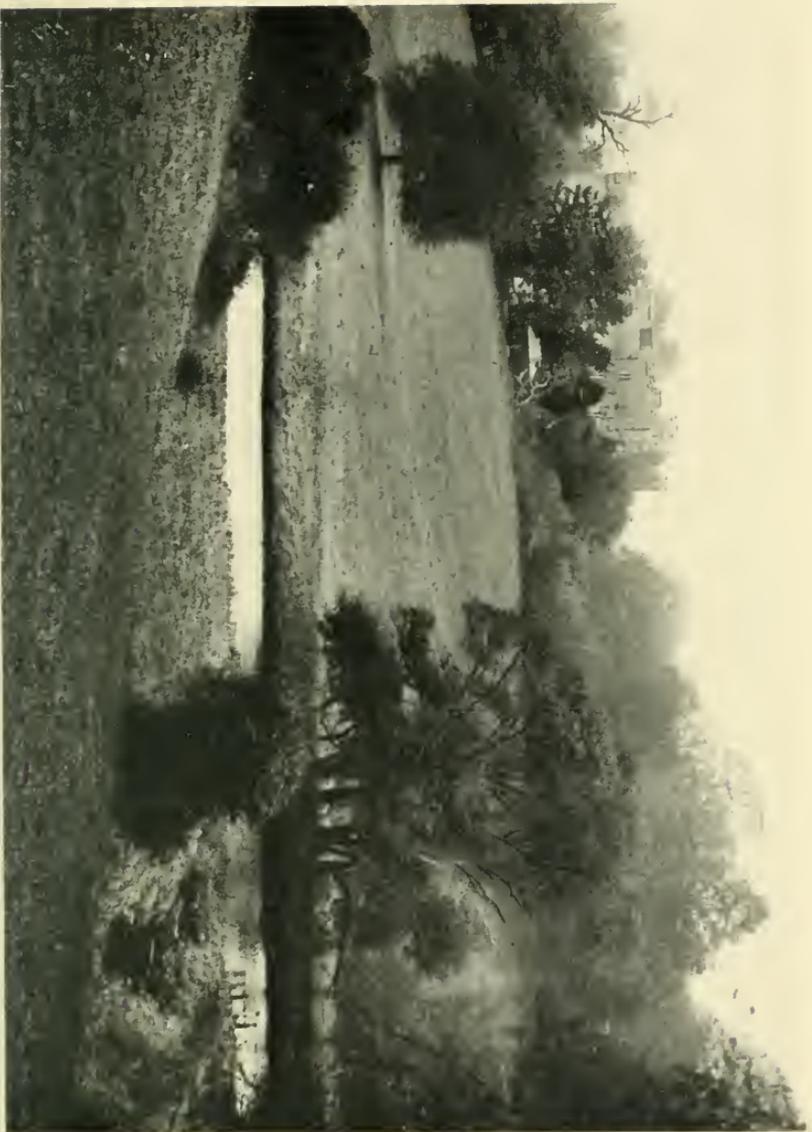
No reserved carriage in a swift-running express train for you, my gallant warrior. No first-class cabin in a mail-boat. You tossed for days in a galleon and suffered *mal de mer*. Still less is it likely that you had the clairvoyant vision by which your oriental descendant descried Kingstown Harbour and the Irish coast long weeks before they appeared in the earth life. You were probably "a plain soldier man." Still you landed in due course, inhaled the same soft balmy air, and admired the bog myrtles and the green velvet sward of the Emerald Isle sloping down to Dublin Bay with Howth crouching across it like a watchdog on guard. And you probably returned a rough soldier's devout thanks for a safe voyage to your Protestant God near the place

where the Mariners' Church now stands. Your descendants of Ballygarth worship there to this day.

To get to Ballygarth we skirt the Irish Channel, to-day placable and smiling. We pass Balbriggan with its pointed Georgian spire. We alight at Laytown where a brougham meets us drawn, of course, by a white horse. For some time past we have been at home, for the Ballygarth estates extend several stations down the line.

We drive through the soft Irish landscape, along emerald aisles with their hartstongue friezes, past the smiling lodges in gay gardens to the portcullised entrance of Ballygarth Castle. The Nanney Water winds serpentine beneath it and flows into the sea. All sorts of gulls come up the tidal estuary and shelter beneath its walls. But the river is devoid of salmon, due to the curse of Ireland's greatest saint. For St. Patrick himself once visited Ballygarth. He landed at the Maiden Tower, four miles to the north, and wading up the Nanney Water towards our Castle, he fished for salmon and caught only a pike and so our waters have ever since been salmonless.

The age of Ballygarth Castle is unknown. The newer part dates from 1750, but of far hoarier date is the studded door of the ivy tower, the little windows of the battlements of the days when we held it by the sword. Now only the fierce winter winds from the Channel assail it, so groves of elm and oak, beech and chestnut protect it and part into lovely glades where the sundial stands. And only a few steps from the Castle entrance, though hidden in trees, is the family church. Antiquaries say it dates from 600 A.D. and is the oldest in Ireland. Anyway the pavilion roofing of the porch is only matched at Kells. It is so low one has almost



BALYGARTH CASTLE

to stoop beneath the stones, set like oyster-shells on edge. The church itself is roofless, for Cromwell stabled here and burnt it. Only the four walls are left, but what matters that? The grave remains of one who was born after Cromwell's death and whose flesh and blood lives again in us.

Here lyeth ye body of Mrs. Rose Nicholson who departed this life ye 9th of December 1737. Aged 64.

This slab covers Rose Lambart, granddaughter of the first Lord Cavan, who became Rose Pepper, and later Rose Nicholson, but who chose to be buried at Ballygarth. She owned extensive properties in Tipperary. It is from her youngest son, Lambart, who inherited them, that our branch is descended.

The slab is pathetic in bearing only the name of Rose herself at the head. A large space is left blank for the children who were buried elsewhere. The rain washes down on the unroofed grave of this daughter of a noble house. Big trees have even grown up inside the sanctuary. The erinys and the seagull sing her dirge among the reeds of the river. The sons she hoped would lie beside her have left her alone. She was the wife of "the Adventurer's" eldest son. Did she so instil his example into the minds of her children that only one has left his bones at Ballygarth? Of these nothing but their names and their deeds remain. The castle has been ransacked so often by opposing armies that all the early portraits, and even the earlier graves, have been destroyed. Rose Lambart is the only one of my own ancestors, of a line of three centuries, who lies there.

Perhaps the most famous soldier of the house is he who gave his name to the regiment which is now

the 8th Royal Irish Hussars. He was "the Adventurer's" youngest son and his name¹ frequently appears in Irish history. Thus, "The Irish Defeated at the Mote of Greenoge. This being at a point four miles from Streamstown on the road to Athlone, 26 Feb. 1691. The place itself was of great advantage, its natural situation being improved by art; but as soon as a Party of ours under Captain Pepper of Colonel Earl's regiment advanced on the other side the Irish quitted the pass being followed by our horse and dragoons towards the mote of Greenoge." Captain John Pepper eventually became colonel of a newly raised dragoon regiment and he commanded the Cavalry Brigade at the battle of Almanza, 15th April 1707, on the death of the general. Later we read,² "The army was devoted to Marlboro and especially indignant at the peace of Utrecht. It was feared that, in case of disturbance, the soldiers might side with the Whigs, and orders were sent to disband the suspected regiments. The order was carried out with difficulty. Ker's dragoons at Cavan, and Colonel Pepper's at Athlone, refused to part with their arms. It was with difficulty that they were persuaded into submission and the country lay still in sullen calm." This from Sir John Stanley's despatches to Lord Bolingbroke, Prime Minister to Queen Anne. MSS. Record Office.

Major-General John Pepper eventually died from the effects of imprisonment during the Spanish Campaign. Since then an unbroken line of soldiers has issued from Ballygarth and Lisaniskea to give their blood for the Empire.

When we visited Ballygarth, still in possession of

¹ Story's *Wars in Ireland*, published in 1693, p. 57.

² *The English in Ireland*, by Froude, p. 398, Vol. I.

a Colonel Pepper, all was peaceful in the home nest whence so many stormy petrels have flown to the world's troubled waters. Yet is the castle and its environment stern and austere as befits a cradle of warriors. No scarlet anemones profile against the aquamarine river winding to the sea. Let the dark blue hyacinths and lemon daffodils of Heliodore's lover, the transverse stripes of rose and white tulips, the heavy waxen tapers of the horse-chestnuts' moulds lull city magnates to repose. Annunciation lilies rock above the geranium-beds of commerce. Ballygarth has for three centuries escaped the gold curse. It has produced soldiers only. Groves of plain trees, strong and dutiful, guard it from the bitter blasts of the Irish Sea. Within their protecting arms the sweep of velvet sward beneath the sundial promises rest to the scarred hero of a hundred fights. Inside the house are paintings and gildings and Florentine vases of copper holding peonies dropping blood on to the crimson hangings.

Ah well! Not for us all that calm and repose. Once more an offspring of the house goes forth to the stress and the turmoil and the tens of thousands of miles to traverse. Again the white horse draws us through the ferny lanes, past the lodges thatched in brown velvet and glinting of cat's-eyes. As we leave Laytown in the Dublin express a day of storms is melting into the most gorgeous sunset ever seen in the West. The black clouds which hang over the city are dispelled by the fiery ball suspended over Dublin. It warms the Liffey into life and gilds the squalor of Dublin slums. And it seems, as we look, to symbolise the history of Ballygarth as a centre of conflict. The tempests of Cromwell and the Jacobites and the Great Rebellion have raged over it

leaving it unharmed. Serene and imposing, untouched and intact, its battlements clothed in ivy outside, all glorious in colouring and burnishing within, the castle stands.

I have dilated at length on the family history for two reasons. For one, it appertains to an order which in democratic and decadent Britain is fast passing away. We are, in fact, picturesque survivals in a general wreckage. Our Gallic neighbours are a little in advance of us on the down grade. Through their example we see whither we are sliding on the toboggan race down hill. That false doctrine of all men being born equal is contrary to the tenets of the Eastern Wisdom which teaches the gradual evolution of the soul through many births and during countless ages. It was forcibly expressed in a line by Helena Blavatsky, "Annie Besant has thrown over socialism and all such devils' brood." But the social revolution of Britain is bringing our aristocracy to extinction as surely and nearly as quickly as the hurly-burly of 1789, when a coal-heaver devoured the Lamballe's heart and smacked his lips over the delicacy.

Never again will British finance repeat the golden days of the late Victorian Era. The country's money is now taken to support the indigent and infirm and aged who should be supported by their own relatives. The individualism of England has compelled the sister-in-law of one of our richest dukes, the owner of a fine palace in London, to keep a florist's shop. In India public opinion compels people of all ranks to share with their own kith and kin. Thus English selfishness is her ruin. True to the traditions of our order, maintaining the mottoes of our races, let us at least die with something of the dignity of her who, offered her life by Robespierre if she would give him

a kiss, promptly ran up the steps to Mère Guillotine, with a rose at her nose to keep off the smell of the plebs.

Leaving Ireland once more, let us pour out a libation to the old "Adventurer." He was the first of our race to see the Boyne and to possess the land fertilised by its waters. He founded a line of warriors who have never failed in the hottest parts of Britain's battles: leaders of men at the Boyne, Almanza, Saragossa, Brihuega, and Badajos, the lines of Torres Vedras and the stormings of Bhurtpore and Sebastopol: heroes who earned the approbation of Schomberg, Marlborough, Wellington and Clive: men who poured out their blood like water for their country. From the steamboat we see the Wicklow Mountains in undulations. The Sugar Loaf continues the line into a pyramid. Bray Head's heather turns deepest violet. Victoria Hill is emerald still. The sea is molten silver. To the north beyond is Lamb's Bay. South of this the Ballygarth estates, broad and fair, slope to the sea. So have the members of our house watched them recede for three centuries as they followed Fate and Fortune to other lands. Shortly we shall sail for lands as far and tasks as hard as ever they did.

THE CITY OF SIN

And all the woe that moved him so
That he gave that bitter cry,
And the wild regrets, and the bloody sweats,
None knew so well as I;
For he who lives more lives than one
More deaths than one must die.

The Ballad of Reading Gaol.

I am the gambling of the cheat and the
splendour of splendid things, I.

Bhagavad Gita.

THE Home and Channel fleets were at Southend on the eve of our departure from London. It is impossible to conceive a more magnificent sight, of its kind, than the Fleet lit up at night. It is one of the unreal sights of the world, to be classed with the Elephant Procession of the Durbar, the Wangat Temples, the Taj Mahal and its mosques by moonlight, and the Suez Canal at night. Miles upon miles of a fairy, fiery, flagged, phantom fleet upon a blue glass sea. Nothing but the lights on the ships is visible, so that they look as though built of fire. So still is the mirror their reflections lie in that it is as though a draw-string might slide the giant toys along. This impression of the Fleet by night at home may be a consolation to those unable to follow us further abroad in fact as well as in fancy.

Down the river of warships we glide and out into the Channel. As the chilly white cliffs with their geometrical undulations fade behind us let us forget those haunting horrors which in Protestant England

are ever present to so many of childhood spent in equal shares of Moody and Sankey, solitary confinement, and the cane.

Here then in la belle France where at least there is no cant of Calvinism. Swiftly we are train-borne to Rouen where the delicate tracery of cathedral spires is reflected in the Seine Valley, where the giant crucifix is erected on the heights, so that the wan Christ with arms extended watches towards Paris.

La Ville Lumière, warm and bright, whose literature, as de Max says, all the world reads, though it scarce knows other than its own. De Max and the divine one have quarrelled over the loaves and fishes of Sardou's last production. There is no hope of the long-promised introduction, first frustrated by the Shah of Persia. He claimed all Sarah's attention last time we passed through Paris. De Max is one of the very few Parisians who count left in Paris at this time of the year. He says he remains at home because he cannot afford to travel "as a king." He is playing the name part in "Le Roi" at the Variétés and royal ideas seem to penetrate his real life. *Aut Cæsar aut nihil*, he shows us with pride his latest life-size portrait as Nero, for which he posed "with a man's chest and a woman's face." Evidently De Max was a Roman in his last birth. As usual he is reclining in a toga, this time in his courtyard, surrounded by his laurels and the misty tints of the hydrangea. Of my other Parisian acquaintances, Liane de Pougy has closed her house with the big cathedral window. Having refused to marry a Marlborough Club man she has lately become the Princess Ghika. The bridegroom is a Roumanian prince. They are sharing an idyll at St. Germain.

So many of my friends and acquaintances are

away that I decide to make a first incursion into that weird, wild world where royal princes, American rulers of kings, and English great ladies jostle each other side by side with the blackmailer and the *débutante*. For what astonishes one more than all the rest of the revelations of this strange night, is to hear of the buds fresh from the schoolroom devouring with open mouths and wide eyes those sights and scenes which are declined as too strong meat by the seasoned traveller of continents, the passionate lover of adventure. It is only just to say these enterprising young ladies do not hail from England.

And here I must cry mercy of the critics not to expect me to relate all what I "saw and did," still less of what I heard, on that curious night. For in that case I should damage the aristocracy of Britain far more than the Budget.

We started at about midnight. My guide was late courier to an Austrian Archduke. Taking a *fiacre*, we went first to the Tabarin of Montmartre, a *café chantant* and dancing-hall. Nothing calls here for special mention except that, when I saw a Bengali proudly waltzing with a *cocotte*, it struck me it was a far cry from a Hindu Temple to the Tabarin. Yet there is a certain connection between Benares and Montmartre, as I shall presently show.

The Palace of Sin is the finest in Europe—in the world. Sin is always costly, and this house, specially provided for high-life foibles, cost £400,000. It was built in 1865 by a company, no single individual having the money for it. It is one of the most terrible symbols left of the Second Empire, that most extraordinary period of gilded sin: the Louis XV salon painted by great artists, the crystal ceilings, the Beauvais furniture, the Moorish boudoir with crystal

walls and ceilings giving on to a bath in silver and copper, shaped like a Venetian gondola, and specially built for a great prince : the grotto with its flowers, moonlight, and sylvan tables, the private apartments severally furnished to suit the tastes of every nation under heaven. This is the Bluebeard's Chamber of England. This is the other end of the pendulum's swing. This is the Reaction from Calvinism. Here is the house of secret horrors which have wrecked the careers of prime ministers, have driven to despair the greatest ladies of the English Court. No other city in the world contains anything like it. This is the third volume of the novel of English life, this is the back scene of our drama. Here is the missing link of the story, the key to the cipher, the clue to the failure of so many prominent English lives. Here one learns from muffled whispers of the remainder of a life, once famous, passed in seclusion, of a career a *coup manqué*, the brilliant dawn of fortunes faded into fiasco, of self-hatred, despair, shame, loathing, horror of one entrapped in the coils of that dread serpent, battling vainly till strength has gone against that accursed and irresistible evil. Across such a life's failure is written :—

On s'exténue, on se ranime, on se dévore
 Et l'on se tue et l'on se plaint
 Et l'on se hait—mais on s'attire encore.

One hears the true reason why husbands accept positions which make them the laughing-stocks of Europe ; why legislators of both houses pay flying visits to Paris in order to avoid risk of penal servitude. In this chamber of aristocratic secrets one learns why a distinguished soldier, through no fault of his own, lost a military command, the coping-stone, the crowning reward, of his career. Why the husband of a

court beauty is heart-broken only a few years after his marriage. Why an English lady of title is looked at askance in the Quartier Latin. Why great ladies lapped in luxury, dressed in dreams of millinery, steeped in art and poetry, leave coroneted carriages and post-prandial husbands behind them, and plunge, thickly veiled, into Inferno, accompanied only by the little pale, silent man whose speech would convulse the old and new worlds. Why some of them have the same look which is in the eyes of the Empress Poppeæ, and in those of a Venetian woman by Paul Veronese, her auburn hair set off by a toilet of white satin and black trimmings, who hangs among the old doges of Genoa in the Palazzo Rosso of La Superba. One learns by what steps a young girl of the middle class eventually became a marchioness; that it took the thunders of the throne itself to silence the voice of a governess crying in the smartest set; why the maid of a princess threw the boots in her mistress' face.

For Paris is like the desert. Here one forgets everything, one remembers nothing any more. "In Paris you do what you like," summed up the quiet sentence of the elegant woman in mauve merino who gave me these clues in the Moorish Divan as I was about to depart. There is not a perversion of Paris but flourishes apace in London. But with this difference. In Paris no one pretends to be shocked. The *beau monde* wears ever an indulgent smile for all peccadilloes. In London it shakes its head in holy horror over the unfortunates who are its scapegoats and hurries off to Paris till the storm blows over. Oscar Wilde is fed on skilly in a prison cell. Paul Verlaine is feasted with cakes and cream at a Lord Mayor's banquet.

I know full well that some will censure me for having written the above. But I have sworn that my books, whatever their merits or demerits, shall at least be faithful, shall contain the facts of life as I have seen them.

Truth compels me to relate that these women seem happy. Some of them have even sweet faces. The bitter look so frequent in an Anglo-Indian club was never there, and not on one of them did I see that expression one sometimes surprises in a ball-room in the eyes of English girls who have been "out" for five or six seasons, and only elsewhere on the face of a salmon-fisher who waited up to his armpits in water among the boulders of a Scotch river, and in the pose of a Japanese woman who sat in the afternoons in a little trellised room giving on to the Lucknow bazaar.

We finished up by a return visit to Montmartre at the hour when the Dead Rat is fashionable. Most of its fair patronesses were out of town, but among the few present was the lady whom a great financier delights to honour.

Home with the dawn.

Of all the earth's cities I have seen, oh so many, the two which fascinate me most are Benares and Paris. Both are sacred to the worship of Mahadev. But while in the holy city of the Hindus the white side of Shiv's magic is uppermost, the Parisians know the dark side of His power. "I am in the gambling of the cheat as well as in the splendid things, I."

It has been asserted that the Devil (or chief of the black adepts of Shiv) is openly worshipped in Paris to-day. M. Huysmans, according to the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, is the leading expositeur of the Satanistes.

In his novel, partly biographical, the hero, Durtal, is taken by a *mondaine* to a black mass performed by an apostate priest. The chapel was dark and in the corners were silent worshippers, chiefly women. Their faces were hidden. A scarlet-robed acolyte lighted the candles at the altar. This was surmounted by a crucifix which had been desecrated. The candles were black and gave forth a smell of pitch. "It is a real chapel?" asked Durtal. "Yes. It once belonged to an Ursuline convent. That stout lady there bought it, and all those ladies and gentlemen hiding in the shadows are Satanistes." "I feel quite suffocated. From what part of earth, heaven, or hell come the fearful odours of those brasiers?" "Henbane and datura, myrrh and nightshade! These are the perfumes that delight Satan, our Master." These last words were accompanied by a changed voice, weird solemnity, quivering eyes, and pallor.

The priest entered, the worshippers ran forward and knelt on chairs. The celebrant of the black mass wore a red cap adorned with two bison horns in red stuff. His chasuble was of the colour of dried gore. It was a low mass and the priest at first performed it after the Catholic ritual. But later the congregation seized the brasiers and inhaled the fumes until many fainted. Then the priest intoned a terrible invocation to Satan and a blasphemous attack on the figure on the cross. Then followed an indecent scramble for the sacramental wafer, the congregation apparently maddened by the ghastly rites.

Is all this the turbid dream of a romance writer of dramatic power? Are these worshippers mere carnival masqueraders? M. Huysmans says not. The worship of Satan is a cult of wealth, distinction,

power. Its followers argue, after the ancient Persians, that the two rival powers of Light and Darkness contend for our souls. But they also see that the God of Light is dethroned and the Wicked One exalted, that he has the world in his sway, and should therefore be propitiated. It is said that confessors of convents, prelates, abbesses, and, in Rome, high dignitaries are among the worshippers. The lay element is recruited from the rich who can pay to smother scandal. The crucial point is to desecrate the host. It is placed upon the naked body of a woman, and the black mass is said to have been celebrated on the body of Mme. de Montespan who was a Sataniste. Dr. G. Legué records that the "*Tout Paris*" of two hundred years ago flocked clandestinely to a chapel in the Rue de Beauregard for this purpose.

To-day the Satanistes are in two groups. (1) Those who believe in the Incarnation of Christ and in Transubstantiation. Therefore they employ an ordained priest and steal consecrated wafers. Thus Satan receives the most delicate flattery in the degradation of a Christ really present. (2) Atheists who burlesque the whole Christian ritual. It is said that there are now four Satanist congregations in Paris, in the Rue Jacob, Rue Rochecouart, and within a few yards of the Panthéon. Only the initiated are admitted. The Bishops of Grenoble, Versailles, and Orléans have issued pastorals warning their clergy to guard the host from profanation. A service of "Reparation" was performed at Notre Dame because the consecrated hosts were stolen from a side chapel. Yet the silver box was left, so the thief was not a vulgar one. They were stolen by Satanistes for their rites at which they contend their Master actually manifests himself. Private informa-

tion to this effect has also come from two separate sources. A twentieth-century youth of modern London, himself a pupil of a black master, affirmed positively to me that devil-worship existed in Paris as described above, that it was frequented by people of high position and kept extremely secret. The wife of a distinguished Indian army general who lived many years in Paris was offered, and declined, to be conducted to the worship of Satan.

On the other hand, the guide said that he knew every stone of Paris, that the black mass most certainly did not take place in the catacombs, as alleged, nor anywhere else to his knowledge.

Next day being Sunday, we seek purification at the Madeleine. The daily sacrifice of the Church Catholic is the symbol of the eternal sacrifice of the descent of Spirit into Matter, the birth of the Logos by which the worlds were made. It is to be offered daily, as its archetype is perpetually existent, and men in that act take part in the working of the Law of Sacrifice.

A preliminary Mass is celebrated by a grey-haired priest in pale green satin with faint floral embroideries lined with gold. Beneath, his black cassock is fringed with duchesse lace, and the Host is covered with green satin to match the cape. Above is the Holy Mother of God in marble, her face in virgin innocence, supported by four angels and half hidden by a forest of golden candlesticks holding giant tapers. A peal of golden bells, and the grey-haired priest elevates the the water and wine. A pompous functionary in knee-breeches, white stockings, and cocked and feathered hat, patrols the Church with a wand and forces even British goths to rise to their feet. But now a procession of scarlet-robed acolytes with tapers heralds the arrival of three more priests. Of the three faces

under the black velvet birettas, the leader is clever, the second has a face and voice so repulsive as to be a positive outrage to the altar he ministers before, while the third seems sincerely devout. They are all in sage satin and gold and knee-deep in superb renaissance flounces. The incense is mixed, the censer swings, a cloud rises veiling the face of the Holy Mother who looks down upon her Son extended upon a miniature golden crucifix beneath. Again the bells ring, the Host is elevated, the priest and acolytes embrace, and we leave the church.

Only in one place in Paris can we forget the sights and sounds of last night, the terrible side of its Shiv Puja. The place of purification is before the Mona Lisa. The *raison d'être* for her mystic spell will appear later. We make a hurried pilgrimage to her shrine in the morning before leaving. There is a guardian in each room at the Louvre to prevent the human animals from writing their names on the pictures. They have done so on Apollo's Altar in the House of the Faun at Pompeii. His station in the Salon Carré is in front of the Mona Lisa. For is it not the most precious picture in all France ?¹

¹ This was before the dire catastrophe.

THE CITY OF PLEASURE

TO PRINCESS LOBANOW DE ROSTOW

Moon, didst thou see my loved one
Give me a kiss last night?
Moon dearest, O believe me,
I did not think it right!

THAT night the train bears us swiftly southwards and we wake next morning in fair Savoy. We are borne along the shores of the sweet lake of Bourget with its cool green lights. A calm Cistercian monastery is on the further shore. On past gaudy Aix-les-Bains with its smart hotels flying gilt flags. Through the mountain passes of the Alps with the clinging villages and square forts which might be Kashmiri. Only the church tower instead of the temple spire reminds us we are still in the realms of Christianity.

Then into Lombardy, of which the first Italian sign is the name Casanova appearing above a wayside hotel. In pouring rain we reach Torino. Our hotel is the quondam palazzo of the Marchese Ferreiris and is symbolic of luscious Italy. Its salon walls are covered with paintings and frescoes, its ceilings bear a picture by Pietro Mazzari, the Dinner of the Gods, and the half-dozen baskets of fruit placed before each person are a dream.

The hotel is in an arcade constantly patrolled by the flower of Italy's army, the chic black and gold of the Artillery, the jaunty quilled hats of the *douane* officers, the drooping *coq's* plumes of the Chasseurs

who are a specially quick marching regiment. Nothing could be more pleasing and this my first experience of an Italian city will never fade.

We climb by funicular railway to the royal chapel on the heights of La Superga where so many of the House of Savoy sleep peacefully. From this hill one can look right across the plains of Lombardy to the Alpine chain, obtaining on a clear day a good view of Monte Rosa. In the evening by train to Genoa, La Superba.

Three places in Genoa call for special mention. First, the Campo Santo, the City of the Dead, the largest of God's Acres in Italy. Many of the memorial statues are by the greatest Italian masters, with satin draperies so exquisite that one wishes to stroke their sheen. Then there are two superb palaces full of masterpieces of all nations presented by the Brignole family to the city. One of the palaces, the Pallavicini, has probably the finest staircase in the world. I have seen nothing to compare with its marble sweep elsewhere.

But the *pièce de resistance* of the Superb City is, of course, the soi-disant Holy Grail. It is said to have been presented by the Queen of Sheba to King Solomon and afterwards preserved in the Temple. It was taken by the Genoese troops during the crusades at Cæsarea in 1101.

Women are only allowed in the Chapel of St. John the Baptist during one day in the year. This is by order of Pope Innocent VIII because his death was caused by a woman.

Two women of Genoa are however among the immortals. Ambrosia di Castello was a native of Genoa. It was outside a church in Palma that Raymond Sully first saw her. "Struck as by lightning,"

he followed her on horseback into the Church. She told him to bring her an immortal love. He spent thirty years in discovering the "elixir of life." Old and bald-pated, he brought it to her whose ideal was still the brilliant horseman of the Palma street. The phial was full of a red elixir which flashed like fire. "I have loved you for thirty years!" he cried. "Would you render this immortal?" She showed her grey hair and cancerous bosom. He dashed the phial to pieces. As a monk of the order of St. Francis he ministered to her in her last moments.

But the "Star of Genoa" is Simonetta Cattaneo who was born at Porto Venere. Her family is in the earliest rolls of Genoese history, among the twenty-eight principal families to whom precedence was accorded after the four great ruling houses of the Doria, Freschi, Grimaldi, and Spinola. No story in Italian history is quite so fascinating, no figure so magnetic, as hers who was the centrepiece of the "Court of the Magnificent." We may not follow her fortunes further but in the Church of San Torpete is a stone dated 1409 to Albergo Cattaneo. The Simonetta's father belonged to this branch of the family. From 1280 it had been famous and its armorial bearings had the demi-crowned eagle of Genoa. The Simonetta's brothers took a red carnation as their *gage de guerre* and this was her *gage d'amour*. We can still see the Medici Bank where her father met Marco de Vespucci, who became her husband and transplanted the Star of Genoa to the Court of Lorenzo Il Magnifico.

In Genoa, under an assumed name, a woman sought refuge from the world's storms whose name has since become the most illustrious in English literature of our generation. Constance Wilde

travelled from Genoa to London to break the tidings of his mother's death to a convict in a felon's cell.

While this chapter was actually in the press I found myself once more in La Superba and went to the Palazzo Durazzo-Pallavicini for another glimpse of the *escalier des anges*. The palazzo was under repair and with great difficulty I managed to squeeze past the concierge into the magnificent entrance-hall, up the lower flight to the marble sweep on the left, which hangs suspended in a long curve without support or props of any kind. While contemplating it a signal of alarm came up from the concierge's wife below. Between the marble pillars of the portal advanced an old man with measured tread. "*Venez ici, Mademoiselle!*" whispered the concierge shrilly as we tiptoed into the shadows of the columns to the safe shelter of a back staircase. "*C'est le propriétaire,*" he continued in awestruck whispers. I could not resist the temptation of peeping round the corner at the august master of the staircase and all it leads to, the Marquis Pallavicini. "*Il n'a pas regardé?*" shrilled the terrified concierge. "*Non, non, il n'a pas regardé,*" I soothed. The solitary figure of a bowed old man passed slowly up the stately stairs into the shadowy heights above. Many things denied to a *mondaine* pure and simple are permitted to a *femme de lettres*.

Having ransacked Genoa in vain for the picture promised to my publishers, I determined to beard the lion in his den, for his cousin, the Margrave Pallavicini of Nice, though related to the great White Tsar, is a mild and benevolent person. Like the late Jay Gould, I have always found the greatest as accessible and more affable than the humblest.

In reply to a note, the Marquis Pallavicini called himself at the Hotel Isotta the very next day. He regretted he had no photograph of the loveliest part of his Jacob's Ladder, that which hangs without support and curves like sea waves. I can therefore only present my readers with that of the lower reaches of the staircase. The Marquis gave me an invitation to see his country villa at Pegli, six miles out. The grounds are of European fame. Six hundred men were employed for forty years in making them and the inland subterranean sea with boats on it. Rare trees and plants were ransacked from all over the world for them and mosques, minarets, and obelisks placed amongst them. Maria Theresa visited this dream of golden oranges, rose and white camelias, marbles, cedars, and sapphire seas.

The University of Genoa to some minds presents an even finer staircase. In fact we may call La Superba the City of Stairs. Its many flights and galleries are guarded below by two huge mellow marble lions, life-size. Ascending innumerable marble ladders and corridors, we emerge at long last in a lovely garden overlooking the gilded domes and spires of the city. It contains some of the rarest horticulture in Europe, for it is the University garden presided over by Professor Otto Penzig, one of the leading botanists of Europe. He is also an earnest and devoted student of the Eastern Wisdom. Can any life be more dignified, in its literal sense, than that of this good man? His hours of rest are passed amongst his flowers. He looks from his terrace over a sublime prospect. Far below at his feet lies the Palazzo Doria given by a grateful State to the Padre della Patria. All around the golden domes and spires of La Superba stretch to that sea



L'ESCALIER DES ANGES

whose conquest made Andrea Doria the greatest doge of Genoa.

In hours of work he passes through the winding garden and down the interminable marble flights which lead down, ever down, to the stately halls of columns and lions, perhaps the proudest in that street of princely palaces, the Via Balbi. On moonlight nights he says the marbles gleam and glow as on the stage in Juliet's halls.

It was too late to see more than the lovely rose flush on the sea as we neared Nice when the orange groves were passed. This flush is characteristic of the Mediterranean and of no other of the world's waters.

Nice is like a *bonbonnière*, cloying in its sweetness of colouring and perfume. The one and only poet was actually placed in a bon-bon box! Rancher, the Jasmin of Provence, was born in 1785. Having arrived two months too soon, he was too small for a cradle. India is highly coloured and scented too. But in Hindustan one is conscious always of a Presence behind the gorgeous mask. Nice is nothing but promenades, bands, and essence of violets, *confitures* and *confections*, *modistes* and *mondaines*. The silvery mist over the tideless sea veils nothing but white villas. The palms sigh only because the orange scents are heavy, not from the weight of the Secret Wisdom. No one wants knowledge in Nice—only costumes and Carnival balls. Yet from the countenances on the sea-front the pursuit of pleasure seems unpleasing and Self a hard master to serve.

At Nice all is soothing to the eye, as befits the City of Europe's Pleasures. No sinister snake lurks in the grass as at Monte Mammon. All is arranged for the gratification of the senses alone, unharassed by

dull care. It is a City of the Rich, and those who minister to them. Others are better elsewhere.

In the Place Masséna la Ferrière and Honorine Hugo display the creations which will later electrify Paris. Between the Place and the sea is a lovely garden. At night the full moon shines over the olive groves as Pliny loved to see it. The dull grey leaves gleam and glitter peculiarly, even as when beneath Rabetna's silver rays they guarded the altars of Tyre. The olive loves the sea, though the vine runs from it. But at Nice the ancients erected altars to propitiate the mistral, not Melkarth. Like the Hindus, they believed in nature spirits.

Then there are giant aloes whose perfumed wood Catarino Corneo, Queen of Cyprus, received from Raithai, her Imperial lover of Egypt. Napoleon loved them too, so it is meet they should surround the glistening images portraying the harmonies of France and Italy. Behind these is a darker grove of palms "like kings' daughters," pines, and *poivriers*. This gives shelter to countless spires of cyclamen rising from smooth mottled leaves. The only place in Europe where these grow wild is in a Roman wood. On the heavy air the storax tree wafts incense as the amber tree provides myrrh used for embalming with the blood-red resin of the dragon tree.

Half hidden by oleanders is a maiden goddess. In the grove's darker recesses behind her leers a verdigris-covered satyr with a lute in his hand. The white goddess appears to shiver amidst her screen of *vieux rose* blossoms which for the Greeks meant chastity. The Athenian women strewed them over their couches at the time of Thesmophonia, that mysterious festival dedicated to the goddess Demeter, from which all men were excluded.

In the morning the sun's rays shine on sheets of heart's-ease and coronation carnations. London and Paris are swathed in fogs and snows. In this Garden of Kama dryads drip water over a marble basin stained a delicious green to nourish the scarlet anemones and ferns, the maidenhair of Venus, at their feet. The pergola is covered with saffron-yellow roses, the path to it is barred by the huge leaves of a wigandia, the deep violet corollas of its flowers strew the ground. Near by the iris, our Lady of Sorrows, draws her veil, mottled grey and deep violet round her. Heliotrope trails over a rail. Its dainty mauves and delicious perfume symbolises exactly the sweetness of Nice to those living the life of the senses alone. Then there is a composite flower with an etherealised odour of apricots. The peaflower, or Chinese Buddleia, forms a graceful arch. The yellow bush of the drosina emits the perfume of the gods. A thorny bush hails from the Grecian hills. The Greeks hated it as the emblem of terror and transferred it to Tartarus. The casuarina has pendent threads like a cassowary's tail, the ethiopia ironically wears snow-white. The gardenia, in similar apparel, surrounds the white Poesie Pastorale sculptured by Delmont. The laurels hark back to the days of Apollo when they healed the insane and cleansed the blood-guilty. The myrtle sighs for the days of Aphrodite when she was not put in a back seat by the orange-blossom. The citron is the same as when Democritus cooked it in honey to antidote poison, and the lemons which "cured all sadness, heavy heartedness, and melancholy." The oranges are not from the Garden of Hesperides, the fruit there was idealised quinces. But their blossoms herald happiness—sometimes. The tazettas, the melissas, and the poisonous primulas are all there. The lavender still provides the

oil which Abbess Hildegard distilled to soothe her sore eyes.

All the flowers are as lovely and as alluring and as gracious as when Mabelle de Foy held one of the four chief Courts of Love of Provence in their midst. This was only secondary to that famous Court presided over by Eleanor of Poitiers. The royal president once gave, to our ideas, a most curious ruling. A knight had loved a lady whose heart, à la Heine's heroine, was given to another. More fortunate, she married the man of her choice. But she had promised her first suitor her affections should she ever be free to bestow them. On her marriage, he at once applied for the billet of her knight. She refused, saying her lawful lord held the appointment. The suitor carried his case to the Court. Eleanor of Poitiers decided against the dame and condemned her to attach the knight, saying she had lost her own lover by marrying him.

Such a ruling seems cynical even in our broad-minded days. However, the apologists for the Troubadours and their times insist that their amours were merely mystical, affections etherealised. My readers will accept or reject this doctrine as one interprets mystically or literally the Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyám, each according to his own temperament, the stolid or mystic respectively.

The Palais de Jetée itself out-Herods Herod in killing melancholy. The glass walls of the Lucullian banquet-room look on to the Côte d'Azur. A magnificent view of Le Var and the Esterelles gleams in the middle distance. All along the coast the white villas glimmer through the morning mists. Their domes sparkle in the sun. There swaggered the Sergius Zouroffs. There languished the Vere Her-

berts. Rows of palms line the sea front where the Princess Napraxines extended themselves full length in their carriages. These are the terraces on which the Wandas trailed their white velvets. These sun rays glinted on their sapphires. All is complete except for the lack of these personages themselves. What a horrid thing real life is!

This hall where we are seated and satiated with choice food is called the Salle de Glissures. The whole of the opposite wall is covered with a creeper called "glissure." It is like wistaria. It winds round the white pillars embracing the Bacchus surmounting each. The glass roof is painted with the same lovely flowers and the lights are concealed in bunches of glissure blossoms.

Even the food is dazzling to the eye. Miniature orange trees, brilliant pines, bunches of green grapes, lemon trees bearing fruit set off the *chef's* triumphs. These include a *volaille* guarded by the flapping wings of an ice duck. The *mostelles de Méditerranée* peer from the caverns of an ice grotto. *Languste parisienne* lies on a huge white fish. The *chaufroid de volaille Nantua* reposes *sur un coq*, also in white. The *chaufroid de perdreaux et cailles* makes a harmony in brown garnished with yellow daffodils. Sir Richard Burton said none but a fool despised the pleasures of the table.

The chairs we sit upon are unique. Each has cost five hundred francs. Their design may not be reproduced without permission of the management. The band of Monte Carlo was not up to full strength when we heard it. This band is as fine as any I have heard. It plays the overture from *Tannhäuser*, never with finer effect. Never has the March of the Pilgrims grander harmonies as they near the wicked city.

Never has the note of salvation sounded more sonorously. Never has the music of that city swelled more seductively. Never have the harps vibrated more intoxicatingly, the violins shirred so deliriously. Yet, oh my God! The faces of the people listening, who are victims of those siren strains of Venusberg!

All here is arranged to please the senses. The terra-cotta pillars of the great hall are semi-oriental. There are multi-coloured lights of rainbow effect. The façade of the orchestra is fashioned like a mosque.

This morning the Côte d'Azur is a lovely picture in every shade of blue. A zephyr agitates the Baie des Anges throwing up cerulean sprays all along the coast. Far away the Esterelles are traced with a blue pencil on the sky. Still further the Alpine snows seem to seduce the sky of its colouring. In the middle distance the rocks round the Cap d'Antibes shoot up jets of ultramarine light as in a silver point drawing. Behind it Le Var, a streak of pale Prussian blue, empties itself into the cobalt vaults of the Golfe Joan. Nearer are the blue porphyry hills and iris groves of St. Raphael. In the foreground the palms and aloes of the Promenade des Anglais throw deepest indigo shadows on the pavement. Almost it seems like the Presence of Shri Krishna, the Blue God, Himself. He presides over earthly pleasures.

Nice is named ironically. It comes from the Greek, which means "Victory." Yet Nice has been subject all her life. The Ligurians, the Phœnicians, the Greeks, in turn laid her low until the Romans made her a depot for ravaging Europe. Later, she succumbed to the Lombards, Saracens, and Turks. Yet she gained one noted victory, and that through a woman.

THE ALOES THROW INDIGO SHADOWS



For Nice is the city of the eternal feminine. The combined army of Francis I of France and Barbarossa laid siege to her in August 1543. Nice was then serving the Dukes of Savoy. The unspeakable Turk destroyed the Convent of Ste. Croix. One trembles to think of the fate of the *religieuses* within. He then broke down the city wall.

Catharine Ségurine was a washerwoman whose creed was *laborare est orare*. She carried food to the defenders on the ramparts still left. The Turks had put up a scaling ladder. The Captain led his party and they were actually on the parapet. She rushed at the Turkish officer, wrenched the flag he was carrying from him, beat him back with the butt end, and threw down the ladder on the top of all. Then, rallying the soldiers, they threw open a postern, made a sortie, and drove the Turks to the shore.

One other victor is associated with Nice, General Masséna, whom Napoleon called the "favoured child of victory" in his Italian campaigns. His tactics were the most skilful of all Napoleon's generals. He was born in Nice (1768) of Jewish parents who kept a tavern. They were named Manassheh, which he changed into Masséna. He founded the line of the Ducs de Rivoli and the Princes Eislingen which endures to-day.

Garibaldi was also born in Nice (1807) and Gambetta was buried there (1880). Paganini died there. He was the son of a porter of Genoa. And yet there are people who do not believe in reincarnation! Being, like all great people, heterodox in his views, the Church refused him the Sacraments before death and therefore Christian burial. Restless even in death, the remains were buried first at Ville Franche, later at Genoa, last at Parma. His son, from whom

these true details of a disputed post-mortem history were obtained, is still living.

The Czarewitch Alexandrovitch also died at Nice 1865. On April 24th before his death he placed the hand of the Princess Dagmar of Denmark, his *fiancée*, in that of his brother Alexander, saying "Marry my brother. He is as true as crystal. I wish it." She became the Empress Marie Féodorowna.

La Bataille de Fleurs hails from the Floral Games of the Greeks. Christians shake their heads over the Saturnalia of the ancients, but they could hardly have been more pronounced than the Feast of Pentecost at Arles. There the games ended with races run by girls stark naked in the streets. The city magistrate presided over these games and distributed the prizes paid for by the town chest. Eventually this Christian Festival was stopped by the remonstrances of a Capuchin Friar in the sixteenth century, having run for ages. The same kind of show prevailed at Beaucaire and at Grasse every Thursday in Lent there was a performance of dances and obscene games. These were not abolished till 1706 when the Bishop threatened to excommunicate all Christians taking part in Les Youvines. The Feast of St. Lazarus at Marseilles was actually described by a traveller as "satyrs fooling with nymphs." Even now the carnival scenes at night are not much better and altogether I don't think Christians can well throw stones at us pagans.

Nice is like a beautiful woman conquered by men who were both her lovers and lords. The sky is bright with her smiles, the Baie des Anges salt with her tears. She is full of life yet. She has strength in her mountains, blood in her wine, perfumes in her flowers, new life for the dying. Yet her history has

never been happy, for twenty pasts are bound up in her vines.

The soul of Provence seems to have been expressed in the lives of two women, one legendary, one of real life. Nann, King of Segobriges, held a festival. His chiefs sat round the table and pledged his daughter, Glyptis, in cups of wine. She was to choose a mate from among them, and no one knew her choice. White robed, with hair to her knees, she entered. In the hall was a Phocæan stranger she had never seen before. His name was Protis, and he was god like. She glided through the Gallic chieftains and chose the stranger. Their children founded a Masselian colony 237 B.C. and Nice and Antibes are their descendants.

Jeanne of Provence and Naples was their queen by inheritance. Beautiful, sweet voiced, and poetic, she typified her country. She had a small head, red hair holding the sunlight in its tangles, and a perverse and sensuous nature. She also had four husbands. She was a pupil of Boccaccio, for whom he wrote his naughtiest tales. She was the enemy of the mystics, Catherine of Siena and Delphine de Sabrine. She was the most dangerous and dazzling woman of the fourteenth century. She was incapable of a blush.

Jeanne's first husband was Andrew of Hungary. He was hanged by assassins from the balcony of their bedroom. She never raised her head from the pillow and shortly after married Louis de Tarento, one of the murderers. Two other husbands died natural deaths so she married a fourth. Catherine of Siena wrote to her a warning, "You will be set as a beacon to terrify all who rebel." This came true. A party of Hungarian soldiers, countrymen of her first murdered husband, strangled her in the lonely

castle of Muro, near Naples, May 12th, 1382. She had betrayed Provence and sold it to the Pope at Avignon for a large sum of money. Then she fled to Naples, sailing from Agay. Her heir was Charles of Durazzo, husband of her niece, and he hired the assassins who despatched this monster. Every man of note of the day is credited as her lover. Boccaccio in later days was bitterly ashamed of his worst pages. "I wrote them constrained by the authority of a superior."

The episode of Alaciél was copied from Jeanne's life. She loved the groves and laughter of the *Decamerone*. Yet she was clever enough to enlist Petrarch as her guide to do the honours of Rome for her visit and to make him her friend, and it was she who guided the classical Renaissance of Provence.

Perhaps she may be called "The Pagan Par Excellence!"

The Palais Lascaris, or Villa d'Arson, is now a hotel, but the garden is still a mass of roses, salvias, and violets, and all other plants most delicious. At the end of the cypress walk a tower of beautiful proportions rises from the roof of an old convent. The old statues, grottoes, and staircases are remains of the famous house of Lascaris. Later it belonged to the astrologer and necromancer, Count Arson. He gave out he was going to retire from the world for a year. He asked all his friends to a party before his seclusion. All Nice society came, found a banquet spread, danced under the palms and among the splashing fountains. But Count Arson did not appear. His family made excuse for him. He remained shut up in his room. Three days later the police forced the door. He was found dead. He had been dead three days.

Sir Frederick Monson, when British Ambassador to France, once said the Nice Consulate was a second Embassy. Certainly the charming and clever lady who presided there has gifts worthy of an ambassador. Mr. Alec McMillan, late I.C.S., was His Britannic Majesty's Consul during my visit to Nice. His wife is a well-known novelist and still more delightful woman of the world, with the kindest heart in the world. They occupied a charming *appartement* in the best part of the Promenade des Anglais, facing the famous Baie des Anges. On presenting myself, Mrs. McMillan at once invited me to her reception the following Sunday from four to six p.m.

The *appartement* was exquisitely furnished in every shade of *feuille morte*, faint greys, greens, and yellows. A grey green curtain was so draped as to display a lining of pink satin in the mirror behind as a gigantic shell pink fan. The rooms were in fact lined with mirrors, most of them Venetian and Florentine. The ceilings were of unequal height, one of them dome-shaped. Chests by Buhl and china from Dresden completed this pretty setting. At last things began to be really Ouidesque. The Russian Princess, and a Countess actually named Apraxine (only the "n" missing), were there right enough, and Silverly Bell, himself to the life, brought me my tea with a slice of lemon in it. The only disappointment was that the leading characters were not on that gorgeous clothed quite to their part of Ouida's gorgeous *mondaines*. It was not a dress rehearsal that day. None of them wore Worth on their backs. True the Princess was in velvet, but it was plain black, not olive with careless knots (!) of old lace, nor did I see anybody killed through her smiles.

True Silverly Bell shook his white head over my teacup and drowned several reputations therein, but no bloody duels stained Mrs. McMillan's pretty hangings that afternoon, at least while I was there.

This Countess Apraxine was an old woman in a blouse and fur cap, not a "narcissus trailing Indian muslin and primrose satin caught up with stephanotis." Still Silverly Bell informed me, as he adjusted his eyeglass in a still more glassy eye, that she had a daughter-in-law who played up to the part better. Every one of these women, no matter how old or even dowdy, carried the lifted head which distinguishes the woman of quality all over the world. They were all most gracious to the stranger within their gate, and I spent most of the time conversing with the wife of a Russian admiral lately arrived from St. Petersburg for the Nice season. I will call her Mme. Pauloff. During our talk I mentioned meeting a Russian prince in India who had complained bitterly of not being allowed to take photographs in Delhi Fort!

"But some day you are all going to try for this country," I had replied. Whereupon the prince merely looked sheepish and never attempted to deny the impeachment. "I should just think so!" exclaimed Mme. Pauloff. "Of course we mean to try!" And yet I have heard officers of the Indian army, filled with race prejudice, bemoan the success and supremacy in the Far East of the Little Yellow Man: he who stood up to the Bear and got the better of him when the Lion had cringed and caved in for years: he who is our best guarantee of Asiatic peace.

Presently the delicious ices from Rumpelmayer's, each tipped with whipped cream, are passed round

with the *petits fours* of chestnut and cream. As the clock strikes six the Princess and the countesses and baronesses of varying nationalities jump up like a little crowd of Cinderellas and melt away into the corridor like people passing out of church.

A few nights after I was invited to a *séance* at Mrs. McMillan's. There were present the Duc de Pomar, son of that Duchesse de Pomar who was, by her first marriage, Lady Caithness, and who believed herself in direct communication with Marie Stuart. Someone told me that, calling there once, she was desired by Lady Caithness to wait, as "I cannot keep the Queen waiting." She wrote books "by the Queen's inspiration." Her son however is a man of this world rather than the next, aged about fifty, a bachelor, and a leader in the social worlds of Paris and Nice, owning palaces in both places. I took the opportunity of asking his opinion on a point which had long interested me. It was as to the original of the leading character in Huysmann's *A Rebours* who appears in the still more remarkable *Picture of Dorian Grey*. "He copied the crimes of all the ages," including those of Caligula and Nero! The *on dit* was that he was a Parisian comte. But the Duc, who knows the comte, says that, so far from having sinned any "splendid sins," he does not think he has been a specialist in sins at all! He does not even order his life *à rebours*, simply lives the life of *belles lettres* and *le beau monde*.

The other guests included the Russian Princess Lobanow de Rostow, her two sons Prince Lobanow and Prince André, and the admiral's lady before mentioned. The admiral himself was away conveying the body of a Grand Duke back for burial in Holy Russia. The Princess herself is of mixed

Scotch and Dutch blood. The daughter of a Minister in the Belgian diplomatic service, she told me that no entertainment in her experience could compare with the balls at the Winter Palace at St. Petersburg. (N.B.—She was not at the State Ball of the Durbar !) On one occasion the tables were completely covered with mauve and white violets brought from Nice. She thought the revolutionary movement had left the higher nobility of Russia almost untouched. Peter Kropotkin was an exceptional case in his caste.

The sweet little Marquise Pescara de Castellucio at last fulfilled my Ouidesque conceptions of the continental *mondaine*. An Austrian father, a handsome Russo-American mother, and a husband from Italian high life had all combined to turn out this *pièce de resistance*. With her flouncy black skirts, her enormous hat, her satin feather-bordered *écharfe*, her *mignon* hands, her string of pearls given by the Colonnas, her golden hair, and *petite* face and figure, she was Ouidesque to the life. She had only been married a year into one of the three great Italian families which, with the Colonna and the Abruzzi, is related to the royal house. Her husband, the Marquis, aged only twenty-one, has the rarest gifts of intuition and discernment into the lives and characters around him, an excellent gift for the diplomatic career before him.

All these ladies and gentlemen of the continental *grande monde* gathered round two tiny tables. The dowager Marquise solemnly pronounced an invocation : *S'il y a un esprit ici nous prions de se manifester*. The spirit obligingly began to rap. He appeared as the ghost of the deceased Marquis. There was a poem of a marchesina aged eighteen. She had eyes like brown seas, and hair like Cleo de Merode. Her

Neapolitan beauty was enhanced by cherry draperies. Another Italian marquis was her suitor, her brother said he was too poor. But the ghost took sides with the dowager Marquise in favouring the suit. Let us hope it will have a happy *dénoûment*.

In Nice a whisper from *The Voice of the Orient* reached the ears of a very great lady who was, perhaps, the greatest of the non-royal ladies of Europe. She was twice over an English duchess and was the mother and grandmother of dukes and duchesses. She wrote asking me to visit her at the Hermitage Hotel. As I arrived the perfect Hermitage band was playing the Narenta Valse, while the Angelus tolled from a dozen churches in the town below us, for the Hermitage is on a height and commands the loveliest view in Nice. At our feet beds of hearts-ease and primulas concentrated the violet tints of the sunset hours as seen from the heights of Cimiez. Beyond these a grove of palms slopes down to the red roofs of the town, the spires and domes and belfries softened by the mauve haze typical of a Mediterranean eve. Some of them are survivals of a quaint old Nice. One is Pantheon-like and green with age. Another tower boasts a curious clock whose hands even at this distance appear gargantuan. A third belfry is pierced by an aperture in which a bell suspended shows clear in the distance. Its clapper might have supported Bessie when she prevented the curfew from ringing. One height is crowned by the square towers of a castle which frown forbiddingly, but exactly opposite, on the hill behind the town, the white marbles of the loveliest of God's Acres gleam wanly from among the shadowy olives. And beyond all is a sea of glass with a wraith like vessel gliding and sliding here and there along it.

While I was contemplating these sublilities a strikingly handsome footman summoned me and ushered me into a little sitting-room. It was filled with lovely flowers. Amongst them, sitting all alone, was an old woman in an arm-chair. The valet de chambre, bending low, spoke my name rather loudly in her ear. But, notwithstanding the weight of eighty years, there was a royal bearing in the small figure rising painfully, as well as the distinct remains of a beauty once renowned throughout Europe. Princess Caroline Murat says in her Memoirs that she preferred the Duchess of Manchester's cameo loveliness to that of the Comtesse de Castiglione, whose entrée had caused the Imperial band of the Tuileries to stop playing. One day the Duchess wrote to ask me to postpone my usual Sunday afternoon visit to her, as she was going to visit the Empress Eugénie at Cap Martin. What more pathetic than the meeting of these two old women of fourscore? derelict queens, recalling their empires of half a century since. I had hoped to get her views on the inner politics of our time from one who had a greater influence in moulding them than any other woman. But she said she had completely withdrawn from the political world since the death of her lord. "These last two years have been very sad ones for me. Before, whenever I heard anything new, my first impulse was always to run and tell him," and tears rose into the eyes still as intense a blue as when the havoc they worked was the talk of two continents. "He never had an unkind word for a soul," she faltered. "He did his duty without seeking place, bearing the burden of England with Lord Salisbury." And through the scent of the flowers her faithful friends of auld lang syne had sent her floated the memory of

those famous words which had echoed over England, "We can only do our duty and make our wills." This was when the Irish agitation was at its height, the diabolical crimes of the lowest-class peasantry in Europe. Coming to more recent events, she told me that Lord Curzon had met them at Cannes shortly after he left India for the last time and that he was most anxious to explain to the public his position in regard to his resignation of the Viceroyalty and other differences he had had with his Council. But the Duke had advised silence. He, the most silent man in England, never believed in explanations. She thought the German scare was exaggerated, but she agreed with the German Ambassador who had once told her that the difference between Edward VII and William II was that the King was so human, just a man among men, with a tact greater than other men. I replied that Lord Lonsdale, when travelling in India, had told me that Bismarck maintained that the German Emperor had the greatest intellect in Europe. The Duchess would not agree to this. She told me an instance of King Edward's humanity which she enjoined me not to publish. But as since then both Edward VII and she have passed to their rest, it may not be an indiscretion to do so, as it illustrates more than any other the peculiar qualities which made him beloved of all men. The Duke and Duchess were travelling in the same compartment with the late King to Homburg. He got out of the train at an intermediate station to talk with "a little squat woman" on the platform. When he returned the Duchess showed curiosity as to the old woman. "That is an old dresser of my Mother," he replied; "she lives here and I wrote to her to come to the station."

No one has yet recorded the coincidence of the

appearance of Halley's Comet with the passing away of the Peacemaker, for

When beggars die, there are no comets seen ;
The heavens themselves blaze forth the death of princes.

She went on to speak of the Taj Mahal, seen by morning, by night, and after rain. And the memory of an eastern woman's tomb gladdened the loneliness of her who had taken part in every western pageant of our time.

As I took leave, the little figure, once so perfect, rose again painfully. Round the neck of the plain black dress were big pearls, the emblems of a perpetual grief. Our conversation had been interesting beyond most. It was with one who, all her adult life, has been nearer to the throne of England and known its first family more intimately than any other woman. Still my impression was not that of unusual intellectual strength, but of one whose *karma* had placed her all her life in great positions, of whom Queen Alexandra wrote "Her loss can never be replaced." After all the information she gave me, the one question of paramount interest to my mind remained unasked of Her Grace. It related to a great experiment. But the most interesting questions of life are never answered.

I was also asked to two receptions and a ball at the Duc de Pomar's Palais Tiranty. The rooms occupied are a communicating suite on the ground floor. He received his guests in an ante-room lined entirely with mirrors and quaintly coloured silks. This led into a Chinese *salon à danser*. The walls were again hung in silk, but in the yellows and blues of the Celestial Empire, alternating with panels of Chinese figures. After various other *salons* we reach the

bedroom slept in for twenty years by Lady Caithness, afterwards Duchesse de Pomar. Her bed, of almost royal state, was hung in ruby plush embroidered with fleurs-de-lis and the arms of Pomar and Caithness. The magnificence of this bed was only rivalled by the frame, surmounted by a royal crown, in which hung the portrait of Mary Stuart. The sweet features were set in a huge white ruff and the crown on the small head resembled, perhaps is identical with, that worn by Queen Alexandra on Court nights. In addition there was a full length portrait of the Queen and many other portraits of her throughout the suite formerly occupied by the Duchesse. The last room testified more to the tastes of the present occupant. It was a Moorish smoking lounge with dim hanging lamps, divans, and cabinets of eastern woods inlaid everywhere in pearl with the Crescent and the Star. The rooms were lighted artificially, even in the afternoons. All common day was excluded and it was indeed a fairy atmosphere filled with the sweet scents of carnation, lily, lily, rose, hanging in every shade of pink and crimson from huge Louis XV baskets, the lights veiled in melting hues, the still more melting *marrons glacés* and stimulating caviare, the wonderful toilettes, the dream-like effects, the troops of footmen. One fair Slav wore brown tulle and sables with a gigantic star sapphire in her head-dress. A statuesque Juno with Titian red hair was in an adaptation of Chinese attire. She was Mme. la Prefecte de Nice. The dark beauty of a Russian baronne was set in mauve velvet, duchesse lace, and pearls. A Spaniard from Guatemala with glittering eyes was mephistophelian and olive hued as a Velasquez. Princess Lobanow conversed with Princess Paleologue, a Byzantine with a pedigree of a thousand years.

Royal blood was represented by the Margrave of Pallavicini, an old man with a bald head and one eye covered up, who is closely related to the Tsar of all the Russias. From far Kapurthala hailed some bright-eyed princes, via Eton. Will they ever call down the curse of the Broken Road? Princess Gregarine was there in person. Ouida makes her a dreadful person toasted by common soldiers in guard-rooms. But little Waleska, in grass green with fair hair, behaved most decorously and made the pretty *révèrence* of the *jeune fille* to the married women. It was sad to see her unmarried after seven seasons simply and solely because she had no *dot*.

All the great ladies were very keen to hear the results of the English elections, then convulsing our Isles. "We look upon the English aristocracy as the bulwark against Socialism for the entire continent," said Princess Lobanow. She led the cotillon for which was formed an enclosure of chairs. The occupants blazed in naval and military uniforms and diamonds. Princess Lobanow waltzed round this enclosure with a stalwart Chasseur Alpin, her tiny figure and small head poised with exquisite grace. They were followed by the ladies and their gallant partners and eventually by a crowd of whirling couples who had sprung from their chairs in their wake. It was a pretty sight and in the intervals the Princess distributed favours from a huge basket carried by the same Chasseur. Presently we had the Mirror figure which made Princess Napraxine shiver at the first signs of old age. During the pauses Mme. Pauloff laughed over Sergius Zoureff as "an ogre!"

In Nice there is a villa given by a patriotic Frenchwoman as a sanatorium for French officers on leave.

It contained about thirty of them, many of whom were met in society.

All over the world one meets now and then certain people whom, beneath the society mask, we recognise as true comrades, with the same *motif* in life, e.g. to get the best of it. These are our real relations, not those whom an adverse *karma* has saddled us with. Of such was Paul C. at the age of twenty-eight. He seemed to be the embodied essence of France, the most living man I have ever met. He had sharply cut features, penetrating, blazing, brown eyes, and a restless tongue—*blagueur* his comrades called him. He had the appearance of a benevolent Mephistopheles. He was lithe and active in spite of a limp. One day at the Duc de Pomar's he confided the inner history of this limp. Perhaps the waltz unsealed his lips. He had been quartered in Paris and loved a Parisienne of twenty-three as only a man of fire can love, but, except that no love is ever futile, in vain. For a man of his temperament there was only one course possible. It ran to the Congo swamps. He returned covered with glory, with the Légion d'Honneur on his breast, with a limp for life, and his love unquenched. With stifled bursts of French passion he told me how he had tried to forget that which the strains of waltz music always brought back. He had led 150 men against 500 negroes. He received three shots in his leg and one in his brow, with the result that he walks with a limp and wears the Légion d'Honneur. He and the other French officers said that the horrors of Stacpoole's book on the Belgian Congo were all true, the *chicot* and the amputations to obtain caoutchouc. Nevertheless, he said, life in a fort on the French Congo was always entertaining. There was no fear of the *chicot* under French rule.

When the full moon rose over the swamps, negro dances enlivened the evenings with *poseuses* full of grace. Thus Lieutenant Paul C. of the —th Regiment d'Infanterie Coloniale, among the pink shades of the Palais Tiranty, while the "Songe d'Automne" brought back our might-have-beens.

Through the kindness of le Capitaine Chaudron, who lent me his monologue on the subject, I learnt much about the Arabs of Lake Tchad. It is the most remote point of civilisation in North Africa, but the Arabs there are noted for their purity of customs, as are the Zulus and the aborigines of Burmah. Breaches of morality which only provoke a smile in Paris are punished with death at Lake Tchad. The further from civilisation, in fact, the nearer to God.

At these parties one met throngs of gallant warriors of all grades blazing with decorations from every country and clime. They hailed from Tunis and Madagascar and every colony where the French flag flies, from the flapping, flaming flamingoes of Lake Tchad and the strange races of dwarfs and giants that inhabit that No Man's Land, and from the ramparts of the summer and winter palaces of Peking and Tonquin.

It may seem a far cry from the palace of a French duc who is a leader of European fashion to the *ashram* of retirement of Thibetan Sages. There is nevertheless a close connection in this strangest of strange worlds. The Countess Wachtmeister of a later chapter had charged me to retrieve from the Duc two portraits of the two great eastern Sages who sent Helena Blavatsky with a message to the West. "They were miniatures," the Duc told me, "sent direct to Mamma through the post by the Mahatmas. They were painted in the Indian style and framed

with beautiful diamonds. When Mamma died they disappeared from our house. Nothing else was lost at that time. Therefore I always thought the Masters had taken them away."

The physique of the French officers contrasted miserably with our own. The army men were nearly all the size of Gurkhas and, though the naval men were taller and of better physique generally, even they had waxy and anæmic complexions. This latter may be due to their habit of calling the English "fishes" because of our daily baths!

The French nation is further advanced in decadence than our own, which some think reached its zenith in the early part of Queen Victoria's reign. Not long ago a party was given at Simla in which the entertainment for grown men and women consisted of blowing soap bubbles and flying kites. It took the nation's utmost, assisted by private enterprise, to crush out a nation of farmers, strong in their sense of right. Modern London reproduces every one of the phases of Roman decadence. On some of these phases only silence is possible. Now in the French we see what the English nation will be in the future, a little lower down the grade. In "The City of Sin" I have faintly hinted what I do not care to shadow further. Paris is the City of Refuge of the degenerate: for the wretched men and women who cannot deliver themselves from the body of deathlike desires, created by the thoughts and acts of their past lives, which *au Frankenstein* devours them. Those writers are correct who see in every trend of English public and social life the exact reproduction of the latter end of the Roman Empire. Not a single trait is wanting in modern London life which was present in ancient Rome in its days of decadence and decay. This is so

because the Roman nation as a whole has reincarnated as the British race. But the French foreshadow a further degeneracy. Their officers are brave men individually; the commandant of a regiment was literally clothed with decorations, but they are nearly all tiny men. It was a pathetic sight to see one little man after another presenting *mes camarades*, each smaller than the last. It is worth considering whether nature has not avenged herself for the deliberate national violation of her laws. If so we see foreshadowed what the British nation will soon be. A large family is often a depressing sight, but a nation's decadence is even more so. The French officers of the army, with a few exceptions, give the effect of ninepins.

The naval Bataille de Fleurs took place in Ville Franche harbour. The French Admiral's flagship, *La Patrie*, offered us hospitality. Her launch was gaily decorated with palms and mimosa and a huge fan of scarlet and white anemones. The Chasseurs Alpains were on board a barge of violets. All the boats filed round the harbour, waging war with the spectators on shore. The British officer is justified in his good conceit of himself. Although we were on the flagship's launch our fellow-guests were of the same class as those of an English sergeants' mess. At the same time it was gratifying to note the patriotism of the French. The Duchesse de Montebello advanced towards a uniformed guest at her reception with the words, "I don't know your name, but you are an officer! *C'est assez!*"

The Duchesse de Montebello was the rival of the Duc de Pomar in entertainments. Framed on her wall is the priceless treasure of a letter in Bonaparte's hand to General Lanne, the great ancestor of the

Montebello family. It is signed in the small, firm handwriting "Bonaparte." On the wall above is the banner.

The Duchesse gave afternoon dances every Saturday. At one of these the Bishop of Nice put in an undesired presence. "*L'évêque!*" ran in aghast murmurs round the room. It was Carême and the presence of the ecclesiastic made dancing impossible. The representative of Christ was robed in crimson cloth with trimmings of crimson velvet. A large gold cross studded with rubies depended from his neck. Nevertheless he had a spiritual face. The moment his back was turned dancing began with great zest.

Carnival is the reaction of Carême. For one week in the year the *petites convenances* are abolished. If one is interested by a face to speak with its owner is permissible. All grades, from reigning princesses to *demi-mondaines*, join in its *bonhomie*. Emilienne d'Alençon rubs shoulders with Imperial Grand Duchesses.

It was a lovely scene. The colours selected for this year were pink and black. Myriads of rosy lights suffused the thousands of pink dominos each with a black shoulder-knot.

Nice is an ideal place for soothing jarred nerves: the lazy *petit déjeuner* of rolls and chocolate and delicious butter: the saunter in the sunshine to the Palais de Jetée where one of the finest of European orchestras discourses music free to all comers. For in the intervals there is the click of balls and the ceaseless cry from the beady-eyed, keen-faced croupiers with the grey suede gloves on, "*Faites vos jeux, Messieurs!*" "*Messieurs, faites vos jeux! Rien ne va plus. Ah! C'est le zero!*"

One day Paderewski played the "Moonlight Sonata" in these charmed halls. The low-toned, restrained passion of the first movement was almost drowned by the beating of the tideless waves beneath us. The morning sunlight glints silver on the wings of the gulls outside who have fled northern storms.

And then there is the flower market where one purchases flowers at noon for the evening fête. Every shade of the rainbow's tints, and many more modern ones, are there : carnations in tones of mole-skin as well as cerise and lemon : hyacinths in shades of wedgwood : anemones and violets running through the whole gamut of mauves and purples.

The afternoon light makes laciest trceries among the *poivriers* around the bandstand where all Nice gathers after *déjeuner*. In the evening the Casino lures with all the talent of Europe. Nothing is wanting to charm the senses. *Toujours la musique*, from morn to eve, for nearly every hotel, and there are two hundred of them, has its own private orchestra. Just then the London papers were violently agitated about the "mysterious disappearance of a peeress!" The peeress's sister used to frequent Mrs. McMillan's receptions and from her I learnt the inner history of the flight. The peeress is a Theosophist, of so ardent a type that she had actually attempted to convert His late Majesty when seated next him at a function, for she belongs to the innermost elect. The royal entourage were much annoyed at her zeal. The poor peeress was very unhappy in her domestic relations, for her peer often forgot *Noblesse oblige*. When his wife remonstrated he hurled "Theosophy" in her face and attempted to take her children from her. Hence her flight.

There was, of course, the ubiquitous American

contingent. Amongst them was the leader of the extreme fashionables of New York. She had hats like housetops at forty pounds each. She was aged twenty. She came over to Paris twice a year for her clothes. The Americanisms of some of these young ladies were amusing. "Van Struyk dances fine. He's a peach." "Shan't go around with De Tessier any more. He's a mess!"

Ever the tall, spare form of the Abbé Delatena with the sweet face above the long black cassock flitted in and out of the hotel as from another world. He officiated at the neighbouring chapel of Ste. Marthe and he occupied a tiny chamber in our basement, the austere bed overhung by his crucified Lord.

I have been charged with mixing too great a *mélange* of the eastern wisdom and the western world. I would remind such critics of the sacred scripture spoken by the greatest Avatar:¹ Better one's own *dharma*,² though destitute of merit, than the *dharma* of another, well discharged.

¹ Incarnation of God. ² Duty or function.

THE CITY OF MAMMON

TO THE DUC DE POMAR

These many waiting years I longed for gold,
Now must I needs console me with alloy
Before this beauty fades, this pulse grows cold,
I may not love, I will at least enjoy!

None came and none will come ; no use to wait.
Youth's fragrance dies, its tender light dies down ;
I will arise before it grows too late
And seek the noisy brilliance of the town.

Disappointment.

CECIL RHODES said that most men were ruled by their pockets. But to some people that *motif* is incomprehensible. To them money is the most distasteful subject in the world. Having food, raiment, and a roof, what more can one want of material things? Therefore imagine one's astonishment to find Monte Carlo the most densely populated spot on the whole Riviera.

On April 1st, All Fools' Day, 1863, M. Blanc formed the Company which runs the Casino. He took it over from Charles III of Monaco who had run it at a loss. M. Blanc and his company had just been turned out of Homburg and its Casino closed. He said to the Monte Carlo concessioners, "You want to sell this affair; I am disposed to take it. Reflect, I shall return here at 3.30 p.m. I leave at 4 p.m. by the boat, and I wish this matter settled before I return to Nice." He sailed with the



THE TEMPLE OF MAMMON

concession in his pocket at the price of 1,700,000 francs.

He formed *La Société anonyme des Bains de Mer et Cercle des Etrangers à Monaco* for fifty years. It had a capital of 15,000,000 francs in 30,000 shares of 500 francs each. Pope Leo XIII, then a cardinal, was one of the earliest shareholders !

Before he died Blanc's daughter became Princess Roland Bonaparte, grandniece-in-law of Napoleon I. Her father was already fifty-seven when he took over the Monte Carlo Casino. He died in 1881. In 1882 the "Bains de Mer" had its capital doubled. Of the 60,000 shares of 500 francs Blanc's heirs retained 52,000 in their own hands. The Prince of Monaco signed a fresh concession for fifty years from 1898. The 500 francs shares rose at once to 4770 francs. It is the Casino that brings wealth and fashion to the coast. It is the Casino that brings a dozen trains a day to Monte Carlo. It supports the entire principality, the prince, the bishop, the canons, the soldiery, the police, the hotel-keepers, the villa-owners, the cab-drivers, the boatmen, the waiters. The green tables keep the gardens green, the courtesans well dressed, and the violins in tune. Therefore at all costs they must be kept going. The seventy corpses which were removed from its environs in one year must be got away quietly. To prevent gossip the sea-funerals were carried out by Italian undertakers.

Captain Weihe, a German naval officer, made it his business to prove, as far as might be, the secrets of the Casino. He lived at Monte Carlo for three years, may be living there still. If a suicide of no import, aroused no hue and cry from his friends, the body was whisked off by the police and hidden till the end of

the season and the time for the sea-funerals. It used to be poked into the limestone cracks underneath the Casino halls. No wonder the gardens above are so gay! But the flowers were over-nourished. They could not absorb all the effluvium. The Casino began to reek. In case the gamblers should notice the smell, a body of Italian workmen was hurriedly sent for. The air got fresher when they had done.

The question appears to be unsettled as to whether the Casino plays fair. Captain Weihe says it does not. But his pamphlet on the subject is not sold at Monte Carlo, where even cartoon postcards of the Casino are forbidden. It cannot even be obtained at Nice or Mentone. The inquirer must procure it in Italian territory at Bordighera. But what gambler has time to go so far?

It is admitted that the odds in favour of the Bank average 1.66 on all the tables, both trente and quarante and roulette. If there are fifty coups played per hour, the Bank would thus absorb 83 per cent each hour of all the money staked for one coup. It takes every day ten times the average amount staked on the table at any one time.

Before the company gets its meal, the prince, the officials, the police, the lighting, the gardeners, and secret staff have to be fed. As old M. Blanc once said, "*Rouge gagne quelquefois, noir aussi quelquefois, mais Blanc toujours.*" Did old Carlyle visit Monte Carlo? Really one would think so. Some years ago an English nobleman went to Church on Sunday. He needed a salve for the past week. But the sermon was his limit. He slipped out during the ante-sermonic hymn. It was No. 32 Ancient and Modern. He returned to his muttuns whistling the tune. From the table to the right came "*Trente-deux rouge*

pair et passe!” The same from the table on his left. He staked on the number of the hymn. He clung to 32 as to a rock of ages. It brought him £500. This got wind. Next Sunday half the congregation rushed out of church when the number of the hymn was declared.

Now there is a rule at Monte Carlo English Church, “No hymn under 37 before the sermon.”

Crowds pass up and down the Casino steps all day long and half the night. The air inside is so hot and thick one might almost cut it. I am not a moralist. To “travel the world over and to know all kinds of men, woman, and cities” is to beget a large charity. One learns that

The world is wondrous large, seven seas from marge to marge,
 And it holds a vast of various kinds of man :
 And the wildest dreams of Kew are the facts of Katmandu
 And the crimes of Clapham chaste at Martaban.

But a great compassion filled me to see the men and women, dozens of them white-haired, for whom life had gone past and left only this. For what good, even if they won? Can gold be taken to the grave? We stood at one of the four tables for *trente* and *quarante* where the stakes are highest. An old man beside us stretched out a palsied arm to claw up with shaking yellow talons a handful of yellower gold. A man and his wife, apparently both young people, sat each with long rolls of sovereigns stacked in front of them. With harassed mien they conferred over figures noted on cards with little pencils. These are provided by that obliging management which escorts the ruined safely to their own homes. The man’s brow was deeply furrowed as he advised his wife on her stakes. Had life together brought them

nothing better? Even my companion, a young girl, could not resist the spell of this pestilent place. From her scanty pocket-money she placed fifteen francs on the roulette-table and lost ten. Dense masses of people perambulated the rooms and surrounded the tables three deep. Tired and sickened, we sought the entrance-hall where the finest band in Europe is overhead. It was impossible to get a seat. Throngs still came. Gladly we escaped into the cool January twilight outside. The Hôtel de Paris is just opposite. It boasts the finest cuisine in the world. On the other side is a huge restaurant. It cannot supply the jaded gamblers quickly enough. Between these two buildings, straight in front of the Casino entrance, is a lovely garden. Its pastures wind up the heights of the Alpes Maritimes between avenues of palms. Crowds were coming down either side of it. But no one had eyes for the flowers. All were fixed on the Casino doors. Many glittered with a hectic fever. It seemed their owners could hardly race down the hill fast enough. A terrible lodestar drew them, one of the two greatest forces in the world. Involuntarily one's thoughts winged away to another garden. It is laid out in a design somewhat similar. But it is dedicated to the Other Force. And it seemed that the trees and flowers of the two gardens, so like and unlike, should be changed over. That the cypress avenue should be at Monte Carlo, the palms and bright flower-beds at the Taj Mahal. For when God first placed man and woman in a garden He told them to be happy together; not to worry about clothes and houses and wherewithal. Not even in Paris is there such defiance of His ordinances as at Monte Mammon. Even there the results of broken laws are not so terrible as here.

Fagged out by the foul air of the Casino, dispirited by the fearful spectacle within, we sank down in the most expensive lift in the world to the railway station. It is conveniently near. Those who have not even the price of the lift left can crawl down the steps to it, if they find it worth while going further. For those who do, the Bank will pay their fares anywhere they like, the further the better. No more smells at the Casino.

We took the fastest train to Nice. Waters of Lethe rise quickly!

In the carriage with us was a young American widow of the smartest. She also was hurrying to Lethe's waters. She was about to contract a second marriage with a leading politician of New York of mature age. He offered her a home and a position. The wedding-day was fixed. But her first marriage in early youth with a young bridegroom had been a love match. The honeymoon had been spent in Monte Carlo. Shivering she sped away and prayed to forget.

Stories of "deaths" at the Casino may or may not be sensational. The sadness is that people should spend life, which may be a thing so beautiful, in grubbing up yellow coins.

That evening the *New York Herald* contained this:—

"Gambling has been heavy in the Casino. The Frenchman who won nearly 600,000 fr. has shared the fate of most gamblers. He has lost his winnings and the greater part of his capital. Count H——, another well-known habitué, has likewise lost heavily. Some big coups, however, have been brought off at *trente et quarante*. One Russian is reputed to have won more than 300,000 fr.

"The new rooms are rapidly approaching completion. It is hoped that they will relieve the congestion."

Over this cesspool of a Christian prince floats the sweet legend of a little Christian maid and martyr. She had been born a Christian and adopted by Eutyches, a senator. He was a pagan, but broader-minded than most Christians even of to-day. He loathed persecution. When Diocletian decreed it in A.D. 303 Eutyches hoped to hide Devota. But the Governor of Corsica where he lived found her out. Her feet were tied together. She was dragged over rough ground. Her little body was cut and bruised all over. She was stretched on the rack. As she died a white dove was seen.

It spread its wings,
It flew away
Through the bright summer air.

That night a priest rescued the body of Devota. He laid her in a boat. He placed spices round her. He bade a boatman named Gratian to take her away. The white dove appeared again. It flew towards Monaco. So Gratian followed and laid her body there. On January 27th of each year a procession leaves Monaco Cathedral and descends to the Church of Ste. Devota in the gully between Monaco and Monte Carlo. But the white dove has disappeared.

THE FLOATING CITY

TO COMMANDER HENRY BLACK

Where have you been, O wandering soul?
I have journeyed far and wide :
I drift to a home in any port,
Drift out upon any tide.

The Ocean Tramp.

THIS thirteenth voyage to and from India is made memorable by the fact that on board, and not a yard away, is he who in a few days will be ruler of her 300,000,000 souls.

How many of the world's famous men and women have passed down the narrow path of the Suez Canal ! Lola Montez did so when she first married Captain James. During the long, lazy days of the old-time trip to India three other admirers succeeded to the post the Viceroy of Ireland had vacated, for " James drank porter and slept like a boa constrictor." It was also *en route* to India that a previous Governor-General met his fate. Warren Hastings, sailing to take over his empire, met Mrs. Imhoff on board. Later he raised her to the giddy height of Lady Governess of India, on whom every other lady " must fix your eyes and never take them off until she notices you."

Our atmosphere is, needless to say, very thick with this sort of thing. It is the " High Court boat." The Lord Chief Justice of Calcutta and his consort and six other judges of that High Court and their

consorts are on board. They also are of import so tremendous that every other lady has to call upon them first.

It is as good as a play to see the disdain of the Honourable Mrs. Z., whose husband is a soldier. She belongs to the smartest set in town. She has æsthetic draperies and untidy hair, but a certain distinction in her studied poses from Burne-Jones. Then there is a Spanish Rani of dream-like beauty. Her black hair is parted simply above the perfect features. She seems happy, albeit she is sixth wife to a lord who has not yet reached his fortieth year.

Christ's Church Militant upon earth is represented on board by two *padres*. They stand for the world and the flesh respectively. One of them began life as an attaché. With carefully trained face and softly modulated voice, he tells of his ambassadorial relatives and of the noble friends in whose private chapels he ministers. The other drinks champagne every night and goes on shore at Marseilles to eat a sumptuous dinner.

Then there are the titled aides-de-camp and the girl with the pale face, black eyes, and scarlet lips who has marked them down. The graciousness of the *bara mem* is exemplified in the consort of the Lord Chief Justice of Calcutta. Having read *The Voice of the Orient*, she seeks an introduction and confides her intention of seeking sages on the banks of the rivers of China. She has already tracked elephants in Assam and lions in Zanzibar. Tragedy is represented by a bloated, miserable woman who betrays the terrible struggles of a daughter of the vine. Comedy by a cavalry officer who, having been an A.D.C. and a professional poodle all his life, is now



THE OCEAN TRAMP



THE EARLY, PEARLY MORNING AT PORT SAID

of such pitiful vanity that he fancies every woman is looking at him. The wife of the Viceroy designate's doctor is delighted at being for the first time in her life in a semi-royal entourage and driving in state processions. It is a relief to lean over the stern and watch the insouciant sea-anemones flouncing and bouncing beneath. One variety is churned up apparently by the screws, for they are like big brown mushrooms tossing in the surfy line behind us. Others are like big mauve and white asters. Later we shall be beguiled by the antics of the dolphin schools bounding at our port and starboard, the whale fountains spurting further in the distance, the silver flashes of the flying-fish leaping from wall to wall. Apropos of these denizens of the deep, my friend, the Major, has actually, *lui qui parle*, seen the sea-serpent. He was sailing from Bombay to Durban during the South African War. They were in the Indian Ocean. One morning he was sitting on deck accompanied by the Colonel and other officers of a cavalry regiment going to the front. Suddenly, at a distance of about a quarter to half a mile from the ship, they saw a long head and neck reared above the water. It came up three times, turned its head to look about, and went down with a splash. It rose each time about twelve to fifteen feet above the water. There are several other authentic narratives of the sea-serpent. My experience, in many sorts of investigations, has led me to the conclusion that the world is inclined to be too incredulous. People more often laugh at the idea of what really exists than are deceived by what is not.

In seventeen voyages east and west one meets many people of interest, especially when one usually sits at the Captain's table. The Durbar ship of 1902 con-

tained many whose names are inscribed in that book of life which has been called the English masterpiece of fiction. Lord Kitchener was in this ship. His arrival was characteristic. Travelling as Mr. Cook, he boarded us in the Red Sea where a small launch was quietly awaiting our arrival. It was touching to see the Indian Army officers on board greeting him when introduced, the clasp of the hand, the heartfelt tones in the "Good evening, General," from these men, many of them older than he, who were ready to follow his leadership to death. "We are all with him," said Sir Bindon Blood, who then held the northern command of India. Lord Kitchener was then going out to take up the Command in Chief. When the rupture occurred with Lord Curzon which led to the great pro-consul's resignation of his extended term of office, a wise old Sikh shook his head muttering the Indian saw, "Never have two tigers on one hill."

One rising officer on board owed his rapid promotion to a tin of potted meat. On a Burmese campaign the General in command found his lunch left behind. But his resourceful A.D.C. pulled a tin of "chicken and ham" out of his pocket. A D.S.O. and a billet at Simla followed this foresight. Moral to all young officers on active service, "Always keep a tin of potted meat in your pocket." No one outside the army can know what its life means to an officer. He gives up most of what other men hold dear, money, ease, and comfort. And those of the British occupation of India are the finest type of all sorts and conditions of western men.

The Durbar ship of 1902 contained several other persons of mark. One was a famous beauty who was then the wife of a colonel of cavalry. "In eighteen

months we shall be at peace," she said to Sir Bindon Blood in reference to her husband's impending retirement from the service. Poor woman, there was no peace for her. Another was an American countess. Her first husband had left her an immense fortune made in soap. Her second, an ancient earl, gave her a coronet, and obligingly died in six months, leaving her free for a third. He turned up in the Durbar ship. It is impossible to reproduce the contempt with which the eastern woman regards a female of this sort, to whom marriage becomes a kind of habit.

On another ship was an Eurasian colonel of the Indian Medical Service. He was a very clever man and had four daughters who were also all accomplished musicians and finished performers on several instruments. They were in great request at concerts given at Government House, Madras. Lord Curzon said the novel of the Eurasian community had yet to be written. No more tragic spectacle could be imagined than these four girls. All were as well brought up and educated as upper-class Englishwomen, and yet carried the terrible curse of a mixed inheritance, pariahs amidst all they hold dear. Sir Cowasji Jehangir, the head of the Parsee community, the most Anglicised of Indians, once gave his views on the mixed-marriage question when I sat next him at dinner in his house at Poona. He said that a marriage between a Parsee and an Englishwoman would never be happy.

On another trip I sat next Lord Lonsdale at table. He had been with the German Emperor in Palestine and was filling in time in India. He said that when he first met Bismarck the Prince told him the Kaiser would be easily led. Eight years later Lord Lons-

dale met Bismarck again and reminded him of his prediction. The Prince replied, "Yes, I made a mistake there. He has the greatest mind in the world: he took my place away and left no room for me." Lord Lonsdale had also travelled with Moltke without recognising his identity, though his conversation was remarkable for his general knowledge, especially of the world's religions.

Another item was that Lord Lonsdale had been the third and only other party in the room when the Kaiser and the Tsar signed the peace proposals and he thought that neither of them meant them!

This conversation with Lord Lonsdale is written exactly from notes made at the time.

Presently we pass Crete. Here the Curetes served Cybele, the Mother of the Gods, with twenty-seven days of initiation ceremonies passed in a cave. These seas were sung by the violet-crowned Sappho. They were stirred by the silver oars and reflected the purple sails of Cleopatra's barge. We are now at the Meeting of the Worlds. We approach the Gate of the East.

This is my thirteenth visit to Port Said. I have seen it at all hours: most often in the evening when it is unsafe to leave the main street, when the band brays lustily in the *café chantant*, when the shops blaze brightly with the wares of Paris and Japan. And I have seen it later returning to my floating hostel. Then Rabetna sinks in crimson shame over the flat roofs of the wicked city. She buries herself in the desert sands which submerge the Turanian Race. But never has the peace of Port Said lulled as in this early, pearly morning. The turmoil and glare of publishers, printers, and pressmen fades and cools in the eastern twilight. Never

have the Arabian trees perfumed sweeter. Never have the muffled footsteps in the sand soothed softer. Never have the Egyptian sack costumes looked more restful than to-day. One of the most lulling sensations is the slipping of the big ship down the spidery canal. One can almost touch the Egyptian and Arabian deserts on either side. This, especially at night, to those who have eyes to see it, is one of the *unreal* sights of the world. Europe is done with. Its crazes, its fashions, its foibles left behind.

Envy and calumny and pain
And that unrest which men miscall delight
Can touch them not and torture not again

who pass down the Suez Canal in spirit as well as in flesh.

The desert on either side is sometimes flooded by water. This may or may not be "real." Sometimes vast lakes, palms, and islands crumble into sand as we pass by. To-day the water on either side of the canal happens to be there. But the ships of all sorts and sizes placidly sailing upon it are not where they seem to be. They are reflected from far beyond the horizon. With Europe behind us we are leaving that hideous region called "hard fact" as we slide and glide down the water lane to the Orient.

Watching the dunes, one thinks of two women whose lives were spent among them. Of Isabel Burton, whose devotion to her marriage vows makes the desert bloom like a rose, of Lady Ellenboro, whose breaking of them led from the viceregal dais to an Arab's tent. Colonel Sir Kenneth Cumming, late R.A.M.C., told me lately a new story of Sir Richard Burton. He had it direct from those present. Burton came on board a ship in these parts

as a guest. He was domineering and excitable. An argument took place and Burton became so heated that he called to his Moorish servant to bring a case of pistols. "Choose your weapon!" he cried. But the commander of the ship at once called him to order and Burton left the ship ashamed.

The Canal is lined by sentinels of trees dark as cypress. The sand dunes are piled into pyramids. The Arabian hills change from primrose into fiery gold. For we are entering the realms of the Eastern Wisdom. The dark trees mourn for the death of self, for the crucifixion of the lower nature. It must perish before the Wisdom of the Pyramids is gained. The glory of the Asiatic desert is the joy in nature in the triumph of the aspirant over himself. The Pyramids were first built to help him in that struggle. The central chamber contained in the heart of each one was the Hall of Initiation before the White Lodge of Wisdom moved from Egypt to the Himalayas two hundred thousand years ago. In that dark chamber the body of the aspirant remained in trance. He himself passed into the astral world for three days of initiation. Then the body was brought out and placed on the Pyramid wall, the arms extended in the form of a cross. "He descended into hell. The third day he rose again from the dead." The ascending sun awoke the candidate to the life of the flesh. That is why, a few miles from us, the Sphinx still watches before the Pyramids. To us who know is revealed her eternal secret. She waits before the Gate of Knowledge as They ever wait and watch for Their pupils in every land.

The waters are changed to indigo. The shifting sands give place to cruel, cynical cliffs on either side. The sun's red globe sinks behind them. For the

last brief moment in which he disappears he changes into green.

To-night we are stranded by a curious accident. For the first time in an experience of sixteen long voyages and innumerable short ones, the engines have stopped dead in mid seas. It is a strange sensation. The big ship lies motionless. It is only stirred by the ripples as a child's can upon the water. Behind her Rabetna forms that fairy passage broadening ever to the sweetest, saddest land on earth or sea. It is the land we long for, but may never reach. How often has one yearned to leave the sordid company of a shipboard and one's own thoughts behind and to walk up that shimmering pathway formed by the moon's rays on the water. It widens to an expanse of glorious promise to one's weary soul. It might be of this vista that one wrote :—

Oh! beautiful soul with the outstretched hands,
Oh! soul with the yearning eyes,
Lie still, lie still in the fairy land
Where never a tear may fall;
Where no voices ever call
Any passion-act strange or unwise—
Oh! beautiful soul with the outstretched hands,
Oh! soul with the yearning eyes!

One understands why Rabetna was deemed the Soul of Carthage. Why she inspired and governed the lives of her men. Why Hamilcar's daughter was so susceptible to the moon's astral influence. She grew weak with the waning of her wan light, reviving in the evening. During an eclipse she nearly died. The priestesses of Tanith, on the ramparts of the city, strung their lyres and shook their tambourines as the sun set behind the Numidian mountains. The Announcer of the Moons in his hyacinth robes and with perfuming-pans watched in the summit of the

Temple of Eschmoun every night to signal the disturbances of the planet with his trumpet. The sacred apes in the Temple became ill when the moon was young. The glossopetræ, held to have fallen from the moon, were deemed more precious than the amber formed from the rays of the sun, the sparkling ceraunia engendered by the thunder, the chalcedonies which cured poison, the peridots which brought love and happiness, the amethysts which meant truth and sincerity, the topazes from Mount Zarbarca which averted terrors, the callaides shot away from the mountains by slings; or than the three kinds of rubies, the four sorts of sapphires, the twelve kinds of emeralds, the tyanas or the sandastra, even than the agate which brought immortality. This Lunar Land upon the sea is the most magnetic of all lands. Nothing on earth is so dreamy, so remote from ugly, everyday life, as this enchanted pathway and the sparkling space it leads to. Words cannot describe it. You will never see it in England, nor even in Europe. Where the Asian moon poises as a topaz pendent in the amethyst void, the Planet of the Dusk, the Goddess Rabetna, reveals herself. Her flood seems silver gulls' wings. It is glittering and iridescent, yet soft and effulgent, of loveliness beyond imagination. You feel that THERE, in that fairy land, could you only reach it, would be found every highest earthly bliss.

For a woman this land means the companionship of the one man who counts, or has counted, in her life. For every woman who is not a puppet of flounces and gossip there is always *one* who arrives at the psychological moment, over whom nature, for her own purposes, throws a glittering veil of glamour. Others leave tiny scratches on the tablets of her

memory. Their names provoke a smile more or less tender behind her fan in reflective moments. But there is always one who has left a great disfiguring wound. The scar is kept carefully hidden beneath her corsets. It is only uncovered in the privacy of her chamber and most secret thoughts. It marks the crux of her emotions, life's high-water mark. As a playwright enacts his scenes in miniature with puppets, so memory one by one plays through the drama of many years ago. Every chair, every table, every window in the house has memories. Wish to forget it? How can she? She sees again the exact positions, hears the voices re-echo through the corridors, sees the phantom figures, watches the horseman move up the avenue. The rooms are full of ghosts whose haunting eyes and voices stab. The scent of the flowers sickens. The brain reels aghast and the breath catches at the hideous miss. For it is very seldom that the dream comes true in real life—that one leaves the sordid shipboard to walk up the fairy pathway of the sea. And those women who do should kneel down every day and thank God they are not as other women.

Long after the healing the pain of the wound's memory cannot be borne. How many English-women in London to-night dare not let their thoughts dwell on certain cities of India? That psychic atmosphere, that land of loves and hates, where the muezzin's cry from the minaret, the burning of Venus above the pass, the marbles of the mosque, the smell of the bazaar, bring memories of unendurable pain.

The moonlit pathway to the Lunar Land suggests to everyone the highest earthly bliss. But to some it suggests something more. For those who can sense

it there is also the chill, keen sweetness of Shiv,
whose jewel is the moon.

I flash and glow on Being's Brow, and my snow-cold Ooze is
Love's life blood,
And I wander over the Waves of Time, where the World-
wreck drifts in my Sliver Flood.

The Hindus say that the moon gives of her substance to all the three worlds, animal, vegetable, and mineral. They have a moonstone which actually oozes of itself in the moon's presence. She is electric and mysterious. She oozes snowflakes and ambrosial ice. And so her light is that of a higher love than mortal, in which the tenderness of a woman largely depends on her age and her health. We will consider this aspect of love later.

At Aden His Excellency designate enters the further outpost of his Empire. Guns thunder, flags fly, ships are manned and dressed, gorgeous officials board us and convey the viceregal party in triumph on shore. They disappear, escorted by a camel corps. We are left to console ourselves with an exquisite colour scheme in every tawny shade of yellow and orange. It is painted by the rust of an old barge lying in the clear jade water.

THE CITY OF DESTINY

TO SIR RICHARD WESTMACOTT, K.C.B.,

Late Lieut.-General commanding the Bombay Army.

I always feel a sense of loss
If, at the close of day,
I cannot see the Southern Cross
Break through the gathered grey.
I want the silver on the sea,
The surf along the shore,
The ruined mosque where weeds grew free,
Where princes prayed of yore.

Wharnclyffe House.

BOMBAY is always magnetic, in November she is jewel-like. The aquamarine bay is set in ruby roofs. Diamond wings float upon it. The Yacht Club may look a little tumbledown after the Carlton Hotel, still the giant palms and scarlet poinsettias screen discreetly. At the table by the sea-wall our host is a foreign consul. He rolls and yells in fiendish laughter over the peccadilloes of his particular friends. It is a relief to cross the road again to the Taj Mahal Hotel. It has only been open a few years but has already afforded us immense entertainment and more than one strange adventure. Its blemish is the unspeakable German commercial, but he throws in splendid relief the British officer in India. Every mail-boat in the season brings a large consignment of pretty brides. India does not improve our looks, but, by a natural process of selection, the prettiest girls are chosen to come out. Nearly all have some

superficial attractions. One cannot help noting also the women who were brides a dozen years ago, whose faces express knowledge, sometimes guilt, always disillusion.

With the genial *bonhomie* and good-fellowship characteristic of the Service, and especially between those in the same branch of it, a stranger calls and offers to take us to see a man who is probably the greatest living medium between the quick and the dead. Please note "medium," not adept. The precise position that Mr. Jacob holds in the occult world I know not, but it is evident that he is one of the chief channels for communication between the living and departed. He lives in a nice flat in Yool Mansions, though it is not furnished with the affluence described in "Mr. Isaacs," whose original he is. Since the affair of the Nizam's diamond, to be related later, he has been down into the depths, but has turned the up-grade and is now in comfort.

He told us that at ten years of age he met his *guru*, who was in turn the disciple of an Arabian master who possessed knowledge handed down from the time of David and Solomon.

Mr. Jacob is a small man, now aged from fifty to sixty, with cataract, a yellow skin, continental manner, and very little hair. His life history has been recorded in Marion Crawford's book which is written absolutely true to life except for these three points:—

1. Mr. Isaacs had four wives. Jacob says he has never had "a quarter of a wife."
2. "Shere Ali" was in reality one of the House of Ulwar.
3. Jacob was never a slave.

Mr. Crawford became an intimate friend of Mr. Jacob, and the latter saved him by taking him to Thibet, and after to Jullunder, when Lord Lytton had sent detectives after him. Mr. Crawford had used the right of free speech too freely to please this sporting Viceroy who on one occasion invited forty girls to lunch with him at Laurie's Hotel, Simla, he being the only man present. The following account is from Mr. Jacob of his past history. It appeared in *The Times of India*:—

“I feel that some explanation is necessary as to the circumstances under which I incurred the resentment of certain entities in the Indian Political Department, which will be found in the following facts: In 1875 during the commission for the trial of the Gaekwar for an attempt on the life of the British Resident (Colonel Phayre), two Native Chiefs (the Maharajahs of Gwalior and Jeypore) having been appointed members of that Commission, I was A.D.C. to the Maharajah of Jeypore and accompanied him to Baroda, breaking journey *en route* at Agra, where I put up at an hotel. There I met at the table d'hôte a commercial agent, and a discussion casually took place about us on the trial of the Gaekwar, in course of which he condemned the Gaekwar. I, however, expressed the opinion that the Gaekwar was no more guilty than he or I was. There was also at the table d'hôte a gentleman whom I did not know, who after dinner asked me to accompany him to his room, which gave me the impression that he was a detective. I, however, followed him, and as soon as we were seated he asked me what my reason was for the opinion I had expressed so definitely that the Gaekwar was innocent. I replied that he had the advantage of me and that I wished to know who he was, whereupon he gave me his card, which bore the name ‘Colonel Charles Napier Sturt, 61 St. James's Street, or Guards’

Club, Pall Mall, London.' I said : ' Oh, you are a Colonel in the Guards.' He said : ' Yes, but that does not matter. I am the brother-in-law of Lord Northbrook, who married my sister. She is dead and I am in India to see my niece, Miss Emma Baring.' I then gave him my reasons (too lengthy to detail), which seemed to satisfy him. He thereafter left by that night's train for Delhi, where Lord Northbrook was holding a Durbar for the Punjab Chiefs (March, 1875). The next day, at 4.30 p.m., I received a wire from him stating : ' Come up—your expenses will be paid,' and I obtained permission from my employer (the Maharajah of Jeypore) and went to Delhi. On arrival there I was taken to the Viceroy's Private Secretary (then Captain Evelyn Baring, now Lord Cromer) and narrated what I had stated to Colonel Sturt. Captain Baring left me and soon after I was summoned to the presence of the Viceroy (Lord Northbrook), to whom I repeated the statement. The Viceroy then put me a few questions about Native States and I was allowed to retire. On my return to Agra the next day I received a letter from Colonel Sturt, which stated, amongst other things, that if at any time I became aware of any case of oppression on the part of British Officers towards Native Rulers, I was to bring the facts to the notice of His Excellency the Viceroy through the Private Secretary, provided they were brief and genuine. Upon this, knowing in course of my travels that there were several such cases, I resigned my employment with Jeypore and the first case that I represented was that of Gujrah Begum of Dholpore, whose property and villages had been confiscated by Colonel Denehey. My representation was found to be correct and I had the gratification of having her property restored to her. This was followed by several other cases of maladministration, in which I succeeded and materially incurred their resentment.

"I occupied the same fiduciary position during the

Viceroyalty of Lord Lytton, and I had the privilege of rendering the Government of India a special service during his regime thus : when the Afghan War took place in 1878 and the British troops were at the entrance of the Khyber Pass, they had no information as to the extent to which Ali Musjid was fortified and hesitated from making an assault. I, however, discovered through a Native named Murdhan Ali Khan that the position in Ali Musjid was very weak, and personally informed Lord Lytton of the fact, who ordered Sir Sam Browne to make the assault, and by two o'clock the next morning Ali Musjid was in the hands of the British, for which I neither asked nor received anything.

“My position with the Government of India was, under all these circumstances, one of considerable trust and responsibility, until, in pursuing a case in connection with a certain Native State, the petition that was submitted contained the words : ‘Will the Government of India tell us why Currency Notes of the value of seven lakhs had been bought by that State?’ which Lord Lytton thought was a charge against the Political Agent of receiving a bribe. His Excellency expressed this to Sir (then Colonel) Owen Burne, and I was informed that no more petitions from me would be received. When I appealed to the Viceroy against this order, which I said took away my means of livelihood, Colonel Burne said : ‘You told me once that you understood precious stones : why don’t you start dealing in them ?’—which may be taken as the origin of my business as a jeweller. It is not pleasant to enlarge on one’s services and the obligations that are incurred thereby, but with such a record as this—Ali Musjid alone—I think I am entitled to say that while never receiving recognition of my services to the State, I have been most unjustly and inconsiderately treated by the Government of India. The unfortunate petition that contained the reference to Currency Notes which brought about my dismissal

was not written by me, as I could not write English at that time. It was written for me in a hurry by a third party whom I paid for writing my letters in English, and for whose indiscretion I became the sufferer.

“I can assure you that nothing herein stated is of a nature that will not stand the test of close scrutiny and enquiry, as well as the most exacting requirements of proof, borne out by documentary evidence of an unimpeachable character. I authorise you to make any use of this letter that you like, and as you have referred to a great lawsuit concerning a diamond which I won having ‘heralded my departure from Simla,’ you will perhaps consider it advisable to publish this letter.”

In the next chapter will be mentioned the Great Diamond Case, the *Asiatic cause célèbre* of the last decade of the nineteenth century. The second division of this volume will describe some of Mr. Jacob’s traffic with the world unseen. It is enough at present to say that he has other lore than our theosophical theories. He discoursed of the seeds of the castor-oil plant, which make men “invisible.”

He read me pages of his diary, for which he informed me a bookseller had offered him £6000. He also said that, when in London, Mrs. Langtry had invited him to dine. The table was laid for six. The guests were the Duc d’Orléans, Mr. Peel, Jacob, and three others. He was disillusioned by Marie Corelli. He had worshipped her writings, but *in propria persona* he found her disappointing.

It will be remembered that Mme. Blavatsky took Colonel Olcott and others to a magical bungalow in a pine wood at Parel, Bombay. She herself entered

and left them in the gharri¹ outside, bidding them not to enter for their lives. Afterwards she made a bet that they could never find the place. They accepted the challenge and drove round and round the pine wood without results. She told them later that they had really reached the place but that the bungalow is rendered invisible to ordinary people by the maya² which always protects places frequented by adepts. I have made enquiries from another source and have learnt that the bungalow is used by adepts and chelas³ when travelling and also for the storage of magnetism.

In Bombay Harbour at night a great honey-coloured globe hangs in the sky as a mammoth fire balloon. It lights up that fairy pathway of electric moonlight across the soft indigo around. The battleships, the Indian Marine ships, and the troopers are all, of course, lighted up and they all looked brilliant until this made them tawdry as gas-lamps. This is the harbour of strange changes. This evening before dinner we were watching the sunset when suddenly the white painted ships all with one consent turned bright grass-green. It was apparently caused by the crimson flush which in some unexplained way dyed the leviathans its complementary colour.

I have written elsewhere of Bombay as the City of Fate. She is the portal to the great Indian Empire. She is the Door of Life for most of those who pass through her gates. Everyone finds his fate in India, whether he seeks things spiritual or temporal. Is not the influence of the Mighty Mother ever with us in the West? India with her myriad sanyassis:

¹ Carriage.

² Illusion or glamour.

³ Disciples.

India with her mighty sages : India with the Great Secret in her breast. Oh my country ! In the cloying sweetness of Mediterranean shores, on the smoky ramparts of Chatham, has not distant music always rustled the palms of Parel ?

THE OFFICIAL CITADEL

TO THE LATE ROSS SCOTT, I.C.S.

Sans peur, sans reproche, et sans race prejudice.

I cannot help thinking, from all I have heard and seen, that the task of governing India will be made all the easier if, on our part, we infuse into it a wide element of sympathy.

The King-Emperor.

WE spent ten years of official life in India and I spent several years there in addition. We lived in the Presidencies of Bombay and Bengal, the Central Provinces, Central India, the United Provinces, the Punjab, and Kashmir. I travelled countless times the length and breadth of the land. The India Office set its seal of approval upon my work. Secretaries of State for India recommended me to the tender mercies of the Indian Government. Viceroys and lieutenant-governors showed me grace. I penetrated further into real India than most Europeans wish to do, or could do if they did wish it. I may therefore be presumed to know in some degree of what I write.

Here are the opinions of a friend, a Moslem High Court judge, on the present causes of unrest. They are, as he sees them :—

1. The Suez Canal. Before it was opened Anglo-Indian officials spent their lives and had all their interests in India. They often married Indian wives. Now they are perpetually thinking of rushing "home" and scraping their money to spend in Europe. I

remember the wife of a judge of Bandelkhund telling me that her daily cry was for the hours to pass, that they might get out of the country with their pension of £1000 per annum. This is the feeling of at least half of Anglo-Indians.

2. The treatment of Indians in South Africa. The Home Government having granted autonomy to South Africa is in a most difficult position in this matter. Still Indians cannot help holding a Government which is all-powerful in their own country responsible in some measure for South African injustice.

3. Personal rudeness of Anglo-Indians to Indians, especially in trains, because there they meet most frequently. My friend the judge lives at Patna. Mr. Wilfred Blunt was visiting Patna and a small crowd of Indian gentlemen were at the station to see him off. Amongst these was the late Nawab Vilayat ah Khan, C.I.E. He was standing at the door of Mr. Blunt's compartment when a military officer in the next carriage deliberately struck him, unprovoked. Mr. Blunt reported the matter in Calcutta but the Nawab withdrew his charge to avoid unpleasantness. The judge says the Executive Government always takes the part of Europeans and therefore the country wishes for the separation of the judicial and executive departments. A leader of the Congress Party here remarked that Indians have absolute faith in British justice in the Law Courts irrespective of colour. This, he said, was the main bulwark of British power in India. The judge continued that the main offenders in trains were military officers, Eurasians, and railway subordinate officials. These offences take place every hour. An A.D.C. to a Maharajah in special favour with Queen Victoria,

and who therefore is a *persona grata* anywhere in Europe, was insulted recently at a station.

I am now going to narrate an episode, I who write the truth, which I witnessed at Lord Curzon's Durbar. The camp in which I was a visitor contained officers and their wives from all parts of India and one young Deputy Commissioner from the Punjab. Some of the military people present narrated that they had been disturbed in the train by a "native" who would insist on reading out loud from a book. When remonstrated with he asseverated, "We have all equal rights." Whereupon one of the officers present had fallen upon the man and "half killed" him, not for being troublesome but for having dared to speak about his rights. "You dare to say you have equal rights?" All the ladies and gentlemen present warmly applauded this and among the loudest to do so was the Deputy Commissioner. Next day he was obliged to leave the camp prematurely, before the close of the festivities, to hold his own Durbar in his own district as the representative of that Sovereign and that Raj¹ who guarantee "equal rights to all!"

The English nation is grudgingly admired all over the earth. Grudgingly because, notwithstanding their national success, they are personally unpopular on the continent of Europe as well as throughout the Indian Empire, on account of their bad manners. But English officers do not dare to throw Frenchmen out of their trains however dirty and stuffy they may make their carriages in France. In this connection I remember an episode connected with the Poona murders of Mr. Rand and Mr. Ayerst. The Bishop of Bombay preached a sermon at the funeral in which

¹ Rule.

he commented on the furtive, frightened faces of the Indians after this foul deed. "Can it be that they know us so little?" he cried. Yet that very morning the governor's A.D.C. had said to his servant, "Get out of my room; I hate your black face!" This remark was perhaps natural under the circumstances, but it made the Bishop's sermon rather ludicrous to those who had heard it and similar ones. A Parsee judge who came to express his sorrow as a mourner was kept out of the cemetery.

An Indian princeling was sitting one day in native *deshabille* with a boon-companion. The English public school and university education of himself and his brothers has merged into a life of expensive dissipation in East and West. For this the long-suffering State contributes to each of the Maharajah's sons so long as he remains in India. The family is as well known in Europe as in India. Only a few days before, in correctest Bond Street attire, the youth had been seen in close companionship with the then Prince of Wales. "They call us natives," he said to his friend, "but just see how I will make them grovel!" He slouched to the door in his *dhoti*, his shirt opened on an expansive neck, and hailed an Englishman who happened to be driving by with his wife. "Good evening, your Highness," returned the man obsequiously. "Only because of my money and title—they can all be bought," said the boy disgustedly, as he slouched back again.

Some may wonder that I have narrated this unpleasant bit of real life, as told me by the prince's companion. I have done so to show that, though the princes of India are rightly considered the most loyal section of society to the British Raj, theirs is a loyalty of policy, not love, a thing of elephant processions,

banquet speeches, and, above all, subscriptions. During the South African War, at the time of the British reverses in 1899, I was staying with some Hindu friends at Bareilly. Mass meetings were got up by leading Indians in the Town Hall expressing sympathy with the Raj, etc. The very men who took part in these used to come to my friends and say how much they hated doing it, as they did not like the British. I promised at the beginning of my annals to record the truth as presented by unusual opportunities of observing both races. Hence the above.

Here are some sidelights on what happens in Native States under British protection. The case of Mr. Jacob's giant diamond and the Nizam of Hyderabad was the *cause célèbre* of Asia for many years. Poor Mr. Jacob appears to have been crushed between the Nizam, his Minister, the Resident, and the Viceroy. Eventually he lost twenty-three lacs of rupees. From a rich man who gave R.500 to a station-master when he travelled he became *tout à coup* a beggar. Are not these things written in the chronicles of the High Court of Calcutta? His spirit guide, "Ram Lal," said this was the *karma* of his having once in a fit of petulance flung seventeen lacs¹ of money out of window. Mr. Jacob told me, as his version, that His Highness would pay him if allowed by the British Government to do so.

A friend of mine is archæologist to a Maharajah whose State ranks near to Hyderabad, the premier in importance. A British Government archæologist was taking his holiday in the Maharajah's State. In order that he might draw travelling allowance at the taxpayers' expense, he poked and pried into the local archæologist's work. The Hindu was most kind

¹ A lac is about £700.

and courteous and lent him a pundit he could ill spare from his own work. The pundit had a rare MS. his master had long intended to translate. The visitor got hold of it and, when asked to return it, threatened with "Simla." The Maharajah, already once deposed, declined to interfere. So my friend lost not only the services of his pundit but the kudos of the rare MS., all because of the cupidity and cowardly threats of the government archæologist. And then the British wonder that they are hated in India!

But for pure fun, the bun was taken by a man who, arriving at Simla after years of absence, found himself like Rip Van Winkle in a world new and strange. He enquired for his long-lost brother, one Deveril Jones. "Oh hush!" replied his informant, "never breathe such a name here! Your brother is now Mr. De Vere Joyce, and he moves in the vice-regal set!" It was quite true. The name had acted like a charm and had wafted the De Vere Joyces to the highest heights of Olympus.

The late Mr. Ross Scott was Judicial Commissioner of Oudh and the United Provinces. He was notable for being the one and only Anglo-Indian official I ever met who was absolutely devoid of race prejudice in his *private* life. How he was beloved by Indians for that! The majority of British officials in India are too just to show race prejudice in their official capacity. But Ross Scott never stopped to consider the colour of a man's skin before admitting him to his friendship.

"If you persist in knowing natives we shan't care to know you!" said a man who was wont to boast that he had given so many hundred dinners during the Poona season and that he had entertained "four

generals together at a table a blaze of silver." Notwithstanding the threats of this disgusting vulgarian, I continued my cult of the most exclusive aristocracy in the world, with what results will appear in the second part of this book.

Ross Scott was also notable as being one of the few high officials who had the courage to return to India as a private individual, having stepped down from his eminent position. Usually it is a case of *aut Cæsar aut nihil*. But Ross Scott was too big a man to care in what capacity he returned to the country and people he loved so much. We last met him in the Moti Mahal, or Pearl Palace, Lucknow, placed at his disposal by a rajah. He was greatly interested in a hostel for Indian youths in London. It is designed to minimise the curse of the Broken Road.

Lately we were invited to an Anglo-Indian wedding in London. It was a charmingly pretty sight. The silver and laces and chiffon trailings of the bride, the ethereal ninons of her maids, the lilies and the palms, were thrown up by the vermilion and gildings of the sanctuary. The perfumes of these damsels intermingled with the incense of the priests. The dainty daughter of a High Court judge was linking her fate with a young political heaven-born.¹ All Anglo-India in London assembled in force. Amongst them were one or two of the *jeunesse dorée* of India proper. Now it so happened that I had met two or three years previously the father of one of these young gentlemen. Of the brahman caste, a rich man, a leader of Hindu society, his son was a *parti* in their matrimonial market. The father was then engaged in scouring all northern India to find a suitable bride for his son. So many qualifications being desired,

¹ Member of the Indian Civil Service.

he said the boy had asked him to make the preliminary selection. Since then the son had finished at Harrow and had come from Cambridge to attend this function. "Last time I saw your father," I said, "he was looking for your bride." A most unpleasant look came into the youth's eyes as they wandered from the mauve and azure draperies of a bridesmaid standing near to her face. "I hope he has given up his quest," he sneered. How often has the Broken Road led via Eton and Oxford to a broken life!

The Anglo-Indian woman has an unfortunate name all over the world. Most people who have visited India will tell you that the men were the most charming, the women the most crotchety they ever met. Lest it be thought there is any personal bias, here are the unsolicited opinions on this subject of three women whose names are household words all over the civilised globe.

Princess ——. Has studied at an English university. Knows and loves the best European society. Never enters Anglo-India except when obliged to do so for political reasons.

Mrs. X. A famous traveller and writer, holds world records for mountain climbing. Does not go to the club because she does not assimilate with the female persuasion there.

Mrs. Y. Leader of a world movement, considered by experts the finest orator of the day. Always travels second-class in India for the same reason.

These are the conclusions, considerably toned down for reproduction, of three famous women. Their animus is, I think, unjust to the *bara mems*¹ of Anglo-India. In these democratic days the services are

¹ Great ladies.

filled with all kinds of people from peers to board-school pupils. The traditions of the services, however, are such that the men who fill them are usually of a type which holds its own in any society in the world. It is not always so, however, with their worsser halves. Anglo-India is the poorer by the almost total absence of the great ladies of patrician birth who are the leaders of European communities and whose precepts and example filter down to the lowest. It is obvious that women who can have the best that London can give would not care for India, unless devoted to jungle life. In addition it is often made unpleasant for them, as when a subaltern's wife who is a peer's daughter takes precedence of the colonel's wife! . . . The heir to a Scotch peerage and £40,000 per annum complained most bitterly that he was made the drudge of the regiment on account of his wife's exalted status. They usually therefore stay in India the least possible time. An official *communiqué* in the Anglo-Indian papers *re* their Imperial Majesties' Court in Calcutta after the Durbar bears out this statement. It was at first announced that only ladies who had been presented at the Court of St. James were entitled to attend and to make presentations. Later on a notice appeared that "owing to the number of ladies in India who have been presented at the Court of St. James being very limited," the wife of the Lieut.-Governor of Bengal and the wives of Members of Council would be allowed to make presentations. Thus it is officially admitted that the number of women in India who are socially prominent at home is "very limited." It is, however, only fair to give the *bara mems* of India their due. Like other great ladies elsewhere, they are usually most agreeable, e.g. the wives of governors,

residents, councillors, generals, and commissioners, etc. These ladies (one hardly dares to write of them as "women") exercise at least as much power, until the dreadful day of "going home" dawns, as the leaders of English county society, but they are much more accessible and gracious to the new-comer. Pleased with themselves, their high position, big incomes, and palatial establishments, all these are placed at the service of the stranger in their gates, provided only that she show a becoming deference to their rank and import. With one or two exceptions, I found that, after a tactful approach, the *bara mem* would do anything in the world to oblige, and many from every part of India have become life-long friends. Lady Muir Mackenzie is known throughout the length and breadth of India, as the late Miss Clarke was, for her absence of race prejudice and for the successful, largely attended clubs she established for Indian ladies, including *pardah nashins*, at Bombay and Poona. Lord Curzon was sneered at as a match-maker by an angry native press when a maharajic marriage took place after his Durbar. Surely his happiest inspiration resulted, also from the Durbar, when Miss Villiers Stuart of Dromana became Her Excellency Lady Muir Mackenzie and first lady in a Presidency of twenty-five million souls. Her beautiful features have an Egyptian cast. Was it as a princess of Thebes in her last incarnation that she learned the love and lore of the East and a royal tact as well?

But with the *chota mem*¹ or middle-class woman of Anglo-India, the women who swamp the clubs and hotels, *c'est tout autre chose*. They strike, to my ear, the most discordant note in the whole gamut of

¹ Little lady.

womenkind from English duchesses to Indian squaws. Come into the Ladies' Room of any club and judge for yourself. At the entrance of a stranger the paper (she usually only looks at the pictures, and especially fashion plates) is at once lowered, all conversation dies down into a prolonged stare. I have seen Tommy Atkins courting Mary Jane on Sunday afternoon, and, disguised as a newspaper woman, I have stood within an ell of Crippen in the dock. But all of these were soft and shy and modest in comparison with the stare of this type of Anglo-Indian woman at a new-comer with a fresh face and a fresh frock. You may try for ten minutes to stare her out, you won't succeed. Sensitive people would as soon walk up to the guns of Dargai as to the Grand Stand of an Indian race meeting. The day has been spent by this type of person in fighting her *khansamah's*¹ account, in counting *jaruns*,² in worrying her *dirzi*.³ When a stranger appears the dull apathy of her countenance assumes a vague interest. She notes there is something new. With a prolonged stare from head to foot she gazes to see if it is your features, your carriage, or your clothes that have attracted her lacklustre eye. Then an expression of puzzled bewilderment succeeds as she fails in spotting exactly what it is which has placed you beyond her limited comprehension. So she hurries over to her familiar crony and whispers in her ear. A prolonged stare from the other is succeeded by inane giggles from both. For this little mirthless, meaningless laugh at anything unfamiliar is typical of this stratum of Anglo-India. The fact that the stranger may be observing them both is of no moment whatever. For an absolute disregard of the feelings of others, whether Indians

¹ Cook.² Dusters.³ Tailor.

or "white people," is also characteristic of middle-class Anglo-India.

A young girl whose voice was in great request at a leading amateur dramatic club was eventually forbidden by her father to sing there, because the "lady" amateurs behind the scenes used to say in her hearing, "Don't speak to her, she is a tradesman's daughter!" Now it once was my province to pilot the diminutive form of Princess Lobanow through the carnival crowds at the Café Vogade, Nice. She gaily exchanged badinage with all and sundry she met, the last thing that troubled her exquisitely poised head was whether they were tradesmen or not. But then the Lobanows de Rostow were absolute monarchs of a principality as large as Roumania until Russia was merged under the Tsars, and the Princess's family is a thousand years old. In these democratic days the Anglo-Indian woman has too often seen nothing but a provincial town and a cantonment. There are many good and kind and clever women of the world there as elsewhere, but they hold themselves aloof from a distasteful atmosphere, and Mrs. Hauksbee rules the roost.

Now it may be contended that these evil manners and communications are found in all middle-class society, e.g. in suburbs and provincial towns. But then such company is not forced upon people elsewhere. In Indian clubs and hotels it is impossible to get away from it. The most brilliant woman of her day in India, one whom viceroys delighted to honour, once remarked that if she had to live in an Indian hotel she would never enter the country, on this account. For in all the dark caves of human passion there are no jealousies more mean, no hatreds more bitter, no scandals more

disgusting, no perversions more outrageous than those of which the habitués accuse each other who are herded together for months at a time and with no particular occupation in the limited area of hill-station hotels. They are condensed Clapham and the Claphamites do not know that

The crimes of Clapham are chaste at Martaban.

Contrary to report, there do not appear to be more breaches of the seventh commandment in Anglo-India than elsewhere, but its sin is the seventh deadly sin of the Koran in making false accusations of such.

The brilliant personage before mentioned had a magnificent set of sables. These were called for many years in India "Joseph's Coat." They were alleged to have been given by a Mr. Joseph. Long after she had left India it was ascertained that all the time they had been paid for from her share of her mother's estate. Many women who could afford to buy jewels are afraid to do so because of the horrible speculations as to their origin.

The Indian winter climate is the loveliest in the world.

White nights of silence, noons of golden calm

make it fit for a poet's dream. There are also comfortable hotels in all the large stations. It might be thought therefore that it would be a pleasant resort, like Nice and Cairo, for the solitary hibernante. Not at all. The same system that prevails in regard to Indians in South Africa is applied to unattached women in Anglo-India. The majority of women there are not attracted by her mosques of marble, hoary monuments, or dream-like gardens, but by the picked and charming men who fill the government

appointments by the hundred. They wish for them as attachés for themselves or as husbands for their daughters. They are determined that official society shall be kept for such and that outsiders shall *not* poach. If the unattached woman keeps herself to study and research of course it is all right, but let her attempt to enter society without her menkind as officials and she is at once dubbed "an adventuress" or "immoral" to keep her out. One gets weary of these hackneyed old charges in this most powerful of trade unions. If only they would invent something new! One heard of the mother and daughter, of sterling integrity and brilliant accomplishments, who were called "adventuresses" simply and solely, as far as could be judged, because they were unprotected as babes in Anglo-India, and the girl good-looking; of her engagement to a general officer; of the breaking off of the engagement; of the lawyer's letter opining that the general would be severely punished from high quarters if his deeds were known; yet of the instant cutting, not of the old general, but of the young girl, on the same hackneyed old, horrid old charge of "not so good, etc." by the very same women who up to that day had been kowtowing to the future general mem-sahib; of the lying rumour which followed the poor girl to the other end of India years later, that she had taken £9000 hush-money from the general, who had not so many pence outside his pay. The girl has since become an artist of fame. But not all the graciousness of European queens can eradicate the seeds of bitterness sown long ago in India. If any gall has got upon my pen it is the gall of the bitterness of her disillusion as she sailed away.

To many women the main unpleasantness of

Anglo-Indian life is caused by the enforced proximity in hotels, clubs, and gymkhanas, of women who are *bourgeoises* by birth, education, and brains, and whose animosity is immediately excited by the mere presence of others who have the advantage of them in these respects, but especially if *better dressed!*

Indians have reason to bless the British Raj for material prosperity. The sahib log pay for houses, horses, and servants three times the prices of fifty years ago. At the same time the sahibs' pay in exchange value, for home remittances, has decreased one-third. Indian army officers whose family have served the Raj for generations say they cannot afford it for their sons. Thus a splendid type is in danger of extinction. This has already one unfortunate result. One is often beset in India by amateur tradeswomen who make and sell lace, blouses, millinery, paint pictures, etc. This occurred at least twenty times in ten years. If one evades buying, on account of private charities, they often become unpleasant. If people cannot afford to live in the Service, surely it would be more dignified to leave it and embark in trade openly than to attempt to raise money by such pitiful and detestable means. Three years ago there lived in Kashmir a colonel who was then on half-pay and in dire poverty. His wife, who had been a governess, made lace and asked people to buy. A maharajah happened to visit Kashmir. To him hied the colonel with a pitiful tale of need. The kindly Indian prince at once made him bear-leader to his sons at a salary of £1000 a year. This was the very same maharajah whose A.D.C. shortly before had been thrown out of a train by a military officer. From this it will be seen that even Anglo-Indian race prejudice is in abeyance

where money is needed ; also that Indians are very forgiving people.

One thing which wrecks the nervous system and spoils the tempers of Anglo-Indian women is the perpetual uncertainty of getting that first essential of a roof over their heads. The army is massed up north and no extra accommodation provided, for the Government does the very least it can for the officer and then wonders he does not rush to its service. I shall never forget being aroused from an afternoon siesta in Meerut by a letter from the adjutant of a regiment in whose lines we were then living. He wrote that the question of house accommodation had become acute, that he proposed to pay the rent of the bungalow from a certain date, and requested us to turn out to make room for four subalterns ! It was simply and solely because we had the power to turn out in return the Colonel of the same regiment, who occupied a finer bungalow in our own lines, that we were eventually left undisturbed. The scramble for houses in India seems to dull the finer feelings. Most men would hesitate to ask a woman to turn out of her house to make room for four boys.

It has been remarked that the country of Hindustan is a land of extremes in both worlds, physical and spiritual ; that it has loftier mountains, deeper valleys, mightier sages, viler vices than any other ; that the psychic atmosphere of India, the home of magic, white and black, acts as a forcing-house on the characters of those who live there, both European and Indian, as a hothouse forces growths beautiful and baneful. These forces are there waiting in silent activity and terrible power to work for whatever ends the individual chooses to employ them. India will do for you whatsoever you wish. You can use her help

to rise to the heights of heaven and eventually become a god. You can descend, accelerated by her impulses, to the depths of hell *en route* to ultimate annihilation. It is easy to discern the people of the two paths respectively, those who are evolving higher, and those who are already dead. The western magician, Eliphas Levi, writes of them, "Dead persons of this kind can be easily recognised; they are not bad; they are not good; they are dead. These beings, who are the poisonous mushrooms of the human species, absorb as much as they can of the vitality of the living, that is why their approach paralyses the soul and sends a chill to the heart. Are there not some beings in whose presence one feels less intelligent, less good, often even less honest? Does not their approach quench all faith and enthusiasm, and do they not bind you to them by your weaknesses and enslave you by your evil inclinations, and make you gradually lose all moral sense in a constant torture? These are the dead whom we take for living persons; these are the vampires whom we mistake for friends!" These lines apply as though they had been written for the type of person above described.

The Englishman in India gives his best to the country which has made him a leader of men. Body and soul are spent in the hot sun and the stifling court till the face beneath the solar topee¹ becomes withered, the figure shrunken, the proud gait bowed. During these years the Englishwoman has the chance of acquiring the priceless knowledge India silently offers her. But instead of abasing herself before the hoary wisdom held out so lavishly in the gaunt, withered hands of the Holy Mother, she is full of a

¹ Sun hat.

smug self-satisfaction as of the "ruling race," primed with the importance of her poor little "position," too full of the suburbs to wish for mystic India.

The very same forces which crystallised the scintillating jewel, Lawrence Hope, grind out the dead pebble of the Ladies' Annexe and the Grand Stand.

Now that the sands of one-fifth of the present administration have run out, it may not be too early to prognosticate its course and effects.

The late W. T. Stead foretold in the *Review of Reviews* that Lord and Lady Hardinge would both be "too supple" for success in India.

Lord Hardinge is a man of majestic presence. He adorns his part, in physique, more than either of his predecessors. He looks every inch a king, and even mounts his elephant in dignity. So far his administration has been distinguished by a discreet reticence. Mum's the word for an ambassador, but hardly for a viceroy. Lord Hardinge will assuredly make no mistakes, except possibly the great mistake of making no individual mark at all. The great Delhi transformation scene is believed in political circles to have been arranged at home. Lord Curzon won the respect of Indians by his courage. Even after the catastrophe of Bengal he was accounted a foeman worthy of his steel. Lord Minto won their affections as an honest, genial gentleman. But one does not admire a man whose *idée fixe* is to save his own political skin.

Lady Hardinge looks a gentlewoman and even *grande dame*. But she has neither the consummate grace of Lady Curzon nor the regal splendour of Lady Minto. She has nothing of the presence associated with the traditions of her great position, so eminently fulfilled by her two immediate predecessors.

I happened to stand close beside the mahout when Lady Hardinge mounted the viceregal elephant in the Lahore state procession, so had a good view. Eventually Lord Hardinge succeeded in pulling her up into the howdah beside him. Then she composed herself and began bowing to the gaping crowd below. It was a sight to remember, as unforgettable in its own way as the exquisite undulations of Lady Curzon across the scarlet dais of the 1902 Durbar and her curtsey to the Duchess of Connaught.

Lady Hardinge is known to be a devout Christian. In London, on her return from St. Petersburg, she acted as organising secretary for the Church Army. According to *The Pioneer*, the leading Anglo-Indian journal, the first public body she entertained at Government House on her own account during her first season in Calcutta was the Young Women's Christian Association, whom she invited as her guests to tea. Her first public act on coming to Simla was to open a sale for the Salvation Army and to make a warm speech.

That same season she sent a donation to the Y.W.C.A. home at Mussoorie accompanied by a warm letter. Thus Christian efforts received three times the open and marked encouragement of Lady Hardinge during the first nine months of her husband's reign. I carefully watched *The Pioneer* to see if the work done by Hindus, Mahommedans, Sikhs, Jains, and Parsees received equal encouragement from her. She visited the hospitals, which, needless to say, are kept up largely by "heathen" money. Up to the date of my leaving India, September 9th, 1911, *The Pioneer* was silent as to the encouragement by the wife of the Governor-General of religious work done by bodies other than Christian, that is of the

great religions forming the bulk of the population of India, of which Christians form an infinitesimal fraction. Hinduism is the main religion of India. Lord and Lady Hardinge visited the Hindu College of Benares, on which the hopes of the Hindu nation rest, on February 17th of this year. But this tardy recognition of the national religion of India did not take place until, as we have seen, Christian efforts had received many times the marked encouragement of Lady Hardinge.

Lord Curzon said that God alone knew what it had cost him to carry out his pledge to keep even the scales of justice between the members of all religions.

Socially the present administration is disliked by Anglo-Indians for its reserve and absence of verve. It is prophesied that it will be as unpopular to the people of India and a political failure for the same reasons.

Kipling has remarked that it is easier to see a viceroy than to speak to him. Not so, however, if you happen to be a friend of those at Court.

On the voyage out to India the Viceroy-designate granted interviews to at least three people whose position apparently gave them no sort or kind of claim to them except perhaps that they were friends of his private secretary. These included a clergyman travelling to an Egyptian chaplaincy, a lady travelling to Karachi, and a young lady apparently not long from the schoolroom.

The conversation with the last named was not of an enlivening character and the Viceroy-designate did not appear to be particularly entertained. He made conversation as follows. "Did you get on at London or Marseilles?" "Where are you going when you get to Bombay?" Until, with patience

exhausted, he abruptly dismissed her. My deck chair happened to have been placed close by, within a yard of the *mise en scène* of this amusing little duologue, which I have recorded for the benefit of those who are interested to see the ins and outs of official life.

The divinity that doth hedge a king is mild to the red tape that enwraps a Governor-General. One remembers with regret the happy days when Sir James Dunlop Smith was private secretary to Lord Minto. What a pleasure it was to work with a man of such charming manners, such a genial nature, such a kind heart, such perfect tact. How immensely he was beloved throughout the great Indian Empire both by English and Indians alike. To Indians, like the late Ross Scott, he represents their ideal of an English gentleman. It is certain that the urbanity of Sir James Dunlop Smith did as much to heal the breach between the races as the political tact of his master.

It was said that the Tirah War was caused by the loss of one man's services to India. What Colonel Warburton was to the frontier so was Sir James Dunlop Smith to the Governor-Generalship. He oiled the troubled waters. But there is, alas! only one Sir James Dunlop Smith. *Hinc illæ lachrymæ.*

It must never be forgotten that we hold India as surely by moral confidence in our rule as by guns. Any laxity in conduct therefore on the part of the rulers and their connections is just as dangerous as seditious speech on the part of the ruled. Is it well, for instance, that the wife of a judge should be notorious as a drunkard even amongst Indians? themselves the most abstemious of people.

India has always been looked upon as the Land of

Promise for a girl, from a vicereine's relative who, with luck, secures a titled aide-de-camp, to the subaltern's sister who seeks in this hospitable land salvation from governessing, each and all has the same object in view. Though the matrimonial market is not what it was in the days when girls sailed for the coral strand armed with trousseaux and bride-cakes, still much may be done even now. There is a quintette of sisters in India who all owe a comfortable provision for life to this hospitable land. Let us hope they are proportionately grateful. They lived in a suburb. The girls eked out slender resources by painting, decorating, etc. The eldest had married a man of humble parentage who has since made his mark in the military world. She invited her next sister to stay with her in India. She became the bride of a young officer. When comfortably settled she in her turn invited out the next on the list. The invitation was gladly accepted. Why drudge at home when such delightful possibilities were commanded by the trifling expense of a second-class passage to Bombay? Within a year these possibilities were realised. An officer in the brother-in-law's regiment had offered to provide for her for life. True to the family traditions, she arranged for the next remaining sister to stay with her. No sooner was it signalled home "Line clear again!" than the hopeful sister at once made her preparations to start for the front. The very next season she sailed for Bombay. Once again energy and enterprise were abundantly rewarded. That prolific sea, the brother-in-law's regiment, had yielded a pearl of price which repaid a thousandfold the expenses of coming out. Another officer had offered "to take in and do for for life" the penultimate sister. Within a year the

last of the Mohicans was married. Were there a tribe left the same system would presumably be as scientifically applied. No one can blame this enterprising family for grasping the possibilities of India for impoverished women. Rather must one admire their energy and promptness in grasping their plan of action and the mathematical exactitude with which they carried it out. I have recorded their doings with the same accuracy. They may amuse the public who were so pleased with the account of the *dhobi's* matrimonial agency. This plain tale from the hills, like the rest of this book, is absolutely true to life. You will see that India is like the Bible. You can find therein whatsoever you look for—from a husband to a philosophy.

The acumen of this family was only equalled by that of an officer who, having enjoyed his youth and Simla society very much, in the sere and yellow leaf of ill-health and advancing age espoused at once both a nurse and a fortune in the person of a German *hausfrau*, whose substantial if homely charms and sterling domestic virtues were backed by a still more solid banking account.

It seems only fair that India, as well as Anglo-India, should contribute to the humour of this chapter, so here's to the health of one who, as the son of an ayah and grandson of a yet humbler member of the community, owes an excellent position to the family's embrace of Christianity, even to an education at Balliol and the society of the *haute noblesse* of England. The family is extremely clever. One of them admittedly made £900 in a few months as a Bond Street *yogi*, before the compulsory closing of such establishments. (This throws a sidelight on Bond Street *yogis*.) The ex-ayah

once expressed to me her confidence in her son's safety and conduct during his vacations, as they were divided between the homes of the late Lord Tennyson and Robert Browning. But, alas! the dreadful day of coming out came. Our old friend, Eglantine Warpe, was in a shop with the General buying Christmas toys. Entered the ayah's young hopeful, fresh from Oxford. "O-oh, Mrs. Warpe!" he cried. "Chreestmas is not the same thing out here as it is at h-o-ome, with hollee and mistleto-o-e, is it? No-o-oh, oh n-o-oh!"

THE CITY OF SELF

TO AN UNSELFISH MAN

Hearts may be lost,
Fates may be crossed
Under the deodar.

NORTHWARD once more. The ribbon of iron winds through the aloe avenues. Their upright blades guard the rails as the spears of Russian soldiers sentinel the journeys of the Tsar. Their candelabra branch torch-like along the line. It is spring. In this strange land spring and autumn are one! The old leaves drop off and the new appear simultaneously. Spring is not shy and reticent in India. The perfumes of her bouqueted trees are overpowering. She sets the jungle on fire with the rampant flames of the *Bombax malabaricum*, whose Indian name is *semal*. It is a large tree in which the leaves are a *quantité négligeable*. The boughs are covered with immense, scarlet, thick, waxy bells. These inflame the jungle for miles together. Other less obstreperous varieties of the same tree have pale pink and yellow flowers. When your eyes are scorched by the fiery flames you can close them in the lethe of the white poppy fields beneath, lulled by the perfumes of the yellow-green mango flowers. They belch volumes of cruel sweetness on the warm blast.

Spring is the marriage month for all creation in India, from brahmans to bluebottles. So the birds

are all in pairs, from the doves to those exemplary models of conjugal fidelity, the giant red snooded cranes. The antelopes are also hunting in couples. The exceptions to the general rule of the jungle are the peacock, who, lordly as a maharajah, trails his copper-green tail among his harem, and that misogynist, the long-legged bittern, who broods over a solitary pool.

The latest production of Victoria Cross was on sale at the station. This writer is highly esteemed in the West. *Anna Lombard* is in her five hundredth thousand. But she is not admitted to Indian club libraries. The Roman Catholic *padre* of Delhi protested against *Six Women* being admitted to the club library. Victoria Cross and her sister, Lawrence Hope, can reproduce the physical atmosphere of India better than other writers. Also they can depict the attraction between man and woman the most vividly of our day. But Victoria Cross shows bad art in this—she is untrue to life in depicting the existence of sexual attraction between Englishwomen and Indians in *India*. Such a thing is unknown. Race prejudice is so rampant that even an attraction between an Englishwoman and an Indian gentleman is unheard of in the country. *Anna Lombard* and *Life of my Heart* are therefore absolutely false to Indian life in depicting attractions between ladies of the official class and Indian menials.

Some practical hints as to Indian hotels may be useful. The Taj Mahal Hotel in Bombay is first-class. But it is R.10¹ per diem. The climate there, however, is so dreadful—the worst I know—that I strongly advise the extra comforts and airiness of the Taj Hotel. Indian train journeys are the worst

¹ A rupee is 1s. 4d.

horror of Indian travel. Twenty-four hours of unspeakable dust and discomfort is a short journey! It is important therefore to have a fair haven at the other end. Nothing is more depressing than to arrive, after an awful journey, at an hotel where you have to wash the wash-basin before you can use it and have the *almirabs*¹ scrubbed out before you can unpack. Yet this is *de règle* except in the best hotels. These are, in my order of merit, up country,

Peliti's Grand Hotel, Simla.

Maiden's Hotel, Delhi.

Faletti's Hotel Cecil, Simla and Lahore.

Mrs. Hotz's Hotel Cecil, Agra and Delhi.

All these can be relied upon to give really good accommodation and food. They are fitted with electric light and the managements are most obliging. But you pay R. 8 per diem, or more than at a good hotel in the centre of London, although these hotels are on the jungle marge and food produced in India is a quarter the price of English food. It is obvious therefore that there is an immense scope for hotel competition in India. Nedou's Hotel in Lahore has good rooms and in Srinagar he gives really good food owing to the excellent raw material produced in Kashmir. He is most obliging and does his best to please his guests. Wutzler has fairly good hotels at Mussoorie and Lucknow.

The approach to Simla, as all else about it, is unique. At Kalka, the last halt on the plains, we get into a toy train which winds and winds up and up and in and out of desolate *kbuds* for seven hours. Always mounting, these lower spurs of the Hima-

¹ Wardrobes.

layas are barren and forbidding. Twice we pass frowning forts each with a set of three gloomy martello towers connected by high walls. They are black with age and the stones crumbling on the top. They have no doors. They belong to an age when the inhabitants of the towers drew up a ladder after them for safety.

This dreary and desolate journey up the Simla *khuds* is brightened by two things, the flames of the semal tree like fairy fire and the glorious vibrating atmosphere.

When we get to Jutogh, the military suburb of Simla, we enter a forest of rhododendron trees, flowering in crimson of a deeper hue. Simla is the only hill station where the rhododendron grows in forest trees.

Jutogh is a Royal Artillery station and several of the officers get into the train with us, including the colonel commanding the batteries. He is an old acquaintance, so, seating himself in the doll's compartment on the opposite seat, he dilates on views and opinions. Amongst others "Kipling ought to be shot," as having done more harm to Anglo-India than any other writer. After this weary journey up and round interminable Himalaya spurs, suddenly our goal is spied glimmering in the distance, a phantom city set down apparently without rhyme or reason on a range of hills of random choice. Yet at once we see the mountain desert has bloomed into the rose of fashion. Even the station has an air of dignity and hardly has the rickshaw left it than we see that "hothouse flowers are only As. 8 per pot." Scarlet and gold *chuprassis* are everywhere. The whole place is vibrating with importance and self-consciousness. It is, in fact, Anglo-India par excellence. Not wish-

ing to be shot, I have decided to write in diary form events just as they occur, names only omitted. Then Cæsar's Judgment Seat, my readers, can form its own opinion on them.

April 7th. There are three good hotels in Simla, and this, the Grand, is the oldest established. I am in the Lytton block, the hotel's proprietor having once been Lord Lytton's cook. It is in a bower of deodars and overhangs a triangular valley of measureless depths. At the bottom a dry watercourse winds. Jakko forms one side of this valley, the heights of Jutogh the opposite, and our *kbud* the third. The deodars stand in battalions everywhere.

This is the prospect from the balcony. It stands of course upon a ledge. A wild cherry with fairy blossoms is within a yard of the window. It palpitates against the dark breast of a deodar whose gaunt arms and tasselled branches cut the living azure like the carved dome of a pagoda. The beauty of these and of the background of misty amethyst hills thrills one like a pæan of Kubelik. It is a cry, like certain dance music, after some consummation of pleasure unknown. There are souls who travel the world over in search of happiness, who love the beauty and mystery of strange lands, who perceive every shade in nature's paint-box, who hear every note in her orchestra. Yet to these souls, who wait on her with entire devotion, she sometimes, smiling, deals her sharpest blows. Her beauty is but a slap in the face, her music shrieks discords. For their freedom to rove has been purchased with their hearts' blood. The earthly paradise brings the keenest pang of a world so fair and a fate so vile.

On the lower ledge winds the road which leads to classic Annandale. Below that the ledge leads to that

goal of highest hopes, the Lat Sahib's¹ halls, far away, crowning Boileaugunge. Below that the ledge supports the Government Offices flying the Union Jack. Each ledge is interlined with the deodar sentinels. Among them, to the left of the Government offices, is the Catholic Chapel, to the right is the Vishnu Temple of an older faith.

As I hang over my balcony, after the fashion of that spicy Parisian play, *Théodor*, and survey the cinematograph below, the rickshaws and the riders on the ledges, various aromas of their conversation are wafted up. All are in high good humour at the boundless possibilities before them in the untried season. "Well, how's the world going with you?" asks the lady of the gallant warrior greeting her. "Oh! round and round!" (Guffaws of laughter.) Involuntarily one's eyes are drawn to the Cross of the Christ. Beneath its fane a woman used to worship in the old days, who, though the wife of an official, filled her life with something more than chit-chat and forced merriment.

There lived at one time in Simla three women whose gifts would have made them remarkable in any society. One of them was, indeed, world-famed, and a second throughout the continent of India. We may say that Mary Curzon's exquisite grace will never be surpassed and probably never equalled on the viceregal dais. Crowds hung expectant to see her pass down the Throne Room, waited with bated breath to watch her dance a State Quadrille. She exemplified in her person physical beauty perfected, and her intimates found her mind as fair. Fate appeared to pour upon this daughter of a despised race every possible compensation for the brand of Cain. Fortune

¹ Viceroy.

seemed to single out Mary Leiter in order that she might vindicate the rights of a race cast out and chosen for all indignities, that one of them should inherit the person of an Aphrodite, the mind of a Clytie, the wealth of a Cræsus, the position of an empress. Many have deemed it not the least of Fortune's favours that she died before her body's beauty faded, before her mind was galled by the cynical environment of her life.

The second of these three graces was more noted for her surpassing fascination of temperament, for the brilliance of her intellectual charm, than for those of the body, though these also were of no mean order. Perhaps, taken as a whole, hers was the most interesting personality Anglo-India has ever known. She was said to exercise a power unequalled over the men of her world, from the generals who bestowed billets to their A.D.C.'s who dedicated their lives. She had an exquisite voice, but it was seldom heard unless the Governor-General himself solicited this favour. But her most extraordinary gifts had relation to the world unseen. She was a medium of remarkable power. One of her departed friends was an Indian chief. She had bought from one dying a magnetic stone formerly in possession of this last of the Mohicans. He often therefore made himself noisily evident in her proximity, throwing the furniture violently about the room. There were others as well, and it required a strong nerve to sit with her when her familiars were *en veine*, with their rappings, knockings, and spirit lights disporting themselves about the room.

The problem of the past lives of such a personality is of supreme interest. She had strongly marked Egyptian features with heavy brows, square contours, and scarab-green eyes with black pupils. One

wondered whether as a priestess of Isis she learnt her sorceries? Whether as Cleopatra she perfected her insight into the minds of men? But her courage was such as the Romans loved. Needless to say such a woman was hated like the plague by the dull mediocrities around her. She maintained to the last day a proud and splendid isolation among meaner souls. She defied to the end *en bloc* that most powerful and homogeneous-minded body, Anglo-India. Let us wish her good luck in all subsequent incarnations!

The third of my trio of fair women presents perhaps the most pathetic personality. For her was reserved a fate more tragic even than the meteoric career and early death of Mary Curzon, nor had she the courage of Cleopatra in coping with Fate. She was a woman like an Undine, a Lorelei, then in the white radiance of her brilliant youth, over whose head since seas of sorrow have rolled. A member of a family who had served John Company, an aristocrat of Anglo-India, inherited ambition had led her at eighteen to "contract an alliance" with a bureaucrat of humble origin, ancient date, and sin-like ugliness. She met her fate, as so many men and women have done, at a Durbar. She would speak of it sometimes sitting among the cushions of her oriel window in a villa remote from Simla, among ways untrodden of men and sentinelled by tall Himalayan grasses. The room was a bower of hill flowers. She was the loveliest woman in India after the Vicereine, and one of the two or three that a great Viceroy delighted to honour.

Poor Undine, poor broken lily! Could we have foreseen the future marching towards the oriel in those far-back Simla days! But it is the unforeseeing that enables one to live.

April 13th. The first visitor calls. She is the wife of a colonel on the staff. She comes as a friend, so the greater part of our interview is taken up by warnings *re* the terrible tongue of an unmarried girl, a general's daughter in the place. Nevertheless, as a matter of policy, she advises a call at the plague-infested house. Thus the keynote of Simla is struck, "Live and kill!"

April 14th. Good Friday. Wishing to get the taste of yesterday out of our mouths, we decide to get out of the hotel to see the rhododendrons at their best. Summer Hill is their home *par excellence*. We walk through a forest of them and sit down facing the snowy range. *Vis-à-vis* is a high, gaunt forest tree heaving crimson burdens towards the blue bowl.

This is the day of the death of a great Member of the Himalayan Lodge. Occultism teaches of the truth of the Jewish tradition that He died by stoning, and one hundred years before the so-called Christian era. What matter the details? There are the sparkling snows He left to save the West. Behind their walls lie the mysteries He came to teach. Hundreds of miles of snowy peaks conceal that mystic Thibetan country. For the last two hundred thousand years, since the White Lodge migrated from Egypt, all knowledge, all wisdom of our planet has centred in Eastern Thibet, the occult storehouse of this globe.

And the crimson blossoms bleed of the wounds of the passion of that Adept of the Lodge. Where the sunlight filters through the rhododendron petals they turn into pink wax, grouped as in the sconces of altar candelabra. Incense swings heavily on the air from the trees and flowering trees and grasses upon the *khud*.

The snows seem remote from Simla. It is a far

cry from the Mall and the Gaiety Theatre to their stillness. Many brown, barren hill-sides and gaunt valleys lie between, and beyond is the zone of the cobalt-shadowed mountains before the snows are reached. Yet they are near enough to discern the hundred jagged peaks covered sometimes as with soft white wool. Over these chase the shadows of a man's hand traced by their cloudy counterparts above.

In the quiet of the evening the restless clouds become stilled and condense on to the chill summits in packed masses, so that it is sometimes difficult to distinguish between snow and fleece, between rock and vapour. Then a lemon light comes and gilds the sombre deodar trunks with old gold, and the brown hill-sides become tawny, and the cobalt ranges above them huddle into a purple velvet pall. But the snows above shine brighter than ever, where the last dying rays tip them brighter than the lemon sky which outlines the miles and miles of terrible peaks so clearly—terrible to us who *know*; not only with a physical terror, but because of the mighty secrets hidden in their breasts and because of the terrible struggles of the aspirant before those secrets can be fathomed. How many *ashrams* of the Great Ones are hidden in the Himavat one sees from Simla Mall?

The lemon light has died. The deodars and the hill-sides are once more gaunt and gloomy and the snows glimmer wan and white and weary, shrouded in purple mists as a life whose illusions are done. The wind shivers in the deodars. A night-bird screeches down the *kbud* where the wind's passage has cleaved the deodars into all sorts of fantastic shapes. We draw our furs round our shoulders and hurry inside.

April 12th. Call at Snowdon, the residence of the Lat Sahib of War. To reach it we pass through the Lakkar Bazaar. It consists of squalid little shops, but they are exquisitely perfumed by the sandal-wood, carved into quaint shapes and inlaid with ivory, the bazaar's speciality. Then we enter the stillness and quietness which calms the spirit on even the lower levels of the Himalayan range.

Under Lord Kitchener's régime Snowdon reached the high-water mark of bachelor luxury. His guests dined off gold plate. His china collection is celebrated. Snowdon is guarded by Ghurkas, grimy and grim and grinning, little men with squat figures and Chinese faces to whom slicing human meat is the funniest pastime.

The Himalayan-Thibet road starts round Jakko Hill. There are seats here and there for special vistas. On one of these one afternoon I was wishing for a pencil. Just then a man and a woman came riding round the hill, as they have done for the last hundred years and will do for hundreds more until the British flag is hauled down the *kbud*. The man was an old friend. He supplied the missing link between brain and paper. The vista was this. A cliff of orange rock and earth rising above. Above, a forest spreading to the sky. In this at least a dozen giant rhododendrons like mammoth Christmas-trees covered with bunches of crimson candles. Later they will look tawdry and bedraggled like a woman with a past. The clamorous red is redeemed from vulgarity by the lighter relief of the trees. At this time they are deciduous and the fawny leaves are feathery in their frailty. The *kbud* itself is emerald, spiked here and there by a ruby bignonia. It is the red season for flowers. Perfume belches from the

crimson wound in the bark of a sandal-wood tree, and

The savage scent of sun-warmed fur

ascends in whiffs as the burnt-sienna monkeys try to break the spirit of the younger deodars and snap their crowning cones off.

Opposite is Elysium Hill, near yet remote. On the windy side Pluffles used to shiver while Mrs. Reiver was making up her mind to go for a ride. On the sunny side the rhododendrons are radiant, the cricket clan uproarious. Ah! the soothing, lulling balm of nature after the straining nerves of the Grand Hotel! The shoulder of the hill is a barricade between us and Simla—Simla, with its sordid scheming, its artifices, its made, forced conversation, its sensualism, its pettiness of passion, its social middle-classness, and its political immensities. The Himalayan ranges call shame upon the mountains manufactured out of molecules on the Mall, the momentous issues depending upon the turn of an expression, the returning of a call. The snows waft a chill, disdainful breeze towards the bitter hatreds and the unholy passions rampant upon this one hill-top singled out for the invidious preference of sordid man.

Crowded together on this Himalayan hill-top are the foremost men and the most talented women of a great Empire. The atmosphere is charged with their electricities. What permutations and combinations will take place among them? What will the shuffling of the cards disclose?

The air is frothy like champagne, yet heavy with fate. The deodars are quivering, the rhododendrons blazing. The snows, ah! there is no gerundial for them! Later in the season they are shrouded in mists. They hide their faces ashamed of our follies

and failures. Now they are sparkling, glancing, rejoicing with us that the world is new and young again. A fresh page! A clean sheet! The Simla season brings about events which mould Indian history. Boundless possibilities are with us as it waxes. What crystals will Fate form in the whirl-pool ere it wanes?

All in one Simla season?

For the Simla season are required nerves of steel, Spartan self-control, the self-restraint of St. Antony, the patience of Piccadilly, the talents of a Crichton, the tact of Edward VII, the diplomacy of an empress, the courage of despair. Nowhere else in the world do just the same conditions prevail. Hundreds of men and women are huddled together on one hill-top. They have all climbed it to get something. All know each other. All compete against each other. An unguarded word, a rash act in a forgetful moment on the part of any one competitor immediately becomes the property of the entire community and will be used as a handicap for the unlucky one. Nay, the skeletons of each one, however covered with the dust of years, are bound to be dragged out into the merciless glare of Simla daylight.

No warriors leading the Light Brigade, no *ghazis*¹ drunk with religious ecstasy and seeking heaven's bliss, plunge into the fray with sterner spirits, with finer frenzies, with more desperate devotion, than the men, maids, and matrons who have climbed this hill to pull out plums from the bran-pie of the Fates presiding over the Simla season. It is indeed a unique atmosphere. As you meet them in the bazaar, as you enter the hotel, one question looks from the eyes of

¹ Moslem devotees.

each and all into yours, "Are you friend or are you foe? Will you help or will you hinder to get what I want?" Should their nearest and dearest arise from the dead they would cut them on the Mall if "un-smart" and therefore handicappers in the mad rush for the spoil, in the race which goes to the strong, the relentless, the unmerciful.

Simla is one vast whispering-gallery. People mention their private affairs with locked doors, scarcely dare formulate their wishes with locked thoughts. The Russian terror is mild in comparison. The luckiest person in Simla is he, and still more she, about whom men and women have least to say and such will win the prize. The game is played for the stakes of life and empire. The prizes range from provinces to pawns. Three hundred millions of people are ruled by this little handful on the hill-top. Take, for instance, that slight, well-groomed man looking the age of a captain. He shares with one other, equally elegant and with the air of an ambassador, the responsibility for the defences of the entire British Empire.

June 13th. The State Ball. A long corridor leads alongside the splendid suite of apartments to the ballroom. This is thronged with the flower of the army of occupation and their belongings. The band plays the National Anthem. A long procession of Aides-de-Camp walking in pairs forces a passage through the expectant crowd. With a ripple of curtseys comes the Viceregal pair: he, bowed and weighted with responsibilities; she, nervous, muttering shyly "Good evenings" to the crowd, devoid of either Mary Curzon's exquisite grace or Mary Minto's majestic presence. The procession passes on into the ballroom. The Lat Sahib and his lady

complete the august company of sixteen men and women in whose hands lies the responsibility of three hundred million destinies. There is the Lieutenant-Governor of a province, *bon viveur* and *bon vivant*, no one gets through so much work and play done at express speed as he. The wife of the officiating Lieutenant-Governor of the Punjab dances with His Excellency. Her husband by right of seniority enjoys a three months' reign over the kingdom of the Punjab during the absence of its rightful lord. He dances with the Vicereine. Here the *grande dame* by birth shows to advantage over these made *baramems* of position only. There is breeding in every movement. In this set dances a councillor who only a few years back was a deputy commissioner. He will soon get his province. And then they call India the land of regrets! His languid wife leads the next set with His Excellency. The boy councillor has been pitchforked from England by political jobbery, to the great indignation of Anglo-India. Simla cannot stand outside wire-pulling of any sort, so it is made hot for his unfortunate partner in life because it is always safer to attack a woman. With a fair *grande dame*, late a maid of honour to Queen Alexandra, dances a fat black councillor whose own womenkind are safely under lock and key. These august sahibs wear black swallow-tail coats heavily embroidered in gold, and white silk knee-breeches. The costume of these potent, grave, and reverent signors is exactly the same as in the days of Warren Hastings and Sir Elijah Impey. The conversation likewise does not differ a jot from when Lady Impey swore she would not call first upon Mrs. Hastings after her divorce and remarriage. Eventually a compromise was effected by the Lady Governess supping first with

Lady Impey. The sole and only difference in the corresponding coterie of to-day is that its members have dinner every evening and only sup on state occasions. The old-time dominant circle is actually present in the flesh in the persons of some of their direct descendants bearing the same names. One can only regret that the untimely death of John Oliver Hobbes has robbed us of her intended study of that most fascinating epoch, crowded with meteoric personalities of whom Johnson wrote to Boswell and whom Romney and Gainsborough painted.

The play will presumably continue for centuries, until such time, sooner or later, as we are optimists or pessimists, the British Empire "busts up."

THE CITY OF THE SUN

TO THE BRAHMANI OF THE THOUSAND BUDS

Om mani padme hum !¹

HALF an hour before leaving Simla for the Amarnath Pilgrimage I discovered that my bearer, who had a three years' character as "scrupulously honest," and who therefore for the last three months had had access to many valuables, had stolen my travelling dust-cloak hanging in the wardrobe ready for departure. There was only just time to inform the police before starting. I had intended replacing it at Rawal Pindi. At 5.30 p.m. I left the hotel. The heat was terrific and the shops all shut for Coronation Day. Having only walked a few yards, I reached the Club, which is opposite the hotel, in a half-fainting condition.

Pindi is the Aldershot of India, but there were only about eight men and no women in the Club. The hot weather has a peculiar charm ; its quietude, the few women in the station, and those too languid to "talk" ; the cool delicious mornings, the swimming-bath in a dusky bathroom. In Meerut, for instance, every bungalow has its own swimming-bath. The Cantonment is noted for its lovely gardens surrounding houses which date from pre-Mutiny days,

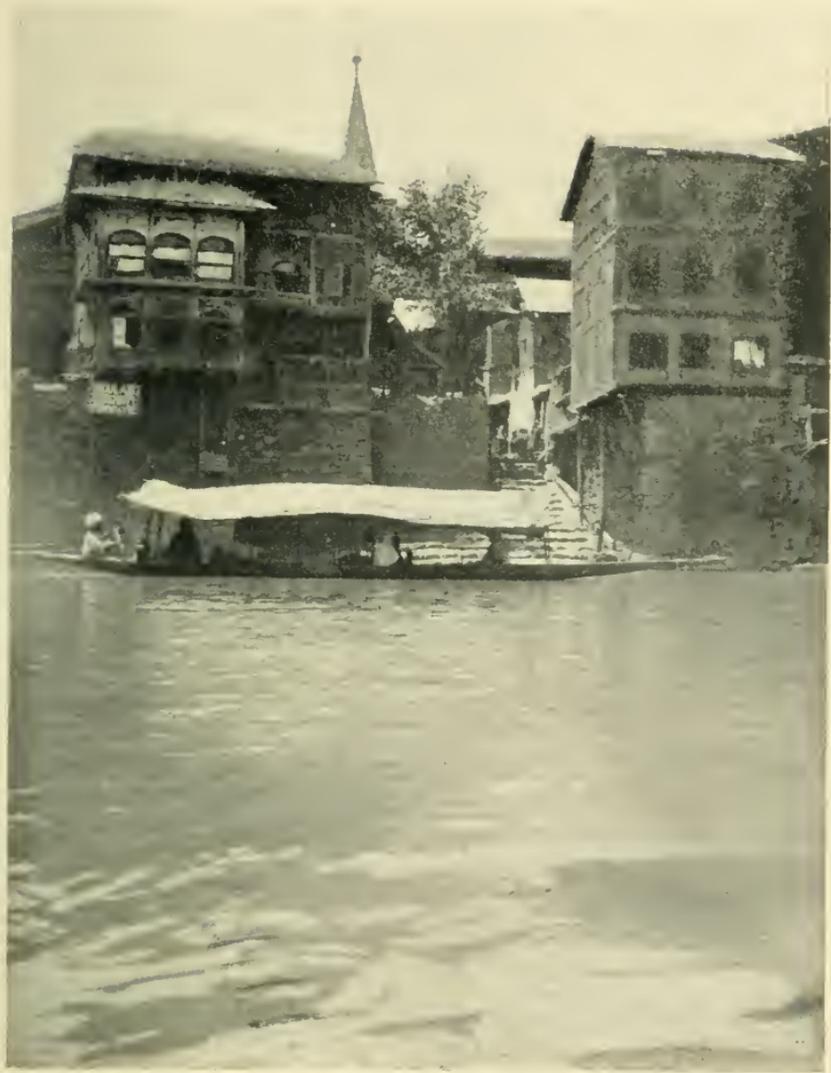
¹ "Hail! Thou jewel in the lotus!" This is the invocation of the Thibetan race. The lotus is the symbol for the human heart, so that it refers to the Divine Spirit incarnate in man.

and for the extensive and ancient churchyard containing some of the most curious Christian tombstones in India.

*Chota hazri*¹ in hot-weather days usually means mango fool and the mangoes themselves with their cool green coats and gorgeous yellow pulps. Then follows the long, dim day on the divan, among the rich, dark colourings of ancient embroideries, under the swish of the punkah. Endless work can be accomplished before the evening ride or drive to the Club when life-long friendships are formed. Then follows dinner in the cooling garden and the night on the roof. Oh! those effulgent June nights on a roof in Delhi after the peacocks' chorus at Metcalfe House opposite had died down! When one was wrapped and lulled and drugged by the traitress moon's rays.

After the necessary two nights' rest at Pindi I proceeded to Murree. The tonga arrived first at Sunny Bank, that *locus misericordiæ* for British troops so often denounced in *Truth*. Here we deposited the sergeant and trooper of the 17th Lancers who had occupied the back seats. Immediately after we met General Y., commanding the Rawal Pindi district, riding with his wife. We had last met in a London hotel a few months previously. Then the tonga stopped at Chambers' Hotel, always hitherto considered a safe and reliable resting-place on the trying Kashmiri journey. The proprietor told me he could only allot a room for one night as it was let for two months from the following day. "I have given up travellers for permanent guests," he said. This is typical of what is happening all over India. You are lucky if you can get at any price into a good hotel.

¹ The first breakfast.



THE CITY OF THE SUN

The pleasure of travel to most consists in unpremeditated moves. I advise no one to travel in India unless prepared for endless trouble and expense in getting into the hotels, and in Bombay it is necessary to write out first from England to make sure of getting a room when the mail arrives.

This is the fifth time of traversing the famous gorge of the Jhelum, leading from Hindustan to the "Emerald set with pearls." It is a narrow gorge, about 130 miles long. Frowning heights beetle above on either side. They are covered with snow the greater part of the year. The Jhelum rushes at the bottom. Always before we had wound through the gorge at the orthodox seasons, the spring for the arrival, the autumn for the return. At either of these times the gorge is calm and smiling and full of peaceful travellers. Now a stormy passenger is filling it with tumult. For the early monsoon is rushing through the narrow way with dust-storms, lightning, thunder, and waterspouts of rain. It is that period of the year in Asia which appeals most to the man or woman who has known life's passions, its cataclysms, its tempests, its whirlwinds sweeping away conventions. To such an one the trivialities of talky-talky tea-parties with their "ripping" and "rot" and "I don't think," become unendurable and the persons who assist at them are phantoms of another existence. But the monsoon understands. It tears down the big trees in its path as the soul tosses aside obstacles in its rush for joy. The roar of the rain is the clamouring cry of the heart for love. The lightning streaming in torrents from the dun clouds is the electric spark of passion struck by the meeting of souls in the dreary void.

Like all earnest people, the monsoon is an uncom-

fortable companion. Clouds of dust all but hide the narrow road cut in the cliff round which the tonga whirls. Sometimes we rush through rocky tunnels and then the Jehu strains his eyes beneath the dripping turban not to crash against the boulders of the entrance.

The rain had brought down heavy falls from the *khuds* upon our path. Before Gharri we had to dismount and sit on the road two hours while the great obstructing rocks were hurled down into the torrents below. Gangs of coolies are kept all along the route for this purpose. The Jhelum Gorge is one of the greatest triumphs of man over nature. Thunder and lightning accompanied us all the way lighting up the gloomy mountains on either side. Lightning is reminiscent of that other light, the astral light, which, as suddenly and without reason, flashes across the darkness of the brain's limitations and also discloses for a moment a fairy spectacle, and, vanishing, leaves one in the gross darkness of material things again.

At last the lights of Gharri appeared. It was 9.30 p.m. and many hours late, before we reached the dak bungalow.¹ The rain was descending in oceans of water so that with the greatest difficulty we and our kit were hauled into the verandah.

After fourteen hours' tonga-jolting and obstruction of every kind it was depressing to be told by the *khansamah* that the house was full. It was occupied by a party of American missionaries. The *khansamah* apparently expected us to sleep in the outer darkness and wet. We reminded him of the rule that compels a rest-house to offer shelter for twenty-four hours to any traveller. If necessary they must pack into the

¹ Travellers' rest-house.

rooms like herrings in a barrel, males and females herded respectively together. I enquired in which room were the fewest females? A lantern guided along the wet, slimy verandah to a closed door. Worn out and aching in every bone, I rapped for admission. A voice asked for grace to prepare for the "intrusion." I replied that after fourteen hours' travel I was not disposed to wait longer in the rain and ordered the servants to batter in the door. We disclosed a red-faced, grey-haired old hag stretched on the one bed. Her things were littered on every one of the scanty sticks of furniture. There was no place even for the handbag with absolute necessities for the night. She refused to move her things until I threatened the floor. We had a battle royal over every chair, table, and the one bath, which she desired me to postpone till the morning! Eventually she retired discomfited and barred herself into the dressing-room in triumph with the one looking-glass. I saw her no more and slept in peace. A sense of humour redeems many situations!

The mail-tonga started at 6 a.m. next morning. Fatigue made that impossible and the other tongas had no dry storage for baggage, not even waterproofs to protect the articles which are strapped outside. Yet it costs £3 each person to travel by these roughest of conveyances from Rawal Pindi to Srinagar. No one therefore should travel in India who has not a love for her no discomfort can discourage and a purse sufficiently heavy to pay its costs.

The second morning we left Gharri at 6.30 a.m. It was not long before the tonga got a wheel embedded in a ditch filled with a rushing torrent which also engulfed one horse up to his tail. It was an *impasse*. No amount of shrieking, whacking, or com-

bined efforts of driver and syce were any use. The road was narrow and on one side a sheer precipice fell into a bottomless pit. Just at this juncture, in the nick of time, a tonga came round the corner containing the ubiquitous British subaltern, four of him, returning from hard-won and richly enjoyed leave in Kashmir. Instantly all four were out to the rescue. "Put our shoulders to the wheel!" they cried. So they did, and hauled our conveyance out of the ditch again. Round the corner gangs of coolies were repairing the ravages of the recent rains.

To sum up, in spring and autumn the scenery of the Jhelum journey is exquisitely lovely. In the monsoon the only relief from the storms and convulsions of nature is in the masses of maidenhair fern, its fronds of all sizes and shapes and in every shade of translucent greens, which drape the cliffs, and in the giant ochre stainings of lichens on the sombre cliffs, brilliant patches of orange amid the prevailing gloom.

At Uri dak bungalow I met Mr. Candler, author of *Lhassa Unveiled*, etc. With the freemasonry of our trade we travelled on together to Baramula. It was 5.30 p.m. when we arrived. There were thirty miles, representing four hours' driving, still to Srinagar, and after a week of continual travel one hardly felt in the best condition for them. But I was so sick of dak bungalows, the rough food, dirt, vermin, and other unmentionable horrors in them, that I decided to get through that night at all costs. My own tonga had had the springs broken by the ditch accident, jolting over giant boulders, and other roughnesses of the road. Mr. Candler prevailed on his man to take me on. He was ordered to come to the dak after half an hour's grace for tea and a short

respite from the jolting which had made every bone ache.

Being an Asiatic, of course he never turned up. There was a gang of over twenty loafers hanging about the bungalow on the chance of picking up odd jobs. The tonga office was within sight. As it was only a woman in distress they did not budge an inch. I was too fatigued to go myself and also did not dare leave my baggage to the mercy of the loafers. Mr. Candler was busy with a barber who had sprung out of the earth to remove three days' growth of beard. When he emerged, shaved and in his alert mind again, he at once grasped the situation and ran off for the tonga. I mention these details to show how desperate is the plight of a woman alone in Indian travel.

At last we started for Srinagar, "The City of the Sun." At first there was lingering daylight and the evening twilight was most soothing. The simple country scene was grateful after the artificiality and tawdry stage effects of Simla, with its poplars and willows and songs of wild birds. The snow-tipped mountains in the distance veiled themselves in purple shades of night across which fleecy clouds hung. But quickly night drew on and still we made our way down the endless poplar avenues which line the route for the whole thirty miles from Baramula to Srinagar. The tall, dark, straight sentinel trees seen in perspective narrowing down to a point of light at the far end gave the effect of driving down a giant telescope. Again one was reminded of Vera, Princess Zouroff, driving down the ghostly larch avenues of Poland *en route* to console her wounded nightingale of Paris. There was no moon and the horn was continually blown by the Jehu at my side

to prevent collision with the mail-tongas hurrying and burrowing down the avenues to meet us. My eyes became tired and pained with trying to pierce the darkness. A man driving a white *bail*¹ with a lamp gave the effect of a Brocken figure as he emerged towards us. The poplar avenues seemed interminable. We stopped four times to change horses at appointed places on the route. It was done in total darkness. The Jehu on my right pulled up. The ragged phantom in a tattered gown hanging outside on my left jumped down. Two or three other phantoms emerged from the darkness. There was the sound of hoofs, the jingle of harness. Two ghostly steeds appeared and took the place of ours led away into the night. There was a rough adjustment of ropes and off we jolted again. Danjibhoy, the mail contractor, is too anxious to get his tongas through at all costs and to secure his £3 for each passenger to care what sort of horses he gives, so long as the two cruelty inspectors stationed along the route are kept quiet. So that a horse who bucks and tries to kick over the low splashboard into your face on the tonga front seat is a common occurrence. Mercifully the horses were quiet that night until the last stage, when the kicking commenced. In daylight it is alarming enough to have the cruel, iron-shod hoofs straining at your face, but in pitch darkness when one can only feel the kicking and not see——!

It was a curious sensation, this driving down the eternal avenues into the heart of night and heart of Asia, alone in the darkness and alone on the continent, with a savage Jehu and syce on either side and the savage, bucking, kicking horses in front. The reader can judge of the potency of the British raj in the Indian

¹ Bullock.

Empire that, though physically at their mercy, the two wild men of the way would as soon have thought of attacking the evening star as attempting to touch either myself or the money-bag in my hand.

At long last we drove into the sweet-scented garden and saw the grateful lights of Nedon's Hotel. It is built somewhat after the style of a low-roofed country mansion. To persons accustomed only to the hotels of European capitals it might seem somewhat homely. But to us birds of passage through Asiatic wilds no Ritz or Carlton can give more grateful shelter than this *point d'appui* from which we start on our perilous quests, to which we, bruised and battered, count the days to our return.

A princess of a dethroned royal house, one of the many in India, invited me to visit her in her house-boat at Nishat Bagh. The *shikara*, or Kashmiri gondola, wound its way through the water-lanes of the Dahl Lake. The hedges are formed of reeds six feet high and pollard willows. The reflections are extraordinarily clear. The fluffy, feathery willows and austere poplars appear mirrored to interminable depths. One imagines that undines and loreleis must needs be concealed in the soft whirls of the watery willows. They could not resist so ideal a home, for the reflections are more beautiful than the reality, as our dreams are more lovely than the hard facts they foreshadow. There are innumerable varieties of aquatic birds, from water-hens to giant pelicans. It is the prettiest sight to see the little hens duck their ruby heads and submerge *in toto* at our approach. There is no false modesty about the spotted black and white kingfishers nor the golden orioles flashing like sheet lightning across our path.

We pass a fleet of floating gardens and, down a

long lane's turning, catch a vista of lotus-land, at present a tumult of translucent green, for the time of flowers is not yet. The leaves lie flat like plates on the cool waters and nearly always contain a silver drop of water, reminding one irresistibly of the cold charity on an alms-plate. The *shikara* rustles swishing among the giant leaves interspersed with a minute green scum. One or two early flowers, pink-tipped like delicate egg-shell porcelain, rise from the purple shadows cast by the hills above. The lotus is the symbolic Flower of Asia. We need not go into its eastern significance here save to remember that the mystic flower with the golden centre stands ever symbolic of the human heart. All poets, from Heine to Lawrence Hope, have poured their most exquisite fantasies into its pink-veined chalice. The *maji log*¹ chopped off the flower stems which contain filaments of softest wool spun to any extent. With a tug a leaf is severed from its connection in the Dahl depths below. A perfect sphere of soup-plate size, its stem is fixed in the centre of the reverse side from which veinings in a rather brighter shade of green velvet radiate like the spokes of a wheel through the soft grey-greens of the circumference. The flowers are paler than the buds, just faintly tinged with pink at the tips, and the outer petals of the white calyx shade into exquisite mauves. The pistil is like an immense solid yellow bell hung from a cloud of orange stamens. The buds are infused with deep roseate hues, yet the veinings of the petals are so delicate that the pink of lotus buds is one of the most delicate hues in the flower world, and egg-shell china coloured by the finest artists is coarse in comparison. In the calyx the pink is shaded with greens and greys of indescrib-

¹ Boatmen.



THE REFLECTIONS ARE MORE BEAUTIFUL THAN THE REALITY



DRIVING DOWN THE ETERNAL AVENUES

able softness. The scent of the lotus, like all else of it, is subtle.

Presently we passed beneath the Moghul Bridge down a water-road crossing another sea of lotus. Here the leaves are smaller, lie prone on the flood, and have purple *revers*. Here and there the delicate buds point upwards, mute echoes of that exquisite voice, those tender eyes, who saw them and sang them as

Pale hands pink-tipped as lotus buds that float
On those cool waters, where we used to dwell.

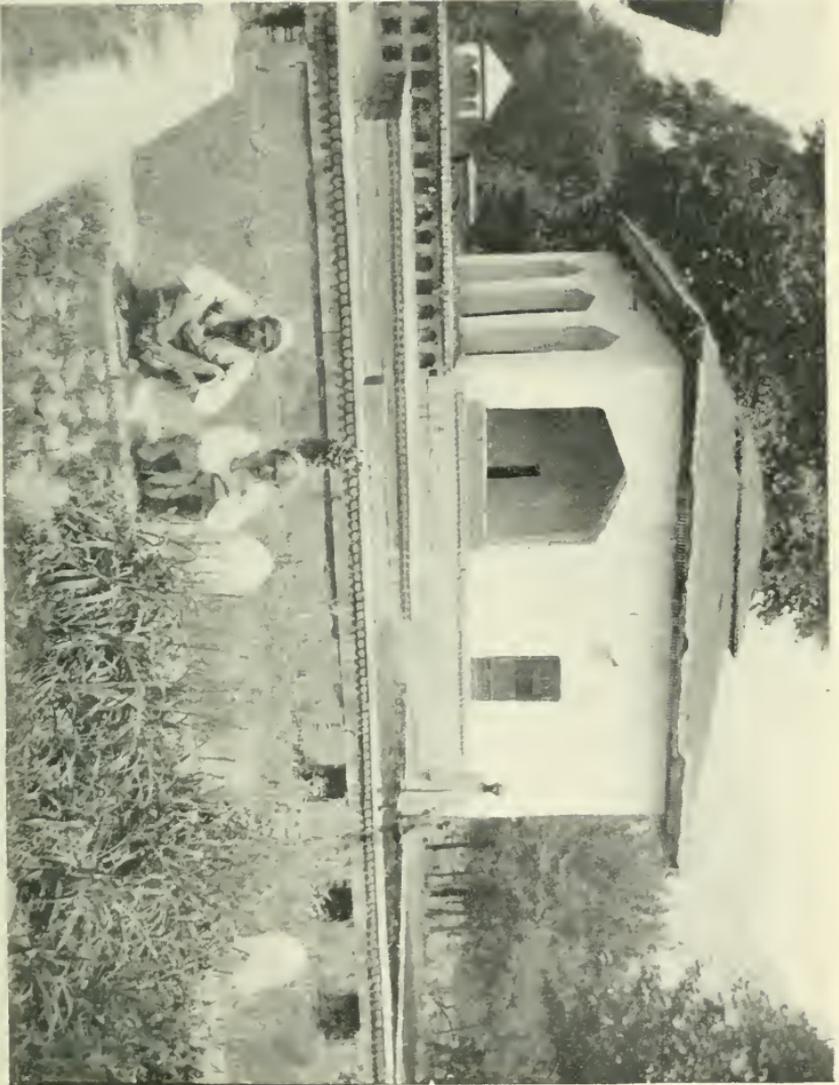
Some have written of the Happy Valley as over-rated. Surely the fault must lie at home since all scenery, all beauty, life itself, lives and moves and has its being in the brain. It is there that the *shikara* ruffles the lotus, that its bloom blushes pink, that it sighs troubling scents. In Kashmir, as in Rome, we find what we bring to it. He must indeed bring a dead soul, wrapped in sodden sleep, who does not lay one thought as tribute to the memory of Violet Nicholson whose houseboat once sailed this lotus sea.

The reeds and pollards have given place in the reflections to lofty mountains and piles of fleecy clouds. A *shikara* is advancing towards us with synchronous strokes of lacquered paddles and dainty zephyr-stirred awnings. Beneath them reclines full length on palest amber cushions, as Cleopatra might have done, a princess, a daughter of a mighty race. Her dusky colouring is enhanced by a gold-embroidered sari, round her neck are priceless emeralds and pearls. With charming oriental courtesy she conducts us up the narrow plank into her floating palace which is moored beneath the shadows of

chenars planted by the slave-girl of Agra who became the Light of the World. For though Nur Jehan actually lived in the gardens she made of Shalimar and at Achebal, yet the Persian pleasance she planted at Nishat Bagh was second to none in her love.

The Princess's father was the last hapless ruler of the Punjab before the supplanting by the pale race. In his portrait he wears an emerald sea which once washed the peacock throne and a second stone scarcely smaller. His collar is six rows of huge, priceless pearls. From this depends a miniature, and on his hand is a cameo, both of the white woman, head of the alien race who have despoiled him and his of their inheritance. "The covenant was that our people should not cross the Sutlej. The British irritated them until they did cross it," said the Princess. "They agreed to give my father £40,000 to £50,000 per annum and money to purchase an estate. After a few years they reduced the stipend to £13,000 per annum. Queen Victoria, who did her utmost for us, was powerless to prevent the injustice." There was a portrait of the Lion of the Punjab, her grandfather the great Maharajah Ranjit Singh, with his white pointed beard and fierce upcurled moustache, and his one eye blazing, and another of his Prime Minister, black-bearded and with gleaming eyes.

Later we passed on to the terraces made by the Light of the World which lead straight up to the heights above. As in all the gardens planted in Persian style by Nur Jehan, there are water cascades in the centre and also fountains, guarded on each side by giant chenars. Warm waves of petunia perfume lash in overpowering essence from two streams splashing the quiet garden with blotches of



TERRACES MADE BY THE "LIGHT OF THE WORLD" (SHALIMAR)

crimson. We walk up avenues of brick-red lilies and blood-red gladiolus. There is a soft but persistent chorus of doves. The Hungarian friend of the Princess enlarges on the absence of animus amongst Indians to those who have taken their country, their courtliness, their charm. As we descend the terraces the Dahl Lake lies a molten silver sea, as though poured from a giant melting-pot. The lotus buds appear bubbles on the impassive, immovable metal. Through the Moghul Bridge the Fort lies like a lion couchant, flanked as always by poplar avenues. Behind the Pir Panjal range is snow-tipped. The evening rays are streaming on it in every shade of grey and silver. In sharp relief to the left is the dome called by Anglo-Indians the Takht-i-Suleiman, called by Hindus Sankara's Temple, and sacred to Shiv, the guardian deity of the Vale.

Kashmir is sacred to Mahadev. All the temples are dedicated to Him. It is fitting that a valley formed and walled by Himavat should belong to the Lord of the Mountain. And so the mystic influence of Mahadev wraps one round immediately one enters the valley. The first morning on waking, our window opened beneath his oldest temple, the Jyeshtheshvara.¹ The poplar avenues lead past the hotel gates to the foot of the hill it crowns. Thence a serpentine path coils and slithers up the hill to the Temple of Him who is crowned with cobras.

The hill is rough and jagged as the Path of Yoga.² The elements have even stained it every shade of ochre, the colour sacred to the Lord of the Universe. Sharp rocks break the path, as the trials of the way cut and wound the feet of the aspirant to knowledge.

¹ Another name for Sankara's Temple.

² The Path to Union with God.

On its summit stands in simple, solemn dignity a small fane of grey stone. Its columns are fluted, its dome is round, surmounted by a trident. Inside is one thing only, an upright black stone.

Deep in the Temple's innermost shrine is set,
Where the bats and the shadows dwell,
The worn and ancient symbol of Shiv at rest
In its oval shell.

The lingam is the oldest religious symbol in the world. It is also the simplest. But to the Shivite no gorgeous imagery of the Mass, no elaborate ceremonial of Mecca, can compare with the solemnity of that black stone.

Various civilisations come and go. They dye the Happy Valley with their blood as Pyramus stained the mulberry tree with his life's current. The Aryan, the Greek, the Moghul, the Sikh, and the Briton have successively filled the valley with their sorceries and incantations, as their women, from the Light of the World to Lady Minto, have vexed the hills with silvery laughter whose echoes have died away.

But the Jyeshtheshvara remains on, immovable, immutable as Mahadev Himself. Pundits and antiquaries of East and West fret and trouble as to its origin. Their restless brains beat ceaselessly against its quiet columns. Guardian of the austere glories of Maheshvara, crowning the fort-like hill, high, serene, ascetic, bearing no ornament save that of the quiet Spirit of Shiv himself, the Jyeshtheshvara shall command the Happy Valley long after we and those that come after shall have passed away.

We return home across the inland sea. All over the wonderful misty shadows come and go. All round the mountains guard the mystic Thibetan country. The spirit of the Buddha Himself breathes



FOUNTAINS GUARDED BY GIANT CHENARS (SHALIMAR)

on the face of the waters. Nestling below one rocky crag is the monastery, built after the style of a Thibetan *gompa*, founded by Dara Shekoh, the royal martyr of Shiv. He translated the glorious Upanishads, and, though the son of the Great Moghul, he held the Hindu faith more precious than life. He died in Delhi a victim to the bigotry of his brother, Aurungzeb.

When I reached home I placed the lotus blooms culled by my *maji log* in the red earthen pot which serves so many purposes in India, from cooling bath-water to refreshing flowers and fruit. The subtle essence of their chalices filled the chamber. Yet I confess the perfume of a magnolia, the Princess's parting gift, culled from the garden of a maharajah, pleased me more. It was reminiscent of herself. The deep cream petals of the flower devoid of pinks, its retirement in leaves reversed in finest ambers and bronzes, its calm, queen-like dignity, the strength of the sword-like guardian leaves, its beautiful persistent odour lasting days after the spoiler's hand had plucked it, all seemed symbolical of this daughter of the Lion of the Punjab.

One night a terrific storm swept up the valley. While dressing for dinner peals of thunder rolled round the temple of Maheshvara and lurid lightning lit up the Takht. The flashes of red fire upon the fane seemed curiously symbolical of the Lord of the Burning Ground and drew one to the window with a weird fascination. But they brought no presentiment that next morning I should be struggling for my life beneath its shadow.

The storm had apparently upset the electric apparatus of the hotel and downstairs we dined by the dim light of bazaar lamps and candles. It was a

gloomy and depressing scene. The large dining-room held only three persons and we huddled together in the darkness relieved only by the few small lamps at far intervals. The kindly old doctor man who usually sat at the end of the table drew his chair close to mine. At the other side was a young attaché of the diplomatic service. He had come from Burmah and was bound for Kashgar. Of his further destination he was discreetly silent. It was easy to see he was engaged on a Secret Service mission. This hotel differs from Anglo-Indian hotels in this respect. They are usually full of much ado about nothing, while in Nedon's, Kashmir, there is little ado about something. The silent, reserved travellers who stay a few days and quietly disappear into the mountains are bound on quests of world import into the heart of the most mysterious of continents.

Next morning was beautifully fresh and cool. The storm had cleared the sultry heat away. I decided to quiet a liver on the warpath by scaling the Hill of the Takht, or, as Hindus call it, the Temple of Sankaracharya. It rises to a height of 1000 feet above the plain. The first temple on this commanding site was built by the adept King Jalaka, the son of the great Buddhist emperor Asoka, about 200 B.C. It was subsequently rebuilt and dedicated to Mahadev by Raja Gopadithya, who reigned in the sixth century A.D. He called it Jyeshtheshvara, or the Temple of the Ancient or Primeval Lord. There is a village at the foot of the hill. In a temple garden beneath chenar trees sat a group of *sadhus*¹ whose matted locks, yellow draperies, and bodies besmeared with white ashes proclaimed them devotees of the Lord of Ascetics. The whole of the lower slopes is one vast

¹ Hindu ascetics.

Photo by Fishiath, Srinagar

THE MARTAND TEMPLE TO MAHADEV



cemetery, the chief burial-ground of Kashmir. It is therefore one grove of iris in which the Kashmiris fancy to lay their dead. Small slabs are hidden in the clumps of this plant, marking those who sleep in the shadow of Shiv, whose name means Peace. Now the mauve blossoms are gone and only the blue gentian lights up the rocky path. I climbed the hill thinking of the avatar of Shiv, Sankaracharya, whose clarion voice had once echoed from its summits. The greatest teacher of Vedanta¹ was a sanyassin at the age of nine, a commentator at fifteen. Before he threw off the mortal coil at the age of thirty-two he travelled the length and breadth of India and Kashmir, from Peshawur to Cape Comorin, from Assam to Srinagar, teaching the people and founding schools and monasteries. Absorbed in my thoughts, turning only occasionally to look at the glorious view, reserving its details for the summit, alas! I reckoned without my head! The cerebellum reels at heights and flights of all sorts. A critical moment occurred in descending the long staircase to Niagara Falls when a kindly American "stranger" appeared in the nick of time and achieved a rescue into the funicular railway car alongside.

Reeling at a turn in the path, beneath which yawned a great precipice, I flung down beside a stone, hoping to recover on the ground. Oh horrors, my body is slip, slip, slipping down, not towards the path of ascent or descent, but straight towards the precipice dropping sheer for three hundred feet. To fall was probable death and certain life-long maiming. Bag and sunshade thrown down, with one hand desperately clinging to the rock, the other beneath me, I lay prone on my side. There was only the

¹ The most sacred books of the Hindu religion.

small rocky ledge between me and death, and I dared not even look over it, as my brain would reel again at the depths and my grip perhaps relax. I realised at once that my one chance of life was to lie quiet and keep cool and consider what to do. One thoughtless step had brought me to this *impasse*, one other step would place me on the ascending turn with my back to the precipice and facing safety, but it was absolutely impossible to gain that step. The moment my grip of the boulder relaxed my body's gravity drew it with a shower of loose earth straight towards the precipice and, as I now know, certain death. I grasped the fact that alone I could do nothing and began to consider the chances of rescue. I had met some babus¹ coming down from the Temple in the early ascent, but the sun was now rising, and it was unlikely more people would pass until the evening. No one in the hotel would miss me for lunch save the kindly old doctor, and he would think I was lunching with Hindu friends in the city, and certainly would not inaugurate a search party till nightfall. I knew that my strength to cling would fail long before then. Just then the sun came out and beat upon my head covered only with a small cap, for of course the umbrella beside me was useless with both arms powerless to hold it. I knew that delirium would come if this continued and I realised that my one chance of life was to attract the attention of the villagers far, far away in the depths of the valley below. At that great distance they looked like pawns. Pitching it carefully to its shrillest note, I sent my voice pealing down the valley. I heard it echoing and re-echoing from the mountains which on every side guard the Vale of

¹ Hindus.

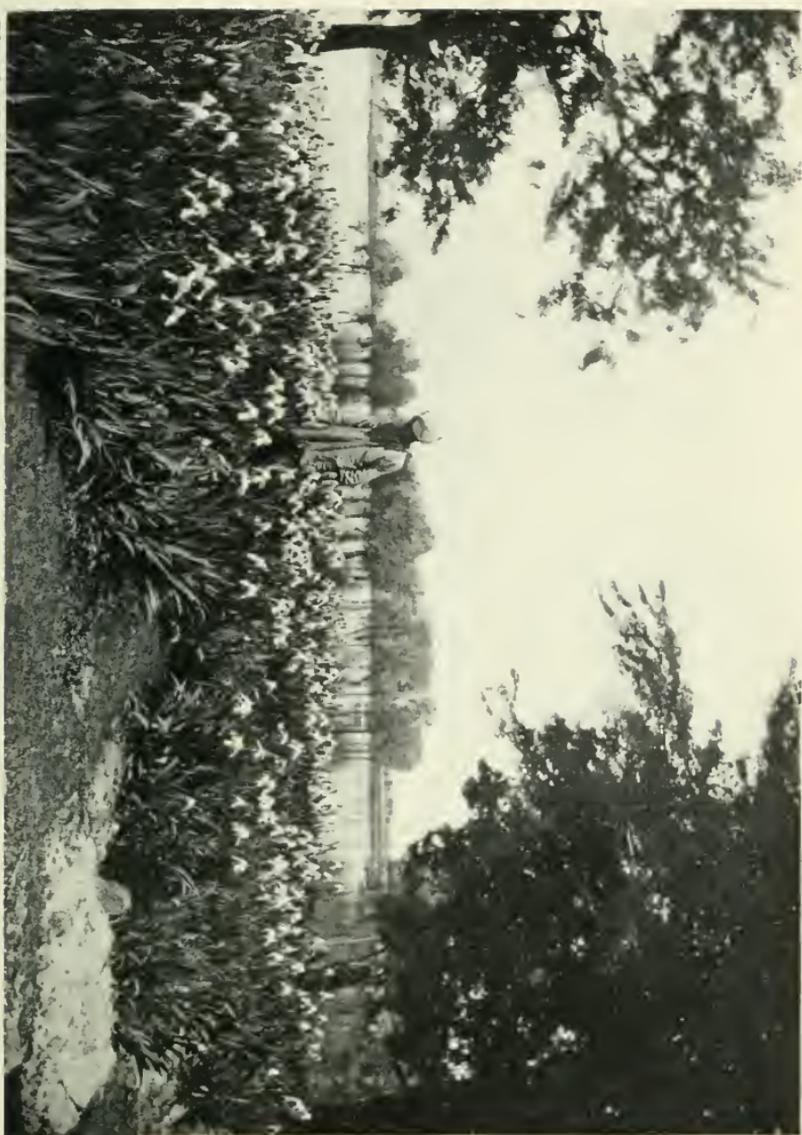


Photo by Vishinath, Srinagar

A GROVE OF IRIS

Kashmir. I have sung before royal princes; still more alarming, I have sung at the Gaiety Theatre, Simla, where a false note keeps the dinner-parties going for a week, but never before had my life depended on my voice and I husbanded it carefully. A woman in the kind of woollen nightdress worn always by Kashmiris was crossing her courtyard far below. When she heard the echoes she stopped and gazed up at the Takht far above her. But there was nothing to be seen except a white patch lying behind a stone a third of the way up, for of course it was impossible to wave, even to move, so she decided it was no business of hers whence those screams came and disappeared into the house. I saw that I must save my voice and lay still again and thought. Would it be death or deformity, I wondered? Years before I had dedicated my life to the service of Shiv. Was He asking for it so early—there, under the very shadow of His altar? What injuries would the cruel boulders do my poor body as it crashed down the *bkud*? Would the eyes be gouged out, the temples staved in? If only they would do their ghastly work quickly and mercifully and finally and let the earth cover and the rocks hide the wreckage. And now I felt I was getting weaker and weaker and the sun beat down mercilessly on the brain. The muscles of the arms were trembling and I realised I could not cling to the rock much longer. It meant rescue or death, and even then a half-humorous image flashed across my poor reeling brain of that woman who, in English cottages, so often clings to a cross from a sea of angry waves. Far below some fresh figures appeared in the courtyard. I screamed and screamed and screamed. A boy began scaling the cliff like a chamois, followed more slowly by an

old man and woman. My arms were shaking on the rock and my body trembling on the precipice, but I did not dare stop screaming, for they might turn back. The whole village was now aroused and swarming up the hill. Would they never arrive? The hands clutching at the rock were now quivering with cramp, and yet the old man seemed as far below as ever and the boy had disappeared. It was a matter of moments for my quivering, shaking, sliding body, when, looking round the rock, the rescue-party appeared at the turn of the path. They had come by a quicker route and those were other figures who seemed to loiter far below. "*Ficke neh mem sabib!*"¹ they said as they carried my shaking, sobbing frame up the precipice and deposited me among big rocks which formed buttresses on the beetling crags.

Eventually I decided to continue the ascent, the old man guarding the precipice side, the old hag fanning away on the right, and both gripping my poor worn-out arms like a vice as they dragged me up the rocky defiles. At long last we neared the summit. Two people came down the boulders from the shrine to meet us. One was a student "spikking English." My guardians poured out my woes to his sympathetic ear. "Man goes off his senses when he looks down awful places!" he said. He continued, "I have left mission school and dedicated my life to my people and the world!" I hoped there were no bombs in his pocket. Just then the priest came peering down from the Temple. He was scantily clothed, wore only a shawl, dyed the orange hues of the Shivite, over his copper limbs. The last steps to the shrine were the steepest and hardest of

¹ "Do not trouble."



Photo by Dr. Flood

"FICKE NEH, MEM SAHIB!"

all. "The path is so difficult His Highness comes only once a year," said the student. The Maharajah of Kashmir is an orthodox Hindu, and had just made the round of the temples on the Dahl Lake.

"Pull off your shoes!" shrieked the ragamuffin brahman in Kashmiri as, at long last, we knelt at the Holy of Holies. Inside was an immense black stone, the only denizen of the Temple. It was crowned with flowers. On its shining black surface was smeared the tilak, for the lingam stands for the Great Ascetic Himself who is also our Great Example and Himself bears all the signs of the *yogi*.¹

Afterwards we passed out on to the ramparts of the Temple, making a platform of hoary stones from which one of the loveliest views in the world is obtained, for the whole of the Happy Valley lies at our feet. The site of this Temple is the finest and most symbolic of any Shivite temple I know. It crowns awful precipices on every side and the magnificent sweep of rocks is splashed with natural ochres and chromes in the yellows sacred to Shiv. Squatting on a buttress of the Temple above us was the *swami*, his bronze limbs swathed in his orange shawl.

Beneath the Temple the Jhelum describes three cones, each larger than the other. Then it winds serpentine to Baramula accompanied by the white road of the poplar avenues cut in zigzags. On the left the Pir Panjal snows were wrapped in quiet fleeces after yesterday's storms. Srinagar City lies squalid, dirty, a mass of brown roofs guarded by the leonine fort of Hari Parbat. The imposing pile of the Maharajah's palace marks the treachery of the Lahore general who worshipped the rising British star and helped to despoil the Lion of the Punjab.

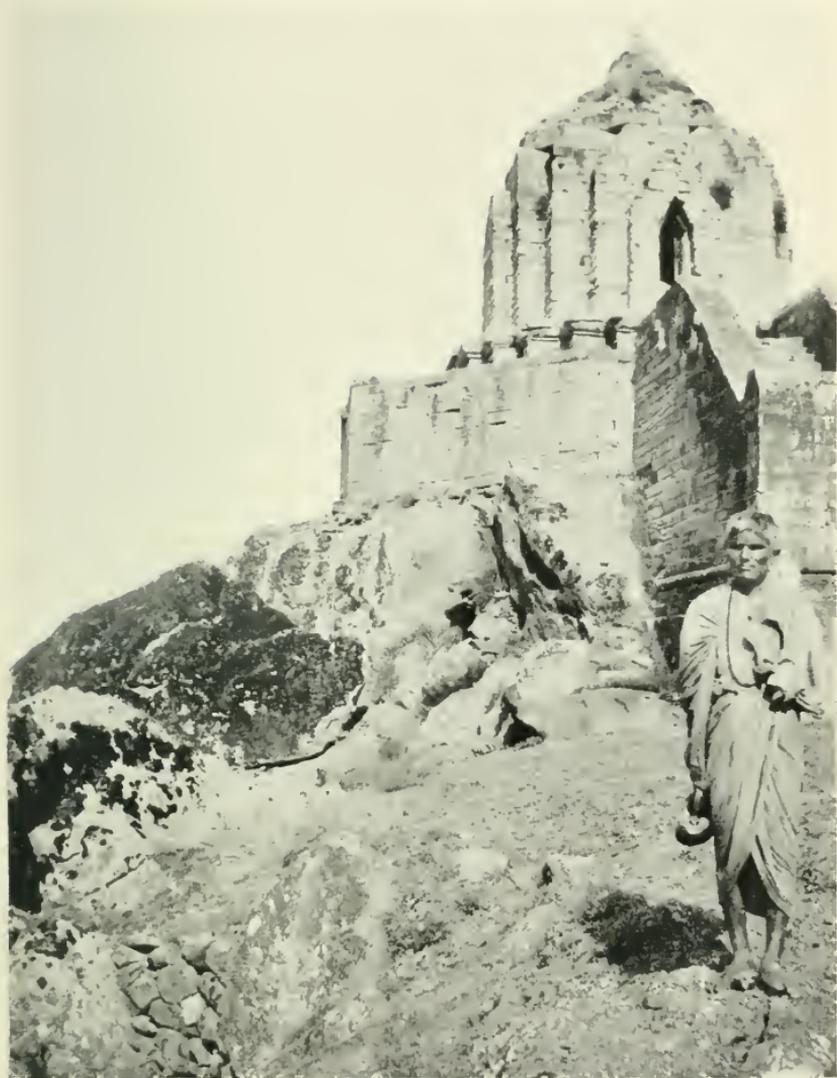
¹ One who seeks union with God.

And everywhere are water-ways. From this height the whole valley appears a floating garden. To the right are the bona-fide parterres of the Dahl, and the two fixed garden islands made by the Moghuls and called Ropa Lac and Sona Lac, the islands of silver and gold. Guarding the Dahl is Mahadeva's peak fleeced in white clouds, and in its shadow lies the tiny houseboat of the Shahzada, the little princess of the royal house of the Punjab, whose father once owned this wondrous land.

I have made eighteen long voyages and innumerable short ones. The tale of my travels must approximate two hundred thousand miles. From childhood I have been surrounded by an atmosphere of stress, adventure, and pressure of events. In all these journeyings by land and by water never have the pale horse and his rider approached so closely as to that small boulder whose shallow lip, over which I dared not glance, lay only between the yawning gulf of a ruinous destruction.

As we descended to the foot of the hill the *sadhus* of the temple beneath the chenars had an addition to their party. A Hindu woman in a sari was seated before the shrine. It is sacred to Durga, the female aspect of Mahadev. In the West with its cruder religious beliefs the very word "goddess" spoken seriously makes people smile. But the woman is a brahmani with knowledge. To her the unseen world with its evolutions, both male and female, is an open book. She was offering to the Holy Mother the sacrifice of a thousand lotus flowers. Hence the subtle, all-pervasive sweetness streaming from the shrine.

One night a Mahatma took a group of pupils in the astral body, their physical bodies being wrapped



THE PRIEST CAME DOWN FROM THE TEMPLE

in sleep, to a hidden Durga temple. There a woman was praying. "Oh, Mother!" she cried, "you have granted so many of my prayers, but where is my husband?" The Mahatma took one of the group of pupils and led him before her. She recognised, fell down, and died to that intermediate life. Shortly after she re-entered the earth life and was born again.

THE CITY OF LOVE

TO THE LATE LOUISE, DUCHESS OF
DEVONSHIRE, AND OUR MEMORIES OF THE TAJ

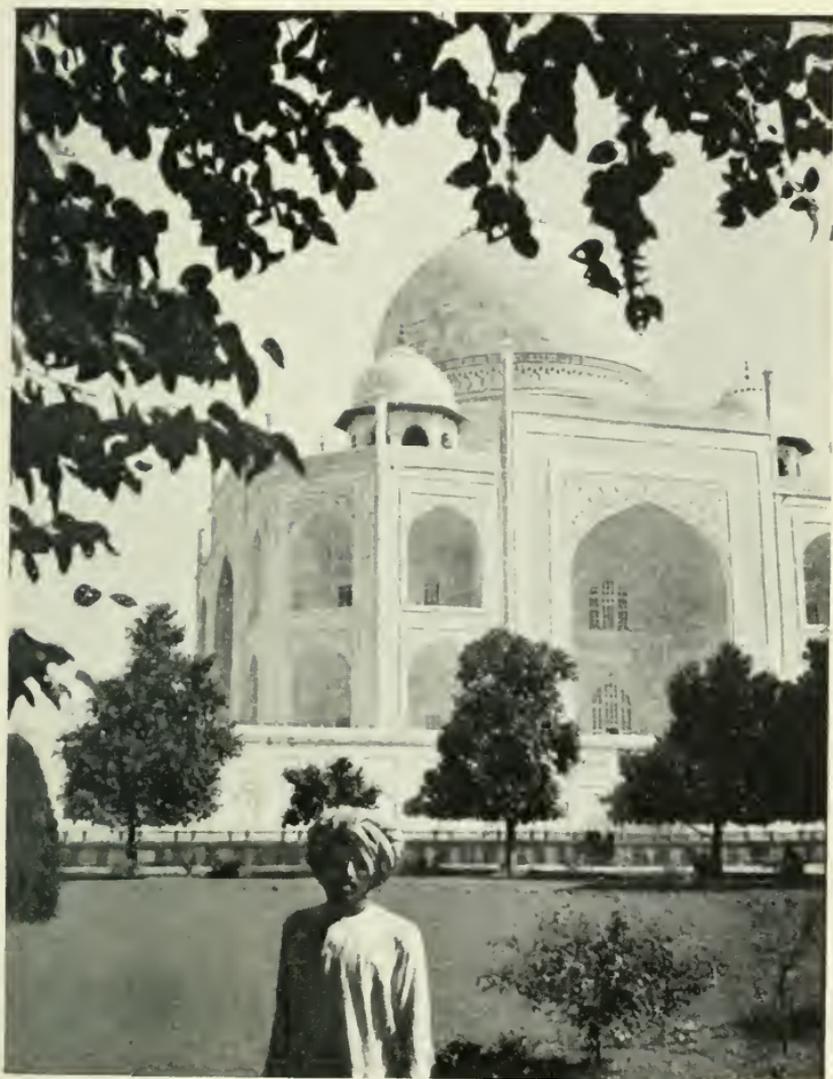
Since Loveliness is Life's one Consolation
And love the only Lethe left to man.

The Garden by the Bridge.

MAHOMMEDANS are forbidden by their religion to make pictures or images of themselves. Hence they express in the architecture of their tombs the characteristics of the person commemorated.

The Taj Mahal represents a woman as seen by the man of her choice. That is why it is the loveliest piece of feminine architecture in the world. It has been criticised as effeminate. It has not the power of Humayun's Tomb, nor the spirituality of Salisbury Cathedral. It was intended to represent a woman in the mind of a man for whom she was the one woman. It is Arjamand herself who stands dew-bathed beside the shining Jumna in the morning; who lingers loth to leave her garden with the waning sunlight; who glimmers mysteriously behind her veil in the moonlight.

None other of the world's cities has such a perennial source of attraction as Agra has. The Taj Mahal is never deserted at any hour of the twenty-four. I have been there many times but never once in solitude. Ever the shifting crowds of Indians drift past towards that shrine of her whose lovers



THE CASKET OF LOVE

during three centuries have never deserted her. The scarlet and orange draperies of the women float across the snowy marble platform in the garden. It is an Alma-Tadema's seventh heaven. We once visited the Taj out of the season, when the rains were drying up, and at an unwonted hour. It was in September and it was after dusk, yet before the moon had fully risen. Even then there were several carriages in the courtyard bounded by the red colonnade which had conveyed the lovers of Arjamand to her side. As we passed up the steps to the sandstone portal, framed in the arch, the Taj suddenly appeared, weird in the half-light as the ghastly figure of a woman veiled in white. Only the lamp given lately by one of her most illustrious lovers, Lord Curzon of Kedleston, glimmered dimly from the shadows of the big recess where Arjamand lies in the centre, her imperial lord by her side. So we passed along the causeway lined by the cypress sentinels in funereal gloom, over the tessellated pavement, and up the marble stairs to the main terrace, and along the back of the tomb where a seat has been placed overlooking the river. Just here is the Jumna's bend. As we sat there the light shone uncertainly on the white prisms of the tessellated pavement. The tall minaret to our right appeared in perspective to be leaning over the river. The red sandstone guardian mosque on our left looked more unreal than many scenes upon the stage. It was a place of typical oriental peace. Far away upstream the lights of Agra City showed as a wan streak upon the horizon above the Fort. Not a sound was in the air except the cricket chorus across the river and the occasional splashing of a crocodile rippling the water beneath our feet. Though commencing to shrink

after the rains, the river showed broad and fair. It almost describes a rectangle beneath our feet. So Shah Jehan gazed upon the Jumna floods. He sat here.

Presently, as the moon rose higher, we passed round to the right flank of the tomb. Ourselves in the shadow of the other guardian mosque, we watched the moonlight pick out one by one the flashing mosaics of the jewelled flowers in the decorations. Now Arjamand was dazzling in her whiteness as a painted porcelain, almost as a sugar toy. The arches of the recesses in shadow became black of a startling depth. It was a scene of ghostly unreality. As we left my companion in the carriage on the drive home said, "Is it any wonder that we Indians are lethargic and dreamy? After such a sight one only wants to sink to sleep!"

Still the moment of moments for the Taj is, for me, late in the afternoon as I once saw it and on a showery day. Then a warm ray of sunlight fell on the dome after a fall of rain. No moonlight effect was more beautiful than the lights and shades playing on the marbles in every tone of white, the shadows in ochres and violets. Every gradation of white and all the whites in existence were there. By my side was one who is a high initiate of the White Lodge of the Himalayas. We stood together beneath the red sandstone portal and watched the lights come and go upon the dome. It was framed by the sombre shadows of the great arch. Beyond, the garden stretches to Arjamand's feet. There she stood, looking quite small until we approached; *câline* and illusive as a woman; fragile as egg-shell, yet strong as marble; deceptive in measure as a diamond.

The Taj brings the sense of the highest delight



THE SNOWY MARBLE PLATFORM

and beatitude, the same promised by the moon path on the sea. Before that perfect loveliness all that is sordid and ugly, all that is worrying and harassing slips away. We feel we shall rise above our troubles. It brings before us that which is just beyond us, that which we are striving for, that which we have just missed.

To the writer it means his highest inspiration.

To the actor his greatest rôle.

To the man the ideal woman.

To the woman the perfect lover.

To the disciple his *guru*.

That is why Americans burst into tears at the sight of it.

To see the Taj aright one must oneself have lived. The first time we see it perhaps in our springtime. Then we notice only its supreme delicacy, its exquisite workmanship. Later, many years after, we visit it again. *Then* we know its meaning, what Shah Jehan, that most gorgeous of livers, saw in it. In the interim we have learnt perhaps all that life can teach, its heights, its depths, its passion, its despair. In the book of every life there are pages we do not dare to look back upon. Each barren desert journey has passed through an oasis, a garden over whose walls we do not care to glimpse. Where the breath catches and the heart stops beating and the sob rises.

There is a garden I dare not see,

There is a place where I fear to go

Since the charm and glory of life to me

The brown earth covered there, long ago.

Oh, Stars, you saw it, you know, you know.

The Taj represents that Garden in the life of each of us. To me that afternoon it spoke of the

spiritual knowledge, the Place of Peace, the Fair Haven to which the man at my side could have led me, had I been ready for it. As we left, the rosy flush in the sky melted into green. Across the Jumna floods the flat roofs, domes, and palms stood out against the sky from the Palace where Shah Jehan sat every evening and watched his dream crystallise. Venus ascended triumphantly between the pearly dome and one of the four minarets.

On another occasion we visited the Taj and paused, struck by the perfect duplication of the marbles in the stream of water which runs from the sandstone gateway to lave Arjamand's feet. As in a looking-glass every tiny detail was repeated upside-down in the water. There was every twirl of the black Arabic lettering which outlines the oblong porch, every curl of the conventional crimson rhododendrons which form the only note of colour on the white stones, every shade in the recesses which burrow into the marble and give it life and warmth. Yet as we gazed it seemed that the reflections were even more perfect. For as the flies rippled the surface the mirrored Taj appeared more ethereal, more like egg-shell, the form more dainty, the colour more dazzling than above. Only a shallow flight of crimson stone steps and a low balustrade separated the real from the unreal, the marbles of stone from the marbles in water. As we sat watching it from the seat by the lotus tank in the marble platform half-way down the garden, someone in a tangerine shawl entered the shrine far above. Instantly the glorious tint was shown up against the marbles in the water. It was Sunday, and so Arjamand was besieged by her lovers who spent their holiday at her side. By and by the water-runnel became a perfect kaleidoscope of tints.



IN THE GARDEN OF LOVE

Before that perfect beauty all ugliness seemed a desecration. As a hideous man with bulging eyes preceded us up the garden I wished I had strength to throw him out. In Arjamand's presence all ugliness seems sin and one wants to make one's own life sublime.

As we turned away from the reflections we looked once more at the real. In that brief time of watching them the Indian twilight had crept upon us. Arjamand, like all modest women, had drawn her veil on the approach of night. She stood ghostly and unearthly, as different as possible from the bright loveliness of an hour before. As, reluctantly, we turned our backs on her infinite variety we knew why her lovers never tire.

Shah Jehan expressed in marble his sense of that highest delight in human life, what nearly all artists and *littérateurs* and musicians have spent their best in trying to say in colour, letters, and sound, the attraction which makes the world go round. One famous philosopher has resolved this primitive attraction of the savage into over a dozen constituents for the highly evolved.

Since then an unhappy boy contributed an equally masterly analysis of it and, staggered by his own ghastly insight, took away his life at the age of twenty-three. In all history there is no more extraordinary achievement than his. And yet the subject is not, and never will be, exhausted till men and women meet face to face for the first time in the ideal marriage of the Aryan Race, which the Hindus still hold and teach before all things. In that the attraction of the senses is of no account. Chained by them men and women can never know each other's hearts. The breach of the moral law was defined by

a Lord Chancellor of England, "in woman, an aberration of the heart; in man, a surprise of the senses."

All over the world one can read in the eyes of the women who are breaking its greatest law their secret. From the king's mistress, whose full-length portrait hangs in a fashionable gallery, with the luxury of person and consciousness of power which are the price of her shame, to the little woman of quiet costume and still quieter manners, yet who revealed unmistakably in her glance what her lips told later, the story of a liaison begun for love but lasting for money.

Men can never understand that passion with women of high development is mental, that the mere presence of the beloved will satisfy such. Yet it is infinitely stronger in a woman than in a man, shaking the foundations of her life, her health of body and mind.

An oriental of western birth who knew this law expressed it :—

Rarely men understand our way of love,
 How that to women in their wedding hours
 Lover and priest and king are blent in one,
 Hence the awed worship of these hearts of ours.
 At times love for a little lifts the veil
 And men and women see each other's heart,
 But swiftly passion comes, obscuring all,
 And thus the nearing souls are swept apart.

The woman who bears the child of her body to the man she loves experiences a great happiness, the intensest beyond comparison of all physical joys. But she who bears the child of her brain to his memory knows a far keener one. For the vibrations of the mind are finer than those of the flesh, as those of the spirit are more fiery than those of the brain.

The child of flesh and blood may or may not resemble his father. But the child of the mind must bear that image whose impression is stamped indelibly upon it. We will consider this subject of woman's love further in its rightful place under the Hindu system, that of Bhakti.¹

¹ Spiritual attraction.

THE CITY OF SLEEP

TO THE HON. SIR DAVID MASSON, K.C.I.E.

Said Jesus, on whom be peace : The world is a bridge, pass over it, but build no house there. Who hopes for an hour, hopes for Eternity. Spend the Hour in Devotion. The rest is unknown.

Inscribed by Akbar on his Arch of Victory.

THERE are three sleeping cities in Hindustan, the land of mystery. All three are Mahomedan, and all three rank as world cities. Two are capitals of the size of Paris. One is a summer city and rather smaller. Bijapur is described in my first book. Mandu we have not yet visited. Come to Fatehpur Sikri. Yet before we start pause one moment to consider him who built it. For though he sleeps, for three centuries the echoes of his voice, silent in death, have ever since spoken the last word of statesmanship. Akbar was the model of Warren Hastings as well as of George Curzon.

In the Allahabad Thornhill-Mayne Library is a rare and fascinating book nearly a hundred and thirty years old. It was a translation in quaint old English style and lettering of the *Ain Akbari* done by M. Francis Gladwin from the Persian of Abulfazel.

This is the Dedication of this most rare edition :—

To

THE HON'BLE WARREN HASTINGS, ESQ.,

Governor-General, etc., etc., etc.,

This Work,

Translated Under His Patronage,

Is Most Humbly Dedicated

By His Most Obliged,

And Devoted Humble Servant,

THE TRANSLATOR.

CALCUTTA, *the 1st September, 1783*

The Translator's Preface contains the following :—

“ Akbar's history has been written with great elegance and precision by his Vizier Abulfazel down to the 47th year of his reign ; at which period that great man was murdered by some banditti on his return from the Deccan, whither he had been deputed by the Emperor upon some weighty business. Abulfazel's history was published under the title of *Akbernameh*, to which the *Ayeen Akbery* is a kind of supplement, although in itself a complete work.

“ To every one who wishes to be possessed of an authentic account of the constitution of the Empire of Hindustan, and of its immense resources and expenditure under the reign of one of its most powerful monarchs, the following volumes cannot fail of being acceptable.

“ The Governor General honoured the work so far as to present to the board the proposals for publishing it, with the Translator's request, that they would afford it their patronage by subscribing for the number of copies, which the court of directors have always taken of every publication tending to promote Oriental literature. And at the same time the Governor General wrote the following minute :—

“Minute of the Honorable the Governor General, on the intended Publication of a Translation of the *Ayeen Akbery* by Mr. Francis Gladwin. Fort-William Consultation, 2d June, 1783.

“The Governor General ventures to recommend Mr. Gladwin’s work to the patronage of the board, as being in his judgement, most worthy of such encouragement, and of the acceptance of the respectable body for whose use it is primarily intended.

“Though every branch of Indian literature will prove a valuable acquisition to the stock of European knowledge, this work will be found peculiarly so, as it comprehends the original constitution of the Mogul Empire, described under the immediate inspection of its founder ; and will serve to assist the judgement of the Court of Directors on many points of importance to the first interests of the Company. It will shew when the measures of their administration approach to the first principles, which perhaps will be found superior to any that have been built on their ruins, and certainly most easy, as the most familiar to the minds of the people, and when any deviation from them may be likely to counteract, or to assimilate with them.

“The Governor General thinks it proper to add, that having seen and approved a specimen of the translation about a twelve month ago, he advised Mr. Gladwin to prosecute it, and he therefore thinks it incumbent on him to afford this assistance to the publication, and the more especially as he has since seen the translation in its progress, and much approves of it.

“Of the success with which it has been executed the Members of the Board will be able to judge for themselves from a few sheets which have been already printed, and which he has obtained from Mr. Gladwin for their inspection.

“A true copy of the Minute.

“(signed) J. P. AURIOL,

“Secretary.’

“The Board assented to the Governor General’s recommendation : but a strict line of economy having been adopted, with which this expense [*sic*] might have been deemed incompatible, the translator requested that the subscription of the Company’s name might be withdrawn. The private generosity, however, of the Governor General interposed to indemnify him for this disappointment.”

Thus it will be seen that, though the name of Warren Hastings is smirched in history for his spoliation of the Princesses of Oudh, in this other matter he emerges less black than he is painted.

THE CONTENTS OF THE “AYEEN AKBERY.”

Volume 1st.

The Emperor’s regulations for every department of Government.

Volume 2nd.

An Historical and Geographical description of the twelve Soobehs and Viceroyalties of Hindustan.

Volume 3rd.

A full account of the religion of the Hindoos ; their books and the subjects of them ; their several sects and the points in which they differ.

The

AUTHOR’S PREFACE.

In the name of the Most Merciful God !

O Lord ! All thy mysteries are impenetrable.

Unknown are thy beginning and thy end.

In thee both beginning and end are lost, etc.

Then follows Abulfazel’s conception of the character and duties of the ideal king and Akbar’s realisation of these in practice. His Majesty, needless to say, ranks only below the Almighty, and everything he does is the essence of wisdom.

But now the motor is at the door to bear us to the

actual scene of these triumphs of perhaps the finest all-round man that ever lived. It takes us rapidly through the twenty-three miles of the arcade from Agra to Fatehpur Sikri. The arcade is made of sheshum trees and flocks of parrots, also in green hang from the tassels. Here and there blue peacocks and jays make a combination of colour dear to Paris. It is the rainy season so there are no flowers, but every imaginable shade of green lines the arcade including the parrots' wings. There are spiky bamboos glinting in the sun, shooting sombre shafts into the shade. Then there are feathery neams, substantial peepuls, and spicy eucalyptus trees. Gold mohur trees shorn of their glory are consoled by the clinging ujantis. Sober motels act as foils to the coloured leaves of the durcinias. The arandi (castor-oil tree) gives a grateful shade to some gorgeous saris squatting beneath. The letar creeps over the Mahommedan ruins on either side. The papaya bears proudly its unwholesome fruit, a kind of melon. The ritha stands ready to provide yellow dyes. The kela (plantain) holds aloft its silken banner. Then there are kanduas, chameli (jessamine), imli (tamarind) trees and marghanis, and these are peopled by cooing grey doves, flashing orioles, and perky hoopoes. On the return journey owls will screech from the ruins all around.

Once again we see the rose-red turret walls of a Moghul city, pass through one more of the characteristic narrow, slit-like gates. The car runs over a grass-grown track to the Diwan-i-Am. It is similar to those of Agra and Delhi, but made of red sandstone, for this is a rural city and therefore everything is simpler than at Agra and Delhi. There is Akbar's throne and a cloister round. The public sat in the centre of the square now grown with grass. Akbar

sat between the screens of exquisite carved sandstone. Our guide belongs to the same family as the celebrated Saint Selim Chisti. He was named after the Persian village which sent many saints to Delhi and Amber and he was responsible for the very existence of Fatehpur Sikri. Akbar was returning from one of his campaigns and halted at the foot of the hill. He and his Hindu wife were grieving for the loss of their twin sons. Sheikh Selim Chisti lived on the top of the hill. He promised them a son and heir if they would take up their abode there. They did so. Either the good air or the saint's prayers had the desired effect. The son was called Selim after him. His descendant takes us to the House of Religious Records. This had been converted into a "dak bungla," like the mosque attached to the Gol Gombaz at Bijapur. Lord Curzon, no matter his other mistakes, carried out the promises of Victoria R. and I. to preserve religious rights, and stopped this sacrilege. The House of Jodhai, the Rajput wife of Akbar, is the handsomest there, for she was his chief wife. In the two quadrangles are everywhere Hindu gods and the brackets of Hindu style, while the double triangles of mystic lore are prominent. Then there are designs of the bells used in Hindu worship hanging from chains in stone and Hindu colonnades richly elaborated with carving. It is indeed a palace for a queen and the blue tiles roofing her bedroom are similar to those of Akbar.

Poor Miriam, the Turkish wife, lived in a hovel by comparison. It consisted of one room looking on to the main quadrangle with a tank of green water crossed by a pathway between her apartment and the more elaborate quarters of Akbar himself. These are three-storied, the bedroom on the top with open

colonnades, from which a brahman discoursed to him when sleepless. The Panch Mahal is a five-storied tower also on the main quadrangle and it is similar in design to the seven-storied rooms at Bijapur described in *The Voice of the Orient*. The many-sided Akbar also had a girls' school there under his own eyes, and the day of our visit several women were squatting on its ruins, as if in remembrance of efforts made for their sex, and their saris made bright spots in the desolation.

But near by is a red stone block which was Akbar's living chess board, where he played with sixteen handsome women for pawns. Of the royal harem Abulfazel writes these amusing particulars:—

“THE HARAM OR SERAGLIO.

“There is in general great inconvenience arising from a number of women; but his Majesty, out of the abundance of his wisdom and prudence, has made it subservient to public advantage; for by contracting marriages with the daughters of the princes of Hindustan and of other countries, he secures himself against insurrections at home, and forms powerful alliances abroad.

“The haram is an enclosure of such an immense extent, as to contain a separate room for every one of the women, whose number exceeds five thousand. They are divided into companies. Over each of these companies a woman is appointed Darogha. And one is selected for the command of the whole in order that the affairs of the haram may be conducted with the same regularity and good government as the other departments of the State.

“Every one receives a salary equal to her merit. The pen cannot measure the extent of the Emperor's largesses. The ladies of the first quality receive a

monthly stipend of R. 1610.¹ His Majesty has caused a coin to be struck solely for this purpose.

“The inside of the Haram is guarded by women, and about the gates of the royal apartment are placed the most confidential. Immediately on the outside of the gate, watch the eunuchs of the Haram, and at a proper distance are stationed the Rajputs, beyond whom are the porters of the gates; and on the outside of the enclosures, the Omrahs, the Ahdeens, and other troops mount guard, according to their rank.

“But besides all the precautions above described, his Majesty depends on his own vigilance, as well as on that of his Guards.”

But “the human need of loving” laughed even at Akbar. Below the palace in Agra Fort are some dreary vaults. In the darkest depths there is a pit. Over the pit is a beam elaborately carved. From its embossings dangles a silken cord. Those who were not walled up came here. Akbar was a man of justice, not mercy. Both to men and women he dealt summarily to wrong-doers according to the custom of the times.

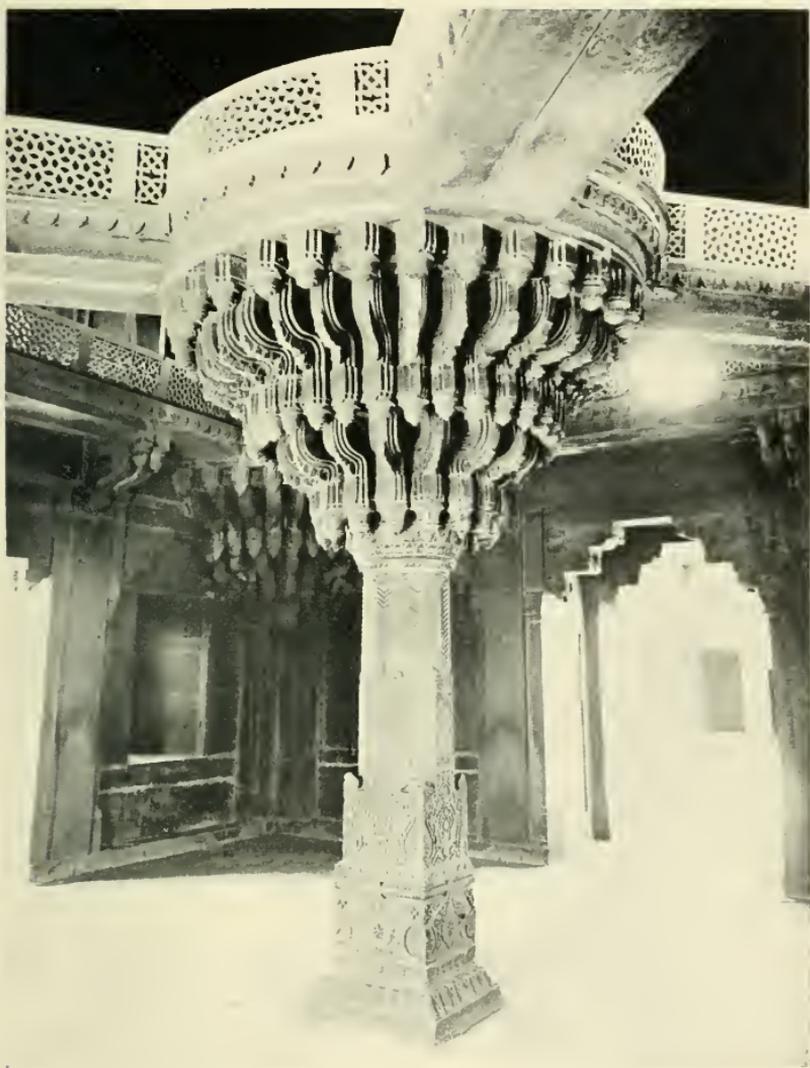
In calmer moments he reverted to the Hall of Discussion, and, seated on its lovely pedestal, he listened to the four philosophers at either corner. This was when the fires of Smithfield were alight in England.

“Every day some capable person reads to his Majesty, who hears every book from beginning to end. He always marks with the date of the month the place where he leaves off. There is hardly a work of science, of genius, or of history but has been read to his Majesty, and he is not tired with hearing

¹ A rupee was then worth more than 2s.

them repeated, but always listens with great avidity." The favourite books included the Gulistan, Jami, and especially history. Akbar had Sanskrit works translated into Persian and Hindi; these included the Mahabharata and Ramayana, and a Kashmiri history was translated. "The story of the loves of Nala and Damayanti, which is highly esteemed in the Hindovee language, has been translated by Sheikh Fyzel, into Persian verse, in the manner of Leilee and Mujnoon." Fyzi was the brother of Abulfazel. In addition to countless other books, Akbar commanded a history of the world for the last thousand years to be compiled! Needless to say artists and illuminators were not neglected. One book had fourteen hundred paintings, and portraits were done of the court officials whereby "the past are kept in lively remembrance and the present are insured immortality." "It is his Majesty's constant endeavour to gain and secure the hearts of all men. Amidst a thousand cares he suffers not his temper to be in any degree disturbed, but is always cheerful. He is ever striving to do that which may be most acceptable to the Deity, and employs his mind on profound and abstracted speculations. From his thirst after wisdom, he is continually labouring to benefit by the knowledge of others, while he makes no account of his own sagacious administration. He listens to what everyone has to say. But although a long period has elapsed in this practice, he has never met with a person whose judgment he could prefer to his own." (1)

According to Abulfazel Akbar slept in the evening and in the morning and spent the night in transacting business, and listening to Sufi philosophers and musicians. He appeared in public twice daily and often



AKBAR'S PILLAR OF PHILOSOPHY

at a window in the Daulat Khaneh where anyone could present a petition.

Fatehpur Sikri is high with a lovely view of the Ravli Hills. It was this view and the companionship of the Chisti saint which attracted the Emperor to build the city which he deserted after only fifty years from its inception for want of water. The Imperial Gate leads into a huge square once used as a mosque for daily prayer by Akbar. After the death of the holy man it became a shrine. In white marble his mausoleum stands like a pearl in the red stone setting of the great square. The marble work is some of the most subtle even in India. The brackets outside are absolutely unique, the marble carved in serpentine windings with exquisite fretwork in between. Inside, the mother-of-pearl tomb is more magnificent than any other seen in India. The canopy and four posts are extraordinarily elaborate in design. And still it is perfumed with flowers placed daily by his descendants on the quilt with a Kashmir pattern. This was the religious influence which moulded the life of the greatest emperor known to history. During the lifetime of the saint he built him a monastery with vast halls in which his family are buried to-day, including the grandfather of our guide. These wonderful buildings, deserted by man, are now filled with pigeons and doves whose cooing is overpowering. The mosque here shows the mixed influences bearing on Akbar with its traces of Hindu decoration. It actually merges from a square beginning to a hectagonal superstructure merging in a round dome, with decorations of all sorts and colours. The floor was like glass and on this one man lay in a profound sleep in the sleeping city. The highest point is crowned by the Gate of Victory. Its inscription celebrates

Akbar's victories in Khandesh and the Deccan. How often he stood there and surveyed the Ravli Hills to which the great gate looks. He loved height and air. The immense portal is covered with horseshoes. Was Akbar superstitious?

Just outside this gate was the house of the historian Abulfazel. He lived with his brother, the poet Fyzi.

Through the royal stables is the house of Birbal, the minister and humorist and confidant of Akbar. This house again shows a mixed architecture.

Akbar's illuminations were a spark of celestial fire. At noon when the sun entered the fourteenth degree of the sign Aries an onyx called Soorej Kerant was placed in its rays. From this a piece of cotton was fired. This celestial fire lit the whole palace and was renewed yearly in the Aganger or fire-pot. Then there was a shining white stone called Chanderkerant which, upon being exposed to the moon's beams, dripped water. The gold and silver candelabra weighed over forty pounds and the camphor candles were three yards long.

Akbar was conversant with Persian, Indian, and European music, and he composed two hundred "new modes."

His Majesty, both at home and on journeys, always drank Ganges water. When in the Punjab the water was brought from Hurdwar. In the kitchen, Jumna or Punjab water was used mixed with that of the Ganges. "His Majesty even extends his attention to this department and has made many wise regulations for it. He eats but once in the course of twenty-four hours, and he always leaves off with an appetite. He has a great disinclination for flesh; he says frequently 'Providence has prepared variety of food for man, but, through ignorance and gluttony, he

destroys living creatures, and makes his body a tomb for beasts. If I were not a king, I would leave off eating flesh at once, and now it is my intention to quit it by degrees.' ”

This was carried out. He introduced all kinds of fruit farmers and trees from Persia and Tartary into Hindustan. He was a connoisseur of perfumes and the presence-chamber was fumigated with Ambergris, Lignum aloes etc. burnt in gold and silver censers.

Flowers were even introduced from Europe, as the Kepurberyl which was like the Saffron flower. The Kenwel was of two kinds. One, which was yellow, blew in the morning and followed the sun in its course and in the evening the flower shut up. The other, which was white, blew when the moon shone and turned towards it as the other followed the sun.

The Kerpew has five petals resembling the nails of a lion.

The Kenayr was beautiful but unlucky. Whoever wore it on his head got sorrow. It flowered in one year.

The Naghesir was like a white rose. It flowered in seven years.

The Soorpun resembled the Sesame flower.

The Henna had four petals and every shrub bore a different-coloured flower. The Dupabrya had a small dark red flower and blew always at noon. The Chumpa grew in water so that all but the flower was immersed. The Soodarson was like the roybyl and the lilly. The Spikenard was composed of five petals, each ten fingers long, and three fingers broad. The Gait resembled the tamarind. The Seriss was called the King of trees and sent its fragrance a great distance.

The cult of the aviary was not neglected.

The Sharukh imitated the human voice so that if you did not see the bird you could not help being deceived. The Myneh spoke as well as the Sharukh. Parrots were red, white, green, and a variety of other colours. The Koyil was black with red eyes and a long tail. It was fabled to be enamoured of the rose in the same manner as the nightingale. The Pepeeheh sang most enchantingly about the commencement of the rains and especially during the night when its lays caused the old wounds of lovers to bleed afresh. It was also called Peeyoo, which in Sanskrit meant beloved. The Biya was a yellow sparrow who might be taught to fetch and carry grains of gold with safety. The Baril disdained the ground but floated himself on the water on a small twig.¹

Akbar performed for his people the functions of priest as well as King. They thought him a Master of Wisdom. Who shall say that they were wrong? The astrologers knew this from the hour of his nativity. His breath healed diseases and he read the decrees of fate. Many of his subjects became his disciples. They were enjoined to vegetarianism and works of charity as well as the continual remembrance of God. In marriage Akbar considered the consent of the bride and groom to be equally necessary with that of their parents. He taught the worship of the sun. His Viceroy's were enjoined to pray when the sun entered a sign of the Zodiac and to fire cannon to apprise the populace.

His Hindu subjects were convinced that he was a reincarnation of the famous sage Mukund Bramachari. According to them the sage had inadvertently eaten cow's flesh, and was therefore condemned to be reborn

¹ In the above descriptions of flowers and birds I have followed the text exactly.

as a *mlechcha*.¹ Now suicide is a deadly sin according to the Shastras. At Prayag, however, it was permitted. Mukund Bramachari lived there and destroyed himself by fire in 1451 because of the defilement of his body. Knowing that he must become a *mlechcha* in rebirth, his last wish was to be reborn a Moghul Emperor. So runs the legend which Akbar's subjects perpetuated in *slokas*² for many generations. Akbar built the Fort of Allahabad on the site of the *asbram* of Mukund Bramachari. Whether he himself believed the theories of his Hindu subjects who shall say? Certain it is that an old picture exists of him dressed as a Hindu *yogi*, and his greatest favourite, Birbal, was a Hindu, as well as his chief wife. It is also certain that he stopped suicide at Allahabad and also *sati*³ everywhere. According to the true Hindu religion, as revealed by the Mahatmas, its guardians, no one would be reborn as a *mlechcha* because he had eaten beef. The cow is held a sacred animal by Hindus and therefore not eaten by them. This has a scientific basis, as all other doctrines of Hinduism. Cow's flesh has been analysed by Dr. Richardson, late Professor of Chemistry, University College, Bristol, and found to possess highly antiseptic properties, just as the water of the Ganges has a peculiar power of destroying impurity. But in Hinduism we are taught to hold the lifegiving spirit of the law as more important than the letter which kills. Gentleness and kindness to all, even our enemies, are insisted on more than dieting or washing, important though these may be. I have heard of a case of rebirth as a *mlechcha* when a Hindu hated the English, not from having eaten the wrong food

¹ Non-Hindu.

² Verses.

³ The self-immolation of widows by burning.

The law of *karma* seems to be that the measure of our own failure is dealt out to us in external circumstances in another life.

It was during the reign of Akbar, when the Great Moghul Empire was at the highest height of its glory, that there fell the first shadow of future fate, there struck the first knell of impending doom, there appeared the cloud of a man's hand. The English grip upon India first closed under him.

Three worn and travel-stained men brought him the following letter. Their names were John Newbery and Ralph Fitch, merchants, and William Seedes, a jeweller.

“Elizabeth, by the Grace of God, etc. . . . To the most invincible and most mightie prince Lord Yelabdin Echebar, King of Cambaya, Invincible Emperor, etc.

“The great affection which our Subjects have to visit the most distant places of the world, not without goodwill and intention to introduce the trade of all nations,” and so on.

Would Akbar have acted differently had he known the results? Did his great mind perhaps know? Had he the prevision of Tegh Bahadur and other Great Ones who foresee the working of the law yet never interfere with the course of events? Was he like Jesus who retained Judas at His board? like Kukulain, the Irish adept, who “knew He must yield to His fate,” yet still fought on? Who can tell?

For our period of political ferment we cry “Oh! for an Akbar!” For the quieting touch again of the greatest of the world's emperors upon India's fevered brow.

In these days of prosaic hideousness we sigh, too,

for the beauty he introduced into the life of action, as well as into the world of thought. In this time of mental barrenness and of infantile puerility we yearn for his intellectual strength.

Did the gods permit it, might not his statesman's insight be the salvation of our declining empire? Would not his plates of amber, his porphyry vases and blossoming pomegranates, his asarota pavements, his mules with manes puffed in Persian style beneath a network of blue pearls, gild the sordid utility of our days of wires and 'phones as surely as his musicians and Sufi philosophers would soothe our dreams of night? Could not his vervein and maiden-hair-fern lotions, combined with his meditation on the Mahabharata, cure our world-sickness as potently as his profound understanding of the philosophy of human life could heal our spirits?

The deepest charm of Fatehpur Sikri, as of Hindustan, is, after all, that there it is possible to forget the present age.

In the full, drowsy, voluptuous noon, when the battlements are a gorgeous blaze of colour, a very intoxication of rose-red, as in the ethereal white moonlight of midnight, when, with the silver beams and the white magnolias and the pale marbles, it is like a world of snow, its charm is one of rest, silence, leisure, dreams, and passion all in one; it belongs to the days when statesmanship was a living power, when love was a thing of heaven or hell, and when men had the faith of children and the force of gods.

Those days are dead, but in Fatehpur Sikri you can believe still that you live in them.

In Fatehpur Sikri the cooing of the wild doves is simply overpowering. They too seem to say "Sleep!

Sleep! Sleep the profound slumber of the man in the mosque! Sleep to present-day turmoil of ugliness and clatter and matter of fact. You will wake up in the dream world, the world that old Sir Thomas Browne, Akbar's contemporary, wrote of, and then you will know——

As the sun sinks the people return from the fields and drive their *bails* through the deserted streets, and flocks of goats come up through the lanes and crop the bushes that are now springing from the palaces of Akbar. The moon hangs on the horizon like an immense pendant of topaz suspended on amethyst velvet. As she mounts the void she pales, as though in terror of what she sees, and whitens the dark mosques and deserted palaces of the city. Far away glimmers the roc's-egg dome of the Taj Mahal. We are in the heart, the very centre, of the Moslem World.

Its pride, its pomp are over. Its palaces, its people remain as witnesses of the gorgeous past.

One silver crescent in the twilight sky is hanging,
 Another tips the solemn dome of yonder mosque.
 And now the muezzin's call is heard, sonorous clanging
 Through thronged bazaar, concealed harem, and cool kiosk.
 "In the prophet's name, God is God, and there is no other."
 On roofs, in streets, alone, or close beside his brother,
 Each Moslem kneels, his forehead turned towards Mecca's
 shrine,
 And all the world forgotten in one thought divine.

THE GOLDEN CITY

TO PRINCESS BAMBA DHULEEP SINGH

The city was pure gold, like unto clear glass.

Revelation.

THERE are two water-cities in the world where wanderers whose eyes have long ached with the mugginess and glare of fog-wrapped and desert cities gaze and think themselves in Heaven. These are Venice and Amritsar.

In Venice are the still waters of the lagunes, the marbles and porphyry, and the jasper of the mighty palaces, the soft grey of the ruins all covered with clinging green, the hidden antique nooks where some woman's head leaned out of an arched casement in the Dandola time when the Adriatic swarmed with the returning galleys laden with Byzantine spoil, the dim, mystic, majestic walls that tower above the gliding surface of the eternal water, once alive with flowers and music and the gleam of golden tresses and the laughter of careless revellers in the Venice of Goldini. Then night comes with shadowy stillness and tremulous darkness. An oar beats on the water. Unclosing carnation buds scent the moonlight. Lilies of the Valley gleam in the dark archway of some mosaic-lined window.

In Amritsar the approach to the casket's jewel is diverse. The Guardian Spirit of the Eastern City

wears a different mien. The carriage winds through narrow, tortuous streets of bazaars where grave-faced Punjabis patiently weave and embroider the *phul-karris*¹ for which Amritsar is famous. The best-known patterns produce a sheen of pure golden and of richest crimson silks respectively upon a cotton ground. These gorgeous patterns are produced in little dingy dens. Yet to the oriental by nature the bazaar has an unspeakable beauty in its squalor, the beauty of antiquity, the fascination of passive resistance to innovation and modernity. Nothing is up to date in the bazaar.

Suddenly we emerge from the labyrinth and are struck dumb by the unique sight of a huge building in pure gold burning in the sun in the centre of a lake of emerald water. To give breathing space we are conducted to a chair, our shoes removed, and slippers tied on. In these we shuffle down a broad flight of steps to the Bungahs. These are cloister-palaces built by prominent Sikhs for residence round their Holy of Holies. These form the casket of the jewel. Our guide, the Hon. Sirdar Sudrinda Singh, a member of the Viceroy's Council, prostrates himself to the ground at the foot of the steps, under a very old tree of berries, for beneath its shade Baba Buddha, the first and favourite *chela* of Guru Nanak, used to sit and grind mortar for the construction of the Temple. So the tree is now known as Babe Budde-Ki-ber. Baba Buddha lived on till the time of the sixth Guru who began to reign in 1606, Guru Nanak, the first Guru, having died in 1539. The tank which encloses the Golden Temple is five hundred feet square. As we slip along the tessellated pavement the cool green ripples are on one side, the Bungahs

¹ Curtains.

on the other, and over them flies the Sikh flag with the crimson shield and daggers on a yellow ground. We come to the Gate of the Temple. It is faced with gold and bears an inscription in gold. This narrates an event which took place on April 30th, 1877. During a thunderstorm, while the Temple was full of worshippers, a ball of fire, two seers¹ in weight, burst into the sanctuary, shone before the Granth Sahib,² and without injuring anyone present returned to Heaven by the southern entrance. This miracle was ascribed by the faithful present to the influence of Guru Ram Das, who had dedicated the Temple to Hari,³ and to his gratification at the prosperity of Sikhdom under British rule. The commissioner was therefore duly informed of the miracle. The Gate, like the rest of the Temple, is of gold leaf laid on to copper. Its massive door is silver outside and wrought ivory in exquisite patterns within. A mauve pigeon perches on the moving barrier as it swings us through. Then we pass along the marble causeway which bridges the green waters to the Temple in their centre. The causeway is lined with golden lamps on either side. At the Temple door our guide again prostrates himself.

The Golden Temple of the Sikhs was begun by the fourth Guru, Ram Das (1574-1581). The tank was dug up about the year 1577. But, owing to the heavy rains, the work was postponed and the Guru died leaving it half done. The fifth Guru, Arjun Dev, could not continue the work till 1586. Owing to the growth of jungle over the original site he was digging in the wrong place until a buried ascetic, who

¹ A seer is two pounds.

² Holy Book of the Sikhs.

³ One of the names of Vishnu, the Second Person of the Hindu Trinity.

was disinterred among the rubbish, set him right. He then recommenced upon the Amrit Kund, found the stone of Ram Das, and dug away. His followers dug with such fervour that within a year the beautiful tank was completed, and within a second year the Golden Temple also. It was dedicated to God in the name of Hari Mandir (Vishnu's Temple). When the Guru supervised the building of the Temple he used to sit at the right of the Gate, and there he saw Vishnu working in the guise of a labourer.

The lower portion, the foundation merely, of this wondrous structure is of Delhi inlaid marble. The upper part of the walls, the windows, doors, eaves, roofs, and domes are all of beaten gold. Above the main door is the first verse of the Granth Sahib in gold letters on gold. Then follows the name of him who was the last King of the Punjab, the Maharajah Runjit Singh, as the humblest disciple of the Gurus.

Inside singers are intoning the Granth Sahib in whom the Gurus, by their own promises, still live. The singers are Mahommedans, descendants of the followers of Guru Nanak, who drew all creeds unto Him. The Granth Sahib itself is covered with silks and flowers. Above it is suspended a canopy of richest rose plush with a golden fringe. A Granthi¹ sits solemnly guarding it. An attendant flicks off the flies with a swish of peacock's feathers. Only the daring pigeons tranquilly sway with the rose red canopy. The Temple is full of them. For birds and beasts are not scared to death by man in India. They live their lives beside him in bazaar, bungalow, and temple. Owls flit with a feathery swish into the drawing-room in the evening and this morning a

¹ Sikh priest.

bird's egg dropped from the rafters of my sitting-room in the best hotel of Lahore.

At four a.m. daily the Granth Sahib is brought from an adjacent temple where it has passed the night. The Golden Temple is carefully washed first, for are not the Holy Gurus by their own promise in the Granth Sahib? The water of the tank round the Temple is therefore too sacred for bathing and is only used for drinking as a sacrament.

The Temple interior is impossible to describe in the richness of the gilding and painting. No words could do justice to it. In severe distinction to it is a plain clock given by that austere man, Lord Curzon.

Having been presented with little white cups made of sugar-candy, we pass up the winding stairs to an upper chamber where a larger copy of the Granth Sahib lies beneath a blue canopy of rich embroideries. The flies are flicked off it by an attendant and of course it is guarded by a Granthi, of whom there are three in the Temple. On certain occasions it is intoned day and night. The daily worship starts at two a.m., and by four a.m. the Temple is filled with devotees. Religion is made a daily and hourly business of in India, not a weekly diversion. This upper chamber is likewise of gold and is inscribed with the Japji¹ of Guru Nanak in gold lettering. But the upper corridors are covered with paintings of extraordinary elaboration as they are done by hereditary painters; all arts and crafts in India run in families.

Emerging on to the roof, we find that it is formed of one big central dome with four minarets, four corner turrets to the main structure, and dozens of

¹ Sacred writing.

small guardian turrets between these all round the four sides of the oblong building. The whole of these are covered with pure gold.

Different standards of beauty prevail in East and West. The descendants of those austere Teutons who first saw the cold shafts of light filter through the German forests might prefer the magnificent calm of the Gothic columns of Salisbury to the glittering glamour of the golden domes of Amritsar. But none can dispute that the Golden Temple is the *richest* house of prayer in the world. Dazzled by its immense masses of gorgeous metal imposed upon the inlaid marbles below, the eyes are literally unable to look at it as it burns and blazes in the noontide sun, any more than the naked feet of devotees can bear the scorching of the tessellated pavements around unless they are continually cooled with the green waters from the tank.

Descending, we retrace our steps along the isthmus causeway and out of the main gate to the adjacent Temple of Hur Govind, the sixth Guru. This is also roofed in pure gold, for does not the holy Granth Sahib repose beneath it by night? It sleeps beneath a small golden canopy inside, covered with velvet and fanned with peacocks' feathers, and beside it reposes the sword of Guru Govind Singh and other holy relics.

Then we pass along the Bungah cloisters round the great green tank, past Runjit Singh's Bungah and the palaces of the three Phulkian States, Patiala, Jhind, and Nabha, and over the tessellated floors to where a richly carved door, wide open, looks into a hall of faded paintings containing a couch of leopard-skin bolsters. This belongs to the followers of Guru Nanak's eldest son, a sect of *yogis*.

Then through the orange grove, perfuming the shrines of martyrs who fought to save the Temple, to the Shrine of the Sixth Guru. It is nine stories high, of course roofed in gold, and overhangs a second immense tank of green water. This is called the Kaul Sar Tank. It was dug as a memorial of Kaulan, the daughter of the Lahore Qazi. Her father was religious adviser to the imperial court, but she preferred to sit at the Guru's feet. She induced Guru Hur Govind to dig the tank in 1622, with the idea that the female disciple leaves a more honoured name than she who brings forth many mortal children. "This shows that the Guru's society had made her above an ordinary woman."

Hur Govind's Temple is dedicated to his younger son, Baba Attal. He was born in 1629. One day he was engaged in a game resembling "hare and hounds" in which the boys took turn as leaders. The next for the leadership died during the night of snake-bite. Baba Attal went to his house and restored him to life. Hur Govind was so intensely displeased with this interference with the laws of *karma* that Baba Attal exclaimed that he would give his own life to the boy, lay down, and passed out of his body.

His shrine is extremely rich in gilding and painting and hung with Benares kincobs. The paintings represent scenes in the life of the greatest of Sikh teachers, Guru Nanak, but the faces of the crowd around us bear the imprint of the greatest of warrior Gurus, Govind Singh, the tenth and last Guru. For as Guru Nanak taught the Path of Bhakti, so Guru Govind Singh led the way along the Path of Action. His followers were imbued with such a fiery spirit that Baba Dip Singh, having sworn not to die until within sight of the Golden Temple, but his head having

fallen outside the city, he took it in his hands and the headless trunk fought on until it fell beneath the Temple's shadow on a spot still marked by a flag beside the tank.

From the top of the nine-storied tower is one of the unique of the world's views. We may call this one of the earth's unreal sights. The panorama is arranged in concentric rings. Far in the distance is the Punjab jungle, dry, dusty, and barren. This gives birth to the typical eastern city of tortuous streets, flat roofs, temple spires, oriental trees, and flights of birds. This conceals in its womb the Bungah cloister palaces guarding the two immense tanks filled with the green water. On the further tank, a lump of gold set in an emerald sea, is the knobby casket of the Granth Sahib, the Hari Mandir, or Golden Temple of the Sikhs. The huge central dome and rows of little turrets are brightly burnished and glinting in the sun. The walls beneath are of duller gold, and the window-blinds are of crimson cloth. Below there are the marble foundations of the Temple and the marble perforated screens overhanging the water which is forty feet deep. It mirrors a repetition of the glories above in inverse order, the layers of marble, of dull gold and crimson and of burnished gold. As we look a flight of pigeons shrouds the gleaming gold with a purple veil.

As the wings of a dove covered with silver, and her feathers with yellow gold.

Beyond the tank is the golden dome of Akal Takhat. Far away is the Khalsa College where the flower of young Sikhdom is trained. A temple fifteen miles away is clearly visible.

The keynote of this wondrous scena is Mystery.

That Mystery who sleeps shrouded in every view throughout the vast continent of India, but who shows her veiled face at Amritsar. And the mystery of the Hari Mandir, covered by its golden domes and buried beneath the emerald ripples of the great tanks of Amritsar, is deeper than any which broods over the lagunes of Venice at twilight, or is shrouded in the white velvet mists of northern seas. The waters of Amritsar guard a deeper secret than any other of the world's water-cities. This is its history.

“In the ancient times, the site upon which the temple stands was full of jungles, with a pool inside. The Devtas settled in this part of the country, and it was in those days when the first hymns of the oldest Vedas were chanted on the banks of five rivers of the Punjab by the Devtas. Afterwards, these Devtas settled themselves to peaceful occupations after their wars with the Rakshas, the Rikhis among them began to lead spiritual and religious lives, and the sacred spot between the Beas and the Ravi was the most appropriate place for them, and here they performed their religious devotions, read the hymns of the Vedas, performed *Hom* and other sacrifices, and in this way brought down from heaven the blessings of the gods and the water of immortality, i.e. *Amrit*, which was then used to purify their souls and to strengthen them against their enemies.

“It is said that Raja Akshwaku the Great performed the ceremonies of hundred Asav Medha Yaggs on this site. He was successful to receive the water of immortality from the heaven, and he, after doing with it, had buried the same on this spot, To prove the fact, a story goes as follows.

“In the time of the Fifth Guru (1581-1606) there lived an influential man at Patti (a village near Tarn Tarn, Amritsar District), who had some beautiful daughters. One of these was of pious and religious

disposition, and depended more on the grace of God than of any human being. It so happened, that on one occasion, her father being displeased with her, her religious disposition being the cause of it, gave her in marriage to a man with maimed feet and hands, and told her to support herself and her husband upon the bounties of God, upon which she so depended.

“The unfortunate girl accepted her lot, and began to maintain herself and her husband by begging, carrying her husband in a basket upon her head. She once came to the site where the Golden Temple now stands, and having placed the basket in which her husband was under the shade of a tree, went to a neighbouring village to beg for alms. Near the tree was a hollow place filled with water and overgrown with shrubs and wild plants. The man in the basket was astonished to see that a lame crow, by dipping its legs in the water, became cured and able to walk, and moreover became white as snow. The man thereupon let himself into the water, and on doing so found himself, to his infinite pleasure, similarly cured of his infirmities. On his wife’s return with alms, she found a man with perfect hands and feet sitting on the basket. She could not believe at first that he was her husband, but was subsequently satisfied, when the Guru attested the power of the Amrit. The place is known as Dukh Bhanjani Berry Temple, and is situated about the middle of eastern side of the tank.

“Meanwhile the Fifth Guru was engaged to dig a tank and to build a national temple. He determined to satisfy himself of the spot of the sacred *Amrit Kund*, and in order to effect this he dug a place where the tank of Santokh-Sar is now situated. Deep in the earth he found a room of retreat, closed on four sides. The Guru opened it on one side and found an old ascetic sitting in a devotional posture with long grey hairs. The Guru, who knew the

Yoga or the system of restoring breath, succeeded in animating the man, who then fell down at Guru's feet, and exclaimed, 'I have got now my salvation. I was sitting to see thee, and have so beheld thee.' The Guru inquired of him who he was, and where the *Amrit Kund* was situated. He, too, indicated by signs the peculiarity and identity of the place, same as the present site, upon which the Guru built the Hari Mander. He said he had been interred since the days of the Mahabharata.

"Santokh Dass, as this ascetic was called, was shut up again in the same room, which was covered with earth, and a tank, the Santokh Sar, was formed over the site, together with a temple called Tahli Sahib, which stands on the western bank of the tank.

"As for the site of the Hari Mander, it is also narrated that in the time of Budha, the Great Teacher, while passing through the country is said to have stopped suddenly at the site of pool, which was then surrounded with jungle and trees, and observed, 'This spot is best for the Bhikhshus to obtain their *narwan* (salvation), and far superior in that respect to other places in the east, but it must have time for its celebrity.'

The Golden Temple was built in memory of the martyrs of the Sikh faith, for those who fought amongst themselves for priority of martyrdom in the days when a Sikh male head fetched R. 80 and a female's, described as a boy's, brought R. 50.

Its glittering surface is burnished on the fires of their martyrdom. Their fiery spirits pulsate on the ether shimmering on the domes. The Hari Mandir gleams through the burning mists of the blood of saints and ascetics and warrior hermits who have poured out their lives like water to preserve their Holy of Holies undefiled. None other of the

world's sanctuaries has been preserved at such a cost.

That is why no photograph can do the Hari Mandir justice, can ever convey the faintest conception of what it is. That is why I left my camera beside my shoes at the Outer Gate.

THE CITY OF LIONS

TO GURU GOVIND SINGH AS HE WAS AND IS

Wherever there is decay of Dharma and there is exaltation of Adharma then I manifest. *Bhagavad Gita.*

HAVING a spare month, I resolved to spend it in the northern capital of Lahore. My first visit there was chiefly memorable, of modern things, for the kind hospitality of His Honour Sir Louis Dane, Lieutenant-Governor of the Punjab, and Lady Dane, the Hon. Sir John Muir Mackenzie, late officiating Governor of the Bombay Presidency and a Member of Council of the Governor of Bombay, and Lady Muir Mackenzie, who were visiting Lahore, and of the Hon. Sir David Masson, late Member of Council of the Lieutenant-Governor of the Punjab, and Lady Masson.

Sir Louis Dane granted me an interview and told me that the population of his province was divided into three parties :—

- | | |
|-------------------------------------|---------|
| 1. The old-time conservative Hindus | } 46 %. |
| 2. The Sikhs | |
| 3. The Mahommedans | 54 %. |

The first, with the Jains, are the least troublesome to Government, quiet, studious, and prosperous. The Sikhs are the most active as wealth producers. The Mahommedans are the most fiery. The Sikhs had divided into two parties over the recent Marriage Bill. The old Sikh party which follows Guru Nanak

and call themselves Sikhs only, wish the ancient Hindu marriage customs retained with heavy gifts to brahmans.

The modern Sikhs, or Singhs, wish for simpler marriage ceremonies and no gifts to brahmans. This innovation is bitterly opposed by the older party.

Finding that the moderns had contracted these simpler marriages, the Government passed a Bill legalising them and future ones. The Sikh army favours this reform. The Punjab Government finds its greatest difficulty in keeping peace between the races, Shias and Sunnis, old Sikhs and new Sikhs, and Hindus versus Mussulmans and Sikhs. If there is a row about the desecration of a mosque or temple, all turn against the hand that quells it. In times of plague and famine the deaths run to 250,000 a month, and again this is laid by the people at the door of the Government.

Sir Louis Dane has his work cut out in his own kingdom. But he does not apprehend an immediate danger to the British Raj, the attempts to subvert the army having failed. He considers that the partition of Bengal only focussed the discontent prevailing everywhere against the foreign yoke. This is largely caused by education, there being no outlet for the educated except the overcrowded bar. However both he and the autocratic Sir Denzil Ibbetson opposed the partition of Bengal as unnecessary. The reforms might have been carried out without wounding the sentiment of an entire nation. Also perhaps equally unfortunate may be considered Lord Curzon's speech at Calcutta University saying that Hinduism inculcated lying and that the Hindus were all liars.

It is interesting to speculate as to the previous incarnations of prominent people. One might



IN THE CITY OF LIONS

imagine in Edward VII Henry VIII returned in the flesh ?¹ In Lord Curzon, Julius Cæsar. In General Booth, Mahommed. Even in the physiques of these people there is a certain resemblance to their prototypes, as one can see Helena Blavatsky looking through the thin mask of a Hindu girl.

The day that Sir Louis Dane received me a sweet-smelling garland of white flowers hung upon the wall in anticipation of the arrival of his expected guest, the Maharajah of Kapurthala. I had met His Highness before. He represents the reformed party of Sikhism, as the Maharajah of Kuch Behar represents reformed Hinduism. This means in either case that religion has been reformed away altogether, and London and Paris fashions enthroned in its place. How are the mighty fallen !

The true founder of the Kapurthala family was Sirdar Jassa Singh. He was leader of the Khalsa, or body of the Sikhs, and the most distinguished of all the Sikh chiefs north of the Sutlej. He was born as a result of a prophecy of Guru Govind Singh. His father, Badar Singh, was childless, and consulted the Guru about it. The possession of a son is always most dear to the Hindu, and the Sikhs are Hindus, partly because, at the father's death, it is the duty of the son to perform the *shradda*, or after death ceremonies. These, like all other forms of *mantra*² worship, are founded on their scientific knowledge of the power of sound. The astral body is broken up thereby and the spirit liberated to soar to heavenly regions. So Guru Govind Singh promised the advent of a son to the despairing father, but he

¹ The late King selected the rôle of his ancestor Henry VIII at the Duchess of Devonshire's historic Jubilee fancy-dress ball, 1897.

² Sanskrit invocation.

attached a condition to the boon, e.g. that the son should become his disciple. The expectant father gladly agreed. But the son was not born till ten years after Guru Govind Singh's death, and Badar Singh had forgotten his promise, and himself died five years later. His widow considered his death a judgment for the broken vow. She took her son to Delhi, to the widow of Guru Govind Singh, Mai Sandri, and they both served her for seven years.

At the age of twelve the boy returned to the Punjab. Mai Sandri blessed him on parting, predicted future greatness, and gave him a silver mace saying his descendants would have mace-bearers. His daughter married the heir to the Kapurthala *gadi*.¹ It is the third Punjab state in importance and the Maharajah is entitled to a salute of eleven guns, Kashmir having twenty-one guns, and Patiala seventeen.

Of ancient things, we hied first to the Fort and asked immediately for the armoury and to see the relics of Guru Govind Singh. He was the tenth and greatest priest-King of the Sikhs, and the reason for our momentous interest in Him will appear later.

There they were, displayed with reverent pride in the place of honour on the wall. The round shield with the embossed brass centre; the steel battle-axe with two curves; the tattered colours, on a bamboo pole, in beautiful blue and crimson and a tiger in gold upon the crimson.

The Fort itself is a mixture of Sikh and Mahomedan styles, the latter a bad copy of Delhi. Tawdry paintings abound and looking-glass work is everywhere, though set in gold. Now not far from Lahore Mall is a tomb which has a curious connection with

¹ Throne.

this looking-glass work. Not long ago it had been converted into the Church of St. James, thus directly violating our contract to respect the religions of India. Now it is a kind of office of archives.

Pushed into a corner, among the dusty books and papers, is the *raison d'être* of the whole structure. There gleams a fair sarcophagus of the purest white marble. On the lid are inscribed the ninety-nine names of Allah. On the sides of the marble are the Persian lines :—

Ah! could I behold the face of my beloved once more, I
would give thanks to my God until the Day of Re-
surrection.

The profoundly enamoured Salem, son of Akbar.

This is the connection of the tomb and the looking-glasses. She who once lay beneath the marble was named Anar Kali, or Pomegranate Blossom. She was a lady of Akbar's Court and one day, while in attendance on him, exchanged a smile with his son Salem behind the monarch's back. Akbar saw the smile reflected by one of the cruel little mirrors, thousands of which, set in gold, decorated the walls of the room. Akbar suspected what these inscriptions prove to have been true and Anar Kali was walled up alive in a brick tomb.

When Salem reigned as Jehangir he erected this tomb ten years after the death of his father. Thus he showed fidelity to her who died for his sake. At the same time the inscriptions justify the suspicions of Akbar and thus violate the maxim of Hafiz :—

If there be trouble to Herward, and a lie if the blackest
can clear,
Lie, while thy lips can move or a man is alive to hear.

Outside Akbar's Fort is the Hazuri Bagh. This

contains a pavilion built by Shah Jehan, a hall mark of dream like loveliness. The marble laces and embroideries in every delicious shade of white gleam among groves of orange trees bearing golden balls of the Hesperides. A tall palm overshadows it in which two green parrots were perched, solemnly peering down upon the fretted marbles. Four red sandstone giant minarets, 150 feet high, burn into the cobalt vault above. They belong to Aurungzeb's big mosque built beside the Hazuri Bagh. For Aurungzeb disdained his father's love of beauty and wished to remind men of graver things.

In the background of the garden, behind a wall and screened by palms, rises a rather shabby tomb. To reach it we pursue a jungly path into deep shadows of high walls. Mounting many steps and passing through several doors we reach a canopied platform of grey marble. It is covered with a heavy cloth strewn with rose petals. The white-bearded Sikh, our guide, shrieks as our shoes touch the threshold. With stockinged feet we approach. Hardly will the other attendants lift the pall. At last we see it covers a big lotus flower carved in marble. Round it are eleven smaller lotus flowers, all in soft shades of marbles. Some of them are carved more richly than others, but all are the same size and placed at an equal distance from the large lotus in the centre. But the jealous attendants recover the whole before we have time to count the tombs of the four queens and seven lesser ladies of Runjit Singh's harem who, in 1839, burnt themselves for him who is represented by the big lotus flower.

Drawn by an irresistible fascination, I visited Runjit Singh's tomb for the third time and was fortunate in

finding this time only one mild custodian. He even moved one of the marble lotus flowers for a moment off its pedestal to show me the little heap of ashes underneath. My extreme interest and many questions drew quite a body of Sikhs to the tomb, for a crowd springs out of the ground even in an Indian desert. Putting on my shoes, they conducted me down the marble steps to where, beneath the tomb, was an iron grating. There lies the remainder of the ashes, all that is not beneath the eleven lotus flowers. For the tomb covers the pyre.

Next to Runjit Singh's tomb is another canopied erection. This my informants told me covers the "Granth Sahib," for was not the last injunction of Guru Govind Singh, "He who wishes to behold the Guru let him search the Granth of Nanak"? Another copy of the Holy Book lies on an altar beside the lotus flowers of Runjit Singh and the eleven women who were *sati* for him.

Each great Mahommedan tomb is exactly characteristic of its owner. Jehangir was addicted to sensuous pleasures, a lover of wine. Though he ruled a great empire, his reign was not distinctive for any new achievements or inspirations. His tomb is remarkable for having no dome soaring into the inverted cup from the immense tessellated marble platform, two hundred feet square, which covers the mausoleum. Its façade has a ground of red sandstone into which the marbles are wrought. This vies with the red cockscombs with which the garden is planted. The four beautiful minarets, a hundred feet high, are of stone in various shades of gold. Their four little platforms at intervals are guarded by fair white marble screens, and the same low fretted screen edges the platform of the tomb. This mauso-

leum is unique also in having two immense courtyards, instead of the usual single one. The outer contained accommodation for hundreds of pilgrims in the rooms running all round the four walls.

It is evident that the Taj Mahal was modelled and elaborated from this tomb. Arjamand was the niece of the Empress Nur Jehan, wife of Jehangir. His sarcophagus, however, is approached by four long tunnel-like passages beneath the platform. They are paved with tessellated marbles, but the walls are covered with the Nakkashi glazing characteristic of all Punjab tombs. The further north one travels the more beautiful this work. In Lahore, as in this passage, the tiles have often a gorgeous yellow ground on which the pattern is traced.

But the four protecting screens of the grave are of pure fretted marbles similar to the Taj, and the tomb itself is of exactly the same mosaic work. Cyclamens and other lovely flowers are inlaid into the marble.

Climbing to the top of a golden minaret and crouching down on the giddy height, a typically oriental view was obtained. How grateful this with London fogs only a few weeks behind!

Just beneath is the vast platform of coloured marbles. Then in front the two immense courtyards, one leading from the other and guarded by the usual gateways. The outer has the *serai*, or living-rooms, all round the walls. The creeping cascades of the *bougainvillea* glorify all.

Further off are the flat roofs of palaces, soaring domes, and spiking minarets, the big white egg of Aurungzeb's mosque gleams near the peepuls screening Runjit Singh's tomb. Only its golden spike is visible. Behind these spread the irregular flatness of

the City of Dreadful Night. The Ravi River winds in a semicircle round the whole. Groves of big eastern trees are everywhere. Flocks of parrots and the winding note of the *bails* at the well supply drowsy music. Turbaned figures squatting in the shade add to the sleepy sensation one gets crouching on the summit of Jehangir's minaret on a sunny afternoon.

Sehnend wahnend sinkt es lächelnd in Schlaf und Traum.

At long last descending, I crossed the two courtyards and scrambled through a hole in the wall of the outer court. This hole is also typical of India. Grandeur and squalor, magnificence and makeshifts jostle each other. At once I found myself in a garden run wild into a forest, though again enclosed in four wide walls. A path between giant palms, pampas grass, and trees led to a deserted tomb. Almost all the lovely yellow tiling which once covered the whole was gone. Nothing barred the way to the lonely grave inside which, amidst all this ruination, was preserved of the same mosaicked marble as the other. It was covered with an old muslin cloth, and a withered palm leaf was all the attention bestowed upon the memory of one Asij Jah. From all appearances he must have been a leading light in his day.

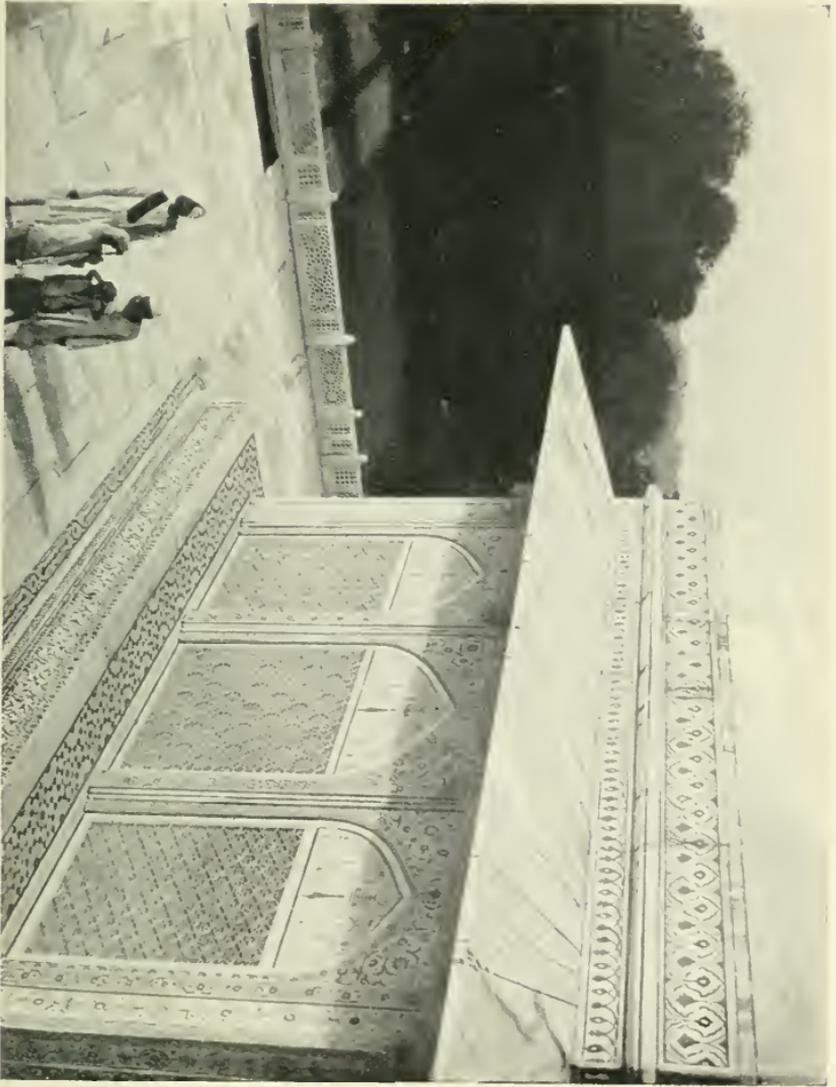
Everywhere in India the dead receive more attention than in the West. No matter how poor the people, no matter how old or desolate the tomb, someone always covers it with an old cloth and sprinkles a few flower petals or leaves frequently upon it. I was told that the tomb of Nur Jehan was also in the neighbourhood and the path was pointed out.

Nur Jehan is the most famous Queen Consort of

the Moghul Empire. In Indian history she ranks second only to Chand Bibi of Bijapur. But Chand Bibi was a Queen Elizabeth and Nur Jehan a Becky Sharp. This is her history in brief. She was the daughter of Itmad-ud-Daula. He was a Tartar adventurer who came to Akbar's Court. He was so poor he travelled on shanks's mare. His wife's health obliged him to provide her a horse. A daughter was born during the journey of this enterprising pair. Akbar discerned talent and made the father Chancellor of the Exchequer. One day the daughter dropped her veil by accident before the Heir Apparent. Akbar at once married her to a nobleman whose duties called him to Bengal. When Salem ascended the throne as Jehangir he had several debts to old memories to discharge. One was to build a mausoleum to the lady who had been walled up alive for his sake. But Nur Jehan still lived. He commanded her divorce. Her husband refused and was slain.

But Uriah's murder seems to have caused David remorse and when Bathsheba appeared at Delhi he refused to see her. The widow lay low and used her hands skilfully in painting and embroidery for Court ladies. Their taste pleased the Emperor. He called. A second time the veil dropped. It was not replaced.

Jehangir states that he assigned for her dowry £7,200,000 sterling, which sum he adds "she requested as indispensable for the purchase of jewels, and I granted it without a murmur. The whole concern of my household, whether of gold or jewels, is under her sole and entire management, of my unreserved confidence indeed this Princess is in entire possession, and I may allege without fallacy



THE TOMB OF SULEYMANIYYA (TOMB OF SULEYMAN), AT AGRA

that the whole fortune of my Empire has been consigned to the disposal of this highly endowed family, the father being my Diwan,¹ the son my Lieutenant-General, with unlimited powers, and the daughter the inseparable companion of all my cares."

Plunging again into the jungle, I passed through one of Asij Jah's gateways and looked in all directions for another dome. Not a sign or trace of a tomb anywhere to be seen. The banyans and peepuls and pampas and palms concealed effectually even the stones over her who was once the Light of the World.

The Shalimar Gardens of Lahore resemble those of Kashmir described and photographed in *The Voice of the Orient*. But there is much water, vast tanks filled, and many fountains, whereas in the other Shalimar they are now dried up. The fountain arrangements and the design are the same in each.

These gardens are said to have been laid out by Shah Jehan in 1637. If so, he must have ordered the Kashmiri design laid out by his father, Jehangir, to be copied almost exactly.

Lahore City is noted for two fine mosques. That of Wazir Khan is covered with tile-work and inscriptions in every shade of porcelain. It was in and about this mosque that Kipling met the northern traders who supplied his liveliest tales. Lahore is the great mart between north and south and the traders from Afghanistan, Bokhara, etc. all worship in Wazir Khan's Mosque. The Golden Mosque has golden domes. The streets are narrow and with wooden houses of the finest carving of any Indian city. I was alone among 150,000 Asiatics. Pathans and Punjabis vied in their attentions in acting as

¹ Prime Minister.

guides in the mosques. The only sore point was the process of selection for the camera.

The Sikhs as soldiers are a household word all over the British Empire. There is a special reason, as will be seen later, that some account of them should appear in these pages.

With the Mahommedan invasion of India, about 1000 A.D., Hindustan became a separate portion of the Moslem world and the conquerors became Hinduised.

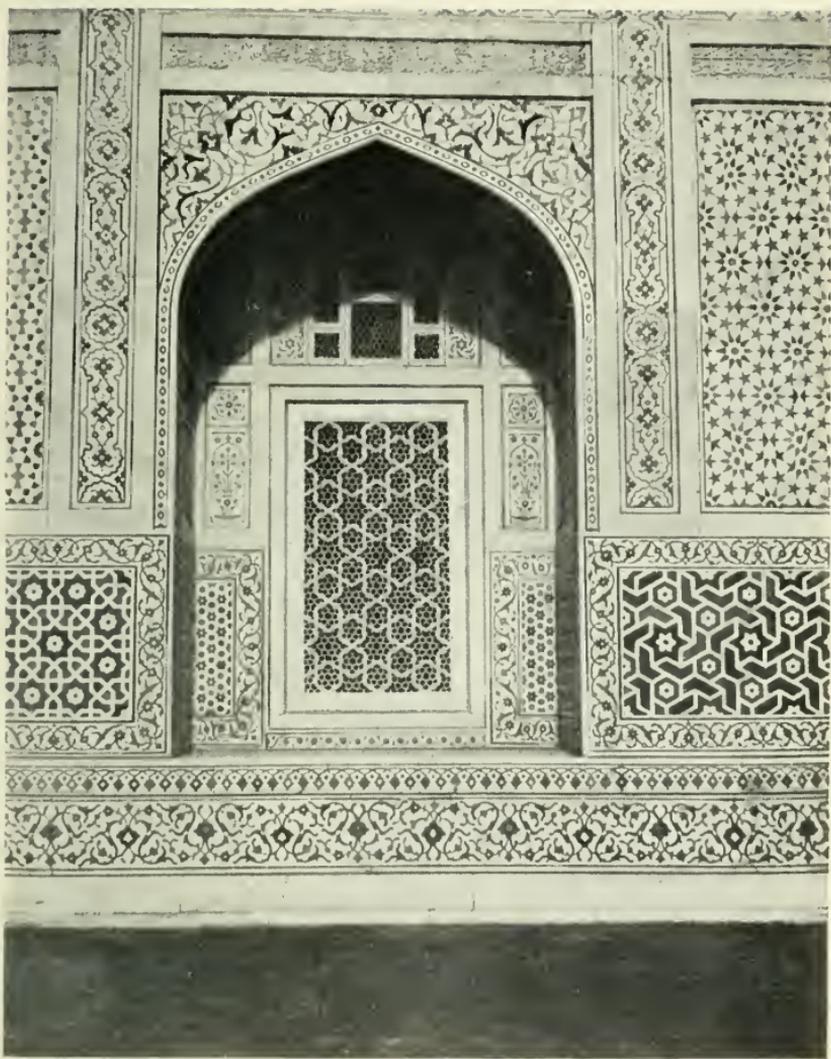
Akbar tried and succeeded in reconciling the two races politically. A long line of Hindu sages tried to reconcile them in religion. These efforts were successful in the Punjab. From the union of the two religions was born that mighty nation, the Sikhs.

As with all nations under inspired guidance, as in ancient Egypt and in ancient India, so with the Sikhs the office of priest and king was united in one person. They had ten Gurus who were also political chiefs.

The first was Guru Nanak. He was born near Lahore in 1469, a Hindu of Kshattrya caste.

All Sikhs hold Him to be the greatest of the ten Gurus. He was born a Master of Wisdom. As a boy He saw visions, dreamed dreams, and passed whole days in meditation and in trances. His mission was to destroy empty forms and to proclaim the One Spirit. He therefore refused to take the twice-born thread in the first instance. Eventually He did so from reverence to His mother's wishes.

He mixed in both the Hindu and Moslem worlds. He travelled far and wide to teach knowledge, through India, Persia and to Mecca. He is said to have met Baber, edified him with spiritual converse, but perplexed him with the prevision that they were both kings who would found dynasties of ten. Some-



THE TOMB OF SUBTLETY—DETAIL

times He travelled as a Moslem dervish, sometimes as a Hindu ascetic. But eventually He returned, threw off the ascetic's robe, and founded a family. He taught of the astral and devachanic worlds. Of reincarnation He writes, "Life is as the shadow of the passing bird, but the soul of man is as the potter's wheel, ever circling on its pivot."

During my residence in Lahore I met several learned Sikhs and found that they all hold Guru Nanak as incomparably the greatest of all the Gurus. A few think Sikhism declined with the growth of militarism, that Guru Govind Singh does not compare in greatness with Nanak, or even His immediate successors, but was merely a military leader in days of decadence.

My own view, derived from persons who, for me, have authority, is different. But Guru Govind Singh Himself always speaks of Nanak as a Great One. Certain it is that, like the Buddha, the first Guru of the Sikhs came to destroy empty forms and to substitute a living ideal. And yet His teachings were essentially Hindu. He enjoined the worship of one God, but it was under the name of Hari. He nowhere forbids the worship of the gods of the Hindu pantheon. On the contrary, in the Japji He expressly alludes to the Hindu Trinity and other gods commencing with the mightiest, Shiv, and proceeding to Saraswati and Yama. These are of the spiritual hierarchies who are an essential doctrine of the Hindu religion. But Nanak most insists on the worship of God within one's own soul, in the Hindu formula "I am that." He says, "Hari dwells in every heart, that is the sum and substance of the teachings of saints." And then He insists on the worship of the Guru. The Guru He says is Shiv and the other

gods, thus expressing the maxim taught to-day to pupils of Raja Yoga, that God to us is the Highest Person, incarnated or otherwise, that we know. Thus Nanak is a great teacher of Bhakti, which the mightiest Hindu sage, Sankara, speaks of as the highest path to Wisdom.

He gave the name of Sikh, or disciple, to His followers. He left the political organisation to follow later and only sought for them spiritual knowledge.

He excluded His own son as not suited to be His successor and, as His end approached, tried the merits of His chosen disciples. As they journeyed by the way, a body of a man was seen lying by the wayside. Nanak said, "Ye who trust in me, eat of this food!" All hesitated save the disciple Lehna. He knelt and uncovered the dead and touched without tasting the flesh of man. But behold! the corpse had disappeared and Nanak was in its place. The Guru embraced the faithful follower saying he was as Himself and that His spirit would dwell within him. The name of Lehna was changed to Unggud or own body.

This phenomenon of casting illusion will be seen to be exactly parallel to that narrated to me by Mr. Justice Shasfuddin, High Court of Calcutta, of his own Guru, a Sufi, the late Haji Syed Waris Ali of Dava. He was a saint with thousands of followers, both Hindu and Moslem, and had wonderful healing powers. Mr. Shasfuddin has always been a great admirer of physical beauty. The guru was a very handsome old man. One day as the pupil sat beside the master, who was lying on a divan, the thought occupied his mind that he wished he could have seen the guru young. At that moment he saw him lying there as a youth of fifteen. Then spring-



IN WAZIR KHAN'S MOSQUE

ing up in his normal form he embraced Shasfuddin saying "Are you satisfied? Go!"

The Sikhs believe Guru Nanak to have incarnated in each succeeding Guru. But the great Guru, Govind, gives a different version of this theory, as will be seen.

Nanak died in 1539 and Unggud upheld His principles. He himself was also a Kshattrya. He taught no new doctrine, but committed Nanak's teachings to writing, and thus continued the Sikh scriptures commenced by Nanak which now form the Holy Granth.

Unggud was true to his great teacher in not deeming his own sons worthy of the Sikh leadership, but gave it to Unmer Das, the third Guru, who succeeded in 1609.

Unmer Das was again a Kshattrya. Something more than chance brought leaders of the warrior nation always from the Hindu warrior caste. He was an active propagandist and found Akbar an attentive listener. He gave the succession to his son-in-law, a worthy husband of a beloved daughter and again a Kshattrya.

Ram Das, the fourth Sikh Guru, was well beloved by Akbar who gave him land. On this he dug a reservoir since called the world-wide Amritsar or "the pool of immortality." Perhaps for this reason of the founding of their sacred city Ram Das is among the most revered of the Gurus, for no great teaching is attributed to him. He only ministered for seven years. The slow progress of Sikhism in the beginning is shown by the fact that forty-two years after the death of Nanak there were only eighty-four Sikhs. Ram Das was succeeded by his son in 1581.

Arjun, the fifth Guru, was a great leader and made Amritsar from a hamlet into a big city and place of

pilgrimage. Next he arranged the writings of his predecessors and named them the Granth, or Book. But he taught that conduct was more important than any book, even the Ved.¹ Also he made the voluntary offerings of the Sikhs to their Guru a regular tax. Thus a government was instituted. He encouraged trade as well as spiritual aspiration. But he was famous as a religious teacher, saints and holy men sat at his feet. He refused to betroth his son to the daughter of Chundoo Shah, the finance minister of Lahore who temporarily possessed the Punjab. He prayed for the success of Jehangir's rebel son, and for this he was imprisoned by Jehangir at the instigation of Chundoo Shah. As a result he died, 1606. His pupil, Goor Das, hails him as the successor of Vyasa and Mahommed. Thus, like all the Sikh Gurus, he had upheld the object for which God had called into being the Sikh nation—to weld the two sects into one great national religion of the Punjab.

Hur Govind, his son, became the sixth Guru. He quickly made the Sikhs for the first time into a military nation and his followers became a multitude. He had served Jehangir, but on the Emperor's death (1628) he fell out with the Mahommedan government and defeated the Imperial troops at Amritsar with 5000 men versus 7000 troops on the Mussulman side. Nevertheless he was held as a great religious teacher and was visited before his death in 1645 by a famous Persian saint. Two converts, a Rajput and a Jat, burned themselves on his pyre. Others would have followed had not Hur Raae, his successor, forbidden them. Hur Raae was the grandson of Hur Govind whose own son had died under curious circumstances. I

¹ The Ved is the foundation, the rock, on which the whole Hindu structure rests.

give them to show the great spiritual powers attributed to the Sikh Gurus and to their entourage. Some will scoff at them, others will pray, according to their knowledge or ignorance of the spiritual world and its functions.

Goordita, the eldest son of Hur Govind, had raised a slaughtered cow to life on the prayer of a poor man, its owner. His father was displeased at what he called self-glorification. Goordita said that as God required a life and he had withheld one, he would renounce his own. Whereupon he lay down and gave up his spirit. This dying as a voluntary act is known to all pupils of Raja Yoga. Uttul Rae, the youngest son of Hur Govind, died in the same way. He had raised the son of a sorrowing widow to life. The father again reproved him, saying that gurus should display their powers in pure doctrine and holy living. The youth replied as his brother had done and died in the same way. The tombs of both are sacred for pilgrims.

Hur Rae, the seventh Guru, had an uneventful reign. Though he sided with the lost cause of the martyr, Dara Shekoh, Aurungzeb made peace with him and he died 1661.

He left two sons—Ram Rae aged fifteen, and Hurkishen aged six. Aurungzeb chose the latter as eighth Guru of the Sikhs because he was able to identify the Empress from among a number of other ladies similarly attired. But the child Guru died even then, at Delhi, of smallpox, 1664.

Dying, he stated his successor would be found in a village on the Bias river. Here Tek Bahadur, Hur Govind's son, was made Guru. All of Hur Govind's sons seem to have been high initiates, and Tek Bahadur was taken by the Rajah of Jaipur with his

army to Bengal in order that the saint should bring success, and again on an expedition to Assam.

Aurungzeb determined to destroy this mighty one and summoned him to Delhi. On the way there Tek Bahadur summoned his son, Govind, aged fourteen, and putting on the boy the sword of Hur Govind, hailed him as the tenth Guru of the Sikhs. He prophesied his own death. But greater things were revealed to the martyr Guru. Aurungzeb slew him on a trumped up charge of having looked into the windows of the royal harem from the roof of his prison. Tek Bahadur replied that he had never spied upon the ladies of the imperial Zenana, but he had seen the pale faces coming across the seas who would tear down his purdahs and destroy his empire. A Sikh writer says this prophecy was the battle-cry of the Sikhs in the assault on Delhi of 1857 under General John Nicholson, thus literally fulfilling the prophecy.

At the Delhi Durbar of 1903 the Granth was carried through the streets to the martyr's shrine, also in commemoration of this prophecy and its fulfilment, followed by the Sikh maharajahs and all the flower of Sikhdom.

Govind remained in seclusion until about his thirty-fifth year, 1695. And because He who was once Guru Govind Singh is now a Jivanmukta, a full member of the Brotherhood of the White Lodge, it is important to note that He was even then at least (probably more than) a high initiate of the Lodge. His early writing was the Vichitr Natak or Wondrous Tale. He traces His descent to ancient kings and extols the wisdom of His parents which made them blest by God. But His own unembodied soul, He says, reposed in devachan, wrapt in meditation, and it

murmured that it should appear on earth, even as the chosen messenger of the Lord, the inheritor of the spirit of Nanak, transmitted to Him as one lamp imparts its flame to another. Thus Govind throws rather a different light on the Sikh theory that Nanak Himself was actually inside the bodies of His successors. Rather, from this simile, does He seem to have inspired them all with the flame of His own inspiration.

Govind continues that the Daityas had been vainly sent to reprove the wickedness of man, and how the succeeding Deotas procured worship for themselves as Siva and Brahma and Vishnu. How the Siddhs had established divers sects, how various sages in the past had presented portions of truth. It is His own mission, He says, to declare a perfect faith. At the same time He says He is a man and only the servant of God.

It is my humble opinion, as one who has been in the Outer Court of practical occultism for many years, and in constant association with high initiates, that Guru Govind Singh was even then a Master of Wisdom. None but a Mahatma could have written the Vichitr Natak.

Govind began His mission with austere devotions on the summit of the hill Neina. He did Durga Puja and asked how Arjuna in the ancient days transfixes multitudes with an arrow. He was told that it was by prayer and sacrifices. Accordingly He invited from Benares a brahman of great knowledge, and He Himself consulted the Veds. He called upon His disciples to be present. Then an altar is prepared for the brahman and ceremonies are done with Om.¹

¹ The sacred Sanskrit word of greatest potency in the spiritual world.

The Goddess appears, the Guru presents His sword, Durga touches it, and a divine weapon, an axe of iron, is seen in the sacrificial flames. At the same time the brahman said that fear on the part of those present had nullified the ceremonies, unless one death were offered as well. Govind said He had still His mission to perform. He offered His children, but their mother withdrew them (we shall see they were offered later), and twenty-five disciples sprang forward and offered their lives. One was gladdened by being chosen and Durga was satisfied.

Govind now declared His régime to His followers. He abolished the distinctions of caste and gave three watchwords for the initiation of His disciples. These were "Kritnash, Kulnash, Dhurmnash," the forsaking of occupation and family, of belief and ceremonies, that is to say the Khalsa, or Sikh ideal, was to come first in their lives. Those tied down by twice-born prejudices murmured, but Govind placed the lowliest next to Him and allowed them to bathe in the sacred pool of Amritsar.

He took Himself, and gave to His followers, the name of "Singh" or lion, and promised that ever after, wherever five Sikhs were assembled, He Himself would be in their midst.

Now because caste is one of the most sacred institutions of the Hindu religion, taught in ancient days by Rishis,¹ and enjoined to-day on pupils of Raja Yoga as strictly as it ever was, and because Guru Govind Singh was, and is, a great Master of Raja Yoga, it is important to note that neither He nor the other Sikh Gurus say that castes are to intermarry or to eat together. But, as the ascetic breaks his caste when he dons the yellow robe, so the Sikhs

¹ Great sages.

in their great mission of righteousness and valour were to forget social distinctions in their holy crusade.

Govind Singh organised His followers in troops and bands under His leading disciples. He enlisted Pathans and built forts in His hill country between the Sutlej and Jumna. He routed the Moghul force which attacked Him.

All the forces of Islam rallied and at last He was left with only forty men ready to die for Him, shut up in the fort of Chumkowr. His family had escaped to Sirhind where the younger boys were betrayed and killed by the Mahommedans. The fort was surrounded and summoned to surrender, but the Guru's son indignantly replied. The Sikhs were hard pressed and the Guru's two remaining sons were slain before His eyes. He Himself escaped, and disguised as a dervish he reached Bhutinda. His disciples rallied there, and this place is therefore to the Sikhs "Mokhutsar," or "The Pool of Salvation." Govind again halted at Dumdumma, near Ferozepore, and this is called in Sikh books "The Breathing Place." It was at Dumdumma that Govind wrote His part of the Granth, "The Book of the Tenth King," including the Wondrous Tale.

Aurangzeb summoned Him to Delhi, but Govind replied admonishing the monarch. He said the Khalsa would yet compass his doom. He referred to Nanak's mission and alluded to the deaths of Arjuna and Tek Bahadur, and of His four sons. He was without earthly ties, awaiting death, and He prophesied Aurungzeb's fall.

The Emperor died in 1707, and his son Bahadur Shah treated Govind Singh with respect and gave Him a military command in the Godavery country.

The Sikhs reappeared in overwhelming numbers on the banks of the Sutlej. But Govind's race was run. He died shortly after on the banks of the Godavery river. The manner of His death is uncertain, as He is said to have courted it, and various persons are reputed as the instrument.

Govind Singh's four sons had all been slain and His disciples in despair asked Him as to their leadership. He bid them be of good cheer. He said the appointed Ten had fulfilled their Mission, but He was about to deliver the Sikhs to God. "He who wishes to behold the Guru let him search the Granth of Nanak. The Guru will dwell in the Khalsa. Be firm and faithful. Wherever five Sikhs are gathered together there will I also be present."

Thus died in 1708 at Nuderh at the age of forty-seven the greatest warrior Guru of the Sikhs, whose fire animates to-day both the bodies and the souls of his people. The features of a whole nation have been modified by the impress of Govind Singh and a Sikh chief is distinguished as much by his stately and martial bearing as a Sikh priest is by his spiritual face. The Sikhs are essentially Hindu, and yet they are different from other Indians and are bound together by a community of thought and object unknown elsewhere.

After the death of Govind Singh His chosen disciple, Banda, led the Sikhs to Sirhind. There they routed the Moghuls and avenged the deaths of Govind's sons. But eventually they were defeated by Bahadur Shah. When Banda was at long last made to capitulate he was forced to take the life of his own child, placed upon his knees. He did so unmoved saying it was his *karma*, his mission being run. He was then tortured to death and a hundred

Sikhs were killed daily. The prisoners fought amongst themselves for priority of martyrdom.

All over India and beyond her furthest borders, from Cabul to Cape Comorin, may be found the warrior followers of the Tenth King.

All over the British Empire "Sikh" is the last word for valour and for honour. From the lonely surrounded fort of the Samana, where a few Sikh signallers (was Guru Govind Singh Himself in their midst?) kept at bay the Pathan hosts till the warning got through and the words abruptly stopped, to the cantonment compound where the Sikh orderly presides in times of peace. "Leave your bag with Biji Singh, he'll keep it safer than I should. He's a Sikh soldier," said my host of an up-country regiment, and handed the purse to the bearded giant outside who transferred it to his breast-pocket.

Why?

He who made them and lives in their hearts to-day was, and is, a great Mahatma who, like the Buddha and Sankara and Christ, His brethren, had the power of compelling such love and devotion.

There are special reasons just now for recalling these past yet ever-present pages in the history of the Sikhs.

Why?

GURU GOVIND SINGH HAS REINCARNATED AGAIN. Once more has the history of the Wondrous Tale repeated itself. Yet again has He who was Govind Singh been drawn to earth by compassion for a suffering humanity, has forced His murmuring soul to leave the bliss of Devachan and to appear as a leader of men.

But He has taken in this incarnation the body not of a Kshattrya, but of a Brahmana. For this time

He will teach not the Religion of War but the Religion of Peace, the conquest not of the outer foe but of the subtler enemy within the soul.

More it is forbidden to say.

Many will smile incredulously. But what matters that ?

Scattered all over the world, of all nations and creeds and colours, is a band of men and women united in this, that they look for such a leader.

Their hearts will glow and their eyes will shine over this Glorious News given for the first time to the world.

And when He comes forth in His Power they will think of these lines and they will know *Who He is*.

At Lahore I met the Hon. Khan Zulfiqar Ali Khan of Malerkotha. He is a member of the Imperial Legislative Council and a Pathan by birth. His wife, Mahmudah Sultana Begam, is a Moghul of the same princely Tartar blood as Tamerlane and the other Emperors of the greatest dynasty the world has seen.

The Begam, like all Moslem women of high caste, keeps a strict purdah. She had not even visited Aurungzeb's Mosque until she went there with me in a closed carriage and closely veiled. "Women do not visit Mosques," she said. "Have you no souls, then?" I asked, "don't you say prayers?" "On the contrary," said the Begam, "we have to pray five times a day."

I met her first at a purdah party in her own house. All men were carefully excluded from the mansion. The Begam was in her drawing-room downstairs. She is twenty-four years of age and has been married eight years, at sixteen. Her family lives at Delhi. Her skirt of Delhi silk almost stood alone. It was

patterned in pink rosebuds on a cream ground. This creation was really the divided skirt worn by all women of Islam, but the full folds concealed the division. Over her shoulders was a Benares kincob in violet and gold. The second time we met, men were in the house. The Begam remained upstairs. The Nawab took me to her. He is young and of quietly agreeable manners. The Begam received me in a room overlooking the gardens but screened by *chics*.¹ The only furniture was a rose-brocade divan and cushions. Two chairs were brought and placed *vis-à-vis*. The Begam was in draperies of shaded green. Her black hair was simply parted on her brow. Indian women rely on their own attractions to please their lords. They do not find it necessary to frizzle and crimp, puff and powder, like western women. Her eyes were fastened on mine like velvet caterpillars. A big Anglo-Indian party given by high-flyers was proceeding next door. The "Merry Widow" waltz came crashing through the *chic*. The Begam's eyes became like lamps. "In India we love very much our husbands," she said in her deliberate English. "We don't wish to go out to *tamashas*."² "But half the English women remain unmarried," I replied. "I know," she said, and the lamps shone with compassionate amusement. The experienced observer can at once discern the satisfied woman. It is a comfortable sight and rare in the West. The scented evening grew in the quiet room, so far removed from the turmoil next door. In the dusk the black eyes still watching me made the amber face turn cream. And before the sweetness of that distilled tea-rose a vision of many scenes passed. I saw march by in endless array to melancholy music

¹ Transparent blinds.

² Entertainments.

the vast armies of western women unsought and unsatisfied ; the hordes of restless adventuresses who were the plague of South African generals during the war. To the accompaniment of rattling waltzes came the phalanxes of the girls of high degree dragged the weary nightly round of ball and cotillion, the princess who has danced through seven seasons and will dance on till her partners fail. I saw their pretended animation, their forced amiability to men, their rivalry and bitterness to each other, the man-traps and lack of self-respect, the feints and ruses to conceal the desperate nature of the game. "Even the bazaar women don't *shikar*¹ like that," said a brahmani who watched a London season. Then, to the sound of a weary droning, there passed the great middle class. It is crowded with families of five and six girls left to wither on the virgin thorn. Their listless lives and pinched, peaked pallor tell of the long vigil for something that never comes, of the wait and wait and descent of the watch tower. I saw the Harley Street women's specialist uncover the festering sore of upper-class English life. I heard the "mad doctor" dilate on the cause of increasing insanity among women. I watched the asylum attendants take away a girl who would have been healthy and happy had her parents done their duty as eastern parents understand it. More terrible still were the furtive eyes of the women who have broken out against English artificial conditions, where the dyke has given away against the battering ram of nature—the women who, in every rank of society, have rebelled against its unnatural environments. Goaded by its seeming injustice, they have kicked against the pricks, have taken the law of the world into their

¹ Hunt.

own hands and broken it. They have made the great mistake.

And I saw these conditions react on the labour market. There passed, to the sound of the Dead March, in an endless procession the pale faces of the well born girls who man the professions, face the footlights, serve in shops, walk the wards, and type-write in the offices. There was the Duke's sister, who has divorced her husband, behind the counter. There were the "lady" servants carrying coals and doing work my native bearer would refuse to do. And again, with jarring, creaking discords, I saw the women in whom sex unsatisfied has bred sex hatred. I saw them armed with dog-whips, chained to spikes, bound, gagged, half strangled, thrown on to the stones.

Unkissed, unkind, I saw them fight and kick and scratch and strike the men of England to give them "rights" who do not give them love. More awful still, to the creepy canticles of Lesbian lyres, I saw the monstrous perversions, the nameless horrors with which woman unsatisfied has avenged herself. This vast panorama of many scenes passed silently between the two chairs on which East and West confronted each other. And still the Begam's eyes never left my face. At last, with an effort, I rose to leave the quiet room and to plunge into the hurly-burly next door. My hostess accompanied me to the *chic* and held it up as I passed out. Her flower-petalled hand lay in mine a moment. "Begam," I said, "thank God five times a day that He made you an eastern woman!"

Up and down Lahore Mall drives a little lady in a dogcart. The breeze folds her sari like a Leighton. Although she is a princess she never goes near Anglo-India, but Anglo-India keeps a very

sharp eye on her. For she is the daughter of the last King of the Punjab. Its territories, revenues, armies, rajahs, elephants, etc. should all by right of birth belong to her and hers. Sadly she steers her single steed along the Mall. *Sic transit gloria mundi!*

Lahore is a stronghold of Anglo-India, and the Lahore Week is its Carnival. The flower of the Northern Army, that is to say of the Anglo-Saxon race, is assembled there. They have come from the life strenuous, from camps and cantonments where all is scarce save dust and tribesmen, from far-away border forts and arid wastes, from the monotony of a lonely existence come these grim guardians of the Frontier who hold Hindustan against the Northern Bear.

They are drawn from different spheres. They hail from the hall, the villa, even the cottage. Their life, with its glorious traditions, makes them one. Lithe and strong and stern-featured, not an ounce of superfluous flesh mars the decision of their movements. Their clothes are well cut if shabby. In their virtues and their vices they are plain soldier men. Naked and unashamed in these they look nature in the face.

For months they have longed for this one week of brightness and Christmas cheer. For just seven days the bare barracks and the unsavoury food and the hard work and the monotonous loneliness and the ghazi's knife are forgotten. They are here to eat and drink and to enjoy, for to-morrow they may, nay some of them must, die. So, for a few days, they are lulled by the pleasures of sport and the pleasures of love. For one delirious week the Gymkhana Band hardly stops playing outside and in the finest club in India. The magnificent hall scarce empties.

The dancers are there day and night. The wicked waltz Mondaine incites insistently to the life of the flesh. Closer the men and women draw together. Faster they circle till brains fire and pulses swirl. The band beats quicker, the waltz peals louder of the imperiousness of pleasure, of the lower nature triumphant. What wonder if some of them succumb?"

For us a holier quest. A lodestar points southwards. While the Lahore Week is at its height the Calcutta Mail bears us away. As the Gymkhana Band dies in the distance the temple bells of Kashi clang clear on the horizon.

THE CITY OF MYSTERY

TO MAHADEV

Thou that art knowledge itself,
Pure, free, ever the witness,
Beyond all thought and beyond all qualities,
To Thee, the only true Guru, my salutation,
Shiv Guru! Shiv Guru! Shiv Guru!

The Great One shines in every atom, but His influence is particularly strong in this most fascinating and mysterious of cities.

Letter from an Adept.

LEAVING the dome country we awake next morning in the bird country. Every division of the continent of India has its special characteristics. The railway carriage window is a peep-show in which one may descry the name of the province. The Punjab is littered over with desolate tombs. Mournful domes are scattered over the arid plains to the memory of modern heroes. Like giant black auks' eggs they add to the depression of the parched province in its clouds of dust. The grime invades the carriage and thickly powders all. We wallow in dirt.

Awaking in the Aryvarta, all this is changed. We see a smiling country of luxurious vegetation. This part of India, as befits the homeland of the mild Hindu, is notable for the beauty of its furred and feathered life.

Every variety of the stork species is present in battalions. They are generalled by the giant cranes who always hunt in couples. They have immense



Photo by Mazumdar, Benares

TEMPLES OF THE GREAT ASCETIC

fluffy grey bodies, legs as high as a man and as thin as reeds, and peony-red heads. They usually view the train with the same imperturbable contempt as the Rajah of Nabha showed for a motor-car. "Why do you ride in that foolish thing?" asked the grand old Sikh of a modern maharajah, and retired disdainfully behind his palanquin curtains.

Then there are the herons who fly in flocks. Though big birds they are smaller than the cranes and shorter limbed, and they dress in sombre hues of grey and black. The train usually sets them in flight from one rice field to another. The loveliest are the white pelicans drifting cloud-like over the lotus tank. The blue jay glints like a bluebottle through the jungle greens. The oriole is sumptuous as its name. Comic relief is struck by the "king-crow." Its long black body and exaggerated tail look like an exclamation note on the telegraph wires. The crested hoopoes are irrepressibly vulgar. The black and white kingfishers are smart and ugly, the blue variety æsthetic and magnetic. Most curious of all are the habits of the weaver birds. They choose a tree hanging over water and a colony of them builds in this one tree alone. The nests are pear-shaped with the large opening pendent over the pool and the closed point above. The birds make these extraordinary nests of a kind of wicker-like inverted baskets and one wonders they don't fall out. But the strangest part is that one tree should be selected by several couples for their honeymoon. One sees a dozen nests hanging from one bush and then one will travel for miles without seeing a single peardrop. Always the high-walled Indian village and the mud huts are clothed by the kindly casuarina. The *bails* wind at the well. The camels bear their burdens. In pathos the temple

flies its flag. It is pathetic because the life is the same there to-day as when the Greatest of all Avatars was treading the plains of India, the same as in previous Avatars, the same as for millions of years. It is pathetic because the temple flag symbolises a faith that lives down famine and pestilence, poverty and toil, that endures and hopes ever. The town may be contaminated by western doubt and unrest, the village never. Through drought and famine the ryot¹ preserves his faith undimmed. He turns to the sacred page :—

Whenever there is decay of dharma and there is exaltation of adharma then I manifest.

He has seen Avatars come and go. He has watched great religious movements live and die. He has seen the mighty mother galvanised into birth, has seen giant sons proceed from her womb. He knows that as long as the Aryan Race lasts, as long as the sons of the Fifth Race remain, so long will her fertility abide.

He has seen Rama and Shri Krishna and the Buddha. He knows that the Tenth Avatar has yet to come. Daily he scans the horizon of the Aryavarta.

Ties stronger than many deaths drew me to Allahabad to the feet of a brahman of spiritual greatness no whit less than any who trod the Aryavarta in the ancient days. Then proud emperors descended from their thrones and prostrated when a brahman in rags entered their halls. There are brahmans as holy to-day. They appear to the soul who holds the attitude of the ancient chakravartis.

I begged the brahman to honour me by accompanying me to Kashi as my guest. Needless to say Benares

¹ Cultivator of the soil, peasant.

has always been the home *par excellence* of the priestly caste. It was from there that Guru Govind Singh sought the holy brahman who gave Him initiation. It was from there that Gautama Buddha set forth to save Asia. It is the Holy City, the Home of Mighty Sages, whence They come forth to save a sorrowing world.

My brahman graciously consented to accompany me on the pilgrimage. Outwardly he is a polished man of the world, so he invited me to see the sights of Allahabad before starting.

He took me to an unkempt compound in Civil Lines in which stood a modest bungalow. The *chics* were down at every window as though in mourning. A few modest pots of green stood on the verandah whose keynote was neat poverty. But among the pots were some big, spiky shells that whispered of southern seas. Inside an old man came forward with the slit like eyes of the Further East. He wore an old black overcoat over a linen shirt and skirt of plaid. His bare brown feet were in slippers. A shabby muslin rag was wound round his head. But his smile was sweet and his bow of affable grace. For by right of birth he should be ruling over a country twice the size of France. He is the first cousin and next heir to the deposed King Thibau of Burmah, the last of the long line of Alaungpaya kings, now living in Bombay.

Poor old man! It is in some ways an honour to take birth in a nation which comes and sees and conquers. Yet one sometimes feels sorry for the bruised flowers in the conqueror's path. I asked him to tell *his* story of the British annexation of Burmah. He pronounced it *Barrhna*, as only an oriental can. It was the story of India over again, he said. First the

British had come to trade, excuses had been made for three wars, the strongest won. As he spoke Oom Paul's voice echoed, "I cannot make out why John Bull does not annex the moon." When he heard I was Irish, he remarked pathetically, "The British won't even allow the Irish to rule themselves!" He had always taken an interest in politics in the old happy days in Burmah. Then he had been Crown Prince and Regent of the Shan States, he said, with pride in the placid tones. He had lived in Mandalay and when I asked of the "seven hundred pagodas," for the first time the slits disappeared in a burst of Burmese, childish laughter as he said, "Oh! so many pagodas you cannot count!" Then he showed a Government document which had shattered the last hopes of his withered old heart. It ran, "The Lieutenant-Governor regrets that he is unable to recommend that the Limbin Mintha (Prince) shall return to Burmah." "We have been away twenty-three years," he said. "My children have never seen Burmah. Now I shall never go back." Poor old fellow! His anxiety for Burmah is such that he cannot bear to read the home papers. He seemed such a child. The British have his territories, his revenues, his palaces, his armies. He is a forlorn old man struggling to bring up his eight children decently and send them to the hills on his pension of R.500 (!) a month, just what a married subaltern, with care and no children, can live on decently in one station, without moves. One does not wish to foul one's own nest and doubtless the Lieutenant-Governor of Burmah knows his business best. All the other royalties are allowed to live in Burmah, but not King Thibau nor the Limbin Mintha who is his next heir. For blood is thicker than water in Burmah as elsewhere. Yet I wished with all my heart he

could once more take the Road to Mandalay and see the flying-fish, the holiday crowd, like wind-stirred tulip-beds and a rainbow stirabout, round the old pagodas, before his slits close for the last time.¹

But there was a royal dignity in the way he insisted that I should not write of his private troubles. He spoke the liquid Burmese tongue throughout. His eldest daughter translated. The German Crown Prince had devoted himself to her at the ball given to him by the Middlesex Regiment in Allahabad. He had called at the shabby bungalow and had presented his portrait "to my little friend," she told us in the indifferent tones of an Alaungpaya Princess.

There was an unspeakable depression in the dilapidated but courteous group who escorted us to the door.

One saw King Thibau, a queen held by either hand, turn for a parting look at the gilded roofs of his palace, delicately carved to look like flickering flames, and burnished by the setting sun, as he left for the last time his garden house which is now the Mandalay Gymkhana Club. The long line of British redcoats close up behind the umbrella-shaded royal party. One heard him flatly refuse to enter the waiting dhooly² outside as unfit for the conveyance of a king. So the soldiers hustle him into a bail cart and jolt him to the docks in the same style that Marie Antoinette was rumbled to the guillotine. The main reason for his deposition, and the resulting annexation of Burmah, seems to have been his wholesale massacres of relations and rivals. But the victims were Burmans, not British. Shall not the Judge of all the earth do right?

¹ Since writing the above, I may state that the Limbin Mintha and his family were allowed to return to Burmah, about the time of their Majesties' visit for the Durbar.

² Covered stretcher.

The evening before our start we went to the United Provinces Exhibition. This was born of the genius of an enterprising Lieutenant-Governor with soaring ambitions. The German Crown Prince was expected to visit the wild east show that day so the great "artful dodger" had ordered special trains from every nook and corner of his province to belch the wondering ryot in his thousands on the grounds. "Wah! What prowess these English have!" he exclaimed as the aeroplane buzzed aloft. The scene was exactly that of the western idea of the Arabian Nights. There were plenty of stucco palaces outlined in flame, coloured fountains, and puggreed crowds. But there were some priceless treasures of the real East as well. There was a MS. Life of Baber with the seal of his son, the Emperor Humayun, upon it, either the original or an authorised copy of the greatest autobiography the world has read. It was beautifully illuminated. There was Baber himself, we may be sure a true likeness, seated among his courtiers, his mace-bearer beside him, the heron's plume of royalty in his green turban, his face expressing the balance, the mildness, and the power we look for in Baber.

Then there was a richly gilded MS. of the Quran, specially written by the command of Aurungzeb at the request of the Begam, his daughter. This was exhibited for a few years at the Jama Musjid at Delhi. The last four pages tell us that the Emperor offered a lac of rupees for every mistake detected in the MS. And there was the original copy of the Ain Akbari, that faithful chronicle in which Abulfazel showed himself worthy of the Master he served. This is Abulfazel's own draft of the Akbarnama with corrections by the Emperor Akbar himself, who, before its publication, went over the whole and rejected certain

portions which were consequently omitted from the published version of the work. This copy embodies all the Imperial corrections and contains besides a great number of verbal alterations in Abulfazel's own hand, consisting chiefly of substitutions of Persian words and expressions for Arabic ones. There are also verses put in by the author in spaces originally left blank. Those who have felt the fascination of the City of Sleep will grasp the intense interest of this MS.

Of Hindu things, there was a complete set of images on a gold platform and railing about a foot square and paved with precious stones. The sapphire lingam was the size of a hen's egg and in a crystal yoni. On either side was a Ganesh, in ruby and cat's-eye respectively, and each with a pearl and diamond mouse beneath him. There was a second lingam formed of a large emerald of delicious green. The whole was worth R.51,000, but the Jain vendor intends to devote the proceeds to charity. The images are all ancient and, having been used for worship, he will not appropriate their price to his own use.

Before we left the Exhibition that night we watched, from the flat, quiet roof of the Ladies' Annexe, the sun sink in crimson splendour upon the Jumna, the river which relates to the life of the body as the Gunga bears us to the life of the spirit.

Next morning we were up at 4.30 a.m. on the appointed day. It was very soon evident that all the forces of opposition were in league against us. When the motor arrived at the Gunga,¹ which at Allahabad is spanned in the dry season by an earthen bridge, we were told that the unusual rain had broken it down,

¹ Ganges.

and the motor had to return home. Next we tried to train it at Prayag. We sat waiting on the platform. "Surely we are bound to get to Kashi this time," I said. "Don't be too sure," the brahman replied significantly. At this moment a train arrived and disgorged hundreds of pilgrims for the Mela at Allahabad. It was still two days before that of the new moon on which the feast of the Mela is held. Then millions come from all parts of India to bathe at the junction of the three holy rivers, the Gunga, Jumna, and Sarasvati. They are sacred because they are magnetised by great Mahatmas for our salvation. The streams of Gunga and Jumna form a confluence, and the sand common to both is the holy of holies. The Sarasvati is buried beneath the sand. This, with Kashi and Puri (Orissa), is one of the three *sancta sanctorum* of the Hindu religion. Even now, two days before the time, thousands were hourly arriving in cattle trucks, determined to get there in time, no matter how they travelled, no matter the two days camping in the open, no matter the bitter wind and driving dust, no matter the expenditure of the scanty hoard wrung by the ryots' sweat in scorching suns. We sat and watched the seething crowds scrambling from the teeming trains, laughing at discomfort, exulting in the travel stained arrival, radiant with the caste marks of Shiv and Vishnu on the forehead. And I laughed too, at the thought of the Christian missionary and his ludicrous efforts to combat such a power. As well might he try to stem the Gunga with a straw as to fight the galvanic forces of the mighty mother religion of our race. So when we returned from Kashi I addressed the letter hereafter following to the *Pioneer*, the leading journal of British India :—

“SIR,—Please allow me to make a few comments on your leading article of yesterday, the 28th January, entitled ‘Christian Missions and the National Movement.’

“First, the writer states *re* the cardinal Hindu doctrines of transmigration and karma that they ‘combine to form a mental outlook which is the complete antithesis to Christianity with its sense of personal responsibility and accountability to a higher power.’ Now the Hindu is taught a much nearer and more vivid responsibility than the Christian. He knows that the Law of Karma will requite him for his acts, here in the earth-life, not in a vague and shadowy after-life. For the Hindu it is indeed true that ‘whatsoever a man sows, *that* shall he also reap.’ He knows that rewards and punishments for his deeds are meted out with scrupulous exactness by the Devas who are the agents of the Law, and who reward everyone according to his works, here in the flesh, not in a golden heaven, nor in a burning hell hereafter. Therefore the Hindu’s ‘personal responsibility and accountability’ is much greater than that of the Christian.

“Secondly, your contributor admits that ‘years of discussion between Christian and Hindu philosophers have led to nothing more,’ that the Christian missionary, in short, has failed except as a ‘philanthropist.’ What else can be expected if a religion of Yesterday (2000 years) attempts to missionise a religion at least a million years old, which was hoary when the British wore skins? Notwithstanding the thousands of lives and millions of money poured into this country to annihilate Hinduism, it is stronger to-day than ever. We have just seen the people in their millions at the Mela. They travelled in cattle trucks and camped in the open for days in order to reach it in time. Lourdes can show nothing like it, and there the cure of the body, not the healing of the soul, is desired. This is not all. Hinduism has not only

held its ground in the East against all attacks, but it has succeeded in missionising the West without a holocaust of men and money. Western religions, art, literature, and music are permeated by its influence to-day. When my small book, *The Voice of the Orient*, appeared last year I received endless communications from men and women scattered over five continents craving to know more of the doctrines of Hinduism. Why? Because, as Sanskrit is the perfect language, so Hinduism is the perfect religion of our Aryan race. That is why it has ever attracted the most powerful intellects of East and West, from Akbar to Schopenhauer.

“Thirdly, as to the doctrine of Kali. When the Hindus settled in the Aryvarta they taught their ideal of the dual aspect of God to the aborigines. It was not their fault that it was perverted to blood-thirstiness, any more than when Catholics invoked the aid of the Virgin Mary in the Inquisition horrors. Is the mild and Holy Jesus responsible for the blood-thirsty Psalms of David? I never take part in Indian politics, as my work is to help my poor best with her spiritual regeneration. But it is possible that these lines may be read by some who have influence with the poor misguided boys, who calling themselves sons of Kali, court death smiling. They are misled by a false religion and a false patriotism. Hinduism teaches us to conquer karma by patient endurance, not to kick against the pricks. Let them, instead of fighting British rule in India, take part in her spiritual conquests over the whole earth. And I venture to suggest to the Christian missionary to cease his admittedly futile attempts to ‘convert’ and to divert his energies to his useful works of charity among India’s submerged tenth. Thus he will repay, in some measure, the spiritual leverage she is giving to the Western world.

“There is one other important point still left unfinished. I explained that the worship of Kali, as

commonly understood by the masses, is a perversion by the aborigines of India of the Aryan doctrine of the dual aspect of nature. We see the double evolution all through creation from gases to gods. The elements have the differing quantities of electricity which are the bases of sex and these persist through the mineral, vegetable, and animal kingdoms until man merges into the celestial beings who also have both aspects. But the cult of Kali has also the profoundest meaning to the aspirant for the spiritual life. Having accomplished the descending arc of evolution and passed through the stage of Vairagyas (weariness of the outer world), he now begins the trend of the upward arc of evolution back to the Supreme; then he sees in Kali trampling on the prostrate body of Mahadev a symbol of his own triumph over himself. In the words of Tara Datt Gairola, 'the wise man is he who, piercing through the veil of appearances by supreme effort and self-abnegation, *overcomes* temptation and sees the truth of Atman (the Divine Spirit) within.' The Yogi (the man who seeks Union with God) knows that only by the conquest of his own lower nature can the gifts of Shiv be earned. Clairaudience and clairvoyance, the power to see and hear the worlds super-physical, are only the A B C of the path over which the Lord of Yogis presides. Dr. Whitehead's 'educated Hindus' who did not like Kali, were evidently men of the world, not aspirants of the life spiritual. All Yogis see the above meaning in the cult of the Hindu goddess. Which things are an allegory."

In the meantime it was only too true that we were foiled again. The vast concourse of pilgrims and their specials had dislocated the train connection at Pertarbgarh, and there was no Kashi by that line! We rallied for a third attempt on the Holy City.

At noon, taking a *ticca gharri*,¹ so cramped that the

¹ Hired carriage.

three occupants had to sit elbows out of windows, we drove rumbling through three miles of rambling Allahabad to the E.I.R. station. At last we were in the mail train and, humanly speaking, bound to get to Benares at last. At Mirzapur I descended from the train, not to buy a carpet, but to revive in the fresh air. "You had better get in," called the brahman from the carriage window, "this is a day of accidents!"

At Moghul Serai, as the connecting train to Benares was yet without an engine, I ventured to give my brahman tea in a room from which we could watch the train.

Kashi at last! Never mind that we are seven hours late! The city station is filled with dense throngs, with multi-coloured crowds of pilgrims, mostly marked with Shiv's marks, for Kashi is sacred to Mahadev, patiently squatting on the ground waiting for the train to take them to the Mela.

At Benares cantonment station the multitude was so great that we were swept away by the seething swirl of pilgrims. With great difficulty the hotel guides rescued us to the rear of the platform. Here we noted a Nepalese woman, with two plaits of hair hanging down in front, and on her back clung an old woman of the sea who was not going to be left behind. Hinduism dead? Oxford intellectuals and English millions sterling have left it untouched.

Ma Gunga is the River of rivers. She flows from the throne of God. She oozes from the matted locks of Mahadev. She is magnetised by mighty Mahatmas. Her banks are lined by mystic cities hid by maya. She holds the sins of hundreds of millions in solution. Yet she is not affected by crores of sins.



Photo by Mazumdar, Benares

THE SEETHING SWIRL OF PILGRIMS

Her waters are the purest of the pure. They have a peculiar power of destroying impurity.

This evening the holy river is bathed in the pale radiance of Shiv, the Lord of Kashi. Even the sun has turned pale before the glories of Mahadev. It glimmers wanly between the luxuriant palms.

No gorgeous colouring or gay dyeing of saris on the banks to-night. They lie steeped in a faint unearthly mist. Its silver seems to ooze from the temple spires spiking the river shores. Their bells clang even to the railway station proclaiming the glories of the Great Ascetic. Obediently we follow. Nothing but a third-class *ticca* available to take us with doubled up heads to the hotel and thus complete the *dies iræ*. But what if the heathen rage? We are in Holy Kashi! The quiet walk in the garden with the brahman before dinner was worth a thousand accidents to get there. The electric current of Shiv and His priests filled the air. It was heavy, yet galvanic, pulsating with the might of Mahadev. Hardly dared one draw a breath. It seemed that One walked unseen between us.

“Is this not different to Allahabad?” asked the brahman.

“Yes,” I replied; “but the hotel tourists do not perceive this. Therefore it is You who have brought the influence here.”

Oh! fairest of havens! The gaining the Guru’s feet. With His divine magnetism, His imposing presence, His sweet voice, His balanced judgment, His supreme charm.

Oh! blessed peace! The slipping of the body of desire for the outer world, as the physical body is slipped in “sleep.” Its duties remain, its anxieties

are gone, for its duties are done without care as to the results. As chloral lulls pain in a carious tooth, so the decayed old world is present still, but its power to hurt has gone.

Oh! lulling lethe! The closing round of the Mystic World, soothing yet astounding, ancient yet ever new, electric yet harmonious.

Next morning I received a visit from Babu Syama Charan Sen Roy, private secretary to His Highness the Maharajah of Benares. He came to say that, that day being Sunday, the Maharajah would be pleased to receive me the following day. As we were returning to Allahabad early the next morning for the Mela, I was compelled to request His Highness to do me the honour some other time. We then started in a phaeton to visit an advanced disciple of the White Lodge who lives in Kashi. He comes of an ancient and wealthy Benares family. They live in an old mansion in the heart of the city. It is very difficult even for Indians to find it in the mazy labyrinth. Soldiers guard the gateway, for they are very conservative, after the style of a century ago. The women do not even see European women as a rule, and should one visit the house, it is carefully purged of mlenchcha contamination afterwards. They do not see their own menservants, and on their rare excursions, into the outer world the carriage windows are carefully shuttered until after dark. Yet they are absolutely happy. The senior lady, the grandmother of the family, has spent most of her time for the last forty years in puja, while one of the younger ladies is an initiate of the White Lodge.

Our friend, her husband, has given his life to the service of the Masters. He is a high disciple of Theirs. But he had one weakness, and every weak-



Photo by P. D. Kirkham, Esq.

SINS IN SOLUTION

ness must go in the life spiritual. He used to be proud of his bodily strength, so now he is prostrated and has to live in his garden residence for absolute quiet. Some years ago a rajah, who was likewise a disciple of the Masters, loved his own bodily health and beauty. He was thinking one morning how strong and handsome he was. His Master, who observed these thoughts from His far-off ashram, told some fellow disciples that the rajah had only an hour to live! Easterns understand the uses of a garden better than westerns; for them it is a pleasance, not a show-place. A place to live and let live. So the trees run wild in a riot of greens, not curled and clipped and cut. In return they are grateful and give luxuriant shade.

We found our beloved brother lying on his bed among his green friends. Nervous prostration and weakness could not dim the radiance of his spirit illuminating the bronzed Bengali features, that light which shines through the clay mask of all disciples of the White Lodge.

Thence to the River. Down the Dasassamedh Ghat to our barge. It is double storied and green-painted. We rest ourselves on the upper deck and below two rowers propel us slowly upstream. Our objective is to choose a site for a residence for our brahmana friend. For years he has desired to live in the Holy City, but so far all plans for such have fallen through, and the forces of darkness have succeeded in keeping him outside. We pass beyond the ghats and into the open country and land in a field of yellow mustard and ruby veitch and palms. Across the blue river, broad and fair, the flat roofs and towers of Ramnagar Fort, the palace of His Highness, are bathed in yellow light. One of his officers,

in scarlet and scimitar, has walked along the banks beside our barge. Now a boat pushes off from the palace on the further shore and two men also in scarlet row him home. From the most ancient days the Maharajahs of Benares have been prominent as leaders of thought and devotees. One King of Benares is frequently mentioned in the *shastras*, as is the adept King Janaka of Videha, the father of Sita. Another is said to have been one of the three wise men of the East who saw the star of the infant Jesus. Their family motto has been adopted by the Theosophical Society, "There is no religion higher than Truth."

As we return downstream it is evening and the purple pigeons are homing. There are regular rows of pigeon holes, expressly built for them in the solid masonry of the mansions by the kindly forethought of the princely owners. All Hindus are mild and kind, but here in Kashi the magnetism is so lovely that even a harsh thought slinks away ashamed. A branch of peepul has sprouted through the masonry and it is festooned by pigeons into a purple garland.

The Maharajah of Benares has recently redeemed his oldest family mansion on the ghats. It was besieged by Warren Hastings and his princely ancestor fled across the stream, so that the palace fell into the possession of the Delhi Princes. Lately however His Highness has bought it back, and so the two giant lingams have been disinterred and placed in a prominent position at the palace doors above the broad steps from the river, as befits a maharajah whose house are worshippers of Mahadev.

There are no crowds of pilgrims here this evening, as they are all at the Mela. There are no gaudy

colourings, no crowds of rush umbrellas. Yet no sparkling morning mosaic is more lovely than the dove greys and ochres of the stones of the mansions and ghats by the shades of night, when the cool air brings out shawls in dim yellows and powder blues. Like the Taj Mahal, the ghats of Kashi are never deserted. Only, the devotees are filled with the desire of the spirit, not the lust of the eye. Everywhere are men, ascetics or students, quietly occupied in devotion or study, kneeling or sitting upon the steep, endless flights of stairs. In the immense palace of the Prince of Natore two students are seated reading in a recess. Next is the home of the dethroned Peishwa of Poona. One hundred brahmins are fed here daily. The ghat of the Maharajah Holkar of Indore is memorable for the deeds of charity of the lady Ahbya Bai. Next to that are the solid blocks of the palace of the Maharajah of Darbungha. Here a small band of men is gathered ready to embark in one of the long pointed boats which have navigated the Gunga for millions of years. They wear soft coloured pushmina shawls which form a dim mosaic against the grey ghats.

Through mysterious gateways we get peeps up eternal steps into the town. A water carrier clammers up with an immense round red clay pot on his shoulder. From the ghat a swan skims into the Gunga, scattering silver points in her path. She flies from where broad stripes painted in black and white insist upon the whole duty of woman, commemorate her crowning sacrifice. It is the pyre of a *sati*, surmounted by the trident of Mahadev.

The name *sati* originated thus. In Hinduism the Gods have the female aspect as well as the male, for the dual evolution runs all through

creation, does not stop abruptly at the Godhead, as in those exoteric religions which teach only the Fatherhood, not the Motherhood of God. All esoteric religions teach the dual aspect of sex through all evolution from vegetables to gods. The wife of Shiv was named Sati. Her father was the patriarch, Daksha, who could not bear the sight of his son-in-law worn with ascetic penances. For every Shivite is taught to think nothing of personal appearance, only of the growth of the soul, and the Great Ascetic Himself is our example as well as our God. Daksha performed a solemn sacrifice to which all the gods except Shiv were invited. So keenly did Sati feel the affront that, in her shame, she threw herself into the sacrificial fire. Then anger rose in Shiv's breast, and he created giants of superhuman strength, who struck Daksha's head off and ill treated the invited guests. When his wrath was appeased, he restored the patriarch to life again, but gave him a ram's head as a lifelong remembrance. The scuffle of Daksha's sacrifice is sculptured on the walls of the excavated temples at Ellora.

Sati or "True" is a favourite name of Hindu women, who look on Daksha's daughter as the perfect type of a matron true to her husband even unto death. A wife's sacrifice on the funeral pyre of her lord came to be called *sati*. It prevailed from early Aryan days until the British era.

Thus we see that the law of occultism which teaches fidelity to the husband as the one thing needful in a *yogini*,¹ originates with the wife of the Great Lord of Yoga Himself. Sati was reborn as Uma, a lovely highland maid. Her undying love of her Lord lived on beyond the grave. As with other

¹ Female devotee.

advanced people of to-day, Uma, even as a child, could remember her prenatal love and self-sacrifice.

As swans in bands
Fly back to Gunga's well-remembered sands,
So dawned upon the maiden's waking mind
The far-off mem'ry of her life resigned.

According to a law known to all *yogis* the God or the Guru is obliged to appear if the aspirant yearns for Him with sufficient strength and persistence. So Shiv appeared to Uma besmeared with ashes as a *yogi* in a burial-ground. For the lower self has to be dead and buried before the gifts of Shiv can be bestowed, so His favourite haunt is the burning-ground. Uma had no fear and lovingly waited on Him, brought food, flowers, and water every day. But the aspirant is always tested by feigned reluctance and hesitation, or other tests, on the part of the Guru. So Mahadev did not requite the affection of Uma at first. She determined to retire to the jungle as an ascetic, to render herself more acceptable to Him. At last He gives her a final test. He appears in a changed form and speaks slightly of Shiv. Her indignation is such that He is satisfied and reveals himself in all His glory, the full radiance of the moon shining from His forehead.

This story is told in one of the world's greatest poems, the Birth of the War God, by Kalidas, the poet of Ujjain, Malwa, who lived before the Christian era. He paints Uma first at the acme of girlhood's charms, kneeling in worship to lay flowers at the feet of Mahadev, her background a forest of plum, almond, and cherry, all suddenly burst into blossom. But the Great God vanishes from beneath the cedar. The royal maiden kneels alone. Only is the Divine Lover drawn to her side when, in the

midst of great austerities, she gives proof of strength and devotion as worshipper.

The temple bells are pealing now for evening worship. Yet they only intensify the hush which has fallen on the broad river. It is filled with the peace of Shiv. White light from the power of Mahadev streams across the flood from Dasassamedh. For in Kashi His temples are living, not dead stones. They are frequented by occultists of the right and left hand paths. The red pillars and round dome mark a temple of white magic. The sinister stripes of another, where a monkey prowls, is mostly used by the brothers and sisters of the shadow. Many years ago we visited that temple. A bigoted old woman was saying her mantras. "Can these *rakshashas* and *rakshashis*¹ not leave us to do our dharma in peace?" she muttered angrily.

Kashi is the chief centre for the worship of Mahadev on this planet. That is why for us who are Shivites it spells ultimate rest, ultimate peace, ultimate bliss, the heart of all things, HOME. Why we would like to lie down and lay our tired heads on the steps of the Bisheshwar,² and leave there the vile body and its nightmare life and pass into the Temple where they serve Him day and night and go out to rebirth no more.

¹ Male and female demons.

² Temple of the Lord of the Universe.

PART II

*TO THE MEN AND WOMEN
WHO ARE SICK OF ALL SENSATIONS*

Where the city lies foursquare
Where the Spirit and the Bride
Call us to the taintless tide—
Oh, my fairest of the fair,
We have drunk our cups beside
Other streams than these, and we shall not be there.

An Immortal Soul.

THE MYSTIC CITY

TO UNDYING MEMORIES

The spirit of the East beckons and allures, but it also eludes.

Letter from Earl Curzon of Kedleston.

THE grass of the Holy River gathers perfume from the marvellous suns, and the moonless nights, and the gorgeous bloom of the East, from the aromatic breath of the leopard, and the perfume of the fallen pomegranate, and the sacred oil that floats in the lamps, and the caress of the girl-bather's feet, and the myrrh-dropping unguents that glide from the maiden's bare limbs in the moonlight—the grass holds and feeds on them all. But not till the grass has been torn from the roots, and been crushed, and been bruised and destroyed, can the full odours exhale all it has tasted and treasured. Even thus the imagination of man may be great, but it can never be at its greatest until one serpent with merciless fangs has bitten it through and through—that one deathless serpent which is memory.

Folle-Farine.

PROLOGUE

THIS chapter is written for orientals of all countries, climes, and colours. To westerns it will seem the wildest nonsense. *Requiescant in pace.* He that hath ears to hear let him hear!

I am an orthodox Hindu and therefore an idolatress. Mahadev is the Lord and the lingam the idol. It is amusing to think of the Zenana Mission bazaars of childhood's days. Since then much water has run under the mill. Its grinding may interest some.

Many have complained that *The Voice of the Orient* is incomplete, does not go far enough nor sufficiently elucidate the Eastern Wisdom. An Irishwoman of ancient race wrote from a floating palace, "All

thoughtful people wish to know more of these doctrines." A fair diplomatiste of Madrid, a perfect and rare type of womanhood equally at home in court and cottage, expressed the same desire of self and many friends in a letter written from an East End girls' club. Hindus and Parsees who have spent lives in the theoretical study of Yoga have begged and prayed to be given the tale of my own practical experiences. They were earned as a brahmani and a Shivite in many past lives. At last, after many years' silence, permission has been obtained to speak. I can see the beady eyes scattered all over India glisten with anticipation as they read these lines and the lithe brown fingers twitch as they turn the pages. May They of whose existence these leaves testify inspire my poor pen to write the Wondrous Tale.

Of the Divine Men, the Great Gurus, the Mahatmas, Huxley said he knew no reason why Man should not be higher than man as man is to a black-beetle. We go further and say that without the Mahatmas, the Guardians of the Eastern Wisdom, there is no direct evidence that the Wisdom is not moonshine. One can present these doctrines as inductive theories to fit the facts of nature. Their deductive proof rests upon the existence of those Mighty Ones who teach them as natural laws. It is entirely a question of evidence. Some of the evidence has been before the world for the last thirty years. There is as much for the existence of the Mahatmas as of the Tsar of Russia. Both are difficult to see, but are facts in nature nevertheless. People don't believe in the Great Gurus because they don't want to. The Wisdom of the East is not all nonsense. An Aladdin's Dream World is there all the time for those who are sick enough of this world

to take the trouble to enter it. I shall now relate some of my experiences of this Hidden Life, having earned the right to them in my past lives.

As to the theory of Theosophy, is it not written in the chronicles of every Theosophical Library? Mine are the rare, extremely rare, experiences of one whose *karma* brought a direct knowledge of practical occultism in this life. I shall therefore leave theories to books and proceed direct to facts, the proof of the pudding.

The knowledge of these facts cannot be obtained in books. It is of things which will only belong to the race in general the day after to-morrow. The few long-sighted are permitted a glimpse of the promised land.

HELENA BLAVATSKY'S PREDECESSORS

THE evidence for the *external* appearances of the Mahatmas in our times, e.g. when they were seen with ordinary eyes, rests chiefly on the testimony of people who lived during the lifetime of Helena Blavatsky. The reason for this harks back a great way. It dates from the fourteenth century. Tsong-Kha-Pa was the founder of an occult school near Tsi-gat-se, in Thibet. It was attached to the private residence of the Tsai Lama. The head of the spiritual hierarchy of Thibet appears always to have a direct connection with the world unseen. In our day one of Helena Blavatsky's Masters holds an office under him. One cannot help smiling at such phrases as "Lhasa at Last," "the unveiling of Asia's final mystery," etc. etc. When the Younghusband Mission entered Lhasa two brahmans were sitting together in Benares one day. "The British think they have penetrated to the core of Thibet. What do they know even of Kashi?" asked one of the other. This significant phrase occurs in a letter from Him who figures in Theosophical literature as Master M. "As soon might a stranger hope to penetrate the subterranean recesses of Lhasa the blessed as," etc.

Such travellers as Sven Hedin think that they know all about such a place as the Holy of Holies of the Fourth Race, Lake Manasarowa, because they have perambulated its shores and circumnavigated its

waters. Though Sven Hedin spent weeks in camping round Manasarowa and nearly lost his life in his energetic voyaging of her waters, there is reason to believe that when he paid her his last adieux he knew about as much of her real mysteries as when he had said farewell to Srinagar.

Before we consider the origin of the Thibetan school of occultism, let us just glance over the previous ones in the history of the Aryan race. We find that each sub-race had its own teacher of occultism. The first sub-race was taught in India by Manu.

The second sub-race was taught in Egypt, Arabia, North Africa, and the Mediterranean basin by Hermes.

The third or Iranian sub-race was taught in Persia by Zarathustra.

The fourth or Keltic sub-race was taught by Orpheus in Greece and Rome, and migrated to Ireland and Scotland.

The fifth or Teutonic sub-race in Britain and America has been taught by the Buddha in his subsequent incarnations, as we shall see.

It has been recently stated, but on what authority we know not, that all these five Teachers of the five sub-races of the Aryans were different incarnations of the same Teacher. But we have the authority of Helena Blavatsky that at least the Buddha and the three subsequent great Teachers were One Person.

Sankara, the greatest teacher of Vedanta, was a sanyassin at the age of nine, a commentator before fifteen, and he died at the age of thirty-two in the cave to which he had betaken himself in the Himalaya Mountains. The meaning of these extraordinary phenomena, according to Helena Blavatsky, is this.

She holds him to have been a direct Avatar of Shiv : that for the thirty-two years of His mortal life he was the shade of a Flame, one of the Primordial Seven Rays, one of the seven highest manifested Spiritual Beings, They who stand nearest to the Trinity. They are called in Hinduism the Seven Rishis and the Seven Mind-Born Sons of Brahman. They are in every religion. In Christianity They are the Seven Archangels round the throne who veil their faces. H. P. B. continues that there are two profound esoteric mysteries connected with the life and death of Sankara. One of these she admits was beyond even her comprehension. She says the uninitiated intellect could never understand them. The first seems to be in this wise. Gautama Buddha, moved by His divine compassion for suffering humanity and to free the people from forms, from the tyranny of priestcraft, and what He called false gods, divulged more of the Esoteric Doctrine than this great Teacher had permission to do at that time, more than His hearers were ready to understand. So that many minds who had formerly followed the brahmanical ideals became unsettled, a little knowledge being dangerous, and many souls were retarded thereby. To fulfil the *karma* of this mistake He came back fifty years after as Sankara, the greatest teacher of Vedanta who ever lived.

Gautama came back in Sankara, the Atman¹ in Him having reached Nirvana, because, when a Sankaracharya has to be born, every one of the principles of the mortal man must be the purest and finest on earth. This is one of the esoteric mysteries connected with the life of Sankara. While the Atman of a Buddha attains Nirvana, His astral body will

¹ Divine Spirit.

incarnate again and again as long as man needs its help. So the spirit of Sankara was Shiv, the soul or personality was that of the Buddha, and this is why the greatest of India's sages "knew all His village Guru could tell him at the age of seven, and had finished His life's work at the age of thirty-two, and why to-day, two thousand years after His death, seventy-five per cent. of all Hindu thinkers follow His philosophy."

Now it is in connection with this so-called death of Sankara that H. P. B. speaks of the second, this most terrible esoteric mystery, the details of which are taken from a secret book in a Thibetan lamasery. It seems that the God in Sankara got tired of the mortal body and threw it off in the cave, and so the lower personality, the Bodhisattva, was freed "with the burden of a sin upon him which he had not committed."

The book continues: "At whatever age one puts off his outward body by free will, at that age will he be made to die a violent death against his will in his next rebirth."

Karma could have no hold on Sankara, because He had no ego, was an Avatar, but He had a personality, a Bodhisattva, a willing sacrificial victim, who was in no way responsible for the deed and yet who had to suffer for it. H. P. B. says this terrible mystery is beyond our knowledge. No uninitiated intellect can unravel it, but the chronicle continues that the Buddha again incarnated as Jesus Christ and various other times. No details are given but only that Gautama had to work out His *karma* which none even of the gods can escape.

"Gautama retiring fifty-seven years too soon was born as Maha Sankara, who got tired of His outward

form. This wilful act aroused and attracted King Karma who killed the new form of Jesus Christ at thirty-three years, the age of the body that was put off. The Blessed One could do good to His generation as Jesus, but none to posterity." This means that Jesus had promised His disciples the knowledge which confers upon man the power of greater miracles than He had produced Himself, but He died leaving only a few faithful disciples, men only half way to knowledge who had to struggle with a world to which they could teach only what they knew themselves.

"As Tiani Tsang (this probably means Apollonius of Tyana, the Pagan Christ), He became incarnated for the remains of His *karma*. The Seven Ways and the Four Truths were once more hidden out of sight. The Merciful One confined since then His attention and fatherly care to the heart of Bodyful, the nursery ground of the seeds of truth. The blessed remains since then have overshadowed and rested in many a holy body of human Bodhisattvas."

Apollonius of Tyana was the last of the series of four great World Teachers. Mahommed was a different personality altogether. We are taught that though he was an initiate of the Himalayan Brotherhood, he was unable to conquer certain weaknesses in his own nature and that therefore his mission was to tribes and peoples of lower development.

This reference is to the mystic city called outwardly Shamballa, the home of great occultists, from whence all the greatest Teachers have appeared. Where the sixth Root Race, full of occult knowledge, is now being chosen out, whence the Kalki Avatar shall come, from which the Buddhist expects his Maitreya, the Parsi his Sosiosh, the Jew his Messiah, the Christian his Christ, if he only knew of it.

There H. P. B. tells us Sankara, this Adept of Adepts still lives, an unseen yet an overpowering presence, among the Brotherhood of Shamballa.

And now we come to the connection of the Buddha with ourselves and with the Theosophical Society. He incarnated, the same Thibetan book says, as the great reformer Tsong-Kha-Pa in the fourteenth century, the founder of a secret school near Tsi-gat-se attached to the private residence of the Tsai Lama. He was the first of the Lamaic incarnations of Buddha and His special work was to put down black magic, then rampant in the country. The strife of this split in Lamaism was so great that, with the consent of the Tsai Lama, hundreds of Arhats migrated to China where they form still a powerful occult centre and they were called the "sweet voiced" on account of their ability in chanting mantrams. "Whenever made too public the Good Law fell invariably into sorcery." This sentence has a sinister meaning when applied to certain events of recent times in the Theosophical Society, for never before in the history of the world has occultism been so accessible as now.

Tsong-Kha-Pa was the last incarnation of this Great Being and he is of supreme interest to the West because He left orders that at the close of every century an attempt was to be made to spread light among the "barbarians of the West." So that he was the true founder of all the European Theosophical Societies. In an old masonic book in the British Museum occurs the phrase that Freemasonry was instituted for "the study of true Theosophy." So that we can trace back the pedigree of all Theosophical movements to Mahadev, the Great Lord of Joga, Himself, through His Avatar of Sankara. Helena

Blavatsky was the messenger sent from Thibet to the West, in accordance with His decree, given as Tsong-Kha-Pa, at the last quarter of the nineteenth century.

All details of the earlier Theosophical Societies, Freemasons, Rosicrucians, Renaissance, and what not, will be found for those who have energy to dig them out in the libraries. A few words may perhaps be said about Helena Blavatsky's immediate predecessor. These details come from the Christian clergyman Casanova. He was an acquaintance of the Comte de St. Germain¹ as the Coulombs and Mr. Solavioff were of H. P. B. In occultism light and darkness are always intimately associated, hence the storms and scandals in the Theosophical Society. The devil shelters beneath the cathedral spire. The Prince of Adventurers says St. Germain was the most amusing person he ever met. He talked all through dinner and ate nothing. He was in favour with Mme. de Pompadour. Mme. de Gergy knew him in Venice in 1700. He then looked forty-five. At Mme. de Pompadour's, fifty years later, she saw him unchanged. He was immensely rich, but no one knew the sources of his income. He spoke all European languages, Sanskrit, Arabic, and Chinese. His origin was never determined. He was called "the mysterious adventurer." He appeared phenomenally to Mme. D'Urfé and Casanova in the Bois de Boulogne when his body was in the Duc de Choiseul's library. The black and the white forces appear, as ever, in conflict when Casanova told Mme. D'Urfé he "must

¹ For further details of this great Adept and the part he played in European politics as well as in western occultism *vide* the careful studies of Mrs. Cooper Oakley in the *Theosophical Review*. I was with her in the British Museum Library when they were compiled, and can testify to their accuracy. She will shortly publish them in book form.

spend fifteen days in Paris to demolish a little plan of St. Germain's." I have give these few details from the life of this great adept of the White Lodge because they are separated for the first time from the unspeakable life of one who was evidently an agent of black occultism.

A few further details concern us. St. Germain is known to have lived from 1710-1822. He is mentioned in the diaries of various persons in Europe who knew him.¹ He was a personal friend of Louis XV of France who gave him rooms in the Royal Chateau of Chambord. He often spent the evening with the King and royal family. He was appointed as the private agent of the King to many of the courts of Europe on a mission of peace. He is in the memoirs of George III of England and other kings.

Mme. d'Adhemar was an intimate friend of Marie Antoinette. She writes in her memoirs of St. Germain always as a magician. She relates an interview with Louis XVI and the Queen in which he tried to warn them of the scaffold years before the trouble began. "But Marie Antoinette could not at this time take anything seriously." Pinned on to her MS. is this note dated May 12th, 1821. In 1793 he warned her of the approaching execution of the Queen. She asked him if she would see him again. He replied, "Five times more; do not wish for the sixth." "I saw St. Germain again, and always to my unspeakable surprise; at the assassination of the Queen; at the coming of the eighteenth Brumaire; the day following the death of the Duc d'Enghien

¹ The last person who mentions having seen him was Queen Alexandra's uncle, the late Prince Johann of Glücksberg, who states that he saw the Count at a funeral when the Prince was aged eleven years.

(1804); in the month of January, 1813; and on the eve of the murder of the Duc de Berri (1820). I await the sixth visit when God wills." She died next year. I have selected this detail for this reason. I was told by my Guru, in the first days of our meeting in this life, many particulars of the Mahatmas. Amongst them she said that when people had worked and prayed all their lives to see the Mahatmas They sometimes appeared to them at the moment of dying. We know therefore when St. Germain appeared the sixth time to Mme. d'Adhemar, for Helena Blavatsky has stated that he was the greatest oriental adept sent to the West in modern times and her predecessor of the eighteenth century.

One more detail is necessary for our purpose. In 1790 M. de St. Germain told two students of occultism that he was leaving Vienna for England to prepare there for two inventions which would be used in the next century, e.g. trains and steamboats. Then he added "At the end of this century I shall disappear out of Europe, for I must rest. I shall take myself to the *region of the Himalaya Mountains.*"

One other detail not published before outside Casanova will interest those who have their reasons for thinking that H. P. B. and Cagliostro were one and the same. Casanova says that Mme. Cagliostro presided over the Isis Lodge of the Rosy Cross. This contained such *grandes dames* as Mmes. de Choiseul, de Brienne, and de Polignac.

II

MINOR SCHOOLS OF OCCULTISM

HELENA Blavatsky taught that, in addition to the White Lodge of the Himalayas, there were many subordinate schools of occultism. These range through all shades of white and grey to the black magicians or Brothers of the Shadow. They lead the forces of evil on the planet.

In my wanderings I have several times happened up against persons connected with schools of occultism apparently other than ours of the White Lodge. At any rate they were not in our group of its ramifications. One was Mr. Justice Shasfaddin's guru already mentioned. Another was a Hindu ascetic of Ghazipur, Bengal. He lived in entire seclusion for years. Suddenly one day he lighted the sacrificial fire with himself as burnt offering. Vast quantities of combustible material had been accumulated beforehand. He and his house in an instant were consumed. I saw the wreckage at Ghazipur, and also, in a temple there, met a brahman boy, a priest of Shri Krishna, who had trained himself to do entirely without sleep. At first he took a few hours' sleep nightly, later none at all.

More details are available of the life of Mr. Jacob. This is his history as related by himself. He is of Italian parentage and a Christian by religion. When a boy his parents migrated to Turkey where his father held a government billet. Jacob was taught

Arabic to qualify him also for the government service. In old Arabic books he read of the existence of great sages who possessed wisdom and powers beyond those of the man of the world. Jacob became possessed of the craving to find these sages which makes all other things of no account and he went to Baghdad to search for them. He was employed by a man who was laying the telegraph there, to clean the wires. He failed to find what he wanted in Syria, but he heard there that the sages were in India. Again he took ship, and at last found himself in Hyderabad, Deccan. Near by was a village, a few miles away in a wild rocky country. Here among the great boulders he met his Master, an old man living in a cavern.

It has always been the custom of adepts, when they recognise a true pupil, to give him or her a preliminary sign of their power, from the time when Apollonius of Tyana received from Iarchus a sign of reading a manuscript in the astral light to the time when Constance Wachtmeister received exactly the same token when she first went as a pupil to Helena Blavatsky, two thousand years later. I shall hope to relate later, if I can get permission, what signs were given to me. In Jacob's case the patriarch told him to look at a certain tree. As he looked it bent over. The old man told Jacob to look again, each time bending his fingers backwards and forwards. Jacob looked and the tree stood erect. This was repeated twice over, the old man's fingers bending as before. His name was Mahommed and it was he who introduced Jacob to his guide for life, the departed Syrian who figures in *Mr. Isaacs* as Ram Lal. This name was given to him as follows. Jacob was once in love with a girl whom he wished to marry. His

guide wished otherwise and they were having a warm dispute over the matter one day, the guide's voice of course coming out of space. Marion Crawford was then living in Lawrie's Hotel, Simla, where Jacob had rooms. Being on intimate terms with Jacob, he burst into his room during this heated discussion. To save Jacob's face, that he might not be thought a madman, the guide immediately materialised, and Jacob introduced him to Mr. Crawford as "Ram Lal," saying "Do not touch him. He has bathed and is now going to prayer." Mr. Crawford had a conversation of two hours with Ram Lal, believing him to be a living man. To get Ram Lal's presence it is necessary for Mr. Jacob to "invoke" him with Arabic sounds. To have a successful séance with him there must be present not less than seven persons, four women and three men, and everyone present must be in perfect health of body and soul. Jacob lays great stress on abstinence from wine and beef and on the purity of women. In these he is at one with the teachings of the Great White Lodge. His school of occultism is probably a branch of it.

Eventually Ram Lal vanished phenomenally, as Mr. Crawford had his chair against the only exit. All this is described in *Mr. Isaacs*.

Mr. Jacob was present at the burial and resuscitation of a fakir which has been described by Mr. Drummond, then Commissioner of Bareilly (1870). The man was buried suspended in a deep grave by chains, three feet from the bottom. The coffin was screwed down in the sight of many people. Boards were placed above it six inches below the ground level, earth was spread, and corn sown which sprang up and was reaped. Six men, two sent by the Commissioner and two by the Nawab, were always on

guard. After six months he was taken up and he revived after being rubbed and warmed. He said that he could not have been revived before the six months expired as he had arranged to leave the body for that time. During such trances the blood condenses, becomes slimy and yellow, and does not circulate. Mr. Jacob saw the rope phenomenon by worshippers of Vishnu in Madras. It was done by the same unseen agencies as when Mr. Jacob walked on water, being carried invisibly by Ram Lal. They support the rope, and when the boy goes up it he is shrouded in mist the same colour as air, so that he is rendered invisible. This was done before the Nizam of Hyderabad. He was seated, his court round him. The rope was thrown up and remained stiff, the end hidden thirty feet up. Two boys went up and disappeared. Presently their limbs were thrown down. The performers said, "We will burn these," and threw them into a hot fire. A little girl, their sister, cried out, "If my brothers are burnt I will be *sati*" and rushed into the flames. All were consumed in a few minutes. One boy walked in from the crowd and asked for his brother. A voice answered from above and he slipped down the rope. Then both asked for their sister who was found under the Nizam's chair.

The following account of Mr. Jacob's phenomena is from one whom Mr. W. T. Stead considers "one of the most remarkable acquaintances of his life," He writes :—¹

"I heard of one man to whom common report attributed all the powers of Moses—and more. This was a native jeweller and diamond merchant at Simla,

¹ Reprinted from *Borderland*, by kind permission.

a man of immense wealth, highly educated and polished. I determined to go to Simla and interview him. I knew a man who had been sent up there to recover from enteric, a captain of Bengal lancers, and I visited him. He occupied a bungalow with a Scotch surgeon-major of Gurkhas. Over our cheroots and whisky-pegs I asked if they knew Mr. Jacob? 'Rather! Who didn't, at Simla?'

"I expressed my intention of making his acquaintance, but my friend said that he did not think I should manage it in the few days I had at disposal. The surgeon-major said, relapsing into broad Scotch in his excitement, 'Dinna go, laddie; he's na canny!' I said that uncanny or not, I had come on purpose; and, being an obstinate Yorkshireman, I meant to carry it through.

"The next morning I went to Mr. Jacob's bungalow, higher up, about three-quarters of a mile from where I was staying. His bearer informed me that he was away, and was not expected home for three days, when he had invited three gentlemen to tiffin. I left my card and promised to call again, as I was obliged to leave Simla the day after his expected return; and I left word that I had come some hundreds of miles to see him.

"To strengthen my chances, I marked in pencil a hieroglyphic on the card; not knowing to what school he belonged, except that he was not a Hermetic. Had he been so, no single word about him would have appeared in these pages from *my* pen. I thought it just possible that he might recognise and know the meaning of the hieroglyph.

"The result exceeded my wildest expectations. Three days afterwards, I returned from an early-morning ride to find that Mr. Jacob had himself called at our bungalow, and left his card for me, with the hope that I would join his party at tiffin that day. My Scotch friend looked very glum, and was sure some harm would come of it.

“However, at the appointed time, I gaily mounted the captain’s tat, and set forth. When I arrived, the other three guests were there—one of them, a general officer whose name is a household word in England and India. I was received with great *empressement* by Mr. Jacob (thanks to the hieroglyph), and we proceeded to enjoy the repast.

“GRAPES GROWN ON A WALKING-STICK

“Afterwards, when the Trichinopolis were lighted and desultory conversation set in, our host was asked by the General to show us some, what *he* called ‘tricks.’ I could see that Jacob didn’t like the word ; but he simply said, ‘Yes, I will show you a trick.’ Then he told a servant to bring in all the sahibs’ walking-sticks. Selecting one, a thick grape-vine stick with a silver band, he said, ‘Whose is this?’ It was claimed by the General, and a glass bowl of water, similar to those in which gold-fish are kept, was placed on the table. Mr. Jacob then simply stood the stick on its knob in the water and held it upright for a few moments. Then we saw scores of shoots like rootlets issuing from the knob till they filled the bowl and held the stick upright ; Jacob standing over it muttering all the time. In a few moments more a continuous crackling sound was heard, and shoots, young twigs, began rapidly putting forth from the upper part of the stick. These grew and grew ; they became clothed with leaves, and flowered before our eyes. The flowers became changed to small bunches of grapes ; and, in ten minutes from the commencement, a fine, healthy standard vine loaded with bunches of ripe black Hamburgs stood before us. A servant carried it round, and we all helped ourselves to the fruit.

“It struck me at the time that this might only be some (to me new) form of hypnotic delusion. So, while eating my bunch, I carefully transferred half of

it to my pocket, to see if the grapes would be there the next day.

“When the tree was replaced on the table Jacob ordered it to be covered with a sheet; and, in a few minutes, there was nothing there but the General’s stick, apparently none the worse for its vicissitudes.

“HOW IT FEELS TO BE THRUST THROUGH

“I then described the performances of different fakirs whom I had seen, especially the only one which puzzled me—the transfixion of the body with a tulwar. Mr. Jacob smiled and said, ‘Oh, that’s nothing. Stand up.’ I did so, and he, taking down a superbly mounted and damascened yataghan from Persia, which formed part of a trophy of arms on the wall, drew it from its scabbard and held the point to my breast, saying only, ‘Shall I?’ I had absolute confidence in him, so simply said, ‘Certainly.’ He dropped the point to about two inches below the sternum (breast-bone) and pushed slowly but forcibly. I distinctly felt the passage of the blade, but it was entirely painless, though I experienced a curious icy feeling, as though I had drunk some very cold water. The point came out of my back and penetrated into the wood panelling behind, which, if I remember rightly, was of cedar wood. He left go of the weapon and laughingly remarked that I looked like a butterfly pinned on a cork. Several jokes at my expense were made by the others; and, after a minute or two, he released me. I looked rather ruefully at the slit the broad blade had made in my clothes, but Jacob said, ‘Never mind them; they’ll be all right by and by.’ He began to show us another wonder, and I forgot all about it. But about an hour afterward there was no trace whatever of any damage to the clothes.

“PICTURES FROM THE ASTRAL LIGHT

“Presently he said, ‘Well, gentlemen, I hope I

have amused you. I want you now to amuse me by each giving me an account of some battle he was in (especially an occasion of being wounded). I am intensely fond of tales of war and heroism.' Well, we had all four of us plenty of experiences of that sort, but in the Service it is 'bad form' to talk about one's own doings, so that he had considerable difficulty in getting anyone to begin. At last the General opened the ball by giving (at our special request) an account of the Balaklava ride, in which he had taken part.

"He told it as a brave soldier would, simply, but earnestly, and manfully. Our host watched him narrowly, and listened like one entranced, not missing a single word. He then took from the inner pocket of his jacket a small baguette, and waved it towards the inlaid panelling of the room.

"THE CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE

"In an instant a thick mist gathered there, of a deep violet hue, which rolled away to each side, and there was plainly visible to our eyes the field of Balaklava with the Light Brigade drawn up. We saw Nolan ride up, we heard the trumpets blare out the advance, and, finally, the 'charge.' We watched the death of that unfortunate officer, and then saw the Light Brigade in their headlong charge on the guns. Every incident repeated itself before us. We saw them spike the guns and return, but the most distinct figure to our eyes was that of our friend the General. We saw their return impeded by a dense mass of Russian lancers, two of whom speared the General (he was not a general then) while he was cutting down a third on his right front. Down he went, and the shock of battle rolled on, leaving him on the ground in our full view. Presently he staggered to his legs and caught a riderless troop-horse, which came up to him without any shyness when he whistled a call. We saw him mount with extreme

difficulty and ride off to the British lines, where he arrived in safety, though shot and shell hurtled round him at times like a hailstorm.

“HOW THE VISIONS WERE PRODUCED

“Another wave of the baguette, and all disappeared; and there was nothing but the pattern of the inlaid wood to look at. We looked at one another and drew a long breath, the General saying only, ‘Well! I’m blanked!’ In those days cavalymen used more forcible expletives than is the custom now. We took fresh cheroots, and once more composed ourselves to hear the experiences of the others. To these we naturally listened with a heightened interest, knowing that at the conclusion of each story we should see the actual incidents reproduced before our eyes.

“We did, and we saw *more* than we heard; because one officer, in relating the share he took in the assault on the Alumbagh, entirely omitted to mention a feat of brilliant daring which he performed on that occasion, in engaging single-handed in a furious hand-to-hand conflict with two gigantic sepoys—he was only a little fellow. Anyhow, we saw him kill them both with his own blade (his revolver was empty, and no time to reload). When we ‘chaffed’ him after about omitting this detail, he only said, ‘Well, of course I didn’t want to gas.’

“When all our stories and their ensuing visions were concluded, we discussed what we had seen, and one or two of the guests were sufficiently ill-advised to ask Mr. Jacob how such a thing as the actual reproduction of an event which had occurred some years before was possible. He told them that every event that had ever taken place in the history of the world was actually still existing in the astral light, and could be reproduced at any time and place by those who possessed the knowledge and the power. In fact, that (so to speak) as words spoken into a phonograph by people since dead, still existed, and

could be reproduced at will : so that all actions and events were for ever in existence.

“ I told him that this agreed *in toto* with the teachings of the Hermetics ; and also pointed out that the New Testament stated that one day all the deeds that had been done should be made manifest, whether they were good or evil. All he said was, ‘ No difficulty about doing *that!* ’

“ WALKING ON THE WATER

“ Presently he asked us if we would like to look at his gardens (a most unusual proposition there). We consented out of politeness, and went outside. We found there an artificial lake or large pond, of which we took no particular notice, and lounged about in the shade chatting and smoking. Presently, the officer to whom Jacob was talking at some little distance from the rest called out : ‘ Mr. Jacob is going to walk on the water.’ Jacob said, ‘ Why not ? ’ and immediately stepped not into but *on* the water, and deliberately walked right across the pond. The water being very translucent, we could see the astonished fish darting away in all directions from under his feet. When he got to the other side he turned round and came back again. As he stepped on the ground I requested to look at his shoes, to see if they were wetted at all. The soles appeared just as if he had walked over a wet pavement, and that was all. He said : ‘ That is nothing ; anyone who can float in air ’ (*Anglice levitate*) ‘ can walk on water ; but I will show you something that really requires power.’¹

“ It was a baking hot day in the hot season, and although considerably cooler up there in the hills than in the plains, it was still as ardent as a hot summer’s day in England.

¹ Mr. Jacob told me in reference to the above that Ram Lal, invisible to the others, had *carried* him over the water. Also that it was he who brought the butterflies and other things phenomenally produced.

"A BUTTERFLY STORM

"Bringing out the baguette again, he waved it slowly round his head. Presently the air was full of butterflies. They came by thousands, by millions, till they were as thick in the air as a heavy snowstorm. They settled on everything, on us, on our hats, our shoulders, anywhere, like bees swarming, till we presented a ridiculous spectacle. The scene was so ludicrous that we burst into roars of laughter. This seemed to offend Jacob, who was rather touchy on some points, so he said, 'Ah! you laugh; we will have no more of it.' The butterflies rose from where they had lit, rapidly went up into the air, higher and higher, till they formed a dark cloud passing the sun, and then drifted off out of sight altogether.

"We went into the bungalow again, but there was a decided coolness perceptible in our host's manner, and I, for one, was not sorry to prepare to leave.

"INSTANT TRANSPORTATION THROUGH SPACE

"Before we broke up, however, Mr. Jacob requested a few words privately with me. I followed him out to the verandah, and we spoke on occult subjects for a few minutes, and then he said to me, 'I will give *you* a special experience, which will give you something to think about.' Just what I wanted!

"He said, 'Shut your eyes and imagine that you are in your bedroom in your bungalow.' I did so. He said, 'Now open your eyes.' I opened them, to find that I *was* in my bedroom—three-quarters of a mile in two seconds! He said, 'Now shut them again, and we will rejoin our friends.' But I wouldn't have that at any price; because the idea of hypnotic delusion was still present to my mind; and, if it were so, I wanted to see how he would get over the dilemma.

"He did not try to persuade me, but only laughed,

saying, 'Well, if you will not, then good-bye,' and he was gone. I instantly looked at my watch, as I had done in his verandah at the commencement of the experiment, and *two minutes* had barely elapsed.

“THE HORSE AND CART ALSO LEVITATED

“I walked straight out of my bedroom to the dining-room where both my friends were sitting. They stared and wanted to know ‘How the deuce I got there?’ So I sat down and told them all that occurred. The doctor said, ‘Let us see the grapes.’ I felt in my pocket and they were there all right, and passed them to him. He turned them over very suspiciously, smelt of them, and finally tasted one. ‘They’re the real thing, my boy; genuine English black Hamburgs,’ he said, and proceeded to devour the lot. Then the captain said, ‘But where’s the tat?’ I replied that I had forgotten all about it; I supposed that he had better send for it. Calling a servant, he told him to go to the stables and send a syce up to Sahib Jacob’s bungalow for the tat. In a few minutes the bearer returned with the syce, who said that the tat was at that moment safe in his own stable. We stared at one another, and then went to see for ourselves. Sure enough he was there.

“To those who are specially interested in occultism, I may say that Mr. Jacob is not actually a Yogi; though he has studied Yoga, and by its means performed the feats here recorded. The baguette he employed was almost identical with that of the Hermetists.”

When I met Mr. Jacob last September in Bombay I asked him for further details of the “invisibility” he had said on a former occasion was produced by the seed of the castor oil plant. He said that the tree must be grown by the occultist himself, who watches over it and uses mantras¹ at each stage of growth.

¹ Invocations.

In every castor oil tree thus grown there will be certainly one, perhaps two seeds which make a person invisible so long as he retains it in his mouth. The seed must be covered with wax to preserve it from the saliva. That is all that is necessary to get the desired result once the seed is produced. Mr. Jacob told me that before he lost part of his power as an occultist he could enter any house, company, or private chamber he chose unperceived. When invited to dinner by the wife of Mr. Maud, a Punjab I.C.S., he decided to go as an invisible guest. Up to the end of the second course he occupied his chair unseen. The guests saw the food disappear into space. After this course he removed the seed from his mouth and was "all there" for the rest of the meal. Do I believe it? Yes. First on the general grounds that the world is more wonderful than prosaic people suppose. Secondly for the particular reason that Mr. Jacob's other extraordinary powers as an occultist are beyond all question. They are attested by so many, from Mr. Crawford to my own friends. Therefore it may quite well be that he can, or could, make himself invisible. For some of his powers were taken away when he wantonly wasted seventeen lacs of rupees in one heedless moment of his affluent days. His spirit guide, the departed Syrian, Asrud-din, who gave him this punishment, is still with him constantly. He announces himself suddenly as a voice, "Peace be with you." Sometimes he materialises as a white vapour, and, when invoked with the seven righteous persons present, takes the form of a man. Mr. Jacob has written a book of his occult knowledge which he might be helped to publish. Here is an opportunity for a capitalist, interested in such matters, to learn how to become invisible, etc.

I have related these phenomena to show that India is honeycombed with schools of occultism which have at least no direct connection with ours of the White Lodge of the Himalayas. These are probably the subordinate schools of which Helena Blavatsky wrote, for there is no other path to Raja Yoga, or the Kingly Science, than that which leads to the White Lodge. Every occultist must pass through its schools to get any knowledge which is worth having on the White Path. There is no other road to Wisdom, and Helena Blavatsky was the messenger of our generation.

III

HELENA BLAVATSKY'S GURUS

I WAS a frequent visitor to Lansdowne Road when Mme. Blavatsky first came on her mission to London. Whether she was, or was not an impostor was the most fascinating problem of my girlhood, as it was of the *fin-du-siècle* world of the nineteenth century. The twentieth century world does not care a pin as to whence her teachings came. It generally accepts them as she said it would do. Twenty-three years ago the English Zola¹ wrote of H. P. B. as "the great seer who had collected in her own person all the cryptic revelation, all the esoteric lore of the East." Yet I shall be able to prove for those who take my testimony that she was accurate as the Source of her knowledge, even down to the minutest details.

Mr. Ross Scott was distinguished for his hatred of all injustice. He took up Mme. Blavatsky's cause in the first instance because he thought her unjustly treated. Till death he remained profoundly interested in her teachings. He told me he anticipated spending his life after retirement from the government service in studying them. He does so now with a clearer vision! Not long before his death I dined with him in his palatial bungalow and lovely garden shadowed by the gilt umbrella of the Chutter Munzil Palace, Lucknow. Behind us were the gardens of the Residency where the gorgeous creeper bignonia

¹ Mr. George Moore in *Evelyn Innes*.

venusta covers Havelock's grave with an orange velvet pall. He showed me a pocket handkerchief on which an embroidered name had been changed before his eyes. He first met H. P. B. in the ship (City Line) in which she had travelled from Liverpool to India. Nightly she discoursed on board to enthralled audiences. A pin fall could be heard. Mr. Ross Scott accompanied her on shore and to a reception given to her by Indian friends in Bombay. All through the voyage he had implored her to give him some proof of her powers. That evening she was sitting on a sofa with him and, being very tired, was resting her face on her handkerchief. He saw her name Helena embroidered on it and said, "Fancy your embroidering that." She told him it could be done by will power. He challenged her to do it. Sitting bolt upright she exclaimed, "I will!" A man named Hurrychand approached at that moment. She extended the handkerchief towards him for an instant and then handed it to Ross Scott. Helena had been changed to Hurrychand in the same stitch before his eyes. "Are you god, or devil, or what?" he cried in his excitement. Another account of this phenomenon will be found in *Old Diary Leaves*, by Colonel Olcott who was also present. I have related it from notes taken at the time from Mr. Scott's story. He told me he had had twenty years to consider the phenomenon and still thought it as genuine as on its day. The powers of life and death over forty-seven millions of people rested with the judgment of Ross Scott. He also showed me a letter received phenomenally from Him whom theosophists know as Mahatma K. H. It was addressed "Ross Scott, via Mists and Snows." He was sitting with H. P. B. on the verandah of the

hotel at Dehra Dun when he noticed the letter jumping about on the ground, so that at first he thought it was some kind of insect. This phenomenon also he still considered genuine.

I have never myself seen any physical phenomena through my own Teachers. They belong to the same School as Helena Blavatsky, and I have casually heard of occasional phenomena granted by them to others as acts of grace to people not yet able to see and hear on the higher planes. But the day for physical phenomena of the White Lodge seems to be over. In H. P. B.'s time they were necessary to attract the attention of the world to her doctrines.

The universe has three main divisions. There are three worlds in nature, physical, psychic, and spiritual. The constitution of man has the same three main divisions of body, soul, and spirit. So the life-giving movement of our time has passed through the same three stages :—

1. The physical phenomena of Helena Blavatsky.
2. The astral appearances of her Masters to people who could only see Them with physical vision.
3. The spiritual appearances of these same Masters to people who have earned the power to see Them with the clairvoyant vision of the Third Eye of Shiv.

But I had earned the clairaudient and clairvoyant faculties in previous lives. The necessary proofs therefore were given me through these. The tuition of pupils in these days when people are more advanced is nearly always given that way. Before giving my own experiences I shall first relate a little of the experiences of other witnesses, who have seen the same

Master of Wisdom who appeared to me on more than one occasion.

From the mass of testimony available let us select two witnesses of two appearances of the same Mahatma. In one of these the Adept functioned in His astral body, in the other the Great One appeared as a man in the flesh.

The first witness is a personal friend, the late Countess Wachtmeister, widow of a former minister of Sweden at the Court of St. James. She has only recently passed away. One gets tired of seeing in the papers that Lady X looked pretty in the park, and that the Duchess of Z wore wonderful jewels at the opera. There are living men and women whose lives are like Aladdin's Dream of whom *le monde qui s'amuse* never hears at all. Countess Wachtmeister was one of them. Ranking next to the royal family in Sweden, as the wife of an eminent diplomatist she enjoyed the best that the world could give in most of the capitals of Europe. A relative of hers, the wife of a High Court judge in India, described her at this period as being the "gayest of the gay. We always had to have the house full when she came." In her own words to me, "When I knew the Mahatmas lived the things which had amused me before amused me no longer." Then she had left her Throne Rooms and given up her carriage to take the bus daily to the Strand to serve out theosophical books. Oscar Wilde wrote that Prince Kropotkin and Paul Verlaine lived the two most beautiful lives he knew. Instead of the French decadent, may we not place beside Peter Kropotkin the upsoaring soul of Constance Wachtmeister as the two most beautiful lives in a sordid West?

This is a tiny scrap of the Countess's evidence,

taken from a private paper sometime printed for the members of the Theosophical Society at a time of trial, not hitherto given to the world outside. The Countess was born clairvoyant and clairaudient, unlike some who only gain these gifts in adult life after meeting the guru. It is unnecessary to argue here that these faculties exist. To those who possess them, for others to scoff at them is as ludicrous as the Oxford undergraduate who, colour blind himself, tried to argue away the perception of hues.

The Countess writes "One evening I accompanied Annie Besant to a small hall in London where she lectured to workmen, when suddenly the Master was by her side, and she spoke with an eloquence I had never heard from her lips before. It came like a torrent of spiritual force."

Some of her occult experiences have long been published. But no one has yet noted that the proof of power first given by Helena Blavatsky to Constance Wachtmeister was identically the same as that given by another member of the Himalayan Lodge to an enquirer two thousand years ago. It came like this.

The Countess was intending to pass the winter in Italy, and was engaged with her packing, at home in Sweden, when she heard a voice. It said, "Take that book, it will be useful to you on your journey." The book was a MS. of notes on the Kabbalah compiled for the Countess by a friend. Accordingly she packed it up, though surprised that such a book should be a vade-mecum for a holiday tour. On her way to Italy she stayed with Mme. Gebhardt in Germany. The latter begged her to visit Mme. Blavatsky who was then staying in a German town alone, in poor health, and struggling with the Secret

Doctrine. The Countess had not seen H. P. B. for two years, but she wrote and offered her companionship. It was courteously but firmly declined. The cab was at the door to take the Countess *en route* to Rome when a wire arrived from H. P. B. asking her to come. When she arrived H. P. B. told her how her sordid little lodgings had caused her to hesitate about inviting a woman of the great world to share them, but since the writing of the refusal to the Countess the Master had countermanded it and ordered her to invite her. At tea H. P. B. remarked, "Master says you have a book for me." "No indeed, I have brought none." "Think again. Master says you were told in Sweden to bring a book on the Kabbalah!"

Then for the first time the Countess remembered the book stowed in the bottom of her trunk. She ran to fetch it, and offered it to H. P. B. "Stay," said the old woman, "on — page and — line you will find such and such words." In the MS. compiled by her own friend Constance Wachtmeister found it written as H. P. B. had said.

This phenomenon is interesting because exactly this identical proof by reading a MS. in the astral light before touching it was given by the Indian adept Iarchus to Apollonius of Tyana.

Apollonius met the King of the Indians, "Phraotes," at "Taxilla," which is Attock, near Peshawur. He gave him a letter to Iarchus, the chief sage, who "were more respected by the Indians than the King himself who consults them in everything."

Apollonius journeyed several days in a mountainous district until he arrived. A young man came down the hill from "the castle of the sages" and took him into the presence of Iarchus who addressed him in

Greek and asked for the King's letter of introduction. Apollonius was silent from surprise. Before taking the missive Iarchus said that, on such a line, the Delta was missing. Apollonius looked and found that it was even so.

One other account never before published Countess Wachtmeister told me of herself. She had accompanied Annie Besant through her first Indian tour. It had been a tremendous success, a progress through welcoming crowds who shouted "Annie Besant, salaam!" "Constance Wachtmeister, salaam!" The Countess, rather overdone, one day had a severe headache when she heard the Voice of Him who is known to the outside world as Mahatma K. H., and to some of my friends as the Gentlest One. The Voice said "Sniff this up and it will do you good." Waves of the perfume peculiar to Him then enveloped the Countess. She also said that, at that time, Annie Besant was constantly saturated with the perfume peculiar to her own Master. Dr. Richardson, who gave up his Chair of Chemistry at University College, Bristol, for this work, was present during this conversation. He remarked to me that some years before he had heard Countess Wachtmeister tell the story of the perfumes in exactly the same terms.

M. Ramaswamier was a government official in Madras earning R.600 per mensem. Here is his account of seeing *in the flesh* the same Guru of whose spiritual appearances to myself will appear in the next chapter. He lived at Tinnevely. This is taken from his account written in a private letter which afterwards appeared in the *Theosophist* for December, 1882.

"In Sept., '89 when reading in my room I heard the voice of my blessed Guru M. telling me

to leave all and to proceed immediately to Bombay in search of Mme. Blavatsky and to follow her wherever she went. Without losing a moment I closed up all my affairs and left the station. For the tones of that voice are to me the divinest sound in nature, its commands imperative. I travelled in the ascetic's robes." When he reached Bombay H. P. B. had gone on a few days before in charge of a chela, no one knew whither. He took a ticket at Calcutta and, after tracing her to Darjiling, he found she was not going to Thibet just then. But he had reason to know that the two Mahatmas were at Sikkim and One of Them was recognised as a high official of Thibet. This confirms private information of my own that one of H. P. B.'s Gurus is closely connected with the Tsai Lama, also that the head of the spiritual hierarchy of Thibet is himself a man of advanced knowledge. This makes Dr. Sven Hedin's account of the remarkable impressions he received in conversation with him the more interesting.

Mr. Ramaswamier continues "In despair I determined, come what might, to find the Masters or die." He did not know a word of the language of those parts, he had no passport into Sikkim, and very little money. He was bent on one engrossing idea, to find and see his Guru. After various adventures, on the second day from Darjiling he came near Sikkim about 9 a.m. There he met a horseman. "From his tall stature, and the expert way he managed the animal, I thought he was some military officer of the Sikkim Rajah. He will ask for my pass and have me arrested and sent back, if not worse. But as he approached me he reined the steed. I looked and recognised him instantly. I was in the awful presence of Him, of the same Mahatma, my own

revered Guru whom I had seen before in His astral body on the balcony of the Theosophical Society." The Master addressed him in Tamil, for the Adept can speak any language He chooses. A long conversation of absorbing interest ensued. After the Blessed One had resumed His ride, two mounted chelas in the rear, Mr. Ramaswamier remained rooted to the spot for an hour. He concludes, "And now that I have seen the Mahatma in the flesh and heard His living voice, let no one dare say to me that the Brothers do not exist. Come now whatever will, death has no fear for me, for what I know I KNOW."

The ashrams of these Divine Men are hidden. Even if one actually gained the site, he would never perceive it unless his eyes were opened. There the magnetism is so perfect that no discord can live, and the lion and the lamb would lie down together. Some of us have, nevertheless, seen these ashrams and their Blessed Inmates by the clairvoyant vision. Since the days of Helena Blavatsky, when physical appearances of the Mahatmas were necessary to arouse the world's attention, they have practically ceased. The people who need to see Them are now sufficiently advanced to meet Them on the spiritual plane. Thus spiritual force is economised.

An amusing instance of the folly of seeking physical manifestations of the Masters was afforded by an aspirant for knowledge, who, fired by the description of the skushok of Tiksay Lamasery,¹ and feeling convinced that he was a Mahatma, once rushed up post-haste from India to Ladak hoping to see him. All the time a great adept was sitting in the very room he had started from!

¹ In *Where Three Empires Meet*, by Knight.

IV

PERSONAL EXPERIENCES OF THEM

THIS chapter is the crux, the kernel, the climax, the coping stone, without which all the foregoing and the finale would be but moonshine. Annie Besant once said, "If the Mahatmas do not exist, the Theosophical Society is an absurdity and there is no use in keeping it up." We may go further and say, if the Mahatmas do not exist, evolution is an absurdity, and all the groaning and travailing of creation void.

The adept is the flower of his age, its perfect fruition, and like the aloe, He only blooms at rare intervals. When He cries, "It is finished!" all Nature rejoices at her crowning triumph. Unashamed she looks the Perfect Man in the face, and her ministers, the devas,¹ shout with joy.

A Perfect Man! One to whom all Nature, all knowledge of our solar system is an open book! Who can never make the mistakes and show the weaknesses mortal flesh is heir to! To Whom the body is but a shell, and "death" a voluntary act! Who holds the keys of death and hell! At Whose feet ultimate rest and peace may be found! Has not this ideal been ever with us as a far off, dimly seen, sublime possibility, the "too good to be true" of girlhood's golden dreams and untried, inexperienced days? Then one thought of the Master as necessarily a hermit, a man retired from the world, clothed more or less in skins,

¹ Spiritual hosts.

and living in a jungly cave. One had yet to learn that He may be found in evening dress at Government House and in Grosvenor Square. That His pupils carry court trains into royal Presences, and sit upon Indian *gadis*, as well as wear the sunset robes and rosary of the ascetic in the heart of the jungle.

At least eleven of my personal friends are direct pupils of the Mahatmas. Their intercourse with Them is independent of Helena Blavatsky and continues at the present time. Most of them, however, though not all, know one or other or both of the two Great Ones who sent H. P. B.

1. Five are English people.
One knows Masters M. and K. and other Masters, including a Greater One.
One knows Masters M. and K.
One knows Master M.
One knows another Master.
One knows Master M, another Master, and a Greater One.
2. One is a colonial. She knows Master K. H. The glorious Unknown appeared to her in a vision in her far-away native land, the other side of the world. Later Mrs. Besant toured the colony carrying with her the portrait of her own Guru. My friend had hoped to recognise Him of her vision and was bitterly disappointed to find Mrs. Besant's portrait was of Another. When eventually she saw the portrait of Master K. H. she was consoled.
3. Five are Hindus. One of these, a resident of Kashi, was taught as a young man by a sage who constantly was present at his puja¹ in the

¹ Worship.

astral body. He did not know the identity of his Guru until eventually Pundit Bhawani Shankar came to Benares bringing the portraits of Helena Blavatsky's Masters. My friend told him of his Guru. Thereupon the pundit showed him the portrait of Master M. and asked if he recognised Him? He replied in the negative. Then the pundit produced the second portrait of Master K. H., who was at once seen to be the Sage of the puja room. My friend has for many years known both Masters M. and K.

Another Hindu friend knows Master M., but is a pupil of a Greater.

The remaining three Hindus are advanced occultists who have access to the White Lodge, to the Hidden Temples, and to the gods whenever they wish.

The pupils of the Mahatmas are of every nationality and station in life, the men and women who have earned the right to know more than those around them, and who use their knowledge for their service. Two occupy Asiatic thrones. Another dwells in ambassadorial halls. Others hail from colonial ranches, American law courts, and Russian steppes. One even met the Guru from an Anglo-Indian Club, but more find Them in the bazaars. There are about three hundred pupils of fourth and fifth race people (Turanians and Aryans) in the occult schools, the majority of whom are Asiatics, Indians, and Thibetans. About half of them live outwardly as men of the world, and at least two Adepts of the Lodge hold Government appointments, under the Thibetan and Indian Governments respectively. The remaining

half of the Fourth and Fifth Race pupils live in seclusion.

The crossing of the Bar! The Ascension into Heaven! The descent into Hell! Words are poor, weak things, all inadequate to describe these events in the life of the chela.¹ That is why words are not employed in the occult service. In Raja Yoja, the Kingly Science, the Ego of the Master communicates direct with that of the pupil without the medium of words, thought flashes to thought, the voiceless language of dreams. All is practical demonstration on the spiritual plane. Even on the physical plane very little is said. Beyond the giving of a mantra to Mahadev, the keynote of my spiritual life, I have received hardly any theoretical instruction whatever. My knowledge, limited as it, is derived direct from a close connection with practical occultism, both white and black, for many years. For in Raja Yoga there is no going back, once the pupil has met the guru. Easier were it for a child to re-enter his mother's womb than for the chela to undo the Second Birth. If he have strength to surmount the obstacles of the Way, well. If not he has to gain it through the terrible lessons of failure taught by the black art.

Now the Bar is crossed, to some extent, more often than many suppose. An immense number of people, at the present stage of the race's evolution, are in some sort of touch with the Other Side. In almost every hotel or steamboat you will find someone who, knowing that you are interested, will confide that they have direct experiences of seeing or hearing of the psychic plane, "second" sight or hearing, forerunners of the sixth, or following race to ours, when all shall possess these and greater powers. These people keep

¹ Disciple.

silence to the general public, who have not such experiences, for various reasons. At the house of Cecil Husk, the London materialising medium (I give no opinion *re* the genuineness or otherwise of his phenomena), I met a woman who had had experiences for twenty years, but had never told her own sister for fear of being thought "mad." An equally powerful medium was the wife of an officer of Simla, who objected to her phenomena being talked of because, "People say I can do what I like with others and get what I like from them." We may take it as settled that the science of the unseen world opens as sure a field to the earnest investigator as that of chemistry. But all dabbling and investigating in it is dangerous child's play, fooling with sparks and dynamite, unless the student seeks help from the Fount of all Knowledge, the Guardians of the Wisdom, looks for light from the pure and steady radiance of the White Lodge of the Himalayas. Up to two hundred thousand years ago Egypt held the Hall of Wisdom. But with the decline of the Fourth Race and advent of our own, the Fifth Aryan Race, the Lodge migrated to Himavat. How pitiful and puerile the patient toil of Messrs. Myers, Podmore and Co., working from below up, compared with the stream of knowledge, though carefully regulated with the needs of the age, poured from above down.

The Second Birth, the meeting of the guru, is always carefully arranged by the Great Ones in the most perfect and suitable manner. The Masters of the White Lodge are ultra-particular in all matters relating to purity, far more than the most correct men of the world. All is therefore arranged in accordance with this ideal. If the temperament of the aspirant is such that the path of bhakti, or

spiritual devotion to a guru in the physical body, is the right one for him, then a guru is found exactly suitable for such devotion. I found my own guru in the body of a young and beautiful woman who inspired me from the first moment of meeting with the strongest natural attraction and reverential devotion, founded on the tie of mother and daughter forged between us in a great many past lives.

A guru of the White Lodge always gives proofs of power unmistakable to the aspirant before asking for obedience or sacrifices. The guru in fact is always recognised by the chela as so much greater than he that the mind ceases from criticism, it can only bow in silent worship.

My entrance into the occult life has been described in *The Voice of the Orient*. From the day of the meeting with my guru in Holy Kashi all life changed for me. Never again has it been the same as before. Within twenty-four hours of our meeting she performed certain functions for me on the spiritual plane which made the world a different place for evermore. I went to her in full adult life. Brought up in the crudest, cruellest Calvinism, I had never had an occult experience in my life. I was, as far as I knew, a simply normal individual, as the majority at this stage of evolution consider normality. The day after I met Her all things changed once and for ever. I woke the next morning after our meeting and found myself *clairaudient*!

This was my very first experience, in this life, of the reality of the Unseen World around us. When I told of it later in the day the reply was, "—— was in your room in the astral body last night. She arranged that you should hear that." Reader, can you wonder that we who have entered this life

and KNOW, write of that knowledge as of Aladdin's Dream?

Although only a neophyte in Raja Yoga, it has been my *karma* to know much of the sights and sounds of the Other Life in the waking state. A curious fact in the Occult World, where all is new and strange, is that, in the brain consciousness, a beginner may know more of practical occultism than an advanced occultist who may touch great heights when freed from his body during sleep, but cannot impress his experiences on his memory after waking. All the tuition is now done, as it was in the days of ancient Egypt, on the spiritual planes during the sleep of the body. Every religion is full of instances of this tuition during sleep. The Bible gives countless examples. "Your old men shall see visions, your young men shall dream dreams." The Angel of the Lord appeared to Joseph and to Mary and to numberless other people in dreams. Sir Thomas Browne, the mediæval physician, knew of these phenomena when he wrote :—

"We are somewhat more than ourselves in our sleeps, and the slumber of the body seems to be but the waking of the soul. It is the litigation of sense but the liberty of reason, and our waking conceptions do not match the fancies of our sleeps.

"Were my memory as faithful as my reason is then fruitful, I would never study but in my dreams; and this time also would I choose for my devotions; but our grosser memories have then so little hold of our abstracted understandings, that they forget the story, and can only relate to our awakened souls a confused and broken tale of that that has passed."

Every word of the above tallies so exactly with the experiences of every beginner in Raja Yoga and ex-

presses them so pertinently, that it is obvious that Sir Thomas Browne must have been a neophyte in the glorious science himself.

One night, shortly after the clairaudience came, I saw my guru in the astral body beside my bed in my hotel. Her face, white and very luminous, with shining black eyes, was close beside mine. She drew me from my body exactly as a hand is drawn from a glove. Having left our shells behind in our respective beds, we visited a Sacred Place, went to a Hidden School. I saw the architecture, the pupils, the Masters who inspected them. As we left They were preparing to depart. Only a few were left still watching, when, with an indescribable whiz, almost, but not quite, instantaneously, I found myself in the body and in bed again.

Thus it will be seen that these occult visions are of two kinds. A sleep-walker may remember on waking what he has done during sleep. So the spirit may impress upon the brain what occurred when freed from the body. We may know the events of the night as we remember those of yesterday. Or they may be seen again in the living pictures of the clairvoyant vision, of which more anon.

I had several other experiences of leaving my body and of seeing my guru in the astral body during our first meeting in Holy Kashi. One evening her great love for her newly found child of former births brought her to my room before I had had time to prepare for her advent by the sleep of the body. Then a long and troublesome illness in a lonely hospital ward was the price paid to the Dark Powers for this life of bliss. After that the Tirah Campaign took me to Rawal Pindi and, in the early spring, I went westward. The Divine Music followed me in

my travels, but I had no further occult experiences in the waking state, nor memories of the Other State, till five months later. Then came the crux in my spiritual life when I met for the first time the Blessed Mahatmas.

I was sleeping at the house of my mother-in-law at Warwick when suddenly the room was blazing and pulsating with the electric presence of One of the Greatest of Gurus. He is not mentioned in Theosophical literature. During the present cycle of evolution (manvantara) He has never occupied the physical body. Words would be impious in relation to this awful event. Suffice it to say that it had something to do with the rousing of kundalini. This, according to eastern sibylline books, and to their interpreter to the West, Helena Blavatsky, is a fiery, mystic force, which lives in unroused potency in all the human race. It lies coiled up at the base of the spinal canal. The sympathetic nervous system is erroneously supposed by western scientists to be an effete alimentary canal. As a matter of fact it is the conducting apparatus for kundalini to reach the various chakrams or centres of mystic force in the human frame. These form the link between the physical and spiritual bodies of the man. When it is desired to develop the latter, the rousing of kundalini is necessary. But the fiery, electric force is so dangerous it can as easily kill as create. Hence the only safe way to rouse it is through the intervention of a Guru, working on the spiritual plane, as in my own case. I have the greatest pleasure in corroborating both the eastern occultists and Helena Blavatsky in this matter from direct experience. During this awful experience another was at the head of my bed. She held my hand with her warm, pulsing one, my guru,

whose shell was across two continents in India. After a few minutes They left together. The door of Heaven shut, leaving me outside.

One week later I received a first visit from the Master M. He came to impart a lesson. A few weeks later I was to see Him again under other circumstances and in another place.

In June of that year a relative of my guru went to England. He said that Annie Besant was "the only initiated disciple of the Great Lords in the West who had permission to proclaim upon the house-top her connection with Them." He had come from India to England to say just that one sentence. Taken in the light of recent events in the Theosophical Society there are many who will read these lines, and between them, and will understand why he did so.

At the same time he told Mrs. Besant, Mr. Keightley, and myself privately that the dark powers were working through a member of the Theosophical Society, and that the next trouble in the Society would come through that person. All this has come terribly true. So far I had only known my guru's relative in the waking life as my adopted father. In all the years since he has occupied that position. Again I do not wish to desecrate this subject by words. His acquaintance, even more than that of my guru, is the greatest honour of my life.

So far my knowledge of the blessed Mahatmas on the spiritual plane had come through the intervention of my guru. But I had always known that her relative was a greater personage in the spiritual world even than she. There are reasons why he has always been to me unspeakably more than an ordinary earthly father. I asked him to honour me by taking a few days' rest at the residence of my late father,

Lieut.-Colonel G. N. Pepper (31st, East Surrey Regt.), of Lisaniskea, Co. Tipperary, Ireland, and of Elm Grove, Salisbury. He came to us at Salisbury. It is an article of the Hindu religion that any hospitality shown to a brahman shall, if he sees fit, bring his spiritual blessing. On the second and last night of the visit of my guru's relative, in the quiet and silence of my own room, I saw him in his astral body, bringing with him the Guru of Helena Blavatsky.

My reader will remember that I had seen this blessed Mahatma once before. But on this occasion I saw Him very much nearer and more distinctly. He was so close that I was able to grasp every detail of the Divine Man's Person during the moment of the vision.

During her lifetime the world made a mistake about Helena Blavatsky, as it did about Jesus Christ and others of its greatest souls. Now the world has changed its attitude. It generally accepts her teachings and it is indifferent as to whence they came. Its curiosity and scoffing at the woman has given place to its profound respect for the philosopher: for the poor old woman who toiled for its enlightenment fourteen hours a day at her desk; whose majestic intellect and will soared above the dropsical body and weak heart; who refused a splendid offer from a Russian paper for its sake—two hours' work a day and a salary of comfort. But her Master, of whose existence I now testify, said the Secret Doctrine must have all her thought power. So she declined the Russian editor. Her whole life was expressed in one line she wrote to a friend, "And last night I saw M., so now I do not care!" Those who have also seen "M." understand!

The world has amused itself with various theories of its greatest enigma of the nineteenth century. Some have thought her a fraud, others have thought her Masters existed for *her* only. And because she was my teacher in her last incarnation, and is my beloved friend in her present life, I have the greatest pleasure in stating that I saw her Master M. *exactly as she always described Him*. He is a Rajput of gigantic stature. He wears a Rajput's dress and a short white jacket and a turban. His beard is parted in the middle and is turned up behind His ears on each side, according to the Rajput custom. His hair at the back is worn upon His shoulders. His face only differs from the pictures of Him known to many in appearing rather older and more rugged. The black piercing eyes and regular features are the same. In His hand he held a stick. Allowing for the difference in time, it must have been from 4 a.m. to 5 a.m. when He came to me from far Kashmir and I got the impression that, in the physical body, He was out walking.

After the extraordinary experiences of white occultism before narrated, a severe trial was, of course, sent by the dark powers. It came about eighteen months after my entrée into the life spiritual, the meeting with my guru. As a result the faculty of clairvoyance was bestowed for the first time in this life. Hitherto I had remembered, on waking, persons and places seen during the night, as one remembers what occurred yesterday. Now, in full waking consciousness, I saw, as in living pictures actually then before me, places and persons hundreds of miles away.

The faculty of clairvoyance is theoretically widely known. Everyone has heard of "second sight." Mrs. Campbell Praed has described it as well as any-

one. Pictures, as she calls them, are thrown on to the closed eyelids, as in a cinematograph, in natural colours, of events taking place elsewhere in the past, present, and future. I would rather describe it as like looking into the view-finder of a camera or through a telescope. The view varies in nearness and relative size from a wineglass-top to a soup-plate. Many persons have the rudiments of this faculty, see scraps and bits of the astral plain at times.

The rationale of the phenomenon is that everything exists and transpires first in the akasha, or ether. The common or garden world is only a coarse replica of this. It is the Architect's Plan of the Universe, the Thought of the Logos, Plato's World of Ideas. Events happen there months and years before they occur in physical life. I myself have observed events three and a half years' ahead of their occurrence in the earth life.

The intricate problem as to how far this mysterious Book of Plans reacts upon Free Will I have not the time nor the talent to cope with here. Briefly, it has been told me, that though we are "free" to choose, the Architect knows beforehand what our choice will be. He knows—HE knows!

Yet we have absolute choice. For we are each one his own architect. By our thoughts and wishes and intentions we are daily and hourly manipulating the akashic essence, which, with a terrible pliability to our ideas, moulds, according to them, the iron course of future events. Man is master of his fate!

Some people get these glimpses when they are going to sleep, others just after waking up. Their connection with sleep is that when the brain is quiet the ego, or spirit, is able to impress upon it the memory of its musings over the Book of Plans.

But my experience is that this faculty of "seeing" is not only not of the slightest use, but of the very greatest danger unless the candidate for knowledge, who has earned the gift, keeps in the closest touch with his guru afterwards. The dark forces use the gift of clairvoyance in an aspirant and pervert it for their fell purposes of delusion if they get the chance to do so.

The candidate receives this gift by the blessing of Mahadev. The Third Eye is the reward Shiv sends for sacrifices made for Him.

When studying medicine in London we used to learn of the pineal gland in the grey matter of the brain. Our lecturer, Dr. Haliburton, was considered one of the very first physiologists of his day. His theories were always accepted by our examiners as settling vexed questions. This master of western science admitted that he knew nothing of the functions of the pineal gland in the human body. He said it corresponded to the third eye still found in some fishes and reptiles. He said that the ancients called it the "seat of the soul," but that modern physiologists were at a loss as to its functions.

It was only after arriving in India and meeting the guru and entering the outer courts of Mahadev that I learnt that, if not exactly the "seat of the soul," the pineal gland is the physical organ of the soul's vision, of that extended sight which comes to the yogi at a certain stage, a comparatively early stage, of development and opens to him the gate of the Unseen World.

Thus problems which flabbergast western science are solved in the A B C of eastern science.

A new world opens to the determined investigator.

The possibilities are more tremendous than those of America to Columbus. Words are weak before the fascination and enthrallment and awe of the aspirant when the astral light first appears behind the curtain which in everyday life literally screens the Other Life, and breaks it up. The veil may shrivel before that light like a scroll. Or it may roll up or down exactly like a drop-scene at the play. In any case the result is the same. There glows the fairy picture, the dainty colouring, the life and movement of the astral world.

To explore this new continent the observer need never leave his couch. The impedimenta in his path are the faults of his own nature. He is his own enemy. If he can overcome himself all things are his in heaven and earth. Advanced occultists can observe any person, place, or thing, in past, present, or future on this planet, simply by focussing their attention on what they wish to see or hear.

By thought power they can even communicate with other planets and observe events taking place in them. This is the meaning of a statement in the Chchândogyopanishad. This is one of the most mystical of the Upanishads. The Upanishads are the most sacred part of the Ved. The Ved is the foundation of the Hindu Religion. The statement appears the wildest nonsense to the profane. It says that the whole universe—sun, moon, planets, etc.—are in the heart of man! The initiate knows that the etheric cavity in the human heart is referred to. This vibrates with the ether of the universe. By means of these vibrations the Adept can perceive what is transpiring in the stars. The Jivanmukta has all our solar system in His consciousness.

Thus I obtained additional proofs that H. P. B.'s

Masters are men living in physical bodies, though these are more ethereal than ours. Not only have I seen H. P. B.'s Master M. with one whom I know intimately as a man living in the outer world, but I have even seen clairvoyantly the very house that He lives in. Here again I have the greatest pleasure in corroborating H. P. B.'s statement that He lives in a green, mountainous valley. I have also seen Him worshipping the sun with His pupils amidst the same scenery.

Those who were present at the Theosophical Convention at Benares in December, 1898, will never forget what occurred when the late Colonel Olcott was speaking of Helena Blavatsky. "That poor old woman, she sat at her desk——" he faltered and burst into tears. At that moment the hall was vibrating with an Aura whose magnetism made us feel all earthly things of no account. One Unseen was standing beside the Colonel. I ascertained afterwards that a disciple, then acting as General Secretary to the Indian Section, had asked Him to come to the Convention.

At this time my progress was rapid and therefore I was continually attacked by the dark forces. Angry at my temporary success against their wiles, they would attempt to frighten me during sleep. By the use of mantras¹ it was always possible to get rid of these attacks on the body. Alas! not so easy is it to combat the terrible subtlety and power of their illusions on the mind.

At this time, also, came the most remarkable experience of all. I was sleeping on my own verandah at Kampti, Central India. My guru was then seven hundred miles away. She roused me from my sleeping

¹ Sanskrit invocations.

body, as she had done so often before, but this time she took me from this planet altogether. Lying in her arms, she propelled me up and up and out into space. The night, like all Indian nights, was a beautiful electric blue. We rose, in great sweeps, by my guru's power, higher and higher, in even, regular motion, until, looking up through the dark blue vault, I saw a big red ball hanging above us. It was for This we were making. But the human brain is so poor, so limited an instrument, it cannot record these glorious experiences of the spirit. Next morning I remembered nothing more.

Long afterwards I ascertained that our goal that night was the real Shiv Temple. Only advanced occultists of either side have the privilege of access. Only my guru's surpassing love and insistence had brought me there. It is formed by the Body of Mahadev, and is as a hundred suns. His Voice in blessing is as a thousand thunders. Our solar system derives its light from This. It is of the red light proceeding from the God that the prophet Daniel wrote :—

His face was as the appearance of lightning and his eyes as lamps of fire, and his arms and his feet like in colour to burnished brass, and the voice of his words like the voice of a multitude.

This vision of Mahadev came to Daniel beside the Tigris after three weeks of austerities.

I ate no pleasant bread, neither came flesh nor wine in my mouth, neither did I anoint myself at all, till three whole weeks were fulfilled.

He continues that he alone saw the vision.

For the men that were with me saw not the vision ; but a great quaking fell upon them, and they fled to hide themselves.

So I was left alone, and saw this great vision, and there remained no strength in me. Yet heard I the voice of His words; and when I heard the voice of His words then was I in a deep sleep.

All appearances of Mahadev in other Temples are reflections or shadows of This. The radiance is full of lotus flowers. Bathed in that bliss the fortunate devotee, and not a dozen people from the outer life of this planet have access, sees whatever aspect of Shiv he wishes, whether as the great Yogi, or as Durga, or the Lingam, so the God appears to His worshipper, whether of the Right or left hand Paths, the white or black powers respectively, for He created them both.

Now it is the office of the Guru to lead us to the God. As to the worship of the Trinity, in our group of occultism we are all Shivites. When a soul has entered upon the return path of involution back to the Supreme, it passes always under the patronage of Mahadev. The soul even may not know Him by this name. It may think it is worshipping Shri Krishna, or the Buddha, or Jesus Christ. Mahadev will assume these forms according to the wish of the devotee. As to the worship of Vishnu, He is usually worshipped in His incarnation of Shri Krishna. But of this, as a Shivite, I know nothing: except that it is much more difficult to attain wisdom under the other two aspects of the Trinity. Mahadev is the easiest God to worship. He responds more readily than any other God to worship done for Him. Once He was in the jungle with Durga when one by accident showered down leaves upon His head. The great God accepted even this chance homage as done to Him. A shikari¹ came to the end of his day's

¹ Hunter.

hunting without a single kill. Night came on and he was far from home. He climbed into a bel tree to avoid wild beasts. As he lay amongst its branches tears splashed down at the thought of his starving wife and family. These fell upon the bel leaves, broke them by their weight, and carried the leaves downwards. But Mahadev Himself and Durga were in the jungle that night and seated beneath the bel tree. Devas came down from above and carried the soul of the shikari to Devachan.¹ And when someone asked why a low-caste man was led to the throne of God, the Almighty replied, "He worshipped Me with bel leaves and water!"

Thus through the mercy of Mahadev there is hope even for the weakest worshipper.

Two friends of mine, however, a European woman and a Hindu man, saw Shri Krishna when visiting one of His outer temples. They were both of them Shivites. But their lives are given to the service of humanity and blest to thousands; and Shri Krishna and Shiv are one. So there, in His Temple, the God appeared to them. They saw Him in blue, His sacred colour, as depicted in all Hindu art.

Thus, even in the Kali Yog,² it is possible by bhakti to meet the Gods face to face.

Much easier is it to see Mahadev.

At quite an early stage in the Path of Yoga, in some cases, He appears, immediately and always, in answer to the thought of the aspirant, and He takes the form of the Great Ascetic known to every Hindu throughout the length and breadth of the Sacred Land.

Sister Nivedita has advanced the theory that the

¹ Heaven.

² Black Age, when spirituality is lowest.

form of the Great Ascetic is moulded from the early Aryan view of Himavat, solitary, lofty, soaring above in sublime contemplation, clothed in snow like white ashes, the moon shining above the range.

Now this theory, like those of the Psychical Society, exemplifies the poverty of working from below up instead of from above down. The Ramakrishna Mission, to which the sister belongs, is doing a most merciful and compassionate work. In Calcutta this devoted woman carries a holy influence into the zenanas. In Benares her colleagues care for the outcast, the sick, the dying. A man aged 108 years, a human monkey, has the last long days of his pilgrimage soothed and comforted there.

But the Mission resolutely and admittedly turns deaf ears to the keynote of India's mysteries, struck by the great Gurus who lead us to direct and first-hand knowledge of the Gods. They claim to take their stand on the Vedanta and forget the voice of the Teacher crying therein, "Awake! Arise! Seek out the *Great Ones* and get understanding!" They say they will have none of esoteric mysteries. How can they know therefore that the Gods literally take the forms known to their worshippers? That those who have earned the right to do so see the Great Ascetic, as such, face to face.

Helena Blavatsky taught that wherever there are Adepts living, or occult temples, schools, or libraries, a veil of illusion, a maya, is employed to conceal them from intrusion. Thus people think that they see a yawning precipice or other obstruction, where none exists, to prevent them from going where they are not desired. There is reason to believe that India is honeycombed, especially in those places of great reputed sanctity, with concealed temples, schools, and

homes of Adepts and Their pupils, all of which are veiled by maya from the vulgar gaze. Just as one overlooks something which is before one's eyes all the time, so these Sacred Places are right in front of people if they could see them, if they were not blinded by intention to them.

Now the architecture of these concealed Temples is, as far as I have been able to observe from several of them, the same as those visible to everyone.

Several friends, more advanced, have the privilege of access at will to the Hidden Temples and the knowledge of all the Gods of the Hindu Pantheon who visit those Temples. It is of these that the Divine Song sings :—

From food creatures become ; from rain is the production of food ;

Rain proceedeth from sacrifice ; sacrifice ariseth out of action.

For in these Temples the Gods animate Their images which become alive with living Fire. It was my privilege to see clairvoyantly part of such a Temple of the white worship of Shiv. It was evidently of enormous size, as the part I saw was at least twice the length of Karli Cave and of the same style of architecture. But at the further end, in place of the Buddhist daghoba, was a gigantic Hindu image. I have seen other Temples of different construction. We use images—idols (or pictures) for two purposes in the outer worship. They are used for three in the Hidden Worship.

1. We use them for concentration of thought. To create a mental image of the God or Guru whose attention we wish to attract with our mantra.

2. The idol may be magnetised by Mahatmas so that the spirit of a God may be in the stone. There is one Lingam so holy, because it has been so magnetised by a Guru of Gurus, that wherever that small stone goes, there Mahadev Himself is present in the room. It *must* be worshipped every day. If any inadvertent neglect occurs in Its worship, voices are heard and apparitions appear in the house. It brings to the guardian of Its shrine either the Highest Good or the greatest evil, according to the response of his nature to Its testings.
3. In the Occult Temples in response to the mantra sung by the advanced occultists who frequent them, the Gods themselves are present in Person and animate Their images with Their living fire.

Every real brahman of knowledge, not only by the thread, has his or her appointed place in these Temples to minister to the Gods. Some of these brahmans and brahminis are even of western birth. Others have been raised from lower castes. For the Real Hindu Religion a brahman or a brahmani can be created wherever the Hindu ideals are cherished in the heart and carried out in the life.

Some of the critics in the West may cavil at this statement, as they did at similar ones before, saying that Hindus, and especially brahmans, are born, not made. One who has spent all her adult life in the closest connection with brahmans and brahmanism may presumably know more on the subject than one who writes from Fleet Street. Two Hindu friends of mine have been made brahmans from lower castes, and one European woman has been made a brahmani.

This is in accordance with the custom of the ancient days, as described in all Hindu literature, that people were raised to a higher caste by performing sacrifices and exhibiting virtues.

In every age there have been pupils in the school of Raja Yoga whose *karma* has required a western link in one or more of their chain of incarnations. And therefore there has always been a western school of occultism subordinate to, but affiliated with, the White Lodge of the Himalayas. Like the swallows, these easterns in western garb have, even before the days of steamships, found their way Home. When Greece was at the height of her glory she was the nation selected to contain the western centre of occultism. A constant stream of Greek philosophers sought knowledge in India from the divine Apollonius, Pythagoras, and Plotinus downwards. In our time the Gurus of the Lodge selected Great Britain as the head-quarters of western occultism. With the exception of Helena Blavatsky, all the western initiates I know of are of Anglo-Saxon or Keltic origin. There seems to be a special connection between Hindustan and Ireland. Many words in the language even are identical.

Some of these people reap the reward of their sowing in past lives by finding themselves possessed of abnormal faculties in clairaudience, clairvoyance, and the personal knowledge of the Mahatmas, from early youth. To others there comes a sudden breaking through of these divine lights when the guru is found.

When people are very advanced indeed they are allowed to visit these Hidden Temples in the flesh. A woman of world-wide repute as a teacher was once taken by a brahman girl to a door in Kashi and left

outside. The brahmani entered alone. Never again could the other succeed in finding that door.

Below the Trinity and the Seven round the Throne there are vast hierarchies of spiritual beings, the "cloud of witnesses" of the Christian religion, the "gods" of pagan worship. The lower ones preside over the functions of nature. Mrs. Besant told an interesting story of one of these orders at the Benares Convention of 1907. It related to the gnome creation. She had recently established the Theosophical Society in Buda-Pesth. A Hungarian Government Minister had joined. He told Mrs. Besant that all his life he had been connected with gnomes. He first saw one when visiting a mine. A little man about four feet high had appeared. While sitting with him Mrs. Besant herself saw one of this order climb upon his knee.

Other friends have had personal experience of the little folk of the "fairy" species. As narrated of the sea-serpent, my life of world wide travel and experience has convinced me that the blasé old world of our time errs too much on the side of scepticism than of credulity.

It is comparatively easy to obtain control of an elemental, and then the operator can perform what magic he pleases. Of these methods I know nothing, but they are said to be of a low and disgusting kind, and to appertain to the dark side of Shiv worship.

The Origin of Evil! The vexed question *par excellence* of the unenlightened mind through all the ages, since the day of Eve and her serpent. Here is the solving. "The asuras are the fruitage of the first planetary chain. Born of the first body of Brahma,¹ when they were cast off they became the

¹ The First Person of the Hindu Trinity.

Body of Darkness." The reason of their fall was that they sinned the one sin against the Holy Ghost which in occultism is never forgiven. Their main characteristic was ahamkara, or spiritual pride.

Thus Brahma, the Creator of the universe, is Himself responsible for the existence of evil. He created evil that good may come. Where sin abounds there doth grace much more abound. There is always a foundation in nature for all world myths. Lucifer, Mephistopheles, Satan and Co. have their origin in the generalissimo and his hosts of the forces of evil on this planet; those we know in occultism to our cost as "the dark people." They were made by God that they may test and try and purge the aspirant to Him.

I have seen rakshashic¹ temples built after the following styles. One was similar to the ordinary richly ornamented Hindu temple with pointed spire. The elaborate carvings on the chura and gurbha griha were in careful preservation, and it stood upon an exquisitely kept grass lawn surrounded by green trees.

The second was evidently a disused Kashmiri Sun Temple. It was partly ruined and it stood in a valley flooded by water.

The third was the ordinary Hindu temple, containing an immense black lingam.

The fourth resembled the style of the Bisheshwar Temple at Benares, but by this time my clairvoyant power was going and I could see little of it. All the four temples were Shivite, but were shown by the Brothers of the Shadow, who also worship Mahadev, for the purposes of delusion.

The dark opposing forces are used by Mahadev

¹ Rakshashas are adepts working on the dark side of nature.

in order that they may test and try the pupils of the Good Law. They also worship Shiv, build temples to Him, and have access to His holiest Temples.

These temples of black occultism are always situated near the temples of the Shiv worship of the Right Hand Path. Wherever there is a centre of white occultism there also is a point of attack for the opposing forces who ceaselessly war against the white magicians. Kashi is a powerful centre for black occultism as well as for the white side. Wherever a man, or woman, or a society is trying to labour up the heights of Heaven, there also will the dark people be ever present, trying their utmost to drag them back to the depths of hell. Hence the treacheries, discords, and scandals which have, ever since its birth, threatened to destroy the Theosophical Society. Hence mistaken conduct on the part of its leaders. These opposing forces are employed by Mahadev for our use, but only as we fight against them. They are fulcrums of leverage to strengthen our power for good.

A great occultist, who lived in the outer world, once severely injured by Yoga the head of the Black Magicians. He was censured by the White Masters for doing this, saying that these evil ones acted by Their permission. At the same time the White Brotherhood is ceaselessly employed in watching that the Black Brotherhood does not exceed its bounds and wreak evil on the planet and its inhabitants. There is an esoteric Bhagavad Gita so potent that, when it is sung in the occult temples, it brings all the Gods. The dark powers, who have all things on their side in correspondence to the white side, have also a Gita of potency for evil.

The White Masters have ceaselessly to checkmate their machinations.

As the Masters of the White Lodge are of extreme rigour as to the chastity of an aspirant, so the Black Adepts do all they can to foster impurity. Hence the Black Mass served on the body of a woman. The twentieth century youth of *The Voice of the Orient* narrated that he was once practising the black rites in his private chamber. He desired to control an elemental. As he proceeded with the ghastly ceremonial, too horrible even to think of he said, he became aware of an unseen presence, something in the room moved of its own accord, and he fell senseless on the floor. The Black Adepts are men of supreme knowledge and strength, living, some of them, as men in the world. But black occultism differs from white in this. In Raja Yoga progress once gained is gained for ever. Though Rishis have fallen, They were always restored. The pupil may stumble and hesitate, but he can never be lost. "Easier can the earth leave the sun than the disciple his Guru." But in black magic a chela, if he attract the attention and compassion of a friend on the White Path, can sometimes be redeemed.

A brahmani of advanced knowledge once suffered endless trouble from a black initiate. He took the form of her Master to delude her, and did all he could to harass and torment her. Acting on the commands of his master, the chela of the shadow appeared to the brahmani as her Master and issued commands. The brahmani, who always obeys her Master absolutely, was led into endless temporary confusion thereby. In addition, he took her form to other people and again caused trouble.

But the brahmani, instead of hating him, was filled

with divine compassion, and used her lioness's strength in occultism for his redemption. Lying upon her couch, she wrestled and struggled in the unseen world. She engaged in a spiritual combat with the black disciple for his own soul. It was a desperate fight. Eventually the conflict between the two strong chelas of the two paths resulted, as ever, in the triumph of good. The brahmani was victorious all along the line, and her Master added the crowning victory. He caused the erstwhile black chela to be reborn into the brahmani's family as her cousin's son. The mother died at birth. The brahmani signified her willingness to adopt the infant and arrived at the house to claim him. When she entered the room the eyes of the vanquished met those of the victor in recognition.

Wild, and untamed, and repellent in the body, his soul is freed and full of gratitude to his deliverer. But he has to climb again the whole long hill of human evolution through hundreds of lives.

It may be asked how the pupil can distinguish between the two forces of good and evil perpetually manifesting to him, playing round him with terrible power, and driving him towards one or other side. For the meaning of the second birth is this, that the chela comes into close conscious touch with the two great armies who are fighting for the possession of the planet. What other men vaguely talk of as "good and evil" he knows of as actual hosts of warriors battling for his possession. He must side with one or the other. For him there is no going back, no neutral ground, the only zone of safety is in his Master's arms. He crossed the Rubicon when he took the first of the four great Initiations. He then became a member of the Fraternity of Holiness

which makes for good on our Earth. He can never be ultimately lost, neither can he stand still. Occultism is the most terribly dangerous thing. The dark forces may use his clairvoyant power. They may even take the form of his Master to either the Third or the open eye. How shall one frail disciple cope with all the powers of Hell? There is one golden rule. *Keep close to the guru*, to the person who led you into the occult life, through whom these experiences first came. Once slip from him or her and you are lost.

THE BOND OF AGES

HOME at last! America to the immortal Christopher must have appeared tame in comparison with the fairy world of occultism and the new and old relationships it brings. One is drawn by a bond of ages to take up ties formed in many previous births; home to one who has been the guiding star of centuries, the guru as well as the mother. An attraction may become painfully strong in one life, but when it continues through many lives, drawing souls into rebirth at the same period, and people from the uttermost parts of the earth to the same place, only silence is meet. There is a marked resemblance between the guru and the Mona Lisa; the features and colouring are not unlike and the mystic smile almost identical.

The work which she does in silent seclusion for the world brings a terrible reaction of the powers of darkness upon herself. For two years they have kept her recumbent upon her couch. But she is always so glad to suffer for mankind. Now she is better again and sitting upon the divan. A tangerine shawl throws up the swarthy colouring. Her skin is a lovely amber, but all is illuminated and glorified by the soft radiance of the light shining behind the eyes and smile. The daughter of a noble house, reared in the shadow of the Brahma Somaj, she reverts to the strictest orthodox Hinduism. In her eyes is a mystery deeper than that which broods in the misty shadows of the Shalimar at twilight when the purple

veil descends from Mahadev's Peak upon the Dahl ; or in the hurrying footsteps through the mazy aisles of Kashi at dawn ; or when the Bisheshwar Temple bell clangs at noontide upon the sobbing air. If you would speak for even ten minutes of the mysteries as you know them, Mother, would not those silent lips revolutionise the world, could I not write the Book of Ages ?

Outside "mine own family" I have seen the Hindu type to greatest perfection in a Nepalese princess, the daughter of the Prime Minister of Nepal. She is sister to the Rani of Vizianagram. We were presented to Her Highness in the Ladies' Court of the Allahabad Exhibition of 1911. It was, of course, a purdah day, and the apartment was full of ranis and was guarded by soldiers.

All Nepalese are tiny people, witness the Gurkhas, but the princess was about as high as one's waist. She was fourteen, married, and wore magnificent jewels. But her face ! She is of the rarest lineage and it showed in the perfect features of the concentrated Hindu type. She looked like a princess out of the illustrated *Annals of Rajasthan*. One saw her caressing a train of peacocks in the jungle. Presently she rose with a royal dignity to about the level of my waist. Graciously she took leave and the doll's figure passed out into the carriage. The shutters were fastened over the windows, the mounted guard closed round, and they were off.

The genius of the Hindu nation and religion is best expressed in the word *mysteriarchus*. Not for nothing has the name Hindustan ever suggested unprobed depths. Does not the very word itself express in concentrated form the Mystery of the East ? Does not the Hindu cast of countenance express it ?

The black horizontal brows, the level line, stationary, never arched in surprise, shading the motionless, fathomless depths of the almond eyes beneath, which see without looking. Does not the Hindu mould persist even beyond death and rebirth? When the Hindu of many births has been reborn in the West, cannot the experienced observers at once discern his past beneath the western mask? In none other type, save perhaps the Egyptian, the flower of the Toltec race, does the physical cast endure so markedly.

In this pure and blessed house is one who first appeared in the West at one of the crises of the Theosophical Society. He saved it then from imposture. He would have saved it at a recent crisis had its *karma* permitted. On both occasions he has been called "a solemn fraud," "a black magician," "a brother of the shadow," and what not. But what matters that? Is he not the Divine Father of many lives? Kings have desired to meet a Mahatma. Queens have sighed for a summons to the snowy range. But here we have a high initiate living among us in the flesh, so that he who runs may read his life. What are its characteristics? The man who caused him the bitterest disappointment of his later years lay sick. He visited him. The man who had printed the nastiest things about him was in the neighbourhood. He paid him a friendly call. Living a quiet and silent life, he twice emerged to give his quiet dictum against the general opinion of the Theosophical Society when the *karma* of its leaders required it. On each occasion he was called "a black magician" by the opposing forces. These, in the first case, crumbled into nothing. Time proved him to have been right. The second fulfilment has yet to come.

Only by agony and bloody sweat did he attain the

giddy height on which he stands. In early youth he was a man of strong affections. He had a much loved son. At four years of age the proud father told the boy, "Next year you will begin to read." A horrible grin distorted the child's features as he replied, "I shall either read or die!" Then the father knew that his son was the offering required by those wicked ones: knew too that he had only to say one word to avert the sacrifice, for had not the Lords of Compassion promised to grant anything he might ask? But he had taken the vow of all disciples to ask nothing for self. His child died. He had an adored wife. She faded before his eyes.

Now the storm and the struggle is over. The Master has conquered. The Haven is won.

And warm little brown arms wind round, and black beady eyes grow round with excitement, and sweet childish voices welcome the bird who has flown seven thousand miles across the seas to the home nest. And yet—is it not the thought of the spiritual greatness in the little brown bodies that makes the heart sink with unworthiness before them and makes the tears start? of those great ones who have consented to incarnate again in this most holy family: of her who agreed to return again on the birthday of Shri Krishna, of him who chose for his birthplace Holy Kashi and for his natal day the Theosophical Convention at Benares.

She whom we first knew in this life in a woman's worn out body is now encased in the garment of a lovely child. But it is the interim passed beyond our ken which fascinates our ceaseless speculations. Does she remember aught of that brief transition stage? passed in that mystic world which is close to us, at our door, yet further than the polar star.



THE GARMENT OF A LOVELY CHILD

What form did you inhabit then, dearest, in your brief interval of rest? When you lived awhile in No Man's Land ere you returned to earth to gladden our hearts again. Did you tread the hidden streets of that Aladdin's Land in woman's form? Did you watch the cobra coil round the pillars of the Hall of Wisdom, the knowledge of the race since Adam in its jewelled eyes? What companions had you then? The Divine Man, your Master in the earth life, did He guide you through the changing rôles? Or was She beside you, in hues of blue, whose hair falls to Her feet, whose Third Eye blazes in Her forehead, whose trident is living and stands alone. For

As a man, casting off worn-out garments, taketh new ones, so the dweller in the body, casting off worn-out bodies, entereth into others that are new.

Off with the dusty, travel stained garb, into the bath, and on with the sari. Nothing but the pale skin to mark the flight of ages, the gulf between the life which Indulekha and Manarama knew.

Into the Presence of the Lingam. It is only a rough, dark grey stone, the size of a sheep's heart, but It is the most potent agent for good and evil on this planet. The family jewellery may travel more or less carelessly, but the Lingam never leaves the charge of Its guardian, for Mahadev Himself resides in that rough stone. When we enter Its presence we stand before the Almighty Himself. Blasphemy? Nay! The pages of all sacred histories are full of the power of magnetism. Cloths passed from the persons of even the disciples of Jesus had the power to perform miracles. This Lingam has come from an occult temple, a Holy of Holies of Mahadev. It has been fully charged by Those greater than the disciples with the spirit of Shiv Himself. So the Lingam is all

potent, either for good or evil, according to the soul's health of Its guardian. In one It was the cause of a terrible fall, whose consequences rippled over the earth. In another It brought almost divine powers. Those who worship It become as gods knowing good and evil.

Wherever we go in India one finds under every conspicuous tree a little black stone evidently set up for worship. This black stone is the oldest religious symbol in the world, older than history, older than man, as old as God Himself. Wherever one goes one finds them, by the roadsides, in cities and villages, on the river banks, or inside the entrance to a garden, in private family temples as well as in the open fanes, and the occultists who have access to them find the Lingam in the hidden temples also, both those of the right and left hand paths, for all occultists both white and dark worship Mahadev, and the Lingam is His symbol. The word literally means *symbol*. What does it symbolise? It stands for three things.

First, the Lingam stands for the same idea as does the Cross of Christ to the enlightened Christian, that cross which was worshipped in ancient Egypt millions of years before the Advent of Jesus. The Circle stood for the Unmanifested God, the One Spirit beyond all mortal thought or conception. The *tau* within the circle stood for the Logos, or God Manifested in Creation. This symbol was passed on to the Keltic Race by the Adepts of the Fourth, or Turanian Race, who migrated from Egypt westward to Ireland. Last summer we found this symbol of the cross within the circle on some ancient broken tombstones in the burial-ground of one of the Seven Churches of Glendalough, the gloomy lake. Its ink-black waters and silver lights were framed in rowan berries and amongst them was one of the high, mystic

towers which have no opening, like certain mystic Hindu Temples, because the frequenters pass into them in the astral body which does not need the open door. Secondly, the lingam symbolises that divine, lovely gift of Mahadev to those who deny Him nothing of their best, the Third Eye, whose uses are explained hereafter.

Thirdly, the lingam stands for celibacy. In some temples the Great Ascetic holds a noose uplifted in His hand. So that the lingam has sometimes for the aspirant the same meaning as the cord worn round the waist by Christian monks and nuns. But it would be more correct to say that the lingam symbolises the subordination of all desires of the flesh to the will of Mahadev. In two instances known to the writer, two Hindus, advanced initiates of the White Lodge, who both wished to remain celibates, contracted marriages only and solely at the bidding of their Gurus because in each case the *karma* of a girl required that her husband should have spiritual knowledge.

A lingam not formed with hands is esteemed most holy by the Hindu. Thus the marble eggs found in the river-stream of Jabalpur are eagerly sought for, and one of the most holy pilgrimages, especially for sanyassis and led by such, is to the natural lingam formed by the ice which issues into the cave at Amarnath.

No matter how isolated the lingam, someone is always found to worship it. Mahadev is pleased with any simple gifts, a bath, rice, and the bel leaves are all He asks for of outer things. No one is too poor to sprinkle drops of water on His lingam, a few grains of rice, and to offer the bel leaves which, like the shamrock, symbolise the Trinity.

The Lingam in this house is tended with hours of service each day. Choicest flowers are offered to It. Water from the Gunga is poured upon It. Fragrant perfumes are burnt before It. Sanskrit mantras are chanted to It. It *must* be worshipped every day. If there is any inadvertence in this respect voices are heard and apparitions appear in the shrine. But Its worship brings highest powers to Its devotee. He who worships It aright can do whatever he wishes. It gives the Third Eye, the power to see Divine Men and Angels. The guardian of Its shrine, after a period of Its service, was told to think of a Person she wished to see. That Person instantly appeared.

Three westerns once worshipped at this Lingam shrine. Now there are two. One was a woman, the leader of a movement known all over the earth. Time came when she sought guidance here no more. The results convulsed the spiritual life of five continents.

Of the two left, of all Theosophists, save perhaps one, he has sacrificed more of earthly good than any other. All possible careers were open to him. He chose only one, an uttermost devotion. No matter his failings, he has excelled in this which Mahadev calls the Highest Path. No western, no eastern of the outer life can compare with him in Bhakti. Surely shall he reap the bhakta's reward.

A thread ceremony takes place in the Holy Family. The two sons, aged eleven and nine, take the vow of the bramacharin. This occasion is considered as important and auspicious as that of a wedding, R.30,000 having been spent on the ceremony by a wealthy Allahabad barrister. The previous day the house is thoroughly purged with products of the cow, which British chemists have, on analysis, declared to be of

highly antiseptic qualities. On that day also the two boys are painted on the brow with the white tilak of Mahadev. This is done by the married women of the family, marriage, according to the Hindus, being the religion of a woman.

The great-uncle, who is the head of the family, has already, according to Manu's guide for the brahman caste, reached the age for retreating to the forest, and has gone into retirement accordingly. That is to say, without any fuss or pother, he has quietly dropped worldly avocations and passes his time in seclusion and prayer. He has emerged for this occasion only. With the other men relatives of the family he conducts the ceremonies as taught by the family priest. Women and mlenchcha friends watch them through a curtain. Smoking incense ascends with the perfume of flowers, all yellow in the sacred hue of Shiv. The sacred fire is fed that it may sustain the astral bodies of the devas. Food is offered to the pitris.¹ Mantras of power are ceaselessly intoned with each ceremony. In the courtyard a miniature plantain forest has been planted. Here the boys are shaved. Then they are arrayed in robes of crimson and gold and are led away by the married women into seclusion and darkness. There they will pass two days learning the mantras which are to be the keynotes of their lives. Eventually they will emerge clad in the setting sun hues of the Shivite ascetic and, with the beggar's bowl in the hand, will receive gifts from their friends.

¹ Ancestors.

SHIV BHAKTI

MAHADEV, the Lord of Joga, has laid down three Paths for those who are sick of the outer world and wish to enter that other life over which He presides.

These are :—

1. The Path of Wisdom.
2. The Path of Action.
3. The Path of Devotion.

The Great Ascetic, however, has not only told us the Way, but has even Himself lived it as our practical Example in His Avatar of Sankara. As might be expected, He was above all forms. He worshipped both as a Vishnavite and a Shivite. He lived out in His own life the details of all the Three Paths He has laid down as leading to Him.

In the Path of Action He travelled all over the vast continent, from Peshawur to Cape Comorin, from Assam to Kashmir, lecturing, teaching the people, and founding schools.

In the Path of Wisdom His commentaries on the sacred pages of the Vedanta dwarf all others in the profundity of their knowledge.

And yet He expressly says that He regards as the Highest Path that Path which to some of us is the easiest, the only Path, that of Bhakti, of Devotion.

I cannot give any details of the methods of the

other two Paths, for in our group of occultism we all follow that of Bhakti. Bhakti means spiritual love : an attraction felt by one person for another, not founded on qualities of the body and brain, but of the spirit of the beloved. What is the difference between this kind of attraction and that expressed most vividly in our time by Laurence Hope and in the last generation by Mademoiselle de l'Espinasse ?

Bhakti has been best analysed by an ancient exponent, Narada. This most Ancient of Days is older than history itself. Like Sankara, He is one of the Seven Rishis who stand nearest to the Throne of the Trinity, one of the Seven Mind-Born Sons of Brahman, one of the Seven Archangels of the Bible.

He tells us how He attained these heights.

In a former age I was born in a past incarnation as the son of a certain serving-woman, in the service of maintainers of the Ved (e.g. brahmans), and I was engaged in boyhood in attendance upon some yogis, who desired to remain together during the rainy season. These yogis, even if regarding everything equally, were compassionate to me a child who has passed beyond all fickleness, was docile, who had never held a plaything, who was willing, attentive in service, and of little speech.

There, day by day, I heard heart-raising episodes of Krishna, by the favour of those (yogis) who used to sing them. And so hearing these, word by word, through my reverence, my intense love arose for Him-Whose-Glory-is-Loving.

Then arose in me, who had gained a passionate longing for Him-the-Glory-of-Love, the unshaken conviction by which I perceived that this universe appearing as real and unreal is created by my own illusive power, who am (in reality) the supreme Brahman.

He has bequeathed to us the Bhakti jynas, or Enquiry into Love. The first proposition is—

The nature of Bhakti is supreme devotion to someone.

The Sanskrit word used for "devotion" denotes that of one to another here in the earth life, to the guru in the flesh. This is the Bhakti insisted upon

by the greatest of the Sikh Gurus, Nanak, who says that the Guru is Shiv Himself to the disciple. And again we learn from the highest source (Shvetashvataropanishad): "Whoso hath highest Love for God, *and for the Guru as for God*, to that great soul, the truths here taught shine forth in full."

The chela who is to attain through the path of bhakti is not asked to feel this supreme devotion to a vague and shadowy God or saint whom he has never seen.

By the mercy of the Lords of Compassion the guru of the aspirant is usually a man or woman with whom he or she has been closely connected in one or more past lives, for instance as parent, husband, brother, etc. So that the guru has a natural attraction for the chela from the first moment of meeting. It was once remarked that, in this respect (only), occult circles are like Nihilist circles, for it is impossible for the uninitiated to know the relationships of the people in them, nor to gauge the respective degrees of advancement and powers and knowledge of each.

This attraction of the guru for the chela, founded sometimes in many previous lives, is often so strong that nothing the guru himself can do in the way of testing the aspirant will provoke anything but amusement. No resentment is possible where love rules.

The guru is found without any trouble whatsoever, on the part of the aspirant, if his time has come. No seeking for introductions, no rushing off to the jungle to find him is required. When the appointed hour strikes, the guru arrives unmistakably to the consciousness of the chela. He may meet the guru first in the flesh, or otherwise, according to the *karma* of both Master and pupil. Some of my friends have first met their gurus in the astral body in visions, and

afterwards met them in the flesh as men. Others have met them first as men, and known them later as Mahatmas. In my case the correlation of the four following "chance" events composed the long arm of "coincidence" which brought me to my guru on the physical plane, and also to my Guru on the spiritual plane, whom I know as a man as well as a Master of Wisdom.

1. The attraction of a name first seen in a violent attack on theosophy.
2. The Tirah Campaign, which set me free to travel through India.
3. A globe-trotting lady, visiting the General commanding the Poona Division, offered to accompany me. Otherwise I could hardly, as a young and inexperienced girl, have toured India for the first time alone.
4. My guru's guardian's official work took them to Benares only and solely for the few weeks during which time I "happened" to arrive there.

Another pupil met the guru in this wise. A brahmani was about to marry a widower with one daughter. The bride-elect was also an only girl. Her father, solicitous for the happiness of his child, took her to visit the future stepdaughter, a few years younger, to see if they would like each other. All the "step" traditions were reversed in the strange world of occult forces. The meeting of the step-mother, aged thirteen, and the stepchild, aged seven, was the meeting of guru and pupil. From that hour the new mother became the object of bhakti to her daughter. That bhakti became the sum of her existence, and has led to an advanced position in the

occult world, for it was once said of that guru by her Master, a Guru of Gurus, that "anyone who had the *strength* for entire devotion to her would almost certainly attain liberation from rebirth in that one life."

Obtaining which a man becomes perfect, becomes immortal, becomes satisfied.

The meeting and recognition of the guru by the chela brings a peace which passes all understanding. The aspirant has usually hitherto led a life of storm. In one way or another the outer world has generally proved unkind. For the chela by entering the Path, and quickening his evolution thereby in previous births, has challenged the Lords of Karma to hasten fate and to present the bill owing for his past. Also he has to learn the unreality of the roaring voice of the Great Illusion.¹ So his life has usually run in storm and stress and scurry of events.

With the advent of his Guru he enters Fair Haven.

Homeless he finds sanctuary.

Loveless he finds open arms.

Lonely he finds ties stronger than death and rebirth.

The nature of Bhakti is renunciation. Renunciation is the giving up of worldly affairs.

Here another mighty Sage says the same thing in different words, perhaps the greatest of personal Gurus speaking in answer to a question put by certainly the greatest of chelas. Rama² asks Vasishtha the explicit question as to how psychic powers, such as "walking in the akasha" (e.g. leaving the body), may

¹ The physical world.

² Rama was one of the ten incarnations of Vishnu

be developed. And this is the explicit answer : "O King, the first and fundamental essential is that one should divest himself of all affinities for objects except those which adhere to the mind in the furtherance of those actions upon which it is bent." *After that* follow directions for diet, posture, purity of mind and body, study and practice of Yoga with the help of a guru. The pupils and probationary pupils in the schools of Raja Yoga are generally chosen from the upper ranks of society, at least from the cultured classes rather than the plebs. The Indians are usually brahmans and the westerns people of position. The reason is that in former births they have worked their way up in the social scale and have earned the right to favourable social conditions by the time they are ready for esoteric instruction. All the Indians of my acquaintance who are pupils of the Lodge are twice-born¹ and the majority are brahmans. All the western pupils met are in the upper ranks of society.

Now every weakness of character has to be eliminated in the pupil. Thus they are always tested in the preliminary stages by their readiness or not to face uncomfortable physical conditions, the sacrifice of what they have earned the right to have. It is obvious that if a pupil will not renounce dainty food etc. in the outer world, he will never be fit for the life of a chela passed in the ashram of a Master living in the heart of the Himalayas. So an ambassadress was invited to share H. P. B.'s humble lodging, with only a screen to divide their sleeping-apartment. A pupil who loved comfort was put in a tent in the rains till her bed was an island in swamps of straw and mud. A gilded youth of London was given

¹ Of the three higher castes.

Hindu food of dahl¹ and rice and chapattis² on a stone kitchen floor of Benares. All these tests are removed the moment the chela passes them successfully. Once he has proved his willingness to live on any sort of food, for instance, for any length of time, he is allowed to eat whatever he likes. If however he fails in carrying out the instructions about his food etc. the restrictions are made even more severe. "To him that hath is given, to him that hath not is taken away." But the ultimate, most dreaded penalty to the unsatisfactory chela is that the guru will not issue further instructions. His service is perfect freedom. If the pupil shows intellectual pride, rather than physical weakness, appropriate tests are applied. A European woman whose name is honoured throughout five continents had to pass through the severest testing applied by a brahman girl in her teens. The brahmani, though a child in years, is of very high position in the occult world. She was born so. I know of two other brahman girls who were reborn as high initiates of the Lodge, one however has now left the earth life. This particular brahmani has known the Mahatmas from the age of seven years when They first appeared to her in a Temple. Her mission is to test and try all the lower pupils in her group. She does this to breaking-point if there is a weak spot. For another pupil, so closely bound to her by the love of many past lives that no amount of rudeness or harshness could provoke aught but laughter, she employed an outside *agent provocateur*. What wonder that the elder woman, who was not so bound by past *karma*, succumbed to the fiery trial?

Exclusive devotion to love and indifference to everything opposed to it.

¹ Lentils.

² Flour-paste baked.

These are the methods of the guru, the training which makes men no longer only men. The outer forms of three great religions vary as to the way of salvation laid down for the sexes.

The Mahommedan religion denies to women the heights of bliss. The Christian religion opens them to her, but tells her to seek them by the same methods as a man. The Hindu religion offers the highest heights to women as *jivanmaktas*¹ and goddesses, but lays down different conditions to those prescribed for a man. Rather we should say "condition," for there is only one which in Hinduism is essential for a woman.

Now the Mahatmas, though of many nationalities, being absolutely at one in the methods of the Kingly Science, we may be quite sure that the occult forms of other religions are identical with the Hindu religion, the mother of them all. In fact Sufism is exactly the same as brahmanism, and Christianity has its esoteric forms too. But I believe that all pupils of a certain grade in Raja Yoga revert to the oldest faith of the Aryan Race, worship as Hindus, though they may not even know it in waking hours. Every schoolchild is taught that Sanskrit, the original language of the Aryans, is the parent and perfect language. It is extraordinary that it is not everywhere recognised that Hinduism, the original religion of the Aryans, is the mother and perfect religion. Both were given by the Rishis who cradled the Aryan Race. I have explained elsewhere how Hinduism has always attracted the most powerful minds of East and West in the outer world, from Akbar to Schopenhauer. Every chela of a certain position in the occult science, no matter his nationality, when he takes a certain initia-

¹ An adept.

tion he reverts to the original religion of his race and becomes a Hindu. All the concealed Temples of the fifth or Aryan Race are Hindu, e.g. those which are frequented by initiates and others who, born of whatever nation, have earned the right to go to these concealed Temples, first in the astral body and at a later stage of development even to enter these holy sanctuaries in flesh and blood. Not having any theoretical knowledge in this birth before entering practical occultism, straight from the outer world, I am unable to say what conditions for advancement are laid down for a man. For a woman there is one thing needful.

Now Helena Blavatsky, the occult Messenger to the West, having been a woman of supreme intellectual strength, it might be supposed that mental qualities are most valued, brilliance of oratory, or authorship. Not at all. A careful and minute examination is made by occult methods into the woman's acts and thoughts to see if another qualification is there. And if it is present, this One Thing Needful is enough, e.g. whether the ancient Hindu ideal of fidelity to one man in marriage is there? No matter if, as in the case of a Hindu widow, that man has never been seen. To hold the ideal in purity, and to carry it out in practice, is enough to make a woman a goddess. No amount of intellectual brilliancy will compensate for its absence. Thus we see that to attempt to introduce widow remarriage would be dead against the dictum of Those who, unseen, are watching over the Aryvarta the same as They ever did. Whatever other innovations may come, we shall see that the Rishis of India will never permit widow remarriage which would mean the perdition, material as well as spiritual, of the women of India.

It has been said that there is a conspiracy of silence among married women. When marriage is a failure they conceal it, because of that dictum of society which condemns a woman once married to remain with her husband if a criminal, a lunatic, a drunkard, or worse, on pain of social stigma. It has been compared to the struggle of an animal to escape a trap. If she tries to clamber out, society with a long pole pokes her back again. The word "divorce" has an ugly sound, no matter how present day laxity may seem to soften it. In the United States there is a horror of divorce in the most exclusive sets. All this is part of this Law made by the Elder Brothers of humanity for the whole human race.

The Hindu ideal of marriage is the highest the world has known. It may however be condensed into one of the shortest of the thousand and one stories of the Mahabharata.

An heir was required for a royal house, and in those days, as in ancient Egypt, the Kings of India were all initiates, priests as well as kings. It was therefore necessary to provide suitable parentage for the coming initiate-king. With great difficulty the Queen Mother persuaded two princesses of the royal house to espouse the great Sage Vyasa. The Rishi had practised tremendous austerities with such a forbidding effect upon His person, that he said if the princesses could forget His ugliness of body because of His spiritual greatness, He would forgo the year of purificatory penances He would otherwise have imposed upon them before their union with so great a Mahatma. "Let the ladies bear with my ugliness," He said; "that, in their case, shall be the austere of penances." But when Ambalika, the eldest princess, saw the Rishi, His blazing eyes and dishevelled locks

and stern features, she turned pale with fear. Therefore her son was born pale. Likewise the second princess closed her eyes in terror of the Rishi's appearance, so her son was born blind. But a sudra woman in the house was so filled with bhakti for the great Sage and His spiritual mightiness that she was able to entirely forget the terror of His appearance, and it was her son who obtained the Rishi's blessing.

What is love? The question is as old and as tormenting as that of Pontius Pilate. There is no slavery like that of sexualism, when it is an attraction only of the body and brain, which kills, instead of the spirit which gives life. Baber, the Pathan Emperor, knew of its terrible power as truly as the Most Christian King. The conqueror of Asia writes, "Never was lover so wretched, so enamoured, so dishonoured as I, and may fair never be found so pitiless, so disdainful as thou!"

Drink or opium does not wreak the misery that sexualism does. They only wreck one victim. But the sex victim victimises others. It is easy to discern the unfortunate slave. Demeanour, dress, conversation, glance are all directed to one end. Every other interest in life vanishes. A world of wonder and beauty narrows into one *idée fixe*. Nothing can deliver the wretched man or woman from the body of this death. Its rampant hideousness pierces all disguises and produces a greater revulsion in the observer than any mastery of drink or drugs. And yet he should inspire pity and shame. For he is the victim of our corporate body. He is the slave of the thoughts and literature, art and music of the community, which almost all tend to foster sexual ideas at the expense of all others. It is rare to read a good novel which is not about "love." Yet if

there were a Hichens who was also an occultist, might he not write the novel of many centuries? The elephant, the wisest of beasts, is far wiser in this respect than man. And yet man is the temple where the Holiest dwells. Mahadev Himself resides in man, even in the lowest. How is the shrine of the Mightiest desecrated!

Unless marriage is founded on the Hindu ideal of spiritual attraction and fitness, if it is only based on physical caprice of body and of the mind, which depends on the brain, if it is only an attraction of appearance and of temperament, which depends on physical conditions, in short of the senses, where is our salvation from the *modus operandi* of the poultry-yard?

Unless marriage is a sacrament of the spirit and its sanctity revered as such, if it is only a matter of good looks, smart clothes, cute brains, propinquity, picnics, dances, and the satisfaction of physical and mental desires, then is it not terribly true that

We are ever and always slaves of these :
Of the suns that scorch and the winds that freeze,
Of the faint sweet scents of the sultry air,
Of the half-heard howl from the far-off lair.
These chance things master us ever. Compel
To the heights of Heaven, the depths of Hell.

The guru of a woman should be, according to the Aryan institute, her husband. If the woman is unmarried, or a widow, or if her husband has not the required knowledge, she may have another guru. That guru, however, always teaches absolute loyalty and fidelity to, and also the worship of, the husband.

But the guru will never permit an outside attraction of any sort or kind. For the root of the Hindu ideal of marriage lies in the law of the universe that

man is of positive electrical force and woman of negative. A positive pole may satisfy more than one negative, a negative can only have one positive. Therefore the woman must be negative in the matter of spiritual direction to her guru only, whether he is her husband or some other man or woman. She must always worship her husband as well as the guru. But she must never hold the attitude of worship for any other man. That is the one fatal step for a woman in Raja Yoga. There is no hope for a woman who is devoted in any kind of way to a man who is not her guru nor her husband. For the guru, if he is an initiate of the White Lodge, will at once cease the instruction of such a woman. No matter if the woman is of world wide power and fame and influence in other respects.

All through the annals of Wisdom we find this Law of laws. Thus Draupadi, having asked Mahadev five times for a husband, was compelled by her *karma* to have five husbands. But in order that she might not violate the one obligation of her religion to a woman, the five were really One Person, all incarnations of Indra, who took five forms so that Draupadi, even in her punishment, might keep the ideal.

Again, the wife of the Master Pythagoras, when interrogated as to the purity of a woman, replied, "A woman who loves another man is never pure. A woman who loves her husband is pure all the time."

A woman may have several gurus if they are all on the same one of the Seven Rays from the Supreme, all working together for her development in varying degrees of greatness. Thus there is usually the guru on the physical plane, the man or woman known in

the flesh and on the spiritual plane as well. This person acts as intermediary with the Guru of greater degree who works on the spiritual plane only for the chela. The physical plane guru comes in the astral body to the bedside of the candidate during the sleep of the body, takes him out of the body, and conducts him to the feet of the Master. There may be a yet higher Mahatma for special lessons, and beyond Him a still greater Initiator: there seems to be no limit to the number of the Divine Men and Angels who may instruct the woman, but they are always Adepts on the same Ray of spiritual force, so that she is always negative to the one Electric Force of her salvation.

Bhakti is surrendering all actions to God and feeling the greatest misery in forgetting God.

Ramanuja was a mighty sage who trod and wrote only of the path of bhakti. He expressly states that mere knowledge alone cannot obtain the results accomplished by devotion. So he recommends a practical form of this bhakti, the cleaning of temples and images, the providing of flowers and perfumes, the giving of gifts, the using of mantras, the constant seeking by these means of Union with God, God meaning always to the aspirant the highest that he knows. That, Ramanuja says, will lead under the direction of the guru to all the other qualifications, those essential virtues laid down by Sankara as necessary for the path of discipleship. Ramanuja says all these will follow of their own accord in one who is pursuing ardently the Path of Bhakti. As a Master of our own time put it, "the faults come away," until, Ramanuja continues, by His grace the "aspirant forgets everything in devotion to Him." In time you will forget all else but the mantra and the

person it is said to, and then you will see," said the guru to a pupil. The sin of sins in a chela, the sin against the Holy Ghost, the "sin of the Sack of Chittore," that which kills his spiritual life for the time it prevails, is that sin which caused the fall of the Asuras, called in Sanskrit *ahamkara*, the sin of the first person singular. A king of old days retired to the forest to seek Yoga. Contrary to the usual régime, his Queen Churalai was more advanced in knowledge than he, and she came to teach him, having taken the form of a brahman. He told the supposed brahman, "I have given up my kingdom, my palace, my wealth, and even my dear wife, I am ready to throw my body down a precipice." But she told him that all these renunciations were of no avail, so long as the *ahamkara*, the sense of I, remained.

Even the deadly sin of a woman in having a second spiritual director may be forgiven, if the woman recognises her error and pays the inexorable penalty required for such. But there is no hope for the aspirant, man or woman, of whatever renown in the world of men, who cannot abase his ego before the glory of the Great Gurus. Such a one will never be allowed to frequent those Temples where they serve Mahadev day and night.

As was the case with the shepherdess of Vraja.

This refers to the episode of Shri Krishna and the gopis, as described in the Vishnu Puran and elsewhere. "One gopi as she sallied forth beheld some of the seniors (of the family) and dared not venture, contenting herself with meditating on Krishna with closed eyes and entire devotion, by which immediately, all acts of merit were effaced by rapture, and all sin

was expiated by regret at not beholding Him ; and others again, reflecting upon the cause of the world in the form of the Supreme Brahma, obtained by their sighing final emancipation." And Christian missionaries have dared to revile the Avatar of Krishna as teaching immorality ! As a matter of fact, the greatest of all Avatars came expressly to teach this Highest Path of Bhakti.

It may be difficult for westerns to realise how Hindus can believe in one God and still worship the gods under different forms, according to our evolution. Two worshippers were in a temple one day worshipping Shiv and Shri Krishna respectively, and each hated the other for not worshipping his divinity. And, as they looked, the image before which each was bowed changed, and behold half was Shiv and half was Krishna, and a voice echoed through the temple, "I am one !" So Narada ends his treatise on the Bhakti of Krishna by saying :

He who believes and reveres this declared by Narada by the command of Shiv he becomes possessed of love. He gains that dearest.

Hindu worship is based upon the power of sound and the power of thought. Modern science teaches the power of external sound, ancient science goes further and teaches the power of sound in the invisible world. All the Hindu worship begins and ends with the repetition of mantras, sentences in the sacred language, Sanskrit, which react on the hosts of the spiritual world. The mantra in occultism is not said out loud, it is thought at the Person, the God or Guru whose attention the devotee wishes to attract.

This is the mode of the Shiv Puja. It is as old as Manu, the law-giver of the Aryan Race Himself, nay older. Its origin is lost in the mists of antiquity, for

Shri Krishna says He taught it to Manu's father, Vivasvan. Again He taught it as Kapila, the founder of the Sankhya philosophy which analyses the universe into twenty-five tattvas and establishes the sequence of their manifestation.

Of the perfected I am the thinker Kapila.

Patanjali is the father of the Yoga philosophy which analyses the human mind and its development. The two together form the Sankhya Yoga philosophy on which the entire Hindu system rests.

Patanjali analyses the process of worship by thought power into three stages :—

1. Dhârana. The fixing of the mind upon an object.
2. Dhyana. Contemplation, or keeping the object in mind.
3. Samadhi. Full attainment of knowledge of the object.

It becomes part of the mind. The separate existence of the knower, the known, and the act of knowledge disappears.

The law-giver of the Aryan Race, Manu, gives explicit instructions as to the *modus operandi* of this practice. He says it is to be done twice a day, in the morning before the sun is up, in the evening after he has set. He sets such stupendous importance by it that he says the brahman who does not carry it out is no longer a brahman. Its virtue is such that all sins of thought and deed of the previous night may be purified thereby, all contamination of the powers of darkness purged away.

Five thousand years ago the same instructions were given by the Great Avatar, who Himself engaged in this practice.

Shri Krishna says :

Let the yogi constantly engage himself in yoga remaining in a secret place by himself, with thoughts and self subdued, free from hope and greed.

In a pure place, established on a fixed seat of his own, neither very much raised nor very low, made of a cloth, a black antelope skin and kusha grass, one over the other.

There, having made the mind one-pointed, with thoughts and the functions of the senses subdued, steady on his seat, he should practise yoga for the purification of the self.

Having bathed completely, including the head, the aspirant proceeds to the puja room. In that of the Lingam before referred to, no clothes are permitted which have touched outside objects. Special dress has therefore to be worn and kept apart. Women are required to wear a sari and an ornament round the neck.

The disciple seats himself upon the floor facing the picture of Mahadev and also that of the Guru, the priest of Shiv, whose chela he is or wishes to be. The seat should be an antelope skin and he is provided with a mala or rosary. It has 108 beads for the 108 names of Mahadev, and the beads are different from those in Vishnavite malas.

The Shivite devotee makes a contemplation of his Lord's picture. The Great Ascetic is usually depicted as Himself in contemplation. In my own picture he sits beside His sacred Lake, Manasarowa, at the foot of Mt. Kailash. His seat is an antelope skin and His body is covered with soft white ash. Malas are round His neck, arms, and wrists. His hands and feet are reddened with the sandal-paste used in worship. His hair hangs down in two matted locks and three cobras of wisdom twine about His head which is framed with the sun. The oblique eyes are fixed in contemplation, but above them in the centre

of the forehead shines the Third Eye. The bel tree with its trifoliate leaves shadows this Mightiest of the Trinity.

Having contemplated the Lord in His pictured or imaged presentment, the yogi shuts his eyes and constructs a mental image of his own thought, beginning from the feet upwards. Then, taking his mala in both hands, he thinks at this mental image a mantra, given to him by his guru on the physical plane, one for every bead till the rosary is completed. Then he repeats the process at the mental image of his Guru.

When his thought is concentrated and his life is pure, the attention of the Guru in His far off ashram in Himavat is attracted by the current of thought power of the aspirant and He sends a return current of magnetism which produces electric vibrations in the yogi's head and sometimes through his entire person. And the Guru comes in the astral body and, Himself unseen, stands beside His devotee.

As by the sudden switching of an electric light, the devotee perceives a soft effulgence gleaming on his closed eyelids. Its radiance bathes his body. He is at once aware of the Presence of his Master in the room. Hard thoughts vanish in that sweet atmosphere. Harsh lines melt from the face. The features relax into a smile. At a later stage the chela gains the power of seeing the Guru face to face beside him, or the Guru may take him from the body to His ashram in the snowy range.

This thought process has been practised in the East for millions of years. It is also known to western occultists, white and black. The hierophant of perversity wrote of it as well as the Catholic Cardinal. The man who has mastered its science may appear obscure, yet wield a greater power than kings.

He is blind, he sees all things in heaven and earth. He is deaf, he hears the music of many spheres. He seems lonely, he communes with divine Men and Gods. He is bedridden, and has power to visit the stars.

There is no limit to what may be accomplished by the power of thought. Even the beginner in Yoga finds that the age of miracles is not past. The advanced occultist keeps all the hosts of hell in check. He stands between them and mankind. His is the perpetual atonement. He is the saviour of the world.

VII

THE LAST WORD

ONCE more I take leave of my readers in Kashmir and beside the world's loveliest lake, the Dahl. To reach it we skirt the base of the hill of the Takht-i-Suleiman and, winding always beneath the shadow of the Jyeshtheshvara, eventually reach the lake. The path passes beside flowery gardens, once floating, now fixed. The golden orioles flit among bunches of purple grapes whose vines sway from the poplars upon our heads. Ever the fluted columns of Shiv, crowning the fort-like hill, cast their austere shadows upon the giant boulders hurled by storm and tempest down the slope.

To-day is the Christian Sabbath and the Dahl has taken on subdued tones of violet in sympathy. Other mornings it vibrates in blue to Shri Krishna's flute. Three figures in copper-bronze are seated on a boulder beside the waters, each bather bearing the thread of a brahman upon the shoulders. Presently they ripple the water with the rites of that faith holding cleanliness *is* godliness. And, as ever on the Dahl, the *shikaras* slide, silent and splashless as serpents, into the misty, mysterious shadows drifting down from Mahadev's snow-crowned peak, guardian of the further side. And behind lies the mystic Thibetan country. The burnt-umber roofs of old Srinagar City are seen through a tumultuous cloud of lotus blooms, the blossoms on which Bramah

THE ISLAND OF GOLD



was born. The gorgeous chalices of these cups for gods rise many feet from sacred tanks religiously preserved by that most orthodox of Hindus, the Maharajah of Kashmir. Their petals vary from deepest roseate hues to faintest blushes palpitating on the vibrating ether with its powder-blue hazes descending from the guardian heights around the Dahl. The blue-green discs of the leaves often lie edge-ways on the water like fans, and are reversed in royal purple. No richer purple exists than the reverse of a lotus leaf. The wan pallor of the water-lily, in its modest green calyx, is as miserably insignificant before the lotus as a school-ma'am before a *mondaine*.

Softest zephyrs scarce stir the *shikara* awnings. The face of the waters is only moved by the cardiac paddles of the crew. These synchronise with the call of aquatic birds whose grey wings scatter silver spray. The wide expanse of the Anchore Lake is watched by a giant sentinel pelican. Guardian of a lotus isle, he flaps noisily away from the advancing *shikara*. The weeds grow from unfathomed depths like a submarine forest in which undine maidens wander helpless and forlorn. When the water-forest is passed the clear currents take a shade of brightest jade on which floats a golden mesh of the singara. We enter the icy Sind River which flows from the throne of Shiv on Mount Haramouk. Warm billows from spicy plants wave from the tow-path.

This last day in Srinagar is spent with one who exemplifies the complete life of the senses. He is a gilded youth of Washington, a follower of Epicurus. Yet he claims to be a graduate of the greatest of universities, the world, for he has circled the globe six times. His speciality, however, is its material

pleasures, dreaming of no higher ideal than the entremets of the Café Voisin, following an omelet round the world.

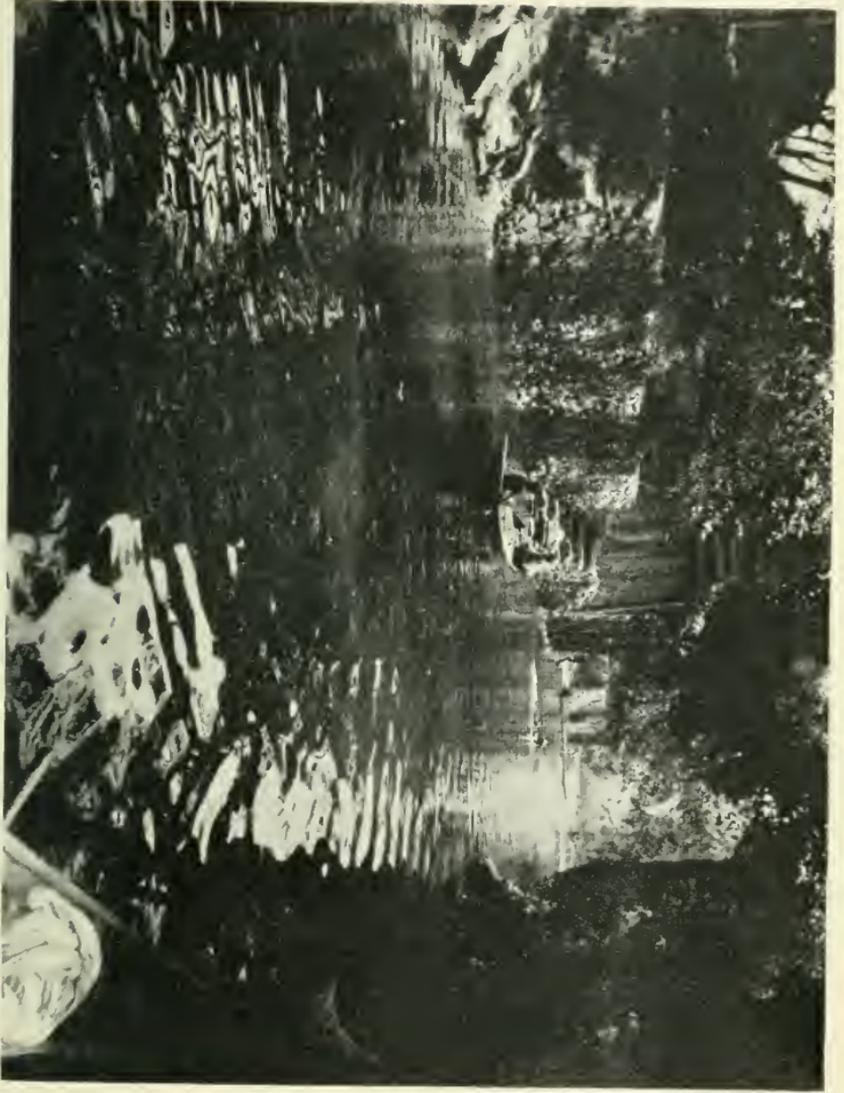
We return along the mysterious by-waterways of the city, beneath bridges as beautiful if less famous than the Bridge of Sighs.

Evening is always exquisite in India. It is nowhere more so than in the misty shadows of the Asiatic Venice. Nowhere is the twilight more mysterious than in the shaded depths of Kashmiri water-alleys piercing the silent, gloomy depths of what once were floating forests.

Evening in the West is the time for excitement, for forbidden pleasures, to "buck up." In the East it is the time for prayer and rest. So the Mussulman kneels on the steps of mosques where the last rays of sunlight gild quaint domes showing Buddhistic influences. The *maji log* lie wrapped in sleep in *sbikaras*, moored beneath balconies with carved lattices propped high on stakes above the water. The women, their hard day of punting and paddling over, pass peacefully to rest. The children in blue and claret and rose nightgowns wash samovars of strange chasings.

The Indian moon is very high to-night, very brilliant, very big, like a globe of phosphorus lying in fleece. The Shiv Temple which lights her is luminous, the red glow from the body of Mahadev is reflected in a huge red ring on the swan's-breast clouds. All things are transformed by this unearthly light. Only in India does the moon glow on Shiv's brow. Only in His homeland does the Great God shine so brightly in His Temple. Far away in the still depths one or two stars shimmer ceaselessly beside the planet's steady radiance. It transforms. Trees which

THE MYSTERIOUS BY-WATERWAYS OF THE CITY



by day are stubbly festoon as in a Gainsborough. Stucco arches become ghostly cloisters. The red trumpets of the hibiscus pour out vials of perfume to the Goddess. In her light they gleam like censerpans of burnished copper. Orion waits upon Her Majesty. The Seven Rishis worship her.

Not only does the moon give light but, in India, she oozes an essence, an electric fluid which sets our pulses vibrating, magnetic, galvanic. Her aura is a bath of pale flame of ethereal gas.

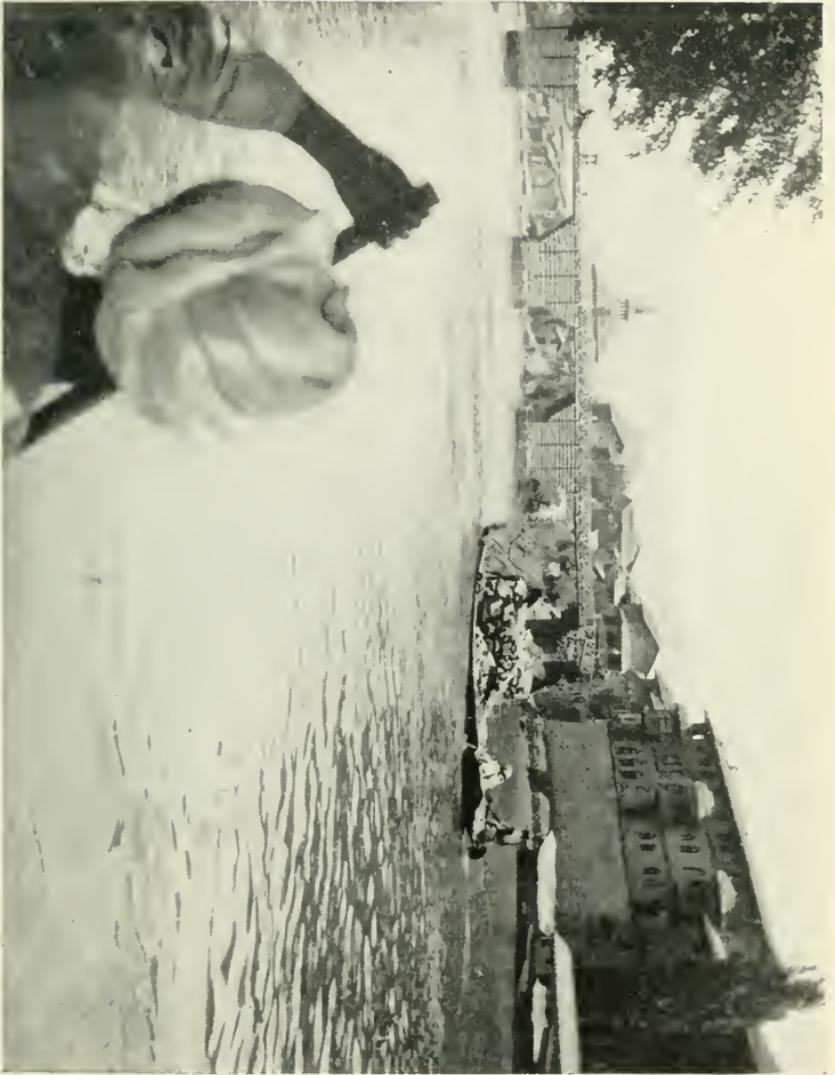
I have spent many years in exploring the sacred land, a frail body not spared in heat or rains. Yet I have not with the outer eye seen a thousandth part of her marvels. I have spent many lives in the worship of Mahadev. Yet I have barely penetrated with the inner eye the outer films of the Veil of His temple.

No time to see the dim aisles of her cave cathedrals in the solitary mountain-ranges of the Ghauts, with their daghoba shrines revealing the history of the Buddha in the fading hues of hidden frescoes, the cunning of the carving of capitaled pillars; the unparalleled richness of the temple spires, whose cloisters in Madras cover many acres, spiking the inverted bowl, and concealing the lingam covered with exotic scarlets of tropical blooms and incensed with smoking clouds of scandal-wood and perfumed gums; her mammoth domed tombs looming on the horizon and glowering over the deserted plain with the solemn grandeur of an undecaying grief; her mosaicked mosques paved in marbles with patterns of geometrical intricacies unknown to Euclid, inlaid with the old roses Omar smelled, the reds and yellows of Baber's archwan flowers, the lilies Tamerlane trod beside the Tigris, tiled and glazed by Persian artists

in glorious hues of tangerine and indigo and jade undimmed by the dust of three centuries, and curtained by screens of marble lace in patterns of feathery palms ; her sacred tanks where the broad steps break down walls stained with the sins of myriad pilgrims, washed in dark waters pink-tipped with lotus blooms.

No time to see the replica of the Taj Mahal, a twin brother of similar construction and design, Aurungzeb's tomb in the far-away Deccan. No strength to cycle seventy miles in the hot sun to see the amazing details of Jain temples, hidden in morass and jungle, with white cupolas rising like wreaths of sea-foam in the dawn, whose shafts take many generations of infinitesimal pains to adorn, and shadowing cool, dark spaces where the Holiest dwells, symbolical of the rest of Nirvana. Nor to pass, seated on an elephant, the Palace of the Winds in the city of the Royal Astronomer,¹ *en route* to that older dead city of Amber, which sleeps too deep to stir to the shrill wail of the blue and white peacocks as they scatter the scarlet seeds of the pomegranate to stain marble floors once swept by shimmering skirts of queens. Nor to see the Nerbudda Palace of her whose bravery excelled her surpassing beauty, of the Queen of Ganore who, having defended five fortresses, defended the sanctuary of her own body from the conquering khan by giving him wedding garments poisoned to a death of torment, ere she sprang into the kindly Nerbudda floods to save pollution. Nor to muse in the mansion of Rupmati, the sweet lady of Malwa's dethroned lord, from windows, also on the Nerbudda, winding a thousand feet below. She likewise slept the sleep of death rather than of dishonour ; the horror of her murder Akbar himself avenged by hurling the assailant twice

¹ Jey Singh.



BRIDGES AS BEAUTIFUL AS THE BRIDGE OF SIGHS

over from a lofty tower. The river of the Nerbudda flowing between the marble rocks is turgid with the corpses of women who have reached her pure rather than bear stained bodies. Nor to stand by that wondrous pyre of Marwar. In the dark fortnight of the moon seventeen hundred warriors marched for the last time before their lord. They were met by six queens of royal birth with faces radiant as the sun, and fifty-eight women bound only by the chains of love in gayest attire, who hailed the "day of joy," "the opportunity which never returns." "They laved their tender bodies in the flames, as do the celestials in the holy lake of Manasarowa, and found the flames of Agni¹ as fragrant as the cool sandal-wood anointment of their happiest hours."

To some the foregoing will appear naught but the imaginings of an unbalanced mind. But what matters that? To others it will bring the solace of a renewed hope.

To the Man in the Street. Note the transformation worked by the Eastern Wisdom. Bernard Shaw once wrote me, "A grievance is a terrible thing, mentally, morally, physically." But you can never have a grievance if you listen to its voice. The stream still swells on its flood. The wheels still grind; the whips still crack. You must be driven into the walls of damnation that your neighbour's coach may pass by unscathed. But what is that to you? There is a voice that answers out of the East, "It is the law." Your ill-health causes you pain? You hurt the bodies of others. You suffer from the manias of those around you? They are curing you of those same past delusions. Your work is a hateful grind?

¹ The God of Fire.

your poverty a hideous chain? You forged those bonds yourself; you can smash them now by love for others. You are a slave to sex or drink? You bartered your birthright before. Buy back your freedom. You are a millionaire? You were the Dr. Barnardo of a past age. Give freely or you will be a beggar in the next.

To the women who have given their confidences all over the world, the women who have whispered in boudoir, tent, and cabin, histories of misplaced loves and sorrowful devotions. How pitiful to the looker-on the playing of the great game of life. A woman's affection has a terrible power because of that Law of God who intends it to lead her to his Throne. How often it takes her to the devil.

Practise spiritual alchemy. Turn away from men mortal to the Divine Man. Try the love of the Guru. He will never disappoint you. He *must* repay. It is His Law.

Witness the case of an aspirant who sought the Guru not wisely. He was working as a clerk in a theosophical office in India. He prayed and prayed and prayed that he might see the Mahatma in the flesh, not having earned the guerdon. One day the summons in answer to this unwise prayer came. He threw up his work, left the office in confusion, set out post-haste for Himavat. One day toiling, toiling up a rocky slope and about to fall, the Master appeared suddenly, caught him in His arms and saved him. He saw Him for that one moment. He returned to the office retarded in development. He had sought the Guru in his own way, not in His.

To the Brahman Caste. To that most exclusive aristocracy which does not wish to mix or to hold intercourse with any other. Yet it has not met me

THE MISTY SHADOWS OF THE ASIATIC VENICE.



as the hated mlenchcha, but all over the Sacred Land, and especially in Kashi, the brahman's home, has recognised its own. The bright eyes have pierced the pale disguise, the astute intuitions have rent the veil of time, the long memories which look over lives as days have minded the brahmani of the old time, whose bitter orthodoxy and hatred of the English gave birth to the outcaste of to-day.

He who fell from yoga . . .

Recovereth the characteristics of his former body.

By that former practice he is irresistibly swept away.

To the Kshatryas and Vaisyas who have looked for spiritual help. Would that it could have been better given. Listen to the solace of the Sacred Page ! Is there not magic in the very lilt of the lines ?

Never doth any who worketh righteousness,
O beloved, tread the path of woe.

To Hindus. To Patriots. It is only natural to regret that the Sacred Land has passed beneath a foreign yoke. There are some who would remove that yoke by blood, calling themselves rightly Sons of Kali. They are on the left-hand path of the Shiv worship, on the shadow side, agents of obstruction and destruction. They work against the Good Law, by which, in a surer sense than with guns and soldiers, the East has conquered the whole earth.

Still more poignant is the anguish of the Hindu, with clearer vision, who looks back to the days of the Mahabharata. He sees that once the Gods appeared in the temples to Their worshippers. Once avatars trod the plains of India. Once great Rishis lived in hermitages accessible to men.

The apparent change is all a maya, an illusion only ! As it was in the beginning, so it is now, and

ever shall be so long as the Aryan Race lasts. The fast days are as binding, the pilgrimages as sacred, Kashi is as holy, the Bisheshwar Temple as living as they ever were. There are brahmans here with us as full of occult power as in the ancient day. The Gurus exist the same as when Their ashrams powdered the Aryavarta. Some have withdrawn to Himavat. Others are among us in the flesh, and the fleshly veil is thin. May not the office be an ashram ?

To Shivites. To those who hold that Mahadev sits still in contemplation on Mount Meru, where even the worldly man would see Him, could he approach. Oh my brothers, you are worshippers of the Mightiest Power of the Universe ! You wish to succeed in everyday undertakings ? Try saying mantras to Shiv. If there is anything in this poor book which helps, assign it to the millions of mantras said to Mahadev in many years. If there is anything that hurts, ascribe it to His dark forces. Invoke the name of Shiv and you will be all-conquering : your obstacles fall like Jericho's walls.

To Worshippers of Him who sent H. P. B. To those who have not seen and yet have believed. Their faith has been sorely tried. Bitter blasts of so-called *exposés*, storms of controversy, whirlwinds of scandal have engulfed this movement from its earliest days. Four great cataclysms have shaken it to the root. Terrified by shadows, some have succumbed. Others have toiled on through the long, dark night. Yet no Master has appeared walking on the waves. They have been the faithful servants of the Great Ones through years of trial. Yet direct knowledge has been denied.

Wherever there is decay of dharma and exaltation of adharma then I manifest.



EVENING IS THE TIME FOR PRAYER

Never has the exaltation of adharma been so monstrous as in the spiritual history of the last decade. Never have the powers of darkness been so victorious all along the line. Hell has triumphed for an hour. Now therefore we ascend the watchtower and scan the horizon for a Leader, for a Mighty Son of the Mother's womb. He may be even now in incarnation. He will appear in the Aryavarta. His birthplace will have been Holy Kashi. Try the spirits. Discern Him when He comes. How pertinent the words of Jesus, as applicable to the present moment, "If any man shall say unto you, Lo, here is Christ; or lo, he is there, believe it not." A new "Christ" is being heralded to a gaping world. We are told that the Himalayas are already re-echoing to the tramp of his footsteps! We Hindus pride ourselves on our conservatism. We want no modern departures in somajes, sages, or otherwise. Looking back over the history of Hinduism, has there ever been a teacher trumpeted by heralds? Did Sankara, or Gautama, or Chaitanya, or any of the ten Sikh Gurus employ a John the Baptist to prepare the way before them? No, never. *The teacher's own words and works alone proclaimed Him.* As it was of old, so it will be again in our time. When your "hearts burn within you as He talks with you by the way," know *there* is He that shall soon come.

Many have expressed wonder that some renounce the cream of Europe to "pig it" in India on chapattis and string beds. For us no other course is possible. The world and its contents, the best of them, produce sickness to nausea, bore to tears. For us the life of India is the only one, its mysterious civilisation, its hidden cities, its magical temples, its secret lore. Our eyes close for the clairvoyant

vision. Our ears have heard the Master's voice. Is it not in itself enough evidence for the cardinal doctrine of Hinduism, reincarnation, that none of the rewards of Mahadev are withheld from the profound Hindu of past births because King Karma has given him or her a pale skin in this one ?

Sibyl Lady Westmorland willed to be buried beneath the sundial which had marked the zenith of the hours of her body's beauty. In India the Maréchal Niel guards the last sleep so often that his yellow petals seem to waft the wax of corpses. Others have yearned to rest watched by the iris sentinels of Kashmir's graves.

Let those who love me burn my bones at Kashi and let Bisheshwar hourly ring my knell.

PEACE TO ALL BEINGS.



A SHIVITE BRAHMANI (WANGAT TEMPLE)