

No. 1

NEW UNIVERSE

“Try”

A Review devoted to the defence of
MADAME BLAVATSKY

6^{d.}

NEW UNIVERSE

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6d.

Editor

Beatrice Hastings.

This review will be issued to support my volumes “Defence of Madame Blavatsky.” The volumes will be devoted mainly to subjects that need lengthy treatment; but there is a multitude of other matters to be considered. There are “charges” that may be met immediately by some recorded fact, hitherto neglected; others for which the defence lacks data, research in different countries being necessary; others, still, may be shown as based on the mere opinion of someone for whose opinion the modern student has little, when any, respect. The review is intended for friendly students whether at present in or out of any Theosophical group, and the Editor will be glad to insert signed, or initialled, well-documented paragraphs or short articles; but nothing will be used without verification, so jokers need not lose their sleep.

There is certainly a growing interest in Blavatsky in the outer courts, as it were. I know personally more than one of the younger literary generation whom I have persuaded or badgered to read her works and who have realised that the “charlatan” and “forger” holds a place in the circle of literary genius. However, Theosophists need not expect that these persons may risk their position in the reviewing world, until there will be a certainty of strong support by Theosophists. Neither publishers nor editors regard a defence of Blavatsky as a “paying proposition;” quite the contrary, only attack pays. Wherefore, I have been agreeably surprised to receive orders for my volumes from seven of the various, and rather bewildering, Theosophical groups, one or two of these orders having been considerable and already repeated. It seemed to me too soon yet for orders from far distant lands—and yet, a certain vast Christian organisation has ordered copies for a far land! I would prefer that these people, whom I cannot stretch charity so far as to assume

friendly to H.P.B., should not take up my limited stock, but I cannot help it if they do.

My personal position being somewhat favourable to independence of publishers and reviewers, I shall certainly continue the defence of H.P.B., for this promises an ever-deepening interest. It is not every day that a writer discovers a writer of genius, a martyr and an occultist all in one! And when there may be added a strain of history percolating half through the globe, a personnel that includes many famous men and women, as well as hundreds of lesser known, and even obscure, but profoundly interesting, characters, Europeans, Orientals, Australians, Americans, and a picturesque and fascinating environment—well, one can only throw up one's cap and thank the gods, who are not prodigal of fine "subjects."

Still, of course, I have only printed a limited edition. I have used no advertisement but a leaflet, and I have sent out no copies for review, except three by request. Being familiar with the stockish attitude of most editors towards Blavatsky, I have no intention of wasting a single copy on them and thus presenting some reviewer with a shilling to put in his pocket for a new book. There certainly are many reviewers who would review if allowed to, but they are not allowed to. And until Theosophists make it clear that a defence of Blavatsky can find a large public, "No space" will be the word.

Although this review starts under no "auspices," I hope that it may soon enough come under the auspices of an international H.P.B. Defence Group. My protoplasm is not immortal, and defence will be needed for a considerable time; the adversary will not let go all at once. I am warned, indeed, that, for defending this Charlatan, my own past is sure to be dragged in by her foes. Well, I have published most of it myself, and with a youthful *abandon* to which I might not commit myself nowadays. But, what some Foe might do would be to concentrate on *dates*. I am always pestering my family for dates, and theirs and mine frequently disagree; I seem sometimes to have been in two places at once! However, it does not interest me much. I grow cheerless to reflect what a silly sort of youth mine was compared with that of Helena Petrovna. . . .

* * *

A defence group, would be quite a practical step. It would be easy as winking if Theosophists took the lead. Every Branch might soon have a special group, each taking some personage or incident or week of events, and collecting all the data on that head; this to be handed to a central group, and, by that body, to some person who can not only handle documents like an historian, but can write. Chronology is the first necessity. My own week-to-week lists show many a blank space; and yet, as I know, the case for the defence frequently rests on a question of one day, or less. When one gets that day, one can leave defence and swoop down in a counter-attack. *Everything* should come into print as soon as possible and be available to students everywhere; very often, a decisive clue is to be found in some hardly-known letter or article by a "minor" character, who thus becomes a major witness. Personally, I have gained the conviction that the *whole* data will magnificently vindicate H.P.B. Even "charges" that depend for disproof on esoteric data have been much simplified by the publication of the "Mahatma Letters" and "Letters From H.P.B. to Sinnett," where there are a thousand hints for the serious student. As for the difficulty of getting at old records, there is not such a great difficulty; a certain number of the early prints are still procurable, and for such as are not now to be had for money, groups can do as I did, namely, borrow the record and have it fully typed, pasted on thick paper, and bound. A Central Group, which would, of course, be in touch with the records everywhere, could arrange the supply. In a year or two, every important town in the world might have a complete historical record.

Poor H.P.B. was often her worst witness. Ill, faced with howling enemies, a foreigner from a then hated country, and she as helpless as her defenders to collect the little clues for lack of which the innocent often go under—she sometimes lost her memory and made mis-statements actually against herself, or gave out hasty half-explanations that merely condemned her once more for lack of corroboration. Even when the corroboration was there, it was frequently overlooked. For instance, she declared that she was out of Cairo on the day when the mediums she had engaged for her mistaken Société Spirite organised a cheating séance. The S.P.R., *et hoc*,

merely shrugged, and the Theosophists had no reply. But, Madame Coulomb herself, in her book, "Some Account of my intercourse with Madame Blavatsky," p.1., lets slip a little mouse of a remark: "I went away, leaving the crowd red as fire, ready to knock her down when she came back."

It is with the help of a host of such "mice" that this review will loosen the ropes around the lioness. The first cases I shall take concern not H.P.B., but Olcott and others. The establishment of Olcott's probity, nowadays attacked by any pot-boiling scribbler who pleases, is as necessary as that of H.P.B., and perhaps comes first.

I.

On May 11th, 1884, Olcott (hereinafter O.) was under examination in London by "the committee appointed by the Society for Psychical Research to take evidence as to the alleged phenomena connected with the Theosophical Society." (Private and Confidential Report, Dec. 84). Messrs. Stack and Myers examined O. Myers had asked O. to mention the circumstances of the first appearance to him of Mahatma M. (hereinafter MM.). O. had described the scene as this may now be read in "Old Diary Leaves," Vol. 1, p. 377. But he did not give a certain detail that I shall presently give for him. In his innocence, he had exhibited the silk turban that MM. left on his table; and, to his horror, found that he had merely raised a scarcely-concealed smile. Evidently, he grew indignant, even excited, and when Myers said, "I wish to see on what grounds you think it impossible that this was a living Hindu who left the apartment by ordinary means," O. exclaimed: "In the first place, I never saw a living Hindu before I arrived in London on my way to India [when he and others saw MM. in Cannon Street, Jan. 79. "ODL.," Vol. 2, p. 5.]. I had had no correspondence with anyone until then, and had no knowledge of any living Hindu who could have visited me in America." Thus, the shorthand notes, no doubt substantially correct.

On p. 237 of Hodgson's Report (Proceedings of the SPR. Dec. 85.), he pounces on O. : "I will give another instance of Colonel Olcott's unreliability. In replying to a question put by Mr. Myers in connection with Colonel Olcott's account of the alleged 'astral' form of a Mahatma which appeared to him in New York, Colonel Olcott stated " [as above]. Hodgson continues: "The Theosophical Society was founded in 1875, and long before this, Colonel Olcott had travelled with Hindus from New York to Liverpool [1870] During the years, 1877 and 1878, he wrote many letters to one of them."

Correct; enough to hang a man--and hang him innocent.

Olcott did explain, after Hodgson's preliminary attack at an SPR. meeting, May 24th, 1885, that he had been full of his vision of the splendid Mahatma in Indian robes, and that the figures of his Hindu fellow-passengers in common-place European costume, never came to his mind. They seem to have stirred his sub-conscious, for he mentions correspondence; but the second Mahatmic figure, seen in London, immediately fills the field, and he concludes that he knew no living Hindu who could have visited him in America.

Hodgson knew all this but, in the Dec. 85. Report, he slips by Myers, who is often to be discerned insisting on points for the defence (these Reports make quaint reading!) Hodgson clings to his prey: "He seems to have volunteered the odd remark that 'he had had no correspondence with anybody until then,' whereas he had written numerous letters to M.T. [Mooljie Thackersay] and other Hindus."

Well, no he had not!

"Then" refers to the Mahatma's visit in New York, continuing, "and I had no knowledge of any living Hindu who could have visited me in America." Now, the correspondence with MT began in 1877 (Supp. "Theosophist," July, 1882.). The Mahatma's visit occurred "during the writing of *Isis Unveiled*" ("ODL.", Vol. 1, p. 377.); that is, sometime during 1876, perhaps early, perhaps late. It may be even late 1875. I have not, so far, found exact date; perhaps it could be dug out of the Adyar archives? "Isis" was handed to the publisher, Bouton, early in 1877, and by May 19th, Bouton was tearing his hair at HPB's alterations in the *printed* text.

It struck me as significant that Hodgson omitted to ask Olcott for the exact date of MM.'s visit—or omitted to say that he had done so; in either case, an omission—and I have long since learned that all Hodgson of the S.P. *Research* omits is the thing one should search for. Olcott's casual remark in "ODL." gnaws away Hodgson's knot. O. had had no correspondence with any Hindu before the Mahatma's visit.

It is gratifying to the friendly student to find HPB. and Co., expected on every occasion to exhibit perfection and never make a mistake. However, we do not expect any such thing from mortals. In considering statements, one has to take the ordinary care and to keep in mind that the Theosophists were often speaking about events that had happened months, and even long years before, and to search always for the fact itself, over and above what may be said about the fact. Olcott sometimes fails in memory and puts carts before horses; on occasions, he exhibits a curious ignorance of the complexities of chelaship and occult science and sacrifices HPB. to his conservative notions; he has his share, too, of the general human shortcomings: but *lying* was outside his nature. His own Government was proud of him, and one has only to examine his historical negotiations with the British Government over the 1883 riots in Ceylon, to see that some of our statesmen and high officials had "passed" him in the tests they know well how to apply to men they have to deal with.

II.

Gwala K. Deb and Babaji Dhabagiri Nath. (SPRReport,

p. 246. Hodgson :) "Babaji must have joined the Bombay Theosophical Society at least as early as 1881 and remained some time at the headquarters that year. . . The assertion made by Madame Coulomb that Mr. Babaji D. Nath is the same person who was previously known at Bombay as Gwala K. Deb, is confirmed by testimony of Messrs. Hume, Taty, Pitale and Ezekiel . . . it is by no means likely that all these witnesses should mistake another person for Mr. Babaji, for he is very small and his voice has a very peculiar *timbre*."

Testimony? Witnesses? There is no corroborative statement from any of the "witnesses." The student, wary of Hodgson's methods of compiling a "report," is "by no means likely" to accept his unendorsed word. And here we find him at one of his commonest tricks, that of presenting as if voluntary and enthusiastic "testimony" what is nothing more than his own version of a reply of *some sort* to his leading questions. Hume, even, gives him no written statement; Ezekiel refused a written statement on anything; Taty distrusted Hodgson from the first; Pitale was a signed witness to phenomena, but he signed nothing for Hodgson. The most to be accepted is that these persons answered that Babaji resembled Deb. But, if they had all sworn their testimony—21 witnesses swore Adolph Beck into prison, so perfectly did this unfortunate resemble another man. No doubt, Babaji did resemble Deb, since he was chosen to "double" him as chela, when sent on mission. But the data on Babaji distinguishes him from Deb.

"1881", says Hodgson. From Aug. 9th, or 13th, 1881, HPB. was guest of Hume at Simla, remaining until the very last days of October. No mention of any Deb. Then, she travelled in the Plains, arriving at Bombay on Nov. 29th for the Convention. No mention of any Deb, and no Deb appears in the Conv. group photos. On March 17, 82, HPB. writes to Sinnett, describing Deb in full (M.L.", p. 464.) as a newcomer, wearing a Chinese Tartar cap (such as are common in parts of Tibet), and as an advanced chela of Mahatma K.H.

(hereinafter, MKH.). It was the week *after* the "plaster cast phenomenon", when a piece of plaster was conveyed from Bombay to Allahabad in a few minutes; and a week *before* the "*Vega* phenomenon", when letters were conveyed from a ship at sea to Bombay, and two days later, from Bombay to Calcutta in a few minutes. So it looks as if Deb were a specialist at *apports* and had come there to supply power for these two big *apport* phenomena.

In June, Deb was to go with HPB. to Tibet ("HPB. to APS.", p. 28.). The trip was vetoed by the Chohan; and, early in August, Deb went north alone and was seen no more. At end September, Babaji Dhabagiri Nath, "his living picture", appeared at Darjeeling. Where could he have come from?

Countess Wachtmeister had many talks with Babaji at Würzburg, in Dec. 85. ("Reminiscences of H.P. Blavatsky.", p. 24.). He told her that he first came to HPB. at Adyar, in a state of terror and collapse, having escaped from a Tamil *guru* who had put him through Hatha Yoga, for which he was quite unfitted. The enemy laughs at this story, because Babaji came from Darjeeling to Bombay in Nov. 82, and the Adyar house was not occupied until December. Looks bad! But, Babaji was a Madras Presidency man, and his *guru* a man of the Giri sect; and, from April 23rd to May 3rd, 1882, HPB. was in Madras, and from May 3rd to 30th, was travelling by canal in the wilder parts of the Presidency, and from May 30th to June 6th, was frequently at Adyar, looking over the property then offered for sale.

It is credible that Babaji was led to her in this region; it is hardly credible that, in March, 1882 (first appearance of Deb), when even Madras city had scarcely heard of the TS.—let alone Hodgson's 1881!—Babaji found his way through the jungles and across the continent to Bombay headquarters, wearing a Chinese-Tartar cap. Deb was at Bombay until August; and it looks as if Babaji, after meeting HPB. somewhere in his native Presidency, had been sent straight to Tibet or Sikkim and there had been trained for "double-chelaship." (People who don't like this need only to write to the Order, as Hume did, advising the Chiefs to change their methods.) I think it is clear that HPB. never knew

everything about Babaji, and it would be against the rules if she had known. Babaji kept his old *sunyasi* name of Dhabagiri Nath, and HPB., although she occasionally dubbed him "Deb," usually in inverted commas, was obliged to use no other name but Dhabagiri Nath when speaking of the Tibetan chela he represented. Hence her hopeless "explanations" and the bewildered tears of Sinnett ("HPB. to APS.", many pages).

Babaji played an important part, if he did not over-play it, in weakening European curiosity about the Adepts; as did Mohini, another sacrifice to the mysteries. HPB. was never quite docile about this necessity. Having introduced the Mahatmas (but have we ever had their real names, let alone their addresses—highly improbable?), she could not endure to hear them doubted. If she had lived to see General Macdonald's inquisitive cannon smashing through the Toechen monastery in 1904. . . ! There must have gone up very early in her Indian career a protest from ascetic Orders the length from Comorin to Lhasa against her indiscretions. We hear something of it from the chela, R. Gargya Deva, who roundly rates HPB. in an "Open Letter" in the "Theosophist," Dec. 83. Her joyous despatch of Babaji to Sinnett at Simla to prove the existence of the Adepts, was just what was to give later a big blow to Western belief in the Occult Orders. After a few preliminary blunders, the "little man" played his part almost terribly well in Europe. I will trace it one day. Now, it will take a century to restore any belief of the kind, and before that, India, with the northern states, will either be reconciled and left more to its own mystical ideas of "progress"—or lost. I hope it will not be lost.

British rulers may be asses, but there are snakes and hyenas waiting. The missionaries and the SPR. did us a rotten turn by attacking the conciliatory TS. of the eighties.

III.

The "black on Hodgson" (Sinnott) was not sufficient for the SPR. In 1894, the Council sponsored Solovyoff's book, "A Modern Priestess of Isis," translated by Walter Leaf. I hope to publish a review of this. S. had an expert pen, of a sort, and made a book that Professor Sidgwick and lady—the latter dutifully sharing her husband's hobby, or mania, of hounding psychic persons—might well find "entertaining," especially as coming from the pen of a member of their Society. But, there can be few books with a more unenviable claim to be signed "Scoundrel." Knowing the data, I could detect a falsification every few pages. Like Mme. Coulomb, S. often cunningly works up something charged against HPB., or even some mere insinuation, into a little drama.

Many readers must have been impressed by page 165 of his book, where he makes HPB. jeer at the worthy signatories to her phenomena. Thereon, he makes her declaim: "How often has it happened that, under my directions, minutes of various phenomena have been drawn up; lo, the most conscientious people . . . have signed at the foot of the minutes!" The reader wonders how S. could have invented such a thing as that. Well, as in other cases, he had not even the trifling agony of invention. In his member's copy of the 1st Report, he had read: "Many worthy persons would be willing to sign a statement that a 'gas-burner gave a good light,' when in point of fact, they could scarcely see their hands before them."

I refer now to the famous "Confession" written in Russian by HPB. to Solovyoff, and translated by Leaf on page 176 of "M.P. of I." S. used this letter to break up the Paris TS. in Feb. 86. He translated the letter into French, had it sealed by Jules Baissac, Sworn Interpreter to the Court of Appeal, Paris, and brought what he alleged to be this same document to Mme. de Morsier, Sec. of the TS., whom he had long been "preparing" against HPB. To the consternation of Mme. de M. and her coterie, HPB. was found declaring that she had invented the Mahatmas. There was the sealed

French translation! But, here is the passage, as rendered by Leaf in English:

"If I am lost, I am lost with everyone. I will even take to lies, to the greatest of lies, which for that reason is the most likely to be believed. I will say and publish it in the *Times* and all the papers, that the 'master' and 'Mahatma K.H.' are only the product of my imagination."

There is no statement that they *are* imaginary. She says that she will say so as "the greatest of lies." What made the Morsier coterie, believe that she had categorically denied the Masters? There is no data to show whether anyone outside coterie, that immediately broke away, ever saw the French document. S. left it in confidence with Mme. de M. and returned to Russia. The news of the Paris *débâcle* travelled to St. Petersburg and reached Mme. Jelihovsky, HPB.'s sister, who was then, early 1886, "out" with HPB. and "in" with Solovyoff. He showed her the *Russian* letter. She writes (P. 318, "M.P. of I.": Leaf's synopsis of a controversy between Mme. J. and S.): "I at once expressed my perplexity; there was in the letter no admission that the Mahatmas were an invention. How then had the Parisians come to believe it? Mr. Solovyoff himself answered that he did not know how." He also said that he could not show her the French translation; it was in Paris. Apparently he had no copy!

Leaf's translation from the Russian shows why S. had a good reason to have no copy to show a lady who knew both Russian and French. For, by one of the "chances" that accompany HPB., we have *one* sentence from the French.

In 1891, after HPB.'s death, Mme. J. went on the warpath for her sister's memory. She went to Paris to demand a view of the French document. But Solovyoff had got in first, had written to Mme. de M. and got back his translation. However, in the course of attack, Mme. J. forced him to cite one single sentence—and this sentence does not agree with Leaf's version. Solovyoff had translated the sentence: "I will even take to lies, to the greatest of lies, which for that reason is the most likely to be believed" by "Je vais mentir, horriblement mentir, et on me croira facilement". English: "I mean to lie, lie horribly, and people will easily believe me."

It is absolutely incredible that Baissac passed that. The Sworn Interpreter at the Paris Court of Appeal would know his Russian as well as Mr. Leaf.

At the time of the break-up, there was a belief among certain of the Theosophists that Solovyoff, during an absence of Baissac from his office—a piece of information Louis Dramard had obtained—had tampered with the official seal, had either stamped a blank sheet on which he afterwards wrote, or had stamped a falsified copy he had brought. Mme. J. accused him of this to Brusiloff; and Solovyoff did not prosecute her. In a letter that S. solicited from Baissac, the latter declares that he himself stamped the document, but does not contradict the statement that he had left S. alone in the office. It was supposed also, that S. had so re-arranged the spacial position of the sentences as to make them read as if HPB. meant to "lie horribly" against everyone and make them all "lost" along with herself; the reference to the Masters beginning on a new line as a new subject and so appearing to be a categorical denial.

In my future study of all this affair, I will show how Leaf wriggled. What may be asked now is:

1. Why the SPR. did not request S. to produce the French translation?
2. Why Leaf did not publish, even in Latin letters, or by photography, the Russian text of the disputed passage?
3. Why he allowed the discrepancy between his English and the French sentence wrung from Solovyoff to go unnoticed?

As Leaf interfered in the controversy between Mme. J. and S. and went so far as to write a footnote (P. 319.) that is a sample of literary cunning, it is to be hoped that some member of the SPR. may press for an inquiry. The SPR. fought the TS. through the person of H. P. Blavatsky and, as the modern student sees, won by a succession of *fouls*. The SPR. can never clear itself, but students determined to have the truth may yet persuade it to pronounce the *Mea culpa!*

IV.

Damodar's astral flights. Nov. 83, from United Provinces to Adyar.

The first flight was a surprise to everyone. He carried to Adyar a post-stamped letter received by Olcott at Cawnpore, Nov. 4. To Adyar, 5 days' post. The letter ("ODL," vol. 3, pp. 27, 30. Also, "HPB. to APS." p. 68: "Damodar has so developed that he can get out of his body at will.") was reposted from Adyar on Nov. 5, and stamped at Aligarh, Nov. 10th. Immediately after this, General and Mrs. Morgan, Theosophists at Ootacamund, were summoned to Adyar by a Mahatmic letter; they were there by Nov. 10th. On the 10th, Damodar made his second astral flight. Olcott had been ordered by MM. to stop healing, as his vitality had been getting low for months past. D. went in astral from Moradabad to Adyar to ask HPB. who was MM.'s *chela*, to ask MM. for an exception in favour of two paralysed boys.

D. brought message, confirmed by wire from Adyar: "Henry can try the parties once". Hodgson (SPRReport, p. 233.): "The word 'parties' seems to me a suspicious circumstance . . . The word 'boys' would be shorter and more natural". Maybe. But in the notice that O. was to stop, dated Oct. 19th, and published in "Theosophist", Nov. 83., the word "parties" is used instead of "patients". All part of the plot, no doubt!

The Morgans remained at Adyar. On Nov. 17th, D. made his third flight, gate-crashed in on HPB., made Mme. Coulomb scream and let go a chair she was holding, and HPB. fell and hurt her knee. That night, came a wire from Olcott, asking her to confirm D's report of an accident. But

HPB. was "legless" and cross and had gone to bed, so put off reply until next day. Besides, the marvel of D's flights had worn off; in a letter to Sinnett, Nov. 26th, she does not even mention the affair. Next day, she wired, confirming news of accident and also, D's report that the Morgans were at Adyar. When O. described this incident to the SPR. Committee, in May, 1884, HPB. wrote on his deposition:

"They had just arrived from Nilgherry Hills". Hodgson later learned, what nobody had any reason to conceal, the Morgan's arrival being published in "Theosophist", namely, that Morgans had been there a week. HPB. a liar, of course!

Not a bit of it. D's third flight had been pigeon-holed by her among the thousand and one other phenomena. The first had bowled her over, the second was impressed by the Mahatma's summons of Morgans to Adyar—and on *this* occasion, they had "just arrived from Nilgherry Hills".

HPB. merely mixed two dates, six months after. The pages of Hodgson's Report dealing with *astrals* would afford Theosophists some amusement. But, to think that innocent Olcott actually lent his Diary to assist this—sleuth!

V.

SPRReport, p. 301. Hodgson: "Madame Coulomb asserts that the earliest specimens of the "M." writing were written by Babula."

As Babula, HPB's servant, a natural linguist, but unable to write English, was also unable even to read it, his testimony to the Adyar Committee (Report, p. 133.) had to be written for him by V. C. Iyer, Pleader at Madura, read to Babula, and witnessed. "We, the undersigned, declare that the above paper was carefully read and explained to the signer in our presence", etc. Signed by 4 witnesses. "Madame Coulomb asserts . . . "!

VI.

In Sinnett's pitiable "Early Days of Theosophy in Europe", p. 46, he writes: "We were all so much impressed by this paper [later called *Light on the Path*] that we felt it was not one to be kept merely for our private edification."

I happen to possess a copy of the rare 1st edition, and on the flyleaf is a note in pencil, signed "F.H.B.": "Redway [the publisher] told me that Sinnett called today and told him that this little book was too good for the public and ought to have been reserved for the Inner Circle of Theosophists. 7th October, 1885."

There is a state known to mountaineers as "altitude deterioration": You have come too high for your stamina, and you begin to lose sight of your object, and presently you don't even care to get down lower; but if you don't get down, you go all to pieces. Sinnett resembles this type of sufferer. In "Early Days", on many pages, he seems willing to throw down even the Masters as so much baggage encumbering his ease, keeping only the phantoms of his conjecture . . . that all flatter Sinnett as a high-region climber, while he is obviously slowly suffocating. He had found bewildering inconsistencies and faults in H.P.B., and he threw her away. He might as well have thrown away tubes of oxygen because the outside was spotted.

VII.

A quotation. "To your first question—there's little to answer: 'Can you do anything to help on the Society?' Want me to speak frankly? Well, I say *No*: neither yourself nor the Lord Sang-yias Himself—so long as the equivocal position of the Founders is not perfectly and undeniably proved due to fiendish malice and systematic intrigue—could help it on."

Mahatma M. to Sinnett, Nov. 1881. (*Mahatma Letters*, p. 254.)

I have to thank the Blavatsky Association for loan of SPR. P. and C. Report; also, Mr. John Watkins for loan of Adyar 1885 Report; also, Mr. A. T. Barker for loan of "Theosophist", 1879; also, Mr. R. Morris for "Theosophist", 1882-3, and other books. Will someone please lend me W. T. Brown's "Life", and Peebles' "Around the World"? Could anyone get me a full copy of Ruthnovelu's article on Adyar phenomena, in "Philosophic Inquirer", April 8th, 1883?

Will anyone in America make extracts from "Occult Word"? Can anyone state or supply data to show whether there were a shelf *inside* the Shrine? Hodgson frequented Coulomb, who designed the Shrine, for three months and *omitted* to get either a full description or a design. Inference: something in favour of the defence.

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Vol. II. will not be issued until end of September. Subscribers are notified that the section, "Coulomb Pamphlet", has had to be greatly lengthened, and will take up the whole of Vol. II. The other sections previously advertised will appear in Vol. III. "New Universe" is the same size as the volumes, and is stitched for binding.

No. 2

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NEW UNIVERSE

“Try”

Vol. 1. No. 2. December, 1937. 6d.
Editor - Beatrice Hastings.

“New Universe” is not intended to deal with teachings or philosophy. It is intended as a double line of activity in the practical defence of Madame Blavatsky, to bring out facts in her defence. Facts alone will avail against the false allegations spread once with astounding malice all over the world, and circulated anew every few years for the delusion of people and especially of every new generation of reviewers of books. Where the indirect evidence is so strong as to convince me that the link fact must be somewhere in the records, I do not hesitate to express an opinion, but the fact alone can decide. We want the truth. Anyone who may bring me instances of errors in my data will find the correction printed with grateful thanks, if no undue humility seeing that I am holding in memory thousands of dates, names of persons and places, statements true, false and parti-coloured—in short, the contents of about a hundred books for and against, about and by H.P.B. and Company, as well as the files of the “Theosophist”, “Lucifer”, “Path” and other publications. (Don't imagine any martyrdom! The greatest pleasure.)

Several good defences have been begun, but have failed for want of following up and support. “New Universe” was started to avoid any such mishap in my case. Numbers will be issued between the volumes, “Defence of Madame Blavatsky”, of which I now reckon there will be seven; but more may be needed. The volumes all published, “New U.” will become a monthly journal, and I am as sure as one may be of anything that support will not be lacking. Years and years hence, students will still be discovering new data in favour of H.P.B. She was not a charlatan, she was not a fraud. She was a woman of superb genius, she was an occultist. Therefore, the upshot of all the researches can only

glorify and vindicate her. This is my conclusion, and on this I work.

Lucky young Theosophist brought up on Blavatsky! The most brilliant day for her is to come. Too brilliant, some may find it. Their trial will be to see her figuring in plays, novels, films—and no doubt a model of the famous Hole in the Wall will tempt Madame Tussaud, with life-size Coulombs conspiring close by. In the meantime, Theosophists would be wise to get control of the coming movement and try to guide it in the right direction; fill their magazines from their archives, reprint faithfully the early books and make typed copies of all Reports and articles; in short, collect libraries of all the literature for and against H.P.B., and thus be in command of the position. For one of these days not too far ahead, the world will claim Blavatsky: in her vast and varied writings *is something for everyone*.

The self-styled Theosophist, then, who will not know what he ought to know will be ridiculous and, in morality, shown up as far below any ignorant Baconian, Browningite or any follower of anyone from whom he professed to have profited intellectually or morally. I meet today people who talk about being on the "Path", shown them by H.P.B., and who do not defend the reputation of their teacher. If I found myself on any path with such individuals, I should jump down the precipice as the likelier road to salvation. Mahatma K.H. wrote once of a certain kind of folk: "They are of the Universal Brotherhood *but in name*, and gravitate at best towards Quietism—that utter paralysis of the Soul. They are intensely selfish in their aspirations and will get but the reward of their selfishness." (Mahatma Letters, p.210.)

Whom the cap fits . . .

But there are real aspirants who have a differently dangerous outlook. These imagine that the present Defence is going to have a walk-over. They are wrong. Fifty years' calumny is not going to be wiped out at once. Besides, big Interests are concerned. These will work secretly; and as I am convinced now, the Attack is systematic and periodical, the key position being behind the infamous S.P.R. Report. That Report must be publicly withdrawn. The present average S.P.R. member probably knows little but the name of Blavatsky as a "charlatan". When these members begin

to know the facts, there will be a buzz in the S.P.R. Students! make it your business to make the S.P.R. members all over the world aware of my "Defence"—until someone even better equipped comes out with a better one. Defend Blavatsky, write about Blavatsky, lecture on Blavatsky, talk about Blavatsky at every good opportunity. She is now an Outlaw, thanks to the S.P.R. Anyone may safely say what he pleases against her. The world will finally correct this, but the friends of Blavatsky should be able to claim the honour—and *reward*. Blavatsky is a source of more than one kind of energy.

No fear of falling into blind worship, either. She, herself, has taken precautions against hysteria in the devotee; and, on this point, her Master has taken the further precaution of dotting i's and crossing t's. No goddess at all—but a great soul.

A great soul and a great genius. Neither Emile Zola in defending Dreyfus nor Voltaire in defending Jean Calas had such a personage to defend, and yet, look how these two men of genius set about it! Jean Calas, a Protestant, of no interest as such to Voltaire, was already tortured and executed. The Jesuits fancied him safely, silently dead and done with. But Voltaire threw up all his own work to vindicate Calas. Why? Because the defence of Calas represented the defence of the universal ideal of justice and liberty. Dreyfus was tightly shut up on Devil's Island, had no friends, was a Jew and poor. Yet, Zola risked position, fortune and reputation and went into exile to defend him. In both cases, atrocious conspiracy in high quarters was unmasked, and the victim vindicated. And as much may be done for H. P. Blavatsky and Company. Get Defence Groups together, people of intelligence and clear wits, loyal and resolute, who will tabulate, master the facts and spread them abroad, and never let go until the most influential of enemies will not venture to call her a charlatan, under penalty of public indignation.

I continue in this number the defence of H.P.B. and others, taking it for granted that students know what I have written previously. In future, plain figures will be used for numbering cases.

Hodgson's mishandlings of Olcott's evidence.

On May 11th, 1884, O. testified to the SPR Committee concerning Damodar's astral flight from Moradabad to Adyar. (First, or "Pri. and Con." Report, p.40. Refer also, "New U.", No. 1, Case 4 (IV).

O. At the headquarters (Adyar) resides M. Alexis Coulomb, Librarian of the Society. He was, at the time of Damodar's alleged visit, engaged at some work adjoining the writing bureau where Madame Blavatsky was. Suddenly he came into the room and asked Madame Blavatsky where Mr. Damodar was as he had heard his voice in conversation with her.

Myers. From whom did you hear this?

O. From M. Coulomb himself.

* * *

On page 235 of Hodgson's Report, H. comments: "I may notice here that M. Coulomb has stated to me that he told Colonel Olcott a falsehood at the request of Madame Blavatsky; and I may recall the fact, that we felt bound to mention in our First Report (p.40, note), that when Colonel Olcott quoted to us M. Coulomb's testimony as that of a trustworthy witness, he was aware that M. Coulomb had been charged with making trap-doors and other apparatus for trick manifestations. Further, when Colonel Olcott received the proof-sheets of his deposition, he must have been aware that the Coulombs had been expelled from the Theosophical Society".

This is a characteristic small sample of the SPR Report. With the dates under his hand, Hartmann's pamphlet, p.41, and Mme. Coulomb's pamphlet, p.3, in both of which it is shown that Coulomb only confessed about the trap-doors on *May 16th*, Hodgson attacks Olcott for quoting Coulomb on *May 11th*. On *May 11th*, C. had *not* been charged with making trap-doors. There was then no evidence against him at all. On *May 15th*, he was politely requested to *resign*, simply because his wife had been expelled on that day for attempted extortion of money and malice. (Coulomb pam-

phlet, p.107.) On May 11th, Olcott was still in full belief that Mr. C. was the "good honourable husband" of his wife, and himself one of the victims of her stupid stories. (See Vol. 2 "Defence of Madame Blavatsky", p.96, for O.'s letter to Mme. C.")

* * *

Hodgson talks about "proof-sheets". O. certainly never saw the printed proof-sheets of the First Report. H. can only mean the shorthand notes of the deposition, done into long-hand. And he omits to give any date. From which I conclude that the date would not serve his turn, and was probably only a day or two after May 11th. HPB's notes on the depositions show that she received in Paris all sheets within a few days. Stretch the date to the 17th, when Hartmann cabled O. for authority to expel both the C's: stretch it to the end of the month, even—Olcott had no details condemning Mr. C. until the middle of June, when letters, posted after the examination of the trapdoors on May 17th, reached Europe. Olcott was decidedly not required to withdraw C's testimony, published six months earlier in "Theosophist", Dec. 83, or to supply the SPR with an account of what was then regarded as simply a domestic trouble in the TS. As for denouncing Coulomb, so recently a member of the TS, the Colonel, at that time of shock and doubt, would have thought twice about it. Queer people, these "psychists"!

* * *

"Mr. Coulomb has stated to me that he told a falsehood at the request of Madame Blavatsky", says Hodgson. *So this must be true.* Or, if not true, quite true, compared with the falsehood C. told to Olcott. When O. quotes Mr. C., he is charged with quoting a man whose word could at no time be accepted, not six months before, not on the spot, not any time. And yet, Coulomb will do for the SPR! "Mr. Coulomb has stated to me . . ."—and Madame Blavatsky stands condemned on his bare word!

My lord, the witness, Colonel Olcott has misleadingly quoted the testimony of an untrustworthy person as though this person were trustworthy, but this person has stated to me . . .

No wonder the Indian lawyers smiled at Hodgson's Report—and stuck to Olcott!

The Moradabad Case.

During the whole of the years 1882-3, Olcott had been engaged in magnetic healing. His cures were so many and so marvellous that at last he had half India flocking after him for treatment. "One morning," so he tells us in "Old Diary Leaves", Vol. 3, p.22, "I found my left forefinger devoid of sensation—a clear warning to be careful; and between Madras and Bombay [Sep. 83], it had taken me much longer and demanded far greater exertions to effect cures than it had previously: there was a much larger percentage of failures. This is not to be wondered at, for after treating one way or another some 8,000 patients within the twelve-month, the sturdiest psychopath, let alone a man of fifty-odd, might be expected to have come to the last "volt" in his vital battery: a state to which the tiring journeys, the nights of broken sleep, the often meagre food, and the ceaseless intellectual strain of a large correspondence, daily conversations, and almost daily extemporaneous lectures on profound themes must, naturally, have greatly helped to bring about."

On Oct. 19th, O. received an order from his Master to cease treatments.

He was just off on a tour of the north of India. The programme had already been printed for the Supplement to the "Theosophist", Nov. 83, and the following notice had accompanied it: "The President-Founder extremely regrets that the enormous growth of the Society and the heavy work that it entails on him prevents his giving more than a day and a half to each place instead of at least three, as he was very anxious to do. He therefore hopes that the Branches will utilise every available moment . . . so that all the work may be got through in one day. The next morning may be devoted to the treating of patients by Mesmerism. Even with all this shortness of visits, he fears very much that he may not reach the Headquarters in time to prepare for the celebration of the Society's Eighth Anniversary . . ."

"This programme will be as strictly adhered to as possible. Any change necessitated by unforeseen contingencies, will be signified by telegram. Bombay, 17th. October."

In 1881, the Anniversary had had to be postponed for several weeks, as Olcott could not leave Ceylon. After the above was in press, came the order from the Mahatma, and HPB, editing at Adyar, was apparently obliged to cut out front page matter and insert the order:

"President-Founder's Circular. Since the printed programme of his tour was despatched [to Branches] on the 18th, the President-Founder has received peremptory ORDERS from his SUPERIORS not to take a single case for treatment until further advised. For fear, therefore, that this prohibition may not be removed before his reaching your Station, the President-Founder requests you to notify the fact of the ORDER to parties who have been promised or may be expecting his help."

* * *

This Order, couched in such language, was so implicitly respected by the Indian public that Olcott had no trouble the whole way until he reached the town of Moradabad, where "the Moradabad case" came into being.

From "Theosophist", Dec. 83: "We have much pleasure to be able to lay before the public a remarkable psychological phenomenon, as interesting as it is well-authenticated. On Nov. 10th, a European gentleman [Coulomb] attached to the Theosophical Headquarters was engaged in some work in a room adjoining that of Madame Blavatsky, when he heard a voice which he believed was that of Mr. D.K.M. [Damodar K. Mavalankar], an officer of the Parent Society, speaking to Madame Blavatsky in her room. As this young man had, to that gentleman's knowledge, left the Headquarters some weeks previously to join Colonel Olcott at Poona, he naturally thought at the time that he had come back, and so entered Madame Blavatsky's room to greet the officer in question on his return. But fancy his surprise when, on entering the room, he found that D.K.M. was nowhere to be seen; and his surprise positively grew to amazement when, on enquiring, he found that, though this young Brahmin was at the moment at Moradabad, N.W.P., yet Madame Blavatsky, who was then standing looking very much perplexed before the shrine, setting it in order, had also not only heard that chela's voice, but assured the gentleman that she had a message from D.K.M. that was of great importance, the words of which

she was asked to repeat by telegram. She immediately proceeded to have them wired to Moradabad, and the message was sent. In the evening, General and Mrs. Morgan from Ooty, Miss Flynn from Bombay, Mr. Mohini M. Chatterji from Calcutta and others on a visit to Adyar, talked the matter over a great deal, all expressing surprise and intense curiosity as to how far the phenomenon would be verified.

“With these prefatory remarks, we may safely leave the following documents to speak for themselves . . . These documents were received at Adyar five days later :

“On the evening of November 10th, Mr. D.K.M., having at the request of Mr. Shankar Singh of Moradabad promised to ask the Mahatmas whether Col. Olcott would be permitted to treat mesmerically two children, in whom Shankar Singh was interested, and having at his request gone to Adyar Headquarters in the *Sukshma sarira* (astral body), told us that he had received a message at the Adyar ‘Shrine’; at the same time he also said that he had asked Madame Blavatsky to give Col. Olcott a confirmation of his visit as well as of the order received through the shrine from Col. Olcott’s *guru* by sending a telegram to him, D.K.M. or to Shankar Singh; after which he reported (4.50 p.m.) its substance in these words: *Henry can try the parties once, leaving strongly mesmerised. Cajaputti oil to rub in three times daily to relieve sufferers. Karma cannot be interfered with.*

[Signed by Shankar Singh and eleven other witnesses.]

“The telegram mentioned by D.K.M. has just been received (8.45 a.m., Nov. 11th) as a deferred or night message of 34 words, in which the above exact words are repeated. Madame Blavatsky says “a voice from shrine” spoke the words, and adds that D.K.M. heard the voice, and the telegram is sent at his request.

“Copy of the telegram received from Madame Blavatsky by Mr. D.K.M.

(Class D)

To Moradabad
Words

Days

From Adyar (Madras)
Hours Minutes.

49 10 [Nov.]

17 [5 p.m.] 15

To Damodar K. Mavalankar
c/o Colonel Olcott.

From
H. P. Blavatsky.

Voice from Shrine says Henry can try parties once, leaving strongly mesmerised. Cajaputti oil, rub three times daily to relieve suffering. Karma cannot be interfered with. D. heard voice; telegram sent at his request.

“Noted that the telegram is dated Adyar, 5.15 p.m., or but 25 minutes later than the time when D's psychic message was reported at Moradabad. The two places are 2,281 miles apart.” [Signed by 8 witnesses.]

n.b. - voice for
the
shrine!

* * *

O. gave further details to the SPR Committee on May 11th, 1884 (First Report, p.36): I was strongly importuned by a gentleman named Shankar Singh, a Govt. official and not then a Theosophist, to undertake the cure of two lads aged 12 and 14 respectively, who had each on arriving at the age of ten years become paralysed . . . I refused in this instance, having already within the previous year done too much of it for my health. The gentleman urged me again. I again refused. He spent perhaps 10 or 15 minutes in trying to persuade me . . . but as I still refused, he went to Mr. Damodar, who was travelling with me in his official capacity. Shankar Singh represented the case, and appealed to Mr. Damodar's sympathies, and at last persuaded him to go in double, or phantasm, to the headquarters of our Society at Madras, and try to enlist the goodwill of Madame Blavatsky.

Myers. Was it known at headquarters that you were at Moradabad on that day?

O. It was not known . . . for while on a tour, I was constantly obliged to interrupt the previously settled programme, and go hither and thither to found new branches. All the elements are against any procurement. To understand the present case, you must know that it is the rule in those Eastern schools of mystical research that the pupils are not permitted to seek intercourse with Teachers other than their own. [But they are allowed to *apply* through the chelas of other Masters, the Master deciding whether or no to notice the communication]. Hence Damodar, who is the pupil—the Sanskrit word is *chela*—of Mahatma Koot Hoomi, could not himself approach my own Teacher, who is another person. Madame Blavatsky and I are pupils of the same Master, and hence she was at liberty to communicate with him on this

subject. [By the rules, O. himself could not question MM's order to him to stop healing, published in "T't", Nov. 83.] Mr. Damodar, preparatory to taking his flight, then sent Mr. Shankar Singh out of the room and closed the door. A few minutes later he returned to his visitor, who was waiting just outside in the verandah. They came in together to the part of the house where I was sitting . . . Mr. Damodar said that he had been in the double to headquarters, and had talked with Madame Blavatsky, who had refused to interfere. But while they were conversing, both heard a voice, which they recognised as that of my Teacher . . . Mr. Damodar remarked that . . . he would dictate from memory the message.

O. [after showing the documents above]: According to the best of my recollection, it must have been a quarter past four when Shankar Singh first appealed to me to heal the boys, that being 35 minutes before the actual date of the memorandum. The memo. states that Damodar added, after repeating the message he had received from headquarters, that he had asked Mme. Blavatsky to confirm the thing to me by sending a telegram repeating the message or its substance, either to him or Mr. Shankar Singh. The next morning the expected telegram arrived. [Dated by P.O. Adyar, 5.15 p.m. the previous day, that is, 25 minutes after date of Damodar's 4.50 p.m. memorandum at Moradabad. P.O., Colonel explained, is three quarters of a mile from headquarters, man going there on foot after Mme. B. had written telegram, given him money and directions; then message had to be received, registered and get its date, 5.15 p.m.]

Stack: It was practically an immediate reply? O.: Yes. Colonel then gave the information about Coulomb (see No. 8, above). Myers asked if they might apply to the telegraph people for confirmation of wire. To this and other questions of the sort, HPB replied affirmatively from Paris; and the Report states, p.80; "Madame Blavatsky and Colonel Olcott have repeatedly offered to assist us in India to examine all telegrams sent by or to any members of their group during the existence of the Theosophical Society". And, no doubt, Hodgson did so, with no good results for himself, as his Report omits all this. The SPR suppressed this First Report so far as they could and, as I know from a personal letter

from one of their then members, the people in the office positively denied that any such Report had ever existed! My distinguished and well-known correspondent had lost his copy and had applied for another. I myself have been so fortunate as to obtain recently a copy, and I have several typed copies, made last spring, to lend to Defence groups.

Stack and Myers then questioned O. as to whether D. could have gone out and wired to HPB. O. replied in the negative. O. replied to query—that D. had never met Mr. Singh before, complicity between them impossible; also that the gentleman held the rank of Thakur and that Damodar was an honourable person; then O. continued.

O. I will state circumstances that will show the little probability there was of any such conspiracy. Notice had been put into the *Theosophist* some months before that I was going to make such and such official tours throughout India, and that persons who had sick friends, might, within certain hours on the second day of my visit to each station, bring them to me to be healed. Shankar Singh had written to me long before my coming to Moradabad, asking me to undertake the cure of these boys, and offering to bring them to Madras to me. I refused to see anybody there, but told him he could bring the boys to me when I came to Moradabad, in the course of my tour; and it was in pursuance of that authorisation that he came and importuned me so. He said, "Here is something that you are, in a way, pledged to undertake", and that is what made him so urgent. [Finis.]

* * *

Now let us have a look at the Plot.

Shankar Singh has a promise from Olcott to try and heal his boys. In the meantime, Olcott's strength has sunk so low that one of his fingers "goes dead". On October 19th, Olcott receives an order in the following terms, to stop healing: "not to take a single case for treatment until further advised." This order is printed in "Theosophist" for November and Branch Secretaries are desired to circulate the notification "to parties who have been promised or who may be expecting his help". Throughout the tour, Colonel has no trouble with importunate people, but at Moradabad, awaits Shankar Singh whose persistent faith is to rival that

of the woman in the Bible.

Now, Madame Blavatsky and Damodar, neither of whom have ever met the gentleman, *have foreseen this* faith on the part of Shankar Singh. It was on this foresight of Shankar Singh's faith that they have based their Plot. Their penetration has gone even further, for they have foreseen that nothing would prevent Olcott from being at Moradabad on scheduled time, namely Nov. 10th, although it was the commonest thing for the tour schedules to be altered on the route ("Old Diary Leaves", many pages). Their prescience does not stop even here, for they have foreseen that Shankar Singh would come to the Colonel before 4.50 and not after 5.15—at the extreme latest, in fact a good fifteen minutes must be allowed off this. They have left nothing unforeseen: not the certainty of there being no railway breakdown or other accident anywhere en route; no sudden indisposition of Olcott or of Singh himself or one of his relatives; no sudden important visitor to detain either of them, no call of either anywhere by anyone; no sudden dust-storm, or thunderstorm, or any other Act of God. Providence, Transport, Olcott, Singh and all behave exactly as Madame Blavatsky and Damodar have foreseen. Rather lucky, because they have left themselves a narrow fifteen minutes to play with! And they are 2,281 miles apart. And then, we have not finished! They have foreseen that nothing would happen at the Adyar end of the line, that neither rain, fire, wind, disease nor man would put any impediment to jeopardise the success of the Plot within the available fifteen minutes. Wonderful, for nothing went wrong!

And the Plot, based on the aforesaid foresight, was this: that, at Moradabad, on Nov. 10th, near 5 p.m., Damodar should pretend to fall into a trance and to take an astral flight to Adyar and bring back a certain message, and that at Adyar, 2,281 miles away, on Nov. 10th, near 5 p.m., Madame Blavatsky should despatch a telegram saying that Damodar had been to Adyar and had asked her to repeat the message and confirm his presence.

Intelligence reels under the audacity of Madame Blavatsky if there really had been a plot. Where is there anything comparable? But, calming down, we are forced to murmur—"But how could she know for certain that Shankar Singh

would come at all, let alone just in the absolute nick of time?"

* * *

And so, the SPR was driven to enquire whether there might not have been conspiracy between Damodar and the Thakur Saheb, a Govt. official, and not even a Theosophist. Decency, one would have thought, would have forbidden any such enquiry concerning a man whose life was shadowed by the double tragedy of his two orphan nephews. And they printed it, too, months after, although they omitted all Sinnett's testimony. Truly, there were few depths known too deep for the 1885 SPR in its dealings with the Theosophical Society, and the Indian subjects of the British Crown.

Hodgson (Dec. 85 Report, p.231) begins his comments on this incident: "I shall now proceed to show that there is nothing in the circumstances connected with Mr. Damodar's 'astral journeys' that renders it difficult to suppose a pre-arrangement between him and Madame Blavatsky to make it appear that he took them; and even that some of the circumstances suggest a suspicion of such an arrangement," H. then quotes all the testimony of Olcott given above, to the conclusion, "that is what made him so urgent". H. continues:

"Now in dealing with the real sequence of events, this last statement should be considered first. It appears that before Colonel Olcott started on his tour, it was known at headquarters that when he reached Moradabad, Mr. Shankar Singh would expect him to fulfill his promise and mesmerise the boys."

Where Hodgson gets his data, I do not know. I have none on the point. I have plenty to show that Olcott did his business himself, quite apart from Madame Blavatsky, who rarely knew exactly where Olcott was, let alone what he was doing. What is certain and in cold print is that the notice to Olcott to do no healing was emphatic to the last degree: "The President-Founder has received peremptory ORDERS from his SUPERIORS not to undertake a single case of healing until further advised". Imagine that to devout Indians! Olcott could be certain of no importunity except from the most despairing of men. Mr. Shankar Singh had never been to Adyar, was unknown either to HPB or Damo-

dar, was not even a Theosophist, and Olcott tells of no communication but a letter. Who could have supposed that he and he alone among the people at the towns all along the route would throw himself on the mercy of the Mahatmas and force "virtue" out of them? The case, although pitiful, was not more so than hundreds that Olcott had treated. Listen to this: a letter to the "Indian Mirror", March 21. 83.

"Sir, The presence of Colonel Olcott in Calcutta has afforded us a long-needed opportunity to test the claims of mesmerism as a curative potency. We have attended at the Boitokkhana house of Maharajah Sir Jotendro Mohun Tagore Bahadur, K.C.S.I., the past seven or eight mornings, to see Colonel Olcott heal the sick by the imposition of hands. Our experience has been of a very striking nature. We have seen him cure an epileptic boy whose case had been given up in despair by his family after resorting to every other known mode of treatment. The lad is of respectable parentage, his father being the Deputy Magistrate . . . But a case that occurred this morning is of so remarkable a character as to prompt us to join in this letter for the information of your readers. A young Brahmin was brought by the relatives of the epileptic boy for treatment. He had a facial paralysis that prevented his closing his eyes, projecting his tongue and swallowing liquids in the usual way. The paralysis of his tongue prevented his speaking without the greatest efforts. In our presence and that of other witnesses, Colonel Olcott laid his hands upon him, pronounced the command *Aram Hol*, made some passes over his head, eyes, face and jaws, and in less than five minutes the patient was cured. The scene that followed affected the bystanders to tears. For a moment the patient stood, closing and opening his eyes and thrusting out and withdrawing his tongue. And then, when the thought flashed upon him that he was cured, he burst into a fit of tears and joy and with exclamations of gratitude that touched our hearts, flung himself on the ground at the Colonel's feet, embracing his knees and pouring out expressions of the deepest thankfulness. Surely no-one present can ever forget this dramatic scene.

Yours etc., Srinauth Tagore.
Shautcorry Mukerji. N. Chandra Mukerji.

It was after this tour that the Colonel's strength began to fail, and he says that he never again had such power. And now listen to the dirt that Hodgson poured over him (SPR Report, p.233.):

"But what were the peculiar circumstances that would compel Colonel Olcott to resist the importuning of Mr. Shankar Singh? Before starting on the tour [to Moradabad, etc.], Colonel Olcott had endeavoured to heal certain sick persons at Poona 'by the voluntary transference of vitality'. I was informed by a Poona Theosophist that some 200 patients assembled, and that Colonel Olcott had striven mesmerically with about 50 of them, the result being *nil*, whereupon the Poona Theosophists drew up a protest against Col. Olcott's disgracing the Theosophical Society by professing to produce cures in the face of such conspicuous failure."

I looked up the "Theosophist" for any word on this subject. No sign of any protest, but the most respectful report from Judge N. D. Khandalvala, Pres. of the Poona Branch. Stressing Olcott's value as President and the loss to the Society if he were invalidated, he writes: "About 20 or 25 persons were treated magnetically, but there was scarcely one patient who was sensitive to any marked degree. We were therefore not fortunate enough to see perfect cure effected. Two or three persons having pain in some parts of the body were relieved of that pain, and in the case of two paralytics, a little more ease of motion of the paralysed parts was induced . . . It is truly astonishing to see the President-Founder patiently and perseveringly mesmerising a number of sufferers for hours together. The drain upon his vital powers must be immense, and all our Fellows here are of opinion that he should give up this practice that is sure to be injurious to his health . . . Our President has acquired through the report of his cures a reputation that may be said to be 'dangerous' to himself and to the Society, for people expect too much and disappointment is sure to cause dissatisfaction".

Olcott having shown his self-sacrifice to the nth degree, his Master gave him a positive order—a very rare thing from a Master to a chela—to stop.

"Notwithstanding this," continues Hodgson, "this" meaning his own tale above, "Colonel Olcott might have been persuaded by Mr. Shankar Singh to the redeeming of his

promise; it was, perhaps, for this reason that a special injunction against his undertaking any cure was issued in the form of a Mahatmic document that reached him through Mr. Damodar”.

Mr. Singh was of no more importance than a hundred other people, the case was no more tragic than many others, and the Colonel's promise would be absolutely annulled in all Indian eyes by the Mahatma's order. It is quite difficult to follow Hodgson in his twisted reasonings, if they may be called such. He goes on to imply that the order was concocted by HPB. and Damodar for the sole purpose of ensuring Olcott's refusal to *Singh*, and thus enabling them to carry out their plot!

“In this way, Colonel Olcott's refusal was ensured. It may be observed that this important fact is not disclosed in Colonel Olcott's deposition. The reason there given by him for his refusal was that he ‘had already within the previous year done too much of it for his health’.”

So, Colonel, now, enters the plot! A sentence ago, he was so out of it that his refusal had to be ensured by a fraudulent Mahatmic communication, but now he is deliberately deluding the SPR by not disclosing “this important fact”. The fact had been printed and circulated all over India, as Hodgson knew perfectly well, for his Report shows how desperately, and vainly, he searched the pages of the “Theosophist” for incriminating bits and pieces; in fact, we shall see soon that he had read the notice. Yet, he ignores the notice itself and quotes from W. T. Brown, who was on tour with Colonel: “Colonel Olcott . . . had been ordered by his *Guru* to desist from treating patients until further notice”.

I know not why Hodgson should act thus. I think his brain was so twisted that it is a wonder he did not finally go insane; he certainly went wonderfully awry, had a row with the SPR. and went to America and became a Spiritualist on grounds that most modern scientific Spiritualists would unhesitatingly qualify as the territory of trance mind-reading. His reports of his experiments there touch the delirium of fanatical belief induced by squeezing one and one until they split under the strain and make two and several; then he calls the fragments mutually corroborating evidence. In the intervals he gave public lectures denouncing Blavatsky.

Hodgson: "But the most crucial point of the incident turned on Madame Blavatsky's ignorance or knowledge that the travellers were at Moradabad, and in reply to the definite question put by Mr. Myers, Colonel Olcott declared that it was not known at headquarters that he was at Moradabad."

Neither was it! It might have been surmised that he was there; it could not be known—unless Damodar had wired the news to HPB. Hodgson needed only to avail himself of HPB's authority to look up the telegraph files, and no doubt, he did so. But, Damodar could not have wired *about Singh's visit*, for the gentleman did not come until too late for any wire to get from Moradabad to Adyar.

Olcott, as well as lending his personal diary to assist Hodgson, told him to look up the dates of the tour where they were published, in the "Theosophist". Hodgson says: "It appeared from the programme that Moradabad was to be reached on Nov. 9th, and left on Nov. 11th (and it appears from Colonel Olcott's diary that it *was* reached on Nov. 9th, and left on Nov. 11th), so that it was known long previously at headquarters that Colonel Olcott would be at Moradabad on Nov. 10th. Colonel Olcott's reason for asserting that it was not known at headquarters that he was at Moradabad appears to be that, in the course of his tours generally, he was constantly obliged to interrupt the previously-settled programme, and that, therefore, no certain reliance could be placed on the programme for this particular tour. This, at least, is the most favourable interpretation of the evidence he gave before the Committee."

O's evidence did not "appear" at all, but *was exactly that*: "I, while on a tour was constantly obliged to interrupt the previously-settled programme"; and neither Madame Blavatsky nor Providence itself, unless it had an obliging finger in the pie, could have known before the tour began whether Colonel Olcott would be at Moradabad on Nov. 10th. This was one of the few tours that were run to schedule, doubtless owing to the circumstance that the Colonel's time was all his own, thanks to the Master's order. Of course, the unerring Madame Blavatsky had also foreseen this!

Hodgson: "I may note, however, that the following special proviso was attached to the list antecedently published in the *Theosophist*: 'This programme will be as strictly

adhered to as possible. Any change necessitated by unforeseen contingencies will be signified by telegram'. (Thus, in case of change of programme, Mr. Damodar would have an adequate reason for visiting the telegraph office, and might have sent a warning to Madame Blavatsky without exciting any suspicion. But the programme, as we have seen above, was closely kept, and the circumstances throughout were admirably adapted for a pre-arrangement".

* * *

I put an ice-cloth around my head and relieve my disgust with a burst of laughter. I bet few psychiatrists have often more morbidly cruel and stupid stuff to deal with! As if Damodar were kept on a chain! And "special proviso"! See "Theosophist" all through. All changes were notified by telegram on all tours to *Secretaries of Branches*, of course; and not by H.P.B., from Adyar, but by Colonel himself. Neither did he usually send Damodar running such simple peon's errands in strange towns!

* * *

In the middle of writing this, I verified some notes about O's tours. It took me about three hours, but two and three-quarters went in reading the other pages. Surely there never was a more fascinating journal than the "Theosophist" under the editorship of H.P.B.! If literary folk wish to know what she was about *Between the Plots*, they may read this. It ought to be re-published verbatim, down to the advts. and with nobody's "cuts" of the supposed impermanent; it is all permanent, the life of the Society was lived in it.

Well, I found that Olcott's Calcutta tour in March 1883, was twice altered; due to leave there on March 12th, he did not leave until April 4th; moreover HPB not having the programme herself, copied it from the Calcutta "Indian Mirror"! The Ceylon June tour programme can hardly be called a programme at all; it was all altered and made up as they went along. The same applies to the South India tour, Aug.-Sept., the Colonel frequently breaking the settled route and going here and there on invitation. "In compliance with an invitation" Col. O. went here; "A deputation awaited the train" there, at so-and-so, "to beg him to deliver a lecture". That is the sort of thing one finds all along.

Hodgson: "Yet Colonel Olcott, after asserting that it was not known at headquarters that he was at Moradabad, and giving a general reason for supposing that it could not be known, adds: 'All the elements are against any procurement'. His promise to the waiting Shankar Singh, the 'Chohan's' emphatic prohibition bestowed on him by Damodar, the programme that pointed with a steady finger to Moradabad on November 10th, the easy opportunity afforded to Mr. Damodar of guarding against a *fiasco* in case of any unforeseen contingency—'all the elements are against any procurement'!

And one can see the snigger that went around the SPR meeting when Hodgson's report was first read out by Sidgwick, and the TS thus shown up by this thrilling wit as a den of humbugs, liars and fools. They forgot the judge—Time.

* * *

I conclude this section with Hodgson's crowning petard. In the message from the Shrine, the word "parties" is used. Hodgson; p.233: "The use of the word 'parties' seems to be a suspicious circumstance. Why should this general and rather odd word be used if it were not to cover possible but unforeseen contingencies? The word 'boys' would have been shorter and more natural". (See "N. U." No. 1, Case 4.)

What contingencies? That the boys might have grown up in the meantime and become adult parties? Or, that some other sick parties, at this very Moradabad, on this very Nov. 10th, at this very hour of five, might have butted in, defied the order to Olcott to do no healing, and obligingly forced forced him to waver—so as to enable Madame Blavatsky and Damodar to carry out their plot?

Hodgson has built up his whole "plot" on *Shankar Singh*, so if the "parties" in the message had meant anyone *but* Mr. Singh's "boys", he would need to build an entirely different case! There is what can happen when a man's malice outruns his reason.

Dr. Hartmann's rose-coloured ribbon.

Before Dr. Hartmann joined the TS in 1883, he had been a Spiritualist for many years and had seen so much phenomena that it took a good deal to surprise him. The common phenomenon of an *apport* certainly could not, and he relates the following very drily. ("Theosophist", April, 1884.)

"On the morning of the 20th of Feb. 84, I received a curious Tibetan medal through Madame Blavatsky. I then accompanied her on board the steamer on which she was to sail for Europe. On my return to the shore, I went into a native jeweller's shop and bought a locket to deposit my medal, but could not find a chain long enough for my purpose. I then returned to my room, and paced the floor, studying what to do in regard to the chain. I finally came to the conclusion that I would buy a rose-coloured ribbon. But where to get it, being a stranger in Bombay; that was the question. My pacing the floor brought me again in front of the open window, and there before me on the floor lay exactly the very silk ribbon, brand new, and just the one I wanted. F. Hartmann. Bombay Feb. 21st, 84." As editor, pro tem of the "Theosophist", Hartmann published this in the April issue.

The SPR First Report, p.100 remarks: "The case does not appear to us evidentially of much importance, because it was at the open window that the ribbon fell, and Madame Coulomb was with Dr. Hartmann at Bombay."

Coulomb pamphlet, p.80: "We arrived at Bombay. I went to a friend's house to stay, and Madame with her 'suite' put up in some rooms in Apollo Street." (The friend was a Mrs. Dudley.)

P.82. "I remained some time on board. Dr. Hartmann, Mr. Lane-Fox and many others left; Miss Flynn and myself remained very long after, but seeing no sign of the steamer starting, and knowing that Mrs. Dudley was waiting for me at home, we took leave, and Madame, embracing me very warmly wished me health and happiness. I went home, and told Mrs. Dudley all I suffered on this journey, and my opinion of the Theosophical concern."

So, so far from obliging Madame Blavatsky by throwing ribbons into Dr. H's room (on the third floor of the hotel, he says, elsewhere), Mme. C. was not only *not* "with Dr. Hartmann at Bombay", but was busy blackguarding HPB.

II.

Babajee's "alias".

SPR Report, p.247. Hodgson: "He seems to have no objection to assuming different characters, since at this very time he represents two persons in the last Official Annual Report issued by the Theosophical Society; that is, to say, he appears under two different names. On p.8 he appears as the delegate of the Vizianagram Branch under the name of *Babajee D. Nath*, and on p.131, he appears as one of the Assistant Recording Secretaries under the name of *S. Krishnaswami*. Yet Babajee D. Nath is the same person as *S. Krishnaswami*, the latter being Mr. Babajee's real name, according to his account to myself."

And to a few others! The whole Society knew that Babajee D. Nath was the *sunyasi* or "mystic" name of Krishnaswami; and the members from Vizianagram when at Adyar for the Convention would, on applying to the Assistant Recording Secretary for any information, meet certainly—"one and the same person"! Alias! Not near so much of an alias as "Timothy Shy" or "Y. Y." or lots of other people, for such is the custom in India.

"I may add", says the learned agent of the SPR., "that Mr. Babajee, if I may judge from the account (perhaps not very reliable) that he has given me of his changeful life, appears to be almost isolated and entirely homeless apart from the Theosophical Society, and is, I think, eagerly ready, out of gratitude for sheltering kindness received from Madame Blavatsky, to dispense on her behalf most freely with the truth."

A. P. Sinnett, in "The 'Occult World' Phenomena" (that should, by now, have run to fifty editions if the beneficiaries of Blavatsky had done their duty; a brilliant piece of work!)

writes on p.47: "I protest against the cruel misrepresentation of the position of Mr. Babaji, that occurs on p.247 (Hodgson Report). He is *not* 'entirely homeless, apart from the Theosophical Society', in the sense in which alone the words will be understood by the English reader. He is homeless as any man of respectable parentage may be if he takes monastic vows. His family, who are well off, will gladly find him a home if ever he should want it. But, in adopting a religious life he has, in accordance with custom, set himself apart from the world and its ties."

In a letter to Sinnett ("Letters of HPB to APS p.340), Babajee says: "I send you herewith the General's (Morgan) letter stating that he saw my brother and Mr. Lane-Fox himself has seen one of my brothers . . . Dr. Hübbe, Mohini and Miss Arundale too are in correspondence with my brother, who is well-known in the University as an able graduate . . . Bertram and Arch. Keightley know that D.N. [Dhabagiri Nath] is not the name given me by my physical self's father."

* * *

Some day, the story of Babajee may strike the imagination of some new Bulwer Lytton, some occultist writing fiction. Meanwhile, the canards perpetrated by the SPR go circulating all over the world.

NOTES.

There has been some misunderstanding of my remark about the "limited editions" of my volumes, "limited" having been supposed to mean a couple of hundred. Not so, but 1,000; Vol. I. is now in second 1,000—but what is this among so many?

* * *

I have to thank Dr. Stokes for the gift of Peeble's "Around the World", kindly sent from Washington; Mr. Albert Smythe for gift of Dr. Farquhar's "Modern Religious Movements in India", sent from Hamilton, Ontario; Miss Edith Ward for loan of Moncure Conway's "Pilgrimage to the Wise Men of the East"; Mrs. Henderson for long loan of "Theosophist" first 6 vols, sent carriage and insurance paid both ways from Victoria, B.C.; Mr. A. Trevor Barker for long loan of "Lucifer", Vols. 1-8 and "Path", Vols. I-X; Mrs. Alice Cleather, of Darjeeling, for gift of her three books in defence of H.P.B.: "H. P. Blavatsky, her Life and Work for Humanity", "H. P. Blavatsky as I knew her" and "A Great Betrayal", kindly sent through the Blavatsky Association; Miss Elsie Savage of Point Loma for bringing me the file of "Occult Word" to look over, and for excellently typed extracts from same.

I still lack W. T. Brown's "Life" and Ruthnavelu's article in "The Philosophic Inquirer", April 8th, 1883, very important and necessary. I need Olcott's "People from the Other World"; "Isis Further Unveiled", by the son of Ramaswami; "Madame Blavatsky, her tricks and her dupes", a Christian tract issued by the Christ. Lit. Society of Madras; Ninth Annual Report of the T.S., 1885; and a lecture given by Mrs. Gordon at Earl's Court Lodge, Nov. 13th, 1892, on "The Early Days of the T.S. in India."

* * *

I have secured the "O.E. Library Critic" from 1917 to date, and I strongly advise students to get the same. It is sold at the low price of one pound, and contains innumerable data for the defence. Address: 1207 Q. Street, N.W. Washington, D.C., U.S.A. (Takes up about 7 inches by 5 inches.)

* * *

A Society of the Friends of Blavatsky will be started next

year. The Society will not be concerned with anything but the practical defence of H.P.B. I shall take no official position, but edit "N. U." as the organ.

* * *
The general notion that H.P.B.'s personal friends are all resting in Devachan is wrong. I am now in active correspondence with seven of them, and doubtless there are more. And a miraculously lively and charming bunch they are! I'm getting priceless stories and bits of first-hand information, photos, autographs and copies of letters. And here is "a strange coincidence": last Sunday, I had spent a worrying two hours over a certain subject. On Monday morning, came a letter from India enclosing a copy of a letter from H.P.B. on this very subject.

* * *
"New Universe" appears in a cover this time, and I have had covers printed for No. 1. Covers may be had for 1½d. which pays for postage. A third number of "N. U." will appear before Vol. 3, "Defence of Madame Blavatsky".

* * *
Messrs. Hare, I presume, have sent me their latest "bark" from Letchworth. Having shown, with chapter and verse, that they are mostly wrong about everything and everyone and that they maliciously distort and misquote, I have no more to say to them. If Mr. Jinarajadasa replies to them, as I suppose he will, that he was in error about the "Dis-inherited", that *may* silence Messrs. Hare, but I doubt it. Anyway, I should only notice them again if they were to bring me a correction of some error in my data, when I would print the correction—with thanks.

* * *
On advice from various quarters, I decided to send the "Defence" vols. for general review. Thus, I am now relieved of the charge I heard from both Theosophist and "secular" friends that I was prejudicing the circulation. Below are extracts from reviews received mostly before this. The very first review came from "*The Workers' Monthly*", a Co-op and Labour paper, published at Farnham, Surrey and widely circulated through the counties.

"Defence of a woman of genius. Mrs. Beatrice Hastings wields a trenchant pen in repelling some of the attacks made on a very remarkable woman, and she is the more effective because she is no blind admirer."

The Theosophical Forum (English Section). "We strongly recommend all members of the English Section to obtain this powerful defence of the Life and Work of H.P.B."

The Canadian Theosophist. "Mrs. Beatrice Hastings has come like the spring of the year . . . and tells us the old old story of the goodness and truth and beauty of Madame Blavatsky and her Message."

O.E. Library Critic. "I thought I had sucked about all the juice out of the Hare lemon, but I deceived myself. I recommend the reading of this section [The Mahatma Letters and Messrs. Hare, Vol. I.] to Dion Fortune and the editor of the *Occult Review*, who have passed favourably on the Hare book, evidently after a most superficial reading."

The Theosophical Forum (Point Loma). "There is a glow comes over one as he becomes absorbed in these pages, and I don't suppose there is a single dyed-in-the-wool Theosophist who won't get what Americans call a 'kick' out of reading this brilliant championing of the Great Theosophist."

The New English Weekly. "The rights and wrongs of the bitter war, who were the liars and who were not, has never been settled, for one of the protagonists, the S.P.R., was in those days vowed to uphold materialism at all costs. Hence Mrs. Hastings' very serious work . . . will be of interest . . ."

The Right Review. "We are very pleased to see the defence of Madame Blavatsky undertaken by one who has a genuine reputation in the world of letters . . . Madame Blavatsky, at the lowest estimate, was an astonishing genius . . . If her mahatmas and their letters were forgeries, all the better: for then she was herself their creator . . . Persons who regard the *Secret Doctrine* as a mass of plagiarisms have never read it, unified as it is by her peculiar and excellent style."

The American Theosophist. "Noteworthy indeed is this small volume, slight only in format, but commanding in its ringing demand for justice for a great person, H.P.B. . . . Every Theosophist will welcome this critical examination and dissection of the baseless assaults on our revered Founder."

Light (Editorial). "It may cheer Mrs. Hastings to know that there are at least a few—ourselves among them—outside the Theosophical Society (the members of which will, we suppose, give her a large measure of support) who will be delighted if she achieves complete success . . . There are doubtless many Spiritualists . . . who will be delighted if the stigma of 'Charlatan' can be finally disassociated from Madame Blavatsky's name."

News and Notes. "Full of interesting and authentic facts."

Buddhism in England. "Mrs. Hastings is the latest warrior to take up arms against the attack upon the personal integrity of H. P. Blavatsky. It is right that those who accept the teachings of the Masters and their agent, "H.P.B.", should rally to defend her name."

* * *

"*Path*", received too late for quotation in this issue.

* * *

Future vols. and "N. U." will be sent to journals that have reviewed previous issues and forwarded copies of review. Readers please send me any cuttings they come across.

No. 3

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NEW UNIVERSE

“Try”

Vol. 1. No. 3.

February, 1938.

6d.

Editor - Beatrice Hastings.

This paragraph may interest mainly readers who sign “F.T.S.”

What does the following mean?—

““Can you do anything to help on the Society?” Want me to speak frankly? Well, I say *No*: neither yourself nor the Lord Sang-Yias Himself—so long as the equivocal position of the Founders is not proved due to fiendish malice and systematic intrigue—could help it on.” (Mahatma M. to Sinnett in 1881. “Mahatma Letters”.)

?

* * *

On p. 15 is reproduced a public notice recently sent out to the Friends of Madame Blavatsky. The idea of this association to defend her reputation has, however, been circulating privately since October, in India and elsewhere, and, already two Overseas groups have started, one in Melbourne and one in Canada. The first provincial group to start is in Liverpool. This is fine. Before next New Year, we shall have put a girdle round about the earth.

* * *

Remember the words of Anatole France in the funeral oration of Zola:

“Emile Zola had conquered fame; his reputation was secure; he was enjoying the fruits of his toil, when suddenly, and of his own free will, he bade goodbye to his work—to a life of lettered ease—because he knew that there is no serenity save in justice—no repose save in Truth . . . Let us not pity him because he suffered. Let us envy him! Let us envy him because his great heart won him the proudest of destinies. He was a moment in the conscience of man.”

None of us, the Friends of Madame Blavatsky, will wear any such palm individually. But, collectively, we may become "a moment in the conscience of man". Some of us can put all other work aside and give our pens, some can give money—but what every "F.T.S." can do is to devote all the time he or she now spends on profiting by Blavatsky to vindicating her. How? By studying her case. There is no other way to begin! By demanding that Lodge lectures shall be devoted to the stuff of her defence. Before I get through with my volumes, the whole of the charges will have been dealt with. I have resolved to go on until every attack has been met. While this is going on, the Friends of Blavatsky will learn and spread abroad what they learn, get sure of their facts and put them to others in a convincing way according to the mental capacity. Take a short case first, and ram it home. *There are few persons* who cannot be led to take an interest in a case of injustice, but it is of no use to expect the world to defend Blavatsky—and that is our aim!—unless it is made acquainted with the case.

FRIENDS.

Get groups together and get to know the case yourselves, then you can tell it on public platforms to other people and in time we shall have the public in all countries clamouring for justice for Blavatsky. No need to meddle with the secrets of the phenomena—just need to prove first that on the evidence brought in the SPR Report, there is not only no case, but that the Report itself is a tissue of falsehood, suppression of facts, deliberate twisting and expression of mere slanderous opinion. The aim of the Friends of Madame Blavatsky is to get that Report publicly withdrawn and we shall carry on a campaign until it is withdrawn.

* * *

A friend has sent me Chesterton's "Autobiography" wherein he refers to Madame Blavatsky as "a coarse, vigorous old scallywag". I am the more content to have long considered Chesterton as a dangerous Jesuitical buffoon whose Catholic confession was secretly made long before the public he wrote for was allowed to suspect it, and whose cunning Loyolaisms together with word-foppery that many mistook for true

paradox, worked enormous mischief with the brains of his generation, beginning with his own brother, Cecil, a better man than himself. His "Autobiography", with its indecent slander on a literary genius incomparably beyond him, is not a piece of writing at all, not a work that any critic would preserve for the style, but is rattled here and laboured there like the confidences of a giggling Fanny or a club bore. This interminable clown to speak of the writer of "Blue Mountains", "The Caves and Jungles of Hindostan" and "Nightmare Tales", to name only works that all the world can, and will in time, appreciate, as a coarse old scallywag! Time will forget him, while her fame can only increase.

* * *

And, O Theosophists, that is still another attack to add to my long shelf of such; and gone into sixteen impressions among a public that, *so far*, knows no better. There has been a quite new crop in the last two or three years. Come along and get to work to stop it once and for all.

* * *

The Adyar "Theosophist" for December contains a review by "J.R." of "Defence" (at least I presume so, as I have received advance proofs of a review). The notice refers to but one volume and gives neither price nor address. Unless Indian readers care to risk a blank cheque to me at the rather large town of Worthing, they will remain in the dark. True, "The Hindu" of Madras, the biggest paper in South India, gave Vols. 1 and 2 a splendid review on Nov. 21st, with both price and full address, so most educated Indians will be aware that the case of Madame Blavatsky is being seriously taken up. True, also, that scores and scores of copies are now circulating between Bombay and Kalimpong. True, again, that Adyar has recently sent an order by Air-mail.

However, the review is not in the least calculated to make anyone rush to buy even the one volume mentioned, let alone send blank cheques to Worthing. I won't go into the pinchbeck, patronising style, merely giving a sample. My detailed exposure of the Hares with some few hundred hard-won data is referred to as "a tilt". This is extremely impertinent, but I have more serious fish to fry.

The reviewer, "J.R.", remarks complacently that "Mrs.

Hastings has no access to the many private documents at Adyar". This a very foolish remark, as it might be taken to mean not only that I have not the equipment for the defence, but that Adyar is deliberately withholding matter that would help to vindicate Madame Blavatsky. However, I reply to "J.R." that the case against the SPR can be proved without the addition of a single document beyond what is now in circulation. In fact, entirely new documents, unless they could be verified against already published matter, whether produced by any friendly group or by the SPR, could scarcely be accepted by either side. Too long a time has passed and the documents still concealed have gone through too many hands to be of much weight in the case. I should be very wary of using such. I receive frequently new personal testimonies to the character and phenomena of HPB, and shall publish them some time; but that is a different matter. With the publication of the "Mahatma Letters", the case for the defence really closes.

Next. Four correspondents, including two editors of Theos. journals, have sent me privately half a dozen corrections of data, leaving it to my discretion to make the corrections where these would be most effective, in the volumes or "New Universe", where the defence is being collected. "J.R." takes a different line and corrects me in his own pages. On the ground that "Mrs. Hastings likes correct documentation", his readers are given three alleged samples of my inaccuracy. They are informed that Mrs. Gordon had already met HPB in Allahabad in 1879 before the Simla meeting, something I might be supposed to know, really! I saw that the sentence was ambiguous but considered that my thesis was in no way affected and so left it. Next, I am instructed as to my error, serious enough to use up several lines in the "T.", in alleging that HPB suffered from shortness of breath in the "heat and dust" of October at Lahore. It appears that Lahore is not very hot "although there is always dust". Well, I take the dust and let the heat go—to whatever it may be above that of Simla whence HPB had come.

The reviewer's third effort to be helpful in defending Blavatsky is, however, one that corrects not only myself but a higher authority, namely Mahatma K.H. "There is no record", writes "J.R.", that H.P.B. left Simla in a state of

nerves and heart-break (Vol. 1. p16.), and that therefore she developed a raging fever [I did not say so. I said "running for a break-down".]—fevers are easily provoked in India, a chill is enough"

I drew my conclusion from several records. 1. Major Henderson's "ultimatum", (O.D.L. Vol. 2, p.235). This public challenge, almost denunciation, by the all-powerful Chief of Police, may have made HPB inclined to sing and dance, or even made no impression at all on her heart and nerves; but in this case we should have to conclude that she cared nothing about the future of the TS. or about the result of Olcott's appeal to the Indian Govt. to cease treating her as a suspicious character. 2. The attacks in the "Englishman" and the "Statesman" and other papers on the Oct. 3rd phenomena. 3. The cooling-off of Simla people and the general verdict, recorded by Olcott, that she was in league with the Devil. 4. Her own letter to Sinnett, and finally, 5. The Mahatma's post-script *the which I quoted in full* on p.21. He says: "This dangerous nervous crisis was brought on by a series of unmerited insults . . . Her reason as well as her life was in danger . . ."

I think it is now made fairly clear that HPB's heart must have been somewhat sorely wounded before leaving Simla and that her nerves had long been stringing up to the crash that came at Lahore. However, she caught the fever, it was not this that brought the Mahatma to her side but the fact that she had suffered mentally so intensely since Oct. 3rd, when the Henderson quarrel started the "series of insults", that she was on the point of losing her mind.

I trust that since "J.R." has corrected the Mahatma, he will correct himself now where this would be most effective, namely in the pages where he has led the Indian Theosophists to distrust *my* accuracy. And I take the occasion to beg Theosophical reviewers, at least, to be very sure that their corrections are, firstly, serious ones, and secondly *correct*, before publishing such and thus putting me to the waste of time, space and cost of printing in making a public reply.

* * *

I have been informed by a Theosophical leading light that my books are over the heads of the average Theosophist, who

knows nothing of the history of the Society. I regret it, but suppose that the average Theosophist is so ignorant . . . whose fault is this? Not mine. Anyway, they now have a chance to learn, let them learn. I find Theosophists wide-awake, remarkably so; some only rather useless because their minds need clearing of a lot of pretty-coloured fog. Here is the very best chance for these last to sharpen their brains. Of course I cannot write with an eye to the really ignorant. My books are written to command the attention of the most cultured people, in and out of any T.S., and to challenge effectively the remarkably cunning and clever people on the enemy side. Some of the latter, anyway, *know already* much of what I am bringing out. It must not be supposed that everyone in the SPR has overlooked the fact that no telegrams were produced; or that Olcott's testimony was practically solid; or that Solovyoff faked the translation of HPB's "confession". Of course all these and hundreds of other things are secretly known. The knowers have merely lain low, and will continue to lie low until absolutely forced into the open.

It is not my business to teach Theosophists ignorant of their history how to defend their benefactor, but the business of those in charge of the Lodges. Let these take one case at a time and master it. That will do more to give the ignorant real confidence in Madame Blavatsky than any amount of hymn-singing to our beloved HPB: the difference between a flag-waving bystander, who may run away, and the drummer in the ranks who will not. It is shocking that such lambs should be allowed to suppose that they can float into Nirvana with a copy of the "S.D." under their arms while the agent of the teaching can be publicly called "a coarse old scallywag", without a protest on their part. And, if the theory of individual karma prove to be true, they must unconsciously be laying up for themselves a life where they, too, will be accused and left undefended. In any case, they will leave behind them a terrible injustice in the astral ocean to affect *somebody*. How can the world believe that Theosophists really believe in karma and the effects of causes and the oneness of humanity so long as they leave the atmosphere fouled by an injustice that it is their own particular, unescapable duty to redress?

• • •

It is not the province of this magazine to review books, even when kindly sent, unless they contain something really helpful to the Defence. Most of the so-called historical books published of late years are lifeless paraphrasings (amounting to blank plagiarism, for they "worsen the matter") of Olcott's delightful "Old Diary Leaves", Countess Wachtmeister's "Reminiscences", Sinnett's "Incidents" and other early books that *belong to literature*, because they are well-written and are first-hand narratives. However many faults there may be in "ODL", this can never be surpassed as a record, and anyone who tries to do it over again or to do anything but correct material errors in a commentary, or add from the original diary, is simply tinkering. His "politics" are a separate question.

Miss Neff's book, "Personal Memoirs of H. P. Blavatsky" (Rider, 18s.), although of little use to the advanced student will, I presume, find a rightful place in every Theosophical Lodge where there are members needing enlightenment about H.P.B. Miss Neff has had the tact to leave the quotations she uses mostly without comment. The book is so likely to lead many to the *sources* themselves that I feel quite disinclined to criticise it in any way but the sympathetic. Miss Neff, as I know, has done a fine bit of work on the chronology of the "Mahatma Letters". Some of her dates are out, but this seems to be due to her lack of material such as the SPR and other documents. She ought to be subsidised to do nothing but research, and I take the occasion to offer her scripts of anything I have, the which is now a very respectable HPB library.

* * *

I continue the defence of H.P.B. and Company.

Case 12.

Examination of "fraud" letters by Theosophists.

Since writing Vol. 2, I have been able to secure a copy of the 1904 reproduction of the original 1884 articles, "Collapse of Koot Hoomi", whereas previously I had had to work on a typed summary. This republication, twenty years later,

was undertaken by the Christian Literature Society of Madras for the avowed motive that "certain facts should be brought to the notice of those who are ignorant of what transpired some twenty years ago". These people are evidently quite aware that so long as Madame Blavatsky may be slandered, the Society may be made to bear the brunt, she being dead. I am, by the way, quite against the absurd dictum, *De mortuis nil nisi bonum*. The bad frequently become infinitely more harmful when dead, their evil lives after them; and it is impossible to hale them into police court or libel court. If we might not expose the secret villainy of the departed, neither logically, could we defend any dead or, even, living victim. I have said a few things about the late lamented Monsieur and Madame Coulomb and their colleague, Hodgson, and a few about their victim; if they might not be attacked, I could not defend her.

She was thirteen years dead, anyway, when the C.L.S. of Madras "thought it desirable" to reprint the original "Christian College Magazine" attack on her. These articles shall have a section to themselves in some future volume. For the moment, I am only interested in correcting myself. I said (Vol. 2, p.28) that only one fraud letter had been shown to Theosophists for examination, namely, a letter wherein Major-Gen. Morgan was named. There has been considerable chicanery on the part of the enemy concerning the question as to whether the letters were ever shown, and I think I have now got to the bottom of the mystery.

It appears that *four* letters were shown to Theosophists at Adyar, after General M. had seen his letter. But what *were* these four letters? One was the same letter Morgan had seen and which he pronounced a forgery! The second was a long letter from HPB to the Coulomb from Paris (Vol. 2, App. 1, 4); but this letter was never disputed! The third was a letter written on the back of another, containing no "fraud" and, also, not disputed. The fourth was the letter concerning the "Maitland cigarette" (Vol. 2, p.37); it will be noted that I considered the main part, or first sheet, of this letter as certainly genuine and, I add, actually written by HPB. Curious that the Rev. Patterson should have picked out just this one to present! It was the one that contained the "note on the fly-leaf", rejected by Judge Gribble as

"unsafe", and the "fraud" slip of paper that he apparently found beneath legal consideration as he ignored it completely. The SPR used it.

And *that* is what the Rev. Patterson in the "Methodist Times", Oct. 31, 89, called *showing the letters*! The missionaries showed just enough to be able to tell the half-truth that is so difficult to expose.

(Note. I thought I had made it clear (p.16) that the "fraud" screed translations in Vol. 2 are as given by Mme. C. I altered nothing. Also, double columns are exactly as she printed them.)

Case 13. *The "Kiddle incident"*.

(Refer Vol. 1, Section 2.) In the First (P. and C.) SPR Report, we read on p.22: "Mr. Massey showed that quoted sentences seem to have been ingeniously twisted into a polemical sense, precisely opposite to that in which they were written . . . but the odd coincidence remains that words should have been originally quoted most of which were capable of being pieced together into a coherent meaning other than that intended by their original author."

A feat unparalleled! Try it. Read a page of a book and then write that page in such a manner that you can, later, make a coherent article *by adding here and there half a page more* that gives a coherent meaning other than that intended by the original author. I have failed to be able to do it even in one moderately long sentence.

Incidentally, you may search and expect to find, but you will not find the remark above (probably by Mr. Myers) taken from the First Report, in the Second; it was suppressed—naturally.

Of course, the Mahatma's own explanation that the chela, in precipitating, had omitted the polemical parts of his dictation, is the only one possible. The omitted passages were only supplied three years later! And the letter, when made whole, not only reads coherently but expresses what we know to have been his usual personal point of view.

Case 14. *First versus Second SPR Report.*

Re Damodar's "Moradabad flight" ("New U." No. 1, Case 4 (iv) and No. 2, Case 9.)

First Report, p.34: "The dates and circumstances, as described, scarcely admit of previous arrangement." (That is, plot between HPB and D.)

Second Report, p.209: "For Mr. Damodar's 'astral journeys' I could find no additional evidence which rendered pre-arrangement in any way more difficult than it appeared to be under the circumstances narrated to us at the time of our First Report, when we considered that collusion between Madame Blavatsky and Mr. Damodar was not precluded."

For face-saving! I think that the reason why the SPR adjudged HPB as the champion fraud of all the ages was because they had committed themselves so deeply in the First Report, even in the self-revealing hedgings and manglings in which we have it—that they could only regain their position as *esprits forts* by allotting her "a title to permanent remembrance" as an impostor. The remembrance will be permanent all right, but not on those grounds.

Case 15. *Mahatma M's Portrait.*

First Report, p.35: "The production of the portrait of Colonel Olcott's Master, Mahatma M. is interesting, because this is the portrait from which other persons recognise Mahatma M. when they see him or his supposed apparition. We can hardly regard it as evidence, however, without knowing more about the gentleman who is said to have drawn it."

Perhaps if they had known the gentleman's name and address (it was M. Harisse, "O.D.L." Vol. 1, p.370), that would have made some difference to the fact that the persons who saw Mahatma M. both in person and in "astral" recognised him from the portrait! The only difference would have been that we should have had this gentleman handed down to us as—one more confederate.

Case 16. *Professor Smith's "No chance" letter.*

(Refer Vol. 2, p.51). Prof. Smith: "She then desired us to sit down and in so doing took my hands in both of hers.

In a few seconds, a letter fell at my feet." Quoted in First Report, p.109.

Committee's remark: "There is the additional possibility in this case that Madame Blavatsky may have thrown it."

Even if she had only thrown it with her disengaged feet without the Professor seeing her, that would have added *something* to her title to permanent remembrance.

Case 17.

Testimony to Damodar's London astral flight, May, 1884.

I do not possess the Journal of the SPR, 1884-5-6, and I should very much like to have it; I tremble when relying on notes and extracts. However, I now quote it from the SPR First Report, and hope that their extract is exact. Their shorthand notes are doubtfully so. The Committee must have cursed this 1884 "Journal" that gives them away appallingly as having once countenanced Blavatsky and Company and psychic phenomena in general.

"The Journal of the Society for Psychical Research for June, in an account of a meeting held at the Garden Mansion, May 28th, contains the following passage (pp.75-6):—

"At the conclusion of the Literary Committee's Report, some further discussion was raised on Colonel Olcott's evidence, and Mr. E. D. Ewen, of Chattisgarh, C.P. India, stated that he had himself a few days ago (on Friday, May 23rd, at about 10 p.m.) received a visit from Mr. Damodar in the astral body. He (Mr. Ewen) had gone to an upstairs room, at 77 Elgin Crescent, to replenish his tobacco-pouch. He was in the act of doing so from a store of tobacco in a drawer, when he suddenly perceived Damodar standing beside him. He recognised Damodar distinctly, having previously known him personally in India. His first impression was that Damodar had come to see Colonel Olcott, who was in the house at the time. He (Mr. Ewen) rushed out on the landing, and called to Colonel Olcott. As he stood on the landing, just outside the door of the room in which he had seen Damodar, Damodar appeared to pass through him, to emerge from the room without sensible contact, although the door was not wide enough to admit of a normal exit while Mr. Ewen stood in front of it, without a collision, which Mr. Ewen must have

felt. After thus apparently passing through him, the form of Damodar descended the stairs for some little way and then seemed to disappear through a closed window.'"

The Committee, with Olcott's assistance, sent a telegram to Damodar asking for confirmation. To this D. refused to reply, but he wrote to HPB expressing his decided unwillingness to reveal his own intimate proceedings to the SPR. (A pity he was ever persuaded otherwise!) However, the Committee, the which at that period did not include either Hodgson or that most suitable spouse of Professor Sidgwick, Mrs. Sidgwick (this couple, along with the Coulombs, probably did more to retard psychical research than all the other inquirers and their tools together)—the Committee wrote: "Common fairness forbade us positively to conclude that . . . Mr. Damodar's reluctance to divulge his own affairs to satisfy our curiosity was merely a simulated feeling." There was still a remnant of gentlemanliness among the Committee, even if their faculty for examining evidence might not have excited very considerably the envy of a common jurymen.

In the Second Report, Hodgson's, Mrs. Sidgwick was selected to deal with this distressing incident. She does it in her usual style, which is something between an oiled butcher's knife and a rusty saw. She writes: "Mr. Ewen, who is a Scotch gentleman of honourable repute, whose organisation is highly nervous, saw Mr. Damodar (with whom he was acquainted) in 'astral' form, as he supposed, on May 23rd, 1884, in London. On his mentioning this at a meeting of our Society on May 28th, Mr. Damodar was at once telegraphed to by Colonel Olcott (Mr. Myers being present) in the following words: 'Olcott to Damodar, Adyar, Madras. Have you visited London lately? Write Myers full details.' To this telegram no reply was received, from which it is a natural inference that Mr. Damodar was unaware of the vision, though he *may* have had other reasons for his silence."

No "common fairness" for Mrs. Sidgwick! In her view, if a man does not wish to divulge his personal experiences, "it is a natural inference" that he is humbugging. But note how neatly she *denounces* Myers for disgracing the SPR by this telegram attempt to verify a phenomenon! This irritation with Myers appears frequently throughout the Second Report. The rest of the Committee were not out to prove that psychical

phenomena were possible but to prove that all "psychics", and especially Madame Blavatsky, were frauds. The tale of persecuted mediums during this period is a long long one. Hapless wretch who ever got into Professor Sidgwick's hands! And such a nice man too, as the song says—so smooth and reasonable to talk to. Disastrous person.

But suppose that Damodar had replied? We should merely have found Mr. Ewen suspected of complicity—like the Thakur Saheb at Moradabad. When "donkeys" are "brass-clad", to quote HPB, they don't stick at much, as we have seen rather often by now.

Case 18. *Norendra Nath Sen and Hodgson.*

N. N. Sen was editor of the "Indian Mirror", a big Calcutta daily, and belonged to one of the well-known Bengal families. He frequently said that phenomena should be kept secret, but to help Madame Blavatsky, he consented to give Hodgson a few examples he had seen. Hodgson picks out *one*, and of course one that could not penetrate the brass-clad. But (p.376) he says: "Mr. N. N. Sen did not appear to me to have been much impressed by 'phenomena'". Note the contemptuous inverted commas. Mr. Sen would not have endorsed them! He himself lived among phenomena, and he did not need HPB at hand, either. He never doubted her at all, but was one of her most devoted friends. In "Letters from the Masters" (Vol. 2, p.135) his son is quoted as follows: "Sometimes late at night, when correcting proofs, Norendra Nath Sen after a hard day's work would fall asleep over his proofs. More than once, when he woke up, he found the proofs corrected in blue pencil". A blue pencil was usually used by Mahatma KH and his chelas. And Hodgson, not daring to take any other liberty with this very influential Bengalee editor, writes phenomena in scrubby inverted commas next to his name, as though Mr. Sen might have approved . . .

Case 19. *HPB and the Telegraph files.*

I call all these points *cases*, for convenience, although many of them are separate pieces of evidence, picked out as affecting the more notorious of the "charges"; they will be indexed in "NU", No. 7, and correlated in due course. (A very good

exercise for those to whom they are quite new would be to make the chronology and index themselves. The reason I know the "M.L." so well is because I was obliged to search for the chronology. It must be nearly time now, though, for a chronological edition of "M.L.")

Madame Blavatsky's note on Olcott's deposition of May 11th: "Why not write to some trustworthy unprejudiced person in India to examine all those telegrams, original messages, and even search in the Records of those dates other telegrams from Damodar and myself? I give full permission to do so. I shall be very glad—as glad as in the case of Mahatma K.H's telegram from Jhelum (Vol. 1, p.16)—to give an opportunity to settle finally all such questions of *conspiracy*—for, indeed, it does become rather monotonous. H. P. Blavatsky." (Refer "NU", No. 2, p.10.)

THE FRIENDS OF MADAME BLAVATSKY.

Everyone who believes that an injustice has been done to Madame Blavatsky by the Report of the Society for Psychical Research is welcome among the Friends. No belief but that is required of anyone, neither are we connected in any way with any other society under the sun.

There has been sufficient welcome shown to the Defence by groups and persons entirely independent of any Theosophical organisation to prove that the consciousness of an injustice done is wide-spread. Indeed, we have received sympathy from quarters that might have been supposed to be rather antagonistic to H.P.B. But there is nothing that the human conscience condemns so intuitively as an injustice and, when such injustice has been wilfully repeated and aggravated and the friends of the victim boycotted and silenced, whereas the enemies be allowed full voice—at length, the cycle of redressment comes around, and help flows in from all sides.

The aim of The Friends of Madame Blavatsky is to bring pressure on the Society for Psychical Research to withdraw their Report that denounced her as an impostor. The S.P.R. produced no evidence that she was an impostor. The case, if tried today on the basis of that Report, would be thrown out by any of our Law Judges, if, indeed, a single Public Prosecutor could be found to present it. We intend to stir the world-public until educated people in every country begin to demand that justice shall be done. When that Report is withdrawn, then we shall be satisfied—*because* every new attack on Madame Blavatsky is based on that Report and, once it is withdrawn, there will be no more attacks for the good reason that no editor or publisher would look at one. Thereafter, we can leave the fame of H.P.B. to make its own way with a fair field before it.

The registration fee for The Friends of Madame Blavatsky will be only one shilling, so as to permit of the widest possible membership, but Members will subscribe as much more as they are able. Members of already existing Groups may, if they please, send a collective list through some selected person, with names, addresses and subscriptions; cards of membership will be sent individually. Donations to any amount, none too small or too large, may be sent. We shall need money

for this campaign; for the best public lecturers, hire of halls, printing and advertisements etc. We are now looking about for a London Headquarters, and meanwhile, names and fees should be sent to: Mrs. Hastings, 4 Bedford Row, Worthing, Sussex, England.*

NOTES.

Vol. 3 will be delayed for two reasons. Firstly, because Rao Sahab G. S. Chetty, who was the young architect of the Occult Room, is going to have a Plan made for me; and, secondly, because "New Universe" must receive much more attention than hitherto. People outside the Theosophical groups have been very quick to see that this wee basilisk will cause more alarm in the enemy camp than the volumes themselves. These last might be ignored and allowed to go silently out of print. But "New Universe" will not go out of print but go into print, constantly, until the victory is won. Now, although Theosophists have bought the volumes in a way that has simply astonished me—for I ignoring the Movement and knowing almost nobody, reckoned I might have to wait several years before making such an impression—although, I say, there is now scarcely one group that has not sent repeated orders for the volumes, they have not ordered anything like an equal quantity of "N.U." They may regret this soon enough, for the Defence is *continued* in "New Universe", orders come in from mysterious, anonymous quarters, and editions are limited. The Lodge that lets the occasion go by will not be able to romp in later on and get what it lacks; and some Presidents will get their hair pulled.

So many people have sent in subscriptions, in spite of my warning that the magazine would be irregular for some months, that I have decided that the thing is solid enough at least to justify me in taking subscriptions. The subscription for twelve numbers, starting from any number, is six shillings and sixpence, post free, and three shillings and threepence for six numbers. Cheques and orders payable to Beatrice Hastings. Usual terms to the Trade.

**(Note.* The application form on the notice sent out may be cut off, or, preferably, copied.)

I have to thank Mr. C. J. Ryan for sending me some extracts from the Point Loma archives; Mr. Cyrus Field Willard of San Diego for many useful and interesting "recollections", with dates and names of persons and places; Mr. Harold Cox of Ontario for two copies of his "Who wrote the March-Hare attack on the Mahatma Letters?"; Mr. "G." for offer to pay cost of 100 Press and Library copies of "New Universe", No. 3; several of H.P.B.'s old Friends, who wish to remain unnamed for the present, for generous donations towards printing and other costs; Mrs. X. for the gift of one dozen sets sent to international Public Libraries—and, in this connection, I mention that the Director of one of the largest American libraries has written me a personal letter, saying, "We are very glad indeed, to have these books"; Mr. Oderberg, of Melbourne for offer to send any extracts I may need from early Australian papers; Mr. T. B. Lawrie for similar offer as regards South Africa; and I close by asking for *several* Indian correspondents willing to do the same out there, and for someone to make extracts from British Museum.

* * *

Errata. Vol. 1, p.21, line 10. Read "weeks" for "days". P. 25, line 11. Branches had not been actually formed, but groups had been made and the Branches were formed soon after Olcott's return from Ceylon. P.103. App.2. The Swami's testimony did not appear in "Theosophist" but in "Lucifer," Sep. 1889. Incidentally, if the Swami's testimony were not trustworthy, he must somehow have had access to the Tatya letter of 1886 that was long kept almost a dead secret, and to information about Madame Blavatsky that had not been published. As he was a stranger at Adyar and, of course, not a Theosophist, his marvellously accurate information can only be accounted as personal testimony from Tibet. "New Universe," No.2.p.18, bottom par. Next time I have to verify notes from HPB's "Theosophist," I shall take precautions against being lured off from my business to read the other pages! Olcott's first Calcutta tour apparently was not altered before March 12th; I cannot find that he did return to and leave Calcutta as scheduled in the "Indian Mirror", but must take it for granted that he did. The second tour, however, *was* twice delayed because Colonel hopped off to establish

Branches at Jessore and Narail, and doubtless made a few more hops as he only returned on the 30th April instead of the 18th, as announced.

I shall not make typographical corrections as a rule. I get into sufficient hot water with my printer for overlooking things without drawing his attention myself; but Vol. 2, p.95, line 20, contains an error that may baffle some readers. Read "hostility" for "hospitality".

I see that "impostor" has been spelled with an *e* in the notice sent out to Friends of Madame Blavatsky. However the word were spelled, it couldn't be spelled right in connection with Madame Blavatsky, but I correct it, registering my dislike of reading the word at all.

* * *

"New Universe" and "Defence of Madame Blavatsky," Vols. 1 and 2, may now be obtained by American readers from The H.P.B. Library, 348 Foul Bay Road, Victoria, B.C.; "The O.E. Library Critic," 1207 Q. Street, N.W., Washington, D.C.; The Theosophical Press, Olcott, Wheaton, Illinois; The Theosophical University Press, Point Loma, California.

English readers can order from me, or from The Theosophical Publishing Co., 3 Percy Street W.C.1.; or from The Theosophical Bookshop, 68 Great Russell Street, W.C.1.; or through any agent or bookseller.

I am arranging for Indian and Australian depots.

Holland is supplied by the well-known firm of Dishoeck, Bussum, Holland.

* * *

"N.U." No.4 will devote a few pages to "The Mysterious Madame" by "Ephesian." Also, in No.5, I shall put a case and ask readers to detect the flaws in the "charge"; correct answers will be published in No.6.

* * *

I calculate that this Defence will take from three to seven, or even to ten, years, according to the effort of world-wide propaganda made. It may cost a good deal of money, and would be cheap at any price. We want—and shall get—a million signatures.

Every progressive movement will benefit indirectly by our

victory against the long nightmare campaign of unchecked lies and slander; and certain have already intuitively realised this. All will realise it before we get through.

Our aim includes no plea for any Theosophical Society. This is the affair of Theosophists, and may be rather more successful once they have proved to the world that a "valiant defence" of their unjustly attacked Founder is really a part of their ethics, as well as being "a step to wisdom." Some seem to fancy that they can skip this step and that it will not move away from under them when they are just getting to the very top! Their look-out. The rest of us can only stare when they climb up on the Chariot and do Krishna, for if the Charioteer comes along, they will get a "bop" off. Arjuna's role is in the battle for justice, not spouting; any shirker can spout, but around him will collect none but those whom HPB called "our Theosophic moles" on the path. Happily, there is another sort!

Our battle is for justice to a deeply-wronged woman. That she was also a woman of genius is all to the good and will help us when the world wakes up to the pleasure of her writings. But the case affects everyone, and even civil liberties and free expression will gain by the abolition of the lying, slandering or boycotting tyranny exercised by a thousand apes since the SPR. issued its ukase in 1884, intolerably dictating its Opinion and offering as ground for that opinion almost nothing but the bare assertions of two dismissed servants, ready to ruin themselves for revenge, and a Report by one, Hodgson, a member of the SPR. Hodgson's expenses were privately paid by Professor Sidgwick, thus forestalling the protests of members and affording the Society in general no right to complain of the misuse of funds in a mere detective expedition. That Report disgraces honesty and even common decency over and over again, insulting scores of people and having done incalculable mischief in India. Many attempts have been made to get the SPR. to withdraw it, but on the contrary, the offence has been repeated and aggravated. Time will bring out the truth.

I think I must state that my intention is absolutely not to be drawn into any Theosophical "politics". Whatever

questions may interest me later, at present my concern with things Theosophical stops at May 8th, 1891, when I.P.B. passed away. What happened after that has nothing to do with our case.

* * *

A fourth, fifth, and perhaps a sixth "New Universe" will be issued before Vol. 3.

Reviews of Vol. 2 and "N.U." are held over to next number. Reviews have come in from "The Hindu", Madras; "Light"; "The Path", Sydney; from I.P.B.'s old friend, "The Civil & Military Gazette", Lahore; the "Pioneer", Lucknow; the "Leader", Allahabad; and several other journals.

Some English journals seem to be boycotting this "Defence". Well, two can play at this game when the other party is rather numerous and not merely one lone Russian.

Readers please send me any reviews they come across, as some editors do not send.

FIRST LIST OF VICTIMS OF THE S.P.R.

BESIDES MADAME BLAVATSKY.

The first list is of persons actually named in the Reports, and referred to directly as Confederates or indirectly as Fools and Dupes, or as being non-existent.

Non-existent: Mahatmas K.H. and M. Ramalinga Deb. R. Gargya Deva. Bhola Deva Sarma.

Confederates: Damodar. Bhavani Shankar. Babajee. Babula. Shankar Singh (suspected). Colonel Olcott must be included for, in Solovyoff's book, p.116, Walter Leaf states: "The committee held, and its surviving members still hold, that on the evidence *which they then had before them* it was just possible to regard Olcott as merely a dupe." The italics are Leaf's own, the inference being that since *then* the SPR had obtained evidence that Olcott was a confederate. Thus lightly, in those days, a man might be hinted a criminal, if the hinter were a member of the SPR and the victim a Theosophist! The President of the United States guaranteed Olcott personally.

Fools and Dupes: Mohini (doubtfully, rather a confederate). Judge Khandalavala, of Poona. A. D. Ezekiel. Dewan Bahadur Ragoonath Row. Captain Maitland. The Maharajah of Benares (and of course, his Phantom Highness of Lahore). Major-General Morgan and Mrs. Morgan. Rao Saheb G. Soobhiah Chetty. Mrs. Colonel Gordon. A. P. Sinnett. Mrs. Sinnett. Judge P. Sreenivas Row. Dr. Hartmann. Mr. and Mrs. Cooper-Oakley. T. V. Charloo. T. Subba Row. N. Swamy Naidu. J. K. Ghosal. Bertram Keightley. T. Taty. Bal. N. Pitale. M. R. G. Sreenivas Row, Registrar of Cumbum. Professor Smith of Sydney. Judge Gadgill of Baroda. K. M. Shroff. Martandrao B. Nagnath of Bombay. Dorab H. Bharucha. S. J. Padshah. St. George Lane-Fox. Madame N. Fadeev (HPB's aunt and doubtfully a confederate). Mr. Jacob Sassoon. Ramaswamier Iyer, Registrar of Madura. P. Rathnavelu, editor, "Philosophic Inquirer". Norendra Nath Sen, editor, "Indian

Mirror". V. Coopposwamy Iyer, Pleader, Madura. T. C. Rajamiengar, M.D. G. N. Unwala of Bhaunagar. Pundit Balai Chand Mullik. Nobin K. Bannerjee, Deputy Magistrate of Berhampore. Pundit Chandra Sekhara of Bareilly.

(To be continued in our next)

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NEW UNIVERSE

“Try”

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Editor - Beatrice Hastings.

THE MYSTERIOUS MADAME.

by “Ephesian”. (C. Bechhofer Roberts.)

For some months, during his literary adolescence, I brought “Ephesian” up by hand; he promised brilliantly: hence, my present tears and sense of the vanity of vanities.

For, of all the productions anyone might blush to have fostered, the “Ephesian” of *The Mysterious Madame* is that.

In truth, all “Ephesian” has done is to dish up a canard. *Mais le seul canard!* And to suit the palate of what kind of roysterer? The kind that would not know the difference between wild duck, and a pennorth of tripe: the kind that can swallow anything provided there is enough pepper to it. Listen!

“It is a curious setting in which Madame Blavatsky holds her court—something between a lodging-house parlour and a fortune-teller’s sanctum . . . She is enormously stout; and her bulk is emphasised by the shapeless wrapper she wears, discoloured by droppings of greasy food.” (pp. 1-2.)

There is a style for a writer to introduce the writer of “*Isis Unveiled*”, and of the “*Nightmare Tales*”, some of which, at the period he means, were appearing in the New York journals! There is a way for a writer who, himself, was once no bad controversialist, to present a controversialist of the first water, albeit, untrained—one who could hold her own in a foreign language and on the most diverse subjects! I spent several hours yesterday reading in the early “*Theosophist*”, some of her controversial articles, and they read as freshly today as when written. She belongs to the great order, to those who may be read even when the subject itself has passed out of date. And why? Because they wished the *Truth*—and truth lasts.

A whole page would not suffice to print the names of the distinguished persons who visited her in the "curious setting", the "lodging-house parlour". They describe it with as much interest as amusement—and they do not forget the writing-table! There were the stuffed birds and animals "Ephesian" mentions, and the curios. Some of us dislike stuffed things, but from infancy Madame Blavatsky had been used to such collections. General Nikolaeff describes the apartment of her aunt, Mlle. N. A. Fadeef at Tiflis—"in itself one of the most remarkable of private museums. There were brought together arms and weapons from all the countries of the world; ancient crockery, cups and goblets, archaic utensils, Chinese and Japanese idols, mosaics and images of the Byzantine epoch, Persian and Turkish carpets, and fabrics worked with gold and silver, statues, pictures, paintings, petrified fossils, and finally, a very rare and most precious library." I continue a little: "The emancipation of the serfs had altered in no way the daily life of the Fadeefs. The whole enormous host of their *valetaille* (ex-serfs) had remained with the family as before their freedom, only now receiving wages; and all went on as before with the members of that family—that is to say, luxuriously and plentifully (it means, in their usual hospitable and open way of living). I loved to pass my evenings in that home". ("Reminiscences of Prince A. T. Bariatinsky.")

Now, why "lodging-house parlour", why "fortune-teller's sanctum"—because Madame Blavatsky had a few stuffed things about and some curios? That is just peppered tripe for the vulgar. As for the "greasy droppings"—ditto. Madame Blavatsky had many guests in her house and she visited various people, among them, Professor Corson—nobody ever said that she was greasy, although she did wear old wrappers at her desk. She was not "enormously" stout, then, in 1876; she grew so through sitting at her desk eternally, writing—*not* telling fortunes! Her face was not "lined" then as "Ephesian" announces; Olcott says that she had not a wrinkle, and his description of the "power, culture and inperiousness" of her expression may be verified by anyone who looks at the photo of her taken for "Isis Unveiled". She appears with the sort of beauty that makes merely pretty women wilt when they find themselves next

to it. It was of such a lasting kind that an almost unknown snap-shot taken in her study, in 1888, after years of martyrdom that would have killed any of us, shows the same expression of intellectual beauty conquering all the defects of feature.

And next, our *chef* snatches a story from Olcott and chops it up; and then, he hashes another almost out of recognition . . . and hereby hangs a second tale. I heard that story told to Carl, I mean "Ephesian". We had it at second-hand as from G. R. S. Mead. I tell the real story. At a Theosophical meeting, a certain duchess got up, and—so we heard it—"bleated"—"But Madame Blavatsky, what *is* Parabrahm?" H.P.B.'s shoulders sank, as they always did before a dam-fool question, and then she sat up and sighed—"Who the hell knows? But, who the devil cares?" The apple-cheeked lad, listening, then opined that "she must have been a fine old girl to give even a duchess a dot on the nozzle". What Fleet Street can do for apples! "Ephesian" turns Parabrahm into the Christian God, and the duchess into—Olcott! And he endows H.P.B. with an angry look and a snap—to get her disliked straight away. I think it is time to make clear that, after quitting my tender hands, he was captured altogether by a Guru in a large way of business whose speciality it was to betray idealists, and that I haven't set eyes on Apples this many a year, certainly not since he wrote this book.

But can it really be he who writes thus of the little Helena's gift for inventing fairy-tales?—"Even at this age, she could not distinguish fact from fiction". *Even at this age*, her genius bubbled out like that of all great writers—that is the way to say it! The boy-poet I once knew would never have penned such an idiotic sentence, condemning a child for what was altogether admirable.

Peppering viciously, bits from half a dozen accounts of Helena's girlhood, "Ephesian" adds a few scraps of his own. "It would appear", he says, (p. 12), "that her [psychic] gifts were recognised by Dunglas Home, the noted spiritualist who was 'Mr. Sludge the Medium' of Browning's poem. Home wished to retain her as a 'sensitive'; but she left him and went to London with an elderly Russian noblewoman, the Countess Bagration . . ."

While students are laughing, I will say a word. Home is always cited as one who could have told a lot about Madame Blavatsky an' he would. The bare fact is that he told—nothing! In "Lights and Shadows of Spiritualism", that occasionally amusing lampoon, Home lampoons Olcott freely; but "Ephesian" can find nothing worse to quote from Home concerning H.P.B. than a phrase about the absurdity of Olcott's claims for his "sister in occultism". There is no evidence that Madame Blavatsky ever met Home personally. *Mahatma Letters*, p. 12, says positively that she had never met him; and this in a letter to Sinnett concerning a correspondence with Lord Lindsay who was intimate with Home and could immediately have verified the statement. Home is said to have been supposed to have said that she was a fraud; and he may have said it—he said it of every psychic except Home. He is said to have written to someone that she was in Paris in 1858, as she was, that she knew Baron Meyendorf, as she did, and that she did not interest him, Home; but nobody, so far, has produced any statement that he knew her personally. He knew Meyendorf; and H.P.B. says in her so-called "confession" letter to Solovyoff (*Modern Priestess of Isis*, p. 179) that Meyendorf betrayed her to Home. But about what? By the kind of jury that judges on gossip and according to what it would prefer to believe, this is always taken to mean that Meyendorf told Home either that she was the mother of his child, or, that, not he, but the singer, Metrovitch, was the father of a child by Mme. Blavatsky.

The gynecological specialist, Dr. Oppenheimer, gave a certificate, with his signature attested by the Royal Medical Officer of Würzburg, to the effect that she had never borne a child and this certificate was published during the surgeon's lifetime (*Old Diary Leaves*, Vol. 3, p. 320). The words of H.P.B. above give no clue—but what Maisie Meyendorf *knew* evidently was something quite different from the common gossip.

Ah, the pretty love-story there is for Helena! But "it" was not Meyendorf or the Baron who knew more than was good for him. "Youth! O Mystical Rose!" The poor child, the poor deformed, uncomprehending, hopeless, star-seeking infant! No—I do not mean the Baron's crippled child whom she adopted, Youry; he comes along another line altogether,

and his mother may have been related to the Blavatsky family; but the name was not Helena. There, too, is a story to charm any writer: but now I mean her—Helena, the innocent hermaphrodite. What a tale for some great novelist who may find it out! I shall say no more, in case the imitators, the parrots, monkeys, counterfeit writers who swarm nowadays should snatch at it. When she met the Mahatma Morya in 1851, she was robbed in young grief, ready for, eager for, any sacrifice. Her life thereafter, until she learned that the inflexible, rebuking, chaffing, but ever-protecting, Brother understood her and loved her for her *real* self, was a balancing between her stars: the Sun in the castle flower-garden, the enchanted ground she could never enter, and the Uranus of the mountain-forest, where she found Truth.

All the rest, all the faults and the psychological lapses, all the impetuosity and imprudence of her external life may be put on one side, for no-one will ever make it fit with the seeking occultist or with the woman of genius, master in a foreign language of several literary styles, or with the creator of such prolonged and one-pointed Will-power to complete her work that the whole of history shows no woman to equal her, and few men.

* * *

Where is "Ephesian"? Busy quoting Solovyoff, but even this enemy, ferociously searching her letters to Aksakov, a relative by marriage of Home, cannot find anything but a few vague remarks about Home, let off in a rage, nothing whatever to indicate that she had any personal meeting with Home. "Ephesian's" tale about Home wishing to retain her as a "sensitive" is just invention. Home said no such thing.

The oft-quoted sentence—"Home converted me to Spiritualism" was only a New York reporter's version of some "biographical" details she gave. Recently, a London reporter published as from myself something precisely the opposite of what I had said about one of the Spiritualistic beliefs. Not only that, but an own relative of mine also published exactly the opposite, although in the same journal I had previously stated my position! People have their own fixed ideas about these subjects, and it is useless to try and correct what they say you said . . . confusion only becomes worse confounded. But, I can well believe that Madame Blavatsky never said that

Home converted her to Spiritualism, a statement lacking the least confirmation *anywhere*.

"Ephesian" continues: "She left him and went to London . . . with Countess Bagratiou". She did nothing of that sort, anyway. It was in 1850 or 51 that she went to London with the Countess, and Home probably knew not even her name until 1858, in Paris. And here is some more "history":

"She set out alone to reach her Master, but was turned back by a British officer from the frontier of Nepal. In later years, she hinted that this officer would come forward to corroborate her story; but despite the eagerness of herself and others to find such evidence, this witness was not produced." (P. 15.)

In "Old Diary Leaves", Vol. 1, p. 265, Olcott writes: "How easy it would have been for her, for example, to have told Mr. Sinnett that, when trying to enter Tibet in 1854 via Bhutan and Nepal, she was turned back by Captain (now Major-General) Murray, the military commandant of that part of the frontier, and kept in his wife's company a whole month. Yet, she never did, nor did any of her friends ever hear of the circumstance until Mr. Edge and I got the story from Major-General Murray himself, on the 3rd of March last [1895], in the train between Nalhati and Calcutta, and I printed it".

So much for "Ephesian's" hintings and eagerness and corroborations! My own opinion is that when she was "found" on the frontier, she meant to be found, and was actually coming down into India from Tibet for the first trial of her powers as a trained *chela*. The tales she told of her wanderings after meeting Mahatma M. in 1851, the Red Indians, Mormons, Voodoos and the rest, don't hold water. "Blinds" for those who would insist on prying into her occult adventures, and to whom, happily for her when the Society for Psychical Research set its traps and tried to prove her a Russian spy, she never gave any proof that she was ever in India before 1879. Modern books on Mongolia and Tibet show what a lot too much she knew about things never to have been along the secret routes that, even now, are barely geographical realities. As for her knowledge of

inside Lamaism, it is fantastic and unimpeachable. She must have spent long periods in Tibet. She could never have acquired her knowledge, let alone her occult "powers" in the very short three years usually allowed even by Theosophists; that is, after the battle of Mentana, in which she took part under Garibaldi, Nov. 1867, to the latter part of 1870—the which time includes a stay in the Carpathians and the journeys to and from Tibet.

* * *

Why on earth does "Ephesian" reduce Colonel Hahn, her father, to the rank of captain? What is the idea? Colonel Hahn held his commission from the Russian Imperial Government.

Why does our cook say (p. 24) that Madame Coulomb "declared that it was H.P.B. herself who cheated the Cairene spiritualists with the cotton-wool glove"? On page 3 of her pamphlet, Madame Coulomb lets slip the valuable bit of information that H.P.B. was not even present. "Ephesian" has read that pamphlet.

Why does he suppress the fact that the Würzburg medical certificate declaring that Madame Blavatsky was never a mother was witnessed by the Royal Medical Officer of the District? He must have copied the certificate into his book from Olcott's "Old Diary Leaves" and have seen that the R.M.O.'s signature was there. Why does he blather about antiflexios and gynecological stuff of which he may know as much as a poll-parrot?

Why does he say that "sceptics bluntly assert that she went to New York to evade her difficulties in Europe" when nobody has asserted any such thing, even with a tongue as sharp as a Damascus blade?

Why does he, on p. 45, copy down the correct information that Olcott was trained as an agricultural engineer and helped to found the Westchester Farm School—and later, on p. 205, write: "The Governor of Madras placed his name on the Govt. House List for official functions and, with undesigned humour, invited him to judge a ploughing trial at an agricultural college"? Olcott was an agricultural expert. Where was the "humour", designed or undesigned?

Why does he write: "It is certain that the American State

Department would not have given him [Olcott] this passport or secured him a personal recommendation from President Hayes, had it known that he had lately written to his Indian correspondents at Bombay that 'while we have no political designs, you will need no hint to understand that our sympathies are with those who are deprived of governing their own lands for themselves'?"

Has "Ephesian" never heard of the Boston Tea Party? Or of the American Declaration of Independence? There was nothing in Olcott's mild expression to shock an American, although we can understand how painfully such a sentiment would grate on patriotic Englishmen. When the Indian Govt. invited Olcott to Govt. House, it knew what it was about; and nothing could more contemptuously answer the charges of the Society for Psychical Research. The Indian Police knew that neither Olcott nor H.P.B. had ever broken the Theosophical rule against politics; and knew, also, that not one of the howlingly idiotic "fraud" letters produced by the Coulombs had ever gone through the post. Conclusion: the Govt. knew that the Coulomb-Missionary-S.P.R. conspiracy *was* a conspiracy. And so, on Dec. 12th, 1887, *less than two years* after the S.P.R. Report, and while Madame Blavatsky "of permanent remembrance" was still living, the president of the Theosophical Society was put in a position to have a pleasant chat at Govt. House, Madras, with the future Viceroy, Lord Curzon, and to invite him over to see the Adyar Library. No man was ever more heartily honoured all over India than Colonel Olcott, and never did two people work, more earnestly to reconcile the Indians and English (as well as the Indian sectarians among themselves) than these two foreigners whose names have been so shamelessly spat on all through this long campaign against them, a campaign unequalled for persistent ferocity, indecent slander, lying and every kind of vice that goes with man-hunting.

How H. P. Blavatsky stood it without going mad I shall never comprehend. Now is time to put a stop, and some of us, The Friends of Madame Blavatsky, are determined to put a stop. This is worth doing for more even than the personal and particular value of the case. While such abominations can happen, all talk of intellectual liberty is a farce. The Society for Psychical Research, behind whose Report

against H.P.B. all subsequent slanderers have sheltered, aimed at suppressing *the ideas of Theosophy* through its attack on Madame Blavatsky. People may care much or nothing for Theosophy—but the fact remains. In the First Report (that might almost be called Myers' Report), p. 7, may be read this indiscreet passage :

“ With the value of this teaching *per se* we are not at present concerned. But it is obvious that were it widely accepted a great change would be induced in human thought in almost every department.”

It was this change of thought that the majority of the 1885 S.P.R. attacked. Not surprising that they suppressed the above passage; you will not find it in their Second (Hodgson's) Report! All ideas that mean change excite persecution against those who profess them. Who knows who may not be the victim to-morrow? While a great writer like Blavatsky can be hounded almost out of life and slandered for fifty years after her death, and the defence of her can be boycotted—the words *intellectual* and *liberty* cannot be set together. In her rehabilitation there will be more than just that. There will be a new step towards the ultimate liberation of the whole thinking world from a poisonous mysterious dictatorship that, in every century, leaps up in some form or another and fastens on its victims. The world has still to learn that this obstructionist dictatorship is born anew in every generation, is part of the total human make-up and needs to be guarded against just as we guard against crime, lunacy and disease. There is only one way to guard against it and that is to maintain the freedom of ideas, of open discussion. Madame Blavatsky was a victim of this dictatorship. She knew it and made a magnificent reply with her “ Secret Doctrine ”. She served us *all* by fighting back. So let us defend her with all our power.

Ingenuously copying slanders from the alleged “ Memoirs ” of Count Witte, “ Ephesian ”, who once was sharp as a gimlet, prones—“ It is impossible to discredit Count Witte . . . H.P.B. was his cousin ”.

It is impossible to *credit* these pages of the “ Memoirs ”; someone certainly “ cooked ” them after they left Count

Witte's hands. They may be discredited in a score of places, and if Witte really wrote them, then nothing else in his book may be given credit. In Vol. 2 "Defence of Madame Blavatsky", I have shown up the "Witte" canard that Madame Blavatsky travelled on the ship, "Eumonia" as the mistress of Metrovitch and that he was killed when the ship blew up. The ship was blown up in June 1871 and Metrovitch was known of, and probably by, Madame Coulomb in Cairo in 1872, a detail she confided to Hodgson of the S.P.R., to the Rev. Patterson, and to others, notably Solovyoff.

"Ephesian" improves even on "Count Witte". He writes, p. 27, quoting "Witte", that after leaving her husband in 1848, H.P.B. joined a circus as a *bareback* rider ("Witte" says—equestrienne), and he adds, again off his own bat—"In later life she made not infrequent references to this part of her career". Where? When? To whom? Nowhere. Never. To nobody. It is all canard. She may have joined a circus and even ridden bareback. Why not, if she could do it? It is an honest way of earning a living. Some of us, including "Ephesian", would have to join as mere camp-followers if we were hungry and did not wish to steal and saw no other way of getting a dinner. But she never made any "references", frequent or infrequent.

Still quoting his "Count Witte"; "Metrovitch . . . seems to have gone through some sort of marriage ceremony with her, for he wrote to her grand-parents as their 'loving grandson' ("Ephesian" peppers here, as everywhere, but one cannot stop to check him *every* moment!) . After a time, she left Metrovitch and 'married' an Englishman . . ."

But even "Ephesian" balks at writing down what "Count Witte" was alleged to sign, namely, that the Englishman *also* wrote to Grandpapa. Still, he does not shirk the fantastic story that the *trigamist*, the wife of Vice-Governor Blavatsky of Erivan, was received home by Grandpapa, who was Governor of Saratoff.

* * *

I have frequently reflected that a certain touch of fatuity seems to overcome everyone who attacks Madame Blavatsky. "Ephesian" had better look out! It is a dangerous thing to set one's mind to juggling with a mixture of truth and falsehood, a horribly fascinating thing. Madame Coulomb

set the tone and all her colleagues have followed her. It would almost seem as if some *one hand* directed all the pens. In every attack, whether that of Mme. C., or Hodgson, or the Rev. Patterson, or Solovyoff or Dr. Farquhar, Peebles, Conway, anyone—there is the same intarissable, gabbling style, the same utterly mysterious unstopping skimble-skamble of hint, innuendo, half-truth and downright lie, the same perky attitude of moral superiority. And—there is the same irresistible necessity to vindicate here or there, in some passage or another, the very victim of their rage! Madame Coulomb destroyed her own case by publishing certain genuine letters among the forged ones. Hodgson destroyed his own case, as I shall show in due course (and *not*, O impatient, before the right moment). Farquhar publishes a pen-portrait of H.P.B. by Walter Old that outweighs all the calumnies the reverend doctor collected, mainly from Solovyoff. And so on. It is as if a second hand suddenly interfered. "Ephesian" escapes neither hand, as we shall see. Mme. Coulomb was mediumistic. Perhaps *more* people are mediums than could imagine themselves such?

A pagan farmer would scarcely put up with such a granddaughter, and "Ephesian" passes on the rubbish when it concerns an orthodox religious family most of the men of which held responsible positions under the Russian Imperial Government! The fact that Madame Blavatsky returned to the family circle is not the only reply to the silly gossip.

I have recently received from the Point Loma archives a copy of a passport, signed by Orlovsky, Civil Governor of Tiflis and by the Secretary, Nicholas Blavatsky, with translation certified by the Imperial Russian Consulate General, London, Sep. 1, 90. This passport was given on Aug. 23, 1862, "to the wife of the Civil Councillor and attaché of the Chief Department of the Viceroy of the Caucasus, Blavatsky, Madame Helena Petrovna Blavatsky, in pursuance of a petition presented by her husband to the effect that she, Madame Blavatsky, accompanied by their infant ward, Youry, proceed to the provinces of Tauris, Cherson and Pskoff for the term of one year."

This infant-ward was the child whom H.P.B. adopted, and we see that the *trigamist* was supported by a petition from her legitimate husband. The original, of which I am expect-

ing a photo, bears the Govt. seals, and is one of the documents that may safely be added to the defence of Madame Blavatsky. It disposes of any notion that either her husband—who owed her small attention, for she had left him—or her family believed her to be the mother of the child, and supports her own statement to Sinnett that a Tiflis doctor had given her father the same assurance as the Würzburg surgeon gave both in a signed certificate and in a conversation with Countess Wachtmeister, wife of a former Swedish Ambassador to the Court of St. James. (*Letters of H.P.B. to Sinnett*, p. 177. Countess to Sinnett.)

"Ephesian" more or less unpolitely suggests that the Countess "misinterpreted one of the doctor's remarks"—in short, that she was a fool, who, although speaking German perfectly, did not know the German for "virgin". Solovyoff, in "A Modern Priestess of Isis", translated by Walter Leaf under the expressly-avowed (boasted!) sponsorship of the S.P.R., accuses Countess Wachmeister brutally of *falsification*. One day, when the world realises what a pack of cads got together against H.P.B. and anyone who defended her, there may be an anxious, panic-stricken rush-out from the ranks of the S.P.R. unless Hodgson's report is withdrawn.

* * *

As well as bare-back riding, Madame Blavatsky was able to give piano-forte concerts (p. 24). The gifted personage. But "Ephesian" does not miss any chance to sneer: "by a less friendly account, piano lessons". Whose account? Nobody's. Everyone who heard her play said that she knew her instrument. She seems to have had that touch that makes people think of "angels", light and certain. She could well have given concerts, and "Ephesian" might have left it at that, for it is his own "Count Witte" telling the news, not H.P.B. So far as I know she never mentioned the matter. Witte says: "They [her relatives] learned from the papers that she gave pianoforte concerts in London and Paris." Suppose that she also gave lessons to earn her living—what about it? Nothing about it! He just thought that that would help to belittle her. He himself probably couldn't turn a barrel-organ without setting the monkey's nerves on edge.

P. 12. "It is an unfortunate fact that, by the time she became famous, every person who might have testified to the truth of her early recollections proved to be dead or untraceable. There was only one exception, her sister, Vera . . ."

Besides, Vera, an excellent witness by herself, there were many others; among them, her aunt, that scrupulous, scholarly and witty woman, Madame N. Fadeev who has left several characteristic letters; Countess Lydia Paschkoff, the famous writer and traveller, whose corroborative accounts of H.P.B.'s travels in Egypt and Palestine were published in the "New York World" in 1878, and who was a constant visitor to the "lodging-house parlour" of "Ephesian's" shoddified imagination; Madame Ermeloff, wife of the Governor of Tiflis, an intimate of the Fadeev family; General Nikolaeff, who writes that Helena's phenomena often kept the company up until dawn. None of these people say a word against her but all express admiration of her brilliant personality. Her sister, Vera, relates that the Metropolitan of Kiev (one of the three highest dignitaries of the Orthodox Church) kept her and Helena talking for an hour about phenomena done in his own reception-room. Does "Ephesian" imagine that Madame Vera Jelihovsky would venture to publish falsehoods about this personage. Her narrative appeared in "Incidents in the Life of Madame Blavatsky", published while the Metropolitan was still alive, in St. Petersburg.

And does he suppose that the Countesses Kisselev and Bagration with whom the youthful Madame Blavatsky travelled after she left her husband were myths because they were dead "before she became famous"? Or that these society women held no communication with the Fadeev family? In what world can he live! Apparently, his travels did not acquaint him with Russian society life, for he seems to imagine that everyone whom Madame Blavatsky mentions must be a Mrs. Harris! When she went to Nice, in 1884, as guest of the Duchess of Pomar, the Russian society there crowded around her, as later in London and Paris, and—she was then sporting on her note-paper the coronet of nine points to which our biographer announces that she had no claim (p. 97). The Russians would know rather better than "Ephesian" whether she had a claim to it. He is as grotesquely funny over all this as over his anteflexio, and that

is saying something.

"Such is H.P.B.'s story of her early years", he writes: "What a pity that scarcely a word of it is true!"

So far as anything she said concerned others as well as herself, testimony confirms her as fast as it comes out. So far as her "occult" adventures are concerned, it is safe to opine that these will never be known, except from the hints dropped in "Isis Unveiled", "The Caves and Jungles of Hindostan" and "Nightmare Tales", adding a page or two from the "Mahatma Letters" and her own letters to A. P. Sinnett. On this subject, the scoffers may as well go to grass as wait to be sent, for they have no more understanding for such things than Nebuchadnezzar.

She never told about herself one quarter of what other well-known people have told about her. She might have died without telling anything of her early days had it not been for the S.P.R. attack on her and Sinnett's persuasions to give him material for "Incidents", as a reply to some of the slanders. "Ephesian" excuses himself—and well he need!—for his gynecological *boutade* by saying that she herself "dragged forward her relations with her husband and other men in her correspondence and claimed nevertheless to have remained all her life a virgin. Virginity is supposed to be essential to any woman who aspires to mystical initiation; H.P.B. did not overlook the necessity in her own case".

Now, all that is simply false, a mixture of falsity of his own with lies by Solovyoff. In the first place, this correspondence was private and written to her most intimate friends. Secondly, the reason she had herself examined was not in the least to prove anything about initiation, but because Madame Coulomb and Hodgson were spreading a tale that she had had three illegitimate children. She never said even what degree of *chelaship* she had attained, let alone made any claim to the kind of adeptship that might be possible only to virgins. That is Solovyoff's fantastical lie. As for "Ephesian", he has read her letters and knows perfectly well what I have said above. He knows also, that she only mentioned her husband in a few passing remarks and no "other men" at all until Madame Coulomb spread the tale about her and the singer, Metrovitch and H.P.B. received a letter in Würzburg addressed to "Madame Metrovitch, otherwise,

Madame Blavatsky". Far from "dragging" men into her correspondence, she only mentioned any man under great distress of mind; she forbade Sinnett to publish anything on the subject, and nothing was published; these letters were quite private ones, and she never dreamed that they would ever come under "Ephesian's" nose.

For the main part of his book, "Ephesian" just noisily blathers, and there is no other word for it. Taking the line all through that H.P.B. was out for money (yes, students may laugh, but there is nothing easier to persuade the world about than this charge!—he, journalist, has the conscience to write: "Her resources were so low that she insisted on subscriptions [to the *Theosophist*] being paid in advance; and to enlarge the appeal of the paper, she flattered influential Indians of every creed (except Christianity) by requests for articles". The same, with suitable changes, might be said of every journal for about the last seventy years. Madame Blavatsky had no need to ask for contributions, for, as the pages prove, articles poured in from all sides, Christian quarters included, since the British section of the T.S. had many Christian members, Dr. Wyld, who became President, among them. "Ephesian" says that "it is certain that she projected the *Theosophist* as a means of making money. And why not? Was she to be expected always to support the whole Society out of her literary earnings—as she had been doing? However, as any editor might see at a glance—the early *Theosophist*, with its enormous Supplements, could not possibly pay for more than the bare printing, and not always that. As for the Society fees, at that time they would hardly pay for the many circulars sent out. Of all the mean remarks in "Ephesian's" book, this is perhaps the meanest. There were mean fellows, too, among her subscribers who wrote complaining that some Supplements were devoted to the Society's work, branch-work and so on. This was only one quarter true, but H.P.B. squashingly replied that, even so, the Supplements were given for *nothing* and that no-one was obliged to read them. There never was a more thoroughly generous editor than Madame Blavatsky; she gave her gifts, time, energy and money as though these cost her nothing, and the result is that today one can spend hours over her *Theosophist* and come away amused, instructed and refreshed.

P. 97: "Sinnett commented favourably on her in the *Pioneer*, whereas all the other Anglo-Indian papers sneered at her . . . She dared not alienate him".

The reader will ask—what on earth that can mean? Well, according to "Ephesian", the Founders of the T.S., Olcott and Madame Blavatsky, on landing in India in 1879, "had shown undisguised sympathy with Indian *political* aspirations" (italics mine)—but they "restrained their public utterances" because they dared not alienate Sinnett! Anyone who knows the history of the Society must simply stare at such senseless fiction. H.P.B. never spoke in public, never wrote a word of politics in the *Theosophist* that was started in October only eight months after she landed, and was projected already in July, 1879. Olcott never uttered a political sentence. Had he done so, he would never have seen 1880 in India. Our "Ephesian" tells his readers that the police set a watch on the Founders, but he knows for whom he is writing and does not spoil their man-hunting pleasure by telling them that the watch was taken off and that, never to the end, did the police make the slightest move against the Theosophists.

Alienate Sinnett? Madame Blavatsky had no intention of alienating the Indian Government and never troubled about anyone less. Moreover, before she had been more than a month or two in the country, she was telling the Indians in general what she had already written from America to one Hurrzychund, namely that the British Raj was a damned sight better—and she said it much like that!—for India than any other Govt. was likely to be. And that's all the politics she ever went in for.

Positively all these slanders make one more than willing to dish up some of the tales told about "Ephesian", the Mysterious Monsieur—if only to get a smile amidst all this verbose garbage. "Ephesian", too, vanished for some years in the East and elsewhere. What was he up to? How do we know that what he says he was doing there is true? Where are *his* witnesses? His history, so far as known, suspiciously resembles that of Madame Blavatsky. He disappears, is heard of here and there in those same dark suspect Eastern regions as she went to; he relates strange adventures, changes his nationality and even his name, marries and . . .

but we won't go into that; writes books and now sets up for a moral, if not a physical, virgin, *appropriating* like a Vestal and your old hat and Pecksniff and Chadband rolled into one. The dull dog!

He grows stern, almost heroic, in his admiration of Hodgson's report against Madame Blavatsky.

"Hodgson had done his work thoroughly . . . Hodgson opens his report by insisting that he approached the investigations with complete impartiality. 'Indeed' he writes, 'whatever prepossessions I may have had were distinctly in favour of Occultism and Madame Blavatsky'".

In my last volume in defence of H.P.B., I shall deal with Hodgson's report, having previously demolished all the outworks ("Ephesians" and Company) of this infamous stronghold. I shall use a letter written by Hodgson that proves him to have anticipated the tenour of his report not two weeks after landing in India; only an hysterical *malicieux* would have written such a letter. As for his thorough work, this will be undone even more thoroughly. But behold "Ephesian" bending the knee in *pu-ja* before Hodgson's self-made pedestal of Impartiality! Why, anyone can say it, all the slanderers of H.P.B. do say it. The S.P.R. Committee merely outdo others in singing mutual paeans to themselves. Opéra bouffe! I am impartial, sings Hodgson: Mr. Hodgson is impartial, sings Mrs. Sidgwick; Mrs. Sidgwick is impartial, sings Mr. Hodgson: Mr. Hodgson and Mrs. Sidgwick are impartial, sing the rest: and then altogether, We are impartial! Was ever a Committee more self-approbative?

"Ephesian" sings the chorus all for himself: "I am the first critical and unbiassed biographer of Madame Blavatsky". This plate of peppered tripe! And the bibliography at the end of his book shows that he had read both Baseden Butt and E. R. Corson on H.P.B. For assurance!

Impartiality, they all claim, while plotting like Noah Claypoles. But—the reason why every judge is compelled to stick to the Law and nothing but the Law is just because intelligent humanity has long since learned that NOBODY can be impartial.

Hodgson's prepossessions in favour of Madame Blavatsky . . . ! Why, his whole report contradicts him. Professor Sidwick, the materialist, the medium-hunter, did not pay this

young sleuth's expenses to India to have Madame Blavatsky vindicated if possible but to have her condemned if possible; and he knew his man.

"Ephesian" echoes Hodgson. "As for Mohini, his description of the spots where the alleged apparitions appeared (sic) is more than imperfect, it is ludicrous". Is it? The ludicrous will go where it belongs, to Hodgson, and, in fact, parody itself could scarcely go further than his own forensic Guppyism in dealing with this dangerous witness for Madame Blavatsky, Mohini, himself an attorney of the High Court of Calcutta.

The whole of "Ephesian's" chapter on the Report is coloured by the streak of paranoia easily discoverable in Hodgson. Bad company to be in! One must have let reason go low to have that document on the table and not see through it. "Ephesian" uses with sympathy several of the very passages that show Hodgson to have become utterly unbalanced by his greed to condemn.

* * *

It is quite impossible to *review* in the true sense "Ephesian's" production. The errors through ignorance and slavish copyings from other persons are numerous; the distortions are innumerable. To correct, even, would require enormous space, and "Ephesian", a chatterer at second-hand and fiftieth hand, is not worth it; there is nothing to be gained by showing him up in detail, as there is in showing up his confrères, Madame Coulomb and Solovyoff, who brought allegedly first-hand evidence. I can find no literary motive for the book; there is nothing for the rules of criticism to rest on; the manner is that of the smart sleuth-writer, the style—there is none. The examination of such books is a hateful task for the critic, leaves one with no gain whatever, but a sense of depletion.

What can one do with a "biographer" of this kind who announces that Madame Blavatsky perceived through "her discovery by Dunglas Home and others as a natural medium that this trade might provide her with a livelihood"? The most fantastic of her other accusers never accused her of that!

He says, "She was unscrupulous in her attempts to raise money from any likely source". This again is pure "Ephes-

ian". The truth is that, within a year of landing in India, she could have raised rupees in lakhs had she been willing to exploit her psychic, let alone, occult, powers; that she never showed phenomena except in private; that she never took a penny even from the "Theosophist" until 1885, when her health broke under the persecution, and that she had spent on the Society most of what she had earned as a writer—and Katkoff paid her the highest rates; that so soon as she could hold a pen again, she set to work to earn money by writing.

Add that some of her most wonderful phenomena were never publicly mentioned during her lifetime; that the phenomena continued almost to her last day, as testified by dozens of people, notably by G. R. S. Mead, editor of "The Quest"; that she had profound contempt for the world's opinion and only kept herself alive to complete her work for the sake of the few who understood and honoured her and whom she wished to benefit.

Suppose that there were also a wish to retrieve her name and the family name from the disgrace thrust in such a cowardly fashion both on herself and her relatives—is that not honourable? Would a mere fraudulent medium, "craving for excitement and power", as "Ephesian" opines—would a vanity-stricken medium with no scruples about money have fought mortal disease as she fought it and stuck at her desk day in, day out? If she had lived to make more money by her work, she would have spent it on the Society, as before. For herself, she wanted little but enough to eat, a supply of tobacco and endless paper and pens.

* * *

When "Ephesian" comes to judgment on the motives for "fraud" of Madame Blavatsky, he discovers that she was moved by—mediumistic vanity. Her detractors curiously differ as to her motives. The born spy, Hodgson, discovered that she was a spy. Solovyoff, figuring to himself as a saviour of Christian Russia from the "morbid exhalations" of Theosophy, finds her to be a false Messiah. "Ephesian", discovers that she was moved by—vanity. Nevertheless, one cannot suppose that he, too, has naïvely accused her of his own particular frailty; no-one, no writer, with a spark of vanity

would have published this book! The things he suppresses betray him as consciously playing down to a low public; that is, declassing himself.

He quotes from the so-called "confession" letter written by H.P.B. to Solovyoff, but what does he quote? We shall see. This letter is always cited as though it sprang out of the blue, was a spontaneous outburst of senseless rage. Not so; it was a reply to one of Solovyoff's to her, that she describes as a "thundering, sickening, threatening letter", based on gossip he had collected, all that gossip we hear of but that never takes a confirmed shape, that all comes to nothing. Incidentally, Mr. E. R. Corson, in his "Some Unpublished Letters of H. P. Blavatsky", p. 90, draws a wrong inference from one sentence in H.P.B.'s letter. She says—"The devils will save me even in this last great hour". Mr. Corson writes: "The thought is staggering, but you see back of it a superb faith in herself, for even if the angels fail her, the devils will come to her help". The fact is that Solovyoff himself in his letter to her had used the term "devils" to describe her Masters, saying "All your devils will not save you"—and she is merely repeating ironically (*Letters of H.P.B. to Sinnett*, p. 179).

To my mind, it is almost inconceivable that any writer could read the opening passage of H.P.B.'s letter without a cry of admiration. "Ephesian" ignores this introduction and quotes only the latter part where the genius has exhausted itself and the hunted and wounded woman gives vent to justified rage—the which she probably forgot within half an hour when, having relieved herself of the angry stream, she quietly returned to her real life, the inner life of genius, and went on with her writing. I quote the opening passage:

"There is living in the forest a wild boar—an ugly creature, but harmless to everyone so long as they leave him in peace in his forest, with his wild beast friends who love him. This boar never hurt anyone in his life, but only grunted to himself as he ate the roots that were his own in the sheltering woods. For no reason, a pack of fierce dogs is loosed against him; men chase him from the woods, threaten to burn his native forest and to leave him a wanderer, homeless, for anyone to kill. For a while, he flies before the

hounds, although he is no coward by nature. He tries to escape *for the sake of the forest*, lest they burn it down. But lo! one after another, the wild beasts that were once his friends join the hounds; they begin to chase him, yelping and trying to bite and catch him, to make an end of him. Worn out, the boar sees that his forest is already set on fire and that he cannot save either it or himself. What is left? What can the boar do? Why, thus: he stops, he faces the mad pack of dogs and beasts and shows his spirit, himself as he really is. He bounds on his foes in his turn. He slays them until he has no more strength until he falls dead—and then he is *really* powerless."

That is only Walter Leaf's translation, slightly amended in the syntax. What must not have been the Russian original, with the writer's spirit aflame and the seal of genius on each word, each letter! H.P.B. had a wonderful art of words, even in English.

* * *

I am weary of "Ephesian", have no more patience even to laugh at the original testimony he brings to bolster up his discourse on anteflexios, this testimony being nothing more original than at very least third-hand gossip; an old Baroness, sister-in-law of Meyendorf, told him that Madame Blavatsky had had a child. I only refer to this charming chin-wag lest "Ephesian" should accuse me of suppressing his choice tit-bit. Of course, as Madame Blavatsky never had a child, and as she certainly had adopted Meyendorf's son in order to save some woman from a scandal, and as she foolishly allowed people to think it was her own child—all that is proved is that "Ephesian's" dear Baroness was not in the secret. His second original effort is likewise a bit of gossip from an old lady, Dr. Mary Scharlieb. Unfortunately, the doctor is dead and we cannot ask her whether "Ephesian" has reported her correctly. What is certain is that the dull perky style (save the word!) is his very own. He says that she said that H.P.B. said that she was a hundred years old, and had really persuaded herself that this was true. Agreeing with "Ephesian" that Dr. Scharlieb was "no fool", one can only suppose that she did not consider "Ephesian"

worth talking to seriously about the woman of genius and subtle wit with whom she must have had many a different kind of conversation.

"Ephesian's" book is really worse in a way than Solovy-off's. This Public Falsificator Number One had a motive—disappointment of his occult aspirations, and consequent deadly spite. "Ephesian" has no motive that I can discover—*unless* that very itch of vanity that he ascribes to Madame Blavatsky: a craving for the easy notoriety to be got out of attacking a person whom he would call notorious, but whom posterity will call famous. Like the books of the rest of her slanderers, his book will only be remembered because *she* will be remembered.

"Worthily used", prones our cook, "Worthily used, her talents might have placed her among the great imaginative geniuses of her day". Might have? She is there, may someone tell this poor "Ephesian", who is thus mysteriously forced into a recognition that we others will make without any of his crocodile tears. I confess, personally, that I could not hope to rival her in any literary style, provided we had the same language. She had the genius of all the styles I possess (except, perhaps, the lyrical), and far more knowledge. The one thing she could not do (or I, either) was to expound: hence the ease with which one may distinguish the writing of those whom she called her Masters from her own writings. As for her literary humility—nothing ever exceeded it! Much too humble! Writers will have to correct the "corrections" made by some of her devotees while they left bad grammar. With time, poetical writers will take all that jingle out of "The Voice of the Silence", and over-reverent Theosophists may as well make up their minds to the literary certainty; they need fear no falsification of the text—the critics will look after that.

I take leave of "Ephesian", writing him down an ass, and moralising him in revanche for his own Pecksniffian exploits in that line. Better, perhaps for him if he should spend some of the rest of his days reading Madame Blavatsky's "Nightmare Tales"—I don't suggest anything he might not hope to comprehend at all!—and maybe, one dark evening, they may give our perky one a salutary fright, because, like all works of "great imagination" . . . they are true.

PRESS REVIEWS OF "DEFENCE".

(continued from "N. U.", No. 2.)

Most of the first-class Indian journals have reviewed and sent me copies, others have reviewed, as I hear, but have not sent. Will Indian readers please forward cuttings they may come across?

In *The Hindu*, Madras, Mr. Ernest Wood writes: "The controversy regarding the genuineness or otherwise of the strange phenomena produced by Madame Blavatsky has broken out afresh . . . This new criticism has called forth a re-examination of all the data by Mrs. Beatrice Hastings, which I have no hesitation in describing as the most thorough piece of work yet done in this field . . . Though the temper of the modern mind makes it accept any "wonders" only on irrefutable evidence, it is almost impossible not to be convinced of the *bona fides* of Madame Blavatsky after reading these two little volumes . . . Mrs. Hastings reviews all this material, and an amazingly careful study of dates and documents exposes the whole as a mixture of fabrication and forgery".

The Pioneer, Lucknow, gives half a page, with a photo of H.P.B. at the top. "The Miracle of the Silk Handkerchiefs" is a sub-heading, the *miracle* being that we have found out that no such handkerchief phenomenon as described by Madame Coulomb was ever performed anywhere. "Mrs. Hastings has discussed threadbare the evidence against the detractors of Madame Blavatsky and has made out a shattering case against Madame Coulomb in particular." *The Pioneer* gives its readers a lengthy summary of the history of the case, concluding: "But sceptics will still remain sceptics. For even if we ignore the Coulombs and the Society for Psychical Research, the fact remains that the performance of the so-called 'phenomena', like the celebrated rope-trick, must remain a mystery". The irony of the situation is that the S.P.R. proclaimed its mission to research in these matters and descended to mere police business!

The Amrita Bazar Patrika, Calcutta, gives a column with many quotations, and sums up highly in favour of H.P.B. It speaks of "the growing interest in upholding the good

name and fame of this remarkable and somewhat enigmatical person whom the world knew as Madame Blavatsky".

The Leader, Allahabad, seems in two minds. It speaks of H.P.B. with all the respect desirable and says: "Those who were close observers were ultimately forced to recognise the invincible nature of the startling claims made by the inspired lady", but yet opines that "calumny was never the forte of the S.P.R.". The fact is, as I have learned, that the case of Madame Blavatsky is *by no means* the sole one where this Society has exercised calumny, and dictatorial brutality—and what calumny could be worse than, or equal with, the publication of a judgment by self-constituted judges who gave no hearing to the accused party?

The Civil and Military Gazette, Lahore, took my breath away. This, the most ferocious of H.P.B.'s old foes, comes out with thirty lines of almost immaculate, if not always accurate, civility. Madame Blavatsky would drop her cigarette in astonishment. Although, of course, "we remain unconvinced", it is a long step towards fair mind to admit that "there may be some people who will accept Mrs. Hastings' 'defence'"; an even longer step, to refer to the Mahatmic letters as "mystical effusions that dropped apparently from nowhere". In former days, the "C. and M.G." was sure that they were rubbish that came out of the Old Lady's pocket. Cheerio! truth may make strange converts yet.

The Bombay Theosophical Bulletin says: "The defence provides a good deal of material in the life of Madame Blavatsky and the history of the T.S. with which most members are not conversant, and which it would pay them to know". It deplores the neglect of the historical associations with Madame Blavatsky. "Much of the evidence and data has been lost, or is being lost, and so, students with an aptitude may well start such work." Alas, yes! and when Theosophical students discover that I have provided, at great expense and after enormous research, a series of practically irrefutable text-books, and that their Lodge officials have neglected these, as some have, there will be heart-burnings.

The American Theosophist, Wheaton, pays me many compliments, yet I should be even better pleased to see space given to instructing the readers in the actual case there is for Madame Blavatsky. The mere proclamation by Theosophists will never disturb the S.P.R. That is the futile, fatal way things have gone on too long. Journals may quote from my books what, and as much as, they please, providing the source is stated. The Friends of Madame Blavatsky are delighted to hear, although, so far, unofficially, that great preparations are being made to spread the defence at the July Convention and for H.P.B.'s birthday. This is good news, as we heard recently that delegates to one big Convention were furious at being unable to procure copies from the book-stall.

The Canadian Theosophist, Hamilton, has devoted several pages in several issues, and publishes in full the Notice of the Friends of Madame Blavatsky. A correspondent writes to me that Mr. Albert Smythe, in his 10,000 mile tour, "trumpeted Defence all along the line". In the November number, there is an amusing and instructive letter on "Defence" from Mr. Cyrus Field Willard of San Diego, in the course of which he recalls the testimony of Dr. Archibald Keightley at the Boston Convention. "He told how, when he was correcting the proofs of the *Secret Doctrine*, and she had gone to bed exhausted, he would come down in the morning to resume his work, and found many sheets of paper written in a different handwriting than hers, going on from where she had left off." But, no doubt, the exhausted Old Lady jumped out of bed and continued working all night, writing in a different handwriting—in fact, killing herself, just to keep up—a farce! And, Norendro Nath Sen, whose "proofs" for "The Indian Mirror" were found corrected for him in blue pencil after he had dropped asleep from fatigue over his work, played similar tricks! (I don't think.)

The O.E. Library Critic, Washington, is also unsparing of space in its defence of H.P.B. Dr. Stokes is an exceptional Theosophical historical scholar, his data is highly reliable and so, his praise is well worth earning. Of course, everyone nowadays who understands the position will agree with him that the "Keep quiet and don't stir up mud" policy is

wrong. There is nothing to hush up from our side and we shall prove it by bringing everything into the light.

The Bookdealers' Weekly, London. This highly-respected trade journal was good enough to send for the "Defence" vols. and to list them in its influential columns, noted by dealers and collectors all over the world.

Workers' Monthly, Farnham, once more gives space on its best page to "New Universe", with a long quotation and the cheering comment that we show "great spirit worthy of a great cause".

Light, London, again holds out the friendliest of hands. Under the heading, "A Gallant Crusade", it says: "Mrs. Beatrice Hastings, who has undertaken the task of clearing the name of Madame Blavatsky from the charges of fraud and trickery brought against her and of establishing her as 'a great soul and a great genius', announces in No. 2 issue of her magazine, *New Universe*, that a Society of the Friends of Madame Blavatsky is to be started and that it will be concerned only with the practical defence of H.P.B. . . . It is a gallant crusade, and we will watch its progress with great interest".

The English Theosophical Forum explains to its readers the value of *New Universe*: "Evidence, data, facts, intended to be a permanent record for reference", and asks—"Could anything be of greater service to all Theosophical Lodges, no matter to what organisation they belong?". Some Lodges certainly have not yet realised that *New Universe* is not a magazine of ephemeral matter, but actually continues the defence and that one day they may be running after odd copies as we now have to run after, and pay heavily for, the early records so sadly neglected.

The Path, Sydney, writes in the spirit of what I have just said. "It remains for real and earnest students of H.P.B.'s teachings to vindicate her on every possible occasion. To do this, the volumes under review will prove essential, because they do so much towards clearing away the prevailing confusion."

The Theosophical Forum, Point Loma. I hear that there was another article on "Defence" in the Jan. issue, but as, unfortunately, I have not received it yet, I cannot comment in this number. "*Aryan Path*", "*Theosophical Movement*", Bombay, "*Ruus-Risti*", Finland, "*News and Notes*" received too late for comment here.

The Occult Review, London. Is said to have taken to its bed since Messrs. Hare passed to ghost-land, but still hopes for a message from the beyond, something really authoritative to justify it in having turned against Madame Blavatsky on the mere bluff of these two gentlemen. No message will come, Mr. "O. R.". The only thing left for you to do is to get up like a man and admit that you were made a most precious fool of.

There is small doubt that the "big" English Press is, by example, advising "hush-hush" regarding the defence of Madame Blavatsky. I had a talk with a woman who knows the conditions pretty well. She could hardly believe, until I showed her a great file of cuttings, *all attacks* on H.P.B., that the defence is suppressed. She had supposed that Blavatsky was ignored altogether. Then she opined that the Editors themselves probably do not realise what is happening; that my books on H.P.B. would, of course, be given to the reviewers of all books on Blavatsky and that these, being evidently rabidly anti, would report the defence as not making out any case worth noticing, an attitude likely to be accepted without too much hesitation.

However this may be, the fact is that there is a ring against defence and we shall have to break through it. The literary boycott is own twin to the silent poison-gas, and it resembles it in this—that it is only safe to use when the other side possesses none itself.

Remember poor H.P.B.'s pathetic cry when she feared that her replies to letters in the "Times" would be suppressed, or badly cut up:

"My heart turns against *The Times* as something very dangerous for me. Who am I, poor unfortunate old Russian—helpless and defenceless, and see the power *they are*. It is only *you* [Sinnott] who can fight them with impunity".

Without specifying *The Times*, particularly, The Friends of

Madame Blavatsky know what happened when Messrs. Hare's attack came out—how certain reviewers fell on their necks as if long-lost allies and how letters of protest and correction went unpublished. Well, we grow, we grow every day more numerous and well-organised and the day will come for us when editors will print anything we have a right to say in defence of the "poor unfortunate old Russian". Readers can play at boycott as well as papers. Moreover, the "bigger" the paper (and none is so *very* big in these days of competition), the more vulnerable, for readers can drop their subscriptions and cease to purchase and simply read their rag in the public libraries that stock all "big" journals. Meanwhile, let all Friends pepper editors, town and provincial, with queries as to why Madame Blavatsky may be attacked in their columns while her defence is ignored. (Be brief!)

NOTES.

"New Universe" No. 5 will contain a review of a review by Miss Rebecca West of "Ephesian's" *The Mysterious Madame* (*Daily Telegraph*).

"Ephesian", important as a big-sales book, and that only, takes up nearly all space in this number. The next will give much information about the FRIENDS, now in thirteen countries, with Branches and Corresponding Members. FRIENDS will go on to 1975 as a Vigilance Society. Join! However big you may be, unless you join you will be a nobody in a backwash in a few years' time.

The First List of Victims of the SPR. will continue in No. 5, "NU."

Friends! push "NU."! It is the Life of the Crusade. This number contains twice as many pages as No. 1 did. As subscriptions flow in, we can have as many pages as we please, and many are needed. I could fill sixty with the villainy of the adversaries of H.P.B., all to be refuted.

Connect this crusade with the world crisis. Many crises and wars have come and gone since the dastardly outrage on her was committed, and still her case is alive. Why? Because it is one of those vital side-issues that must be fought out if Liberty is not to become a dry stick in the wrong—dictatorial—hands. More about this in No. 5.

To active Friends: If you are a Theosophist, and some official suddenly discovers that you and you alone can do some all-absorbing job—turn him down as a snake and get back to the defence of Blavatsky. We could all find other jobs if we liked.

To impecunious Friends: Buy a penny bank and put your farthings in it. We need funds and you must do your bit. 24 farthings will buy "NU." Branches should arrange for poor members to buy the Defence by instalments.

NEW UNIVERSE

“Try”

Vol. 1. No. 5.

July, 1938.

6d.

Editor - Beatrice Hastings.

Review of a review by Miss Rebecca West of
“Ephesian's” *Mysterious Madame*.

(*Daily Telegraph*. May 8th, 1931.)

A year or two before the Great War, certain women, and especially women in London, were in a curious state of seethe. This was not due to the agitation for the Vote, but may have been an expression of inhibited fervour; for the leading Suffragettes, with political cynicism, had announced that they wanted no humanitarian “side-issues”, and the Christabel turned her stony eye on any member romantic enough to suppose that the time for humane effort is now and always and not merely “when we get the Vote”. The result of this terrible policy was a set-back to reform, and last year, 1937, Sir John Simon was able to sign to the strangling in cold blood of two young mothers each with five little children: a barbarous horror that could not have been perpetrated in 1907 when women were burning with the spirit of reform.

Meanwhile, in the pre-war years, Grant Allen and similar advanced authors had caught on, and then, the Ibsen plays came to London; and much of the idealistic fervour lying idle under the frigid Pankhurst banner was worked off in the theatre by such women as dared not defy the orders and work as individuals. To the revolting young person I was born, who could scarcely conceive of making any fuss about the right to do one's own will within the limit of the criminal code, Ibsen's heroines seemed mostly loquacious parochial bores and their imitators a bit cranky. Actually, most of these stopped at audacious verbalism; but some went further, and many a quaint tale circulated. Among other

crazes, one sprang up among spinsters to present the community with illegitimate children by men in the public eye.

Now you must not take what I am going to say too seriously, for it may be partly a pleasantry—but this is true that I have never read Ibsen's play where Rebecca West comes in, I never got that far with his feminine bores. I have always supposed, however, that Becky was the model for the ambitious spinsters (maybe I am thinking of the *Woman who Did?*), and I do clearly remember that people found it odd that a young woman should deliberately label herself with that name, especially as the name had considerable commercial value and was the property of the dramatist.

The young woman who did soon began to make a small stir of the go-getting sort, as they call it. She found a home for her slip-slop journalism in some suffrage paper, and aspired higher. One day, I found her romancing about myself and appearing, among what she described as "us intellectuals", to found her remarks on a personal acquaintance, an honour I was obliged to disclaim. I had never seen her, and have not to this day. Years went by, many years . . . then, here in Worthing, I came on a book called "Boon", by Mr. H. G. Wells, that had been published some time after I left England in 1914. To my astonishment, I saw "Rebecca West" cited as one of the critics of the *New Age* in its most brilliant days! Now, in those days, it was such an honour to write in the *New Age* that the most potential swelled-heads assumed, if they did not feel modesty when speaking of any connection with the paper. Even Mr. St. John Ervine was quite content to describe himself as the humblest of reviewers in its celebrated pages. It was known that there was an anonymous woman critic but the secret was so well kept that even the curious and gossiping Arnold Bennett left without discovering it. At that period, Mr. Wells and the young woman above mentioned were very good friends, the which deepens the mystery of his assignation to her of a position on such a paper as the *New Age*. Who could have told him such a fiction? Well, wherever, Mr. Wells' vast circulation carried, and still carries, there went, and still goes, the young woman sitting—in my seat: for I was the anonymous woman critic on the *New Age*, and the young woman never wrote one single line

in the paper. I learn that her first novel, with such a push-off, was hailed as a work of genius, and she has now arrived at a position that could only be possible in an epoch like this when publicity takes the place of ability. From a slovenly journalist, she has, indeed, become a smart journalist, and in fact is very readable about Huey Long and such subjects: but a *writer* she was not born and could never become. She is one of the ring of reviewers who will talk you anything from Milton to—Madame Blavatsky, and with equal critical impotence; the band of powerful log-rollers who are known in publishing circles as Humph, Grumph and Blumph and whose strangle-hold on literature has been a tragedy this twenty years. In vain, young writers try to break the ring; it will not be broken until these people die off. The ring is largely Catholic, openly or secretly, and is clever at copying the Jesuit method of feigning sympathy with liberty and of permeating and assimilating (like your python) any movement that threatens the future establishment of Catholic temporal power. Here is a story: A book I know of that exposes the portentously false legend of the "Little Flower" (who was six feet tall and with the tone of a dragoon serjeant-major) Sister Theresa of Lisieux, was refused by a publishing firm because "Rebecca West's sister is an ardent R.C. convert, and West would throw her weight against the book".

Charming. Our young woman is evidently an obscurantist Power, and yet, at every dinner for Liberty, there she may be seen dining, and whenever there is a list of names of lovers-of-freedom to be signed and given publicity, there she will be found signing.

* * *

Now for what she has written about Madame Blavatsky.

"After an early marriage to a general she eloped with the captain of an English boat to Constantinople and became a bareback rider in a circus." Proof? None. The reviewer simply copies gossip, making no enquiry.

"She then became the mistress of a Balkan opera singer, with whom she travelled widely in Central and Eastern Europe." Proof? None.

"Mislaying this gentleman, doubtless at a railway-junction, she plucked another flower by the wayside, whom she accompanied to America on a business trip." Proof? None. (A study for incipient Freudians, the above!). Readers of my article on "Ephesian's" *Mysterious Madame* may have fancied, as I did, that he had touched the bottom of literary vulgarity. I had then read only an extract from the *Daily Telegraph* review, and now see that our young woman's primitive vulgarness is somewhat below what "Ephesian", with his early talent and good training, might find tolerable. Here is more:

"... she returned to Russia and announced her intention of settling down with her original husband, who was doubtless not too pleased, since for some time she had adopted dressing-gowns for day wear. One day, however, she met the Balkan opera-singer in the streets of Tiflis. It may be surmised that there was one moment, just one moment, when he looked over his shoulder and calculated how long it would take him to cover the ground to the next street-corner; but in the end he eloped with her to Kiev. There she quarrelled with the Governor, and posted such scurrilous poems about him all over the city that she was exiled. One would give something to see those poems, for as her later comments on her followers show, she had punch, she had drive, she had direction."

This passage almost stultified my mind. I could only murmur a "tough-guy" tag: Can you beat it! *This is the only reference to the writings of H.P. Blavatsky.* The rest of the article is a retailing of gossip with comments in the manner of those quoted above. What punch our young woman has, what drive, what direction—to the area.

I dealt with most of the above slanders in "New Universe" No. 4, and shall not trouble to correct them again here; but the slander about the exile from Tiflis may be met. In 1884, when the Coulomb scandal started, and rumours were flying, Colonel Olcott was insistent in obtaining from Russia all possible information about Madame Blavatsky. Among the documents sent was a personal letter from Prince Dandoukof, Commander-in-Chief and Governor-General of the Caucasus, enclosing a certificate from the Police Department of Tiflis, stating that Madame Blavatsky had never

made herself liable to any accusation. This certificate is in the Adyar archives and is quoted by Miss Mary Neff in her "Personal Memoirs of H. P. Blavatsky".

The information offered to the readers of the *Daily Telegraph* proves that the lady reviewer had never looked into her subject at all but, although she assumes a knowing attitude, had simply copied down the spiciest stuff from "Ephesian", who copied it from someone else; thus cheaply columns may be filled nowadays. However, I repeat that "Ephesian" probably would not quite associate himself with certain expressions added by his plagiarist, who does not shrink from anything, for instance, this:

" . . . indeed, there seems something super-natural about her ability to have had all these adventures. For she could have been considered handsome only had she been a blood-hound . . . ". Again: "Her one child was a hunchback, and died after an ailing infancy. This must have been an eternal shame and grief to her warm vigorous animal nature".

Madame Blavatsky never had a child at all and her sexlessness was proverbial among all who knew her; her writings, of course, would advise any critic of this sexlessness even were there no other testimony. As for the "hound" simile, I can only say that rarely in all my literary career have I read anything so wantonly cruel and brutal; for coarse, horse wit of the kind, one would have to get out of literature altogether and on to some street pavement. There is one photo of Madame Blavatsky that should not have been published, for she is obviously swollen with rheumatism and suffering pain that conquers even the usual expression of her marvellous eyes; but even so, there is the distinction of the shape of the forehead and the strange light above the brows that shows forth in every Blavatsky portrait. I shall try to reproduce in this "N. U.", and if not in No. 6, two photos that although taken from prints speak for themselves in reply to the "D. T." reviewer.

* * *
I begin to be sure that nobody can attack Madame Blavatsky with mental impunity. They may go on abusing her

almost to the end, but sooner or later, a wand seems to be laid on their brain and they have to perform *pu-ja*! Listen to this from the concluding paragraph :

" . . . feeling that she had the thirst for reality which is the root of all good living, followers crowded around her . . . "

That sentence was certainly automatic, for no-one who realised the meaning of the words could have set pen to the rest of the review. An instant later, we are in the mud again : "But she had accustomed them to ask for miracles, herself to perform them. So she died prisoned in falsity, though the best in herself seems to have survived in spite of everything in the society she formed; which, after all, did and still does serve the purposes of a good many very admirable people". Not one of whom, one may conclude, would consent to make the acquaintance of this reviewer. But what a petty chaos of ignorance, insult and patronage!

The review was timed to appear on May 8th, the anniversary of H.P.B.'s death when Theosophists of all groups and of none were preparing for their memorial gatherings. It is to be supposed that the Editor of the *Daily Telegraph* was unaware of this additional outrage to one of the foulest articles ever written about a woman beloved and honoured by thousands and, I add, who will be honoured so long as genius and literature endure.

Circular.

TO THE FRIENDS OF MADAME BLAVATSKY.

Dear Friends,

Our London Social Rooms are now settled at
94, LADBROKE GROVE, LONDON, W.11.
Tel: Park 7716 (Blavatsky)

There are a drawing-room on entrance floor and a semi-basement, light, quiet and comfortable for smoker-students and my office. At first, until I can organise volunteers to remain in charge, the place can only be generally open from 3 p.m. to 10.30 p.m. Tuesdays and 10 a.m. to 10.30 p.m. Wednesdays, when I shall be there. *Opening day: June 7th, 1938.* Visitors, Wednesdays, 4 to 6 and 8 to 10 p.m. Tea and coffee may be ordered.

A Friend has guaranteed half the rent for two years and I want the rest and running expenses. Also, I want gifts of books helpful to the Defence of H.P.B. and her Works for the library. Our Transcript Branches and Members are preparing typed scripts of all the out-of-print pamphlets, reports, etc., concerning the Defence. We do not desire any books dealing with controversies that have arisen since H.P.B.'s death, unless these directly affect the Defence.

We also want pictures and photos of H.P.B. and of places where she lived, and of Olcott, Damodar and others of the early period.

A special group will be formed of serious and disciplined students only to deal with the documentation of the *Mahatma Letters* and *Letters of H.P.B. to A. P. Sinnett*, these directly affecting the defence. Copies of these books will be received with special gratitude. Donors of books should inscribe their names inside.

Our outside work for the next six months will be the circulation of our new explanatory leaflet; to be sent to Clergy, Editors, M.P.'s, Teachers and other professional people, landlords, tenants, tradesmen, anyone and everyone.

THE SEED WILL BEAR ITS OWN FRUIT. 10,000 nearly are already out, and we aim at 100,000 this summer. Some Friends are despatching them in hundreds and everyone can send or give a few. The leaflet need only be folded in three, blank space outermost, put in a small trade envelope, open with flap turned in; halfpenny stamp. Some overlapping will do no harm, quite the contrary.

Yours sincerely,

BEATRICE HASTINGS.

General Hon. Sec. F.M.B.

All communications to 4, BEDFORD Row, WORTHING, SUSSEX, ENGLAND.

FUNDS.

The more money we receive, the wider we can spread our propaganda to enlighten the public.

"All you can take with you out of this world is what you give away." (H.P.B.)

* * *

In September, we shall begin weekly Talks on Madame Blavatsky, at 94. Friends who can speak please send in their names.

* * *

By the generosity of a Subscriber, this number will be sent to the world Press.

No. 6

NEW UNIVERSE

“Try”

A Review devoted to the defence of
MADAME BLAVATSKY

6^{d.}

NEW UNIVERSE

“Try”

Vol. 1. No. 6. January, 1939. 6d.
Editor - Beatrice Hastings.

Review of a review by Mr. S. K. Ratcliffe of Messrs. Hare's
“Who wrote the *Mahatma Letters*.”

(*Spectator*, June 26th, 1936.)

An intriguing spectacle for the future critic will be that provided by the group of reviewers who, apparently, have determined among themselves to keep an effigy of Madame Blavatsky in the pillory. Why they should undertake this vain task is something of a mystery. But then all is something, if not much, of a mystery in these times. Why should Mr. Chamberlain have had the cheek and impudence (Mr. Herbert Morrison's phrase) to carve up for Hitler's pleasure a country of which our cultured Prime Minister declared that he “knew nothing”? We live in an age like that, when people can do such things. If we said that this age started when Madame Blavatsky was made the victim of a “frame-up” in the interests of intellectual fascism in this country, that would not be wide of the truth.

It is absolutely certain that the grotesque reviewers above-mentioned do not know why they attack Madame Blavatsky, why they carve her up. To know why they do it they would need to study the charges made against her and also to read her writings. The least glance at their articles shows that they have neither studied the charges nor read her writings. They just play the poll-parrot. They slander at second, at hundredth, hand, adding to the “evidence” nothing but their own signature, a signature of not the slightest value, being inadmissible in any court. They repeat what other adversaries of Madame Blavatsky have said about her books. If the adversaries make a wrong quotation or falsify a quotation, so do the reviewers, copying down with a servility that would

be amusing were it not so stupid. If they should allege that they are doing a sacred duty by periodically reminding the public what a dreadful charlatan Madame Blavatsky was and by warning people away from the literature connected with her name—"a mountain of rubbish", as Mr. Ratcliffe designates the part called the *Mahatma Letters*—if these reviewers pretend to some moral right in their attacks, one can answer immediately: "You have no right at all to attack Madame Blavatsky, for your articles show that you have studied neither the charges against her nor her writings". And so we come back to where we started from, and have to say that we live in an age like that, a half-insane age, when people can carve up other people and give them away and just do what they like. But this age will pass. One day, a world will stand in a two-minutes silence wondering just what kind of curly-tongued hypocrites congratulated Mr. Chamberlain while one thousand Czech officers shot themselves on the Maginot Line and then it will be said that public immorality must have been long breeding in many quarters, and especially in the Press, before public men could venture to play such a diabolical farce.

Believe it—that long foul dastardly campaign against H. P. Blavatsky, carried on with the aid of almost the whole Press, a huge iniquitous LIE of a campaign, a FRAME-UP comparable for impudent villainy with any ever known, believe it that this tragic attempt to incriminate and blot out and murder a woman of such genius has played a horrible part in the slide towards barbarism. An injustice of that sort, repeated and repeated year after year is a poison in the human atmosphere, renders it unstable.

The Theosophists have been blamed for not defending her. I am not sure that a true defence could have been made before the publication of the *Mahatma Letters* where so many scores of confirmatory circumstances and dates assist a vindication. But, I tell Theosophists plainly now that they must and will be held guilty if they do not bring before the public everywhere throughout the world the facts that prove her innocence of the charges made against her. There are some charges that may perhaps evade explanation because such explanation as could be offered concerns the esoteric life

of H. P. Blavatsky and could never be really explained to outsiders: but these are *very few* compared with the mass of accusations that can be disposed of completely by mere study of records; accusations that any decently honest person would cast out as having been criminally concocted. It is the duty of Theosophists to call the attention of people all over the world to the "Defence of Madame Blavatsky" which I have prepared with enormous pains and to protest against the repetition of slanders, baseless always and now being one by one refuted. And do not reply that you are doing your part by reading the "Secret Doctrine" and teaching it to others. That would be to class yourself with a man who should hear people saying that his benefactor was a swindler and should reply that he was too busy spending the fortune to bother about that. Occultism destroys people who mishandle it. If ever the key to the "Secret Doctrine" were given, it could not conceivably be given to people whose common moral basis were unsound; and most decidedly unsound is the moral basis of any Theosophist who neglects his part in the vindication of H. P. Blavatsky.

* * *

"Madame Blavatsky, a woman of boisterous vigour and humour, needed supernatural authority for her gospel", writes Mr. S. K. Ratcliffe. "She found it in these remote Tibetans, the first two of whom bore the names of Koot Hoomi and Morya. (Not long after the first exposure in India, renegade Theosophists were explaining that Koot Hoomi had been made up from Olcott and Hume.)"

That is the sort of thing that may be printed in the *Spectator*, a journal of world-wide circulation and considered of great authority. You behold Madame Blavatsky, that marvellous writer, that astonishing conversationalist, the delight of every company, thus presented to the readers of the *Spectator*, many of whom would be with her if they were given a fair portrait—you see her presented as a kind of lumbering, horse-laughed peasant with enough cunning to set up as a prophet, *mystique et pocharde*; a coarse humbug, making up idiotic names from other names. Mr. Ratcliffe is of course completely ignorant of the fact that the name

Koot Hoomi, although very rare, is one of the oldest in India. The text of the Sama Veda according to the school of Koot-hoomi has been published by the Asiatic Society in Calcutta. How, in 1880, could Madame Blavatsky have got hold of just this rare name except through one of the order?

Why, one asks, should an ignoramus be permitted to fob off his scurrilities on the readers of the *Spectator*? It is paralyzing and stultifying to the mind to reflect that one of the gravest journals in the world should be left at the mercy of such a mountebank.

Mr. Ratcliffe's admiration (grown in absolute ignorance of the subject) for Messrs. Hare might be described as "boisterous". He riots in praises, gives them his full (and perfectly worthless) endorsement. As the readers of my "Defence of Madame Blavatsky" are aware, I devoted a section of Vol. I. to Messrs. Hare and, with data that only ended with the space at my disposal, proved them a couple of pretenders. They have been unable to reply on one single point.

"A mountain of rubbish" says Mr. Ratcliffe of the *Mahatma Letters*. I ask such readers of the *Spectator* as will see this page—and they will be several—to consider the following quotation in the light of Mr. Ratcliffe's pronouncement:

"Did it ever strike you—and now from the standpoint of your Western science and the suggestion of your own ego which has already seized the essentials of every truth, prepare to deride the erroneous idea—did you ever suspect that Universal, like finite, human, mind, might have two attributes, or a dual power—one the voluntary and conscious, the other the involuntary and unconscious, or the mechanical power? To reconcile the difficulty of many theistic and anti-theistic propositions, both these powers are a philosophical necessity. The possibility of the first, the voluntary and conscious attribute in reference to the infinite mind, notwithstanding the assertion of all the Egos throughout the living world, will remain forever a mere hypothesis, whereas in the finite mind it is a scientific and demonstrated fact." (Page 137.)

And then, take this: "Guided by his Guru, the *chela* first

discovers . . . the laws . . . the centrifugal evolutions into the world of matter. To become a perfect adept takes him long years, but at last he becomes the master. The hidden things have become patent, and mystery and miracle have fled from his sight forever. He sees how to guide force in this direction or that—to produce desired effects. The secret chemical, electric or odic properties of plants, herbs, roots, minerals, animal tissues, are as familiar to him as the feathers of your birds are to you. No change in the etheric vibrations can escape him. He applies his knowledge, and behold a miracle! And he who started with repudiation of the very idea that miracle is possible, is straightway worshipped by the fools as a demi-god or repudiated by still greater fools as a charlatan."

In one of Kingdon Ward's books, he relates his astonishment that a young chela in the monastery he stayed in was able to go at once and find the growing-place of a flower picked miles away and three months before, whereas the English botanist had sought in vain all those months to find another specimen. They do not waste their time in those monasteries and no wonder they do not want our interference and "progress"!

One more quotation: "At a certain spot not to be mentioned to outsiders, there is a chasm spanned by a frail bridge of woven grasses and with a raging torrent beneath. The bravest member of your Alpine Club would scarcely dare to venture the passage, for it hangs like a spider's web and *seems* to be rotten and impassable, yet it is not; and he who dares the trial and succeeds—as he will if it is right that he should be permitted—comes into a gorge of surpassing beauty of scenery, to one of *our* places and to some of *our* people . . ." (Page 219.)

If Mr. Ratcliffe could ever, by any Cinderella-sister device, mould his imagination and shape his mind to that style, it would be worth his while to cut and chop himself for a month of Sundays.

And a last word: "On close observation you will find that it was never the intention of the Occultists really to conceal

what they have been writing from the earnest determined students but rather to lock up the information for safety's sake, in a secure safe box, the key to which is—intuition."
(Page 279.)

The mountain may look as if covered with rubbish; but one remembers those poor-looking hermit dwellings that a few explorers have photographed; just a pile of stones, maybe, or a few logs with a rag or two for a roof. Surely no-one ever comes there. Look again! If you know anything about a spoor, you will see that scarcely a stone on the long desert is in its natural position. People must be going there all the time. They don't go to see a rag shaking in the wind!

The *Mahatma Letters* have gone into many impressions already, and that in spite of the fact that only great devotion can discover the right order of the reading.

LECTURE AT F.M.B. SOCIAL ROOMS.

For September 22nd, on the evening of the day when Mr. Chamberlain took his umbrella to Berchtesgaden, the Friends of Madame Blavatsky arranged a lecture. The subject was "Tiflis and the Caucasus in the time of Madame Blavatsky"; the lecturer, Prince Melikoff, a Georgian nobleman. At seven o'clock I was saying to myself that we need expect nobody on the night of such a crisis. At eight, we were packed to the doors and had to turn people away. Three quarters of the audience were non-Theosophists and in fact no prominent Theosophist came to support us. Some were away owing to the crisis and some, certainly, waited to see what sort of success we might get, quit to turn up next time if we got a good one. The audience was a wonderful response to my appeal to the general public to come and hear the name of Madame Blavatsky pronounced with respect and admiration. Prince Melikoff led off by telling us that the Caucasus was for centuries the gateway from west to east and pointed out how fitting it was that Madame Blavatsky should have spent her years between childhood and early maturity among the forests and mountains of that ancient region. Knowing the region himself like his hand, as they say, the lecturer filled about

thirty minutes with instructive and amusing information. Then, coffee and cakes were served and after that, Mr. Christmas Humphreys of the Buddhist Lodge kindly gave us a fifteen minutes' discourse on the Power of Thought. I saw many eyes fixed as if charmed on the speaker, and no doubt some of them for the first time heard of the mystical carrying-power of a thought.

On October 25th, the Friends of Madame Blavatsky had a conversazione. Invitation was by personal card, as I wished to avoid the rather too grand crush that we had at the lecture. There was a terrible fog on and once again I doubted whether anyone would come, but practically everyone did.

This time, about half were Theosophist members and half non-Theosophist members with a sprinkling of specially invited guests. We had a first-rate violinist, Mr. J. Gold, who played, among other brilliant items, some of the Russian songs that Madame Blavatsky must have sung as a girl. Miss M. C. Debenham sang beautifully and was enthusiastically encored. Between the musical parts, conversation was lively and much of it ran on the defence of Madame Blavatsky. It was generally agreed that this kind of social evening is invaluable as a means of getting together people who would not attend an ordinary Theosophical meeting but who would be inclined to defend H.P.B. once they were told about the "frame-up" and were given some good reasons for defending her.

Members would render the greatest service to the crusade for Madame Blavatsky's vindication by giving social evenings at their own homes. All classes of society might be reached in this way. It would be against our rules to put forth the teachings at such gatherings, the which should be devoted to gaining adherents among the general public, and this public will shy off from anything that looks like a furtive attempt to convert them to the philosophy. What might be done would be to say that there do exist classes for the philosophy and that the guests would be sure of a welcome if they cared to attend.

At both lecture and conversazione our explanatory leaflets were distributed and I noted particularly that all, after being read, were carefully put in bags and pockets and not one remained behind on the chairs or the floor. We took no collections at these first meetings, but several donations were given, and some of our literature was sold.

• • •
Before next "New Universe" appears, we may have changed our London arrangements. Our largest room has proved far too small for public lectures and the next will have to be given in a hall. Meanwhile, visitors' day is changed to Friday, 4 to 6.

POISON TONGUES.

Dear Mr., Mrs. or Miss Poisoner, This is to inform you that I know all about your whispering campaign. If I were not engaged in a campaign myself to vindicate the honour of Madame H. P. Blavatsky, a victim of people of whom you are certainly the "remains" (you know what I mean), I should take no notice. However, under the circumstances, I must take some notice because you are interfering with my work, and this is the form my notice will take: Wherever I meet you, I shall tickle your ears or tip your hat with a fly-flick.

B. H.

IT COULD HAPPEN AGAIN.

She sat all day and half through the night, very fat, very hot, often very ill, writing, writing, trying to enlighten their ignorant souls; and they took it for granted that she should do it all. Until Damodar came, she addressed envelopes and even toiled out to post them herself. Then Damodar sat up half the nights, taking some of the burden off her hands. They hurt her, these hands, being rheumatic, but the *Theosophist* came out every month with pages of the stuff that today delights writers and will be preserved by critics for all time. The pygmies poisoned her existence. If she spent money, they wondered where she got it from; if she did not spend, they said that she must be making a good thing out

of the fees and donations. When she was goaded at last to issue a balance-sheet, the auditors found that she and Olcott must have contributed some 19,000 rupees to the cause. Did that stop their venom? No. They turned up just the same, spying out something else; she never could see through them until they had damaged her considerably. If she remained silent, she must be guilty; if she swore them off the premises, even more guilty. If she clothed herself, she was extravagant; if she dressed anyhow, she was a slut. She could never do anything right for them. They said that she antagonised them. Not they, *her*, the Golden Goose! They went off to mischief; she went on, laying the golden eggs. From the first, some tried to jump the claim, loot the machine, form committees to break up her Society and start one themselves—and that went on to the end, one after another, from Hume to Kingsford, from Sellin to Coues, and more and more of them. What a story is yet to be written of all these raids!

At first, she used to complain a bit, tell them what a hell of a life she had to lead in order to keep the work going. They sympathised: "So sad to think of you with such a burden to carry. Do hope you will soon recover from your illness. I wonder if you would mind sending me next *Theosophist* to enclosed address? I am going to the country for a few weeks." It was too humiliating to continue telling these people about her difficulties and so we only gather from a letter here and there how she grew nervous and worn-out, frequently left her home where there was some comfort and slept anyhow, and caught cold, and ate the wrong things at the wrong times and came back out of both pocket and health, to find a pile of letters waiting. They didn't care a damn. All they cared for was to get her to start them off in the mystical business. Some of them cashed in on the market she created and made a lot of money. *They* did not give the profits to the Cause, not it!

It is a rotten story and one would need a steady stomach to write it all. Those who never turned on her . . . a single hand would suffice to tick them off! Damodar was one of these, and the Masters took him.

POLITICS.

After the Munich crisis, I felt that I should burst if I remained silent while such iniquities were being committed, so I wrote a pamphlet called "Our Own Business". The immediate result of this was an invitation to speak at a meeting in Trafalgar Square, so I spoke in Trafalgar Square; incidentally, for the first time in my life as I have always imagined that my voice was no good even for indoor meetings, but, put to the test, it proves to be what the stump orators call a "carrier". Then, things began to work all around me and I started a movement to unite all true democrats. Result of this, a descent of *duggas*, such as I always have to meet and conquer no matter what I undertake. Now they've had their ears boxed and *The Democrat* is shouting the nation from its perilous lethargy.

Several prominent Theosophists have written to congratulate me. But—imagine my amused contempt to discover that some of our Theosophist F.M.B.'s thought I ought not to dash into politics but should confine my energies to the F.M.B.! Now, that is treating me as though I were hired to clean up their dirty house and liable to be called over the coals if I did not put in an appearance. Nothing of the kind as H.P.B. would have said: Nothing like it! And I have flung off a few notes here and there in this "New Universe" that may stick in some caps, and that's all I care. Hoity-toity! You find one of the most exclusive writers ever born willing to take up the defence of your teacher, you do little more than sign your names or a sub. (often an ananias) and then you claim a monopoly! You grumble and criticise and some of you slander like billy-o . . . run away, or else cease your gossip and come in and DO something. I have just had to spend over an hour tracing a new member's address. As a rule I make the entries at once when despatching the receipt and card, every name meaning two entries, usually a letter, the card, envelope, stamping and posting: and just remember it. If the application is sent through a second person, there is no record except in the letter of that person; that is all right enough when there is a whole list of names; but when it is a case of one single name in a letter, that name must be entered in the files at once or may get laid away

with the letter. As I was in London, without the files, a name got mislaid so hence my tears and swears this morning. Again: I had to look through a huge pile of cuttings for Mr. Ratcliffe's article. Twice, thrice, and at last I found it. You may imagine how I love these grumblers. What a tale I could tell of all this work on H.P.B.'s defence! I would, except that it would be a very useful addition to the hostile arsenal.*

Instead, I will tell you charitably a few stories about H.P.B. and Co.

The Master M. had come to see them at Girgaum Back Road, Bombay, just after Olcott had resolved never never to give in, and the visit was to come to an end, MM's pipe out and his blessing about to be given. Olcott wanted to keep him somehow a minute longer, just a minute, and he had a brilliant idea. "Come and see the dog!" he said. So they all went out and saw the dog.

And this happened at one of the socials that H.P.B. arranged to attract people to Lansdowne Road. Fashionable people had been entertaining the company when a little most unfashionable man walked shyly in and gazed around for a seat. Instantly H.P.B. sent for him and installed him next to herself. Presently, she announced that he was going to sing a comic song. Horror! However, he sang his song. And then, she asked him to sing it again. Sinnett came up and remonstrated. "But don't you see, my dear", she replied, with one of her royal looks—"Don't you see that it is the only thing he can do?"

If sweetness and light ever surpassed that, I never heard of it.

She had no mercy for snobbery of any kind. When the

* When, after the crusade has been won and it will be no longer necessary to keep the adversary in ignorance, the tale may be told. On the shining side will be found some who have given time, energy and money. One member, a busy salary earner, has sent out 3,000 leaflets with his own hands and at his own expense, giving me no trouble but the dispatch to him of the packets. Every F.M.B. could give or send 100.

Avenue Road folk were seized by an epidemic of Nirvanic assumption and were "sailing off on the yogi line" and making of her a Popish idol, she took special measures to cure it. One of them, later a Theosophical celebrity, got a severe dose and had the grace to tell the story. H.P.B. entered a room and found the aspirant to adeptship strangely swaying to and fro on her knees, with hands clasped. "Whatever are you doing, So and So?" enquired H.P.B. suavely. "Oh, H.P.B. I am communing with the Silent Watcher." Pause. "'To hell with the Silent Watcher!" When the devotee recovered, the room was empty.

* * *

Speaking of pipes and tobacco, I propose that on every anniversary of H.P.B.'s birthday, all non-smoking F.M.B.'s should either puff a cigarette or present some smoker with a packet of his or her particular brand. This, "on general principles and as a sign of loyalty to them", as she said on a certain occasion and a cure for snobbery. The anti-tobacco dictatorship is a dugpa trick, however innocently supported by non-smokers; it would exclude the Master Morya and H.P.B. from many places, and where they were excluded, no other Master would enter. Thus the seven devils would find themselves lords of the swept and garnished chamber. (Mine is du Maurier, red packet.)

THE ROLL OF HONOUR.

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NOTES:

Reviews of "Defence" and "New Universe" received from "*Federated India*"; *The Theosophical World*; *Amrita Bazaar Patrikar*; *Toronto Theosophical News*; *The Mahratta*; *Lucifer*; *The Theosophical Forum*; *The Canadian Theosophist*; *The O.E. Literary Critic*; *The American Theosophist*; *The Right Review*; *The Theosophist*; *The Path, Ruusu-Risti*; *The Leader* (Allahabad); *The Age* (Melbourne); *The Theosophical Movement*; *The Aryan Path*; *The Spiritualist News*; *Psychic News*; *Light*.

Psychic News must find a space for quotation from its generous article concerning one who was regarded always as an adversary: "It is a long time since I read anything so satisfying to the critical sense as the review, 'New Universe', in which Mrs. Hastings is, point by point and incident by incident, slaying the lies and slanders about Blavatsky. Mrs. Hastings wields a pen of such power that I hope when she has won the battle for Blavatsky, she will turn again to journalism. I was 'nursed' on Blavatsky's writings, and feel the greatest respect for anyone who can master the intricate details of the life and work of one who was inspired by such a fiery spirit that she made enemies by her zeal and fearlessness." (P.M.)



