

THE PERSONALITY OF
H. P. BLAVATSKY

BY
C. JINARĀJADĀSA

(WITH 7 ILLUSTRATIONS)

THEOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING HOUSE
ADYAR, MADRAS, INDIA
1930



H. P. BLAVATSKY

(ABOUT 1870—4)

(from an old faded photograph)

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THE THEOSOPHICAL PRESS
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C. S. BRADY

I have to thank the Executive Committee of the Theosophical Society for permission to use the illustrations, whose originals are in the archives of the Society.

THE PERSONALITY OF H. P. BLAVATSKY

[*The Blavatsky Lecture for 1930, delivered at the Convention of the Theosophical Society in England, on July 5th, 1930.*]

IN the study of a philosophy, such as Theosophy, personalities do not give aid. It does not matter who were or are the principal Theosophists of the past or the present ; Theosophy as a philosophy of life stands by itself, and the knowledge of the life-histories of individual Theosophists does not make Theosophical studies more fruitful. There is therefore no need for anyone interested in Theosophy to-day to know who or what H. P. Blavatsky was ; she was an exponent of the Theosophy which she knew, and her ideas must be judged by their intrinsic worth only.

But it is different if a student of Theosophy is interested not only in Theosophy but also in the Theosophical Society. For the organization was founded by H. P. B., with the aid of others ; and during its first sixteen years the Society was moulded profoundly by her personality. H. P. B. as a great Theosophist, that is, not merely as a believer in Theosophy, but also as one who gave her life for the T.S., has many lessons to teach us which are not in her *Secret Doctrine*.

It is obvious that all that can be said of value concerning H. P. B. as a personality cannot be crowded into an hour's address. I shall not attempt to do so. My aim is just to touch upon certain aspects of her character which interest

me profoundly. And here let me say what will shock many ; I have been far more fascinated by H. P. B. herself than by her writings. Her writings may lead me to knowledge ; but the more I know of her as a person, the more I am inspired to conduct. For she has a heroic quality which affects me profoundly. In our present-day lives of stress and strain, where we have to pay quickly our debts to karma, I think to grow in heroism is more needed than to grow in knowledge.

From a boy I have been interested in H.P.B. I met her twice, but I was then only fourteen, and I could grasp only a little of what I heard of her then from Bishop Leadbeater. Later, I lived several years in the old Avenue Road Headquarters in London, in intimate association with others of H. P. B.'s pupils, from whom I heard much concerning her. But it was after I began to live at Adyar, the Headquarters of the Society, and had access to various documents there, that H. P. B. began to stand out in my imagination in a way she had not done before. When I began to pore over her Scrap Books—there are nineteen of them, the first begun in 1874—and saw her mind brooding over the welfare of the T.S., as she pasted evening after evening newspaper cuttings, articles, announcements ; when I read one diary of Colonel Olcott, that for 1878, [Fig. 1]* where she has made entries concerning

* H. S. Olcott's Diary, entry by H. P. B. on page for December 17, 1878, the day on which the Founders of the Society left New York for India :

Great day ! Olcott packed up. At 10 he thought of going to Phil.¹ At 12 . . .² stepped in and as he³ would have no more money coming, and received his last \$500 from Reading Co. he concluded to send him off from New York tomorrow or the day after. Bouton⁴ came and gave three copies. Dr. Weisse brought two copies also for the Bombay and Calcutta papers.

[Notes to above : 1. Philadelphia. 2. Name not clear, possibly that of a Master who "stepped in" to H. P. B.'s body to give instructions. 3. H. S. Olcott. 4. The publisher of *Isis Unveiled*.

Tuesday, December 17, 1878.

Great day! Blew packed up. As to be
thought going to Phil. at 12. Father
stopped in and was he would have us use
money coming and received his last ~~check~~ ^{\$500} from
Hedley. It is concluded to send him off from
New York tomorrow in the day after.
Mother came and gave three copies - Dr
Waite brought two copies also for the
Bourne and Calverton papers.
Marble papers but made them ^{W.S.}
useful. For the whole day.
What next? All dark - but tranquil

Consummation est

Bleat returned at 7. with three tickets for
the shortest steamboat the "Canada," which
leaves at 11 1/2. Curtis & Judge found the
evening. Maynard took N.P.R. to view to his
home. He returned home at 9. Maynard made a
present of a tobacco pipe. Charles Int. At
nearly 12 H.D. and N.P.B. took leave of the chaudiere
and drove off in a carriage to the steamer. Having marble
to sleep at home and about 100 subscribers who were taken
care of from 11 till 12. 1878.

: FIG. 1

Entry by H. P. B., in a Diary, 1878

her plans and anxieties *; above all, when I read the letters of the Master Serapis to Colonel Olcott concerning her, extracts from which I have given in my *Letters from the Masters of the Wisdom* (Second Series); it is after I had pored over all this material that I felt that the true life of H. P. B. has yet to be written.

One profound impression left upon me is that Colonel Olcott in his *Old Diary Leaves* has not done her full justice. I do not think he meant to be unfair, but it is evident that there were certain aspects of her character which he simply could not understand. Throughout her life, she acted upon motives and reasons which he could not fathom. In his early intercourse with her, he failed to understand her, because she was pledged to carry out her Master's orders, in ways not obligatory upon him till he himself came later to the same relation towards his Master; and then, all the time, she was continually seeing or hearing or sensing the Masters and their pupils, and so trying to fit her activities into the plans of her superiors. So did Colonel Olcott; but it is no diminution of our gratitude to him to say that again and again he failed to

Marble fidgeted but made himself useful. Tom the whole day.
What next? All dark but tranquil.

CONSUMMATUM EST⁵

Olcott returned at 7 with three tickets for the British steambot "Canada". Wrote letters till 11½. Curtis and Judge passed the evening. Maynard took H. P. B. to dinner to his house. Returned home at 9. Charles⁶ lost!! At nearly 12 H. S. O. and H. P. B. *took leave of the chandelier* and drove off in a carriage to the steamer, leaving Marble to sleep at home and wait for Wimbridge who was taking leave of Tom until a very late hour.

5. Over this entry are a circle and cross with three lines above, like an arrow pointing down, in red pencil; at the side appears the signature or sign manual of the Master Narayan, the "old gentleman". *Consummatum est*—"it is finished," are in blue pencil, and appear to be in H. P. B.'s handwriting. 6. H. P. B.'s cat, who had been sent away to a friend's home, but was reported missing.]

* Extracts from this diary have been published in *The Theosophist*, April and September, 1925.

understand his Master's plans. To put matters briefly, she was an occultist, acting upon reasons which often she could not reveal even to him, her most trusted colleague; she "jumped to conclusions" which he could not justify with his common-sense mind, and so seemed to act irrationally.

A most striking instance of this is the way he narrates the story of H. P. B.'s second marriage in Philadelphia. One gathers from *Old Diary Leaves* that it was some kind of freakishness on her part which made her marry a man utterly beneath her in every way. The phrase which Colonel Olcott uses is, "in what seemed to me a freak of madness." I think, when he wrote, he had forgotten the true reason, because he still had the Serapis letters, and could have found the reason there; I feel sure he could not have read them again, and so wrote from a rather clouded memory.

This second marriage of hers is to me one of the finest acts of her self-sacrifice. She went to the United States upon the order of her Master; she had there to support herself, and at the same time to begin the Movement which afterwards became the T.S. She struggled to make a living in various ways; but defeat was staring her in the face. Then a man, an Albanian, who was little better than a peasant, became devoted to her, so at least he professed; he offered to make a home for her, claiming nothing whatsoever in return; he pledged himself to make for her that centre she longed for, in which to go on with her writing and her interviews with interested people. She loathed the man, but it was either marrying him or a life of utter penury, with the ruin of all her plans. She married him, insisting however on retaining her own name. Can you not put yourself into H. P. B.'s mind—that of an aristocrat to the finger tips—mating herself for life, as it then seemed, to a boor, in order that she might carry out the plan given to her, to begin the great work? I can imagine no finer act of self-sacrifice. I will here quote

extracts from the Serapis letters to show that at least the Masters so regarded it.

Devoted to the Great Cause of Truth, she sacrificed to it her heart's blood; believing she might better help it, if she took a husband whose love for her would open his hand and make him give freely, she hesitated not but tied herself to him she hated.¹

H. P. B.'s sacrifice availed nothing; the man whom she married soon turned against her. Writing of the tragedy, the Master writes to Colonel Olcott:

His love for her is gone, the sacred flame has died out for want of fuel, he heeded not her warning voice . . . finding himself on the brink of bankruptcy, his secret design is to sail for Europe, and leave her unprovided and alone.²

Appealing to Colonel Olcott to help this man's tottering finances, for H. P. B.'s sake, the Master goes on:

Unless we help him for the sake of her, our Sister, her life is doomed and for her her future will be poverty and sickness. The laws which govern our Lodge will not allow us to interfere with her fate, by means that might seem supernal. She can get no money but through him she wedded; her pride must be humbled even before him she hates. Still, there are means left at our disposal to provide for her, and through her benefit yourself and Cause. Brother John [King] has cleverly worked for her sake in her native place [Russia]. The Chiefs of the Government have sent him [the husband] orders; if he fulfils them there are millions in the future in store for him. He has no money and his brains are weak. Will my brother Olcott try to find him a partner?³

We need not go further into this lamentable history. H. P. B. refused to live with the man. He then brought an action for divorce on the ground of desertion; it was not contested, and so he won it, to H. P. B.'s relief.

It was at this time too that she went through trials of a nature which we cannot understand; but we have the Master's words to show that they were occult trials where her very life was in danger. In three places in the course of one letter he refers to the grave danger confronting her.

¹ The references to all quotations appear in the Appendix at the end.

(1) . . . in case of death. The possible emergency of such a case is no idle talk of our noble sister. The *Dweller* [on the Threshold] is watching closely and will never lose his opportunity, if our Sister's courage fails. This is to be one of her hardest trials.

(2) . . . if she survives the trial. For on good will to her and on the intensity of magnetic thought concentrated on our Sister much of her safety will depend on the perilous descent to the —.*

(3) . . . how dangerous for her will be the achievement of her duty and how likely to expect for both of you to lose a sister and a—Providence on earth.⁴

The awfulness of the test which H. P. B. had to undergo is alluded to in Letter 13, where the Master appeals to Colonel Olcott and to Elbridge Gerry Brown to help her with their strongest thoughts.

She must encounter once more and face to face the dreaded one she thought she would behold no more. She must either conquer—or die herself his victim . . . how solitary, unprotected but still *dauntless* she will have to face all the great perils, and unknown mysterious dangers she *must* encounter . . . Brother mine, I can do naught for our poor Sister. She has placed herself under the stern law of the Lodge and these laws can be softened for none. As an Ellorian she must win her right . . . The final results of the dreaded ordeal depend on her and on her alone and on the amount of sympathy for her from her two brothers Henry and Elbridge, on the strength and power of their *will* sent out by both to her wherever she may be. Know, O Brother, that such will-power strengthened by sincere affection will surround her with an impenetrable shield, formed of the combined pure good wishes of two immortal souls—and powerful in proportion to the intensity of their desires to see her triumphant . . . Pray, both of you, for our Sister, she deserves it.⁵

Even in these early days, H. P. B. was the centre of a strange occult world, because she was surrounded by unseen helpers and guides. The Egyptian Lodge, the Brotherhood of Luxor †, had at this early time undertaken the initial work of the Theosophical Movement. In one letter, Colonel Olcott is instructed beforehand that, on a certain occasion,

* Word undecipherable in the original.

† See Letter 3, *Letters from the Masters of the Wisdom*, Second Series.

when he will be reporting to her about the success or failure of plans, others will be invisibly present to hear and to guide.

Upon returning from the office know the Brotherhood will be assembled in her room, and seven pairs of ears will listen to your reports and judge of the progress your Atma does in relation to intuitional perceptions. Heed her not when she will tell you that your words do not interest her; go on, and know you are talking in the presence of your Brethren. When needed they will answer you through her. God's blessing upon thee, Brother mine.⁶

Similarly it was, on a much later occasion in 1884, when Mohini M. Chatterjee was instructed by the Master K. H. to prostrate and touch the feet of H.P.B. in Hindu fashion, because there would then be the Mahāchohan himself in H. P. B.'s body, surveying directly for himself from the physical plane the forces for and against the T.S. Movement in Europe. Even Colonel Olcott did not know what was about to happen, nor it seems did H. P. B. herself.

When Upasika* arrives, you will meet and receive her as *though you were in India, and she your own mother*. You must not mind the crowd of Frenchmen and others. You have to *stun them*; and if Colonel asks you why, you will answer him that it is the interior man, the *indweller* you salute, not H.P.B., for you were notified to that effect by us. And know for your own edification that One far greater than myself has kindly consented to survey the whole situation under her guise, and then to visit, through the same channel, occasionally, Paris and other places where foreign members may reside. You will thus salute her on seeing and taking leave of her the whole time you are in Paris—regardless of comments and *her own surprise*.⁷

This element of the occult is inseparable from her personality. We may discredit the occult, but it is impossible to understand H. P. B.'s character without giving prominence to the occult element inseparable from her. Within the last few years, much has been published of a documentary nature which gives us material for a satisfactory life some day of

* Upāsikā is the name used by the Masters for H.P.B. It means in Buddhism a woman "lav disciple" consecrated to the service of the priesthood.

H. P. B. The more one examines that material, and also all that had been previously published, the more one becomes aware that H. P. B. cannot be separated from the Masters whom she served. In her own mind, the sole value to the world of herself and of her work was that she was an agent of the Masters; she considered that she had nothing of value of her own self to the world. This attitude towards herself is most characteristically shown by her in a copy of her own book, *The Voice of the Silence*, which for some strange reason she presented to herself. The copy is at Adyar, and the fly-leaf bears, in her handwriting, the following startling statement⁸ :

H. P. B. to W. B. Blavatsky
with my kind regards.

But though H. P. B. depreciated herself, it is evident that she possessed certain occult powers; she was not always acting merely as a centre for phenomena done by the Masters, as during the period described in *The Occult World*. Even as early as 1874 and 1875 she used some of her occult powers, and we have one memorandum by her on the matter. To understand the significance of what she says, we have to remember that she tried to initiate the T.S. Movement with the Spiritualists of the United States. At a time when Spiritualism was about to be discredited, owing to constant frauds by mediums, H. P. B. stepped into the breach in a strange way. She *created* certain of the phenomena directly by her own occult powers, and allowed them of course to go to the credit of Spiritualism. But the time came when the American Spiritualists refused to go beyond the phenomena into a great synthetic philosophy of religion and science; then it was she broke with the Spiritualists, receiving naturally in return from them wrath and vilification. It is to all this

Important note

If I am sorry to say that I had to identify myself during that shameful exposure of the Mediums & some with the Spiritualists, I had to save the situation, for I was sent from Paris on purpose to America to prove the phenomena of their reality & - show the fallacy of the Spiritualists or theories of spirits. But how could I do it best? I did not want people at large to know that I could produce the same thing yet will. I had received orders to the contrary, and yet I had to keep alive the reality, the genuineness & possibility of such phenomena in the hearts of those who from materialists had turned Spiritualists & now, owing to the exposure of several mediums fell back again, returned to their skepticism. This is why, selecting a few of the faithful, I went to the Holmeses and helped by Mr. John King & Katie King in the astral light, produced the phenomena of materialization & - allowed the Spiritualists at large to believe it was done thro' the aid & dimming of Mrs. Holmes. She was terribly frightened herself, for she knew that this was the apparition was real. Did I do wrong? The world is not prepared for yet to understand the philosophy of occult sciences.

Let them assure themselves first of all that there are beings in an invisible world, whether "spirits" of the dead or "elementals" & that there are hidden powers in man which are capable of making a God of him on earth.

When I am dead & gone people will, perhaps, appreciate my disinterested mission. I have pledged my word to help people or to truth while living & - will keep my word.

But then alas & woe on let ~~you~~ call me a medium & a Spiritualist, & others an impostor. The day will come when posterity will learn to know me better.

Oh poor, foolish, wicked, wicked World!

Mr. King orders to form a Society - a secret Society like the Rosicrucian Lodge. No promises to help.
H. P. B.

FIG. 2

Memorandum on Spiritualism by H. P. B.

that she refers in her memorandum, which she has pasted in her Scrap Book, by the side of a newspaper cutting referring to two mediums, Mr. and Mrs. Holmes [Fig. 2].

IMPORTANT NOTE

Yes, I am sorry to say that I had to identify myself during that shameful exposure of the mediums Holmes with the Spiritualists. I had to save the situation, for I was sent from Paris on purpose to America to *prove* the phenomena and their reality—show the fallacy of the Spiritualistic theories of “Spirits”. But how could I do it best? I did not want people at large to know that I could *produce the same thing at will*. I had received Orders to the contrary, and yet, I had to keep alive the reality, the genuineness and *possibility* of such phenomena in the hearts of those who from *Materialists* had turned *Spiritualists* and now, owing to the exposure of several mediums fell back, again, returned to their scepticism. That is why, selecting a few of the faithful, I went to the Holmeses and helped by M. ∴ and *his power*, brought out the face of John King and Katie King in the astral light, produced the phenomena of materialism and—allowed the Spiritualists at large to believe it was done through the mediumship of Mrs. Holmes. She was terribly frightened herself, for she knew that *this once* the apparition was real. Did I do wrong? The world is not prepared yet to understand the philosophy of Occult Science—let them assure themselves first of all that there are beings in an invisible world, whether “Spirits” of the dead or *Elementals*; and that there are hidden powers in man, which are capable of making a *God* of him on earth.

When I am dead and gone people will, perhaps, appreciate my disinterested motives. I have pledged my word to help people on to *Truth* while living and—will keep my word. Let them abuse and revile me. Let some call me a *Medium* and a Spiritualist, and others an *impostor*. The day will come when posterity will learn to know me better.

Oh poor, foolish, credulous, wicked *world*!

M ∴ brings orders to form a Society—a secret Society like the Rosicrucian Lodge. He promises to help. H. P. B.⁹

No one will ever understand what H. P. B. was unless he can believe in the existence of the Masters. For she lived for them, and especially for her own Master. To most of us to-day, the Masters are ideals; perhaps to a few they are

realities ; But still they are not realities of this physical world, as are our friends, whom we meet from day to day. To H. P. B., they were real, because she had been in Tibet, and in other places where she met them physically. She has described how she met her Master first in London, when he came to London in the suite of the Nepaul Embassy ; in 1868 she went with him to India from Constantinople. She lived then in Tibet with him and the Master K. H. during 1869. What her Master was to her, she has described in these words :

MY MASTER—the sole creator of my inner Self which but for His calling it out, awakening it from its slumber, would have never come to conscious being—not in *this* life, at all events.¹⁰

The Masters were to her—especially her own Master—as the very breath of her life. In one letter written in India, she complains that she has not seen him for three days ; in another letter the gap in communication was for two days. Most striking of all, as showing the reality of the Masters, is the way that she dares to criticize them. It is not that she was rebellious, or ever thought of challenging their decisions. But she was human enough to feel irritated when her own Master ordered her to do something which was unpleasant to her. On one occasion, the Master M. wrote to Mr. Sinnett, and the result was that H. P. B. had to change her plans. She resented the fact that she did not receive a direct order from her Master. She writes to Mr. Sinnett :

I neither saw nor felt HIM for the last 48 hours. What ails him I know not. Why should he not tell me *direct* that he wanted me to go [to] you ; and what business had he to go and make you an intermediary just as if I do so sooner for you than for him ! He knows that I am but a SLAVE and that *he* has the right to order me about without consulting my taste or desire.¹¹

All this irritation, we must remember, is superficial ; for she was indeed the slave. I quote it merely to show that her Master was a living powerful reality in her every moment's waking consciousness. Let me quote other instances. Writing to

Mr. Sinnett, she describes her Master and his actions in certainly irreverent language, but it is nevertheless the language of reality. To understand the drift of her sarcasm, we must remember that the Chohan, the venerable "old gentleman," as she calls him, was the person in authority, and that both the Masters M. and K. H. were ready to obey him, as H. P. B. was ready to obey her Master. The two Masters were allowed by the Chohan to draw upon the occult "reservoir of force" to produce physical phenomena in connection with the T. S., but they were evidently bound by certain limitations imposed by him. We must note that she uses the term "Boss"—an American slang word, but one very expressive—to designate her Master.

Now what are you at with my irrepressible Boss? Three days ago he puts up an appearance so unexpectedly that I thought the mountain had tumbled on my head, and *blows me up (!!)* for not having sent you his portrait! Now what the devil have I to do with that? Olcott gave his crayon portrait to the photographer a month before leaving Bombay; and am I to be held responsible for the photographer's sins likewise? I like that! I sent for it, and got one with the greatest difficulty and he stood over my soul until I had packed and wrapped it up and addressed it to you. Too much love and fondling spoils the children's temper. Won't they catch it both—your Tibetan Orestes and his Pylades for cuddling you like two fools! And won't I be glad of it. You bet my father's daughter is right, and that the Chohan will snuff them nicely some day for all this. Now what do you want with his portrait? And it does not look at all like him, since he never wears now his white *puggery*, but simply sticks a yellow saucer on the top of his head like K. H. All this is vexation of spirit and vanity and nothing else. You better ask the Chohan to favour you with *his* picture, and then see how amiable he looks every Sunday morning.¹²

Equally irreverent is her language about the Master K.H.'s partiality for Mr. Sinnett; after calling it "criminal indulgence," she continues:

But then, he will find good even the things you throw into your waste basket. I am losing my faith in him.¹³

To us, it seems incredible that H. P. B. should ever speak flippantly of her Master; it is not want of reverence, but rather her irrepressible humour which makes her seem so.

I know not whether I have to go to Bareilly or not, whether I have to go to Lucknow or not, whether I will go *this* or *that* way to Bombay. Quien Sabe? It all depends on my boss's whims; and I verily believe that notwithstanding his youthful appearance he becomes old and is falling into his dotage (with all respect due to him).¹⁴

The culmination of her irrepressibility is surely when, because the Chohan once refused her permission to cross the Tibetan border to meet her beloved Master, she calls the Chiefs in Tibet "heartless dried up big-bugs". She had everything ready, her own Master had consented, but at the last moment the Chohan intervened. And now come her words:

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 had to pulverise me for this. What do I care now for life! Annihilation is 10,000 better.¹⁵

Happily for H.P.B., on a later occasion permission was not refused. She left Bombay secretly and went to Darjeeling, and from there over the border to Sikkhim, where for two days, "blessed, blessed two days"¹⁶ she calls them, she stayed with both the Masters M. and K.H. Several Indian pupils tried to follow H.P.B. in her secret flight to see the Masters, but only one, S. Ramaswamier of Madras, succeeded in crossing the Indian frontier and seeing the Master M. The narration of his visit will be found in *The Theosophist* at the time, and has been reprinted elsewhere, as for instance, in *Letters from the Masters of the Wisdom* (Second Series).

I will quote only one among the many instances narrated by her to show how her Master intervened constantly.

But no sooner had I finished copying my letter (English corrected by Mohini) an operation performed on my best paper and with new pen, which took me a whole forenoon to the detriment and neglect of other work, than the following occurred. My letter 8 pages—was quietly torn one page after the other by my Boss !! his great hand appearing on the table under Subba Row's nose (who wanted me to write quite differently) and *His* voice uttering a compliment in Telugu which I shall not translate though Subba Row seemed to translate it for me in great glee. "K. H. wants me to write differently" was the order.¹⁷

I have quoted these remarks from H.P.B. to illustrate that (it is impossible to understand H.P.B., unless one enters into her atmosphere, where the Masters are living persons—speaking, listening, moving, ordering—not mere ideal concepts. If to many of us the existence of Masters is hypothetical, it was not so to her. If some of us resent being given orders by them, and being expected to obey them so long as we are their pupils, that was not H.P.B.'s attitude. When H.P.B. reported that it was suggested by her Master that she should issue *The Secret Doctrine* in monthly parts as written, Mr. Sinnett tried to dissuade her from such a procedure. Her reply was:

Nor will I ever, with your permission and begging your pardon, of course, agree with you that "it is madness to try and write such a book for monthly parts" *once that the Guru so ordains it*. For, notwithstanding the remarkable respect I feel for your western wisdom and business like talents, I would never say of anything my Master (in particular) and *the Masters* (in general) tell me to do—that it is sheer *madness* to do their bidding.¹⁸

So Mr. Sinnett objected, and did not help, and the result was that no part of *The Secret Doctrine* was published for four years.

Whenever I read any of H. P. B.'s letters, I am greatly delighted by her wit. Certainly she is very profane at times, but there is in her wit a magnificent virility. Some of her most characteristic witticisms are those recorded by those

who heard them ; others are in her letters. I remember once hearing how a gentleman professing extreme socialistic ideas, and also notorious for his crudity in manners, came to see her. He was leaning his arm on the mantelpiece ; H. P. B. interrupted her conversation with others, turned towards him, and said : " You there by the mantelpiece, if you will pass me those matches, I'll mistake you for a gentleman." Another was *à propos* of some troublesome member ; taking up a box of matches, she said : " There, give him that, and tell him to go and make a private hell of his own." Of course, most of those at whom she levelled her wit resented it, and became her enemies ; but some, though hurt, were awakened out of their conceit, or their diffidence, as the case might be. They saw the truth in her sharp judgment, and became utterly devoted to her.

In the early days, T. S. members went through a ceremony called that of initiation, when they joined the Society. She says of the members at Bareilly :

There are about 17 Fellows I hear, to be initiated at Bareilly, Fellows who joined long ago but are yet unbaptised unto the Holy Ghost.¹⁹

In one of her early letters to Mr. Sinnett she writes :

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 *boo*. 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 to pinch my enemies noses.²⁰

There is one story told me by G. R. S. Mead which I want to put on record. It was at Avenue Road, and on one particular lecture night H. P. B. sat in her chair on the platform, smoking a cigarette surreptitiously behind her fan. The lecturer it seems was tedious, and at some especially inane remark of his, she ejaculated in a tragic whisper, " My God ! " How

often have I, and for that matter you all also, wanted similarly to ejaculate, "My God!", during many a Theosophical lecture!

(In this connection, a noteworthy fact is that H. P. B. often *tested* those who professed faith in her. Naturally enough, hundreds were attracted to her, and anyone who had any occult leaning was fascinated by her. But while she refused none who professed devotion to her, she tested them nevertheless. And her methods of testing were drastic. When C. W. Leadbeater went out to India with her in 1884, a typical incident, in this regard, was her asking him to fetch her tea and toast on deck, at a time when to procure them was to upset the chief steward's department. After much difficulty Mr. Leadbeater brought them, not to be thanked by her, but only to be soundly rated in front of the other passengers for the delay, and that the tea was not as hot as it should be. Those who became utterly devoted to her had to undergo a good deal of humiliation sometimes, in order to prove to her that it was truly the service of the Masters which they intended, and not merely to be in the circle of H. P. B. to pick up fragments of occult knowledge.

A more remarkable incident still is that told me by Dr. Annie Besant. When H. P. B. left the house in Lansdowne Road in London, it was to go to Avenue Road, to a house taken for her by Dr. Besant. After she had settled down, she complained to Dr. Besant that she was being *starved*! Everything possible was being done for H. P. B., every whim catered for, and yet here was Dr. Besant being accused of starving her! Dr. Besant took it greatly to heart, and cried over it in the privacy of her room. The accusation was repeated many times; at last, once, knowing herself blameless in the matter, Dr. Besant replied with a smile, "H. P. B., you know you don't mean it." That was the last heard of the accusation, for Annie Besant had proved to

H. P. B. that she could stand by the truth as she knew it, whatever H. P. B. said.

There is scarcely a single letter which H. P. B. wrote where her play of wit is not found. Nearly always, when writing to anyone intimate like Mr. Sinnett, she expresses herself with her characteristic wit in signing her name. "Yours in hot water"²¹ is one which reveals her anguish; she emphasises this once as "Yours ever in hot water."²² So too, "Yours in life yet,"²³ and "H. P. B. (*that was*)".²⁴ H. P. B. was very democratic, in spite of her aristocratic upbringing; once she signs, "Yours in Jesus, H. P. B., *née* Hahn von Rottenstern-Hahn, d—— it."²⁵ "Yours for ever in all the bitterness of heart,"²⁶ "Yours for ever and seriously in *profouna* gloomy despair,"²⁷ "Yours in blank idiotcy,"²⁸ "Yours alone and shivering,"²⁹ reveal us H. P. B. suffering, but irrepressible as to her sense of humour.)

It was not without point that in her letters she often addressed Mr. Sinnett as "Boss", the title which she gave to her Master. It was because Mr. Sinnett tried unconsciously to "boss" the Masters, and to tell them how they should act, if the T. S. was ever to be a success with Europeans. He felt he was better instructed on this matter than they. I doubt if Mr. Sinnett ever saw the point of H. P. B. calling him "Boss". He undoubtedly helped her, but how much his over-critical judgment of her counterbalanced his help only the Masters can say. But there was one person to whom H. P. B. manifested deep affection, and never once referred to except in terms of admiration. This was Mrs. Patience Sinnett. When I first came to England as a boy of fourteen, I lived for two years with Mr. and Mrs. Sinnett, and so knew them fairly well. Certainly a personality, who deserves a greater place in the history of the Movement than has been given her, is Mrs. Sinnett. Extremely well read, a perfect hostess, a woman of fine brain, she

helped the budding Theosophical Movement in an unassuming but forceful way. And her sympathetic understanding of H. P. B. drew repeatedly towards her the attention of both Masters.

We who to-day owe so much of Theosophy to H. P. B. little realize at what cost to herself she became the messenger of the Masters to us. It was said of her by the Masters, that not for two centuries had there been such a fine instrument as was H. P. B.'s body. Her psychic organization permitted the Masters to use her body as we to-day use an aerial, that is, to send out their forces. From far off Tibet they could influence movements and perform phenomena wherever she was, in India or Europe, using her as a fulcrum. Colonel Olcott could not act as such a fulcrum; it seems that Damodar K. Mavalankar was being trained to such a position, when force of circumstances put an end to all phenomena. Now, H. P. B. offered herself completely to the Masters, and through her they gave to Mr. Sinnett and Mr. Hume the teachings which we have in the former's *The Occult World* and *Esoteric Buddhism*. It was in connection with these teachings that various phenomena were performed, and, as all know, H. P. B. was accused of fabricating them by trickery. She was labelled a charlatan and impostor in the report of the Society for Promoting Psychological Research. But her greatest suffering was due, not to her being labelled as a fraud, but because, through her instrumentality, the sacred names of the Masters had been dragged in the mud.

Here let me interrupt for a moment to say that Westerners seem, most of them, utterly incapable of understanding the reverence which the Easterner has to the problem of the Masters and of Discipleship. To us, born and bred in the tradition of Eastern religion, there are certain things so holy that it is impossible to desecrate them. Let me mention that in Ceylon when the word Nirvāna is

mentioned in any sermon by a Buddhist monk, the people piously intone, "Holy, holy." But I have been in a Theosophical home which bore on its front gate the word "Nirvana". I have known the word Koot Hoomi used as the name of a racehorse; I have seen the pictures of the Masters published in Western reviews. I have seen other things too numerous to mention, both from Western pupils of the Masters and from Western sceptics, which made me open my eyes wide and question if the West has any real sense of the sacredness of holy things.

Even before the Coulomb attack began, such was even then the attitude on the part of some towards the Masters, that H. P. B. wrote in bitterness, about her action in consenting to be an intermediary between Mr. Sinnett and Mr. Hume and the Master K.H., as follows :

Oh unlucky, unhappy day when I consented to put you two in correspondence and he through his kindness, his divine charity, did not refuse my request! Better perish the *Theosoph. Society* and we two—Olcott and I—than that *we* should have been the means of so lowering in the public estimation the holy name of the Brotherhood! ³⁰

If these were her feelings before the Coulomb attack, we can well imagine what they were afterwards. So shocked was H. P. B.'s colleague and fellow-disciple T. Subba Row at the terrible desecration of the names of the Masters, that it seems he held her responsible for it, and so went out of his way to discredit and disown her, calling her "a shell deserted and abandoned by the Masters." He did this in order, in some curious way incomprehensible to us, to restore confidence in the Masters. H. P. B. continues :

When I took him to task, he answered : " You have been guilty of the most terrible of crimes. You have given out secrets of Occultism—the most sacred and the most hidden. Rather *that you should be sacrificed* than that which was never meant for European minds. People *had too much faith in you*. It was time to throw

doubt into their minds. Otherwise they would have pumped out of you all that you know." ³¹

And so H. P. B. was indeed sacrificed, whether purposely, as Subba Row says she ought to be, or only by the stress of circumstances, the Master alone knows. She left India—for health's sake, said Colonel Olcott; but H. P. B.'s own phrase was, "kicked out of India."

We get a glimpse of a profoundly moving scene at this time. C. W. Leadbeater returned to Adyar from Burma soon after it happened, and heard from H. P. B. herself the story of the event. He tells us that she was desperately ill at the time with "congestion of the kidneys, rheumatic gout, and an alarming loss of vitality, added to an enfeebled action of the heart"; the physician, Dr. Mary Scharlieb, had left at night promising to return next morning, but expressing grave doubts if H. P. B. would survive the night. As a matter of fact, H. P. B. longed for death, for her martyrdom was greater than she could bear. In the outer room there sat whispering the two Cooper-Oakleys, Damodar Mavalankar, Bowajee D. Nath and Dr. Franz Hartmann, waiting for any call from H. P. B. Suddenly there appeared in the verandah the Master M. fully materialized; he passed quickly through the outer room into H. P. B.'s room. Meanwhile, those in the outer room withdrew. After the interview, the Master retired as he came, and vanished. Next morning, much to the physician's surprise, H. P. B.'s condition had undergone a marvellous change towards recovery; the doctor found, not a corpse, but a patient who was not only out of danger but with the symptoms of a dangerous malady greatly diminished. When H. P. B. recovered, she told her intimate friends how her Master had come and given her two choices—the first, to die and pass on into peace, with the end of her martyrdom, and the second, to live on a few years more to begin *The Secret Doctrine*, so that at least a few faithful souls seeking the Wisdom might be enabled both to get the Wisdom

and to come to the Masters' feet. We have a fuller account in H. P. B.'s letter to Mr. Sinnett of what happened at the strange interview.

But I shall never, nor could I if I would, forget that for ever-memorable night during the crisis of my illness, when Master, before exacting from me a certain promise, revealed to me things that He thought I ought to know, before pledging my word to Him for the work He *asked me* (not *ordered* as He had a right to) to do. On that night when Mrs. Oakley and Hartmann and everyone *except Bowajee* (D.N.), expected me every minute to breathe my last—I learned all. I was shown *who was* right and who wrong (unwittingly) and who was entirely treacherous; and a general sketch of what I had to expect outlined before me. Ah, I tell you, I *have* learnt things on that night—things that stamped themselves for-ever on my Soul; black treachery, assumed friendship for selfish ends, *belief in my guilt*, and yet a *determination to lie in my defence*, since I was a convenient step to rise upon, and what not! Human nature I saw in all its hideousness in that short hour, when I felt one of Master's hands upon *my heart, forbidding it cease beating*, and saw the other calling out *sweet future* before me. With all that, when He had shown me *all, all*, and asked "Are you willing?"—I said "Yes," and thus signed my wretched doom, *for the sake of the few who were entitled to His thanks*. Shall you believe me if I say, that among those few your two names * stood prominent? You may disbelieve, or perhaps doubt—yet it was so. Death was so welcome at that hour, rest so needed, so desired; life like the one that stared me in the face, and that is realized now—so miserable; yet how could I say *No* to Him who wanted me to live! But all this is perhaps incomprehensible to you, though I do hope it is not quite so.³²

(So once again H.P.B. offered herself in sacrifice, that the Movement might be helped. She did not foresee how, after a few more years of martyrdom, a faithful band would gather round her, so that her last years might be not of storm but of peace. Expecting nothing, she gave all; and the result of her sacrifice is that we have her *Secret Doctrine*.)

When trying to understand the personality of H. P. B., one cannot help noticing what an unusual mind she possessed. It

* Mr. and Mrs. Sinnett.

(without a parent) (8)

Commentary on Stanzas I.

[In order not to break the Stanzas by making the comments too long, the reader is referred for further explanations to the glossary in the Appendices attached to every Chapter.]

The Secret Doctrine postulates three propositions:—

(A) An Omnipresent, Eternal & boundless Principle, beyond the reach of words or thought, or in the words of Mandukya "unthinkable & unspeakable." In the Sitareya Upanishad this Principle is referred to as the Self, the only one — as just shown.

(B) The Eternity of the Universe as a fixed abstraction, with periodical appearances & disappearances of objective manifestation; like a regular tidal ebb of flux & reflux, coeval with, as being in one sense, identical with the One Principle.

(C) The unity of all the Souls with the Over Soul or the unknown Root, & the continuous transmigration of each ray of the One infinite light, in accordance with cyclic & Karmic law, during the whole Cycle of Necessity, that is to say from the beginning of Manvantara to that of Pralaya, ^{in the} Kayava = Self & starting ^{as} as a pure Emanation ^{from} from Chaitan or Angel and ending ^{as} as a purified Paramatma = Self, merged in the One Being (or Om = Being) — the absolute "Paramatma."

In its absolute abstraction, the One Principle though seemingly Dual (Parabrahm & Mulaprakriti) is sexless, unconditioned, absolute. Its periodical radiation is, as a primal Emanation One, androgynous & finite. Where the "radiation radiates in its turn, all the Secondary radiations are also androgynous to become male & female principles in their lower aspects. Pralaya is whether the great or the minor, which leaves things status quo — the first that reawakens

* The "eye of Siva," the inner or spiritual Eye of the Seer or clairvoyant.
† Bangona — a purified Soul, the highest adept. † Kayava = Self, is the term given to the Divine Ego of man, who labours and as a delusion of he mistakes his Self, as separated from the One Self, the absolute. Nevertheless it is his own, individual & impersonal Self throughout the Manvantaric Eternities. That returns into the absolute Self, like a drop of water into its Ocean, to reemerge from it at the following Manvantara.

|| It is not the physical, organized body that re-emerges status quo, not even the soul of things during the great cosmic or even Solar Pralayas, but only their akashic ideal or photograph. But during the planetary or minor pralayas, once overreached by the "night" the planets remain intact though "dead," like a huge animal caught between the polar ice stands frozen for ages.

FIG. 3

was rich in knowledge of anthropology and religion, with a vast mass of general facts of science and philosophy also. This mass of knowledge was correlated in her mind to a scheme—a Plan of Evolution, as we Theosophists term it to-day. But in the exposition of that scheme, however, she was not clear, and even the Master K.H. once said of her explanations that the “tail peeped out before the head”. Her *Secret Doctrine* is a troublesome book to a mind trained in the universities; when she begins a topic, no clear statement is found in any one sentence or paragraph, no definition, so to speak. One topic leads to another, till the thread seems lost. It is all intensely fascinating to a mind which seeks to grasp the Totality of things, and not merely to discover what particular system H. P. B. is creating. She is infinitely suggestive to the intuitions, though often to the academical mind she offers facts in unrelated groupings, or in no groupings at all. But she throws bridge after bridge, from mysticism to science, from philosophy to occultism. It is this which makes her writings infinitely suggestive.

Her mind was encyclopædic, and so when she began a topic, vast vistas appeared, each one seemingly as important as all the others. The result was, when writing *The Secret Doctrine*, she began a topic, then cut up and pasted and repasted bit by bit additional matter.) The reproduction of one such page in *The Secret Doctrine* appears in *The Golden Book of the Theosophical Society* [Fig. 3]; and it is not a page that now appears in her work, for evidently H. P. B. cut it up still further*. She was the despair of printers, for when the final and locked up page proofs were sent to her, she would add new paragraphs with the casual marginal remark, “Printer, get this in.”

H. P. B. was too intent on the knowledge which she longed to give to possess any literary vanity. She knew that her

* The reproduction does not show the additional bits pasted; they are in a smaller handwriting than the text in the body of the page, and above the notes.

English might be defective in expression or in literary form, and so she gladly welcomed help from friends*. Colonel Olcott tells us how he helped her in the compilation of *Isis Unveiled*. It was the same with regard to *The Secret Doctrine*. If anyone with some special knowledge was near her, she promptly asked him to go through anything which she had written, and to correct misstatements of fact.) Thus she utilized the knowledge possessed on special subjects by G. R. S. Mead, Bertram Keightley, Archibald Keightley, M.D., W. Wynn Westcott, M.D., C. Carter Blake, D.Sc., and others. Any suggestion made to her, as to some clearer way of putting what she desired to state, was at once accepted by her.

In one of her works, *The Voice of the Silence*, G. R. S. Mead helped her considerably, by suggesting rhythmical phrases to express her thought. There is now in Adyar one page of the manuscript of this work; the erasures and corrections on it show that its present beauty of language was not due to any spontaneous inspiration [Fig. 4].

We can therefore well understand why, after the first edition of *The Secret Doctrine* was published, she was anxious to amend much in it in a later edition. Before she passed away, she instructed her immediate circle to revise the work, according to their best judgment, and to remove equivocations in phrasing, and to make its language more acceptable to a critical audience. The two Keightleys and G. R. S. Mead did this for the second edition. The attempt made by some to make the first edition into a Gospel, whose wording must not be changed, because it expresses the final thought of H. P. B., is only possible because they had not known H. P. B., nor the way she produced her works.

(Much has been written showing that H. P. B. was masculine, rough and unfeeling. Certainly she smoked—but so

*Note her remark in a letter to Mr. Sinnett, quoted on p. 13, lines 1 and 2, "English corrected by Mohini".

Thou canst give comfort to mankind, Point
out the way, however dimly, as does the modest
evening star, ~~though but a single~~

Behold ^{the} ~~the~~ ^{glimmer} ~~glimmer~~ as in his golden ~~illumination~~
(26) his eye sweeps over ^{the} ~~the~~ sleeping earth. Behold
the radiant light of ~~day~~ ^{night} ~~Shagpe~~, ^{the} hand ~~ext-~~
tended in protecting love, over the heads of his
ascetics. ⁽²⁷⁾ Both are the servants of Myema, the

glorious ^{in the night} ~~glorious~~ ^{Rajah} ~~Rajah~~ of the day, the silent watchers
of the earth left in the absence of their ~~master~~.
They are the two ~~disciples~~ ^{disciples} of the teacher,
though lost among the host.

Be, O Lamas, ~~like~~ ^{like} ~~these~~ ^{the} ~~servants~~ ^{servants} of
the pilgrim, ~~for~~ ^{for} ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~pilgrim~~ ^{pilgrim} and seek him out, ~~him~~ ^{him} ~~as~~ ^{as} ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~servant~~ ^{servant} ~~seek~~ ^{seek} ~~out~~ ^{out} ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~fellows~~ ^{fellows} ~~whom~~ ^{whom} ~~you~~ ^{you} ~~know~~ ^{know},
still less than ~~these~~; Who, in ~~their~~ ^{our} wretched ~~deolation~~
of ~~rebirth~~, ~~are~~ ^{are} ~~starving~~ ^{starving} for the bread of knowledge
and for the bread that feeds, without a Teacher, ~~truth~~
or consolation, and — ~~let~~ ^{let} ~~them~~ ^{them} ~~hear~~ ^{hear} ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~law~~ ^{law}, the

'Doctrine of the Eyes.'

FIG. 4

Page from Manuscript of *The Voice of the Silence*



To Georges Chela Esq.
Happy New Year to the
most Honourable George Esq.
As box of Sweets is forthcoming
from Russia, a cold & pious coun-
try where the undivided is suppe-
sed to have evolved from. When
it arrives - you shall have it & when
you understand what your loving
old friend means - you shall
indeed be a chela
yours respectfully
H. P. Blavatsky

FIG. 5

Letter of H. P. Blavatsky to G. S. Arundale

did all Russian ladies then; she was witty and used her wit as a barb when necessary. No one certainly would ever say she was sentimental. But I want to suggest to you that all that was a *mask*. I should like to quote two incidents to show that she was utterly tender at heart.

The first incident I heard this noon at lunch from the President herself. Once a man came to see H. P. B.; and he did not feel at home among the company. To put him at his ease, H. P. B. asked him to sing for her. He did; he sang a music hall song of doubtful taste. H. P. B. asked him then to sing it again! Her intimate circle, afraid that the general company might think that music hall comic songs represented H. P. B.'s taste in music, seem to have intimated an objection, when she whispered back to one of them, "Don't you see it is the only thing he can do?"

The other incident is far more significant, for in it H. P. B. reveals herself in a new way. There is in Adyar a letter which she wrote to George Arundale on his fourth or fifth birthday. She was very fond of him as a child, and so when his birthday came, she selected a special piece of note-paper with a picture on it a child would understand, and wrote as follows³³:

To Georges Chela Esq.

HAPPY New Year to the most Honourable Georgy Esq.

A box of sweets is forthcoming from Russia, a cold and pious country where the undersigned is supposed to have evolved from. When it arrives—you shall have it and when you understand what your loving old friend means—you shall indeed be a CHELA.

Yours respectfully

H. P. BLAVATSKY

I feel utterly convinced that no one who did not have the heart of a child could have written such an exquisite letter to a child.

It is this same truth, that the true personality of H. P. B. was not that which she revealed, which is stated as a *fact* in a letter to Colonel Olcott by the Master Serapis in 1875. Colonel Olcott evidently noticed her roughness in manner, and perhaps wondered. Appealing to him to help H. P. B. in her then distress and loneliness, the Master says :

O poor, poor Sister. Chaste and pure Soul—pearl shut inside an outwardly coarse nature. Help her to throw off that appearance of assumed roughness, and any one might well be dazzled by the divine Light concealed under such a bark.³⁴

It is because I have been so dazzled, ever since I knew anything of H. P. B., that I have presented to you this very limited sketch of the wonderful personality of H. P. Blavatsky.

and glossary, using in preference Sanskrit & Tibetan proper names (whenever these cannot be avoided) to those given in the original & made use of only among the Masters & Chelas. These names are all accepted synonymously.

In view of the abundant comments & explanations required, the asterisks for references in the foot-notes will be given in the usual way, while the sentences to be glossed upon in the Commentaries that are appended to every stanza, marked with figures, corresponding to the order they are given in Upanishads (1) (2) (3) etc. Additional glossaries in Appendices complete the rest; & they are the most important.

Stanza I.

The Eternal Mother (space) trapped in her ever infinite coils (Cosmic preambular matter) had slumbered for eons eternities (1) Time was not. For it lay asleep in the infinite bosom of Duration. Universal Mind was not; for there were no Stryan Globes to contain (force & manifest) it. The seven rays of Bliss (Protoka, or Prithvina) - were not. * The great causes of Misery (Mishana † (2) & Maya) - were not; for there was no one to produce & feel annoyed by them. Darkness alone filled the boundless all. For Father Mother son true one one † & the Son had not awakened yet for the new wheel // (3). The seven sublime Truths, and the seven Truths (4) - had ceased to be, and the Universe, the Law of Necessity, - was plunged in Paranishpanna (absolute perfection. Paranishpanna, which is Jung-grub) - to be outwretched by that which is, and yet is not (5). Nothing was. The causes of existence

* Sippang, in China; Neibon, in Burma; or Protoka, in India.

† The "12th Mishana" (in Tibetan Ten-brel chug-nyi) the chief cause of existence, effects generated by a concatenation of causes produced. (See Comment: (2))

‡ Male & female principles in nature, & the Universe, (the Son) as the resultant. They are "one one one" when in the "Night of Brahma" during Pralaya, when all in the objective Universe has returned to its one primal & eternal cause, & reappears at the following Dawn - which it does periodically.

APPENDIX

The quotations are from three books, as follows :

- (1) *Letters from the Masters of the Wisdom* (Second Series), 1925, edited by C. Jinarājadāsa, referred to as "M. O. W.,"
 (2) *The Golden Book of the Theosophical Society*, edited by C. Jinarājadāsa, 1925, referred to as "G. B. T. S.;" and (3) *Letters of H. P. Blavatsky to A. P. Sinnett*, edited by A. T. Barker, 1925, referred to as "H. P. B."

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| 1. M.O.W., Letter 9. | 18. H.P.B., p. 88. |
| 2. M.O.W., Letter 9. | 19. H.P.B., p. 10. |
| 3. M.O.W., Letter 9. | 20. H.P.B., p. 8. |
| 4. M.O.W., Letter 12. | 21. H.P.B., p. 40. |
| 5. M.O.W., Letter 13. | 22. H.P.B., p. 73. |
| 6. M.O.W., Letter 15. | 23. H.P.B., p. 38. |
| 7. M.O.W., Letter 62. | 24. H.P.B., p. 9. |
| 8. G.B.T.S., p. 113. | 25. H.P.B., p. 12. |
| 9. G.B.T.S., p. 7. | 26. H.P.B., p. 17. |
| 10. H.P.B., p. 104. | 27. H.P.B., p. 125. |
| 11. H.P.B., p. 13. | 28. H.P.B., p. 158. |
| 12. H.P.B., p. 8. | 29. H.P.B., p. 160. |
| 13. H.P.B., p. 9. | 30. H.P.B., p. 25. |
| 14. H.P.B., p. 10. | 31. H.P.B., p. 95. |
| 15. H.P.B., p. 29. | 32. H.P.B., pp. 104-5. |
| 16. H.P.B., p. 38. | 33. G.B.T.S., p. 202. |
| 17. H.P.B., p. 71. | 34. M.O.W., Letter 10. |
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