

DEFENCE OF MADAME BLAVATSKY

Volume 1.

(Each volume is complete in itself)

- Section 1. Madame Blavatsky and the Mahatma Letters.
2. A Note on the "Kiddle Incident".
3. The Mahatma Letters and Messrs. Hare.
4. Mahatma K.H. and A. P. Sinnett.

BY

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Mrs. Beatrice Hastings is a writer well-known in literary circles, but, having written mostly anonymously, is unknown to the general public. The quotations below may, therefore, be convenient.

April 14th, 1932: "Beatrice Hastings, the cleverest woman writer of her day." — *Everyman*.

1934. (Mr. Victor Neuburg.): "Mrs. Hastings, the famous critic, star turn of the 'New Age' when that paper was by far the best-written in London." — *Sunday Referee*.

June 1st, 1933. (Londoner's Diary.): "I can recall only one other Englishwoman who publishes in both French and English, and that is Mrs. Beatrice Hastings." — *Evening Standard*.

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- II. The "Adyar Saucer" Phenomenon.
- III. The Coulomb Pamphlet.
- IV. The "Sewn Letter" to Professor Smith.

PREFACE

In the first place, I am defending a woman of genius. If H. P. Blavatsky had left to the world only the “Nightmare Tales”, “From the Caves and Jungles of Hindostan” and “Blue Mountains”, the world would owe her a laurel.

But we have to add to these, hundreds of pages of literary merit scattered throughout the “Secret Doctrine”, “Isis Unveiled” and the “Mahatma Letters”; and, from her undisputed writings, many and many a paragraph of wit, beauty, eerie psychology or plain horse sense (rare enough in our race). To pick out for quotation, as do her enemies, sentences written in one of her tempers or when a nervous wreck from calumny and misunderstanding, is simply to emphasise the vast volume on the credit side.

As to the “teachings”, my personal interest is mainly intellectual and speculative. So far as these concern science and the history of man, they are more than fascinating, for many of them have been confirmed since H.P.B. died. But, the progress and destiny of my individual monad, if I have one, leaves me indifferent. I find almost all I accept summed up in Letters X and XXII of the “Mahatma Letters”; and this is pure, cold, salty Gautama science, as opposed to the romantic, “self”-flattering stuff nowadays circulated as Buddhism — with relic-worship and ten-thousand-pound temples and other anti-Buddhic rubbish thrown in. This scientific philosophy, which confirmed all I had ever really thought, despite ephemeral enthusiasms, I had discovered several years before coming on the “Mahatma Letters”; and these cleared away some evolutionary puzzles. The “atmosphere” of the “Letters” did not surprise or confuse me, for, in my youth, I had been a Fellow of the Blavatsky Lodge for about two years, a piece of luck.

My feeling of the necessity to defend H.P.B. as a deeply-wronged *person* arose from a casual reading in a Spiritualist library of the Report of the Society for Psychical Research. I found myself staring at the *gaps*; and soon realised that they must be deliberate gaps. As a student, I was indignant to find myself required to accept Hodgson’s mere opinion where I wanted evidence. I procured a few other documents and, finally, all the first editions of books, reports, pamphlets, for and against, that I could lay hold of; nearly everything. My scales came down, in many cases, heavily on the side of H.P.B.

In future volumes, I hope to set out these cases. I hope it will not be easy to trip me up on data, but if any reader finds a slip, I should be most grateful for information. The data are multifarious, and I have only one poor brain. A world-wide, but inter-working, body of experts is needed! There are data that one single person can scarcely obtain. For an instance — and it is a real one! — a date in some old Indian paper is out of my reach; some article in the early Australian and Continental journals, etc. How often I have found that an apparently insignificant date or remark has been just the clue I had lacked! To your desks, O Theosophists! The defence of H.P.B. is no dream.

In this connection, I name Miss Mary Neff, of Adyar, with a documentarian’s respect and admiration.

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DEFENCE OF H. P. BLAVATSKY

SECTION I.

H. P. BLAVATSKY AND THE MAHATMA LETTERS.

Every literary critic is a collector, with the passion of the collector to secure a “rare piece” that will honour him among his peers and with the fury of the collector against imitations. Writing of such imitations in literature, even the urbane Sainte-Beuve exclaimed — “I detest . . .”

He was writing of the fabricated stuff that is circulated among the public as the real thing; he was not referring to works of merit issued under pseudonyms. He would scarcely have refused to examine “The Tempest” on the ground that we are uncertain whether the man called Shakespeare really wrote the play, or the “Mahatma Letters” because no Mahatma has come forward to claim them.

Yet, as certainly may be said, the present-day literary world neglects even to examine these “Letters” and the works of H. P. Blavatsky mainly because a certain Society for Psychical Research, that, as such, never was of any account in Literature, once ventured to say that she lied about the method of their production and signed them by various names. The literary world takes up an absurd position and loses a great deal. For, there are many “rare pieces” in the writings attributed to Blavatsky, and, even when it is indubitably she writing, and even at her worst, there is always the touch of genius. The further one goes with her and the more one understands what she is talking about, the more surely one is entertained on every page. As for instruction, this, of course, depends on one’s receptivity towards a philosophy which — she never thrust on anyone, and that she treats often with a humour scarcely applied by philosophers before or since.

Many passages are of pure literary water, and I should like to show them in profusion, to quote them for their own worth. But, for the purposes of this book, I must confine myself to quoting passages that seem to me to mark a difference between the genius and style that Helena Petrovna undoubtedly possessed and a genius and style that she did not possess. The quotations will be accompanied by a digressive commentary on the circumstances under which they were written.

* * *

H.P.B.’s earlier letters and articles, published in the American Press, were corrected by Colonel Olcott, one of the Founders of the Theosophical Society in New York, and others among her friends and admirers; she almost requisitioned anyone who could help her along. Yet, she had already a truly genial sense of English idiom, so much more important, this, than having the mere grammar; and, when we come to the “Nightmare Tales”, we see inspiration flying over all the barriers and producing a triumph. Her private letters frequently halt in expression; she rambles and returns, then seems to summon impatience as a positive *aid* and, in a few staccato sentences, dashes off a coherent summary of her thoughts. The mould

of the personality is unmistakable in all this early work.

An extract from one of her private letters to Professor Corson, professor of Anglo-Saxon and English Literature at Cornell University, may illustrate her uncorrected style at this period; and it will also indicate the point on which I shall insist, namely, that she was no born teacher and had nothing of the temperament necessary for the serene expositional expression of which we find so much in “Isis Unveiled” and certain of the Mahatma Letters. The extract is from “Some Unpublished Letters of Madame Blavatsky” (P.153), by E. R. Corson, B.S., M.D.

“You are acquainted with the ‘Labarum’ only as many others are. You take it to be a monogram of Christ, for the books you allude to never thought (or perhaps did not know themselves) that because the shape . . . happened to resemble Greek letters . . . it was not proof at all that the ‘Labarum’ had been formed of the letters belonging to the Greek alphabet. Why should not the Greek alphabet be as likely composed partially of the most ancient signs and symbols? Such is the case, I assure you. I defy all the scientists of the world, as well as all the antiquarians, philologists, and all the Champollions, senior and junior, to prove to me that this symbol does not exist as far back as 16,000 years previous to the birth of Christ.”

Contrast this (remembering that H.P.B. was deeply concerned to earn Professor Corson’s good opinion and would have done all she humanly could to interest him) with the following fluid, leisurely second paragraph of “Isis Unveiled” (Vol. I. P.1), written about the same time.

“A conviction, founded upon seventy thousand years of experience, as they allege, has been entertained by hermetic philosophers of all periods that matter has in time become, through sin, more gross and dense than it was at man’s first formation; that, at the beginning, the human body was of a half-ethereal nature; and that, before the fall, mankind communed freely with the now unseen universe. But since that time, matter has become the formidable barrier between us and the world of spirits. The oldest esoteric traditions also teach that, before the mystic Adam, many races of human beings lived and died out, each giving place in its turn to another. Were these precedent types more perfect? Did any of them belong to the *winged* race of men mentioned by Plato in the *Phaedrus*? It is the special province of science to solve the problem. The caves of France and the relics of the stone age afford a point at which to begin.”

One will search H.P.B.’s previous writings in vain for anything like this style. Olcott tells us in his ever-fresh “Old Diary Leaves” that several invisible personages dictated parts of “Isis” to H.P.B. And he says that he came to know by the handwriting which of them was “on duty”. I think that many passages indicate the particular hand above; quietly authoritative and never in a hurry:

“The recognised laws of physical science account for but a few of the more objective of the so-called spiritualistic phenomena. While proving the reality of certain visible effects of an unknown force, they have not thus far enabled scientists to control at will even this portion of the phenomena. The truth is that the professors have not yet discovered the necessary conditions of their occurrence. They must go as deeply into the study of the triple nature of man — physiological, psychological and *divine* — as did their predecessors, the magicians, theurgists and thaumaturgists of old.”

“Isis” runs to about 1,200 pages; the Index alone would be an education to most people. H.P.B. began it during a visit to Professor Corson. On returning, she wrote: “I am nailed up to my chair writing all day like a slave as I did at your place. I have found some precious rare books at Mr. Ditson’s, like B. Higgins’ *Anacalypsis*, for instance, and it is very useful to me. And what do you do, and pussy and the apple-trees? I feel as if I had left a home where I had lived twenty years.”

Mr. E. R. Corson, who arranged the letters for publication, remarks: “My parents had never met such a person and they could not fathom her. Even my father . . . was non-plussed, and only later realised that he had housed a wonderful personality.”

When I reflect that this personality, this slave chained to her desk, who has afforded me over many years so many hours of intellectual amusement — to say no more than that — narrowly escaped being trapped and sent to the Andaman Islands through the ignorant ferocity of the agent of the S.P.R., I shudder, fifty years later.

* * *

An industrious bookworm named Emmette Coleman, employed by the S.P.R., once published a volume to prove that “Isis Unveiled” is one vast plagiarism. He took no account of the fact that H.P.B. was engaged precisely in citing “authorities” to support her in her quest for the thread of occult science stretching from the most ancient to modern times. She would quote indifferently from an old book or from a New York newspaper so long as the matter served her purpose. Mr. Coleman found it convenient to brush over her constant citation of names of authorities. The truth is that there is scarcely a page of the book without a name; one is whirled from authority to authority and left in no doubt whatever that she is compiling and means to show that she is not inventing her subjects. She could hardly have cited names more often without wearying the reader. To know where to stop, as she did, requires literary tact. Mr. Coleman becomes gravely venomous over her paraphrasings of learned Orientalists, scientists and translators, her frequent omission of quotation marks. It is as if I should sulk at her quotations from, and paraphrasings of, the Bible, Shakespeare, Dickens and others. I know what her sources are, but I never suppose that she is trying to bamboozle me when she quotes without marks, or works an apt phrase (with wonderful aptness!) into her own sentences.

Verifying a list of “plagiarisms” given by Coleman, I found that, out of thirty-five names of authors, twenty-six were given by H.P.B. in the text of “Isis Unveiled”. Seeing that her one great concern was to pile up authorities in her own support, I conclude that she did not know where she had read certain matter, had perhaps made notes without setting down the author or, perhaps, had simply remembered the passages and recovered them from the famous subconscious: or, perhaps, read them in the “astral light” — something we know a good deal more about today than was known fifty years back.

What could be better done with a vast library of scattered information than to assemble the essential in one book? And when a book is so rich in good writing — what complaints of a man who shows himself such a poor writer, such a gloomy liar-in-wait, should I heed? As a literary artist, I laugh at him. H.P.B. obtained “fairy fortunes” for her book. She said that she got them from her Masters. However she got them, there they are; and you do not get these fortunes unless you are the “right person”!

* * *

I do not know where to choose from “Isis”. Mr. G. Baseden Butt, in his “Madame Blavatsky”, compares the form of the book with “a gigantic rondo. Although the author seems to wander into innumerable issues and to touch upon an infinitude of subjects, she returns again and again to the principal theme: the reality of occult knowledge.” I will take a passage from Vol. I, P. 284, where the subject is the knowledge of the ancient theurgists:

“The universal ether was not, in their eyes, simply a something stretching, tenantless, through the expanse

of heaven; it was a boundless ocean, peopled like our familiar seas with monstrous and minor creatures, and having in its every molecule the germs of life. Like the finny tribes which swarm in our oceans and smaller bodies of water, each tribe having its habitat in some spot to which it is curiously adapted, some friendly and some inimical to man, some pleasant and some frightful to behold, some seeking the refuge of quiet nooks and land-locked harbours, and some traversing great areas of water, the various races of the *elemental* spirits were believed by them to inhabit the different portions of the great ethereal ocean, and to be exactly adapted to their respective conditions. If we will only bear in mind the fact that the rushing of planets through space must create as absolute a disturbance in this plastic and attenuated medium as the passage of a cannon shot does in the air or that of a steamer in the water, and on a cosmic scale, we can understand that, admitting our premises to be true, certain planetary aspects may produce much more violent agitation and cause much stronger currents to flow in a given direction than others. With the same premises conceded, we may also see why, by such various aspects of the stars, shoals of friendly or hostile 'elementals' might be poured in upon our atmosphere, or some particular portion of it, and make the fact appreciable by the effects that ensue."

* * *

The rhythm of that sweep of phrases, together with the clarity, will surely arouse the admiration of any expository writer. To my mind, H.P.B. did not, and could not, have written this and the many similar passages. She had not the temperament. She expounds always with, as it were, a thump on the desk. Never to the end will she do otherwise. See her foot-notes to articles published in the early "Theosophist" and "Lucifer"; many of these are not far short of a box on the ear.

* * *

Now passing to the "Mahatma Letters to A. P. Sinnett", I shall give a rapid account of the circumstances surrounding the first letters. We have (so far) no letters from H.P.B. to Sinnett before the first of the "Mahatma Letters" for comparison, but I quote a few extracts here and there from those she wrote to him later.

Madame Blavatsky and Colonel Olcott arrived from New York in Bombay on February 6th, 1879. That year, Sinnett, then editor of the "Pioneer", a Conservative paper, invited them to his house at Allahabad. He himself had long been interested in psychical research and his first interest in the new Theosophists was along these lines. The visit was a somewhat stormy success, owing, mainly, to certain people's scepticism as to occult science and phenomena. In September, 1880, he invited the two Founders of the T.S. to his summer residence at Simla. Sinnett begged H.P.B. not to talk Theosophy or do any phenomena outside their own circle. But she had come there, not to take a fashionable holiday, but just precisely to talk Theosophy and, as she hoped, to attract the Anglo-Indian world to the Society through phenomena. No doubt, she took Sinnett's conventional timidity as an affront, not only to herself but to her beloved Masters. On any excuse, she stamped about all day in a succession of rages. Sinnett was in despair. However, Mrs. Colonel Gordon, a well-known and hardy Spiritualist from Calcutta was at Simla, and eager to meet H.P.B., whose fame as a wonder-worker had long since spread around India. Government officials and their wives called. Dinners were given. Soon, no fashionable dinner was considered complete without Madame Blavatsky. And the phenomena began. Airy bells rang out, raps were made to sound, apparently at will, and wherever anyone desired to hear them. Simla murmured that she was helped by the

Devil, but came to see and hear.⁸

Among the visitors was Major Henderson, Chief of Police of all India. He made much of H.P.B. Although, or because, he had the duty of observing her as a person suspect to Government, he made one of a picnic-party on October 3rd. At this picnic, some startling phenomena took place, and the Major was impressed. Someone suggested that he should show his faith by joining the Theosophical Society. He replied that, if Madame would produce him a diploma on the spot, he would join. In a few moments, she told him that he would find one under a bush, signed, and tied with many yards of blue string. He found it. Next day, he sent H.P.B. a kind of ultimatum to the effect that, unless she would repeat the phenomenon in another place and under test conditions, he should regard the whole thing as humbug. H.P.B. swore terribly, refused. And now she had made an enemy of an all-powerful man.

When the case for and against H.P.B. is to be considered, Major Henderson must never be left out of account. The persons who write against her make very little, when any, account of him. They tell us, mostly with a wretched kind of superciliousness, that she had a host of confederates, that she corrupted postal employees all over India, that she had only to send wires here and there to have her orders carried out. But, Major Henderson was on the spot, with spies in every village (and some continually on H.P.B.'s tracks), with access to the files of every post-office, with an intense desire to confound her; and he *never* discovered either confederates or incriminating communications.

* * *

An account of a phenomenon having appeared in the "Pioneer", other newspapers raised a hue and cry of "fraud". H.P.B. lived in a maelström of indignation, was rude to people, lost friends; and burst out again at every slight. The Sinnetts, and other people who knew her in day-to-day intimacy, remained loyal; but her nerves whirled her into ill-health and frightful headaches.

One day, about October 15th, Sinnett asked her if she could send a letter from him to one of the Mahatmas whom H.P.B. called her Masters. He wrote, suggesting that the world should be convinced once and for all by a grand phenomenon, namely the *apport* to Simla from London of a copy of the "Times" on the day of publication. On October 18th, he received through H.P.B. a reply signed by the Mahatma Koot Hoomi.

One is struck immediately by the difference in fundamental rhythm from the temperament of H.P.B. Sinnett's impression as a professional man of letters, that here was a different hand, holds good for me. Whoever wrote, or dictated, the first paragraph of the "Mahatma Letters", quoted below, had cool, taut nerves, authority and self-possession, decision and indifference to criticism such as we are not accustomed to from Madame Blavatsky; her rhythm being that of the haughty fighter, frequently beaten but immediately — often, too soon! — returning to the battle. At this very moment, after doing some challenged phenomenon, her reply was to swear and perform another under even more suspect conditions! We hear how deeply she annoyed her Masters by this futile recklessness. I feel that she was physically incapable of penning the extract below; that I have to do with a totally new bodily organism:

"Precisely because the test of the London newspaper would close the mouths of the skeptics — it is unthinkable. See it in what light you will — the world is yet in its first stage of disenthralment, hence — unprepared. Very true, we work by natural, not supernatural, means and laws. But, as on the one hand,

* I hope that the Colemans who know my sources will not accuse me of literary theft!

Science would find itself unable (in its present *state*) to account for the wonders given in its name, and on the other the ignorant masses would still be left to view the phenomenon in the light of a miracle; everyone who would thus be made a witness would be thrown off his balance and the results would be deplorable. Believe me, it would be so — especially for yourself, who originated the idea, and the devoted woman who so foolishly rushes into the wide open door leading to notoriety. This door, though opened by so friendly a hand as yours, would prove very soon a trap, and a fatal one indeed for her. And such is surely not your object.”

* * *

What can we think of the adversaries of H.P.B. who quote the above and omit the last three sentences? And I have yet to read *one* who does not omit them. There is an excellent reason, an excellently bad reason: they make too big a hole in the charge of forgery.

The prophecy contained in these sentences came true enough! Two years later, Sinnett was dismissed from the “Pioneer”, and four years later, H.P.B., whose life had long been made almost unbearable by constant accusations of fraud, barely escaped the “trap” laid to arrest her. Immediately arises the question as to why the Mahatmas allowed the phenomena to be made public at all. *I* do not know! But, we can gather that the Chiefs, the Masters of H.P.B.’s Masters, soon considered that the publicity had gone far beyond what they had sanctioned and, further — that H.P.B. was no *marionette* worked by a wire, but had reached a degree of pupilship where she might do a good deal as she pleased providing she was prepared to take the consequences.

* * *

The newspapers grew ever louder and ever more virulent in attack. H.P.B. left Simla in a state of nerves and heartbreak, running for a break-down.

We hear from the Mahatma K.H. that the Chiefs were “deeply incensed at the wild indiscretions at Simla”; but he did not abandon her in the dangerous path she had chosen. He gave Sinnett a proof of her genuineness. On October 27th, H.P.B. being then at Amritsar and daily surrounded by new crowds, received from Sinnett a letter to be sent on to K.H. The letter arrived, according to the post-mark, at 2 p.m. Sinnett, at Allahabad, received a wired reply from Jhelum, timed at 4 p.m. Jhelum was then eight hours by train from Amritsar. K.H. told Sinnett to apply to see the original of the telegram. He found that it was in the handwriting of K.H.

No-one has ever been able to make anything of this. The S.P.R. was driven to suggest that the post-mark was *arranged* for H.P.B. by the postal officials, and then, that she must have wired the right reply to a confederate at Jhelum who re-wired to Sinnett. (S.P.R. Proceedings, December 1885. Hodgson’s Report. P. 272). The story made a sensation at Allahabad and Simla . . . and, no doubt, Major Henderson had a glance at the post-office files.

Amazing H.P.B.! Nine days after forging the first long letter in a new style and handwriting, she can find a confederate at Jhelum to reproduce that writing. And there is more, much more. The Letters continue; these letters in the new solid rhythm, and that introduce us with careless familiarity to a world of which we know nothing, a world of men living apart and yet in touch with the life of India and the world in general.

If all this were a *theatre*, with actors, repertory and scenery invented by H. P. Blavatsky — what a consummate genius! Nothing comparable was ever known in literary history. The finest play ever written is but a play, with the climax foreseen and actors given their parts. H.P.B. would have had to make her play at every step, remembering every past letter, word, incident, reference, against a second set of actors over whose rôles she had no control and some of whom were desperately suspicious of her. There are nearly five hundred pages of published “Mahatma Letters”. They continued over years and through an heterogyny of persons, place, time and incident such that merely to read of it all bewilders one for long months of study. And the slips of memory — I had nearly said that there are none; they are so few as to be almost negligible. And there is this significant fact : the letters are composed so that, without having the other side of the correspondence, (this seems, so far, unfindable), we can, ultimately, get a clear view of the whole!

* * *

She is almost breaking down with illness and worry; but the style of the Letters never falters. The *play* goes on with never a hitch.

Colonel Olcott, whom the hounders of H.P.B. will need to bring in as a co-fraud — despairing, otherwise, of explaining certain phenomena — Olcott acts with singular independence. He has sent to Bombay, for circulation among members of the Theosophical Society there, a letter describing the incidents of the Simla picnic-party, mentioning all the names. A copy of this letter has been stolen and sold to a Bombay paper. In due course, the paper arrives in the north, and the party, with the Major, are furious. The affair reduces H.P.B., now down in the Plains, to a rag. Already suffering tortures from her body, hardly able to breathe in the appalling heat and dust, and now with angry and insulting letters arriving, she sits down calmly to carry on the *play* and pens the following epistle in the K.H. handwriting. Or, so her enemies wish us to believe. The letter is dated Oct. 29th, two days after the Jhelum telegram. (“M.L.” P.11).

“ . . . The affair has taken an impulse, which, if not well guided, might beget very evil issues. Recall to mind the avalanches of your admired Alps, that you have often thought about, and remember that, at first, their mass is small and their momentum little. A trite comparison you may say, but I cannot think of a better illustration when viewing the gradual aggregation of trifling events growing into a menacing destiny for the Theos. Soc. It came upon me forcibly the other day as I was coming down the defiles of Kouenlun — Karakorum you call them — and saw an avalanche tumble. I had gone personally to submit to our Chief Mr. Hume’s important offer [to start an Anglo-Indian Branch], and was crossing over to Ladak on my way home. What other speculations might have followed, I cannot say. But just as I was taking advantage of the awful stillness which usually follows such a cataclysm, to get a clearer view of the present situation and the disposition of the ‘mystics’ at Simla, I was rudely recalled to my senses. A familiar voice, as shrill as the one attributed to Saraswati’s peacocks, which, if we may credit tradition, frightened off the King of the Nagas — shouted along the currents, “Olcott has raised the very devil again! . . . the Englishmen are going crazy. Koot Hoomi, *come quicker* and help me!” — and in her excitement forgot she was speaking English. I must say, that the ‘old lady’s’ telegrams do strike one like stones from a catapult.

“What could I do but come? Argument through space with one who was in cold despair and in a state of moral chaos was useless. So I determined to emerge from the seclusion of many years and spend some time with her to comfort her as well as I could. But our friend is not one to cause her mind to reflect the philosophical resignation of Marcus Aurelius. The fates never wrote that she could say: ‘It is a royal thing, when one is doing good, to hear evil spoken of himself’”.

* * *

Olcott's diary records that, a few days before, on the 26th, he and H.P.B. saw the Mahatma in the Golden Temple and that he gave them each a rose. (This is all important in considering the Rattan Chand Bary incident.)

Someone sent the Jhelum telegram. *Someone* gave the rose. Why a confederate? Why not one of the Mahatmic Fraternity? Mahatmas exist, or, India has bamboozled, not English sahibs, but itself, for untold generations. True, no-one seems able to produce a Mahatma, or even a Chela, a disciple, for examination on demand. They will not come!

It is, also, alas! certain that the Mahatmas of the Letters will obey an order from the Chiefs and "set to work to sweep away all vestiges" of their existence; this, when their failure becomes evident to bring about an Anglo-Indian understanding as a prelude to a world-movement towards Universal Brotherhood. (Some may think that they did not entirely fail; at any rate, this ideal, feebly realised by the League of Nations, came into popular circulation through the Theosophical Society.)

Let Sinnett prize these first Letters! Soon, very soon, we shall find him timidly neglecting the practical object and asking ever more anxiously for Information, information that he can publish to the intellectual world, asking for details of the Cosmic Scheme, asking for the moon. K.H. will be willing for almost any sacrifice, sacrifice beyond what is allowed by this far-sighted, unsentimental Lodge; will become the wonder of others of the Fraternity who hear of the antics of the English aspirants, Sinnett and Hume (son of Joseph Hume and, himself, later, "Father of the Indian National Congress.") Both Sinnett and Hume were in a hurry for adeptship and eager to show the adepts how all could be done more easily. K.H. will hear himself dubbed a "dzing-dzing visionary", but he will persist even with the more obstreperous of the two pupils until the Chief, seeing him ready to lay aside his own advancement, will step in and he will be "sent to bed" for one of the periods of physical oblivion that even an adept must observe if he is not to lose his powers.

We may, thereafter, be reasonably certain when the Mahatma is personally dictating, but we shall be sure frequently that he is not. That masterly rhythm will become rarer. Never to the end will it disappear altogether; indeed some of the finest passages will come late. H.P.B. or another *chela* may write, as she tells us from a few notes, a few suggestions given for elaboration; but, however deliberately doubtful the hand from Tibet may be allowed to become for the superficial reader, its shadow will remain plain enough for the student.

* * *

One would almost break under the task of all the volumes that would need to be written to present the full story of the Theosophical Society from 1875 to 1891, when H.P.B. died; and, of course, I mean only the exoteric story. Such a multitude of personalities, such a tangle of impinging psychologies, each needing to be known and understood before we can begin even dimly to discern why the Mahatmas permitted or hindered this or that development. The wild indiscretions that so deeply incensed the Hobilghan in the early days at Simla seem harmless compared with the tragic follies of later times. And we wonder why the Masters do nothing to check them. We see H.P.B. apparently abandoned to her own devices, heading for precipice after precipice; and then, when all seems lost, we see her snatched away, as she was snatched from the grip closing around her at Adyar in that dreadful spring of 1885, when the gates of the prison were gaping for her. She is not abandoned. She sails away safely, finds new friends, makes more blunders

— blunders that convince the Western world finally that Mahatmas are all moonshine — makes new and appalling enemies, escapes them all and lives to write a colossal work of extraordinary merit, among a host of persons of impeccable reputation, and some of great learning, who vie with each other to honour her, and to testify for her after her death.

The coming of the Countess Wachtmeister to the “lonely exile of Würzburg”, in Dec. 1885, is, to my mind, one of the most thrilling episodes in literary story. But for this angel, it may be doubted whether the “Secret Doctrine” could ever have seen the light. A few weeks after she shone in, the cruel Report of the Society for Psychical Research fell on H.P.B. One shrinks from imagining the agony of H.P.B. had she been alone. Why is the book written by the Countess, “Reminiscences of H. P. Blavatsky”, not in the hands of every Theosophist?

* * *

Meanwhile, we return to Lahore, in November, 1880.

The fury of public attack grew ever more intense and, suddenly, H.P.B. broke physically under it and lay with a raging fever. The Colonel had left on a lecturing tour in the Plains, and she was alone with her servant, the devoted Bahula, for a nurse! A typhoidic symptom aggravated the nervous state.

And, all the while, she never forgot the *play!* Olcott, who had been summoned, departed to fill his engagements while she was still forbidden by the doctor to travel. In this state, she received a copy of the “Bombay Gazette”, quoting a correspondent of the Calcutta “Englishman” — they were all after her — who tried to excite the public by hinting that she had published a series of letters, “From the Caves and Jungles of Hindostan”, in the *Anti-English* newspaper, the “Moscow Gazette”. She wrote to Sinnett about this and concluded with some querulous and hardly coherent complaints against the Mahatma K.H. Then, bracing up, this wonderful woman “*forged*” the following post-script (Letters from H. P. Blavatsky to A. P. Sinnett”. P.7.):

“Spirit is strong, but flesh is weak; so weak sometimes that it even overpowers the strong spirit ‘which knows all truth’. And now, having almost shaken off its control, this poor body raves. Since even I am not above suspicion in her sight, you can hardly be too indulgent with her or use too many precautions until this dangerous nervous crisis is passed. It was brought on by a series of unmerited insults (which, of course, such men as you and Colonel Olcott would not even have noticed, but which none the less put her to the torture) and can only be cured by rest and peace of mind. If you are ever to learn any lesson about man's duality and the possibility through occult science, of awakening from its dormant state to an independent existence the invisible but real *I am*, seize this chance. Observe and learn. It is cases like this which puzzle the biologist and physiologist. But, as soon as one learns the duality, all becomes clear. I am sorry to say that I can now only act through her on very rare occasions and under the greatest precautions. Mr. Hume's letter to her, a letter full of suspicion and benevolent insult — proved the ‘one drop too much’. Her Punjaub fever — once the typhoid symptom removed — is no worse in itself than many a European has passed through; while I may tell you, now that the crisis is over, her reason as well as her life were in peril on Saturday night.”

And she signed “Koot Hoomi”. And the caligraphy is that of “K.H.” Aching from head to foot, with cold and hot nervous streams pouring over her, her hand does not tremble. She reproduces the famous script to the last pothook counted by the experts of the S.P.R. So they wish us to believe!

However, the date of the above post-script places it in the period of the “precipitation” of writing direct on to a blank sheet. If, as is likely, the Mahatma used this method, it does away with the *phenomenon* of the handwriting in this case, although, later on, we shall find H.P.B., when again driven half mad with slander and infected blood, a mass of boils and ulcers, “forging” letters of ten to forty pages, in quite another script and in a quite different literary style. And what a style! There are several gems in Letter XXIX. One scarcely knows which to choose as the more surprising, the script or the style! I do not know whether the S.P.R. has grown up to the point of accepting the fact of Precipitation; in 1884, it had only one explanation for the phenomenon, forgery. It is of no use to argue about such things with people still in the backwoods of this fast-advancing Psycho-morphic Age; if such people will not take the statements of those who have seen, done and know, they must leave them and die in their ignorance.

* * *

Neither the “Mahatma Letters” nor those of H.P.B. to Sinnett are published in correct chronological order (to the confusion of such detractors in a hurry as Messrs. Hare, whose recent book, that I shall notice later, makes them the laughing-stock of every student). In addition, both she and Sinnett are utterly careless about dates. Her first letter to Sinnett is on P.6 (except for a note in French on P.4). She dates it Nov. 2, 1880; the right date is the 22nd. She was recovering from the fever. (This is the letter to which K.H. added the above post-script):

“Dear Boss, I am afraid I begin a task above my strength. But if I do not peg out, I am determined to fight my way through and never leave one chance to my enemies to bother me. This is why I begged you to publish a few words in reply to a stupid and vile insinuation [that she was spying for Russia].”

On Dec. 1st, she and Olcott went on a ten days’ visit to the Sinnetts at Allahabad. On the 10th, the famous plagiarised “Kiddle Letter” was produced; after which, *Precipitation* was stopped by orders from the Chief. This letter is always seized on by the adversary as a capital proof of humbug and impudence. Perhaps it may afford proof of another sort. It shall have a short section to itself.

* * *

It must not be supposed that Madame Blavatsky, at this period, had nothing to do but invent the style and forge the script of the “Mahatma Letters”; be the lioness of all the social gatherings, attend lectures, talk to all and everyone about Theosophy and the Society; sleep, bath, dress and eat; correspond with a hundred people all over India, write for the “Theosophist”, read, and frequently comment on, articles sent in; keep in touch with her Russian editors and run an eye over the world's news and reviews; be ill; organise fraudulent phenomena, such as having diplomas buried under bushes miles outside Simla; hypnotise everybody everywhere to think, say and do just what she needed for the perpetration of her frauds; handle the network of confederates she had, the person who wrote the Jhelum telegram and the Amritsar postal employees who must have tampered with the post-mark, the god-like Hindu who bamboozled the Colonel with a rose in the Golden Temple and the “man in white” who must have stuck notes in trees; unpick a heavy old velvet and worsted cushion (and ensure that it should not be missed and asked for at any moment), unpick the inner lining, stick in a note and a brooch and sew the cushion up again, with new thread exactly the same as the old, without leaving a trace (velvet!); have endless discussions with Hume and other sceptics; travel, attend new Branch inaugurations, talk to new members; pass hours and whole days in despair and rage under a hurricane of slander, explain to friends and reply to enemies all around the country; fall desperately ill and, barely convalescent, gather up unerringly all the threads of her huge conspiracy . . .

She had, also, to send *telegrams* to Madame Coulomb, the petty tigress whose claws proved long enough, however, to tear her benefactress sufficiently after a Committee of the Society refused to be blackmailed, in April, 1884.

Madame Coulomb, housekeeper at Headquarters, had the duty, so she said, of placing halves of cigarettes in spots in Bombay, according to instructions sent by H.P.B. *in telegrams in code*. And H.P.B. had to keep all this in mind and send the wires, infallibly timed. The Coulombs sold to the editor of the “Christian College Magazine” a letter allegedly from H.P.B. that proved to his satisfaction and that of the S.P.R. that she had been sending telegrams from Simla:

“Programme *entirely changed*. We go to Amritsar and Lahore on the 21st, and I can *send you no more telegrams*.”

Italics, too, as though she guessed that, one day, Madame Coulomb and compeers would need some particular emphasis on these words!

But the Coulombs could produce no telegrams, in code or not. Madame Coulomb laid up in secret every scrap of a letter from H.P.B., but seems to have destroyed the telegrams that would have clinched her case!

There were no telegrams! The woman might safely forge letters in H.P.B.’s writing, or near enough to suit the Missionaries and the S.P.R. — but she could not forge telegrams from Simla. In Sinnett’s brilliantly written defence of H.P.B., “*The Occult World Phenomena*”, published in 1886, and ignored by ninety-nine out of a hundred modern Theosophists, he says: “I have been told that the Committee desire to repudiate responsibility for the Report as to its details. If they began to edit it, they would very likely be puzzled to know where they should stop. They elected a course, therefore, which bade fair to get the Theosophical Society blackened as much as possible, while, by professing to shirk the responsibility it was their duty to bear, they have tried to prevent any of Mr. Hodgson’s black coming off on their own fingers.”

To me, fifty years afterwards, and with access to all the documents, the Report appears to belong to the reports of opéra-bouffe. No wonder that the S.P.R. has never attempted a revision!

* * *

Pass to July, 1883. Sinnett had lost his post on the “Pioneer”, gone to London and was revivifying the Theosophical Society there. H.P.B. was at Ootacamund, in the Nilgherri Hills, staying with General Morgan, and living once again much the kind of crowded life as during her first visit to Simla. The Society had won through all attacks and was at the apex of popularity in India and in Anglo-Indian society.

During the Ooty visit, the incident known as the “Adyar saucer” phenomenon took place. This phenomenon, with which I shall deal at length in a later section (in Vol. 2.) composed one of the most notorious charges of fraud. I refer to it here because the planning of this “fraud” was alleged to have drawn fatally compromising letters from H.P.B. to the Coulombs. According to the Coulombs, a saucer was to be made to fall and break from the Shrine (cupboard, where people put in communications for the Masters and from which they received replies) in the presence of someone, and a similar saucer was to be thrust through a hole at the back so as to give the impression that the first had been mended instantly by occult power.

“ Provided the thing takes place in the presence of respectable persons *besides* our own familiar *muffs*, I beg you to do it at the first opportunity.”

Another letter: “Try if you think it is going to be a success to have a larger audience than our *domestic imbeciles* only. It is well worth the trouble, for the Adyar saucer might become historical like the Simla cup [that was found embedded in the roots of a tree].”

Again: “Chers Marquis et Marquise . . . beg K.H., whom you see every day . . . to keep up the honour of the family.” (Coulomb was French and was nicknamed the Marquis by H.P.B. “K.H.” was supposed to mean Coulomb himself!)

Now, I quote a passage from a Letter signed “K.H.” that was sent to Sinnett at this time, summer 1883, a few weeks before : (“M.L.” P. 343.). Imagine, if you can, this exposition of transcendental metaphysics coming through the agency of a vulgar cheat, let alone through her own brain!

“Avalokitesvara implies the seventh Universal Principle, as the object perceived by the Universal Buddhi, ‘mind’ or Intelligence, which is the synthetic aggregation of all the Dhyan Chohans, as of all other intelligences whether great or small, that ever were, are, or will be. Nor is it the ‘Spirit of Buddhas present in the Church’ [Rhys Davids], but the Omnipresent Universal Spirit in the temple of Nature — in one case; and the seventh Principle — the Atman in the temple, man — in the other. Mr. Rhys Davids might have remembered the (to him) familiar simile made by the Christian adept; the Kabalistic Paul; ‘Know ye not that ye are the temple of God, and that the Spirit of God dwelleth in you?’ — and thus have avoided to have made a mess of the name. Though, as a grammarian he detected the use of the ‘past participle passive’, yet he shows himself far from an inspired Panini in overlooking the true cause and saving his grammar by raising the hue and cry against metaphysics. And yet, he quotes Beal’s *Catena* as his authority for the invention when, in truth, this work is perhaps the only one in English that gives an approximately correct explanation of the word . . . ‘Self-manifested’ — How? it is asked. ‘Speech, or *Vâch*, was regarded as the Son or the manifestation of the Eternal Self, and was adored under the name of Avalokitesvara, the manifested God’. [Beal.]. This shows as clearly as can be — that Avalokitesvara is both the unmanifested Father and the manifested Son, the latter proceeding from, and identical with, the other; namely, the Parabraham and Jivatman, the Universal and the individualised seventh Principle — the Passive and the Active, the latter, the Word, Logos, the Verb. Call it by whatever name, only let these unfortunate, deluded Christians [Kingsford group] know that the real *Christ* of every Christian is the *Vâch*, the ‘mystical Voice’, while the man Jeshu was but a mortal like any of us, an adept more by his inherent purity and ignorance of real Evil than by what he had learned with his initiated Rabbis and the already fast degenerating Egyptian hierophants and priests. A great mistake is also made by Beal, who says: ‘This name, Avalokitesvara, in Chinese took the form of Kwan-Shai Yin, and the divinity worshipped under that name was generally regarded as a female.’ Kwan-Shai-Yin — or the ‘universally manifested Voice’ is active — male; and must not be confounded with Kwan-Yin, or Buddhi, the Spiritual Soul and the vehicle of its ‘Lord’. It is Kwan-Yin that is the female Principle or the manifested Passive, manifesting itself ‘to every creature in the Universe, in order to deliver all men from the consequences of sin’ — as rendered by Beal, this once quite correctly, while Kwan-Shai-Yin, ‘the Son identical with his Father’, is the *absolutely activity* hence — having no direct relations with objects of sense *is* — *Passivity*.

‘What a common ruse it is of your Aristoteleans! with the sleuth-hound’s persistence they track an idea to the very verge of the impassable chasm; and then, brought to bay, leave the metaphysicians to take up the trail if they can, or let it be lost. It is but natural that a Christian theologian, a missionary, should act upon this line, since — as easily perceived in the little I gave out just now — a too correct rendering of our

Avalokitesvara and Kwan-Shai-Yin might have very disastrous effects. It would simply amount to showing Christendom the true and undeniable origin of the ‘awful and incomprehensible’ mysteries of its Trinity, Transubstantiation, Immaculate Conception, as also, *whence* their ideas of the Father, Son, Spiritus and Mother . . . But why should an atheist and materialist like Mr. Rhys Davids so avoid the correct rendering of our dogmas — even when he happens to understand them, which does not *happen* every day — is something surpassingly curious.”

* * *

Mahatma K.H. once remarked to Hume that human nature is unfathomable. It is possible, therefore, that H.P.B. gave Madame Coulomb the conspiratorial letters to put in her pocket. It is possible that H.P.B. wrote the passage above signed “K.H.” But, to admit, as some people would have us, *both*, is to admit that we have reached the very bottom of all the fathoms ever heard of and need a few more. (I consider that the Master Hilarion wrote the whole of this letter, as, also, other passages in “M.L.”)

After over seven years study of the *Mahatma Letters*, I have concluded that H.P.B. did not, and could not, produce the style of the Mahatmas.

On the authority of the late Lama Kazi-Dawa Sam Dup, Lecturer on Tibetan at Calcutta and, as Dr. Evans Wentz tells us, Initiate of the learned Kargyutpa Order, we learn that the writings of H.P.B. prove knowledge of the higher Lamaistic teachings. As none but an Initiate in these teachings could say — and he would not — which passages were meant by Sam Dup, there is no room for speculation as to whether such passages were undoubtedly written by H.P.B. herself. For anyone not initiated to pry on this ground would be to risk taking some “blind” — sparkling, or solemn verbiage — for a “teaching”. We need only reflect that no high Initiate would co-operate with and use as agent — a woman engaged in fraud. Thus, Sam Dup’s testimony clears H.P.B.

If we suppose that she herself was capable of writing on the higher Lamaistic teachings, the case is equally favourable to her. Think what is implied!

These teachings are only given after the chela, or disciple, has passed through tremendous tests of morality; not only copy-book-maxim morality, but one for giants. The intuition, active faculty, and not the conscience, passive, and purely mechanical in most people, is examined in the candidate. Until he can depend on himself, he can depend on no-one around him; gins and snares, illusions and temptations and betrayals are his lot. We see, in one of the most bewildering of the “Mahatma Letters” (P.296) that Mahatma K.H. (or a chela proxy) infringed the rules by inviting Mahatma Morya (or his proxy) to behave as if M. were incapable of disloyalty, and that M. promptly “let him down” and betrayed him into a dreadful mess. In Nature, there are two kinds of Adepts, one kind engaged in liberating, and the other in enslaving, mankind. And neither is to be known by his face! Wherefore, the chela is put through a terrible mill. That H.P.B. had been through this mill, or as far as a woman can go through, is clear in a hundred places. When? I judge one period to have been from 1851 to 1854. I hope one day to develop this theory. Her emotionalism unfitted her to become “a true adept”, as K.H. remarks (P.314), and when she was sent out into the world alone, she made many a mistake and suffered more than one lapse and subsequent transitional period.

The higher Lamaistic teachings, however, would not endow H.P.B. with a style outside the scope of her organism. There is haste and impatience in her expository work; something disorderly; and when she writes to Sinnett, she can rarely control the testy humour of the advanced student who realises that the

plodding junior will never have enough of the proper special wits to jump with. In her most complimentary mood, she cannot *teach* without the relief of humour.

From Würzburg, Oct. 1885 (“Letters from H.P.B. to A.P.S.” P. 248.), she wrote to Sinnett:

“Honoured Sir and Confederate,

Yesterday, Franz Gebhard delighted me with his arrival and rejoiced my ears with the following quotation from a letter, that you may have heard already.

‘Besides the block of Humanity to which we belong passing around the chain of planets — as correctly described in E.B. [“Esoteric Buddhism” by Sinnett] — there are *six other* similar blocks simultaneously evolving on other parts of the chain.’

“To this I listened in silent dismay, and would have remained dumb on the subject for ever, had not Master’s faraway tones struck me like a box on the ear . . . and saying ‘Now don’t you let Sinnett go off again on the wrong track. Explain.’ Just as though *I* had led you deliberately on to wrong tracks and not your own Madame Barbe Bleue’s vile curiosity! Easy to say ‘explain’. I wish *He* would Himself; for if I do, and you do not understand me or — which is as likely — I shall not be able to ‘explain’ so that you should understand, I shall be responsible for it and the only one blamed as usual. However listen, and you may perhaps realise also what led even Mohini *off* the right mechanical track — and made him write the unutterable flapdoodle he has in *Man* — from the simply mechanical-cosmos-arrangement standpoint and tolerably correct one, if understood as applying to the ‘simultaneous evolution’ of the *six* races you are talking about in a Socrates-like way, with your DAIMON whispering it in your ear. For I don’t see *how* you could have got the idea in any other way.”

We are very far here from the strong, serene hand of the passage signed “K. H.”, and scores of similar passages throughout the Letters.

* * *

It is not at all easy to find in the undoubted writings of H.P.B. any expository matter that will really compare for fine style with the passages I have quoted. She always *argues*, asserts, and gives a bang. The best specimens would be such as deal with extremely intricate subjects, symbolistic and kabbalistic questions, and these are not suitable for reproduction here. I select an extract from a letter she wrote to the London “Spiritualist”, August, 1881, where she is certainly trying to be both clear and persuasive:

“The great science, called by the vulgar, “magic”, and by its Eastern proficient, *Gupta-Vidya*, embracing as it does each and every science, since it is the acme of Knowledge, and constitutes the perfection of philosophy, is universal; hence, as very truly remarked, cannot be confined to one particular nation or geographical locality. But, as Truth is *one*, the method for the attainment of its highest proficiency must necessarily be also *one*. It cannot be subdivided, for, once reduced to parts, each of them left to itself, will like rays of light, diverge from, instead of converging to, its centre, the ultimate goal of knowledge; and these parts can re-become the *whole* only by collecting them together again, or each fraction will remain but a fraction. This truism, which may be termed elementary mathematics for little boys, has to be recalled in order to refresh the memory of such ‘adepts’ as are too apt to forget that ‘Christian Kabbalism’ is but a fraction of *Universal* occult science. And, if they believe that they have nothing more to learn, then the less they turn to ‘Eastern adepts’ for information, the better and less trouble for both. There is but one royal road to ‘Divine Magic’; neglect and abandon it to devote yourself specially to one of the paths

diverging from it, and like a lonely wanderer, you find yourself lost in an inextricable labyrinth. Magic, I suppose, existed milleniums before the Christian era; and, if so, are we to think then, with our too learned friends, that it was all *Black Magic*, practised by ‘the old firm of Devil and Co.’?”

* * *

And here is a passage (“Theosophist”, Dec. 1881) almost, if *not* quite, free from anything like a “bang”, although the context arouses a doubt whether the matter were not suggested to her: The subject is “Is creation possible for Man?”

“But we must have a clear understanding as to what is meant by creation. Probably the common idea on the subject is that when the world was ‘created’, the creator accorded himself or was somehow accorded a dispensation from the rule *ex nihilo nihil fit* and actually made the world out of nothing — if that is the idea of creation to be dealt with now, the reply of the philosophers would be not merely that such creation is impossible to man but that it is impossible to gods or God; in short absolutely impossible. But a step in the direction of a philosophical conception is accomplished when people say the world was ‘created’ (we say fashioned) out of Chaos. Perhaps they have no very clear idea of what they mean by Chaos, but it is a better word to use in this case than ‘nothing’. For suppose we endeavour to conceive chaos as the matter of the universe in an unmanifested state, it will be seen at once that, although such matter is perfectly inappreciable to ordinary human senses, and to that extent equivalent to ‘nothing’, creation from such materials is not the production of something which did not exist before, but a change of state imposed upon a portion of universal matter which, in its previous state, was invisible, intangible and imponderable, but not on that account non-existent. Theosophist-Occultists do not, however, use the word ‘creation’ at all, but replace it by that of Evolution.”

* * *

I think that that is the best H.P.B. can do with an expository pen; and — there is no *style* in it; there is nothing to compare with the masterly ease of that *other* pen that can guide a subject through a paragraph of forty lines, with many branchings, and never the slightest loss of clarity or any deviation of rhythm. She had her own magnificent and enthralling genius for narrative and description, her own astonishing genius for wit and the broadest humour — but *this* genius she had not.

* * *

Incidentally, I am always at a loss to know exactly what may be meant by the word ‘divine’ in a philosophy where “there is no room for God or gods”. It is not quite a case of “What’s in a name?”, as may be the case for the use of the word “theosophy”, a chance suggestion by Mr. Charles Sotheran at the foundation of the Society, a title that perhaps fitted it better then than later, in India, when the Masters definitely stated the main object to be Universal Brotherhood. Certainly, we are short of metaphysical words in English, but surely a better translation of *Gupta-Vidya* can be found than “Divine Magic”!

* * *

I close this section with a quotation from a letter signed by the Master M. (“M.L.” P.252.) It is full of the images in the Homeric “style simple” that distinguish the pen of this Master, and that I shall gather in a later volume.

“There was a time when, from sea to sea, from the mountains and deserts of the north to the grand woods and downs of Ceylon, there was but one faith, one rallying-cry — to save humanity from the miseries of ignorance in the name of Him who first taught the solidarity of all men. How is it now? Where is the grandeur of our people and of the one Truth? These, you may say, are beautiful visions which once were realities on earth, but had flitted away like the light of a summer’s evening. Yes; and now we are in the midst of a conflicting people, of an obstinate, ignorant people, seeking to know the truth yet not able to find it, for each seeks it only for his own private benefit and gratification, without giving one thought to others. Will you, or rather, they, never see the true meaning of that great wreck of desolation which has come to our land and threatens all lands — yours, first of all? It is selfishness and exclusiveness that killed ours, and it is selfishness and exclusiveness that will kill yours — which has, in addition, some other defects I will not name. The world has clouded the light of true knowledge, and selfishness will not allow its resurrection, for it excludes and will not recognise the whole fellowship of all those who were born under the same immutable natural law.”

* * *

What collector would not be glad to have found that?

SECTION 2.

A NOTE ON THE “KIDDLE LETTER”.

(“M.L.” P. 22)

There is something touching in the popular horror of literary plagiarism, showing that the old respect for genius dies hard even in this age of the snippet-mind. Men of genius, however, have always made somewhat light of plagiarism. In the sphere of general ideas, plagiarism is out of court altogether, for (to plagiarise) there is nothing new under the sun. Expression of these ideas by a feeble writer is of no account in the maintenance of their sum; the “collectors”, the true critics, do not preserve such expressions, that perish like flies of a day.

Mr. Kiddle, an American Spiritualist lecturer, certainly owes what immortality he may claim to the incident that Mahatma K.H. noticed his oratorical effort and, as the adversaries declare, dished it up to Sinnett without quotation marks and with the intention to pass it off as his own creation.

In discussing this “Kiddle incident”, always a great favourite with the small literary enemy, these critics begin at the wrong end; serviceably, of course, to themselves. The proper presentation of the matter is to begin with the *full text* of K.H.’s letter, as given by him on P. 425 of “Mahatma Letters”; far too long to be quoted here. Moreover, on this particular page, I am not writing for the general public, who would not be at the pains to look up the original subject, but for those who know the outline and especially for Theosophists, who seem to have bowed to the enemy.

If the full text is presented first, there is almost an end of the matter. If the letter to Sinnett, on P.22, had contained the full text, we should never have heard of any “Kiddle incident”; for, this text takes the attitude towards Spiritualism and its respectable gropings after the truth to which we have long been accustomed in “Isis Unveiled” and the early “Theosophist”. If a man were accused of stealing a marked penny but could prove that he had a hundred pounds in his pocket and that the penny exactly made up the change from a shilling he had used for a purchase, what jury would not dismiss the case? This illustrates K.H.’s position (although an allegory must not be run to death). We are sure, at least, that, however Mr. Kiddle’s pennyworth of wisdom got into K.H.’s intellectual pocket, the full text of K.H.’s letter shows the familiar way in which he would naturally have dealt with it.

However, I think that there is something extremely important behind all this apparent carelessness of K.H.; that provoked, three years later, a great pother about this plagiaristic nothing and — vastly contributed to the public notion that Mahatmas did not exist, that to search for them in Tibet or anywhere else (and H.P.B.’s foes would have raised the money for an expedition permitted by Government in a few hours!) would be to seek the residence of moonshine.

Temerarious as the idea may seem, I venture to suggest that the Chiefs had a hand in this letter. Things Theosophical were, as we know, going much too fast for their approval. On P.425, K.H. speaking of the “Kiddle incident”, significantly remarks: “Verily the light of . . . infallible prevision on this earth . . . shines for the highest Chohan alone.” When the row was at its height, he said (P.324): “You have seen by the Kiddle incident — perchance allowed to develop to its bitter end for a purpose — that even an ‘adept’ when acting in his body is not beyond mistakes due to human carelessness.” Most significant is the fact that the original letter (P. 22.) actually opens with a partial description of the *process of precipitation* of writing on to blank paper. This looks rather like “prevision” of the challenge to come! And K.H.,

dictating, as this original letter is *made to testify*, when half asleep after a 48 hours ride, explains: “Of course, *I have to read* every word you write, otherwise, I would make a fine mess of it . . . As much may be said of my replies . . . I have to *think* it over, to photograph every word and sentence carefully in my brain before it can be repeated by ‘precipitation’.”

If K. H. were being charged *with* precipitation of this letter, this explanation of the process would undoubtedly go far to convict him! It seems, indeed, “previsional”; and, when, later, the egregious Mr. A. Lillie, the treacherous Dr. G. Wyld and friends were laughing at the Mahatma’s account of the precipitation as an invented “dodge”, the account came as no surprise to the persons who mattered, to Sinnett, Subba Rao and other Theosophists.

Even the attack seems to have been foreseen. The letter ends:

“But think you the spirit and power of persecution gone from this enlightened age? Time will show. Meanwhile, being *human* I have to rest. I took no sleep for over sixty hours. Ever yours truly, Koot Hoomi.”

* * *

Two months later, K.H. refers casually to the fact of Precipitation “having become unlawful” (P. 33.), as though Sinnett had been made aware of this through H.P.B. A legitimate inference to be drawn is that the Chiefs had perceived the muddle of the letter while it was in process, or in contemplation in K.H.’s tired mind, had inspired him with passages for a defence, while allowing to remain this valuable “proof” that the Mahatmas existed nowhere outside H.P.B.’s plagiaristic brain, but stopped precipitation as likely to create further incidents.

It cannot be too often remembered that, from the beginning to the end, the Chiefs are shown as only tolerating, when not forbidding, any publicity given to the Order and disapproving of every Theosophical activity but the practical work of furthering Universal Brotherhood. And, from the first, Mahatma K.H. warned H.P.B. that indiscriminate phenomena would recoil on her.* She did not take the warning, but went on; invoking the help of advanced chelas when the Masters turned away their heads, as we see in the “Sassoon telegram” incident. And, no doubt, the chelas, as well as she, got the reward of exercising their personal right to perform follies. However “slavish” a chela may have to be with regard to rules directly affecting the Order, we see them left quite free in their personal doings, for which they alone have to take the consequences. When Sinnett published his “Occult World”, with the “Kiddle letter” uncorrected, without submitting the proofs to the Mahatma, he “asked for trouble”, and got it; he was rather in too much of a hurry.

* * *

To the student of the “Mahatma Letters”, it becomes ever clearer that these are a practical manual for chelas, where the living “models” fall in and out of every conceivable trap for their loyalty, intelligence and morality, and where the mysterious hand works in the lights for those coming after.

*Which is a quite different thing from the contempt for phenomena so often expressed by Theosophists. Every act of an adept as an adept is “phenomenal”; and no-one without the psychic “germs” could ever become a true chela. And how could any lodge without incipient *chelas* even get in touch with the Masters?

SECTION 3.

THE “MAHATMA LETTERS” AND MESSRS. HARE.

“The dog who barks at the Chief gets his name mentioned with the Chief’s”, says a Zulu proverb. The two Hares have got their names mentioned with those of the Mahatmas. Much good may it do them!

I never thought that I could be bored by any book, however bad, on a subject of which the documentation has proved quite the most fascinating of the several such adventures I have undertaken. But Messrs. Hare bored me. The pretentious staleness of their writing and their common facetiousness reduced me to the impotent hysteria of scribbling on a margin, “O Frumps!” Only a playwright in search of material for an academic farce could have patience with these two individuals who stick on their frumpy hats dozens of the most brilliant plumes belonging to the greatest writers of the world.

Informing us that he had neither read nor looked into any Theosophical literature (before beginning a task that the best-informed student might shrink from), the friend Hare who writes the Preface, and most of the book, apparently fancies that we shall *welcome* him for his ignorance, and pompously offers himself the following posy

“I give these personal particulars only to show that, so far as the absence of prejudice might qualify me as a reader or critic of the work, I was fitted to peruse with impartiality the compilation hereafter examined. Consequently, I read the *Mahatma Letters* in the spirit of a student, and observed (as much for my own ease as from a sense of justice to other parties) the counsel of Bacon’s essay *Of Studies*: ‘Read not to contradict and refute, nor to believe and take for granted, nor to find talk and discourse, but to weigh and consider’.”

The attitude of certain literary reviews (that did welcome Messrs. Hare’s book) towards H. P. Blavatsky and Theosophical history, bound as this is, with the history of India, could not better be indicated than by their failure to rebuke this verbose clowning. I can think of no exact parallel with such impertinence; the nearest might be to imagine a man who had never read Johnson or Boswell sitting down to judge the authorship of a packet of letters supposedly written by one of them, the said letters dealing with the works and lives of both and with the private history of dozens of their friends and acquaintances and enemies of whom the said man had never so much as heard the names.

* * *

Friend Hare found, however, that “to do justice” to the Letters, he had to read “at least the *Occult World* and *Esoteric Buddhism* [by Sinnett]”. Then, he had hardly settled to his task, thus equipped, when the “Theosophist” began to publish monthly extracts from the early history of the Society. “Yet”, says Mr. Hare, “while topics increased, time pressed. The *Mahatma Letters* had gone through four reprints . . .” Time pressed! What for? Bacon might answer — “To contradict and refute, to find talk and discourse, to get out a sensational book in a hurry and catch an ignorant and prejudiced public.”

The very first “fact” delivered to this public is wrong: The *Letters* were not published “in September, 1923”, but in December. But this is an airy trifle compared with the colossal riot of wrong dates ramping through this worthless volume of ignorance and double-dealing. I will give a list later.

Mr. Hare vaguely informs his public that he was “fortunate enough to obtain permission to examine by commission” both the *Mahatma Letters* and the “Letters of H. P. Blavatsky to A. P. Sinnett” series of manuscripts. He did not see them, but his brother Hare, his *commissionaire*, a one-time Theosophist, was allowed to go *once*, before witnesses, through the vast series one evening, and during this rapid scramble beat even the notoriously bad record of handwriting experts by — judging on a glimpse! Even Netherclift, who at first came to the conclusion that Madame Blavatsky did *not* write the “K.H.” letters (S.P.R. Report. Dec. 1885. “Mr. Hodgson’s Report on Phenomena connected with the Theosophical Society P. 282); and later decided that she did (ibid.), and who distinguished himself by attributing the “Pigott forgery” to an innocent man — even Netherclift might have hesitated where Mr. Hare rushes in, that is, on a single cursory examination, and decides that H.P.B. wrote the letters.

* * *

In my rôle of documentarian, I was obliged to examine Messrs. Hare’s volume with excruciating closeness. One never knows what may crop up even in the bogs of Blavatskiana. Briefly, for the moment, I made over two hundred notes. Of these, fourteen referred to errors of date, forty-two (and I found more) to errors of fact, twelve to unabashed discoveries of Americas discovered fifty years ago; one hundred and forty nine came under the composite heading: Misquotations, deliberate misquotations, cunning misplacements of matter, misleading verbalisms, errors of juxtaposition, deliberate misjuxtaposition, misleading references and inferences (scarcely to be imagined!) and ignorant statements due to lack of study, (inexcusable ignorance, for the records are to be had for the search).

It will scarcely be believed by students that Messrs. Hare utilise Sinnett’s dates. Imagine persons dealing with the “Kiddle incident” and forming a theory based on the dates as given in the *Letters* and guessing at those not given (but all discoverable with patience); such persons exist: Messrs. Hare. Imagine persons using a letter written by H.P.B. in 1882 (“M.L.” P.464.) as if it belonged to the 1885 period; setting out to do detective work and “believing” that a letter concerning the Coulombs, who vanished from the Adyar household in May, 1884, might have been written “about April 6, 1885”, and even unable to copy accurately *this* (fancy) date from the S.P.R. Report, where it occurs as April 26th, (1884); treating Mahatma M.’s thirteenth letter as his first, simply because it comes first as published, and “unable to identify another communication from him after Page 450” (“M.L.”), although there are in the book eleven more signed; such persons exist: Messrs. Hare. And, in case such ineptitude as this last may be doubted, I quote verbatim from Messrs. Hare’s book, “Who wrote the *Mahatma Letters*?”, P. 132:

“‘I will write more tomorrow’ says M. in his last letter in the book (P.450), but we cannot identify another communication from him”. A fine authority certain literary reviews have passed on to their readers, while suppressing letters of correction sent in by several experts on the subject! The future critic may feel distinctly disobliged.

* * *

Here is a list of wrong dates, wrong even by whole years:

Messrs. Hare.	Correction.
P.68. “Eight months later, in October, 1883 . . .” [Letter LV. in “M.L.”]	The letter quoted here by Messrs. Hare under heading, “Some Vital Errors”, was not written until Oct. 1884 A rather vital error!
P.69. “Six months later.”	Meaning, <i>after</i> their “Oct. 1883”. And thus they build!

P.105. "1881, when the letter was written . . ." [Letter X.]

September 28, 1882.

P.140. "Letter LV, received . . . early 1883 . . ."

Oct. 2, 1884. They are now using this letter — that has become *early!* — to "prove" something else.

P.140 "Letter LXIII, written January, 1884, received Summer, 1884."

Sinnett says simply, "Received London, Summer, 1884." Messrs. Hare must have seen it "written" in some Astral booby trap! Mrs. Holloway, mentioned, only arrived from U.S.A. in May, or early June. Date of letter is November at earliest, when Mrs. H. and H.P.B. were at loggerheads. Olcott's letter to Finch is mentioned.

P. 141. "Letter LXV, received London, Summer, 1884"

Copied from Sinnett's memo. Correct date is Mar. 27, 1885. H.P.B. was at Adyar, Hodgson too. Miss Mary Neff supplies the exact day.

The three last wrong dates given above are referred to by Messrs. Hare thus (*italics mine*): "The *evidence* in the case is contained in the following five Mahatma Letters to Mr. Sinnett".

* * *

On next page, 141, they state: "In Letter LV, undated, but probably received by Mr. Sinnett early in 1883, when staying near Madame Blavatsky at Elberfeld in Germany, there are references by K.H. to a coming crisis in the affairs of the Theosophical Society, and warnings of a number of dangers in the path. 'I warned you all through Olcott in April last of what was ready to burst at Adyar, and told him not to be surprised when the mine should be fired.'"

Messrs. Hare are using this quotation in connection with the "Kiddle incident" of an alleged plagiarism. Students will puff with laughter, knowing that the quotation is from a letter written April 5, 1884, when H.P.B. was in Paris and had never been to Elberfeld and refers, not to Kiddle at all, but to the Coulomb plot!

* * *

On P.142, Messrs. Hare go bumbling on about "Letter LXIII, received in London, 1884" and, on next page, about "Letter LXV, following the above" — this Letter LXV actually being written at least six months later.

* * *

They make one other capital error worth a space, on P.221: "In a letter referring to a Headquarters crisis, dated Summer, 1884, K.H. says: "Damodar went to Tibet".

The correct date of K.H.'s letter is March 27, 1885. Damodar left for Tibet on Feb. 23rd, 1885.

* * *

I now show Messrs. Hare in the rôle of deliberate misleaders. On P. 119, they tell the public that “The Mahatmas style in handling ‘mundane affairs’ appears in the following phrases:”. I give their list and, opposite, the true reference of the phrases. The page numbers refer to “Mahatma Letters”.

- | | |
|--|---|
| P. 39 “that you, at least — mean business;” | Refers to Sinnet as a Theosophical worker. |
| P.60. “Some thirty-five years back,” | Refers to Mayer’s hypothesis of matter as indestructible. |
| P.202. “considering how tight the negotiations prove”; | <i>Does</i> refer to “mundane affairs”, the “Phoenix” news paper proposal |
| P.259. “And now we will talk:” | Refers to Sinnett’s occult studies |
| P.263. “The hopes of their original backers”; | Refers to the Founders of the T.S. when starting a new cycle of research. |
| P.269. “send you a telegram and answer on back on’t”; | Refers to Hume’s correspondence concerning an Anglo-Indian Branch. |
| P.270. “if he would not break with the whole shop altogether”; | Refers to ditto. |
| P.271. “we will split the difference and shake astral hands”; | Refers to English v. Tibetan customs. |
| P.271. “and square the discussion”; | Refers to Sinnett’s frankness during the above discussion. |
| P.271. “and I like it the more, I promise you”; | Refers to ditto. |
| P.272. “Only look out sharp”; | Refers to Dugpa adepts’ evil activities in England. |
| P. 289. “I have very little time to explore back letters”; | Refers to Eliphas Levi, the French Kabbalist. |

One scarcely knows how to characterise such unscrupulousness, at least, in a style possible for print.

* * *

In the next paragraph, P.129, Messrs. Hare quote eleven phrases where, so they tell their public, the Mahatmas’ pens “on worldly business” are “dipped in gall”. Only the first phrase, from P.37 “M.L.”, the famous “skunk mephitis” description of Home the medium, has any gall in it; and I suppose that few doubt that this was one of H.P.B.’s interpolations. The next phrase is

- | | |
|--|-------------------------------------|
| P.39. “Her nerves are worked to a fiddlestring”; | K.H. on H.P.B.’s weak health. Gall? |
|--|-------------------------------------|

P.40. “the Elementary spooks”;	Worldly business? Gall?
P. 67. “it is extinguished, or, as H.P.B. has it — snuffed out”;	Refers to the world in a state of minor pralaya. Gall?
P.75. “he is butting against the facts”;	Refers to speculations about the origin of man. Gall?
P.196. “some humdrum person, some colourless, flackless personality”;	Refers to an imaginary deceased person. Worldly business? Gall?

The other phrases are; P.253. “he was in the wrong box”; P.256. “If the laugh is not turned on the *Statesman*”; P. 312. “what a Yankee would call a blazing cockahoop”; P.326. “he can play the deuce with yourself and the society”; P.370. “as the Americans would say — the *fix* I am in”; P. 391 “the ‘almighty smash’ that is in store for them”.

I feel sure that the reader will rub his eyes and ask what on earth they mean. I cannot explain. I think they mean nothing but malice and have overshot themselves.

* * *

When Messrs. Hare wish to prove that the Mahatmas authorised the publication of the substance of their earlier letters, they quote: “Of course you ought to write your book. Do so by all means, and any help I can give you, I will . . . Take the Simla phenomena and your correspondence with me as the subject.” I have exactly transcribed. The student who turns to P.21 of the *Letters* will see that the dots and the capital T are inventions! There is a full-stop after the “I will”, and a new sentence begins referring, *not to the book*, but to correspondence with Lord Lindsay; and “take” etc. belongs to *this* subject. But I could fill pages on pages with Messrs. Hare’s misquotations. On P.46, they quote the Mahatmas as saying that they are “guardians” of the Tree of Life and Wisdom”, citing P.31 of the *Letters*. Here is the true sentence: “the very science which leads to the highest goal of the highest knowledge, to the real tasting of the Tree of Life and Wisdom — is scouted as a wild flight of imagination”.

There is a footnote on P.47, in which Messrs. Hare inform their public that Baron D’Holbach was reputed “the greatest materialist of his time”. On P.155 of the *Letters*, one reads — “I found a European author — the greatest materialist of his times, Baron D’Holbach . . .”. Our friends, who have borrowed most of the stuff in their book, and hashed and staled even the old attacks almost beyond reading, borrow also from the Mahatmas.

A shocking instance of the more deliberate misquotations is on P.63 : “K. H. goes into the very technique of transcendental acoustics ‘to confound your physicists’ who are unacquainted with ‘the occult powers of air (akas)’ p.29.” On P.29, “M.L.”, we read: “But then, may there not be people who have found a more perfect and rapid means of transmission, from being somewhat better acquainted with the occult powers of air (akas) and having *plus* a more cultivated judgment of sound?” Not a word about “confound your physicists”! The misquotation amounts to false-witness. In trying to make K.H. appear vulgar, Messrs. Hare touch the bottom of vulgarity seen usually in police-courts. But, I repeat, another book would need to be devoted just to rectifying all the double-dealings. Even the cad, Solovioff, (with whom I shall deal in a later volume), appears more circumspect; being a professional writer, he could not help having some

respect for quotations from *printed* text. Messrs. Hare have none for this or for the reviewers who, after all, are not all rabid against Blavatsky and expect a certain literary decency from people who submit books, professedly documentary, for review.

Messrs. Hare make use half a dozen times of the word “omniscient”, as if said by the Mahatmas of themselves. The word was once used by Sinnett, not by the Mahatmas, who *frequently* rebuked Sinnett for assuming their infallibility.

Messrs. Hare cite K.H. as saying, on P.324 of the *Letters*, that the topic of the “Kiddle” plagiarism “will one day equal in interest the Bacon-Shakespeare mystery”. On P.324, we read: “If fame is sweet to him [Kiddle] why will he not be consoled with the thought that the case of the ‘Kiddle-K.H. parallel passages’ has now become as much a *cause célèbre* in the department of ‘who is who’ and ‘which plagiarised from the other?’ as the Bacon-Shakespeare mystery; that in intensity of scientific research, if not of value, our case is on a par with that of our great predecessors”. One might fancy one were reading Arnold when spitting his wit with some rather oafish Professor Newman. I take the opportunity here of comparing this characteristic urbanity of K.H. with H.P.B.’s own explosive treatment of the matter. (“Blavatsky to Sinnett”. P.66): “K.H. plagiarised from Kiddle! Ye gods and little fishes. And suppose he has not? Of course *they* the subtle metaphysicians will not believe the true version of the story as I know it. So much the worse for the fools and Sadducees . . . Plagiarise from the *Banner of Light!* that sweet spirits’ slop-basin — the asses!”

* * *

Messrs. Hare decorate their duncery not only with tags from the great, but with lurid popular-Press “captions”. Under one of these, “Blavatsky at Bay”, P.267, and carrying on with elegant taste to “De Profundis” — period after the issue of the S.P.R. Report of Dec. 1885, we find Messrs. Hare beginning their eternal facetious chortle with a quotation from a letter from H.P.B. to Sinnett that happens to be printed at the very end of the “Mahatma Letters”, and is only dated “March 17th”. This letter, CXXXVI in the series, was really written in 1882, when H.P.B. was a bit in the dumps and refused an invitation to Sinnett’s house at Allahabad. Try again, Messieurs!

How it must irk these people to know that H.P.B. ended her days with devoted, and almost worshipping, intimate friends, several living in the same house with her — having completed her task! And these friends were no small fry, either, but G. R. S. Mead and his wife, Dr. Archibald Keightley, Emily Kislingbury, Annie Besant, Walter Old, Countess Wachtmeister, Herbert Burrows, Sinnett and his adorable wife, W. T. Stead and “Saladin”, of the “Agnostic Journal”, who wrote in an obituary article: “Theosophy or no Theosophy, the most extraordinary woman of our century, or of any century, has passed away. Yesterday, the world had one Madame Blavatsky — today, it has none.” One recalls Olcott’s bitter cry — “Ah, cruel world! When will you have another H.P.B. to torture?”

Alack! I must return to these Hares who have “barked at the Chief”.

* * *

Messrs. Hare’s volume is not quite all dull reading for the student, although the fun to be had out of it is not an intentional offering on their part. It is sufficiently humourous to see them facetiously poking at Mahatma M’s ribs for his remark that he could not write English with a brush. They profess to be “mystified” (P.131). “M. is an Indian and if he writes in his native manner, he would use a pen . . . A

brush is a Chinese writing tool! where is the point of saying he cannot write English with a brush? On p.84 K.H. says of M. that ‘he knows very little English and *hates* writing’; which implies, we suppose, that he is debarred from precipitating and obliged to use a hateful alternative — a pen”. Again, on P.132: “The seven citations given above prove conclusively that Mahatma Morya does not claim for himself the ability to precipitate writing. We have no interest in depriving him of this remarkable power . . .” and so on and so on through whole pages and pages about the mystery of precipitation, of which Messrs. Hare may know as much as a steam whistle. And discussing the faculties of a Mahatma who — does not even exist!

Mahatma Morya must have foreknown the advent of the Hares and laid a trap for them, for his chela, H.P.B., in one of her letters to Sinnett (*H.P.B. to A.P.S.* P.32), makes the devastating revelation that she had “often seen M. sit with a book of the most elaborate Chinese characters that he wanted to copy, and a blank book before him, and he would put a pinch of black lead dust before him and then rub it in slightly on the page; and then over it precipitate ink; and then, if the image of the characters was all right and correct in his mind, the characters copied would be all right . . .”

But, no doubt, our friends Hare will object now that H.P.B. does not “claim” that M. ever *wrote* elaborate Chinese characters *with* a brush before attempting to precipitate them *without* a brush, and that, therefore, they remain “mystified” as to why M. should talk about a brush at all, he being an *Indian*; and they will wag their fingers still and “impute laxity to both Mr. Sinnett and Mr. Jinarajadasa in attributing to the Mahatmas *together* in respect of *all their* Letters a power which only *one* of them claimed for a *limited* number of his own (P.132.)”. (Italics not mine.) Mr. Sinnett certainly attributed nothing of the sort. He knew that precipitation (through chelas, anyway), was stopped by the Chiefs before M came in at all; in the *Occult World*, he was only dealing with the early Letters that were precipitated.

But — a few more paragraphs of this kind, and Messrs. Hare’s public may begin to wonder worriedly whether or not it is to believe that the Mahatmas really exist! On P.39, our friends have already made a bad “break”: “Tchigadze . . . is a little south of Lhasa, on the river Tsang-Po, and it would not surprise us to learn that it is the exoteric abode of the Mahatmas”. Sans autre commentaire!

* * *

Messrs. Hare’s notions about the “Disinherited” and Damodar, the Bombay youth who became a chela and went to Tibet, make almost hilarious reading. They quote, on P.222, from H.P.B. to Sinnett (P.10): “Disinherited wants to write to you he says — if you permit him — through Damodar”; and they comment with a shriek, “*Through* Damodar? ‘Disinherited’ *is* Damodar! Why this pretence of duality?” I laugh helplessly.

The first reference in the *Letters* to the Disinherited is on P.34; date “about Feb. 20, 1881.” He signs a footnote to one of K.H.’s letters and is evidently an advanced chela and an expert at phenomena, who, indeed, had assisted on Oct. 3rd, 1880, when the famous “cup and saucer” phenomenon took place, these being found embedded in the roots of a tree. Damodar was then known to Sinnett as a very young secretary of the Society and an even younger candidate for adeptship. Sinnett would have been surprised to learn, as friends Hare teach us, that Damodar “was cut off by his father for his attachment to H.P.B. and the rule of the Masters, and received in consequence the nickname of ‘the Disinherited’”. I have said that the “D.” wrote on Feb. 20th, 1881. Fortunately for H.P.B., on Feb. 18th, Damodar was still sufficiently in funds to present her with a carriage at Bombay. Actually, he never was disinherited, but, some time later,

was given the choice *for life* between a tolerable fortune and loyalty to the Masters and the Society. He renounced the fortune.

* * *

Messrs. Hare's next discovery is of Damodar's motive in leaving Adyar for good, in 1885, namely — "to escape from the tricks played on him". Damodar's diary on the way to Tibet, naming groups and individuals whom he visited right up to the frontier, was published by Olcott from the original now at Adyar. Damodar laments *the apathy and lack of zeal* he saw in several Branches. In "Old Diary Leaves", Vol. 3, P.359 and onward, Olcott describes his own meeting near Darjiling with the chief *jemindar* who, with the under coolies, escorted Damodar over the frontier in April, 1885, and brought back his diary. Olcott's interpreter was no less a personage than the celebrated Sarat Chandra Dass, mentioned in all books on that period, expert on Tibet (T. Tatya familiarly speaks of him as "the English spy at Tibet"), and Hon. Sec. of the Buddhist Text Society, C.T.E., and other distinguished things. Not a man to be jested with! Damodar's diary runs from Feb. 23rd to April 3rd, after which date he proceeded alone, having been carried by the coolies over the first ghats. The head coolie reported that he had seen Damodar make connection with a caravan going to Lhasa under the direction of a Tibetan dignitary. The which speaks for itself. No Tibetan accepts an obscure and penniless and passportless Hindu as passenger to Lhasa without *orders* to do so.

It does look rather as though the Mahatmas existed!

* * *

Messrs. Hare, these literary hod-men, make pages of fuss concerning K.H.'s slip in saying "ascension" for "resurrection" in his first letter. Well . . . a slip. What about it? Many English writers have made slips. Also, K.H. slipped in naming Bacon as one of the personal founders of the Royal Society, instead of being merely the acknowledged inspiration of those who did found it. K.H. evidently knew the inside story of the foundation. How many English men of letters could relate it? It is not what K.H. does not know, but what he does, that is astonishing. The world knows now that he was acquainted with Tennyson's earliest poems, for quotation from one of which (P.51. "M.L.") Messrs. Hare accuse him of libelling the poet by foisting on to him "six lines of very poor verse". Very poor Hares, with their caption, "A Libel on a Laureate"! Mr. Charles Tennyson told Miss M. Thomas where to look for the lines.

In the "O. E. Library Critic" (Washington, U.S.A.) for Aug-Sep, 1936, Dr. Stokes comments: "The joke is on the Hares. If the reader will refer to Sinnett's book, *Tennyson an Occultist* (pp.56-7), published in 1920 . . . he will find it stated that these six lines of verse form the conclusion of a poem of 46 lines entitled "The Mystic", published by Tennyson in 1830 in a volume, *Poems Chiefly Lyrical*, but for some unknown reason omitted from later editions of his works."

The six lines, as quoted by Mahatma K.H. on P.51, "M.L." read

"How could ye know him? Ye were yet within
The narrower circle; he had well-nigh reached
The last, which, with a region of white flame,
Pure without heat into a larger air
Up-burning, and an ether of black-blue,
Invests and ingirds all other lives . . ."

In the original, *invests* is written *investeth*.

Incidentally, this letter is the one that Madame Coulomb alleged, and poor Sinnett came *to believe*, was dropped through a trap in the ceiling. And — the wonderful three final pages are just those that Madame Coulomb declared that she saw H.P.B. write, in fits of laughter, we are to suppose, at the trick played on Sinnett. The Coulomb knew (probably through her ear at the keyhole, a little usual amusement of hers which she actually confessed to Hodgson) that Sinnett had been surprised not to receive a letter the night before, and she invented this yarn to fill up the gap with some more of her personal “evidence”.

Several students better qualified than I to deal with Latin scholarship have rapped Messrs. Hare’s knuckles for their meddling in this sphere; but I remark that their French (correction) exploits are of the schoolboy order. On P.94 and onward, they tell us about “Reincarnation Misunderstood” (by K.H.) In a letter to Sinnett, Number IX of “M.L.”, K.H. writes: “Tell Massey that you were possessed of the Oriental views of reincarnation several months before the work in question [Kingsford-Maitland’s *Perfect Way*] appeared — since it is in July eighteen months ago that you began being taught the difference between Reincarnation à la Kardec, or personal rebirth — and that of the spiritual monad; a difference first pointed out to you on July 5th, at Bombay.”

I have no concern here with the main question, the theory of reincarnation, merely saying that in spite of “blinds” in both, I find “Isis” confirmed, not contradicted, in the *Letters*. What I want to point out is Messrs. Hare’s ignorance of French. They object, that K.H. did not actually name Kardec in the July letter (neither does he say he did; he says “pointed out” — inference: while Sinnett discussed the letter (IX) with H.P.B., he being at Bombay, not on the 5th, but on the 8th); but they seem unaware that the “à la” indicates Kardec’s theory as a known one, so well-known as to need no further explanation. The inference of the Hares that H.P.B. (“forging” as “K.H.”) ignored Kardec is almost too absurd for comment; she frequented the French *spirite* circle before going to America, and Kardec is mentioned in her early writings. Further, K.H. does not say, on P.46, that “Mrs. Kingsford’s idea is the true one”, as quoted by Messrs. Hare; he says, “thus far, Mrs. Kingsford’s etc. And, for anyone who knows the subject, the whole of the matter in Letter IX distinguishes between the spiritual monad (an “Isis” term well-known to Sinnett) and the personal ego.

In the Preface to their book, Mr. H. E. Hare ascribes to his brother, Mr. W.L., “special knowledge” of the subject of Reincarnation. Why does he not give it out? The world is waiting for this! A pity that he had no “special knowledge” of the text even of the *Mahatma Letters*, for then he would not now be misinforming and misleading the public in scores of instances, ever so many more than I can find space to notice here. Really, Messrs. Hare’s book is one long verbal rough and tumble.

* * *

They discover the old America of similarity between K.H. and H.P.B. in the use of what they call “key-words”. The first they cite — *Try*, is of course, a real Theosophical key-word and is never, I think, to be found used unless in italics or inverted commas. The second, “but” in the sense of “only”, might put me in the dock as confederate with many other writers who frequently use it. Messrs. Hare admit that “but” was much used in the 19th century, and seem to fancy that it has died out except in America. In any case, both K.H. and H.P.B. wrote in the 19th century, so there would be nothing remarkable in their use of the word.

The third “keyword” is “though”. Messrs. Hare state that this is placed “at the end of a sentence without a preceding comma.” They give twelve examples from “Isis” and “Blavatsky’s Letters to Sinnett”. Of these

twelve, ten are incorrectly transcribed from the text, and, of course, in such a way as not to weaken Messrs. Hare's theory. Only ten out of twelve! Only one example shows a full-stop in the text. Messrs. Hare invent seven full-stops! In the five examples given with a *dash* by Messrs. Hare, no dash exists in the text; and, in every case but one, the sentence carries on after a comma or a semi-colon. I cite one of Messrs. Hare's examples, the one from "Isis", transcribing exactly.

Messrs. Hare. P.181. Isis Unveiled,
p.621 more than probable though.

"Isis Unveiled." Vol. 2, P. 621. It is more than
probable though, that the Talapoins will, etc.

This use of though is seen, also, in many writers and maybe very effective when the wit needs to jump, a literary mystery extra-Hare.

I cannot believe that the most *anti* reviewer would be pleased to know that his brains had been stocked with so much misinformation. After all, brains are precious things, and they wear out.

* * *

That H.P.B.'s style changed considerably parallel with the first Mahatma letters received in New York, and much more so when the Indian series began, is evident, and is a point against, not for, the charge of fraud. Even in idiosyncracies, she seems to imitate K.H. The famous *dash* found in the Letters and in H.P.B.'s own letters after 1880, is hardly to be remarked in the American articles and letters. A letter to Aksakov, transcribed by Mr. Walter Leaf from Solovioff's copy (where the so-called "evidential" dashes would certainly not be diminished) shows only two dashes, perfectly well-placed, in three printed pages. The equally famous italics are similarly absent, *except* when she is writing on spiritualistic or occult matters, and, even so, only in certain private letters. Her first letter to Professor Corson, of three printed pages, contains two dashes and one phrase in italics, both well-placed. Letter No. 4, of seven and a half printed pages, contains two dashes and five words in italics.*

I wish that Theosophists would spare time from their own salvation to look into these things. A group of experts on the documents could very soon make it worth no publisher's while to print such rubbish as this Hare book.

The above idiosyncracies belong to the *Mahatma Letters*, early and late series and . . . If I were looking for a *code*, I should begin to count them. In copying every detail of the *Letters*, perhaps Mr. Barker acted even more faithfully than he knew. (But, I do grudge the employ of that terrible split-infinitive! In future editions for the wider public, it ought to be corrected. The *reason* for it no longer exists.)

* * *

"Was Madame Blavatsky ever in Tibet?", ask Messrs. Hare. And, of course, they talk about *legend*. Yet, they cite (from Mr. Baseden Butt's book, "Madame Blavatsky", not from the original in Olcott's *Old Diary Leaves*, of which they exhibit a score of times complete ignorance) the evidence of Major-General Murray (Captain Murray, in 1854, and Commandant on the Nepal-Tibet frontier) that he had found H.P.B. on the frontier in 1854 and had kept her a month in his house with his wife.

* Still, this subject is very difficult, and would need many pages; it is not a question of mere arithmetic.

Personally, I think that H.P.B. was not going to Tibet, but returning. But, in any case, how did this foreign woman get to the frontier? Hooker's "Himalayan Journals" show what a colossal adventure it was even for him, with Government support, with money, with interpreters, with coolies to carry water, provisions, bedding, tents and all the paraphernalia, including guns, necessary for even a one-man expedition. He could not take a step without his doings being known to the monasteries. At every turn, he was required to show his papers, signed by both English and local officials; and they were visaed everywhere. He narrowly escaped death a score of times in the vast deserts of ice and on the frozen, foggy mountains. In many places, the people refused to sell him any food, and his coolies fell ill and had to return, etc., etc.

And here, a woman arrives at Commandant Murray's house, without any proper passports or coolies or — or anything; having somehow waltzed over the deserts and gulfs and precipices and escaped all notice by the population and the spies. H.P.B. never told this story, even to Olcott. Major-General Murray never told it until after she was dead. One may well imagine that he found the facts so mysterious that he thought he had better hold his peace; for, without high protection, neither man nor woman could then have gone a mile in that country. (One has only to read the various Munchausens who say that they have been to Tibet in disguise to see that the famous Baron may be equalled. All the heroes and heroines go through appalling adventures *going* to Lhasa, and all come back — in a few pages — without a hitch on the road. For the public that buys the sensation, the thing, of course, is to *get* to Lhasa, never mind about coming back.)

* * *

But what would not Hodgson of the Society for Psychical Research have given to know that H.P.B. was really in India in 1854 — while the Mutiny was beginning to boil up? What a clue for his "Russian Spy" theory! He could have hunted her into prison merely on this clue, while the whole secret police of India set to work to try to ferret out her movements. Perhaps the Mahatmas, her "confederates", whispered in Murray's ear, as well as closed her own lips?

* * *

On P.286 of the Letters, K.H. writes: "I hope these disjointed reflections and explanations may be pardoned in one who remained for over nine days in his stirrups without dismounting."

Of course, Messrs. Hare fall right in! They opine that the Mahatma's *horse* should have been mentioned in the dispatches. No doubt it was. Just as the "dead buffalo" that Gautama kicked "with his toe" over a "city" had a mention in that parable. When the Hares of humanity begin *to be able to control even the grinning tic in their cheeks*, they may be told a bit more about such things as "stirrups" and "dead buffaloes".

* * *

I must say farewell to Messrs. Hare, while assuring Theosophists that these precious detractors in a hurry, for "Time pressed", might be "dished" on almost every page if they were worth the space. Practically every point they imagine to make turns out to be no point at all. They are wrong about mostly everyone and everything. Wrong about Damodar, Bowaji, Djwal Khood and down to Eglinton and Leadbeater; wrong in saying that there were never any witnesses to the Mahatmas but H.P.B. There were Olcott, Damodar, Subba Rao, Mrs. Cooper-Oakley, W. T. Brown, Dr. Hartmann, Madame Fadeef, Countess Wachtmeister, Mlle. Glinka, Ramaswamier and several other well-placed and intellectual Indians. All

these had independent evidence of the Mahatmas — and we must not forget Solovioff, who turned traitor, but whose testimony to the S.P.R. is on record.

Messrs. Hare are wrong in chortling over K.H.'s writing "going to Tibet" ("M.L." P.438) and "the test of the *Times* to be brought here (P.247) and "Damodar went to Tibet" (P.363.) They think the "conclusion is obvious" that the letters were written at the Theosophical headquarters. Possibly! For, if we are going to be so meticulous, we may find evidence that, on all three occasions, the Mahatma was not in Tibet, but in India.

The first was written on March 25th, 1882, the day after the "Vega" phenomenon (for which, by the way, I need only a couple of dates to complete a very pretty case for the defence), when the two Masters were in Calcutta and had been seen by Olcott the night before. The second dates March 18th, 1882, same period. The third dates March 27th, 1885, four days before H.P.B. sailed on her last voyage to Europe. The Mahatma M. was certainly in India and had been seen some time before by Mrs. Cooper-Oakley, Leadbeater, Hartmann, Damodar and others, when he suddenly appeared along the passage, saluted them, opened the door of the room where Mrs. Cooper-Oakley was fearing H.P.B.'s last breath, and passed in. As M. and K.H. frequently travelled together, and as a "miracle" was to be worked on H.P.B. to keep her alive, we may suppose that K.H. was not far away.

* * *

Messrs. Hare are so pleased to get in a slap at "the smoking Mahatma" that they give him and Tobacco in their Index. They quote, as authorities, Dr. McGovern and Mr. Knight to prove that "tobacco smoking in Tibet is the most heinous vice, the greatest crime against religion" and that "it is strictly forbidden to smoke in Tibet". Alack for them! Hooker mentions the exorbitant price paid at Lhasa for Indian tobacco which was then much preferred to that mentioned by Huc as *cultivated in East Tibet*. In "Sport and Travel in Tibet", Messrs. Hayden and Cosson tell us (P.8.) that smoking was forbidden by the late Dalai Lama, an order "not universally obeyed". So, we see that this heinous vice, this crime against religion was nothing but the freak order of one man.

* * *

Messrs. Hare are mostly wrong about everything and everyone, and, where they might be right, they deliberately distort. Yet, I conclude on a vote of thanks to them. Their reproduction, at some cost, of the signature of Mahatma K.H. (in the MS. it comes at foot of the letter printed on P.17, "M.L."), the which signature they take to be a bungling attempt at Devanagari, but which, of course, is a code script, allows the world to realise that here was no faltering pen, but an expert at work.

SECTION 4.

MAHATMA K.H. AND SINNETT.

One of the most frequent taunts that Sinnett had to endure was that he, in spite of all his devotion and sacrifice, had never been favoured with a personal interview with Mahatma K.H. The publication of the “Mahatma Letters” and “Letters from H. P. Blavatsky to A.P. Sinnett” allow us to see light on this mystery.

* * *

(“M.L.” P.28.) Date: Feb. 20, 1881. K.H. to Sinnett:

“We might leave out of the question the most vital point — one you would hesitate perhaps to believe — that the refusal concerned as much your *own salvation* (from the standpoint of your worldly material considerations) as my enforced compliance with our time-honoured Rules. Again, I might cite the case of Olcott (who, had he not been permitted to communicate face to face — and without any intermediary — with us, might have subsequently shown less zeal and devotion but more discretion) and his fate up to the present. But the comparison would doubtless appear to you strained. Olcott — you would say — is an enthusiast, a stubborn unreasoning mystic, who goes headlong before him, blindfolded, and who will not allow himself to look forward with his own eyes. While you are a sober, matter-of-fact man of the world, the son of your generation of cool thinkers; ever keeping fancy under the curb, and saying to enthusiasm: ‘Thus far shalt thou go, and no farther!’ . . . Perhaps you are right — perhaps not. ‘No Lama knows where the *ber-chhén* will hurt him until he puts it on’, says a Tibetan proverb. However, let that pass, for I must tell you now that for opening ‘direct communication’ the only possible means would be: (1) For each of us to meet in our own physical bodies. I being where I am, and you in your quarters, there is a material impediment *for me*.”

K.H. then indicates two occult ways of meeting which need not be mentioned here. The above sufficiently indicates that the Masters did not think that Sinnett was “the stuff of which *chelas* are made”. He was not prepared, like Olcott, to throw up every worldly consideration; or, like Ramaswamier, to set out “to find the Masters — or *die*.” Evidently, also, K.H. was debarred from taking a railway journey in his own body specially to meet Sinnett. We shall see that, when Sinnett received definite information, and had the opportunity to take a railway journey to “find” the Mahatma — he let it go by.

(“H.P.B. to Sinnett”. P.28.) Date : a week or so before June 29, 1882:

“My dear Mr. Sinnett, . . . My plans are *burst*. The ‘Old One’ [Chief] won’t let me go [to Tibet], doesn’t want me. Says all kinds of ‘serenades’ bad times; the English will be behind me (for they believe more in the Russians than in the Brothers); their presence will prevent any Brother to come to me *visibly*, and *invisibly* I can see them from where I am; wanted here and elsewhere, but not in Tibet, etc., etc. Well, I can only beg pardon of you and the rest. I had all ready, the whole itinerary was sent from Calcutta, M. gave me permission, and Deb was ready — Well, you won’t prevent me from saying *now* at least from the bottom of my heart — DAMN MY FATE, I tell you death is preferable. Work, work, work and no thanks . . . Well, if I do feel crazy it is *theirs* not my fault — not poor M. or K.H.’s but *theirs*, of those heartless dried-up big-bugs, and I must call them that if they pulverise me for it. What do I care now for life! . . . Yours, H.P.B.”

(“M.L.” P.116.) Date: June 29, 1882. K.H. to Sinnett:

“H.P.B. is in despair; the Chohan refused permission to M. to let her come this year further than the Black

Rock, and M. very coolly made her unpack her trunk. Try to console her if you can. Besides, she is really wanted more at Bombay than at Penlore.”

(“M.L.” P.125.) Date : July 25, 1882. Simla. Sinnett to H.P.B.:

“We all feel so sorry for you, overworked amid the heat and the flies. When you have got the August number [of “Theosophist”] off your hands, perhaps you could take flight for here and get a little rest among us.”

(“H.P.B. to S.” P.8.) Date: Aug. 12, 82. Bombay:

“The heat and this working 26 hours out of the 24 is killing me. My head swims, my sight is becoming dim and I am sure I will drop some day on my writing and be a corpse before the T.S. says *bo*. Well, I don’t care. And why the deuce should I? Nothing left for me here; then better become a spook at once and come back and pinch my enemies’ noses . . . Goodbye, H.P.B. (*that was*).”

(“H.P.B. to S.” P.356.) Date: Aug. 26, 82. Bombay, Damodar to Sinnett:

“She is unwell and last evening the Doctor said that her whole blood is spoiled . . . I have been trying to induce her to go beyond Darjiling or some such place for two or three months, where she will neither see nor hear of the world’s vilest tricks which have been the chief cause of her ill-health.”

(“H.P.B. to S.” P.34.) Date: early Sep. 1882. Bombay,

“My dear Mr Sinnett, This morning, I got up from my bed for the first time this week. But never mind *me*. Your letters . . . show that you are of the true stuff, and I only hope I won’t die before you have been rewarded for all your devotion and affection for K.H. by seeing him. And how easy — oh gods! to see him! Read this:

[*Note from K.H. to H.P.B.*] “I will remain about 23 miles off Darjiling till Sep. 26th — and if you come you will find me in the old place.”

(“M.L.” P.270.) Date: early Sep. 82. Mahatma M. to Sinnett:

“. . . a woman so sick that as in 1877 I am again forced to carry her away . . . for fear she should fall all to pieces.”

(“M.L.” P. 292). Date: middle September, 1882. K.H. to Sinnett:

“The Chohan gave orders that the young Tyotirmoy — a lad of fourteen, the son of Babu Nobin K. Banerjee, whom you know — should be accepted as a pupil in one of our lamaseries near Chamto-Dong.”

(“M.L.” P. 190.) Date: before Sep. 23, 82. K.H. to Sinnett:

“I am not at home at present, but quite near to Darjiling, in the Lamasery, the object of poor H.P.B.’s longing. I thought of leaving by the end of September but find it rather difficult on account of Nobin's boy. Most probably, also, I will have to interview in my own skin the Old Lady if M. brings her here. And — he has to bring here — or lose her for ever — at least as far as the physical triad is concerned. And now goodbye, I ask you again — do not frighten my little man; he may prove useful to you some day — only do not forget — *he is but an appearance*. Yours, K.H.”

The “little man” was Babaji, who was acting for one of K.H.’s chelas, presumably Gwala K. Deb, whom he resembled. We gather, from other letters, that Babaji considerably overstepped his orders.

(“Letters from the Masters of Wisdom”. Second series. P.163) Date: Oct. 7, 82. S. Ramaswamier (Registrar at Tinevelly, then at Darjiling) to Damodar at Bombay:

“. . . When we met last in Bombay I told you what had happened to me at Tinevelly. My health having

been disturbed by official work and worry, I applied for leave on medical certificate and it was granted. One day in September last [about the 18th], while I was reading in my room, I was ordered by the audible voice of my blessed Guru, M . . . Maharsi to leave all and proceed immediately to Bombay, whence I had to go in search of Madame Blavatsky wherever I could find her and follow her wherever she went. Without losing a moment, I closed up all my affairs and left the station . . . I travelled in my ascetic robes. Arrived at Bombay, I found Madame Blavatsky gone, and learned through you that she had left the place a few days before; that she was very ill; and that beyond the fact that she had left the place very suddenly with a *Chela*, you knew nothing of her whereabouts. And now, I must tell you what happened to me after I had left you.

“Really not knowing whither I had best go, I took a through ticket to Calcutta; but on reaching Allahabad, I heard the same well-known voice directing me to go to Berhampore.

“. . . On the 23rd, at last, I was brought by Nobin Babu from Calcutta to Chandernagore where I found Madame Blavatsky, ready to start five minutes after with the train. A tall dark-looking hairy *Chela* (not Chunder Cusho) but a Tibetan I suppose by his dress . . . would not listen to my supplications to take me with him, saying that he had no orders . . . the train, against all regulations and before the bell was rung started off, leaving Nobin Babu, the Bengalees [some who had followed her from Calcutta] and her servant behind . . . I myself had barely the time to jump into the last carriage.

“. . . The first days of her arrival [at Darjiling], Madame Blavatsky was living at the house of a Bengalee gentleman and refusing to see anyone; and preparing, as I thought, to go again somewhere on the borders of Tibet. To all our importunities we could only get this answer from her; that we had no business *to stick to and follow her*, that she did not want us . . .

“In despair, I *determined, come what might*, to cross the frontier which is about a dozen miles from here, and find the Mahatmas, or — DIE.

“. . . It was, I think, between eight and nine [next morning, Ramaswamier having travelled far and spent the night in a jungle hut], and I was following the road to the town of Sikkim . . . when I suddenly saw a solitary horseman galloping towards me. From his tall stature and the expert way he managed the animal, I thought he was some military officer of the Rajah. Now, I thought, am I caught! He will ask me for my pass and what business I have on the independent territory of Sikkhim and perhaps have me arrested and sent hack, if not worse. But — as he approached me, he reined the steed. I looked at and recognised him instantly . . .

“He told me to go no further, for I would come to grief.

“. . . The Mahatma *spoke to me in my mother-tongue — Tamil!* He told me that if the Chohan permitted Madame B. to go to Pari-Jong next year, then I could come with her . . . And now that I have seen the Mahatma in the flesh and heard his living voice, let no-one dare say to me that the Brothers *do not* exist. Come now whatever will, death has no fear for me, nor the vengeance of enemies; for what I know, I KNOW!”

* * *

I have not, so far, come upon any data to show why Sinnett did not accept the invitation conveyed to him in such unmistakably broad hints; so it is of no use to comment, unless to say that it looks as if he missed a chance that was never again to be offered.

END OF VOLUME I.