

NEW UNIVERSE

“Try”

**A Review devoted to the defence of
MADAME BLAVATSKY**

6^{d.}

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Editor - Beatrice Hastings.

THE MYSTERIOUS MADAME. by “Ephesian”. (C. Bochhofer 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 She belongs to the great order, to those who may be read even when the subject itself has passed out of date.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.

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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 imperiousness” 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, hits 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 Wurzburg, 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 robed 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.

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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 Bagration”. 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 Nepaul. 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 Nepaul, 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.

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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 Wurzburg 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 horn 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” baulks 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.

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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 Lorna 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 attache 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 expecting 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 Wurzburg 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.

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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 Wurzburg 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 Hurrychund, 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, *opprobriating* 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. Opera 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 Clay-poles. 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 confreres, Madame Coulomb and Solovyoff, who brought allegedly firsthand 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 “Ephesian”. 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 Solovyoff’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 reexamination 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 deplors 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 bookstall.

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, “*Ruusu-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 wrongdictatorial—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.

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