

A GENTLEMAN OF THIBET.

BY HENRY R. EVANS.

"I could not remember any more than that the hero [Cagliostro] had spoken of heaven, of the stars, of the Great Secret, of Memphis, of the High Priest, of transcendental chemistry, of giants and monstrous beasts, of a city ten times large as Paris, in the middle of Africa, where he had correspondents."—Count Beugnot: *Memoirs*.

"The ancient Orient has given us Magi, Sages who observed and studied the nature of man, the mechanism of his thought, the faculties of his soul, the powers of his physical and moral nature, as well as the essence of the properties and occult virtues of each thing.

"Everywhere we find Magism. In India in Egypt, in Greece, in Ancient Rome it was the basis of the religion of Zoroaster, the principle of the Initiatic Science of Hermes, the spirit of the invocations of the Inrahmanes and hierophants; the symbolism of Pythagoras, the occult philosophy of Agrippa, that of Cardan, and it is known by the name of Magic on account of the marvelous effects it produces.

"Magism is Natural Philosophy, or the Science which includes the knowledge of all things. It is the Science of sciences, or rather it is the gathering together of all the sciences of human knowledge."—Comte de Das (Dr. Albert de Sarak): *Light from the Orient*.

I.

WHEN Madame Blavatsky, High Priestess of Isis, died, there followed a long interregnum during which magic languished.

Finally there appeared in the East a star of great magnitude—the five-pointed star of the Gnostics and the Oriental Mahatmas, heralding the coming of another mystic. Madame Blavatsky had set the fashion for Tibetan adepts, and had turned the current of modern occultism towards the Land of the Lamas, so it was quite natural that the new thaumaturgist should hail from the Holy City of Llassa. His name was Monsieur le Docteur Albert de Sarak, Comte de Das, who claimed to be “the son of a Rajah of Thibet and a French Marchioness,” and to have been born in the land of marvels.

Monsieur le Comte, in his circulars, described himself as “General Inspector of the Supreme Council of Thibet.” He carried about with him a voluminous portfolio of papers containing “the numerous diplomas which he possessed as member of several orders of knighthood and of scientific and humanitarian associations,” and Masonic diplomas (Thirty-third degree) which bore the endorsement of all the Supreme Councils of the Rite to which he belonged in the nations through which he passes. But he was not a Fellow of the Theosophical Society. On the contrary, he claimed to have been persecuted by the members of that Brotherhood; to have been frequently arrested and denounced by them as a pretender to the occult, as a false magician, etc., etc.

The Count is, at present writing, located at Washington, D. C., where he has founded one of his esoteric centers, described as follows in the organ of the cult, *The Radiant Truth*, of which he is the editor-in-chief:

“Oriental Esoteric Head Centre of the United States of America, under obedience to the Supreme Esoteric Council of the Initiates of Thibet. Social object: To form a chain of universal fraternity, based upon the purest Altruism, without hatred of sect, caste or color; in which reign tolerance, order, discipline, liberty, compassion and true love. To study the Occult Sciences of the Orient and to seek, by meditation, concentration and by a special line of conduct, to develop those psychic powers which are in man and his environment.”

The Count also gives private séances, as we see by his advertisement in the above-named journal:

“Science of Occultism, Double Vision, and Telepathy, Doctor Albert de Sarak, Count de Das, General Inspector of the Supreme Council of Thibet.

“Consultations in Oriental Sciences, Mental Suggestion, Double Vision, Telepathy, Astrology, Horoscopy, etc.

"Consultation of Vision through opaque bodies accomplished in a condition of mental concentration, being blindfolded.

"Dr. Sarak mentally transposes himself to any suggested locality, accurately revealing personages, incidents, events, etc.

"Experiments in Psychic Conception, prophesying the character of the person consulting, as well as all that concerns people absent.

"Experimental Séances given at persons' own houses, and consultations in private or by correspondence.

"Scientific Horoscopes, Thibetan Kabalistic system predicting future events for one year or for life.

"Office hours: 3 to 5 p. m.

"Address, 1443 Corcoran Street, Washington, D. C."

Dr. Sarak's first public exhibition of his alleged psychic powers is thus described in the *Washington Post* (March 16, 1902):

"Dr. A. de Sarak, occultist and adept, a professor of the mystic and the sixth sense, gave a demonstration last night before a Washington audience. Several hundred persons gathered in the beautiful assembly hall of the House of the Temple of the Supreme Council, Southern Jurisdiction, 433 Third street, last evening, to witness his wierd exhibition of occult powers. After three hours spent in the presence of the East Indian, the audience filed out with apparently something to think about and ponder.

"Professor Sarak, while master of fourteen languages, does not speak fluently the English language. Last evening he spoke in French, and a very charming young woman, also an adept, but of English birth, acted as his interpreter. The Easterner, a man of medium height, was attired in a gorgeous gown of white silk, across the breast of which hung certain mystic emblems of gold and silver. A loose, pale-yellow robe covered this garment during most of the evening. He wore a white turban. The adept wears a pointed black beard, which, with large, languid brown eyes, gave fully the effect that one expects in a student of the mystic schools of Thibet.

"The interpreter stated that Professor de Sarak was born in Thibet and was descended from a noble French family. He had devoted his life, she said, to the study of the occult, first in the Thibetan schools and later with the ascetics hidden in the mountains. He had visited almost every country on the globe, spreading the occult science, which, she declared, some time would bring a rich harvest to all mankind.

"As the professor finished his rapidly spoken French sentences the young woman translated them to the hearers. Dr. de Sarak described the sixth sense in man, saying that it was second-sight, a

latent and undeveloped force. He said he merely wished to present the facts of his religion. He explained the wonderful fluid force that existed. He said it is the force that raised the huge stones in building the pyramids and is the same force that brings the bird from the egg, the force which gives man the power of rising as if filled with a buoyant gas, a power which can be concentrated in a tube. He stated that occultism was absolutely nothing but the powers of the will.

“‘It is nothing supernatural,’ the doctor said, ‘but is merely the hastening of nature’s work.’

“A small table stood by a leather chair, and on this burned a tiny candle from the mouth of a brazen asp. The professor stood over the table and busied himself with a pungent incense in an odd burner. A glass plate, with a number of fish eggs, was shown and examined. A large glass bowl was filled with water, and one of the members of the audience was told to carefully brush the eggs into the water. In the meantime three men from the audience had with strong ropes securely bound the hands of the adept behind his back as he sat in the chair. Broad, clean, white cloths were wrapped about the seated figure, leaving the head free, and the three men selected held the cloths in place. Music rolled from a deep organ, and the head of the adept sank back and a strange light appeared to cross his face. According to the directions of the interpreter the bowl of water containing the fish eggs was placed by one of the three beneath the cloths and on the lap of the adept.

“After a period of straining and soft moaning from the white-wrapped figure, for perhaps ten minutes, the cloths were removed, and from the lap of the apparently insensible man was lifted the bowl of water, but instead of the eggs which it contained a few moments before there swam about dozens of tiny, new-born fish.

“Dr. Sarak was then blindfolded with a half dozen bandages pressing against absorbent cotton, which rested before the eyes. For a while he remained in his chair, while the vibrating tones of an organ filled the room. Then the adept suddenly arose and walked surely and steadily down the room, turning into narrow aisles through the audience as safely as a man might who had his sight. This experiment was to demonstrate double vision at a distance and through opaque bodies. A blank canvas stood on an easel near the adept. Apparently in a trance, he walked to the easel, mixed colors, and in ten minutes a finished picture was the result. A game of dominoes was played with a member of the audience, and previous to the beginning of the game the doctor wrote something on a bit

of card and his assistant handed it to some one in the audience to keep. Blindfolded and standing, the adept played the game perfectly, and at the conclusion the card was found to contain the numbers of the last two dominoes played by both the adept and his opponent.

"Experiments were given at the close in the disintegration and restoration of matter of psychic perception, in which he aroused the wondering admiration of the audience."

Not many months after this exhibition the Esoteric Centre was founded, and the following extraordinary circular sent out to prominent people in Washington:

DIRECTING COMMISSION OF THE ORIENTAL ESOTERIC
CENTRE OF WASHINGTON.

UNDER OBEDIENCE TO THE SUPREME ESOTERIC COUNCIL OF THE INITIATES OF
THIBET.

We adress ourselves to those who truly desire to read—to those who truly wish to understand!

For those whose time has not yet come, this page has little value—it will but be scorned and rejected.

But we and our work go onward, with few or with many—Forward, ever forward!

We will, then, be brief, but logical and clear!

THE SUPREME COUNCIL OF THE ADEPTS OR MAHATMAS RESIDES * * * WHERE IT DESIRES! * * * since it possesses powers still unknown in the West; but it has, in fact, its centre of action in a region *not yet* (!) explored, in the North of Thibet.

This Council, composed of Masters who watch that the *Law of the Lotus* be *not revealed to the vulgar*, has its *General inspectors in the West* as in the East, who, invested with the necessary powers to demonstrate the truth of that which they teach and propagate, have different missions, which they must fulfil strictly; and although misunderstood and insulted by those who do not understand them, yet they continue to work actively, to serve worthily the Holy Cause of True, Veritable Fraternity, having ever before their eyes this device: "Forward, ever forward!"

They may suffer all manner of pain and torments, but none of these—no, nothing! can touch them; for the Occult Hand sustains, saves and protects them!

The Supreme Council of the Mahatmas of Thibet has, then, given powers to its Representatives, that they may use them, not to enrich themselves, but to call the attention of every man or woman of high ideals who desires "To go forward, ever forward, and ever higher!"

We care little for their names or their nationality, for name and nations disappear—the Work alone remains!

We have seen some! * * * appear like a shooting star, light up space, and disappear * * * almost without being noticed.

We have *read* and we have *seen* many things! * * * calumnies, sufferings, noble deeds, etc.! * * *

We have *read* that the wicked took them for speculators or sorcerers; and we have *seen* them continue their good works and remain almost poor! * * *

We have *read* that men tried to destroy them, casting the stones of calumny and vengeance; and we have *seen* them, even though weeping inwardly, gather up the stones, asking pardon for those who threw them!

We have, in short, *read* lies, and we have *seen* them present the Truth! * * *

Therefore, this Commission, animated by the most sincere and reasoned faith, strong in the Right which supports it, for Truth and for Justice, makes an appeal to all those who know that to *Think* is to *Create*, to *Create* is to *Love*, and that to *Love* is to *Live*;—to unite themselves with us in a truly fraternal chain, not formed of links of iron which can be broken, but woven of flowers of the soul—a chain which knows neither hatred nor deceit!

From those who come to us we will ask no sacrifices but sincerity and good faith, which we will put to the test; we respect all creeds and customs, but we banish hypocrisy and slander!

Strong in our Right, invested with the powers bequeathed to us by Him who had the power to give them, we initiate here in the Capital of the United States, in the heat of the fire of our enemies, this movement of true progress, destined to perpetuate the work of the Adept who has just left us!

They, our enemies, have insulted him, calumniated him, have abandoned him, because he was an obstacle to them; for the Centres which radiate artificial light are afraid of the Radiant Centre of Truth!

"The Radiant Truth" shall be our device, and with it we will go, with our Venerated Master, "Forward, ever forward!"

Therefore let those who truly desire to learn and to elevate their spirit, without fear and without care, and they will find Brothers, true Brothers!

Let those who have betrayed and insulted our Master, whom we will now name,

OUR BROTHER, DR. SARAQ,

know: that we have in our ranks persons who, having belonged to Theosophical Societies, have torn up their diplomas, not caring to appear in the list of those who, under pretext of justice and under the false name of Fraternity, defame, calumniate and insult those whose mission is sublime.

Let those, in short, who wish to know * * * many other things, come to us! * * * and we will prove to them both the Supreme Council and the Radiant Truth, and, lastly, also our powers!

We make, then, an appeal, in view of the preceding considerations, to all those who, even if belonging to other organisations, wish to unite with us frankly and sincerely, and we can assure them that later they will thank us with all their hearts.

This will afford them the most conclusive proof of the protection and aid of those Masters or Guides who direct us.

Our Order will publish an official Review, which will have so much success and be so well received that we can affirm now it will be sought after that we shall be compelled to reprint it twice.

In this Review, whose propaganda name will be *The Radiant Truth*, will be found all that the most eager student of Occult Truth can desire, for, aside from the Esoteric work, which we have in reserve, we possess documents of inestimable value, which will be published

Only the members of our Order will have the right to our studies and Esoteric demonstrations of a more advanced degree.

A Convention will be held at Washington at a convenient time, and a Commission of delegates and members of the Order will be sent to the East to receive instructions and orders from those who direct the spiritual future of the Race of Evolution—this in spite of all Theosophical or sectarian societies and of those who do not desire the Light.

Those, then, who wish to make part of our Order, as Active or Militant Members, or as Correspondents or Delegates, should send in their applications to the General Secretary of the Commission, Miss S. L. Lee, 1443 Corcoran Street, Washington, D. C.

All the members of our Head Centre in the United States have the right to receive gratuitously all the publications and work of the Centre.

For further particulars write to the General Secretary at Washington and to the General Delegates abroad.

May Peace be with all Beings!

Viewed and found in conformity with Superior Orders.

The General Secretary of Gen. Inspection:

A. E. MARSLAND.

(M. F. S.)

The President of the Directing Commission:

F. C. WILLIS.

(P. E. S.)

The Secretary-General:

S. L. LEE.

(M. E. S.)

The seven Esoteric Members of the Council of the Order at Washington:

S. FITZGERALD.

E. JOHNSON

E. HAY

A. E. MARSLAND

L. S. SCOTT

W. FELTWELL

DR. F. L. WOODWARD

Given at our Headquarters this 15th day of June, 1902.

I consulted with my friend, Mr. J. Elfreth Watkins, a clever journalist and interested inquirer into the methods of spiritists and occultists, and we decided to investigate Dr. Albert de Sarak, the Thibetan adept. Mr. Watkins was to go first and have an interview with him, with the idea of exploiting the Count in a newspaper article on modern magic and theosophy; eventually we were to attend one of the mystic's séances together. I shall let Mr. Watkins tell the story in his own words:

"I addressed a letter to Dr. Sarak by post requesting an appointment. I received a prompt response in the form of a courteous note,

headed 'Oriental Esoteric Center of Washington,' and which commenced: 'Your letter, which I have received, reveals to me a man of noble sentiments.' An hour was named and the letter bore the signature, 'Dr. A. Count de Sarak,' beneath which were inscribed several Oriental characters.

"I found Monsieur le Compte's house in Corcoran street late in the appointed afternoon. It was a two-story cottage of yellow brick with English basement, and surmounting the door was an oval medallion repeating the inscription of monsieur's letter-head. A young woman with blonde hair and blue eyes responded to my ring. I was invited upstairs, she following. Before me was the mind picture of a lama with yellowed and wrinkled visage, vested in folds of dingy red, with iron pencease at his side and counting the beads of a wooden rosary; a Yogi of the great hills; who should say to me, 'Just is the wheel,' or 'Thou hast acquired merit.'

"I was directed to the door of the rear parlor on the main floor, and as I opened it there sat before me, at a modern roller-top desk a man of slender build and medium height, but with one of the most striking physiognomies I have every beheld.

"The face was that of a sheik of the desert. The hair was of the blackest and so was the beard, sparse at the side but rather full in front and not long. The eyes were huge, languid and dreamy; the forehead, bared by the training of the hair straight back, was high and bisected by a vein falling vertically between prominences over the brows. The nose was strongly aquiline, and the complexion was more that of the Oriental than of the Latin. The man wore a long, black frock coat of the mode and faultless in fit; his trousers and waistcoat were of a rough gray cloth.

"Monsieur le Compte rose. The hand which grasped mine was small and soft. He bowed, pointed to a seat and apologized for his crude English, explaining that he preferred to talk to me through an interpreter. The young woman who had ushered me into the presence of monsieur, seated herself at his side and explained that, although 'the doctor' had mastered fourteen tongues, the English had been the most difficult of all for him to fathom. After a pause, Monsieur addressed me in French. The interpreter rolled her blue eyes slightly upward and assumed the gaze of one seeing far away into the sky, through the wall before her—an expression which she seldom changed during the entire interview.

"'Through my power of second sight was revealed to me your mission before you arrived,' was the interpretation. 'And now that you come, a good spirit seems to attend you, and I know that you

come as a friend. I assure you also that I welcome you as a friend.' The translations were made a sentence at a time.

"I assured Monsieur that this was deeply appreciated.

"I asked him if it might be my good fortune to witness some of his esoteric manifestations, such as I had heard of his performing.

"'In the beginning,' he continued, 'I gave some public tests. But now I am engaged in the serious work of teaching, and my time is devoted entirely to this work. If Monsieur pleases, we would welcome his presence as an honorary member of our center. The diploma will cost him nothing. It is a rule of the center that none may attend except members. His diploma will entitle him to attend all of our meetings as a spectator. We meet every Wednesday night.'

"'All that we will require of Monsieur is that he endeavor to learn, and to describe what he sees with absolute truth.'

"'I would ask M. le docteur if he be a Buddhist,' I said. The question was suggested by a picture of Buddha upon the wall before me.

"'Yes, Monsieur, I am a Buddhist, as are my masters in Thibet. Understand, however, that this is not a religion which I am here to teach, but a science—the science of the soul—which does not conflict with any religion. I simply demonstrate to them the powers which I have learned from my masters.'

"'What is your opinion of Mme. Blavatsky?' was asked.

"'She was a good person—what shall I say?—was good-hearted. She endeavored to enter Thibet, but was unsuccessful. None of the Theosophists have ever learned from my masters. While Mme. Blavatsky lived, however, the Theosophical Society seems to have worked in harmony. Now that she is dead, they are divided by hatred and ill-feeling.'

"'Once when I was in Paris, the Theosophists, hearing that I was from Thibet, asked me to become an honorary member of their society, just as I invite you, Monsieur. I accepted their diploma, as courtesy demanded. I attended a congress in Paris. One speaker mounted the tribune and stated that there was a gentleman from Thibet present who could vouch for their connection with the masters. I was a young man then—let me see—it was about seventeen years ago, but now the weight of fifty years hangs on my shoulders. My young blood boiled and I rushed to the tribune and denounced the statement as false. The Theosophists expelled me from their society—which I had never sought to enter,' and here he shrugged his shoulders, 'and since then they have waged against me a relentless campaign of calumny. In Europe, in South America—

everywhere—follows me a trail of circulars and letters published by base calumniators. But still I have gone on with my work, founding centers over the world. I have founded many in South America, but this is the first in this country.’

“I ventured to console the count with words to the effect that all great causes had grown out of persecution. When the interpreter, translated these sentiments, Monsieur, who sat at his desk, assumed an expression of extreme pain and half closing his eyes fixed his gaze upon a strange instrument reposing upon the window sill. It was a piece of colored glass with a pebbled surface held upright by a metal support. The interpretation of my words was repeated, but Monsieur raised one finger, continuing his stare of mixed concentration and suffering.

“‘He is now receiving an interpretation from his masters,’ the interpreter told me in a low voice. I did not notice it and interrupted him. The doctor maintained his weird stare for a few minutes, during which I heard from his corner of the room a vibrating sound such as is produced by a Faradic battery. Monsieur rose from his reverie with a sigh and hastily wrote something upon a sheet of paper upon his desk. Then he resumed the conversation.

“‘Fortunately I have preserved extracts from all of the journals which have been friendly to me,’ he said. I was shown a shelf full of scrap books and the translations of numerous clippings from foreign journals. One of these credited to the Paris *Figaro*, 1885, described experiments in ‘Magnetism and Fascination’ performed by Dr. de Sarak before a committee of scientists and journalists, during which he hypnotised a cage full of live lions. There were many such accounts, including a description of demonstrations made before the Queen of Spain in 1888; another before the King of Portugal the same year. An article credited to *La Revue des Sciences de Paris*, November 7, 1885, stated that in the Grand Salle de la Sarbonne, Count Sarak de Das, in the presence of the Prince of Larignans and 1,400 people, caused his body to rise in the air about two meters and to be there suspended by levitation.

“It was agreed that my name should be presented to the council as suggested, and two days later I received a letter notifying me of my election as honorary member of the center, congratulating me thereupon and inviting me to be present at the next meeting. I was given the privilege of bringing a friend with me. I informed Mr. Evans, and we agreed to attend the next séance, and make careful mental notes of the events of the evening.”

Mr. Watkins and I went together on the appointed evening to

the house of the Mage, located in Corcoran street. It was a gloomy night, late in November. We were admitted by the interpreter and secretary, whom I afterward learned was Miss Agnes E. Marsland, graduate of the University of Cambridge, England.

In the back parlor upstairs we were greeted by the Doctor, who wore a sort of Masonic collar of gold braid, upon which was embroidered a triangle. He presented us to his wife and child, who were conspicuously foreign in appearance, the latter about five years old. We were then introduced to an elderly woman, stout and with gray hair, who, we were told, was the president of the center. She wore a cordon similar to Dr. Sarak's, and soon after our arrival she rapped with a small gavel upon a table in the bay window of the front drawing-room.

When she called the meeting to order the Doctor seated himself upon her right, and at her left—all behind the table—were placed two other women, wearing large gold badges. The interpreter seated herself against the wall beside the Count. Shortly a fifth woman appeared. The Count's wife and child sat quietly upon a sofa in the corner behind him. In the seats arranged along the walls for the audience sat only myself, my friend, and a reporter for the *Washington Times*.

The *mise-en-scène* was well calculated to impress the spectators with a sense of the occult and the mysterious. The table was draped with a yellow cloth, upon which were embroidered various cabalistic symbols. Upon it stood an antique brazier for burning incense, and a bronze candelabra with wax lights arranged to form a triangle. Against the wall, just back of the presiding Mistress of Ceremonies and the little French Mage, was a gilt image of the Buddha, smiling placidly and benignly at the strange gathering. The walls of the drawing-room were draped with rich Oriental rugs, etc., and hung with allegorical paintings. The faint aroma of incense soon permeated the atmosphere; there was a moment of profound silence while the Thaumaturgist meditatively consulted a big volume in front of him—a work on mysticism by either Papus or Baraduc, I forget which. I closed my eyes drowsily. In imagination I was transported back into that dead past of the Eighteenth century. I was in Paris, at a certain gloomy mansion in the Rue St. Claude. I saw before me a table covered with a black cloth, embroidered with Masonic and Rosicrucian symbols; upon it stood a vase of water; lights burned in silver sconces; incense rose from an antique brazier. And behold—Cagliostro, necromancer and Egyptian Freemason—*Voilà, messieurs et mesdames.* The phantasmagoria fades away.

I am back again in Washington, and Sarak is speaking rapidly in French. I shall quote as follows from Mr. Watkins' note-book:

"The Doctor spoke of a membership of forty-two persons and his disappointment that only six were present. He then commenced in French a long discourse, citing the alleged experiments of Baraduc on the soul's light, and mentioning the psychic researches of Flammarion. He stated that Marconi had made partial progress in the science of transmitting intelligence without wires, but that his masters had long known of a more simple method. He described the failures of foreigners to penetrate into Thibet, stating that his masters there were able to place a fluidic wall before any man or beast. The women watched their hierophant with intense fascination, save the interpreter, who maintained her saintly gaze up into space, and the wife, who sat by in sublime nonchalance.

"The Doctor then passed into a rear room, donned a long robe of light blue material and returned with the piece of colored glass which I had seen during my previous visit. It was still fitted to the metal support, and with it he brought a bar magnet. He placed the glass upon the table before him, making many passes over it with his fingers, sometimes rubbing them upon his gown as if they were burned. He explained that he had sensitized the glass with a secret fluid which remained thereon as a film. He drew a sort of tripod upon paper and placed the glass and magnet alongside.

"I demonstrated at the last meeting how this power—which I called "yud"—could be exerted against human beings. You remember that I caused the man to fall from his bicycle. Tonight I will exert the power against an animal,' said the fantaisiste.

"He stated that the lights would all be extinguished; that those present would be stationed at the front windows; that at a given signal he would cause a horse passing the street to halt and remain motionless, to the amazement of the driver. Turning to me he asked, 'Would Monsieur prefer that the horse be passing eastward or westward?' 'Eastward,' I said.

"Then the lights were put out, but previously his wife had retired, ostensibly to put to bed the boy, who had grown sleepy. All of the members present and the young man—a stranger, evidently a reporter—were posted at the front windows. My companion and I were stationed at two windows within a small hall room adjoining. We were all asked to maintain absolute silence. Vines covered both windows of our room and a street lamp burned before the house to

our right. The wait was long, probably twenty minutes, before the first vehicle ventured through the block.

It was a buggy, drawn by a single horse, but, alas! it proceeded westward. In it were seated two figures, whom I could not see—both enshrouded in darkness. 'Would Monsieur seriously object if select the next horse passing, whether it goes eastward or westward?' came the interpretation from the other room.

"'Certainly not, the very next,' said I, for my impatience was now well nigh unbearable. In a few minutes I heard the clatter of hoofs from the opposite direction—eastward, as I had at first specified.

"A buggy with a single horse again came into view. One figure wore a white fascinator or shawl about the head. The other was a man. The horse slowed into a walk just before reaching the house. It halted directly in front of us, then backed a few feet and the rear wheel went upon the sidewalk opposite.

"'What's the mattah with that hoss?' said a negro voice. 'Never saw him act that way before!' The horse stood still for a minute; then the driver clucked him up and he proceeded on his way. It was too dark to see the positions of the reins or the features of either occupant of the vehicle. Soon afterward the wife returned with the child and pointed toward him, as if to say: 'See, he has recovered from his sleepy spell!'

"The next test was made in full light. The Doctor produced a book of cigarette paper and gave one sheet to me and one to each of the other two men. He took one sheet and, holding it between the half-open cover of the book, asked in French: 'What am I doing?' 'Tearing it,' we said. He handed my companion and the stranger each a fragment, holding in his own hand a sheet from which two diagonal corners had been torn. Then he asked the stranger to select one of the three paper shades on the central chandelier. He indicated that nearest him. My companion was next instructed to place his foot upon any figure of the rug which he might select. He advanced one of his feet and placed it upon a figure near him. 'The line of the foot is at right angles with the point selected by the other, Monsieur,' said the adept. 'Suppose Monsieur selects one of the other two globes.' The stranger designated another. The Count then walked to the rear parlor, faced us and made several gestures. Then he suddenly advanced his hands with the gesture of throwing. The stranger was instructed to investigate the globe of the light selected, and underneath a cord holding the paper shade he found a scrap of cigarette paper. It was placed on my companions'

knee, and the two corners previously handed to the two men were seen to fit it.

“At this point the Doctor retired and returned gowned in white. He passed to us a canvas such as is commonly used by painters in oil. He placed this upon an easel. At his right was a table bearing brushes and two glasses filled, one with dark blue and the other with white paint. He then distributed large napkins among those present and handed to me two balls of absorbent cotton. These I was told to place over his eyes, and as I did so the two other men and several of the women bound the napkins over the cotton. They were tied very tightly and two were crossed. We inspected the bandages and pronounced them secure. Then the white-robed figure, in this grotesque headgear, asked me to lead him to an arm chair in the far end of the rear apartment, which I did. Seated in the chair, his chin hanging down upon his breast, he remained for some time, until suddenly he arose and walked straightway to his wife and child, who were sitting behind the table in the front room, upon the sofa as previously. He knelt before them and kissed the little one, his back being toward us the while. Then he walked directly to my companion and took the latter’s watch from his pocket without fumbling. He now proceeded to the easel, and, selecting a brush from the table, dipped into the blue paint and printed across the top of the canvas ‘Fifteen Minutes.’ I looked at my companion’s watch and it registered half past 10. Evidently the words denoted the time in which the picture was to be painted. One of the women present requested that a moonlight scene in Thibet be reproduced. Sudden movements of two brushes, dipped in the two colors, transformed the letters into a clouded sky through which a moon was bursting. Below was outlined a sort of tower, to the left of which was painted a tree. After some detail in the picture was outlined in blue, for example, the white paint would be applied in lines exactly parallel to the first, and many such touches of the brushes indicated that the painting was not made as the result of memory alone. Near the end of the painting the Doctor again approached his wife and child, leading the latter to the easel and placing him upon a chair before it.

“The child was given a brush and dabbed paint upon various parts of the picture. Sometimes he seemed to be guiding his father’s hand, but during this operation the latter was not doing difficult work. All the while the adept was chanting something which the child repeated. The picture was signed with Oriental symbols placed in one corner. Then the painter made a gesture of great fatigue, sighed very audibly and staggered into the rear room. He fell upon

a sofa near the door and motioned to have the bandages removed. I removed some, assisted by his wife, who brought him a glass of water. The cotton was in its place as far as I could see. His eyes remained closed after they were uncovered, and his attitude was that of a man who had fainted. His wife held the water to his lips, and then, lifting each of his eyelids, blew into them. Then the man arose and, complaining of fatigue, resumed his seat behind the table. Shading his eyes with his hand, he looked toward the canvas, saying, 'I have not yet seen it.'

"After a moment's scrutiny he stated it was the house in Thibet where he was given his initial tests.

"He concluded the meeting with a brief speech, in which he stated that it was customary to take up a collection for charity at each meeting. A small cloth bag was passed by one of the women. The secretary announced that \$1.62 had been realized. Then the president pounded with her gavel and adjourned the meeting. The secretary ushered us to the door, and we went out into the darkness.

"Such were the miracles of the adept Albert Sarak, Comte de Das, and such was his propaganda."

Is it not strange that people can take such performances seriously? The cigarette test—an old one—and familiar to every school boy who dabbles in legerdemain, is a mere trick, dependent upon clever substitution and palming. I have seen the late Alexander Herrmann perform experiments with cigarettes and cigarette paper far more mysterious and wonder-provoking. The Comte de Das, if anything, executes his feats of natural magic very clumsily. Any neophyte of legerdemain would be ashamed to exploit such a simple affair as the cigarette trick as anything particularly wonderful or difficult; much less relegate it to the domain of the occult. The absurd splatterdash which the Mage declared to be a replica of his Thibetan home had nothing of Thibetan architecture about it but resembled a ruined castle on the Rhine. That he was able to peep beneath his bandages at one stage of the proceedings admits of little doubt. He arranged this while kissing and fondling the little child. The horse episode was of course a pre-arranged affair, yet I admit it was very well worked up and gave one a creepy feeling—thanks to the *mise-en-scène*. Madam Blavatsky frequently performed the cigarette trick. It was known as the filtration of matter, and was one of her favorite tests. But the Comte de Sarak has other occult phenomena up his sleeve, which I have not yet witnessed—among them being the shattering of a pane of glass by pronouncing the words, "Forward, ever forward!" The instantaneous produc

tion of vegetation from the seed; and the immediate development of fish from spawn. He doubtless owes much of his notoriety to the newspapers, which herald his alleged feats of magic in sensational style.

OPINION OF THE PRESS OF DIFFERENT NATIONS ON THE
WORK IN THE PSYCHIC FIELD OF THE ORIENTAL
PROPAGANDIST, DR. A. DE SARAK.

(Extracted from his albums.)

LE FIGARO DE PARIS, OCTOBER, 1885.

The press was invited yesterday by a committee of scientists to the Folies Bergères at 2 p. m. to be present at some most extraordinary and altogether novel experiments in magnetism and fascination. A subject asleep under the influence of the suggestion of the Thibetan Occultist Comte de Das, penetrated with him into a cage where were seven lions.

Doctor de Sarak, the magnetizer, succeeded in producing in his subject, the beautiful and intelligent Mlle. Lucie X * * * all the hypnotic states, from ecstasy with the most unstable attitudes, to most terrible catalepsy with contraction of all the muscles and deathlike rigidity.

Then she was placed by the Comte de Das horizontally, feet and head resting on two stools, and the lions lashed by the trainer Giacometti, passed backwards and forwards on this human bridge with uneasy roars and with prodigious bounds.

Then, all at once, Dr. de Sarak, making use of that Occult Force of which he spoke to us in his lecture at the Salle des Capucines, threw the seven lions into a state of fascination, so profound that they fell to the ground like corpses, led Mlle. Lucie out of the cage and awakened her amid the applause of all the distinguished guests who had assembled to witness the experiment.

We congratulate the learned Occultist on the well-deserved triumph he has gained at the risk of his life, and we look forward to his approaching Conference at the Salle de la Sorbonne, when we shall speak again of this indefatigable propagandist of Occult Science, who is the one topic of conversation in our Scientific World today.

LA REVUE DES SCIENCES PSYCHIQUES DE PARIS

says, 7 November, 1885, in a long article on Magnetism, Occultism, and Magic: "The comparative studies which have been made of late years on scientific subjects of extreme delicacy and the diverse criticisms to which these dissertations have given rise, have led our most renowned scientists as well as a chosen and intelligent public to be present at the scientific demonstrations of Occultism made by the learned Doctor, Count Sarak de Das in the Grande Salle de la Sorbonne.

The illustrious Thibetan began by pointing out, with eloquence and the conviction which comes of faith, the utility of the study of the Occult Sciences in all branches of social life.

He passed in rapid review Magnetism, Hypnotism, Magic, Kabbala, Esoterism, and proved that, from all ages and in all nations, these sciences

have been transmitted from generation to generation, in spite of the obstacles and sufferings created by envy and by ignorance.

Saint-Germain, Hermes, Paracelsus, Jontin de Florence, Mesmer, Puysegur, and all this mass of men of genius and veritable Magi, have been, like the Count of Cagliostro, treated as charlatans.

In pretty good French for a foreigner he raised us into the higher spheres of intelligence and of feeling, and he had moments of true enthusiasm.

His lecture lasted nearly an hour and was interrupted several times by hearty applause. Then the Count de Sarak passed to the experimental part.

To demonstrate the vibratory force of thought he showed us a very transparent sheet of crystal glass, which had been minutely examined by the doctors Bine, Fere, and Dumontpallier, who declared that it was a pane of glass such as is used for carriage windows.

The Prince of Lorignans held the glass in his hands as high as his head, so that every one could see it—and he is a personage sufficiently well known to be above all suspicion.

The Count expressed himself then more or less in these terms: "Gentlemen, here, in this very city, a hundred years ago, a man, generally considered as a charlatan, but in reality a 'Mage' who had learned many things in the East—here in Paris, at the Palais Royal de Tuilleries, before the Court of Louis XVI., made this same experiment for the first time; to the stupefaction of all present, he shivered a mirror of the Queen, Marie Antoinette, by the effort of his thought alone! * * * and this man died later in the Chateau Saint-Ange at Rome, a victim of the Inquisition!

"To-day, in this age of progress, we do not think of the Inquisition, but men suffer martyrdom by calumny and discredit, however, it is of little consequence, 'Forward, ever forward,' " and the instant he pronounced these words with all the energy of the soul which shines in his eyes, the glass which the Prince of Lorignans held in his hands split in several pieces!

This experiment produced a great impression on the audience, and there were several moments of profound silence, more eloquent than many bravos.

"Let us pass to another class of facts!" said the Mage, "Here is a serpent. I will throw it into a state of catalepsy, and in a few moments I will make of it a veritable rod! It is not in rubber, look well! * * *" And the enormous serpent, nearly four metres long, which had glided from its cage, where it had lain in woolen coverings, began to uncoil with agility and strength, raising its head almost as high as the grand lamp of the tribune.

The ladies were afraid, but M. Gaboriau approached the Doctor and touched the serpent as if to convince himself that he was not the victim of an illusion.

"Is it really a serpent?" asked the Count de Das with a sardonic smile.

"Oh! yes, sir!" said our friend Gaboriau, "in flesh and bones!"

"In bones," replied the Count; "you mean in wood! Look at it."

And already the serpent was rigid, motionless, and hard as piece of chain-mail.

What had happened we do not know, but the Mage had in his hand a rod, a long rod, with which he gave three raps on the table before the audience, every one of whom had risen to his feet.

Several doctors approached the Count and convinced themselves of the reality of the phenomenon.

A few magnetic passes recalled the serpent to life.

"Now, gentlemen," said the Count of Sarak, "I feel a little tired and wish to rest for a few moments in another plane! * * Will you be kind enough to examine me carefully, lest some unbeliever should have slipped a machine into one of my pockets!"

The audience began to laugh, for at this moment the Count had a look impossible to describe; there seemed to be in him two men, or rather another being besides the one we had seen before.

Again our friend Gaboriau approached the Doctor and looked but found nothing in any of his pockets except a pocketbook in Russian leather with the Counts coat-of-arms and coronet, which was laid on the table beside the jewels of the lecturer.

The music played, and all at once the sparkling eyes of the Doctor turned, the pupil had disappeared and the eye-lids were closed! Was he asleep? . . . Was he hypnotized? . . . Was he in ecstasy? . . . We do not know! . . . The mysterious doors of occultism are closed to us, that which we know and can affirm, that which we have seen, and not only we, but fourteen hundred persons besides, is that his body, the whole body, rose in the air to a height of about two metres from the ground.

The Mage descended slowly, sneezed and awoke smiling!

Here is a description of this memorable session of the celebrated Yogui; we can not form any judgment or enter into a field unknown to us but which lies in the domain of the marvellous.

The fact is that the phenomena are real, that the Count enjoyed a well-deserved triumph, which must have cost him many years of study and perhaps many privations and sacrifices, and that there is certainly something grand in this study of occultism.

Time will prove, and progress will undertake the task of throwing more light on it—for we can say here with Goethe with good reason: "Light, more light!"

JOURNAL DE L'ACADEMIE.

(Moniteur des Belles Actions et Recompenses, January, 1886.)

Dr. A. de Sarak, Count de Das, has just received the title of member of the Scientific Academy (Southern Section) in recompense for his work in Psychology and Magnetism and as an encouragement in his mission as propagandist for the good of suffering humanity. This is a well merited distinction. We congratulate the learned Doctor.

LE CORRESPONDENCIA DE MADRID.

(March, 1888.)

At the invitation of the President of the Centre de l'Armee, we were present last evening at the scientific conference and experiments which the learned Occultist, Count Sarak de Das, has given in this centre of southern nobility.

Although half past nine had been named as the hour for the conference, from seven o'clock onward there arrived so many families, all the generals and officers of high rank, the gentlemen of the Queen's household and the Ministers, that at nine o'clock it was impossible for us to penetrate into the

immense salon, that of the ex-Empress of the French, widow of Napoleon III. Therefore we waited the arrival of the Queen and Court so as to try to reach the seats set aside for the press, which had been all appropriated.

At about ten o'clock the Royal March was heard, Her Majesty arrived and a few moments after the Count de Das entered the estrade, wearing the uniform of the knights of Malta, his breast ablaze with decorations, and around his neck the cross of Commander of Isabella, which the Queen had given him a few days before. He mounted the tribune and pronounced in good Spanish, a truly admirable achievement for a foreigner, a profound lecture on the study of Occult science, which was interrupted many times by the bravo of the Queen and the frenzied applause of the whole audience of about two thousand persons.

He now passed to the experimental part of the session, showing the power of thought transmitted to several subjects whom he hypnotized in a few seconds. These were: a woman, chloro-anæmic, cured by him, named Babbina Carreo; another patient also cured by the learned doctor, named Dolores Artis; Mlle. Esperanza Pedraya of the clinic of Dr. Diaz; and a young man, an epileptic, from the General Hospital.

We cannot describe all the experiments, one more astonishing than another, which the Thibetan Occultist made! We are afraid we might make an error, but in résumé it was really prodigious; he succeeded in doing all that he wanted, whatever any one asked for. The Count of Das transported us into another world, far superior to our poor earth and showed us miracles, prodigies. He was applauded with enthusiasm, and the General President of the Centre de l'Armée presented him with a handsome diploma of Honorable membership and the Queen with a gold medal.

The lateness of the hour obliges us to close for to-day. We shall speak again of this memorable session.

'O COMMERCIO DE PORTUGAL.

(Lisbon, Portugal, 24th October, 1888.)

OCCULTISM AND HYPNOTISM.

Splendid was the session given by the eminent clinic and occultist, Dr. Sarak, Comte de Das, honorary physician to the Royal family of Spain, in the Grand Salon "da Trindade." The learned doctor has been staying a few days at Lisbon, where he has been the object of the visits of the most eminent of our men of science.

The late hour when the session was over prevents our giving a full account of it, as we will do in the Sunday number. We can only say that the experiments in magnetism and transmission of thought were truly surprising, and the select society and all our physicians who were present applauded most heartily.

His majesty D. Luiz I., who was present at the session, shook hands effusively with the Count, and, taking from his buttonhole the ensign of the Royal Order of the Crish, presented it to him. The experiments of clairvoyance, telepathy and of disintegration were miraculous, and we can not understand them.

A jury of physicians approached Dr. de Sarak and congratulating him, welcomed him as a new honorary member! They were Drs. May, Figueira, Hirsch, Ordas, Mascarenhas, Oliveira, Sousa, Machado, and Lopes.

We congratulate through our columns the eminent doctor who has come among us, bringing us a ray of science of the twentieth century.

"EL NACIONAL" DE MADRID.

(March, 1889.)

THE COUNT OF DAS.

He has returned after a year's travel among us. He has had the greatest triumphs in all the principal towns of Spain and Portugal. Yesterday, in the session at the Medical Hypnotherapeutic Institute, he was appointed Director for the current year.

We congratulate him sincerely.

"LA FRANCE" DE PARIS.

(February 27, 1890.)

Returning from Russia, where he has had a great success, the learned Thibetan Occultist, Dr. de Sarak (who four or five years ago showed us so many marvels of the occult world), is here for a few days on his way to Italy. His friends and admirers gave him a banquet of thirty-one covers last evening, at the Hotel Continental.

The Baroness de Clercy and the Duchess de Pomar made eloquent addresses, to which the Count replied with surprising inspiration. Afterward, taking up a glass of champagne, he showed through the liquid the images of several absent persons, of whom their friends were thinking. This caused stupefaction among those present and there was great excitement.

All at once, in full view of every one, the champagne entirely disappeared from the glass, as if by enchantment.

What had happened? The science of the future will tell.

NOTICE—VERY IMPORTANT.

To all whom it may concern and to all those who wish to study the Sacred Science of India.

The Delegation General of the Supreme Esoteric Council of Thibet, duly authorized, makes an appeal to men of learning and to those interested in psychological questions, to unite fraternally and live in community, following the study of Occult Oriental Science under the direction of an Esoteric Thibetan Initiate. The studies will be in three languages: Sanscrit, English and French.

Books and themes will be published by the press of the Centre in three languages: English, French and Spanish.

At an opportune time, after having assembled a sufficient number of adherent members, well-disposed and devoted to the great cause, a boat will be chartered and reserved exclusively for the use of the active members and the Delegates or members of other countries, to make a voyage to the countries of India lasting about three years.

The persons desirous of joining us may address their application to the General Headquarters at 1423 Chapin Street, Washington, D. C., throughout all the month of April, after which the list of adherent members will be closed.

By order of

SEC. GEN. S. WILL.