

The Truth about H.P. Blavatsky

Edited and Commented
by John Patrick Deveney



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Graphic Design and Layout by **George Georgiades - WeBeatTheDrum**

Foreword

This Special Summer Edition of the *FOTA Newsletter* features a new translation, from Russian to English, of the article *The Truth about H.P. Blavatsky* (1883). This article, originally written by HPB's sister Vera Petrovna de Zhelihovsky (1835 – 1896), was first translated from Russian to English by HPB and transcribed by Michael Gomes.

In May, 2015, I contacted Svitlana Gavrylenko, the Secretary of the Theosophical Society in Ukraine, to ask if she could help me find someone to translate the article “The Truth About Blavatsky”. She replied reminding me that the article had already been translated by HPB and a new translation might not be meaningful. I explained to her my opinion, that a new translation would be important for historians, because it could bring into light additional information about HPB's life. She agreed and sent me the translation which made possible this special summer edition.

In the present publication John Patrick Deveney compares and contrasts HPB's translation with this new one, providing us with a unique opportunity to evaluate idiosyncrasies in HPB's thought, which may help to shed light on how she elaborated her writings in order to construct a personal narrative, while revealing new and unknown incidents in HPB's life. This publication is valuable for researchers interested into assessing and evaluating the enigmatic personality of Madame Blavatsky.

I have included an appendix with a few remarks about the author of the article by Svitlana Gavrylenko, and all the original pages from the *Rebus* magazine.

I would like to express my gratitude to Svitlana Gavrylenko; without her valuable help the present publication would not be possible. Also, I would like to express my gratitude to the translator of the article who wishes to remain anonymous and to Konstantin Zaitzev, from the TS in Russia, for providing us with the *Rebus* pages reproduced here. Last but not least, I would like to congratulate and thank John Patrick Deveney for his valuable comments and comparative work presented here.

Erica Georgiades

Preface to the New Translation of The Truth about H.P. Blavatsky

This is a new, literal translation of HPB's sister Vera Jelihovsky's/Zhelikovskiy's "The Truth about H.P. Blavatsky" (*"Pravda o Yelene Petrovne Blavatskoy"*) as it originally appeared in eight parts in the Russian journal *Rebus* in the fall of 1883. The translator, who wishes to remain anonymous, has done a superb job. The alert Theosophical historian will at once point out that there is no need of such a translation because HPB herself translated the articles in order to help A.P. Sinnett in writing *Incidents in the Life of H.P. Blavatsky* (1886) and her version has been unearthed in the archives at Adyar and transcribed by the indefatigable Michael Gomes and published in *The Theosophist* in 1991 and in volume 14 of the *Collected Writings* (Appendix 2). This was an 80-page manuscript in the handwriting of HPB except for the first 14 pages, which have her notations on them.

Despite the existence of this earlier version, this new translation is very important for Theosophical history. It allows us to see how HPB dealt with an historical text, fills in several lacunae in HPB's manuscript, and reveals her sister's unredacted recollections of HPB as of mid-1883, subject only to whatever editorial changes the editor of *Rebus* might have seen fit to make before publishing them. There is no indication that Vera's articles had been reviewed or revised by HPB before being published, or even that HPB knew they were being written, and she must have been astonished at seeing them in *Pravda* and shocked that her sister had inadvertently trodden, all unawares, into matters she had thought long consigned to oblivion.

In preparing her version HPB took great liberties with Vera's work to a point that her "translation" largely stands as its own creation, both in what it added and in what it chose to omit. To some extent, HPB's editorial work might reflect the sisters' joint effort to restore the manuscript Vera had originally submitted to *Rebus*. Sinnett, in introducing Vera's recollections in *Incidents* (p. 6), notes that:

These articles have been recently revised and corrected by the authoress [Vera] for the service of the present publication. The *Rebus*, the title of the Russian periodical in which the articles appeared, was committed deeply to certain rigid views concerning the origin and cause of such phenomena as those with which they dealt. This led to some mutilation of the narrative at the time of its publication, but the authoress has now endeavoured to restore it as far as possible to its proper shape, with the help of her original manuscript, which she had preserved, and from which portions missing from the periodical have now been translated.

Vera, in other words, in presenting the text that HPB translated worked from her original manuscript of the articles submitted to *Rebus* and sought to correct the "rigid views" on the "origin and cause" of HPB's phenomena that she (Vera) had, by late 1884

or 1885, come to see as erroneous. In that respect, HPB's translation might to some extent reflect Vera's own recollections and judgments, though the version prepared by HPB for Sinnett heavily reflects HPB's own additions and omissions—in addition to the acknowledged comments and corrections she added in the notes to her translation. Some of this editorial work, like her passing dig at having to prevail on her “lazy sister” to visit a church for Mass and her promotion of her father from “an old artilleryman,” as Vera had written, to “an old artillery Superior officer,” is incidental, merely the filling out of the details of scenes and events both sisters personally were present at and remembered.

The two versions, however, more fundamentally reflect the sisters' differing purposes in writing. Vera wrote the published articles to correct the failure of the Russian press to recognize her sister's extraordinary life, talents and achievements, and to correct the malicious rumors that had been circulating about her as a charlatan, fraud, and even murderer. She was more than ready to attribute the phenomena produced by her sister in the 1850s and 1860s to the usual spiritualist causes, and only in passing and late in the series of articles referenced HPB's Master in that respect.

From our point of view, it was her natural talents that were helping her, and also her knowledge and memory that were developed due to her hard work. However, as we can see in the abstracts from her letters above, she was the last person to value herself; she denied her personal participation in this work and credited all her success to certain “influences,” to suggestions by some mythical “master”.

Similarly, Vera only in passing made reference to HPB's “new vision” of the causes of spiritualistic phenomena:

During this period [when writing *Isis Unveiled*], Mme Blavatsky, while not denying the reality of mediumistic events, developed a new vision about their origin and the medium's role in their manifestations. Under the influence of her new vision, she began denying her medium powers. She persistently rejected the name of spiritist that was imposed on her in the press.

HPB's version, on the other hand, was directed to a different goal, and she took every opportunity to emphasize that she had never been a medium or spiritualist in any common sense, and that the directing force behind her actions, especially her later writings, was her Tibetan Master. For example, HPB writes “medium” where Vera had written simply medium, and in place of Vera's reference to her sisters “medium/mediumistic powers,” HPB wrote “occult powers.” Where Vera described the “invisible personalities” who played tricks on the credulous at séances, HPB attributed to tricks to her own power: “At times she would wickedly revenge herself by practical jokes on those who so doubted her.” These examples could be multiplied and reflect the situation HPB found herself in in 1884-1885. She was in the midst of a prolonged debate in the British and American spiritualist journals over whether she had ever been a spiritualist or medium, and the last thing she must have wanted in print in English was her sister's flat assertions, however qualified in passing, that she was both. It might be noted in this respect that this new translation uses both “spiritist” and “spiritualist,” a choice that from the context of HPB's other writings is probably significant of HPB's own opinion on the subject.

More significantly, HPB's translation omits matter that is prominent in the *Rebus* articles and often renders innocuous what she does include in her version by omitting specifics that might allow the historian to investigate the event. She omits altogether,

for example, Vera's wonderful story of HPB's patriotism when she was in London during the Crimean War, under contract to perform with a philharmonic society, and had caused a chandelier to assault a blustering British lord who was belittling the courage of the Russian soldiers at Sebastopol. (She was fined £5 and paid £10, "as advance payment" should the lord repeat the charges.) She also omits without comment the mysterious Hindu in New York who (according to Vera) was teaching her Sanskrit: "When she was studying Sanskrit, in addition to language manuals she greatly enjoyed the assistance of a Hindu man who was close to the Theosophical Society." These examples also could be multiplied.

The most glaring omission in HPB's version is D.D. Home. In places, Vera's "Mr. Home, the medium" becomes "some persons who called themselves mediums" in HPB's version. HPB also deletes entirely Vera's story of her sister's intimacy with Home:

Before her return home, she became closely acquainted with a group of followers of the newly started spiritualistic movement. She developed a very close friendship with Mr. Daniel Dunglas Home, the medium, and his wife, and together with them she made a wonderful trip to America where she discovered a strong mediumistic power in herself which attracted the attention of her American fellow-spiritualists.

Her purposes in doing this can only be guessed at but, again, the last thing that she would have wanted was to revive the enmity of D.D. Home, who had pursued her in her New York days to such an extent that she contemplated leaving for India to escape his charges and transformed the Theosophical Society into a secret organization. Even omitting the references to Home in her translation did not remove the threat of Home's raking up the past, since Home had read the original *Rebus* articles in Russia and wrote to the *Religio-Philosophical Journal* (March 22, 1884) to scoff at the chandelier incident and to emphasize that "the name of Madame B was well known to me (but not as a medium) in the spring of '58, in Paris, but I never met with or even saw her." Similarly, HPB omitted from her translation "Baron M" as one of those attending her séances in St. Petersburg, and probably did so for the same reason: if this was, as seems most likely, Baron Nicholas Meyendorff, he had been dogging her footsteps for a decade with rumors spread by him and his friend Home.

HPB and Vera were sisters, with all that implies. Vera was the younger by four years and seems—at the time she wrote for *Rebus*—to have had a genuine admiration for her talented and traveled older sister. In later years, their relationship soured for long periods of time, with Vera falling under the spell of Soloviov and HPB becoming angry at the betrayal, but in 1883 Vera was still the younger sister trying to right the wrongs done HPB. Both sisters could write and write well and attractively and they provide a fascinating view of the Russian gentry of the period, educated to their class and propertied or impecunious (as the family often was). Vera's dialogues are natural and interesting, even in translation, although her recollections of events lack the color and eye for novelistic detail that HPB brings to the task. Vera also was no historian, in the sense of detailed accuracy with regard to detail — she puts HPB in Cairo in the mid-1860s and says that she came to New York City in 1872. Her importance, however, is not as an historian but as a witness, the witness of a time before HPB's early history had become an orthodoxy, set in stone.

Vera also had peculiar views of both the purpose of the Theosophical Society and of its relationship with both Buddhism and Hinduism, and in venturing into metaphysics and the nature of man she failed to keep up with the publication of "Fragments of Occult Truth" in *The Theosophist* beginning in 1882 and was still echoing the ideas of *Isis Unveiled* when talking of "the half-immortal soul (which becomes immortal only in the

case of the ethical pureness of man by merging with the Holy Spirit that hovers over the head of each mortal when he or she is still alive.”

Rebus (1881-1917), the journal in which Vera’s articles appeared, was the only Russian spiritualist journal published at the time. It had been started and was financed by Alexander Aksakov the year before Vera’s articles appeared. Aksakov was very familiar with HPB and had been her correspondent in the New York days and had regularly noted the activities of HPB and the Theosophical Society in his *Psychische Studien*, published in Leipzig. Aksakov had intended to start a purely spiritualist journal in St. Petersburg but because of censorship in Russia initially disguised it as a rebus or puzzle magazine with some spiritualist content. Only gradually did its subtitle change from simply “Weekly Journal” to “Popular and Scientific Journal of the Phenomena of Spiritualism, Psychism and Mediumism.” Its long-time editor was Captain (of Marines, later Admiral) Victor Ivanovich Pribytkov, a convinced spiritualist whose wife Elizabeta (Elena) Dmitrievna Pribytkova was a medium (one of whose exploits is given in the editor’s notes to Vera’s articles) who worked to convince her friend Dostoevsky of the truth of spiritualism.

Both versions of the articles, Vera’s and HPB’s, are given here in parallel columns to show their relationship to each other. The new translation is almost entirely as given by the translator, with only minor stylistic alterations. The first 14 notes are those that appeared in *Rebus* and the remaining notes are those appended by HPB to her translation. Material in square brackets in the *Rebus* article is by the translator or editor and material in square brackets in HPB’s version is by Michael Gomes.





NEW TRANSLATION

"The Truth about H.P. Blavatsky" ¹

Rebus, vol. 2, nos. 40-48, October
16-December 11, 1883

HPB's TRANSLATION

"Fragments from HPB's 'Mystical History'"

The Theosophist, 1991;
BCW vol. xiv



I.

Those who are keeping up with the periodicals, on several occasions have had a chance to see the name of Helena Petrovna Blavatsky mentioned in newspaper columns. When these were foreign newspapers — a blessing for her! On the contrary, when those periodicals were Russian — well, it is hard to say what this poor woman has not been accused of in these publications! It is impossible to repeat all the calumnies and absurd fabrications her compatriots have hurled at her, starting with lies and cheating and ending with criminal offences, all included. We know H.P. Blavatsky very well: we have known each other since we were children and throughout our adulthood. For a long time, we have been looking for an opportunity to provide interested people with a few short accounts about this "exceptionally odious personality." Will you believe or not our true words about her? Actually, we don't care, because we are proud of telling the truth — perhaps the only truth told about her in Russia.

We will not touch upon her private life: it is difficult for other people to judge the private life of a person even if this person has been close to them. Actually, her private life has nothing to do with the purpose of our story. Let's say only that since her tender age, she was not an ordinary person: very vivid, talented, witty and brave, even in her childhood she impressed people by her distinctively original and decisive actions. For example, in her early youth, she behaved very decisively and willfully by leaving her native land without permission of her family and her husband who, unfortunately for both of them, was three times older than she was.

She left her home and spent ten years in strange lands, traveling around Europe, Asia and America without stop; for several years she refrained from writing to her relatives because she wanted to escape her husband searching for her. Only after about four years did her family start receiving some news about her through their mutual acquaintances: she was seen in Constantinople, Paris or Spain. In London, she became famous because of her musical talent: she was a member of a local philharmonic society. Again in London, she had legal proceedings with a certain lord, and these proceedings caused a sensation in English press media. Despite her voluntary exile, H.P. Blavatsky was always a passionate Russian patriot. During the Crimean War she was in London, where she

The name of H.P. Blavatsky is one of those best known to readers of contemporaneous periodical literature. When the articles speak well of her, it is by chance. But woe unto her when they are written in an unfavourable spirit! To repeat a portion only of the

[Here the manuscript breaks off. Page 2 is missing. Page 3 begins:]



was required by her contract to stay. She missed Russia a lot, and always openly expressed her patriotic views. Honest and decent people respected these views, but, as every family has its black sheep, that says nothing about the

nation as a whole.

During one performance, in a lobby of the Drury Lane theatre, the conversation turned to Russian affairs and Russians in a tone that was unbearable to any true Russian. One fat lord (who, of course, had never himself smelled powder in Sebastopol) was shouting and swearing — actually swearing most loudly. Helena Petrovna stood up and told him that she was Russian and in the name of her nationality she asked him to stop shouting. The lord replied impudently. Helena Petrovna turned to the visitors who were sitting near her and asked them to stand up for her rights since she was a Russian woman and a guest visiting England. Some people supported her, but some raised their voices against her. The latter group won, and with such an encouragement, the angry lord started talking even more brusquely and loudly. Then, Blavatsky, once again, all pale because of indignation, loudly proclaimed that his actions were mean because he was insulting enemies who were far





away, whom he did not know and whose courage and merits he could not judge. In addition, she said, if somebody did not make him stop shouting, she would stand for her nation and would not permit him to continue

calumniating Russians.

"How would you do so?" — An Englishman said, mocking her. — "Are your arguments really stronger than all arms of hundreds of thousands of your Russian armed forces? That would be interesting to see."

"I would not recommend for your own sake that you get to see it. I don't know now how I will do it, but I repeat: stop shouting or I will make you do so!"

The fat lord roared with laughter.

"In such a case," he said, "I certify that Russian women are more courageous than Russian soldiers who without hesitation flee the field, leaving it to our army."

Before he had time to finish, a heavy candelabrum filled with candles whistled through the air and struck the insulter's head, and the lord fell down with blood all over his body.

This caused an enormous agitation. He was taken away in a dead faint, and legal proceedings were instituted. To the credit of English people be it said that judges, taking into consideration all circumstances of the case, took the side of a woman whose most legitimate and sacred feelings had been hurt. Exposing the wealthy lord to public ridicule, Blavatsky was sentenced to pay him for offence — five pounds! In accepting the sentence, Helena Petrovna could not help but make a joke of the whole thing: publicly, and standing straight in the court room, she paid ten pounds "as advance payment" for possible future meetings with him," as she explained cheerfully to the public who burst into sincere laughter.

Later, when H.P. really began to miss her country and had become sure that her husband would not follow her, she decided to apply for her return to Russia, and the above story helped her a lot in getting the forgiveness for her ten-year absence and for her illegal departure abroad without her Russian passport.

However, before her return home, she became closely acquainted with a group of followers of the newly started spiritualistic movement. She developed a very close friendship with Mr. Daniel Dunglas Home, the medium, and his wife, and together with them she made a wonderful trip to America where she discovered a strong mediumistic power in herself that attracted the attention of her American fellow-spiritualists.

This power manifested itself in a constant and continuous knocking around her ("*ésprits frappeurs*"),





in moving objects, in increasing and decreasing the weight of objects, in her ability to see and, sometimes, in her presence, to show other people the deceased persons who lived in the area as well as the famous persons who

had passed away at different times.

From numerous astonishing facts about her medium practice in both Russia and abroad, we will be referring here only to those that we witnessed ourselves.

Helena Petrovna's return to Russia took place in the winter of 1858-1859. She had spent her early youth years in the Caucasus from whence she left to go abroad. Now, she returned to the northwest lands — to the province of Pskov, where her sister, a landed proprietor, had recently become a widow. Helena Petrovna was expected to arrive not earlier than the spring, but her strong desire to return home did not let her wait that long: one late winter night, without any notice, she arrived very unexpectedly and found herself in a middle of a wedding party. Her sister was temporarily staying at her husband's relatives, the Ya-vs' [Yahontovs'] place, and that night her sister-in-law was getting married. We were dining and in the outer entrance hall, we heard the doorbell ringing incessantly, announcing the arrival of new guests as the best man was pronouncing a toast to the health of the newly wed couple. It was Blavatsky who was ringing, and her sister, despite this important ceremonial moment, moved by an unexplained feeling, jumped up from the table and ran to the door to open it since she was sure that it was her sister arriving.

From that night, everybody who was staying at this residence started hearing strange dry and sharp noises that were occurring in all objects surrounding the new arrival: in the walls, in the floor, in the wardrobe, on the window glass, in the pillows, in the mirror, in the clock cover, and in all the little objects in the room. Helena Petrovna's attempts to dismiss the matter with a joke did not help to hide the nature and meaning of these noises. Persistent questions of her sister made her confess that these manifestations were following her, without her will or wish, sometimes becoming stronger, sometimes weaker, and sometimes completely disappearing.

entire bodies of the individuals who had inhabited the places, where she might be, as also the simulacra of various well known personages living and dead, of different epochs.



The return of Madame Blavatsky occurred during the winter of 1858. Her childhood and youth were passed in the Caucasus from whence she left for unknown countries. Once back in Russia, she went directly to Pskoff where her younger sister, who was one of the landed proprietors of the province, was at that time residing. She was expected not earlier than in the following spring. But as one of the traits of her character was, that once she had decided to do anything, do it she must, and at once.

She appeared one cold Christmas night at Pskoff quite unexpectedly, and thus found herself landed in the midst of a wedding festival. Her just widowed sister was at that time residing temporarily with her late husband's father, then the Marechal de Noblesse of Pskoff,¹⁵ and his family, and the wedding was that of one of her belle soeurs. We were all sitting then at supper, carriages loaded with guests were arriving one after the other, and the hall bell kept ringing without interruption. At the moment when the bridegroom's best men arose with glasses of champagne in their hands to proclaim their good wishes for the happy couple—a most solemn moment in Russia—a new bell was impatiently rung. Madame Yahontoff (Mme Blavatsky's sister) moved by an irrepressible impulse, and notwithstanding that the hall was full of servants, jumped up from her place at the table, and to the amazement of all, rushed herself to open the door. She felt convinced, she told us afterwards, though why she could not tell, that it was her long lost sister!

From that night, all those who were living in the house remarked that strange things were taking place in it. Raps and sounds, mysterious and unexplained were heard not only in the presence of, and near the new arrival but also in every room of the house; in the walls, the floor, the furniture, in the windows, the sofa cushions, mirrors, and clocks. In everything, in fact, that could be found in the rooms. It was useless for Madame Blavatsky to deny the fact, or the occult significance of these sounds. At last, to the incessant questions of her sister, she confessed that these manifestations had never ceased to follow her everywhere as in the early days of her infancy and youth. That such raps could be increased



It is obvious that all the people of Pskov, like the entire world, knew everything that was written about spiritualism and its various manifestations. At that time, Mr. Home, the medium, had visited St. Petersburg, and his visit caused a furor, but of course, he did not visit Pskov, and so local residents had never heard knockings of “*ésprits frappeurs*” before. After Mme Blavatsky’s arrival, news about miracles around her was quickly spread around the town and people felt agitated. The miracles, indeed, were wonderful, without any doubt concerning their genuineness.

The fact is that the knocking was not a simple meaningless knocking, but rather something endowed with knowledge and intelligence. Moreover, it was something endowed with a gift to learn the unspoken, something that was able to fathom the internal thoughts of each person and easily unveil all his or her past deeds and present intentions.

The Ya_v [Yahontov] family, the relatives of Helena Petrovna’s sister, lived rather publicly. Helena Petrovna’s presence attracted several people to visit and none of these visitors left the house unsatisfied by the results of table turning or “writing according to the table movements”—more exactly, in writing following the knocking sounds, [so called] because the answers were provided through knockings produced after the letters had been pronounced in an alphabetical order, each specific letter being pronounced and registered, thus allowing the recording of whole speeches in various languages, even those totally unknown to the medium herself. The poor medium was submitted to various tests and, in a very good-tempered manner, obeyed the most absurd requests in order to prove that she was absolutely not causing the occurrence of the phenomena that were taking place around her. Usually, she would quietly sit with her handwork in a chair or on a coach, seemingly without any sign of her participation in the hustle and bustle happening around her, which was in full swing. Somebody would pronouncing the letters of the alphabet, some other person would recording the letters, and others were in a hurry to ask questions they were thinking of, making only sure not to mix up the order of questions asked. It happened very often, however, that the invisible

or diminished, and at times even made to cease altogether by the mere force of her will, she also acknowledged, proving her assertion generally on the spot. Of course the good people of Pskoff, as [the rest of] the whole world, knew what was then transpiring and had been said of spiritism and its various manifestations. There had been mediums in Petersburg, but they had not penetrated as far as Pskoff, and its guileless inhabitants had never heard the rappings of the so-called spirits.¹⁶ With the arrival of Madame Blavatsky the news about the extraordinary phenomena produced by her, spread abroad like lightning, turning the whole town topsy-turvy. That the phenomena were in reality most marvellous, leaving no doubt of their genuineness, is a thing that can be certified to by the whole town of Pskoff.

The fact is that the sounds were not simple raps, but something more, as they showed extraordinary intelligence, disclosing the past as well as the future to those who held converse through them with those Mme Blavatsky called her kiki morey or spooks. More than that, they showed the gift of disclosing unexpressed thoughts, i.e. penetrating freely into the most secret recesses of the human mind, and divulging all the past deeds and present intentions of every man.

The relatives of Madame Blavatsky’s sister were leading a very fashionable life, and received a good deal of company in those days. Her presence attracted a number of visitors, among which not one ever left her presence unsatisfied, for the raps which she evoked gave answers, composed of long discourses in every imaginable language, even of those which were unknown to the medium, as she was called. The poor ‘medium’ became subjected to every kind of test, to which she submitted very gracefully, no matter how absurd the demand, as a proof that she did not bring about the phenomena by ‘juggling’. It was her usual habit to sit very quietly and quite unconcerned on the sofa or an armchair, engaged in some embroidery, and apparently without taking the slightest active part in the hubbub which she produced around herself. And the hubbub was great indeed. One of the guests would be reciting the alphabet, another putting down answers received, while the mission of the rest was to offer mental questions, which were always and very promptly answered. It so happened sometimes that the unknown and invisible beings at work favoured some people more than others, while there were those who could obtain no answer whatever. In the latter case, instead of replying to queries asked aloud, the raps would answer the unexpressed mental thought of some other





personalities showed a preference for certain people: they talked to them for a longer period of time, more readily and in more detail, but in contrast they did not want to answer other people at all.

Sometimes they answered not to those asking questions, but to other persons' thought by directly calling that person's name. While this was going on, there were conversations, debates and discussions of potential hypotheses going on around her. Some distrusted the medium, banter escaped some people's lips, and sometimes some people even questioned quite indelicately the medium's honesty. Being accustomed to such a reaction, Blavatsky took it with patience, only sometimes allowing herself to smile or shrug off the hundred- or thousand-times repeated questions of dubious logic:

— "But how do you do this? But what is producing this knocking sound?"

Or:

— "But how can you read thoughts? How did you know that I've been thinking about this?"

In the beginning, Helena Petrovna tried her best to convince people of the truth of her non-participation in the appearance of these miracles by explaining her passive role in the process, but then she gave up her efforts and smiled in silence at such questions. However, when direct questions concerning her honesty were put forward, or when absolutely foolish hypotheses were suggested that she was producing these knocking sounds by herself, or that she had a special device in her pocket, or that she was snapping her fingernails; or, if her hands were busy doing her sewing, they said that she was snapping her toenails. In such cases, H.P. Blavatsky implicitly obeyed all absurd requests: people searched her, they tied her hands and legs, or sometimes they put her on a sofa, took her shoes off and put her hands and legs on a pillow to make them visible, and demanded that she produce the knocking farther away, in other corners of the room. In such situations, she openly declared that it was beyond her power, that she would try, but couldn't guarantee a success. Almost always, however, her wishes were realized, especially at the beginning and also when there were those people present in the room who were really seriously interested in what was going around: knocking started in the ceiling, in the windows, in the furniture located near the opposite wall. But sometimes invisible personalities would play spiteful tricks on scoffers. They almost knocked the eyeglasses off the nose of a young

person first, calling him by name. During that time, conversations and discussions in a loud tone were carried on around her. Mistrust and irony were often shown; and occasionally, even a doubt expressed in a very indelicate way,

as to the good faith of Madame Blavatsky. But she bore it all very coolly and patiently, a strange and puzzling smile, or an ironical shrugging of the shoulders being her only answer to questions of a very doubtful logic whenever offered to her over and over again.



'But how do you do it? And what is it that raps?' people kept on asking. Or again: 'But how can you so well guess people's thoughts? How could you know that I had thought of this or that?'

At first HPB sought very zealously to make people believe she had nought whatever to do with the phenomena; and tried as hard to explain her perfectly passive part in the production of the phenomena. But very soon she changed her tactics. She declared herself tired of such discussions, silence and a contemptuous smile became for some time her only answer. Again she would change as rapidly; and in moments of good humour, when people would be foolishly and openly expressing the most insulting doubts of her honesty, instead of resenting them she used to laugh aloud in their faces. Indeed, the most absurd hypotheses were offered by the sceptics. For instance, it was suggested that she might produce her loud raps by the means of a machine in her pocket, or, that she rapped with her nails (?!). The most ingenious theory being—when her hands were visibly occupied with embroidery—that she did it with her toes! To put an end to all this, she allowed herself to be subjected to the most stupid demands: she was searched, her hands and feet were tied with strings, she permitted herself to be placed on a soft sofa, to have her shoes taken off and her hands and feet held fast against a pillow, so that they should be seen by all, and then she was asked that the knocks and rappings should be produced at the further end of the room. Declaring that she would try, but would promise nothing, her orders were nevertheless, immediately accomplished, especially



teacher M. by knocking on the glasses so badly that he grasped them and turned pale as a ghost. To a skittish derisive question “what is the best conductor for the communication of spirits with people” that was asked by a lady, an “*esprit fort*,” who was still very concerned about having a good public image, they responded with the following:

“Gold. We will prove it to you right now.”

A lady was sitting with her lips somewhat opened in a crooked smile. Once the recorded answer was pronounced, she grasped her face with fear and consternation!

Everybody exchanged glances, realizing that she experienced knocking in the golden dental plate of her false teeth; so when she rose and left the room immediately, the trick of her (invisible) antagonists caused Homeric laughter in the room.

It's not possible to go into detail about everything that was seen and heard during Mme Blavatsky's stay in our circle; it is only possible to mention her generally direct and clear answers to questions asked by people in their minds, her various medical prescriptions in Latin, the secrets unveiled by her, the stories told by invisible personalities about themselves and about who they were during their lives and what their condition was then.

in those cases when people were seriously interested. Then raps were produced at her command on the ceiling, on the windowsills, on every bit of furniture in the adjoining rooms and in places quite far away from her.

At times she would wickedly revenge herself by practical jokes on those who so doubted her. Thus, for example, the raps which came one day inside the glasses of the spectacles of the young professor M., while she was sitting on the other side of the room, were so strong that they fairly knocked the spectacles off his nose, and made him become pale with fright! At another time, a lady, an *esprit fort*, very vain and coquettish, to her ironical question of what was the best conductor for the production of such raps, and whether they could be done anywhere, received a strange and very puzzling answer. The word ‘Gold’ was rapped out, and then it was rapped out: ‘We will prove it to you immediately.’

The fine lady kept smiling very sarcastically with her mouth slightly opened. Hardly had that answer come, than she became very pale, jumped from her chair, and covered her mouth with her hands. Her face was convulsed with fear and astonishment. Why? Because she had felt raps in her mouth as she confessed later on. Those present looked at each other significantly. Earlier than her own confession, all had understood that the lady had felt a violent commotion and raps in the gold of her artificial teeth! And when she rose from her place and left the room with precipitation, there was a homeric laugh among us at her expense.

It is impossible to give in detail even a portion of what was produced in the way of such phenomena during the stay of Madame Blavatsky amongst us in the town of Pskoff. But they may be mentioned under the general classification as follows:

1. Direct and perfectly clear written and verbal answers to mental questions.
2. Prescriptions for different diseases, in Latin, and subsequent cures.
3. Private secrets—unknown to all but the interested party—divulged especially in the case of those persons who mentioned insulting doubts.
4. Change of weight in furniture and of persons at will.
5. Letters from unknown correspondents and immediate answers written to queries made, and found in the most out of the way mysterious places.¹⁷
6. Apparition and apport of objects unclaimed by any one present.
7. Sounds of musical notes in the air, wherever Mme





All these wonderful unexplained manifestations of the intelligent and omniscient force caused a sensation in the town of

Pskov that many people still remember. For the sake of truth, it is necessary to say that the invisible personalities did not always tell the truth: very often, the facts were distorted as if someone wanted to tell a lie intentionally in order to laugh at those who were credulous and ready to see in these tales definite prophetic predictions. Nevertheless, the fact of the manifestation of the intelligent force that was able to learn man's thoughts and feelings as well as to produce a knocking noise and movement of inanimate objects was and remains a valid fact.

II.

Here are two facts that several people witnessed during Blavatsky's sojourn in Pskov.

As almost always in similar situations, people who were closest to Helena Petrovna were at the same time the most deep-rooted skeptics concerning her mediumistic powers. For a very long time, her brother Leonid and her father Peter Alekseevich Hahn did not want to accept the evidence of her power, but the following event shook Leonid's skepticism. There were a lot of visitors in the reception room of the Ya_v [Yahontov] house; they played some music, some cards, but the majority of guests were taking part in séances. Leonid Hahn² [HPB's brother] did not participate directly in any of these activities, but was present in the room and was watching what was going on. He was a strong and stocky man, trained at Derpt University in Latin and German wisdom. He stood behind his sister and listened to her stories about how in the presence of Mr. Home, the medium, certain light objects became so heavy that it was not possible to lift them from the floor but other objects, incomparably heavier, became unusually light.

— "And you can do it?" he asked his sister with irony.

— "Sometimes I can, but I can not guarantee that I can do it now," Blavatsky replied in a self-restraint manner.

— "Would you try it now, please?" Somebody turned to her, and everybody started asking her to do so.

— "As you wish, I will try it, but please remember that my power is not similar to the power of Mr. Home, so I can not promise you anything. I will focus on this chess

Blavatsky desired they should resound.



All these surprising and inexplicable manifestations of an intelligent force, nay, of nearly an omniscient interlocutor, produced a sensation in Pskoff, where there yet remain many who remember it well. Truth compels us to remark that the answers were not always in perfect accord with the facts, but seemed purposely distorted as though for the purpose of making fun, especially of those questioners who expected infallible prophecies. Nevertheless the fact of the manifestation of an intelligent force, capable of perceiving the thoughts and feelings of any person, as also to express them by rappings and motions in inanimate objects—all this and much more—was, and remains still, a Fact.

The following two occurrences took place in the presence of many eyewitnesses during the stay of Madame Blavatsky with us.

As usual, those nearest and dearest to her were, at the same time, the most sceptical as to her occult powers. Her brother Leonide, and her father, stood out longer than all against evidence, until at last the doubts of the former were greatly shaken by the following fact.

The drawing-room of Y—was full of visitors. Some were occupied with music, others with cards, but most of us as usual with phenomena. Leonide H— did not concern himself with anything in particular, but was leisurely walking about, watching everybody and everything. He was a strong, muscular youth, saturated with the Latin and German wisdom of the University, and believed, so far, in no one and nothing. He stopped behind the back of his sister's chair and was listening to her narratives of how some persons who called themselves mediums made light objects become so heavy that it was impossible to lift them, and others which were naturally heavy became again remarkably light.

'And you mean to say that you can do it?' ironically asked the young man of his sister.

'Mediums can, and, I have done it occasionally; though I cannot always answer for its success,' coolly replied Madame Blavatsky.

'But would you try?' asked somebody in the room; and immediately all joined in requesting her to do so.

'I will try,' she said, 'but I beg of you to remember that I promise nothing. I will simply fix this chess-table and try.... He who wants to make the experiment, let him



table. Those wishing to may want to lift it now and then later, after I have looked at it."

— "What does it mean that you will look at it? What's next? You won't be holding it?" a few people asked.

— "Why do I really need to hold it?" Blavatsky asked, smiling.

One of the young men decisively walked up to the table and lifted it easily, light as a feather.

— "All right. Be so kind as to put it down and move away from it please."

He obeyed, and the room became quite. Everyone was holding his breath and watching Mme Blavatsky. She, however, was doing nothing; during some time, she was only fixed and strained her big blue eyes at the chess table. Then, not taking her eyes off the table, she waved her hand, inviting the young man to lift the table

He approached the table, full of confidence in his efforts, and seized it by the leg. The table did not move.

He seized the leg with both hands.

The table stood as if it was screwed to the floor.

The young man squatted, gripped the leg with both hands and began aggressively pushing the table to the side, up and to all sides; his face became red from his efforts. All in vain: the table did not move, as though it was rooted to the floor!

A huge wave of peoples' admiration and exclamations filled the room.

The young man gave up *en désespoir de cause*, walked away from the table, folded his arms over his chest as Napoleon did, and said:

— "What a surprising trick!"

— "A trick indeed!" agreed Leonide Hahn. He began suspecting that this guest was in concert with his sister Helena!

"May I try it?" he asked her.

— "Be so kind!"

Her brother approached the table with a smile and using his strong arm seized the leg of the tiny little table. Immediately at that moment, however, his smile changed into an expression of astonishment. He stepped back and observed the table, which he had known for a long time. Then, he strongly pushed it to the side using his leg, but the table did not even shake.

Then, he pressed his body hard against the table and tried to shake it loose. The wood started cracking, but did

lift it now, and then try again after I shall have fixed it:

'After you shall have fixed it?' said a voice, 'and what then? Do you mean to say that you will not touch the table at all?'

'Why should I touch it,' answered Madame Blavatsky with a quiet smile.

Upon hearing the extraordinary assertion, one of the young men went determinedly to the small chess-table, and lifted it up as though it were a feather.

'All right,' she said; 'Now kindly leave it alone and stand back!'

The order was at once obeyed, and a great silence fell upon the company. All were holding their breath as they anxiously watched for what Madame Blavatsky would do next. But she did nothing at all. She merely fixed her large blue eyes upon the chess-table and kept looking at it with an intense gaze. Then without removing her eyes she as silently and with a motion of her hand, invited the same young man to remove it.

He approached, and grasped the table by its leg with great assurance... The table could not be moved! He then seized it with both his hands. The table stood as though screwed to the floor.

Then the young [man] crouching, took hold of it with both hands, exerting his strength to lift it by the additional means of his broad shoulders. He grew red with the effort. But all was in vain: the table seemed rooted to the carpet and would not be moved!

There was a loud burst of applause. The young man looking very much confused, abandoned his task, *endesespoir de cause* and stood aside.

Folding his arms in quite a Napoleonic way, he only slowly said, 'Well! This is a good joke!' 'Indeed it is a good one!' echoed Leonide.

A suspicion had crossed his mind that the young visitor was acting in secret confederacy with his sister and was fooling them.

'May I also try?' he suddenly asked her.

'Please do, my dear,' was the laughing response.

Leonide grinning and triumphing beforehand, approached and seized the diminutive table by its leg with all the strength of his muscular arm. But the grin died suddenly away to give place to an expression of mute amazement. He drew back and examined again the, to him, well-known table; and then suddenly gave it a kick with all his might. But the little table did not even budge. Then he threw himself on it flat trying to shake it.... The wood cracked, but it would yield to no effort. Its three feet





not give in to his efforts. Three legs of the table seemed to be screwed to the floor. Leonid Petrovich gave up and after having stepped back pronounced:

— “Strange!” He shifted his eyes from the table to his sister.

Everybody was in full agreement with his exclamation.

Then, guests in other rooms heard these loud exclamations and entered the room, and many of them, young and old, tried to lift or at least shake the stubborn chess table, but in vain.

When Helena Petrovna saw her brother in such perplexity, and perhaps trying to completely dispel all his doubts, she turned to him gently smiling, and said:

— “Now, try to lift it again!”

With hesitancy, Mr. Hahn approached the table, again seized the table’s leg and jerked the table up nearly dislocating his arm by the needless effort: the table was lifted like a feather!

Now the second case. This time, it took place not in Pskov, but in St. Petersburg in the Paris Hotel, a few weeks later. Peter Alekseevich Hahn [HPB’s father] came there together with his two daughters. In the mornings they were pretty busy doing some errands, at nights they paid visits or attended the theatre; séances had never even been mentioned. One night, two of their friends paid them a visit; both of them were old men, one of them, Baron M., a friend of Mr. Hahn from the Corps of Pages, and the second was former Decembrist Andrey Lvovich K_{ov}. Both of them, especially the latter, were ardent spiritists and came there with the sole purpose of personally witnessing the medium powers of Mme Blavatsky.

seemed attached more firmly than ever to the floor. Leonide losing eventually all hope retired in his turn, muttering to himself:

‘Very, very strange!’ his perplexed look keeping all the while involuntarily running from the table to his sister.



[The translation stops at this point in the middle of page 14. There is no page 15. Resuming on page 16, the manuscript is in HPB’s handwriting]

Apparently the missing part was available to Sinnett, for the affair of the chess-table continued with various individuals, young and old, trying to move it and failing like the rest. Mme Blavatsky finally invited her brother to try again, and the table was lifted like a feather. A footnote, probably added by HPB, is appended to Sinnett’s text, and is worth reproducing for its explanation of this incident.

‘Madame Blavatsky has stated that this phenomenon could be produced in two different ways:

1st. Through the exercise of her own will directing the magnetic currents so that the pressure on the table became such that no physical force could move it: and

2nd. Through the actions of those beings with whom she was in constant communication, and who, although unseen, were able to hold the table against all opposition.’

Another example of scepticism in her family is then provided by an episode with her father a few months later. Mme Blavatsky, her sister, and father. Col. Peter von Hahn, were in St Petersburg on their way to Mme Yahontov’s newly inherited property at Rugodevo, where they planned to pass the summer.

One night their father received a visit from two old friends who were interested in Spiritualism. Though the guests were convinced by Mme Blavatsky’s powers, he remained indifferent. Eventually he consented to try an experiment by writing a word in another room and having it revealed. ‘Well, our dispute will now be settled in a few moments,’ remarked one of his friends. ‘What shall you say, however, (continuing the sentence the MS begins)



After several successful experiences, the visitors became excited and felt puzzled that Mr. Hahn remained so indifferent, calmly playing a game of solitaire. When he answered a question addressed to him he responded that he did not want even to hear about such nonsense and that, in his opinion, it was disgraceful for serious people to engage in such a pastime. The old friends did not take offence at him for his answer, but began to persistently ask Peter Alekseevich to move to the next room, to write a question on a piece of paper and, without showing it to anyone, put it into his pocket. At first, the old man chuckled, but then he accepted the suggestion. After having thoroughly followed the instructions, he resumed playing solitaire.

— “Now is when our dispute will come to the end!” Mr. Krovov said. “What will you say, Peter Alekseevich, if the result is most positive and explicit? Like it or not, you will have to come to believe in it!”

— “I do not know what I will say!” skeptically responded Mr. Hahn, —“the only thing that I do know for sure is that the moment I come to believe in spiritualism, I will come to believe in devils, witches, mermaids, werewolves—that is, in all the old wives’ tales, and you will have to take me to the mental hospital!”

Having said this, he again became absorbed in his game of solitaire, while we started listening to the non-stop knocking taking place in a plate on the table. The younger sister would pronounce the letters in alphabetical order and one of the guests would record the letters revealed. Blavatsky’s role was just to be present in the room during the experiment. (She was also a good writing medium, but regardless of the fact that this method makes speaking faster and simpler, she did not like to use it because she was afraid of peoples’ suspicions.)

Knockings and letters of alphabet produced a single word, but the word appeared so strange that all of us, who were waiting for some complicated phrase, started exchanging puzzled glances, feeling lost about whether we should read it aloud or not. To our question about whether the phrase was complete, the resolute response followed: “Yes! Yes, yes, yes!!” expressed in three knocks. Three knocks meant emphatic confirmation.

Noticing our confusion and hearing our exclamations, P.A. Hahn turned to us and asked:

— “So, what? Is the answer ready? It must be something pretty sophisticated.”

He stood up and approached us with a smile.

old friend, if the word written by you is correctly repeated? Will you not feel compelled to believe in such a case?’ ‘What I might say, if the word were correctly guessed, I could not say at present!’ he sceptically replied. ‘One thing I could answer, however: from the time I could be made to believe your alleged spiritism and its alleged phenomena, I will have become ready to believe in the existence of the devil, undines, sorcerers and witches—in the whole paraphernalia, in short, of old women’s superstitions, and you may prepare to offer me as an inmate of the lunatic asylum!’

Upon delivering himself of this, he went on with his patience and paid no further attention to the proceedings. He was an old “Voltairean”—as the atheists are called in Russia—who believe in nothing. But we, who felt deeply interested in the experiment, began to listen to the unceasing and loud raps coming from a plate brought there for this purpose. The younger sister was repeating the alphabet, the old general marked the letters down while Madame Blavatsky did nothing at all—apparently. She was, what would be called in our days, a good ‘writing medium’, that’s to say, that she could write out the answers herself while talking with those around her upon quite different topics. But, simpler and more rapid as this method of communication may be, she would never consent to use it. She was too afraid, she said, to employ it, fearing, as she explained, uncalled for suspicions from foolish people who did not understand the process.¹⁸

By the means of raps and alphabet we got one word, but it proved such a strange one, so grotesquely absurd as having no evident relation to anything that might be supposed to have been written by her father, that all of us, who had been in the expectation of some complicated sentence, looked at each other, dubious whether we ought to read it aloud. To our question whether it was all, the raps became more energetic in their affirmative sounds. We had several triple raps which meant in our code ‘Yes!... yes, yes, yes!’

Remarking our agitation and whispering, Mme B.’s father looked at us over his spectacles and asked:

‘Well?... Have you any answer?... It must be something very elaborate and profound indeed!’

He arose and laughing in his moustache,





His younger daughter Ya_v [Yahontov] stood up and with some confusion replied to him:

- “There is only one word.”
- “What?”
- “Zaitchik!” [bunny]

You should have seen what a change happened to the old man! He became pale, looked confused, started settling his glasses on his nose, and said, reaching out his hand:

— “Let me look at it.
Is it true?”

He took the piece of paper with the word on it and repeated in an excited voice:

— “Zaitchik? Yes, Zaitchik! Strange!”

He took his note out of his pocket and silently handed it to his daughters.

They took it and quickly read what was written on it:

“What was the name of my first war horse which I rode during the Turkish War?” And next, in brackets: “Zaitchik.”

It was our triumph.

Now, it should be mentioned that Peter Alekseevich, an old artilleryman, spent almost all his life alone, far away from his family. His first wife Helena Andreevna Hahn, Fadeeva by her maiden name (the same woman who wrote under the pen name of Zinaida R_v and whose charming novels and stories the whole Russian reading world admired at the end of 1830s and at the beginning of 1840s), passed away when she was 27 years old leaving him with three children. The eldest, Helena, was 11 years old, the youngest, a son, was 2 years old. Her parents took the children and soon moved to Tiflis where they grew up practically without knowing their father. They had never been really intimate with him, so they could not know certain things belonging to his early youth. In addition, he had, by himself, selected the question, which they could not have had any idea of.

This “Zaitchik” produced an enormous impact on old Hahn. As it often happens with strong skeptics, as soon as he realized that there was something in this that had nothing to do with cheating, he came to believe in one fact, and he so came to believe fully in all the facts, and started taking part in spiritualistic experiences with purely youthful enthusiasm. Of course, he did not proclaim himself insane as he had declared earlier.

approached us. His youngest daughter, Mme Yahontoff, then went to him and said with, a little confusion:

- ‘We only got one word.’
- ‘And what is it?’
- ‘Zaitchik !’¹⁹

It was a sight indeed to witness the extraordinary change that came over the old man’s face at this one word! He became deadly pale. Adjusting his spectacles with a trembling hand, he stretched it out while hurriedly saying: ‘Let me see it!... Hand it over... Is it really so?’ He took the slip of paper and read in a very agitated voice:

‘Zaitchik... Yes... zaitchik... so it is... How very strange!’

Taking out of his pocket the note he had written upon in the adjoining room he handed it in silence to his daughters and guests.

They found on it both the question offered and the answer that was anticipated. The words read thus:

‘What was the name of my favourite war horse I rode upon during the first months of the Turkish campaign?’ and lower down in parenthesis (Zaitchik).

We felt triumphant and expressed our feelings accordingly.

Here, I must add, that Mme Blavatsky’s father, an old artillery Superior officer, had lived nearly the whole of his life alone, separated from his family. His wife, nee Fadeyeff, the elder sister of the just deceased General Fadeyeff, (the same who in the earlier part of our century had charmed the whole reading public of Russia with her remarkable romances and novels under the well-known pseudonym of Zenaïda R—f) died, hardly twenty-five years old leaving three children to the care of her parents. Thus the daughters having been brought up at Tiflis far away from and hardly knowing their father, could scarcely know the name of a horse he had in his youth. The question was well chosen by him as something they were entirely ignorant of.

This solitary word Zaitchik had an enormous effect upon the old man. As it often happens with inveterate sceptics, once that he had found out that there was indeed something in his eldest daughter’s claims and that it had nothing to do whatever with deceit or juggling, having believed in one fact, he rushed into the region of phenomena with all the zeal of an ardent investigator. He was now far from doubting his own reason. That event led him farther and farther. Mme Blavatsky having





once given him correctly a date he was searching for in his family genealogy, he determined to restore the tree from its roots—lost in the night of the first Crusades—down to the present day. The information was readily promised and he set to work from morning to night.



First the legend of the Count von Rottenstem, the Knight Crusader, was given him. The year, the month and the day on which a certain battle with the Saracens had been fought; and how, while sleeping in his tent, the Knight Crusader was awakened by the cry of a cock (Hahn) to find himself in time to kill, instead of being stealthily killed by an enemy who had penetrated into his tent. For this feat, the bird—the true symbol of vigilance—was raised to the honour of being incorporated in the coat of arms of the Counts of Rottenstem, who became from that time the Rottenstem von Rott Hahn, to branch off into the Hahn-Hahn family and others.

Then began a regular series of figures, dates of years and months, of hundreds of names by connection and side-marriages, and a long line of descent from the Knight Crusader down to the Countess Ida Hahn-Hahn—Mme Blavatsky's grand aunt—and her father's family. Names and dates, as well as a mass of contemporary events which had taken place in connection with that family's descending line, were given rapidly and unhesitatingly. The greatest historian endowed with the most phenomenal memory could never be equal to such a task. How then could one who had been on cold terms from her very youth with simple arithmetic and history be suspected of deliberate deceit in a work that necessitated the greatest chronological precision, the knowledge of very often the most unimportant historical events with their names and dates, all of which upon careful verification were found to be correct to a day? True, the family, immigrants from Germany since the days of Peter the III, had a good deal of missing links, of perfect blanks in their genealogical tables. Yet the few documents that had been preserved, among the various branches of the family—in Germany and Russia— whenever consulted were found to be the originals of those most exact copies, furnished through Mme Blavatsky's raps.

Her uncle, a high official at the General Post Office at St Petersburg in those days, whose great ambition was to settle the title of a Count on his elder son permanently, took the greatest interest in this mysterious work. Over and over again, he would, in his attempts to puzzle and catch his niece in some historical or chronological inaccuracy, interrupt the regular flow of her raps and ask for the information on something



III.

The list of extraordinary events includes the following.

After the murder that took place in a nearby tavern, the local district police superintendent arrived at the Ya_vs' [Yahontovs'] compound. He did not say a word about the real purpose of his visit, and just announced an assembly of the local peasants for the next day, but soon after his arrival the gathering became unneeded: as usual, after the tea, the knocking noises started in the walls and in the furniture, and the communication using the alphabet brought out all the details of this blood-stained case. Here is the text that, although not an exact copy, is pretty close to the original communication that was addressed, in a very impolite manner, to the district police superintendent: "You, an old fool (or something similarly rude), are sitting here living on tea and talking, while the murderer Samoylo Ivanov is preparing to leave

that had naught to do with the genealogy, but was only some contemporaneous fact. For Instance:

'You say that In the year 1572 Count Karl von Hahn-Hahn was married to the Baroness Ottilia, so and so. This was In June at the castle of — at Mecklemburg. Now who was the reigning Kurfister, at that time, what Prince reigned at — (some small German state) and who was the Confessor of the Pope, and the Pope himself in that year?'

And the answer always correct, would invariably come without a moment's pause. It was often found far more difficult to verify the correctness of such names and dates than to receive the information. Mr I.A. Hahn had to plunge for days and weeks sometimes into dusty old archives, write to Germany, and apply for information into the most out of the way places that were designated to him, when he found difficulties in his way to obtain the knowledge he sought for in easily obtainable books and records.

This lasted for months. During that time never was Mme Blavatsky's invisible helper or helpers found mistaken in one single instance!²⁰



One of the most startling phenomena happened very soon after Mme Blavatsky's return, In the early spring of that year [1859].

Both sisters were then living with their father in their country-house in a village, belonging to Mme Yahontoff.

As I was not always at home to follow every one of the Incidents, the following chapter is from the pen of Mme Yahontoff herself,²¹ who put very obligingly her diary and notes written in those days at my command. I leave the narrative as I find it.

In consequence of a crime committed not far from the boundaries of my property (a man was found with his head severed In the woods and whose murderer remained unknown), the Superintendent of the District Police passing one afternoon through our village stopped to make some inquiries in the village. The researches were made very secretly, and he had not said a word about his business to anyone in the house not even our father. He was an acquaintance who visited our family occasionally, and when he stopped at our house on his district tour no one asked him why he had come, for he made us very frequent visits, as to all the other proprietors. It is only on the following morning after he had ordered the village serfs to appear for examination—which proved useless—that the inmates learned anything of his mission. During



for other another *uyezd* [district], which “will be the last time he is seen here.” So, go to Oreshkino right away: you will catch him hiding in the attic of the *muzhik* [peasant] Andrey Vlasov’s house.”

— “Batuishki!” [good

gracious]

“My dear fellows! What are these miracles?” The district police superintendent was puzzled and begged for an answer. As a matter of fact, Oreshkino village is on my list of the suspected spots! Please allow me ask you how you know that the name of a murderer is Samoylo Ivanov and that he is hiding at Vlasov’s place? And who is this Vlasov?”

An answer followed in the same manner: “You may not see farther than your nose! But we, we know everything that we want to know! Samoylo Ivanov is a soldier on indefinite leave. Yesterday, he was drunk, had a fight and was not himself when the devil pushed him to beat a man to death.”

So, the district police superintendent jumped up and left in a hurry. The pieces of information he obtained closely corresponded to the information already collected by him, and he rushed to Oreshkino.³

Next morning, very early, a courier sent by the district police superintendent arrived and informed the ladies and gentlemen that everything had happened just as though it had been written in stone. The murderer was arrested as he was lodging for the night at the *muzhik* Vlasov’s place and indeed appeared to be the soldier Ivanov on indefinite leave.

tea, as they were all sitting around the table, there came the usual knocks, raps and disturbances in the walls, the ceiling and about the furniture of the room.

To our father’s question why the Police Superintendent should not try to learn something of the name and the whereabouts of the murderer from my sister’s invisible agents, the officer. Captain O—, only incredulously smiled. He had heard of the ‘allknowing’ spirits, but was ready to bet almost anything that these ‘homed. and hoofed gentlemen’ would prove insufficient for such a task. They will hardly betray and give out their own,’ he added with a silly laugh.

This fling at her invisible ‘powers’, and laugh, as she thought at her own expense, made Mme Blavatsky change colour and feel—as she said—an irrepressible desire to humble the ignorant fool, who hardly knew what he was talking about. She turned fiercely upon the police officer.

‘And suppose I proved you the contrary?’ she defiantly asked him.

Then,’ he answered still laughing, ‘I would resign my office and offer it to you, Madame. Or still better I would strongly urge the authorities to place you at the head of the Secret Police Department.’

‘Now, look here. Captain,’ she angrily said, ‘I do not like meddling in such a dirty business and help you detectives. Yet since you defy me, let father say the alphabet, and you put down the letters and record what will be rapped out. My presence is not needed for this, and with your permission I will even leave the room.’

She angrily went away and taking a book placed herself on the balcony, apparently quite unconcerned with what was going on. Our father, anxious at making a convert, began repeating the alphabet. The communication received was far from complimentary in its adjectives at the address of the police Superintendent. The outcome of the message was, that while he was talking nonsense at Rougodevo (the name of our new





This incident caused a lot of talk around the district and highlighted the events associated with Blavatsky. We ourselves were interested most of all in the manifestation of the intelligence and unique distinctive nature of the invisible personalities.

property), the murderer, whose name was Samoylo Ivanof, will have crossed over before daylight to the next district and thus escape the officer's clutches. 'At present he is hiding under a bundle of hay, in the loft of a peasant, named Andrew Vlassof, of the village of Oreshkino. By going there immediately you will secure the criminal...'



The effect upon the man was tremendous! Our Stanovoy (district officer) was positively nonplussed, and confessed that Oreshkino was one of the suspected villages he had on his list. But....

'Allow me, however, to inquire,' he asked of the table from which the raps proceeded and bending over it with a suspicious look upon his face, 'how come you—whoever you are—to know anything of the murderer's name, or of that of the confederate who hides him in his loft?...And who is Vlassof...for I know him not?'

The answer came clear but rather contemptuous.

Very likely that you should neither know nor see beyond your own nose. We, however, who are now giving you the information have the means of knowing everything we like to know...Samoylo Ivanof is an ancient soldier on leave...He was drunk and quarreled with the victim in the woods. The murder was not premeditated, for the hatchet that cut in the morning brushwood, in the hands of a man blinded with fuyi, cut the victim's head in the afternoon... It is a misfortune...not a crime.'

Upon hearing these words the Superintendent rushed out of the house like a madman and drove off at a furious rate toward Oreshkino, which was more than thirty miles distant from Rougodevo. The information agreeing admirably with some points he had laboriously collected and furnishing the last word to the mystery in the names given—he had no doubt in his own mind that the rest should prove true, as he confessed some time after.

On the following morning a horseman—a messenger sent by the Stanovoy, made his appearance with a letter to father. Events in Oreshkino proved every word of the information to be correct. The murderer was found and arrested in his hiding place at Andrew Vlassofs cottage, and identified as a soldier on leave named Samoylo Ivanof!

This event proved a great sensation in the district, and henceforward the messages obtained through the instrumentality of my sister were viewed in a more serious light. But this brought, a few weeks after, very disagreeable complications; for the Police of St Petersburg wanted to know how could one, and that one a woman who had just returned from foreign countries, know anything of the details of a murder. It cost our father great exertions to



The séances were most successful when we were alone, when nobody wanted to conduct any experiments, when nobody needed to be persuaded or educated, when the séance was guided by will and instructions, not limited by any of us, even by the major hero of these events (Blavatsky), but orchestrated by invisible personalities which had a full control of these events. At such séances, the invisible personalities surpassed themselves by demonstrating their own supernatural powers. We came to the conclusion that there were different types of such personalities, and one of these, a personality of the highest rank, rarely condescended to communicate with strangers, but readily manifested itself before our eyes, responding to our appeal only when there was total harmony within the audience, which promoted the manifestation of the medium's power. The effects which were produced scarcely depended on the medium's will. Such séances, like the one with the chess table in Pskov, were rarely successful. In most cases, personalities operated absolutely willfully, not in the least coordinating their actions with the requests of people around. This was rather annoying when we wanted to engage an intelligent refined adept but, as ill luck would have it, nothing wonderful would occur! We wanted to hear something outstanding, but they spoke nonsense. We wanted to observe an event that we had repeatedly witnessed, but this almost never happened.⁴ I remember one evening, when in the presence of guests, who came from far away to visit us specifically "to see with their own eyes and to hear with their own ears," Blavatsky unsuccessfully tried to use all the power of her will, but absolutely nothing happened! Our guests felt extremely dissatisfied and left in a most skeptical and derisive mood; however as soon as the door closed behind them, when the bells on their carriage could still be heard as they were riding along the entrance drive, all the objects started moving and it seemed that all the furniture became animated, so the rest of the evening and all that night we felt as if we were in an imaginary enchanted palace of a kind of Scheherazade.

What didn't happen that night! All events that we had observed previously at different moments of our life took place that memorable night. Now, it was scales played on a closed piano in the reception room while

settle the matter and satisfy the suspicious authorities that there had been no fouler play in this business than the intervention of supernatural powers— in which the Police pretended, of course, to have no faith.



The most successful phenomena took place during those hours when our family were alone, when no one cared to make experiments or demand useless tests, and when there was no one to convince or enlighten. At such moments the manifestations were left to produce themselves at their own impulse and pleasure, none of us— not even the chief author of the phenomena under observation, at any rate as far as those present could see and judge from appearance—assuming any active part in trying to guide them. And then the marvellous phenomena became unparalleled in their weird, so to say, superhuman display. We arrived very soon at the conviction that the forces at work—as Madame B. constantly told us—had to be divided into several distinct categories. While the lowest on the scale of invisible beings²² produced most of the physical phenomena, the very highest among the agencies²³ condescended but rarely to a communication or intercourse with strangers. The last named 'invisibles' made themselves manifestly seen, felt and heard only during those hours when we were alone in the family, and when great harmony and quiet reigned among us. Harmony, it is said, helps wonderfully toward the manifestation of the so-called mediumistic force; and the effects produced seemed to depend but little on the will or volition of the 'medium'.²⁴ Such feats as accomplished with the little chess-table at Pskoff were rare. In the majority of the cases the phenomena were sporadic and quite independent from anyone's will, never heeding as they seemed anyone's suggestions and generally appearing in direct contradiction with the desire expressed by those present. We used to feel extremely vexed whenever there was a chance to convince some highly intellectual investigator and that through HPB's obstinacy or lack of will nothing came out of it. We asked for one of those highly intellectual, profound answers we got so often when alone, and received in answer some impertinent bosh...begged for the repetition of some phenomenon we had observed hundreds of times—and our wish was only laughed at. I well remember, how during a grand evening party, when several families of friends had come from far off, in some cases from distances of hundreds of miles, on purpose to witness to 'hear with their ears and see with their eyes', Mme Blavatsky though assuring us she did all she could, gave them no result to ponder upon. This lasted-for several days. She would do nothing!²⁵



all of us were dining there. Now, following the demanding glance of the medium, her cigarette box, her handkerchief or her matchbox was flying to her through the room. Now, in the room next to the reception hall, all the lamps and

candles went out, and when we came in with candles, it appeared that all the furniture was turned up upside down by invisible hands, absolutely undamaged. We had scarcely recovered from such a miracle, when we heard playing piano again in the reception room, but this time the playing was orderly, resembling a bravura march. We looked at each other and realized that everybody, except for little Liza, who had already been sleeping for a long time, were present, so we rushed into the reception room but, as expected, found the piano closed.

We sat around a large dining table and started the séance. Immediately, the table started violently shaking, quickly moving around the room, rising up to a man's height. Briefly, all the events occurred there that had repeatedly happened when the audience included only those who were close to Helena Petrovna.

The visitors left dissatisfied and in a spirit as sceptical as it was uncharitable. Hardly, however, the gates had been closed after them, and the bells of their horses were merrily tinkling in the last alley of the entrance park that everything in the room seemed to become endowed with life. The furniture acted as though every piece of it was animated and gifted with voice and speech, and we passed the rest of the evening and the greatest part of the night as though we were between the walls of the magic palace of some Sheherazade.

It is far easier to enumerate the phenomena that did not take place during those forever memorable hours than to describe those that did...All those weird manifestations that we had observed at various times seemed to have been repeated for our sole benefit during that night. At one moment as we sat at supper in the dining room there were loud accords played on the piano which stood in the adjoining apartment [and which] was closed and locked and placed so that we could all of us see it from where we were through the large open doors. Then at the first command and look of Mme Blavatsky there came rushing to her through the air her tobacco-pouch, her box of matches, her pocket-handkerchief, and anything she asked or was made to ask for. Then as we were taking our seats all the lights in the room were suddenly extinguished—lamps and wax- candles—as though a rush of mighty wind had swept through the whole apartment, and when a match was instantly stuck, there was all the heavy furniture, sofas, arm-chairs, tables, cupboards and large sideboard, standing upside down as though turned over noiselessly by some invisible hands, and not an ornament of the fragile carved work, not a plate broken! Hardly had we gathered our senses after this miraculous performance when we heard again someone playing on the piano—a loud and intelligent piece of music, a long marche de bravoure this once. As we rushed with lighted candles to the instrument (I mentally counting those present to ascertain that all, with the exception of little Liza, were present), we found, as we had anticipated, the piano locked, and the last sounds of the accord finale still vibrating in the still air under the heavy closed lid.

After this, notwithstanding the late hour, we placed ourselves around our large dining table and had a seance. The huge family dining board began to shake with great force, and then to move, sliding rapidly about the room in every direction, to raise itself up to the height of a man; In short, we had all the manifestations that never failed when we were alone, i.e. when only those nearest and





Among the numerous, various and startling events that took place at this séance, I will tell you in detail only about two events.

This time, Pushkin was one of the communicating invisible personalities who manifested himself in a most pronounced way. In saying this, I would ask the reader not to conclude that we believed this invisible personality to be the really deceased poet whose ashes were buried near Rugodevo, in the area called "Holy Hills." We have already expressed our opinion concerning the extent that one could believe in the messages and statements communicated by these personalities. However, that does not prevent us from mentioning that at our séances the names of great men were presented. Some of them talked very cleverly, used the scientific approach and provided useful information; others, despite the famous names presented, talked about rubbish that would have done honor to any circus clown rather than to Socrates, Cicero or Martin Luther.⁵

So, that night it was Pushkin who entertained us with his conversation. He was in a melancholic and dismal mood, and, by the way, to our questions about why he was so sad or what he was suffering from or what he wanted, he responded with the following impromptu address, which I kept for myself despite the fact that it was beneath any literary criticism:

dearest to HPB were present and none of the strangers who came to her attracted by mere curiosity and often a malevolent and hostile feeling.

Among the mass of the various and striking phenomena that took place on that memorable night, I will mention but two.

And here I must mention the following remarks made in those days:—whenever my sister Mme B. sat, to please us, for communications through 'raps' we were asked by her to choose what we will have—'Shall we have the mediumistic, the spook,²⁶ raps, or the raps by clairvoyant proxy?' she asked.²⁷ And, though few of us. If any, understood then clearly what she meant, yet she would act either one way or the other, never mixing the two methods. We chose the former—the 'spook raps' as the easiest to obtain, affording us more amusement and to her less trouble.

Thus, out of the many invisible and 'distinguished' visitors of that night, the most active and prominent among them was the alleged spirit of Poushchine. I beg the reader to remember that we never for a moment believed that spook to be really the great poet, whose earthly remains rest in the neighbourhood of our Rugodevo, in the monk's territory known as the 'Holy Mountains'. We had been warned by Mme Blavatsky and knew well how much we could trust to the communications and say of such unseen visitors. But the fact of our having chosen for that seance the 'spook-raps' does not at all interfere with the truth of that other assertion of ours, namely, that, whenever we wanted something genuine and resorted to the method of 'clairvoyant proxy' we had very often communications of great power and vigour of thought, profoundly scientific and remarkable in every way, made not by, but in the spirit of the great defunct personage in whose name they were given. It is only when we resorted to the 'spook-raps' that, notwithstanding the world-known names of the eminent personages in which the goblins of the seance-rooms so love to parade—that we got answers and discourses that might do honour to a circus-clown, but hardly to a Socrates, a Cicero or a Martin Luther.²⁸

Thus, we were entertained on that evening by A. Poushchine. The poet seemed to be in one of those melancholy and dark moments; and, to our queries, what was the matter, what made him suffer, and what we could do for him, he obliged us with an extemporary poem which I preserved, notwithstanding that its character and style are beneath criticism. The substance of it—which is hardly worth translation—was to the effect that there was





"Why, my friends, do you want to know,
What I may want today?
My only wish is
To rest in the bosom of death.

I will not reach the vault of heaven!

I have sinned much when alive.

So now I am tormented by awful shadows."

— 'Poor Aleksander Sergeevich!' Mme Blavatsky's father said after we had read him this verse. He stood up looking around in search for something.

— "What are you looking for?" we asked him.

— "Oh, my chibouk! I am sick of cigars, but my chibouk disappeared and I can't find it anywhere!

— "But during dinner, you were smoking your pipe."

— "Well, I did, but now, it seems Helena's 'spirits' hid it"

"One, two, three! One, two, three!" Knocking started all around the room, confirming his guess.

— "Isn't that something! Really? So, tell me, my dear fellow Pushkin, where did you take it? My heart might stop right here on earth, earlier than expected."

"One, two, three! One, two, three!" A knocking started on the table.

— "Is it you, Aleksander Sergeevich?"

We began pronouncing the alphabet.

"No, it's me, your former batman, Your Most Honorable Sir. I'm Voronov."

— "Oh, it's you! Voronov! I am very glad to meet you, my old fellow. Try to remember good old times and give me my pipe."

— "I would have been glad to, but can't. They won't let me. You may want to get it by yourself. It's up there, over your head, dangling on the lamp."

Everybody looked up. It was really so: both ends of his chibouk were swinging on the iron shade of the lamp hanging over the table we had been sitting at during the séance.⁶

This event struck us who were already used to not being surprised at many things that in the recent past, despite all evidence, we would not believe in.

no reason for us to know his secret sufferings. Why should we try to know what he may be wishing for? He had but one desire: to rest in the bosom of Death, and instead of which he was suffering in great darkness for his sins, tortured by the traditional devil and had lost all hope of ever reaching the bliss of becoming a winged cherub, etc, etc.²⁹



'Poor Alexandre Sergeitch!' exclaimed ironically our father upon hearing read this wretched posthumous production; and so saying he arose as though in search of something.

What are you looking for?' we asked.

'My long pipe! I have had enough of these cigars, and I cannot find my pipe: where can it be?'

"You have just smoked it, after supper, papa,' I ventured.

'I did. And now Helena's "spirits" must have walked off with it, or hidden it somewhere.'

'One-two-three!...One-two-three!' affirmed triple raps around us, as though mocking the old gentleman.

'Indeed?...Well this is a foolish joke!...Could not our friend Poushkine tell us where he has hidden it? Do let us know, for life itself would become worthless on this earth without my old and faithful pipe.'

'One-two-three!... One-two-three!' knocked the table,

'Is this you Alexandre Segeitch?' we asked.

At this juncture my sister frowned angrily and the raps suddenly stopped.

'No,' she said, after a moment's pause, 'it is only somebody else.' And putting her hand on the table she set the raps going again.

Who is it then?'

'It is me, your old ordinance, your Honour... Voronof.'

'Ah, Voronof!...Very glad to meet you again, my good fellow...Now try to remember old times; bring me my pipe.'

'I would be happy to do so, your Honour, but I am not able to. Somebody holds me fast...But you can take it yourself, your Honour...See, there it is, swinging over your head on the lamp.'

We all raised our heads. Verily: there where a minute before there was nothing at all, there was now the huge Turkish pipe placed horizontally on the alabaster shade and balancing over it with its two ends sticking out at both sides of the lamp hung over the dining table.

This new physical manifestation filled us with astonishment even those of us who had been accustomed to live in a world of marvel for months.³⁰ Hardly a year



IV.

Now, we will go on with a story that indicates that Helena Petrovna also was a medium who saw things. If in our description of individual episodes we had tried to keep to a chronological order, the following fact, which took place in 1859, would have been told earlier. The event happened in the spring of 1859, at a time when the sisters had just moved to the country.

We have to draw your attention to the fact that before coming to Rugodevo, none of the sisters had ever been to this place: it was bought by the younger sister's husband from people totally unknown to them just a few months before his death. His unexpected early death made this estate the only property belonging to his widow and her two little boys. They were forced to move in, but they did not have any idea about who their neighbors were, especially those who had been living in the place before. The younger sister [Yahontov] only knew that the estate had been bought from a certain Statkovsky who was the husband of a granddaughter of its former owners, the Shusherins. Who these Shusherins were, the former proprietors of these picturesque hills, pine woods, lakes, and birch groves and the old mansion overlooking a 30-verst territory stretching up to Novorzhev, the new owners of the place couldn't have had any idea, much less Helena Petrovna, who had been living out of Russia for ten years.

One night on the second or third day after the sisters' arrival in Rugodevo, they were strolling around the flower garden along the facade of the house. The windows of the ground floor opened rather low toward the flower garden, and the other side of the house, at the corner, looked toward the orchard. The family occupied the upper floor. There were eight or nine large rooms. Two rooms downstairs to the right off the entrance were

before we would not have believed even in the possibility of what we now regarded as perfectly proven facts.



And now we will describe mental phenomena proving that HPB was likewise a seer, that which is now generally, and as I believe—erroneously called in every case—a 'clairvoyant medium'. If, when narrating solitary detached events made the episodes follow strictly chronological order, then this ought to have preceded all the other manifestations described. It was in the early part of 1859 when, immediately after her return to Russia, Mme Blavatsky went to live with her father and sister in the country place of the latter. Here again, I will let her sister speak.

We had just settled in Rougodevo,³¹ a village of which neither of us not even had the least idea, never having been there before. It had been bought only a year before by my deceased husband from parties entirely unknown to us till then, and through an agent; and therefore no one knew anything of their antecedents or even who they really were. It was quite unexpectedly that owing to the sudden death of Mr Yahontoff,³² this property passed into my hands. Left a widow, I decided to settle in it for a time with my two baby sons, our father and my two sisters—H.P. Blavatsky and Liza, the youngest, and father's only daughter by another wife. I could, therefore have no acquaintance with either our neighbours—landed proprietors of other villages—or with the relatives of the late owner of my property, people belonging to another class of society than we did. All I knew was that Rougodevo had been bought from one named Statkovsky, the husband of the granddaughter of its late owners, a family named Shousherine. Who were those Shousherines, the hereditary proprietors of those picturesque hills and mountains, of the dense pine-forests, the lovely lakes, and our old park and nearly as old a mansion, from the top of which one could take a sweeping view of the country at 30 versts around, we, its present proprietors could have no conception whatever—least of all HPB who had been out of Russia for over twelve years and had just then returned.

It was on the second or third evening after our arrival at Rougodevo. We were two of us walking along the flower-beds in front of the house. The ground floor windows looked right into the flower garden, while those of its three other sides were surrounded with a large, old shadowy garden. We had settled on the first floor, which consisted of nine or ten large rooms, while our elderly father occupied a suite of rooms on the ground floor on



occupied by the sisters' father; to the left, along the facade of the mansion, there were two similar rooms not occupied and locked with a key, waiting for the guests for whom they were reserved.

In the rooms with windows on the opposite facade of the house, the domestics lived, and these rooms were not within the view from the front entrance of the mansion. There was a clear view of empty rooms only, especially of the second room, in the corner, which was visible and filled with the evening rays of the sun that obliquely ran through it. The sisters were slowly walking along the windows and each time when they approached the corner room the eldest (Helena Petrovna) looked inside with a long look that she turned away from the room with reluctance and a strange smile on her face. Vera, the younger sister, noticed these glances and asked her what she saw.

— "Do you want me to tell you?" Helena Petrovna replied. "But watch out, you may be scared."

— "Why should I be scared? Thank God, I see nothing. It's ghosts, isn't it, the ghosts you usually see who come from the other world?"

— "Oh, I can not tell you from which world they came, from the other or this world, because I don't know them and have never seen them before. However, I'd rather think from certain signs that they came from the other world."

— "Well! Their faces look like the faces of the dead, don't they?"

— "Oh, no! Then I would have seen them like the dead, in coffins or on a table. I've seen that. But these people are walking and looking as if they are alive. They do not need to inform me of their passing away because I did not know them when they were alive. But they look as if they were living in olden times! Their dresses are like the ones you only see now in portraits. Except for one, though."

— "Who is that?"

— "Oh! He looks like a student or painter. He wears a velvet top blouse and has a wide belt. His hair is long and curly reaching his shoulders. He is a very young man, a youngster. . . . He stands at some distance from the others and is looking in the opposite direction."

At that moment, the sisters stopped and both were looking into the closed room. However, the room looked empty only to one of them. The second sister saw



the right hand side of the large entrance hall. The rooms opposite to his, those on the left side, were uninhabited, and in the expectation of future visitors stood empty with their doors securely locked. The rooms occupied by the servants were at the back of the mansion and could not be seen from where we were. Alone the windows of the now empty apartments came out in bright relief, especially the rooms at the left angle; its windows reflecting the rays of the setting sun in full, seemed illuminated through and through with this effulgence of those bright sun-beams. We were slowly walking up and down the gravel walk under those windows, and, each time that they approached the angle of the house, my sister (HPB) looked into the window with a strange searching glance, and lingered on that spot, a puzzling expression and smile settling upon her face.

Remarking at last her furtive glances and smiles, I wanted to know what was it that so attracted her attention in an empty room?

'Shall I tell?...Well, if you promise me not to be frightened, then I may,' she answered hesitatingly.

What reasons have I to be frightened?... Thank heavens, I see nothing myself... Well, and what do you see? Is it, as usual, visitors from the other world?

'I could not tell you now, Vera...for I do not know them... But, if my conjectures are right, they do seem rather, if not quite the dwellers themselves, at least the shadows of such dwellers from another, but certainly not from our world. I recognize this by certain signs.'

What signs? Are their faces those of dead men?' I asked, very nervously, I confess.

'Oh no!... for in such a case I would see them as dead people, in their beds, or in their coffins. Such sights I am familiar with...But these men are walking about and look just as alive men do. They have no mortal reason to warn me of their death, since I do not know who they are, and never knew them alive. But they do look...so very antiquated! Their dresses are such as we see only on old family portraits. One, however, is an exception.'

'How does he look?'

Well, this one looks as though he were a German student or an artist. A black velvet blouse with a wide leather sash...Long hair hanging in heavy waves down his back and shoulders. This one is quite a young man... He stands apart and seems to look quite in a different direction from the one where the others are.'

We had now again approached the angle of the house and halting, were both looking into the empty room through the bright window panes. It was brilliantly lit up by



it inhabited by those who used to live there and possibly had already passed away long ago.

Blavatsky continued:

— “Look, look, he turned his head towards us. Look! As if he became afraid of us and disappeared! How strange it is! As if he melted away in the sunshine.”

— “During the evening séance, let’s ask who he is!” Vera suggested.

— “Let’s. Well, what of that! Is it possible to trust them? I would give anything to become capable, like some other people can, of calling exactly those whom I want to talk to! Unfortunately, it only rarely works well with me! You see, what an ugly situation! Why is it so?”

— “Well, why are you telling me all the time: look, and look! As if I was like you, a clairvoyant. Tell me, who are the other people in the room? But listen, if it is something scary, don’t tell me! I don’t want to know!”

— “Well, no! Nothing special. It seems to me there are three of them, though one of them I don’t see clearly. It seems to be a woman. She is merging somehow with the shadow in the corner. In addition, here is an old lady, as if she is alive, standing and looking at me. A very sweet and stout old lady! Frilly cap, white scarf crosswise around her neck, grey dress and checkered apron.”

— “Well, you are describing a portrait in the Flemish school of painting?” Ya_v [Yahontov] burst out laughing. “Are you serious? Aren’t you making all it up?”

— “God is my witness, I’m not making it up! Well, it’s really a pity that you can’t see them!”

— “No, thank you! Me, I don’t feel pity at all! Never mind them! How terrible!”

— “There is nothing terrible! Well, except perhaps this old man.”

— “What old man?”

— “This old man is awfully strange! Tall, skinny,

the sunbeams of the setting sun, but the room was empty evidently, but only for one of us. For my sister it was full of the images, probably of its long departed, late inmates.

Mme Blavatsky went on looking thoughtfully, and to describe what she saw.

There, there...he looks into our direction... See!’ she muttered. ‘He looks as though he is startled at our sight... here...he is no more. How strange...He seems to have melted away in that sunbeam!’

‘Let us call them out, tonight, and ask them who they are,’ I suggested.

We may...But what of that? Can anyone of them be relied upon, or believed? I would pay any price to be able to command and control as they do—some personages I might name! But I cannot...I must fail for years to come,’ she added regretfully.

Who [are] they...Whom do you mean?’

They, those who know and can— not mediums of course’—she contemptuously added—‘But look, look, what a sight!...Oh, see what an ugly monster! Who can he be?’

‘Now what’s the use in your telling me “look, look! and see!” How can I look when I see nothing, not being a clairvoyant as you are...Tell me how do those others look?...Only, now here, if it is something too dreadful... then you better stop!’ I added, feeling a cold chill creeping over me. And seeing she was going to speak, cried out ‘Now pray, do not say anything more if it is too dreadful.’

‘Don’t be afraid, there is nothing dreadful in it... It only seemed to me so. They are now three...one, however, I can see very hazily; it is a woman, and she seems to be always merging into, and then again emerging out of, that shadow in the corner... Oh, there’s an old, old lady standing there looking at me, as though she were alive...What a nice kind, fat old thing, she must have been! She has a white frilled cap on her hair, a white kerchief crossed on her shoulders, a grey, shortish and narrow dress and a checked apron.’

Why, you are painting some fancy portrait of the Flemish school!’ I laughed. ‘Now look here!...I am really afraid that you are mystifying me.’

‘I swear, I do not! But I am so sorry that you cannot see!’

Thanks; but I am not at all sorry. Peace be upon all those ghosts! How horrible!’

‘Not at all horrible. They are all quite nice and natural!...with the exception, maybe, of that old man.’ What old man?’

‘A very, very funny old man. Tall, gaunt, and with such





with such suffering on his face! In addition, his fingernails are awful! Really! Like claws, a full *vershok* [about two inches] long.”

— “Lord, have mercy upon us! Whom are you describing? As if it is . . .”

— “The devil himself,” Vera wanted to say, but did not finish the sentence. Suddenly, she got very scared and moved away off the dark window.

The sun was already down, but the sunset was resting its crimson light on all things around. The flower garden was radiant with double beauty under this light, only a dark blue shadow of the corner of the building fell on it and covered half. Blavatsky stayed behind the dark corner, but her sister got out into the bright light and called her to take a look at a wonderful view: distant woody hills with tops still golden, ponds with all the green mosaic of the shores reflected on their surface, and an old chapel slumbering in peace in the heart of a birch grove.

Helena Petrovna approached, wrapped up in her thoughts. She wanted to know whom she saw just then and was sure that the people had formerly lived here.

— “It is only this old man I feel intrigued with!” she said. — “Why does he have such long fingernails; and also, you know, such a strange black and high hat. It looks like a monk’s *klobuk* [hat]!”

— “Never mind them!”

— “It is very interesting, especially since I see such things very rarely. Other mediums, with stronger powers, say that they are surrounded by numerous phantoms all the time. On the contrary, I’m not. Only sometimes. For instance, just yesterday night in Liza’s [their youngest sister’s] room, I saw a gentleman with whiskers.”

— “In Liza’s room? Near the children?? Oh, no, for God sake, isn’t it possible to move him somewhere else? I hope that he came there only that one time in order to meet you but won’t settle there forever. I wonder why you don’t feel afraid of them?!”

a suffering upon his worn-out face! And then it is his nails that puzzle me. What terrible long nails he has, or claws, rather! Why they must be over an inch long!’ ‘Heaven help us!’ I could not help shrieking out. Whom are you describing? Surely it must be...’ I was going to say—‘the devil himself,’ but stopped short, overcome by a shudder. Unable to control my terror I hastily left the place under the window and stood at a safe distance.

The sun had gone down, but the gold and crimson flush of its departing rays lingered now covering everything—the house, the old trees of the garden and the large pond in the background. The flowers glittered with a double attraction in this brilliant light. Alone the angle of the old house cut the golden hue in two with a dark, gloomy shadow. H.P. Blavatsky remained alone behind that obscure angle overshadowed by the thick foliage of an oak, while I sought a safer refuge in the glow of the large open space near the flower-bed and kept urging her to come out of her nook, and better look at the lovely panorama: on the far-off wooded hills with their tops still glowing in the golden hue; on the quiet smooth ponds and the large dormant lake reflecting in its mirror-like waters the green chaotic confusion of its banks, and the ancient chapel slumbering in its nest of birch.

My sister came out at last, pale and thoughtful. She was determined, she said, to learn who it was whom she had just seen. She felt sure the shadowy figures were the lingering reflections of people who had inhabited at some time those empty rooms.

‘I am puzzled to know who the old man can be!’ she kept saying. Why should he have allowed his nails to grow to such a Chinese extraordinary length... And then, another peculiarity: he wears a most strange looking black cap, very high, and something similar to the klobouk of our monks.³³

‘Do let these horrid phantoms alone...Do not think of them!’

Why? It is very interesting.. the more so, since I now see them so rarely...I wish I were yet a real medium, as the latter, I am told, are constantly surrounded by a host of ghosts, and that I see them now but occasionally, not as I used to years ago, when a child...Last night, however, I saw in Liza’s room a tall gentleman with long whiskers.’

What? in the nursery room...near the children? Oh please, drive him away from there, at least. I do hope the ghost has only followed you there, and has not made his permanent abode of that place?...How can you keep so cool and feel no fear when you see them is something I





— “Well, why should I? They are harmless, in most cases. Moreover, I’m used to them! Actually, I’m sure that we are constantly surrounded my thousands, by millions of them.”

— “So, do you think that all these are phantoms of the dead?”

— “I’m sure of it.”

— “So why we are not constantly surrounded by our close relatives? Why should we suffer from the presence of uninvited outsiders, strangers?”

— “Well, I can not explain it to you! How many times I have tried to call someone familiar to me, a relative; how many times I begged, I wished with all my heart, in vain! Two or three times I saw someone familiar to me, but not people who were very close, and it always happened unexpectedly, without my wish. As far as I have noticed, we are not the ones that attract them, but places where they lived. If you want, we may ask the domestic servants, the old man or someone else. I’m sure, that they will be able to recognize them by our description and will tell us who these people were.”

The sisters did so. They set down on the porch steps and called the first of the house-serfs who were passing by. These were Timofey Nekrasov, a former tailor who had already retired, and Ulian, a gardener.

First the sisters asked them if they knew an old man who had lived here in the past and who had a high hat, long fingernails, a long grey suit, etc.?

could never understand!

‘And why should I fear them? They are harmless in most cases unless encouraged. Then, I am too accustomed to such sights to experience even a passing uneasiness. If anything, I feel disgust and a contemptuous pity for the poor spooks! In fact, I feel convinced that all of us mortals are constantly surrounded by millions of such shadows—the last mortal image left of themselves by their ex-proprietors.’

Then you think that these ghosts are all of them the reflection of the dead?’

‘I am convinced—in fact I know it.’ Why then in such case are we not constantly surrounded by those who were so near and dear to us, by our loved relatives and friends? Why are we allowed to be pestered only by a host of strangers, to suffer the uninvited presence of the ghosts of people whom we never knew, nor do we care for them?’

‘A difficult query to answer! How often, how earnestly have I tried to see and recognize among the shadows that haunted me some one of our dear relations or even a friend.³⁴ Stray acquaintances and distant relatives for whom I cared little, I have occasionally recognized, but they never seemed to pay any attention to me, and whenever I saw them it was always unexpected and independently of my will. How I longed, from the bottom of my soul, how I have tried—all in vain! As much as I can make out of it, it is not the living who attract the dead, but rather the localities they have inhabited, those places where they have lived and suffered, and where their personalities and outward forms have been the most impressed upon the surrounding atmosphere. Say—shall we call some of your old servants, those who have been born and lived in this place all their lives. I feel sure, that if we describe to them some of the forms I have just seen, that they will recognize in them people they knew and who have died here.’

The suggestion was good, and it was immediately put to the test. We took our seats on the steps of the entrance door, and sent a servant to inquire who were the oldest serfs in the compound. An ancient tailor named Timothy, who lived for years exempted of any obligatory work on account of his services and old age, and the chief gardener Oulyan—a man about sixty, made soon their appearance.

I felt at first a little embarrassed, and made some commonplace questions, asking who it was who built one of the outhouses nearby. Then I put the direct query whether there had ever lived in the house an old man, very strange to look at, with a high black head-





— “Oh, yes!” they both exclaimed, interrupting each other, “that is our late landowner! Exactly him! Our old master, Nikolai Mikhailych.”

— “Statkovsky?”

— “No, *sudarynia!* [madame] Statkovsky was a young man, who became our master only through his wife, Natalia Nikolaevna, who was a granddaughter of our real master, I mean, Shusherin, Nikolai Mikhailovich. The person you are describing is our master Nikolai Mikhailovich Shusherin in person.”

The sisters exchanged glances.

— “We saw his portrait in Pskov,” the younger explained, not willing to tell these people the truth. “So, why did he wear such a high hat and not cut his fingernails?”

— “Well, you see, a long time ago, when he served in Lithuania, he caught a typical local disease called “Polish plait.” After that he could cut neither his fingernails nor his hair. So, he wore a special velvet hat which resembled a priest’s *kamelaukion* [a tall black rimless hat]”

— “Well, what did your *barynya* [mistress] Shusherin, the wife of your landowner, look like?”

The house-serfs started describing a person absolutely not resembling the old lady whom Helena had seen.

However, based on their description, it became clear that the tall old lady wearing a kind of a German style dress whom Helena saw was a real German, Mina Ivanovna, who was a housekeeper who had lived at Shusherins’ place for more than 20 years. And not only that. In addition, it appeared that the room in which Helena Petrovna had seen, that night and many times later, the phantoms of the late inhabitants of the Rugodevo mansion served them as their last shelter on the earth: it was in that very room that the deceased were put before they were buried in a chapel behind a pond which one could see clearly from the windows of the room.⁷

gear, terribly long nails, wearing a habitually long grey coat, etc., etc.

No sooner had I given this description, when the two old peasants, interrupting each other, and with great volubility, exclaimed affirmatively that they ‘knew well who it was whom the young mistress described’.

‘Don’t we know him?...Of course we do. Why it is our late barrln (master)! Just as he used to be...our deceased master Nikolay Mihaylovitch!’

‘Statkovsky?’

‘No, no mistress...Statkovsky was the young master and he is not dead. He was our nominal master only, owing to his marriage with Nathalya Nikolaevna... our late master’s, Nikolay Mihaylovitch Shousherene’s, granddaughter. And, as you have described him it is him, for sure—our late master Shousherene.’

My sister and I interchanged a furtive glance.

“We have heard of him,” said I, unwilling to take the servants into our confidence, but did not feel sure, it was him. But why was he wearing such a strange looking cap and never cut, as it seems, his nails?”

This was owing to a disease, mistress. An incurable disease, as we were told, that the late master caught while in Lithuania, where he had resided for years. It is called Koltoun³⁵ —if you have heard of it...He could neither cut his hair nor pare his nails...and had to cover constantly his head with a tall velvet cap, like a priest’s cap.’

“Well, and how did your mistress, Mrs Shousherene look?”

The tailor gave a description in no way resembling the Dutch-looking old lady seen by Mme Blavatsky. Further cross-examination elicited, however, that the old party, in her semi- Flemish costume, was Mina Ivanovna, a German housekeeper who had resided in the house for over twenty years; and the young man, who looked like a German student in his velvet blouse, was really such a student who had come from Gottingen. He was the youngest brother of Mr Statkovsky and had died in Rougodevo of consumption about three years before our arrival. This was not all moreover. We found out that the angle room in which HPB had seen on that evening—as she has later on, on many other occasions—the phantoms of all these deceased personages of Rougodevo, had been made to serve for everyone of them either as a death-chamber when they had breathed their last, or converted for their benefit into a mortuary- chamber when they had been laid out awaiting burial. It is from this suite of apartments in which their bodies had invariably passed from three to five days that they had been carried away





After that day, on several occasions, not only Helena Petrovna but also her little sister Liza happened to see various ghosts in this ancient mansion full of memories about olden times and people who had passed away. Seven-year old Liza was not at all afraid of the personalities she saw, whom she considered to be alive; so she only wondered where they came from and why nobody except her and her elder sister wanted to notice them. Luckily, after two or three similar events, Liza's power disappeared and never returned to her in her future life. Helena Petrovna, however, possesses such a strong power that there is no need to inform her about the death of someone whom she knew: practically always they give her notice of their departure before she receives the respective letters.

The sisters' sojourn in Rugodevo ended when the elder fell very ill. A few years before that, during her trips around Asian or American wilds, she was seriously wounded. Now and then, the wound would open, which made her suffer a great deal and even resulted in convulsions and loss of consciousness. This state of illness lasted for two or three days and then the symptoms decreased by themselves. The frightened family members, however, did not know this and became very anxious. They sent to Novorzhev for a doctor who was, however, not very useful because he became rather puzzled and frightened—not by Blavatsky's sickness but by the continuous and persistent bustling noises around her that seemed to be even more intensified by her poor condition.⁸ There was such a chaos of sounds and knockings in the floor, in the ceiling and in the windows that the faint-hearted doctor became shocked and even horrified. His fear, his absurd grimaces and requests not to be left alone in the room with the patient, and his hurry to leave the room seemed pretty ridiculous to Helena Petrovna's relatives who were used to various, much more unusual manifestations of her

into yonder old chapel, on the other side of the lake, that was so well seen and had been examined by us from the windows of our sitting room.



Since that day, not only HPB, but even her little sister Liza, a child of nine years old, saw more than once strange forms gliding noiselessly along the corridors of that old house, so full of lingering events of the past and of the images of those who had passed away from it. The child—strange to say—feared no more than her elder sister the restless ghosts; the former taking them innocently for living persons and concerned but with the to-her-interesting problem “where they had come from, who they were, and why no one except her “old” sister and herself ever consented to notice them.’ She found it very rude, the little young lady. Luckily for the child, and owing, perhaps, to the efforts of her sister, Mme Blavatsky, this faculty left her very soon to never return during her subsequent life.³⁶ As for Helena Petrovna, it never left her from her very childhood. So strong is this weird faculty in her that it is a rare case when she has to learn of the death of a relative, a friend, or even of an old servant of the family from a letter. We have given up advising her of any such sad events: the dead invariably precede the news and tell her themselves of their demise; and we receive a letter in which she describes the way she saw this or that departed person, at the same time and often before the post carrying our notification could have reached her.

The quiet life of the sisters at Rugodevo was brought to an end by a terrible illness of the eldest. Years before, during her solitary travels in the steppes of Asia she had received a most remarkable wound. We could never learn how she had met with it. Suffice to say that the profound wound reopened occasionally, and during that time she suffered intense agony, bringing often convulsions and a death-like trance. The sickness used to last from three to four days and then the wound would heal as suddenly as it had reopened as though an invisible hand had closed it, and there would remain no trace of her illness. But the affrighted family was ignorant at first of this strange peculiarity and their despair and fear were great indeed. A physician was sent for to the neighbouring town, but he proved of little use; not so much indeed through his ignorance of surgery, as owing to a remarkable phenomenon which left him almost powerless to act in his great terror of what he had witnessed. He had hardly examined the wound of the patient prostrated before him in full unconsciousness, when suddenly he saw a large, dark hand between his own and the wound



illness itself.

invisible power which, in fact, were absolutely harmless. For a long time, the doctor's panic made him a laughingstock for the inhabitants of the Rugodevo compound, and they recollected it more often than the episode of Helena Petrovna's

he was going to anoint.

The gaping wound was near the heart, and the hand kept slowly moving at several intervals from the neck down to the waist. To make his terror worse there began suddenly in the room such a terrific noise, such a chaos of noises and sounds, from the ceiling, the floor, window-panes, and every bit of furniture in the apartment, that the brave physician felt terrified, forgetting even to feel astonished or enquire for the reason why. His countenance convulsed with fear, his efforts to conceal his emotions when asking not to be left alone in the room with the insensible patient under the pretext of help needed, would have been highly ludicrous at any time. Later on, when she recovered, his attempts to explain the situation before the undeniable fact of his exhibiting such a pusillanimity were highly amusing. The appearance of 'the large dark hand' was attributed by him later on to the uncertain light in the - room and the wavering of the flame of candles, though the fact occurred in the morning. Such clumsy explanations together with the nervousness and dismay of the poor doctor—a sceptic and a materialist—became a legend in the country; and being for months to come one of the subjects laughed at, remained impressed on the memory of the people together with the remembrance of Mme Blavatsky's strange illness.



In the spring of 1860, both sisters left for the Caucasus to see their relatives.

In the spring of 1860 both sisters left Rougodevo for the Caucasus, on a visit to their grandparents whom they had not seen for years.

V.

Until now, we've been talking in much detail about Mme Blavatsky as a medium because we personally witnessed the manifestations of her mediumistic powers.

Until this period of her life we have been referring openly to Mme Blavatsky as a 'medium', for having been an eyewitness with many others to the manifestations of that strange force we knew of nothing else than mediumship to attribute it to. But what is mediumship, so called? Who of the Spiritualists or Spiritists know anything of the boundary at which mediumship pure and simple stops and crossing the dark chasm of unconsciousness becomes at once conscious will-power, an invisible occult force that may be made by expert training to evolve into such a tremendous development as to influence at the adept's volition not only the human physical and mental senses, but even to control inanimate nature. Where, when, or from whom H.P. Blavatsky had acquired such powers we have no means of knowing truth in all its details, for she was ever reticent, especially in Russia, to speak of it, ever trying to avoid such conversations and stopping every question whenever she could. But



We can not talk about her later life and activity in such detail, though we assure you that the facts we will be talking about in the following story are really true.

that she had powers transcending every condition of ordinary and observed mediumship even when at Rougodevo is as certain as daylight.



Therefore we have no means of giving anything certain about the subsequent life of H.P. Blavatsky— since 1863 to 1871 when she returned once more home, for a few months, to visit her relatives at Odessa. But here is one strange, inexplicable fact that happened during her second absence from her country in the house of her family that goes far towards establishing the truth of her mysterious relations with some extraordinary persons in the Himalayas and Tibet. This fact has just been given to us by her mother's sister, Mile de Fadeyeff—a lady of unimpeachable veracity of a highly honourable character and station in life, and one, whose profound Christian convictions and piety during her long life preclude the faintest possibility of accusing her of saying anything but the strictest truth. This is the fact that we strengthen with quotations from her autograph letters—one to Mr A.P. Sinnett about two years ago, and one to Colonel H.S. Olcott, who after seeing her at Paris last May and June [1884], had written to her, begging for additional information.

(Here Olcott's short narrative and my aunt's letter must be inserted together with the letter from Mahatma K.H. addressed to my aunt. Copy this, please. Miss Arundale for a memento for Olcott.)

[Sinnett did not include any of this material in his published biography. The letter from Nadyezhda Fadeyev to him is not available, but her letter to Col. Olcott had appeared in the 1885 Madras Report of the Result of an Investigation into Charges against Madame Blavatsky, brought by the Missionaries of the Scottish Free Church at Madras, and Examined by a Committee Appointed for that Purpose by the General Council of the Theosophical Society.

Extracts from Mile Fadeyev's Paris letter to Olcott, dated 26 June 1884, have been used by a number of theosophical writers, but never in its entirety. Since HPB wished to have it in this part of the narrative, I reproduce the translation given on pp. 94-95 of the Adyar Committee Report:

'Dear Sir and Brother,

I am always ready to render service when within my power, and, above all, when, as in the present instance, it merely requires the speaking of the plain facts.

It is true that I did write to Mr Sinnett some two or three years ago, in reply to one of his letters; and I seem to remember that I narrated to him what happened to me



in connection with a certain note, received by me phenomenally when my niece was at the other side of the world, and not a soul knew where she was—which grieved us greatly. All our researches had ended in nothing. We were ready to believe her dead, when—I think it was about the year 1870, or possibly later—I received a letter from him, whom I believe you call 'K.H.' which was brought to me in the most incomprehensible and mysterious manner, by a messenger of Asiatic appearance, who then disappeared before my very eyes. This letter, which begged me not to fear anything, and which announced that she was in safety—I have still at Odessa. Immediately upon my return I shall send it to you, and I shall be very pleased if it can be of any use to you.

Pray excuse me, but it is difficult, not to say impossible, for me to comprehend how there can exist people so stupid as to believe that either my niece or yourself have invented the men whom you call the Mahatmas! I am not aware if you have personally known them very long, but my niece spoke of them to me, and at great length, years ago. She wrote me that she had again met and renewed her relations with several of them, even before she wrote her Isis. Why should she have invented these personages? For what end and what good could they have done her if they had no existence? Your enemies are neither 'cowards' nor 'dishonest', I think they are, if they accuse you of this, simply poor idiots. If I, who have ever been, and hope ever to continue, to be a fervent Christian, believe in the existence of these men—although I may refuse to credit all the miracles they attribute to them—why should not others believe in them? For the existence of at least one of them, I can certify. Who, then, could have written me this letter to reassure me at the moment when I had the greatest need for such comfort, unless it had been one of those adepts mentioned? It is true that the handwriting is not known to me; but the manner in which it was delivered to me was so phenomenal, that none other than an adept in occult science could have so effected it. It promised me the return of my niece—and the promise was duly fulfilled. However I shall send it to you, and in a fortnight's time you shall receive it at London.

Accept, dear Sir and Brother, the expression of my sincere esteem.
Nadyezhda Fadeyev.'

On her return to Russia the letter in the KH script was forwarded to Col. Olcott. The text, known as the 1870 letter, with facsimile is printed as item 1 in Letters from the Masters of the Wisdom, Second Series,



Helena Petrovna's later activities were quite diverse. Her talented and exceptional nature was constantly pushing her to look for new activities, new interests, and new engagements. As it is impossible for a fish to live without water or a bird to live without air, it was unthinkable for her to content herself with the ordinary small-minded social environment and the colorless life of the majority of people. After her ten-year absence from Russia, Helena Petrovna already could not accept a miserable, ordinary life.

There were quite a number of wonderful events that took place during the sisters' three-week horse trip from Moscow to Tiflis, but we will mention just the following.

and elsewhere.]

And now, though we are unable to follow her in her daily life outside Russia, or in the steppes of Central Asia, we can vouchsafe as to the truth of the facts in her life narrated further on and given by her own sister, aunt and several eyewitnesses, strangers as well as relatives. Her subsequent experiences and life, after she had left Rougodevo, are extremely varied and interesting. Her talented and quite exceptional nature³⁷ demanded constantly new activities, new interests, new occupations—to weaken, as she often said and put an extinguisher over her impatience to break loose from the civilized life in European Christian society in order to roam once more at her will and pleasure in Asia, Africa and heaven knows where. It was inconceivable and impossible for her to feel satisfied with the colourless conventionalism of the routine daily-life of the majority—as for a fish to live out of the water, or for a wild bird to remain for any length of time caged and deprived of outdoor air. During the long years of her first absence from home, she had lost the habits of her early life, and would submit no longer to the exigencies of either a worldly life or the quiet routine of a homestead. She hated society and the world with a fierce indomitable hatred.

We shall take up her story from the time she left with her sister Mme Yahontoff, Russia for the Caucasus. The following events are extracted from the last named lady's diary and notes relating to Mme Blavatsky's occult doings.

Many were the strange manifestations that took place during the tedious three weeks long journey in their private coach by post-horses from Moscow to Tiflis. We will mention but a few of them, the first place in them belonging to the following that we publish verbatim from Mme Yahontoff's narrative of it.

At Zadonsk, the territory of the cossack army of the Don—a place of pilgrimage in Russia where the relics of St Tikhon are preserved—we halted for rest, and I prevailed upon my lazy sister to accompany me to the Church to hear the Mass. They had learned that in that day church service would be conducted near the said relics, by the then Metropolitan³⁸ of Kiev (at present, in 1884, the Metropolitan of St Petersburg), the famous and learned Isidore,³⁹ whom both of us had well known in our childhood and youth at Tiflis where he was for so many years the Exzarch⁴⁰ of Georgia (Caucasus). He had been a friend of our family for years and had often visited us. During service the venerable old man recognized us and immediately dispatched a monk after us, with an invitation to visit him at the Lord Archbishop's house. He received us





with great kindness. But hardly had we taken our seats in the drawing room of the Holy Metropolitan than a terrible hubbub, noises and loud raps in every conceivable direction burst suddenly upon us with a force, to which, even we were not accustomed: every bit of furniture in the big audience room cracked and thumped—from the huge chandelier under the ceiling, every one of whose crystal drops seemed to become endowed with self-motion, down to the table, and under the very elbows of his Holiness, who was leaning on it!



Useless to say how confused and embarrassed we looked—though truth compels me to say that my very irreverent sister's embarrassment was tempered with a greater expression of fun than I would have wished for. The Metropolitan Isidore saw at a glance our confusion and understood with his habitual sagacity the true cause of it. He had read a good deal about the so-called 'spiritual' manifestations and upon seeing a huge armchair gliding towards him, laughed and felt a good deal interested in this phenomenon. He inquired which of us two sisters had such a strange power, and wanted to know how it had been begun, manifesting when, and so forth. We explained to him all the particulars as well as we could; and after listening very attentively he suddenly asked Mme Blavatsky if she would permit him to offer her 'invisibles' a mental question. Of course. His Holiness was welcome to it—she answered.... (We do not feel at liberty to publish what the question was)...But when his very serious query had received an immediate answer—precise and to the very point he wanted it to be—His Holiness was so struck with amazement and felt so anxious and so interested in the phenomenon that he would not let us go and detained us with him for over three hours. He had even forgotten his dinner. Giving orders not to be interrupted, the venerable gentleman continued to hold conversation with his unseen visitors, expressing all the while his profound astonishment at their 'all-knowledge'.⁴¹

When bidding goodbye to us, the venerable old gentleman blessed the travellers and turning to Mme H.P. Blavatsky addressed to her these parting words:

'As to you, let not your heart be troubled by the gifts you are of, nor let it become a source of misery to you, hereafter: for it was surely given to you for some purpose, and you could not be held responsible for it...Quite the reverse! For if you but use it with discrimination you will be enabled to do much good to your fellow-creatures.'

These are the authentic words of his Holiness Isidore, the Metropolitan of our orthodox Greek Church



At one of the horse stations in the land of the Don Cossacks, a stationmaster in a rude manner told them that there were no horses available for them. The sun had not yet set and the night promised a full moon, but it appeared that they would have to lose time by staying there for several hours. Whatever their feelings, there was nothing to be done, especially since the stationmaster left and did not even want to talk to them. They had to start making arrangements for spending a night there, but faced a problem: there was only one small, vacant room available for them, one located near a hot and dirty kitchen. A clean room for guests was completely locked and for some reason nobody wanted to open it for them. Blavatsky started losing her patience. "How is this! Why do they give them neither horses nor room to spend a night?" Finally, "why is this room closed? How can we find out about it?" There was nobody to ask, however. The station looked deserted. Not a soul anywhere around! Blavatsky approached the low windows of the closed room and leaned against the window glass.

— "Well, I see!" she exclaimed in a moment. "Just wait! I will make the stationmaster to give us horses immediately."

So she walked away determinedly looking for him.

Her sister in turn, wanting to learn what was in the closed room, started looking into the room but, despite the fact that the room was lit by the setting sun, her profane eyes could see nothing except an ordinary station guest room.

To Ya_v's [Yahontov's] great surprise and pleasure, however, in less than ten minutes station workers, under the direction of the stationmaster, who looked lost and kept constantly bowing to them, gave them three excellent post-chaise horses and arranged *tarantass* [a springless carriage] for them, and they continued on their trip.

— "Please tell me, what is the sorcery that

of Russia, addressed by him in my presence to my sister Mme Blavatsky (signed V. Yahontoff).

On one of the stations where we had to change horses, the station-master told us very brutally that there were no fresh horses for us and that we had to wait. The sun had not yet gone down; it was full moon; the roads were good; and with all this we were made to lose several hours! This was provoking. Nevertheless there was nothing to be done, the more so as the station-master who was too drunk to be reasoned with, had found fit to disappear and refused to come and talk with us. We had to take the little unpleasantness as easily as we could and settle the best we knew how for the night: but even here we found an impediment. The small station house had but one room for travellers, near a hot and dirty kitchen, and even that one was locked and bolted, and no one would open the door for us without special orders. Mme Blavatsky was beginning to lose patience.

Well, this is fine!' she went on. We are refused horses, and even the room we are entitled to is shut for us! Why is it shut? Now I want to know and insist upon it.' But there was no one to tell us the reason why, for the station house seemed utterly empty and there was not a soul to be seen about. HPB approached the little low windows of the locked room and flattened her face against the window panes. 'Aha!' she suddenly exclaimed, that's what it is! Very well then. And now I can force that drunken brute to give us horses in a few minutes.'

And she started off in search of the station-master.

Curious to know what secret there was in the mysterious room, her sister and I approached the window in our turn and tried to fathom its unknown regions. But although the inside of the room was perfectly visible through the window, yet our uninitiated eyes could see nothing in it, save the ordinary furniture of a station house, dirty as they all are.

Nevertheless, to our delight and surprise, ten minutes had not passed when three excellent and strong post-horses were brought out, under the supervision of the station-master himself, who, pale and confused, had become as though by magic polite and full of obsequiousness. In a few minutes our carriage was ready and we continued our journey.

To our questions what sorcery had helped her





helped you to do this miracle?" Blavatsky's sister asked her.

— "Well, this is how it is!" she responded with a laugh. "The poor stationmaster thought I was a sorcerer when I told him that the person who had recently been lying

in a coffin in that room was asking him not to make us wait. At first he stared at me as if he was missing something, but when I described to him the face and a dress of the diseased woman, he turned pale and hurried to complete our travel papers. He must have wanted to get rid of me as soon as possible!" I managed to ask a woman working at the station about who had recently been buried, and it appeared that it was the stationmaster's wife who had died. In any case, I thank her for helping us!

to achieve such change in the drunken station-master, who but a moment before would pay no attention to us—Mme Blavatsky only laughed.

'Profit, and ask no questions!' she said. 'Why should you be so inquisitive?' It is but on the following day that she condescended to tell us that the wretched station-master must have most certainly taken her for a witch. It appears that upon finding him in a backyard she had shouted to him that the person whose body had just been standing in a coffin in the 'travellers room' was there again, and asked him not to detain us, for we would otherwise insist upon our right to enter the room and would disturb her spirit thereby. And when the man upon hearing this opened his eyes without appearing to understand what she was referring to, Mme Blavatsky hastened then to tell him that she was speaking of his deceased wife whom he had just buried, and who was there and would be there in that room until we had gone away. She then proceeded to describe the ghost in such a minute way that the unfortunate widower became as pale as death itself and hurried away to order fresh horses!

We laughed a good deal at this joke. Once more her clairvoyant powers had helped us practically.



VI.

Helena Petrovna spent slightly less than two years in Tiflis, and no more than four years in all in Transcaucasia. Toward the end of her stay there, when she was in Imeretia, Guria and Mingrelia, she engaged in organizing the log rafting and also nut-tree wood rafting because of the high value of the wood abroad. However, despite her other engagements, she did not give up her experiences in spiritualism, and her medium power had not abandoned her, but rather had become even more subject to Blavatsky's will. With the passage of time, spontaneous mediumistic events stopped following her about so persistently and, though their intensity and diversity did not decrease at all, Helena Petrovna preferred to receive their messages through writing by pencil when she was in a circle of people who were close to her: it was much simpler and faster. Sometimes during such séances, Helena Petrovna became motionless as if she was falling into a magnetic sleep, but even when she was in such a quasi-sleeping condition her hand continued twitching and writing on the paper. At those times, answers to questions asked in her mind were quite satisfactory.

H.P. Blavatsky resided at Tiflis less than two years, and not more than three in the Caucasus. The last year she passed roaming about in Imeretia, Gooria, - and Mingrelia. Notwithstanding this she did not abandon her occupations in occult sciences; her powers instead of weakening became with every day stronger and she seemed finally to subject to her direct will every kind of manifestation. The whole country was talking of her. The superstitious Gooriel and Mingrelian nobility began very soon to regard her as a magician and people came from afar off to consult her about their private affairs. She had long since given up communications through raps, and preferred—what was a far more rapid and satisfactory method—to answer people either verbally or by means of direct writing.⁴² At times during such process Mme Blavatsky seemed to fall into a kind of coma, of magnetic sleep with eyes widely open though even then her hand never ceased to move and continued its writing.⁴³ When thus answering to mental questions the answers were rarely unsatisfactory. Generally they stunned friends and enemies.

In those parts of the trans-Caucasian country



and along the coasts of the Black Sea, the various peoples notwithstanding their Christian persuasion which dates from the fourth century A.D. are as superstitious as any Pagans. Especially the half-savage, warlike Apkhasians, the Imeretenes and the Mingrelians—the descendants perhaps of those ancient Greeks who came with Jason in search of the Golden Fleece; for, according to historical legend it is the site of the archaic Colchide and the river Rion (Pharsis) rolled once upon a time its rapid waves upon golden sand and ore instead of the modern gravel and stones. Therefore, it was but natural that the princes and 'noblemen' of the land, who live in their 'castles' scattered throughout and stuck like nests in a thick foliage in the dense woods and forests of Mingrelia and Imeretia, and who, hardly half a century back, were nearly all half-brigands when not full-blown highwaymen, fanatical as neopolitan monks and ignorant as Italian noblemen, should have viewed such a character as was then Mme Blavatsky in the light of a witch when not in that of a beneficent magician. As later in life, wherever she went, her friends were many but her enemies still more numerous. If she cured and helped those who believed themselves sincerely bewitched, she was to make herself cruel enemies of those who were supposed to have bewitched and spoiled the victims. Refusing the presents and 'thanks' of those she relieved of the 'evil eye'—she rejected at the same time with contempt the bribes of their enemies; for whatever her slanderers might have invented against her character, no one has yet ever attempted, least of all succeeded, in proving her a mercenary woman, or one bent upon money-making. Thus for every sincere good wisher, she got half a dozen enemies. And, while the whole clan of the Princes Gouriel—especially the two brothers Namia and Otto, the grandsons of the last sovereign of Gooria, and some of the Princes Dadiani, Absahidze and others, were they and their families among her devoted friends, many other native princes—these countries being regular hotbeds of titled paupers—were as inimical to Mme Blavatsky for one or another cause as some too orthodox American fogies, Spiritualists and their host of mediums became later on in the United States.⁴⁴ Stories after stories were invented about her; calumny was rife, and receded before no lie to ruin her character.

She defied them all, and would submit to no restraint, to none of those well-known worldly measures of propitiating Public Opinion. She avoided society; and showing her scorn of its idols, was treated as a dangerous iconoclast. All her sympathies went towards and with



that tabooed portion of humanity which society pretends to ignore and avow, while secretly running after its more or less renowned members the card-tellers, the necromancers, the obsessed and the possessed and such like mysterious personages. The native Koodiani (magicians, sorcerers), Persian thaumaturgists, and old Armenian hags—healers and fortunetellers—were the first she generally sought out and took under her protection. Finally Public Opinion became furious; and society—that mysterious somebody in general and nobody in particular—made an open levee of arms against one of their own who dared to defy its time-hallowed laws and ‘act as no respectable person would’—roaming in forests, alone, on horseback, and preferring smoky huts to brilliant drawing-rooms.

At that juncture, Mme Blavatsky—perhaps very happily for her—was taken very sick. No doctor could understand her illness. It was one of those mysterious nervous diseases that baffles science and eludes the grasp of everyone but an expert psychologist. As she told to some of her friends she began from that time to lead a ‘double life’. What she meant, none of the good people of Imeretia could understand.⁴⁵ She was residing at that time at Ozourgetti, a military settlement in Mingrelia, where she had bought a house. It is a little town, lost amongst the woods, which in those days had neither roads nor conveyances—but the most primitive ones, in carts or on horseback—and which, to the very time of the last Russo-Turkish war, was unknown outside of the Caucasus. The only doctor—the army surgeon—could make out nothing of the symptoms and as she was visibly and rapidly declining, he packed her off to Tiflis, to her friends. Unable owing to her great weakness to go on horseback or to bear a journey in a cart, she was sent off in a large native canoe along the river—a journey of four days to Koutais.

What precisely took place during that time we are unable to state, since she was alone and nearly insensible in that solitary boat, and had with her but three Mingrelian servants. The little river they were sailing along was, though navigable, rarely if ever used as a means of transit, at any rate, before the war. Hence the information we got came solely from her servants, and was very confused. It appears though that as they were gliding slowly along the narrow stream cutting its way between two steep and woody banks, the servants were several times—during three consecutive nights, frightened out of their senses by seeing, what they swore was their mistress gliding off from the boat and across the water



Meanwhile, spontaneous events, though not that much often, continued happening and were pretty wonderful. These included the event described below.

At dusk, Helena Petrovna came into the room of her aunt N.A.F. [Nadyezhda Andreyevna Fadeyev] and told her that she felt sleepy. Her aunt suggested she lie down on her bed and Helena Petrovna readily did so. She had scarcely fallen asleep, however, when her aunt heard steps. She turned around and there was nobody there! In a minute, she heard something again, not exactly steps but some kind of unusual sounds, as if something was being dragged or pushed along the floor so that the floorboards were creaking under the heavy weight. The sound moved across the room and stopped at the bed where Helena Petrovna was sleeping. Then, one of the books on a table opened, fell off the table's surface, flew up to the ceiling and then fell back down on the floor.

Alarmed, though not really afraid, Nadyezhda Andreyevna stood up to pick the book from the floor and

in the distance of the woods, while the body of that same mistress was lying prostrate on her bed at the bottom of the boat. Twice the men who towed the canoe upon seeing the 'form' ran away shrieking and in great terror. Had it not been for a faithful old servant who was taking care of her, the boat and the patient would have been abandoned in the middle of the stream. On the last evening, the servant he saw two figures while the third—his mistress In flesh and bones, was sleeping before his eyes. No sooner had they arrived at Koutais, where Madame Blavatsky had a distant relative residing at that place, when all the servants, with the exception of the old butler, left her and returned no more.

It was with great difficulty that Mme B. was transferred to Tiflis. A carriage and a friend of the family were sent to meet her; and she was brought to the house of her friends—apparently dying.

She never talked upon that subject with anyone. But as soon as miraculously restored to life and health, she left Caucasus and went to Italy. Yet it was before her departure from the country in 1864 that the nature of her powers seemed to have been entirely changed. Toward the end of her convalescence some independent and remarkable phenomena had—though very rarely—occurred as they had before in her youth. We give one of them. One afternoon, very weak and delicate after her terrible illness which had lasted seven months, Mme Blavatsky came into her aunt's, NA Fadeyeffs, room. After a few words of conversation, remarking that she felt very tired and sleepy, she was offered to rest upon a sofa. Hardly had her head touched the cushion that she fell into a profound sleep. Her aunt quietly resumed some writing she had interrupted to talk with her niece. When suddenly, soft but quite audible, steps in the room behind her chair made her rapidly turn her head to see who was the intruder—she was anxious that Mme Blavatsky should not be disturbed. The room was empty! There was no other living person in it but herself and her sleeping niece, yet the steps continued audibly as though under a soft, yet heavy person, the floor creaking all the while. Approaching the sofa they suddenly ceased. Then she heard strange sounds as though someone was whispering near Mme Blavatsky: and presently a book placed on a table, near the sofa, was seen by NA. Fadeyeff to open, and its pages kept turning to and fro, as if an invisible hand were busy at it. Another book was snatched and flew in the same direction.

More astonished than frightened—for everyone in the house had been trained in, and become quite familiar





asked: "What's going on? What happened?" With that, everything stopped that night and the events did not recur any more.

At present, all these spontaneous manifestations of Blavatsky's mediumistic power have ceased, although we can not say exactly when this happened because she departed from Russia and did not touch upon this subject in her letters. From her letters, we only knew that she was constantly travelling, and that afterwards she did not give way to the temptation of using these powers as other, weaker person would have done, but on the contrary gradually placed them under her command.

to wake up her niece in order to stop these events. At that moment, however, the heavy chair near the bed moved and fell down. The noise awoke the sleeping woman, who opened her eyes, sat on the bed, started looking around and

with, such manifestations—N.A.F. arose from her arm-chair to awaken her niece, hoping thereby to put a stop to the phenomena. But at the same moment, a heavy arm-chair moved at the other side of the room and rattling on the floor glided toward the sofa. Mme Blavatsky, who upon opening her eyes, enquired of the invisible presence what was the matter? A few more whisperings and all relapsed into quietness and silence and there was nothing more of the sort during the rest of the evening.⁴⁶

At the date we write it is now over twenty years that every phenomenon independent of her will-power—except such as the one described and that Mme Blavatsky attributes to quite a different cause than spiritual manifestation, which, however we cannot judge—has entirely ceased. When, at what time, this complete change in her occult powers was wrought we are unable to say, as she was far away from our observations and spoke of it but rarely—never unless distinctly asked in our own correspondence to answer the question. From her letters we learned only that she was always travelling, rarely settling for any length of time in one place. And we believe her statements with regard to her powers to have been entirely true, when she wrote to tell us that 'now (in 1865) I will never be subjected any longer to external influences. The last vestiges of my psycho-physiological weakness is gone to return no more... I am cleansed and purified of that dreadful attraction to myself of stray spooks and ethereal affinities (?). I am free, free, thanks to Them whom I now bless at every hour of my life.'

We believe in this statement the more as for nearly five years we have had personal opportunity of following the various and gradual phases in the transformations of that force. At Pskoff and Rougodevo it happened very often that she could not control, nor even stop, its manifestations. Then she seemed to master it with every day more; until, after her extraordinary and protracted illness, she seemed to defy and subject it entirely to her will. This was proven by her stopping at her will and by previous arrangement such phenomena for days and weeks. Then when the term was over she could produce them at her command and leaving the choice of what should happen to those present. In short, it is our firm belief that there when a less strong nature would, have been surely wrecked in the struggle, her indomitable will found somehow or other the means of subjecting the world of the Invisibles—to the denizens of which she has ever refused the name of 'spirits' and souls—to her own control. How this was achieved it is not for us to say. Perhaps, at some future time she may be prevailed upon





Mme Blavatsky has never stopped being interested in spiritualism studies and still is. For instance, in the mid-1860s, when she was living in Cairo (from whence she toured often into the depths of Africa) she was a vice-president of the local society of spiritualists,⁹ about which the local French newspapers of that time recount a lot of curious details.

From the reports of this society as well as from certain facts that are known to us, it is obvious that Blavatsky's mediumistic powers here not diminished. Here is one of the demonstrations.

to write her own autobiography, for she alone and no one else can do it, with profit to those readers who may be interested in psychic mysteries. At present we can only speak of those events that can be easily verified and that we know to be true.



We have learned, for instance from her own letters as well as from the independent testimony of several trustworthy persons who knew her at the time—a well known Russian millionaire banker and his wife of Cairo, our Consul, the late Mr Lavison, in Alexandria, and several other personal friends—that in Egypt as elsewhere she was ever in pursuit of mystic knowledge and of adepts in occult sciences. It was when she had left Russia for the second time, and after several years of silence we began receiving again occasionally letters from her. She was as ardent as ever in her investigations of psychic phenomena. Mediums she held in as little esteem as ever, for she considered them one and all as weak, passive creatures, sickly sensitives with no will of their own. But she was bound she said, to prove to the World of the Spiritualists that by no means all of the agents 'behind the veil'—the producers of those meaningless, brutal physical phenomena that so rejoice the hearts of our unphilosophical wonder-hunters—are 'spirits' of departed mortals; that mediums, the high-priests of the new religion of the day and their parishioners, the Spiritualists, were both in the wrong box: 'their spirits are no spirits but spooks', she writes in one of her letters—'rags, the cast off second skins of their personalities that the dead shed in the astral light as serpents shed theirs on earth, leaving no connection between the new reptile and his previous garments.'

Hence, in 1870 she wrote from Cairo to tell us that, having just returned from India, and shipwrecked somewhere en passant, she had to wait in Egypt for some time before she returned home. In the meantime she determined to establish a Society Spirite for the investigation of mediums and phenomena according to Allan Kardec's theories and philosophy, since there was no other; to give people a chance to see for themselves how mistaken they were. She would first give room to an already established and accepted teaching and then, when the public would see that nothing was coming out of it, she would then offer her own explanations. To accomplish this object, she said, she was ready to go to any amount of trouble—even to allowing herself to be regarded for a time as a helpless medium. They know no better and it does me no harm⁴⁷ —for I will very soon show them the difference between a passive medium and



an active doer,' she explains.

A few weeks later we received a new letter. In this one she showed herself full of disgust for the enterprise which proved a perfect failure. She had written, it seems, to England and France for a medium and had no response. En desespote de cause she had surrounded herself with amateur mediums—French female spiritists, mostly beggarly tramps when not adventuresses in the rear end baggage of M. de Lesseps' army of engineers and workmen on the canal of Suez.



They steal the Society's money'— she wrote— 'they drink like sponges and I had caught them cheating most shamefully our members, who come to investigate the phenomena, by bogus manifestations. I had very disagreeable scenes with several persons who held me alone responsible for all this. So I gave orders that their fees of membership (20 francs) should be returned to them and I will bear myself the costs and money laid out for hire of premises and furniture. My famous Societe Spirite has not lasted one fortnight—it is a heap of ruins, less majestic but as suggestive as those of the Pharaoh's tombs...To wind up the comedy with a drama I got nearly shot by a madman—a Greek clerk who had been present at the only two public seances we held and got possessed, I suppose, by some vile spook. He premised by running about the bazaars and streets of Cairo with a cocked revolver, screaming that I had sent to him during three nights running a host of she-demons, of Spirits who were attempting to choke him!! He rushed into my house with his revolver, and finding me in the breakfast room, declared that he had come to shoot me and would wait till I had done with my meal. It was very kind of him, for in the meanwhile I forced him to drop his pistol and to rush out once more out of the house. He is now shut up in the lunatic asylum and I swear to put an end forever to such public seances—they are too dangerous and I am not practised and strong enough to control the wicked spooks that may approach my friends during such sittings... I had told you before: how that this kind of promiscuous seances with mediums in the circle are a regular whirlpool—a maelstrom of bad magnetism during which time the so-called spirits (vile Kikimoral) feed upon us, suck in, sponge-like our vital powers and draw us down to their own plane of being. But you will never understand this without "going over a portion, at least, if not the whole range of writings that exist upon this subject."⁴⁸

(HPB's account tallies with what is known of her attempt to start a society for psychic research before the advent of the Theosophical Society in 1875. The April



1872 Spiritual Magazine of London had reported, under the heading of 'Spiritualism in Cairo', that 'A Society of Spiritualists has been formed in Cairo, Egypt, under the direction of Madame Blavatsky, a Russian lady, assisted by several mediums. Seances are held twice a week, namely, on Tuesday and Friday evenings, to which members alone are admissible. It is intended to establish, in connection with the Society, a lecture room, and library of Spiritualistic and other works, as well as a journal under the title *La Revue Spirite du Caire*, to appear on the 1st and 15th each month.' But this was not to be. Emma Coulomb who met HPB at this time, drawn to the *Societe Spirite* in the hope of contacting her recently deceased brother, reveals that HPB was not present at the seance that led to the Society's collapse. For she says she found a room full of angry people, and 'I went away leaving the crowd as red as fire to knock her down when she came back. Later on I met her again, and I asked her how she came to do such a thing; to which she answered that it was Madame Sebire's doings (this was a lady who lived with Madame Blavatsky), so I let the drop.' (Some Account of My Intercourse with Madame Blavatsky, Madras 1884, pp. 3-4.) HPB outlines the difference between the teachings of the French Spiritualist Allan Kardec (pseudonym of H. Rival, 1803-69) and that of the Occultists in an editorial note in *The Theosophist* Aug. 1883, p. 281, repr. in B:CWV, 105-106.]



She broke all connection with the 'mediums', shut up her *Societe*, and went to live in Boulak near the Museum. Then it seems, she came in rapport with a very extraordinary personage, an old Copt gentleman, who, for several weeks was the only one to visit her. He had a strange reputation in Egypt, and the masses regarded him as a magician. Mr Lavison told a Russian gentleman, then commander of a frigate—Mr N—that he had outlined and predicted for him for twenty-five years to come, nearly his (Lavison's) daily life — even to the day of his death. The Egyptian high officials pretending to laugh at him behind his back, dreaded and visited him secretly. Ismail Pasha, the Khedive, had consulted him more than once but would not consent to follow his advice to resign. These visits of an old man who was reported to hardly ever stir from his house (situated at about ten miles from town) to a foreigner were much commented upon. New slanders and scandals were set on foot. The idle sceptics who had, moved by idle curiosity, visited the Society and witnessed the whole failure, made capital of the thing; ridiculing the idea of phenomena, they had as a natural result declared all such claims as pure fraud and charlatanry all round.



Conveniently mixing up the whole truth, they had even gone to the length of maintaining that, instead of paying the mediums and the expenses of the Society, it was Mme Blavatsky who had herself been paid, and had attempted to palm off juggler tricks as genuine phenomena. Thus evil-tongued furies followed their victim at every step. But wicked inventions and rumours set-up on foot by her enemies—mostly the discharged French women ‘mediums’—prevented not Mme Blavatsky in the least from pursuing her studies and proving to every honest investigator that her extraordinary powers of clairvoyance and clairsaudience were facts and independent from mere physical manifestations over which she possessed an undeniable control. That strange power—witnessed so often by us at Pskoff, Rougodevo, Tiflis and elsewhere—to attract inanimate objects to herself, by simply looking at them, to set metal things in motion and vibration without any direct contact with them and sometimes at a great distance, instead of deserting her, or even diminishing, had evidently increased with years. A gentleman friend, Mr G. Yakovlef who happened to visit at that time Egypt, wrote to his friends most enthusiastic letters about Mme Blavatsky. Thus he wrote to his fellow-officer in the same regiment a letter we have seen: ‘She is a marvel—an unfathomable mystery... That which she produces is simply phenomenal; and without believing any more in spirits than I ever did, I am ready to believe in witchcraft. If it is after all but jugglery then we have in H.P. Blavatsky a woman who beats all the Boscós and Robert Houdins of this century by her address... Once I showed her a closed medallion containing a portrait of one person and the hair of another—I had in my possession but after a few months, which was made in Moscow and of which very few know—and she told me without touching it, “Oh! it is your godmother’s portrait and your cousin’s hair... Both are dead.” And she proceeded forthwith to describe them as though she had both before her eyes. Now, godmother as you know—who left my eldest daughter her fortune—is dead 15 years ago. How could she know’ etc.

Further on he speaks of meeting her at a table d’hôte with some friends in an hotel of Alexandria. Refusing to go with them to the theatre afterwards they remained alone, sitting on a sofa and having a chat together. Before the sofa then stood a little teapot on which the waiter had placed for Mr Yakovlef a bottle of liqueur, some wine, a small wine glass and a tumbler. As he was carrying the former with its contents of gloria to his mouth, without any visible cause the glass broke



In recent years, a lot of changes happened in her family. Our grandfather and the husband of her aunt passed away, and all the family moved to Odessa. Helena Petrovna herself had not in a long time been to Tiflis, where her sister and her family were temporarily staying. Often, some of the former F_ev [Fadeyev] serfs who, because of their declining years, were not able to maintain themselves, turned to her for help. Ya_v [Yahontov] was not able to help them much but, since she knew them for such a long time, she did all she could. For example, she made arrangements for placing two old men in a town almshouse — Maxim, a cook, and his brother Peter, who was an agile servant long time ago but later had lost one

in his hand into many pieces. She laughed, appearing overjoyed, and made the remark that she hated liqueurs or wine, and could hardly tolerate those who used them too freely...

‘You do not mean to infer that it was you who had broke my wine-glass? It is simply an accident. The glass is very thin; it was perhaps cracked and I squeezed it too strongly. I lied purposely, for I had just made the mental remark that it seemed very strange and incomprehensible, the glass being very thick and strong, just as a verve h. liqueur would be. But I wanted to draw her out...

‘She looked at me very seriously and her eyes flashed. “What will you bet,” she asked, “that I do it again?”

‘Well, we will try it on the spot. If you do, I will be the first to proclaim you a true magician. If not, we will have a good laugh at you or your spirits tomorrow at the Consulate.” And saying so I half-filled the tumbler with wine and prepared to drink it. But no sooner had the glass touched my lips than I felt it shattered between my fingers and my hand bled, wounded by a piece in my instinctive act of grasping the tumbler tighter when I felt myself losing its hold.

“Entre les levres et la coupe, il y a quelquefois une grande distance,” she observed sententiously, and left the room, laughing at my face most outrageously.’

Moreover, the numerous family of her relatives can attest that she seemed to know all she wanted to as to their doings, sayings, and household affairs. We ask her own sister, Mme Jelihovsky—to know whom is to feel convinced that she is incapable of inventing or even exaggerating anything, and who, moreover, an ardent Christian, has ended by regarding all such manifestations with a friendly eye—to tell the tale. The following letter published by her in a Russian periodical gives one of such proofs of the aforesaid power of knowing events at a distance.

‘During the latter years many were the changes that had taken place In our family: our grandfather and aunt’s husband (who had both occupied very high official positions in Tiflis) had died and the whole family had left Caucasus to settle permanently in Odessa. H.P. Blavatsky had not visited the country for nearly seven years, and there remained in Tiflis but her younger sister with her family, and a number of old servants, ancient serfs of the late General Fad’eyeffs, who, once liberated, could not be kept without wages in the house they had been born in and had been gradually all sent away. These people, some of whom were unable owing to old age to work for their living, came constantly for help to Mme





of his arms and became a hard drunkard. From time to time, these people came to greet her on the holidays.

Shortly after that, when Blavatsky was living in Europe, Ya_v [Yahontov] also moved to Odessa. The sisters' correspondence was far from being frequent and was limited to short messages. After a long pause in their correspondence, Ya_v [Yahontov] received a long and very interesting letter from Blavatsky, part of which consisted of separate pages torn out of a notebook with writing in pencil under the canopy of Pyramids of Egypt where Blavatsky had traveled with a big company of her fellow members of the "Society of Spiritualists." She described astonishing events that occurred during their trip, and incidentally asked her sister the following: "Please tell me, Vera, is it true that one-armed Peter died yesterday (the



Jelihovsky. Unable to pension so many she did what she could for them. Among other things she had obtained a permanent home at the City Refuge Home for two old men, late servants of her family: a cook called Maxim and his brother Piotre—once upon a time a very decent footman, but at the time of the event— an incorrigible drunkard who had lost his arm in consequence.

'On that summer Madame Yahontoff (who had during the interval married her second husband V. Jelihovsky) had gone to reside during the hot months of the year at Manglis, the headquarters of the Regiment of Erivan—some thirty miles from town. She had just received the news that her sister had returned from India and was going to remain for some time in Egypt. The two sisters corresponded very rarely, at long intervals, and their letters were generally short. But after a prolonged silence Mme Jelihovsky (Yahontoff) received from HPB a very long and interesting letter. A portion of it consisted of flying sheets tom out from a note-book and these were all covered with pencil writing. The strange events they recorded had been all put down on the spot, some under the shadow of the great Pyramid of Cheops, and some of them inside Pharaoh's Chamber. It appears that Mme B. had gone there several times, once with a large company, some of whom were Spiritualists. Some most wonderful phenomena were described by some of her companions as having taken place in broad daylight in the desert when they were sitting under a tent; while other notes in Mme Blavatsky's writing recorded the strange sights she saw in the Cimmerian darkness of the King's Chamber when she had been left alone in the Pyramid comfortably seated inside the sarcophagus. But as her narrative in the notes is very broken, consisting as it does of rough notes, we leave a description of what she saw to herself when she is ready to give it out. We rather narrate the strangest case of clairvoyance that ever came under our personal notice. It is a striking case of what Spiritualists generally call "spirit identity". We give a fragment of Mme Blavatsky's letter.

"Let me know, Vera," she wrote, "whether it is true that the old Piotre is dead? He must have died last night or at some time yesterday?" (the date on the stamp of the envelope showed that it had left Egypt ten days previous to the one it was received) "Just fancy what happened! A friend of mine, a young English lady and medium, stood writing mechanically on bits of paper, leaning upon an old Egyptian tomb. The pencil had begun tracing perfect gibberish—in characters that had never existed nowhere as a philologist told u&—when suddenly, and as I was



date on the letter indicated that the letter was sent from Egypt ten days before)? Listen, one of our English women fellows was a medium, and when she was writing with a pencil on a piece of paper with the sarcophagus of a Pharaoh as

a table, phrases suddenly appeared in a language that none of her fellow travelers knew. I was passing by and approached them just in time to stop them from throwing away the piece of paper with a message on it written in an unintelligible scribble and appealing to me in Russian: “*Baryshnia* [young lady]! *Baryshnia*! Will you pray for me, a sinful man? I suffer. I want a drink! I suffer!” “In using this term, ‘*baryshnia*,’ the name our old servants will probably call us until we get old,” Helena Petrovna continued, “I realized that it was one of them, so I took a pencil myself to receive a message from him. I don’t know if it’s true, but he introduced himself as Peter Kucherov and notified me that he had passed away in an almshouse at the hospital of doctor Goralevich where you put him together with Maxim who supposedly died earlier. You did not mention it in your letters. Tell me, is it true?” This was followed by a detailed description of the scene and Peter’s own words when he was complaining about the painful feeling of an unquenchable thirst he was suffering as punishment for his hard drinking when he was alive. At the end of the letter was a postscript saying that she no longer had any doubts about the death of two brothers because the same night she had seen both of them.

Her sister, who was intrigued by this news, immediately sent a wire to Tiflis and received an answer fully confirming the news recounted by Blavatsky: Peter had died about ten days before, the same day indicated in Helena Petrovna’s letter, and his brother had died two days earlier.

looking from behind her back, they changed into what I thought was Russian letters. My attention having been called elsewhere, I had just left her when I heard people saying that what she had written was now evidently in some existing characters, but neither she nor any one else could read them. I came back just in time to prevent her from destroying that slip of paper as she had done with the rest, and was rewarded. Possessing myself of the rejected slip, fancy my astonishment on finding it contained in Russian an evident apostrophe to myself!

‘“*Barishnya*’ (little or “young miss”), “dear *baryshnya*!” said the writing. “Help, oh help me, miserable sinner!...I suffer: drink, drink, give me a drink\...I suffer, suffer!” From this term *barysh-nya*—a title our old servants will, I see, use with us two even after our hair will have grown white with age—I understood immediately that the appeal came from one of our old servants and took therefore the matter in hand by arming myself with a pencil to record what I would myself see. I found the name *Piotre Koutcherof* echoed in my mind quite distinctly, and before me an undistinguishable mass, a formless pillar of grey smoke, and thought I heard it repeat the same words. Furthermore I saw that he had died in Dr Gorolevitch’s hospital attached to the City Refuge—the Tiflis Work House I suppose. Moreover, as I made out, it is you who had placed him in company with his old brother, our old Maxim, who had died a few days before him. You had never written me about poor Maxim’s death. Do tell me whether it is so or not...”

‘Further on followed her description of the whole vision as she had it, later on in the evening, when alone, and the authentic words pronounced by “*Piotre’s spook*” as she called it. The “spirit” (?) was bitterly complaining of thirst and was becoming quite desperate. It was a punishment it said—and the spook seemed to know it well—for his drunkenness during the lifetime of that personality!...“An agony of thirst, that nothing could quench...an ever living Are!” as she explained it.

‘Mme Blavatsky’s letter ended with a postscript in which she notified her sister that her doubts had all been settled. She saw the astral “spooks” of both the brothers—one harmless and passive, the other active and dangerous.⁴⁹

‘Upon the receipt of this letter, her sister was struck with surprise. Ignorant herself of the death of the parties mentioned, she telegraphed immediately to town and the answer received from doctor Gorolevitch corroborated the news announced by Mine Blavatsky in every particular. *Piotre* had died on the very same day





In order to prove the evident authenticity of this event, we think it is necessary to add that Blavatsky could not have known about the death of these two old men. They died in Tiflis, where Helena Petrovna had not maintained any correspondents. In addition, only ten days had passed from the date of death of the second old man until the date of Blavatsky's letter, a period of time too short to make the exchange of written communications with Egypt possible. It is obvious that there was no question of wire exchange possible.

and date as given in HPB's letter, and his brother two days earlier.'

That the genuineness of such clairvoyance should become self-evident, we must add that it was practically impossible that Mme Blavatsky should have learned on the same day of the death of the two old men, they at Tiflis and she in Egypt. Since even her sister who lived thirty miles from Tiflis knew nothing of the event so long as ten days after. The date on her letter and that on the envelope of the post-office showed it was written and sent on the day following that on which the death occurred; and ten days are barely sufficient for a letter to reach Tiflis from Egypt. As to a question of a telegram, the idea is positively absurd. For years Madame Blavatsky had ceased to hold any communication with Tiflis. She corresponded with no one except with Mme Jelihovsky—and this very rarely—and the decease of two obscure old serfs in the poor-house is not an event that is generally announced to the world by the (word indecipherable) Agency.



Disgusted with her failure and the gossip it provoked, she soon went home via Palestine, and lingered for some months longer, making a voyage to Palmira and other ruins, whither she went with Russian friends. Accounts of some of the incidents of her journey found their way into the French and even American papers. At the end of 1872 she returned according to her usual habit without warning and surprised her family at Odessa. But her new advent had not been this time unexpected for it had been announced nearly two years before. [A reference to the 1870 Mahatma letter received by HPB's aunt N. Fadeyev, telling that she would return to her family before 18 new moons.]

VII.

Since we are trying not to collect evidence of the later life of Mme Blavatsky from her own letters, and since we are talking only about facts that we ourselves witnessed or that we acquired from sources that are undoubtedly unbiased, we must skip a few years of Helena Petrovna's life almost without a pause. Those who wish to fill this gap can easily do it using the information from foreign newspapers: since the end of the 1860s, the newspapers of Cairo, Alexandria, Tunisia and Greece where Mme Blavatsky spent a part of this decade constantly discussed her activities. Currently, American and Indian newspapers aren't surpassed by them in this respect.

At the beginning of 1870s, once again, Mme Blavatsky visited the south of Russia and then left her

We have hitherto avoided to get our statements about Mme Blavatsky's doings—when she was far away from home—out of her own letters. We have introduced into this semi-biographical sketch only such events and phenomenal facts as we know are correct to a detail; for, we had been either [MS broken] eyewitnesses to them or had transcribed them from the written [MS broken]. We now enter into an epoch of her life when she appears as a public character, the papers of all countries become familiar with her name, and where anyone may follow her step by step in her daily life. We send such as are interested to the back files of the daily and periodical press (from 1870) of Tunis, Egypt, and Greece, and to which we may add from the year 1875 to 1884 those of America,



homeland for good where despite her numerous “outstanding” talents she could not apply them since she did not have the necessary connections and patronage. Russian journalists opened their doors to her only after the press of

the Old and New World started talking about her.

In 1872, Helena Petrovna moved to North America. After having traveled around and becoming quite familiar with the country, she settled in New York where she lived seven years. She spent these years constantly working trying to acquire knowledge in her favorite subject. In addition to four or five languages that she already knew, she learnt a few more including three ancient languages – Latin, Hebrew and Sanskrit. She had learned Greek earlier, when she was living in Athens. When she was studying Sanskrit, in addition to language manuals she greatly enjoyed the assistance of a Hindu man who was close to the Theosophical Society. Helena Petrovna managed to make the doors of the New York Public Library always open to her, and she was able even to consult bibliographical rarities not available for general public use. The fruit of these hard-working years was her extensively researched theological two-volume book which, in spite of its abstract substance, was re-printed within six months of its publication. We are talking about her “The Isis Unveiled” book that gave rise to a lot of talk in a foreign press; though it was almost unnoticed in our country.

During this period, Mme Blavatsky, while not denying the reality of mediumistic events, developed a new vision about their origin and the medium’s role in their manifestations.¹⁰ Under the influence of her new vision, she began denying her mediumistic powers. She persistently rejected the name of spiritist that was imposed on her in the press.

India, Russia, England, and finally those of Paris and Germany.



She left Russia (Odessa) for the last time in April 1873, after a few months of sojourn with her relatives, for Paris where she was anxious to meet a cousin. She could never find an outlet for her activity large enough to satisfy her aspirations in her own country, and even the sphere of Russian journalism had become open to her only after the press of the Old and New World had made her name known all over Christendom, and the heathen lands.

In June of the same year she was in Paris where she had intended to reside for sometime, when suddenly she received a letter—‘an advice I have neither the desire, or possibility of resisting’ as she explained it to us in her correspondence—from one of her Teachers in the far East. Hardly after two months’ rest she had to pack up her trunks once more and cross over to the U.S. of America. She did this, as we all know it, unhesitatingly and at two days’ notice. She arrived at New York on July 7th 1873 and resided in that city—with the exceptions of a few weeks and months when she had to visit other cities and places—for over six years, after which time she got her naturalization papers. All these years she passed in investigating and studying her favourite subject—Occult Sciences. Beside the four or five languages she knew in her youth, she had begun studying the Latin and the Hebrew—the latter and the Kabala with a Rabbi, a great Occultist—and she knew the Greek still earlier, having studied it at Athens. But she neglected and finally abandoned all this for the study of Indian philosophies and religions, for she had ever raved about the Aryans and there had ever been an incomprehensible attraction for her in that far away country; the cradle, she assured, of all the secrets and mysteries of Nature, and its depository to the present day.

The outcome of all these studies was the Theosophical Society of New York ‘founded by her with the help of Colonel H.S. Olcott’ and a few others; and her scientific-theological work in two large volumes, which is at present in its seventh edition. We speak of Isis Unveiled, by turns so praised and so abused in the European press.

It is in America, if we have understood and inferred



the fact correctly through her letters home, that her final opinion about mediumistic, or the so-called Spiritualistic phenomena was made and forever settled. Without having ever denied the reality of such manifestations, since she had been familiar with them from her childhood, she finally openly professed to be able to explain their cause and origin, and the mysterious processes that take place within and without the medium's body.



This is what she wrote from America in 1874.

The more I see of mediums—for the United States are a true nursery, the most prolific hot-bed for mediums and sensitives of all kinds, genuine and artificial—the more I see the danger humanity is surrounded with. Poets speak of the thin partition between this world and the other. They are blind: there is no partition at all, except the difference of states in which the dead and the living exist and the grossness of the physical senses of the majority of mankind. Yet—these senses are our salvation. They were given to us by a wise and sagacious mother and nurse—Nature; for otherwise individuality and even personality would have become impossible: the dead would be ever merging into the living and the latter assimilating the former. Were there around us but one variety of 'spirits'—as well call the dregs of wine, spirits—the reliquiae of those mortals who are dead and gone, one could reconcile oneself with it. We cannot avoid in some way or the other to assimilate our dead, and little by little and unconsciously to ourselves we become they—even physically, especially in the unwise West where cremation is unknown. We breathe and eat, and devour the dead—men and animals—with every breath we draw in; as every human breath that goes out makes up the bodies and feeds the formless creatures in the air that will be men some day. So much for the physical process; for the mental and the intellectual and also the spiritual it is just the same: we interchange gradually our brain- molecules, our intellectual and even spiritual auras, hence—our thoughts, desires, and aspirations with those who preceded us. This process—rather novel in its ultimate views to physiology and biology—is one for humanity in general. It is a natural one and one in the economy and laws of nature, owing to which one's son may become gradually his own grandfather and one's aunt to boot, imbibing their combined atoms and thus accounting for the possible resemblance (atavism?!)—but also one in which the latter could never become their grandson or nephew. But there is another law, an exceptional one and which manifests itself among mankind sporadically and periodically: the law of forced post-mortem assimilation:



during the prevalence of which epidemic, the dead invade from their respective spheres the domain of the living—only within the limits of the regions they lived, very luckily, and in which they are buried.⁵⁰ In such cases the duration and intensity of this epidemic depends upon the welcome they receive, upon whether they find the doors opening widely to receive them or not, and whether the necromantic plague will be increased by magnetic attraction, the desire of the mediums, sensitives, and the curious themselves, or whether again, the danger being signalled, ‘the epidemic will be wisely repressed.



‘Such a periodical visitation occurs now in America. It began with innocent children—the little Misses Fox—playing unconsciously with this terrible weapon, and, welcomed and passionately invited to “come in”, the whole of the dead community seemed to rush in, and get a more or less stronger hold of the living. I went on purpose to a family of strong mediums—the Eddys—and watched for over a fortnight, making experiments, which, of course, I kept to myself....You remember, Vera, how I made experiments for you at Rougodevo, how often I saw the ghosts of those who had been living in the house and described them to you—for you could never see them. Well it was the same daily and nightly in Vermont. I saw and watched them, these soulless creatures, the shadows of their terrestrial bodies, from which in most cases soul and spirit had fled long ago but which thrived and preserved their semi-material shadows, at the expense of the hundreds of visitors that came and went as well as of the mediums. And I remarked under the advice of my Master that (1) those apparitions which were genuine were produced by the “ghosts” of those who had lived and died within a certain area of those mountains: (2) those who had died far away were less entire—a mixture of the real shadow and of that which lingered in the personal aura of the visitor for whom it purported to come; and (3) the purely fictitious ones or as I call them, the reflections of genuine ghosts or shadows of the deceased personality. To explain myself clearer, it was not the spooks that assimilated the medium, but the medium—W. Eddy—who assimilated unconsciously to himself the picture of the dead relatives and friends from the aura of the sitters....

‘It was horrid, ghastly, to watch the process! It made me often sick and giddy, but I had to look at it, and the most I could do was to hold the disgusting creatures at arm’s length. But it was a sight to see the welcome given these umbrae by the Spiritualists! They wept and rejoiced around the medium clothed in these empty



Thus in 1877, in one of her letters she wrote the following:

“Are we the spiritists? Good Lord! I joined the Theosophical Society (which is a local branch of the India Arya Society), more exactly the brotherhood called Arya Samaj, just because they fly a banner of truth and science to oppose honestly all the prejudices and abuses of the spiritists. We (the Theosophists) are rather spiritualists, however not of the American but rather of the Alexandrian type.”

Soon after Helena Petrovna's book was published, her name started being mentioned because of the book and also appeared in local Russian publications: articles by professor Wagner about spiritualism in “Russian Messenger” (*Russkiy Vestnik*); translations of selected selections of Mr. Olcott's (who was president of the Theosophical Society) “People From the Other World” about the séances of the Eddy brothers — all of

materialized shadows: rejoiced and wept again, sometimes broken down with an emotion, a sincere joy and happiness that made my heart bleed for them! “If they could but see what I see” I often wished. If they only knew that these simulacra of men [and] women are made up wholly of the terrestrial passions, vices and worldly thoughts of the residuum, of the personality that was, for these are only such dregs that could not follow the liberated soul and spirit and are left for a second death in the terrestrial atmosphere⁵¹ that can be seen by the average mediums and public. At times I used to see one of such phantoms, quitting the medium's astral body pouncing upon one of the sitters, expanding so as to envelop him or her entirely and then slowly disappearing within the living body as though sucked in by its every pore....’

Under the influence of such ideas and thoughts Mme Blavatsky came out finally quite openly with her protest against being calle'd a medium. She stoutly rejected the appellation of ‘Spiritist’ that was being forced upon her by her foreign correspondents. Thus in 1877 she says in one of her letters to a friend:

What kind of Spiritist can you see in or make of me, pray? If I have worked to join the Theosophical Society in alliance offensive and defensive with the Arya Samaj of India (of which we are now forming a branch within the Parent Theosophical Society), it is because in India all the Brahmins whether orthodox or otherwise are terribly against the bhoots, the mediums, or any necromantic evocations or dealings with the dead in any way or shape. That we have established our Societies (Arya Samaj and Theosophy) simultaneously in order to combat under the banner of Truth and Science every kind of superstitious and preconceived hobbies. That we mean to fight the prejudices of the sceptics as well as the abuse of power of the false prophets, ancient and modern; to put down the high-priests Calchases with their false Jupitorean thunders, and to show the fallacy of the Spiritists. If we are anything, we are Spiritualists, only not on the modern American fashion but on that of ancient Alexandria with its Theodadiktoses, Hypatias and Porphyries ...’

Soon, after the appearance of *Isis Unveiled*, the name of Mme H.P. Blavatsky appeared, moreover, in the pages of our best Russian periodicals. The articles of Professor Wagner in the *Rousskoy Vyestnik* (Russian Messenger) of M.N. Katkof, on spiritism; translations from the works of Colonel H.S. Olcott (the President of the Theosophical Society)—‘People from the other World’, describing his seances with the Eddy Brothers, brought





these reminded Russians about Mme Blavatsky. Shortly after that, foreign magazines started actively commenting on Helena Petrovna's role in the cremation ceremony of Baron De Palm in New York.

These comments ended up in the Russian press, but, alas! they did not help her achieve fame, just as the laudatory comments on her book were adopted by few, very few Russian newspapers, a strange, but definitely incontestable fact! Each time strangers spoke favorably about her, those who were not strangers to her immediately started telling a nonsense story, speaking ironically about her or too simply spreading lies about her: "How it can be? Is it the same Blavatsky who lived here, among us? It can not be true!" The result of all of this was not the association of her with the fact that a Russian woman wrote a clever book in English; rather, it suddenly allowed these people to allege, with no proof, that she was a *charlatan*, *bad mannered*, *stupid*, *ugly* (how are all of these related to the merits and drawbacks of her book?), and finally that "when she was 17 years old she *killed* (!) her husband and because of that had run away from Russia." You should love your homeland so much that, despite such "bouquets of flowers" presented to you by your compatriots, you continue to be Russian in your heart and such a passionate patriot of your country as Mme Blavatsky has remained!¹¹



forward prominently before the Russian reading public the name of Mme Blavatsky they had so long lost sight of. Nearly simultaneously with this, the Continental and American papers raised up a world-wide sensation by their talk and comments upon the first [public] cremation that ever occurred in the United States: that of Baron de Palm, Fellow of the Theosophical Society, and Mme Blavatsky's connection with it and the role she played in the said Society. Many of such articles found their way into Russian, and were translated and republished by our press. Alas! this connection served rather to her dishonour than to her honour, thanks to the prejudice, bigotry and usual dirty malice of the penny-a-liners. Nor has the praise bestowed upon her *Isis Unveiled* by a few of the leading Russian and European journals, forced the smaller fry to change their tone toward an absent country-woman. Strange yet a self-evident fact! No sooner a foreign paper—especially if it was English or a German periodical or daily—speak of herself or of her work in tones of praise, than the press of her own country would raise up an indecent protest. For every just praise abroad, then was a calumny immediately invented in her own country, some self-evident lie, ironical abuse or simply a libel upon their countrywoman. 'How? Are we to believe that this Mme Blavatsky is the one that we all know?... Impossible!' And in consequence of this 'impossible', with regard to the fact that a Russian woman had written a remarkable English work, it became 'possible' to affirm that all the Madames Blavatsky they may have known—and especially Mme H.P. Blavatsky—were lunatics who believed in Spiritualism; hence frauds, ignorant, badly educated, unmannered, stupid, deformed (sic), as though the latter defect even if it were true could have anything to do with her literary work! Finally, one of the papers came out with the stupendous information that the Mme Blavatsky, author of *Isis Unveiled*, was 'the same Mme B. who at the age of 17 had murdered (!) her venerable husband and then disappeared from Russia' (the little gazette *Ouley*).⁵² The libel was later on contradicted officially, but it never prevented other papers from going on to invent from time to time other libels.⁵³ In the presence of such uncalled for insults from her generous countrymen, one must love indeed one's motherland to remain the true and thorough Russian patriot at heart as Mme Blavatsky ever was and is, her American naturalization notwithstanding!

(We doubt, and so do many even amongst her Russian friends, whether, notwithstanding the well known fact that Mme Blavatsky has never meddled in



Baron De Palm, whose death was mentioned above, was a very rich man who left his large fortune to the American branch of the Theosophical Society, asking them to build a crematorium (a furnace for burning corpses) and after the incineration of his body, to distribute his ashes by pinches among them as a remembrance of him. His testament was executed at a grand solemn ceremony that attracted huge number of people. There were a lot of stories published in New York newspapers, and for the first time portraits of major figures of the Brotherhood of Theosophists were placed in the magazines, which, by the way, also included a portrait of Blavatsky. Almost simultaneously, many of her articles attracted public attention, especially those in defense of the unjustly accused Slade the medium, and also articles against Mr. Huxley who had delivered three lectures in the city of New York exclusively aimed at proving the non-existence of the eternal human soul. After the publication of the latter, Helena Petrovna received public appreciation for her literary talent, so that when "Isis Unveiled" was published she straight away possessed an honorable place in a world of science and awoke such an interest in the New York public that she became constantly disturbed by new acquaintances, especially by journalists chasing after her. Following the American press, the European press also started talking about her. The London Phrenological Journal published her portrait and a sort of a biography of her. The "Public Opinion" proclaimed that "Isis" is "the most wonderful event in the field of literature of our century." It goes without saying that specialized publications devoted to spiritualism and

politics, and has, by principle, and through that inherent feeling in most Russians—one intimately connected with early associations and education—remained ever true in her sympathies to the Imperial family, whether, we say, she can ever return to Russia. She has become an American citizen— i.e., foresworn allegiance to the Czar publicly before the people of the US—and she has separated herself forever from the Orthodox Greek Church and even Christianity. These two actions seem to be viewed by the Russian Govt, as the one unpardonable sin. Hence the Russian journalism has a good chance of libelling her to their heart's content. She is far away and cannot bring a law-suit for defamation against any penny-a-liner who chooses to traduce and lie about her. And with all that she was regarded for nearly two years in India by the Anglo-Indian government as a Russian spy! (H.S.O. Editor)



Baron de Palm, whose death and cremation in the United States had set the whole press of the two continents agog, was. It seems, a very rich man. He left the whole of his great fortune to the Theosophical Society of New York, on the condition that the Theosophists should build a crematory, and reducing his body to ashes should preserve it as a memorial of what had been once himself.⁵⁴ This was accomplished with a great and. solemn ceremony which attracted an Immense crowd and people from every part of the United States. The New York and other dally papers were full of it, while several Illustrated journals came out with portraits of the chief actors of the cremation, and of the Baron, and the Founders of the famous Theosophical Society or 'Universal Brotherhood': among others Mme Blavatsky's portrait, which was reproduced by- several continental journals. During that period many of her articles in various papers—Russian and American—attracted public attention. Her article in the defence of Dr Slade, the medium, so cruelly and so unjustly accused and sentenced in London, was translated and republished by some continental journals, as well as several of her sarcastic articles against some of the scientific materialists of the day. Her brilliant literary talent⁵⁵ [referring to the footnote below, HPB has written in red pencil at this point: 'Please see apology'] began to be recognized and when her Isis Unveiled appeared (which is not worth a two-penny dam) her door was assailed with reporters who begged for an interview. The latter resulted as often in sarcastic nonsense as in serious notices. The sensation was carried from America to the Old World. Phrenological and literary journals



related sciences felt shocked: "Isis", which presented the *profession de foi* of a person whom until that moment they considered to be in agreement with their views, caused a sensation among them. At the same time, the literary value

of Helena Petrovna and her public image increased: the honoraria for her articles quadrupled.

"Can you imagine how pleasantly surprised I was!" she wrote her sister in one of her letters at that time. "For my latest article about esoteric issues and nirvana in the Buddhist religion, which I sent to the newspaper 'The Tribune,' I expected to receive \$100-\$150, but they paid me \$400! It means that I have become fashionable! There is no end of proposals. For a foolish article which I write with one stroke of the pen in order to get rid of importunate requests I receive \$60-\$70, whereas previously I felt very happy if I was paid \$20 for a much more elaborate and serious piece of work of the same size. Are they really paying for the value of articles, or are they paying for the name? Previously, my writings were not of worse quality, and maybe they were even much more carefully elaborated, but they didn't know my name before. Today, it is in much demand, so editors do not give me a moment of peace: everybody wants it, and they pay \$250! It's good that I'm not a presumptuous person. My father's daughter is modest; she has not become conceited!"

This last remark is really true: Helena Petrovna did not become conceited and arrogant in the midst of the befuddling fumes of incense burnt in her honor, especially by the local small daily periodicals which hoped to receive her articles or to be invited to her famous "Lamasery" — the "New York heathen temple,"¹² as they called the house on Seventh Avenue where Mme Blavatsky lived. These meetings provided Helena Petrovna with rich material for articles that were more or less true but always interesting to the majority of the local public. Indeed, she attached so little importance to her literary efforts that she was always frankly surprised by such success. This is what she wrote to her relatives concerning the results from the literary efforts that made her so famous:

"I don't understand, what makes people praise my works so much. It is true that during all these years, I worked and studied a lot, but in fact, my 'Isis' was written so easily, that I would not call it a work, but rather a pleasure! I am often surprised how easily I write 'about

had her portrait and more or less disfigured biographies. The London Public Opinion declared that her *Isis Unveiled* was the most remarkable production of the age; and the N.Y. Tribune added that 'it amply confirms her claims to the character of an adept in secret sciences in the exposition of its mystic lore'; while the Californian Sacramento Record-Union expressed its opinion that 'she had surpassed all her predecessors in the task of elucidating the most absorbing and important problems life can furnish', one that even 'complete failure to achieve which would have involved no humiliation...' adding that Mme Blavatsky 'has produced a unique work' which "will become a classic." Useless to mention the notice of those special journals which are solely devoted to Spiritualism and mediumship. As the profession of faith of a person they had hitherto considered a Spiritualist and at one with themselves—*Isis Unveiled* made of course, a sensation among them in quite an opposite direction: with a few noble exceptions it was torn to pieces. At the same time her articles began to be more than hitherto appreciated.

At this sudden fame and turn of the wheel of fortune, she laughed as she laughs at everything outside her own beloved studies.

'Fancy my surprise!'—she wrote about that time, to her sister—"I am—heaven help us!—becoming fashionable, as it seems. I am writing articles on Esotericism and Nirvana and paid for them more than I could have ever expected though I have hardly any time for writing for money....Only believe me, and you will for you know me, I cannot make myself believe that I have ever been able to write decently....If I were unknown no publisher or Editor would have ever paid any attention to me....It's all vanity and fashion....Luckily for the publishers I have never been vain.'

Quite true:—she never was vain. In the midst of all this fog of incense and adulation she has been surrounded with these latter years, she has never shown a sign of haughtiness, conceit or simple vanity. Indeed we found her constantly surprised and sincerely amused at the value that other people seemed to see in the said works that have made her name so famous throughout the world. To prove it we give another extract of one of her letters to her family:—

True, during the long years of my absence from home I have constantly studied and have learned certain things. But when I wrote *Isis*, I wrote it so easily





Byron and important matters! When an article is needed, I sit down and start writing. The subject does not matter to me — metaphysics, psychology, ancient philosophy, zoology or natural sciences. I never hesitate, I never

ask myself if I can do it or if it is within my power, I just start writing and the work appears! As if there were some knowledgeable person present who is dictating a text to me. You should not think that I am out of my mind, but I'm sure that somebody is transferring thoughts into my mind. I believe that I am influenced by something, and I feel strong because I believe in its power. It is rather not me who is talking and writing but my inner ego, my luminous self, who is thinking and writing for me. Look: is it really possible that in few years I became so educated that once I write an article (which, by my opinion, is very superficial), all local periodicals feel excited? Comments, praise from people who are indeed educated and competent; visits of editors and journalists; there is no end of orders for articles. Where does it come from?"

The source is obvious to us; however, H.P. was absolutely sure that her writing efforts were facilitated by "indirect influences," that the best pages of her "Isis" were written "as dictated by somebody." When her work in writing this very complicated, very intellectual book, which required referring to several hundred authors of various periods and nationalities, was in full swing, here is what she wrote to her sister:

"You may not believe me, but I feel dazed, as if I'm in a feverish ecstasy! When I'm awake and, it seems to me, when I'm asleep, I devote myself to my 'Isis'! I'm watching and I can't stop enjoying looking at what I see as her veil is thinning out and falling down right before

that it was certainly no labour but a real pleasure. Why should I be praised for it? Whenever I am told to write I sit down and obey and I can write easily upon almost anything: metaphysics, psychology, philosophy, ancient religions, zoology, natural sciences—or what not. I never put myself the question: "can I write on this subject..." or—"am I equal to the task?"—but I simply sit down and write. Why? Because He who knows all simply dictates to me...My MASTER, and occasionally others whom I knew years ago in my travels....Please do not imagine that I have lost my senses. I have hinted to you before now about Them...and I tell you candidly that whenever I write upon a subject I know little or nothing of, I address myself to Them and one of Them Inspires me, Le., he allows me to simply copy what I write from manuscripts and even printed matter that pass before my eyes, in the air...It is that knowledge of His protection and faith in His power that have enabled me to become mentally and spiritually so strong ... and even He (the Master) is not always required, for during his absence on some other occupation, He awakens in me his substitute in knowledge...At such times, it is no more I who writes, but my inner ego, my "luminous Self" who thinks and writes for me. Only see. Is it possible that in a few years I should have become so very learned as to write without hesitation page after page of Isis, with all its verbatim quotations from, and innumerable references to, books that I had never, nor could I ever see them! Then all this running after me of reporters and journalists, and of Russian editors after my articles....'

For us it was evident—whence and by what caused. But HPB was sincerely convinced from her very youth of the existence of some far away, living people who helped her, and that all her work was produced through the 'indirect help and influence' of some beings at a great distance, nay: that even the best pages of her Isis were written 'under the dictation' of her Tibetan guru or Master! During the very time of her writing this so very complicated erudite work, so full of abstract and most difficult philosophical subjects, so full as she herself says of quotations from and references to several hundreds of authors of all nationalities and epochs—this is again what she wrote to her sister. (This letter is preserved and may yet prove of service.)⁵⁶

You may disbelieve me, but I tell you that in saying this I speak but the truth: I am solely occupied—not with writing 'Isis', but with Isis herself. I live in a kind of permanent enchantment, a life of visions and sights with open eyes The Theosophist and no trance whatever to





my very eyes! It's already three years, day and night, that images from the past have been spinning around me. Slowly, as if on a magic panoramic stage set, centuries by centuries are passing before my eyes. Races and peoples, countries and towns arise, fall to ruins and disappear. The hoary prehistoric period of time is replaced by the historical epoch; myths give up their place to real events and people; and each event, each turn — starting with causative reason and ending with its naturally resulting consequences — are just as if printed in my head. When I'm thinking, it seems to me that my thoughts are a kind of mosaic of different colors. I put them together, I move them, and at the end, something is produced that is always geometrically correct. I can't understand, where did I get such a memory? Such a quick-wittedness and clarity of conclusions? I am being helped. Obviously, it is 'the master' who is helping me!"

From our point of view, it was her natural talents that were helping her, and also her knowledge and memory that were developed due to her hard work. However, as we can see in the abstracts from her letters above, she was the last person to value herself; she denied her personal participation in this work and credited all her success to certain "influences," to suggestions by some mythical "master."¹³



deceive my senses! I sit and watch now the fair goddess constantly. And as she displays before me the secret meaning of her lost secrets, and the veil becoming with every hour thinner and more transparent, gradually falls off, before my eyes, I hold my breath and can hardly trust to my senses!... It is already several years, that, in order not to forget what I have learned elsewhere, I am made to have permanently before my eyes all that I need to see. Thus night and day, the images of the past are ever marshalling before my inner eye. Slowly and gliding silently like images in an enchanted panorama, centuries after centuries appear before me...and I am made to connect these epochs with certain historical events and I know there can be no mistake. Races and nations, countries and cities emerge during such or another century, then fade out and disappear during some other one, the precise date of which I am then told by....Hoary antiquity gives room to historical periods; myths are explained by real events and personages who had really existed; and every important— and often unimportant—event, every [MS broken: revolution, a new?] leaf turned in the book of life of nations—with its incipient cause and subsequent natural results—remains photographed in my mind as though impressed in indelible colours....When I think and watch my thoughts they appear to me—as though they were— like those little bits of wood of various shapes of colours in the game known as *casse-tête*. I pick them up one by one, and try to make them fit each other, first taking one, [then] putting it [aside] until I find its match, and finally there always comes out in the end something geometrically correct...I certainly [MS broken: refuse] point blank to attribute it to my own knowledge or memory, for I could never arrive alone at either such premises or conclusions....I tell you seriously I am helped. And he who helps me is my Hozyain [a Russian term signifying literally "Master of the House"]—my Guru.'

That which helped her, in our humble opinion were her natural gifts, and her memory developed by an incessant life-labour and study.⁵⁷ But, as will be seen from the above fragmentary quotations from her autograph letters, it was she herself, who of all persons appreciated them the least, denying any great active participation in her literary work, attributing it to [MS broken] 'influences', to its dictation or inspiration of some mysterious 'Guru' or Master—a personage it seems held in very high esteem in India by its Theosophists as everyone can see by reading Mr A.P. Sinnett's work called *The Occult World* and other like works from the [pen?] of several Theosophists.⁵⁸



VIII.

Those who are interested in what Mme Blavatsky is doing today may get detailed information by addressing themselves to the following publications: Her letters "From the Caves and Jungles of Hindustan," which are being published in "Moscow Gazette" and "Russian Messenger" using her pen name Radda Bai; certain works, such as Sinnett's book "The Occult World"; and, finally, for most accurate information, her own journal "The Theosophist" (see the announcement on page 442 [of *Rebus*]). There is one thing remaining for us to do in concluding this brief account: to say few words about her social and spiritualistic activity in order to disprove frequent false gossip disseminated in the Russian press.

When the last Russian-Turkish war broke out, Mme Blavatsky was still living in America. At the height of the war, she practically put aside all her other engagements and devoted all her time to enthusiastically fighting the enemies of Russia in the press. In response to almost every vicious escapade of local journalists against Russians, she replied with such energy that local supporters of our enemies were practically shut down in New York. "The Tribune," "The Sun" and "The Daily Times" were the main media organs for Helena Petrovna. She punished detractors with such anger and wit that they considered it unsafe to excite the indignation of this "Russian American." Aristarkh-Bey, a Turkish consul in Washington D.C. at that time, published a strongly worded accusation against Russians for their alleged cruelty in Asia Minor, basing himself on messages he received from Turkey that suffered from several geographical and other mistakes. Helena Petrovna used these mistakes to refute him in the "Sun" so effectively, that he decided that it was necessary to pay a visit to her. Saying that it was a misunderstanding, he recanted all what he wrote. This episode produced strong impression on the New York public.

She also had a resonant wrangling with the Papal Nuncio because of her articles against catholic clergy and particularly against the Pope for his reciting "Te Deums" for Turkey's prosperity and the success of Turkey's arms.

As in the old days in London, where she defended the honor of Russia in the middle of a crowd of Englishmen, she has today been speaking up fearlessly, writing and holding our enemies up to shame. In a fit of anger and patriotic feelings, she forgot about her expatriate status, American citizenship and her theosophy interests and concentrated herself on a single goal: to hold high and steadily the banner of Russia! Her voice faded and died

Those interested in Mme Blavatsky's present [pronouncement?] will do well to read the various [ones] that speak of her, and chiefly [MS broken] journal edited by herself—The Theosophist.⁵⁹



But we have a few words more to say before we conclude this truthful narrative [MS broken] but to contradict the many slanders and [MS broken] about her in the Continental press.

We have said she was a true Russian at heart, though she may sympathize as little with the Russian government as she does with every other. This was proven to us during the Russo-Turkish war. No sooner had it broken out than she began to show her warmest sympathy toward the Russian army in every way she possibly could. In the New York papers one found her during those days ever fighting for her country by defending it tooth and nail from its calumniators and enemies. In those days she had not yet begun writing for the most prominent journals of Russia as she does now. Her articles were published only in the Tiflis and the Odessa daily papers. And we know that every penny she ever received from the Tiflisky Vvestnik Office she gave it away for the benefit of the Tiflis [word faded: Barracks?] of the wounded.



away in the general chaos of emotions, interests and agitations of that time and practically did not reach Russia. Those Russians who knew what she was doing, however, could not but render the justice and homage to her that she

deserved. She did what she could, not only by her word but by her deeds as well. At that time, she did not yet have access to the columns of major Russian periodicals, so she permanently wrote for the newspaper "Tiflis Messenger," and she donated all her honoraria to support barracks for the wounded in Tiflis.



And yet this did not prevent her, as soon as the war was ended to become a citizen of America, forswearing allegiance.

The cause of such apparent Inconsistency has to be sought deeper and rather in a psychological than any intellectual cause. As we have said it in the beginning, we know her well, from her very youth and therefore we are more competent to judge of her true character than anyone else who knows her less. She remained throughout her life the same, and as she had been in her childhood (See Chap. I) so she was as a grown up woman and is—begging her pardon—just the same now. Recent and intimate conversations with her showed us that we were not mistaken. The same contempt for public opinion and the laws governing Society—laws that she regards as 'degrading shams'—as she showed in her youth and womanhood. 'I want the people I respect to know me as I am, to see me face to face not through the mask of civilization and society'—she proudly maintains—'as for those I neither respect nor care for—they may think of me whatever they like.'

Hence we find her assuming the same attitude with regard to politics and various forms of government. She hates the former and submits to the laws of the respective countries she inhabits—as she says:—'Not because of fear of them, but out of pure self-respect.' She would think as soon of committing burglary in the house of a friend who receives her in his house and affords her protection as to break the law of a country that gives her hospitality. Said Mme Blavatsky to friends on a recent visit to Paris [In 1884]—'If I have not offered my services voluntary and gratuitous as a spy to Russia when I found out that I was taken for one by the Anglo-Indian government, it is only because of the inexpressible disgust I have ever felt for spies and traitors in general!'

This profession of faith shows her whole character.

In 1878, all major representatives of the Theosophical Society in America — namely, the President



Colonel Henry Olcott and others including Mme Blavatsky, who was a corresponding secretary of the Society — moved from New York to Bombay, India. They were called there by the principal organizers of the whole brotherhood, the

Arya Samaj, authentic Buddhists, scholar pundit Hindus, who greeted them with such joy and honor, that at some point, the local police became concerned. The English authorities were afraid that they might pursue political goals but very soon they became convinced in the contrary. They had ascertained for themselves that all the goals of the Theosophical Society were aimed only at public education and at possible alleviation of social blemishes in India itself by establishing and spreading the pure and clearly ethical teaching of the ancient “Vedas.” It is already more than 30 years, since Buddhism was, so to say, revived to a new life by the efforts of few Hindu scholars, in particular by a certain swami (a holy man) called Swami Dayananda Saraswati. Because of his knowledge of ancient and modern languages, deep Veda studies and, in general, his versatile erudition, this wonderful man was not afraid to be involved in oral and print-media debates with European scholars with doctoral degrees in various scientific fields, and he won their academic disputes. He was especially strong when he criticized Huxley’s materialistic theories.

Buddhists believe in the divine source of everything, in the Trinity of the human essence itself: in the eternal spirit, in the half-immortal soul (which becomes immortal only in the case of the ethical pureness of man by merging with the Holy Spirit that hovers over the head of each mortal when he or she is still alive), in other words, in the astral, spiritual body of a man and in his or her mortal physical body. The main goals of the Theosophical Society are not focused exclusively on spreading Buddhist teaching, as has been claimed, but the Society has its own, much stronger adepts. The Society’s goals are as follows: to search rigorously for truth and justice in everything — in life, in science, and in yet unexplained natural events. In pursuing these goals, of course, they zealously help their fellow members, who are Buddhists, in their efforts to spread and support their faith, which is the oldest religion in India, since they fully acknowledge the purity of the ethical principles of Buddhism and the obvious difficulties in fighting for it in India against Christian truths because of the hate that English missionaries managed to kindle in the local indigenous community. For the success of their humanistic goals aimed at fostering the development of human civilization, Theosophists could not make any other choice. The Society’s successes as well as the





trust and love they have managed to attract from local people, have resulted from Theosophists' tolerance and care for the wellbeing and enlightenment of the poor population of India. A primary concern of any branch of the

Theosophical Society, wherever it was established, is to provide help to the poor, and to set up hospitals, libraries and schools. Their schools accepted children without any distinction of creed. Generally, tolerance based on their conscience — in both faith and political convictions — has been the main guiding rule of the Society. This is why the Society can expect to be successful everywhere: their tasks are highly ethical. By using their enlightening efforts and their overall goodwill, they seek to unite people, to make all people equal, for peoples' wellbeing without any interference with the individual convictions, conscience or faith of each of their members. They give people complete moral freedom by respecting their convictions and not seeking to affect them. Recently, the founders of the Theosophical Society Colonel Henry Olcott and Mme Blavatsky have disagreed on the issues of religious tolerance with their initial patron, the Indian wise man Dayananda Saraswati. They blame him for being unfair to their fellow Theosophists who are not Buddhists, so without any hesitation; they have given him up, which shows even more how powerful and influential they are. Their trip last year trip, to the real cradle of Buddhism, where for centuries priests have been preserving their secret sacred things — the manuscripts of the "Veda" and the tooth of Buddha himself — resembled the parade of conquerors, almost demigods, and clearly showed their great popularity.

Not so long ago, the newspaper "Caucasus" (basing itself on a certain German newspaper) called Mme Blavatsky "grand Priestess of the society of Theosophists," and the newspaper "Odessa News Letter" reported that she is publishing "in London(?) a Sanskrit journal." We are used to hearing such distorted news about her, so we would like to use this opportunity to note that H.P. Blavatsky may not be called a priestess but rather is a corresponding secretary of the Society. Moreover, she is really publishing a journal "Theosophist," not in London, but in Adyar, which is near Madras and where, due to the climate conditions, the principal Society members moved from Bombay last year.

The Theosophical Society already has up to fifty thousand members. The journal "Theosophist" is their periodical, a publication aimed at the following goals that, together with the goals of all the Theosophists, have been outlined by Ch. Fauvety, a French scholar and the



Not very long ago, the daily paper Kavkag came out with a reprint from a German gazette in which Mme Blavatsky was called 'the grand priestess' of the Theosophical Society where she officiates daily in great ceremony and has a Church; and the Listok of Odessa announcing at the same time, that she was editing in London a Journal in Sanskrit! Such is the average of the correct information given out about her by most of the foreign papers.

And now, if we exclude the Occult Sciences and phenomena, what is it that attracts so many intelligent men and women and the Indian masses in general to the Society founded by her? We find a direct answer—about the best we have ever read—in the late Bulletin Mensuel



president of the Psychological Society in Paris, in his article "Science et Theosophie"¹⁴ as follows:

"Their (the Theosophists') urge towards connecting Europe and Asia by intellectual ties is of great humanistic value. . . . Our modern Western civilization, beyond all doubt, is active and progressing, while Eastern civilization, which is devoted to preserve ancient traditions piously, has been frozen in social and religious forms from ancient times. The first is covering Europe and America and spreads out all over the world; the second which is contained in its most ancient sources — India and China — embraces a larger part of Asia and represents almost half of the Earth's population. To bring these two cultures together by developing intellectual relationships between them, to foster their development by science, philosophy, progress of enlightenment and the religious ideal — that was the idea and the main purpose of this undertaking taken upon herself by Mme Blavatsky. Thus, a woman designed and took over the responsibility to carry out a great project which was targeted at the future merger of all members of human race and at the establishment of the human spiritual union!"

At the end of his article, Mr. Fauvety gives certain details of Helena Petrovna's life. He describes her scientific knowledge and the merits of her book "Isis Unveiled," which he presents as follows: "This wonderful work is of great value from the philosophic point of view, and shows (her) deep and amazing knowledge. . . ." Then, when he is describing Mme Blavatsky's activities, he recollects an historical fact dated to the year of 1831, and since Helena Petrovna was born in the same year, the author focuses on the coincidence of these two events. Here is what he writes:

"There was a need for such a talented person a Mme Blavatsky, who would be up to the high mark of such a venture.... It reminds me that since 1831, the followers of St. Simon have been announcing the arrival of a woman from the East who will connect two cultures — Eastern and Western — and who will be the mother of a regenerated society. Following this deceptive dream, some of them even left for the East seeking for a woman of this kind. . . . They made a trip to Egypt, Syria and the Asian part of Turkey for nothing — they did not meet

des Sciences Psychologiques of Paris, in an article called 'Science et Theosophie', by the editor of the paper, and President of the Psychological Science, a man of science and a philosopher named C. Fauvety. Says this well known author:—

'Their aspirations (of the Theosophists) to unite Europe with Asia in the same intellectual bonds has a grand humanitarian sense.... Our Western civilization is undeniably mobile and progressive, whereas the civilization of the East preserving faithfully its sacred traditions of old, has crystallized itself in the social and religious forms of the faraway Past. The former embraces Europe and America with all the globe; the latter circumscribed within its oldest regions—India and China, extends and covers the greatest portions of Asia and represents more than half of the world population. To place then two civilizations in intellectual communication, to give the one by means of the other an impulse through science, philosophy, and its success in culture, general enlightenment and the religious ideal—such is the plan, such the aim and object of an enterprise the initiative of which comes from Mme Blavatsky. Thus it is a woman who planned, and undertook to achieve the execution of this grandiose project of a future union in an intellectual Brotherhood of all the members of the human family and the realization of its spiritual alliance.'

Toward the close of the article M. Fauvety communicates a few biographical details about Mme Blavatsky; gives a correct idea of her scientific attainments and the merit of her *Isis Unveiled* which book he characterizes in the following manner: 'a remarkable work which has a high philosophical meaning, and shows a deep and a most astounding knowledge'. Further on, while describing Mme Blavatsky's active work, he reminds the readers of an historical fact dating over half a century back and points out to a strange coincidence between a prophecy of the St Simonists and what Mme Blavatsky calls her second birth. This is what he says in connection with it:—

'The world needed a woman so highly gifted as a Mme Blavatsky (thanks !!!) to rise to the eminence of such an enterprise.... And this reminds me that the St Simonists so far back as 1831 had begun announcing to the world the advent of a woman from the East,⁶⁰ who shall unite the two populations of the East and the West, and shall become the mother of the reformed Society. Deceived by their impatient fancy, some of the St Simonists started and went in 1831 to the far East in search of that woman-type...Vain were their travels over Egypt, Syria and





anyone of the kind who might be such a woman. They made this trip too early," Mr. Fauvety confidently says. "If they had made the trip 50 years later, and if they traveled farther, they would have found in Mme Blavatsky a Russian woman

who was engaged in the great spiritual unification cause they were dreaming of. . . ."

With this comment of a French scientist, we finish our true story of H.P. Blavatsky.

I. Ya.

Original notes from the *Rebous*' article

1 In her youth, Helena Petrovna was one of the powerful mediums, unfortunately very rare in Russia. At present, Mme Blavatsky is living in India, where she is a publisher and an editor of The Theosophist journal as well as is serving as a secretary of the Theosophical Society. Her letters "From the Caves and Jungles of Hindustan" are being published in "Moscow Gazette" and "Russian Messenger" using her pen name Radda Bai. — *Ed.*

2 Currently an attorney at law in Stavropol.

3 Since all the events date to the distant past, we can not guarantee that the names of the village and people are correct. — *Note of the author.*

4 The same repeatedly happens at séances with other mediums also. — *Ed.*

5 In this context, we would like to mention that we have been reading aloud "The Memories of Ekaterina Romanovna Dashkova," which was published, probably in the "Otechestvennye zapiski" [domestic notes] journal. Our interest in this was stirred up by the constant interruption of our reading by what was *allegedly* the spirit of the author. Through constant knockings, we received on his behalf various comments, explanations and disclaimers of some of his views. We were fascinated by all these clarifications and additions to our reading, which were presented with great intellect, interest and humor. — *Note of the author.*

6 The same event, but even more sophisticated, we observed during one of the séances in the presence of Mme Pribytkova: a *sealed* golden bracelet was taken from the hand of the medium, and, following the instructions by invisible personalities, was found on a sloping surface of a porcelain reservoir of the lamp hanging from the ceiling in the séance room. — *Ed.*

7 The sister's conversation and the story about the entire episode were presented to us by the younger sister, Mme Y_va [Yahontov]. — *Note of the author.*

8 We also have observed extraordinary manifestation of a medium's

Asiatic Turkey: they found not what they had gone in search of... They had started on their journey too early: had they gone East 50 years later and pushed further on to India—they would have found Mme Blavatsky, a Russian woman (from the East) in the process of realizing the grand idea of that spiritual and intellectual union they had been so long dreaming about....'

It is with this view of the French philosopher and scientist that we conclude our truthful narrative about H.P. Blavatsky. We had recently the means of ascertaining personally how many Hindus feel for her an affectionate veneration, and prove it by regarding and even calling her their wise and affectionate mother.

[HPB has characteristically concluded the translation with the words 'End of Flapdoodle'.]

Endnotes - HPB's notes to her translation

15 The representative of the nobility of the province, an honorary office to which will carry three years—one among the noblemen and by their own class.

16 In those far off days, when Spiritualism had hardly begun in America, belief in 'Spirits' as the only agency at work in such raps and knocks was accepted in Russia as elsewhere, since few are acquainted even now with the theories of the occultists. The author in answer to our query whether she believed herself in *spirits* and *mediumship*, as she used the term, answered she knew of no other names to express the faculty of producing such raps and phenomena. 'I remember,' she [Vera] said, 'that when addressed as a medium, she (Mme Blavatsky) used to laugh and assure us she was no medium but only a *mediator* between mortals and beings we knew nothing about. But I could never understand the difference,' she [Vera] added.

17 Thus, a governess, named Leontine, who wanted to know the fate of a certain young man she had hoped to be married to, learnt what had become of him—his name that she had purposely withheld being given in full—from a letter written in an unknown handwriting she found in one of her locked boxes, placed inside a trunk equally locked.

18 From the first, that's to say almost from her childhood and certainly in the days mentioned above, H.F. Blavatsky would, in such cases, see either the actual, present thoughts of the party which questioned, or its paler reflection—still quite distinct to her—of an event or a name or whatever it was in the past as though hanging around the person—generally in the vicinity of the head. She had but to copy it consciously, or allow her hand to do so mechanically. At any rate, she never felt herself helped or led on by an external power; i.e. no 'Spirits' helped her in this process ever since she returned from her first voyages, she tells us. It seemed an action entirely confined to her own will, more or less consciously exercised by her, more or less premeditated, and put into play. Whenever the thought of a person had to be communicated through raps the process changed. She had first of all to read, sometimes to interpret the thought of the querist, and having done so, to remember it well after it had often disappeared; watch the letters of





power when the medium was ill, notably, as the author says, when the medium was helpless because he had lost consciousness as a result of his illness. Similar typical observations as well as the repeatedly observed involvement of electricity and other well known natural forces in mediumistic events clearly imply

that these events can potentially be studied by applying a scientific approach. – *Ed.*

9 But not in any way “a *paid medium*,” as the newspaper “Caucasus” reported last year.

10 We skip the description of Helena Petrovna’s distinctive views, which is very briefly summarized here by the author, in order to expound it later in more details based on other available sources. – *Ed.*

11 See the journal “The Theosophist” of which she is a publisher and an editor of (1877, 1878 and 1881). – *Note of the author.*

12 “The Lamasery of New-York.” Hartford Daily Times. December 2, 1878.

13 In fact, Indian Theosophists attach great importance to this semi-mythical personality (see Sinnett’s “The Occult World”).

14 Bulletin Mensuel de la société scientifique d’études Psychologiques, – 15 mars 1883.

the alphabet as they were read or pointed out; prepare the *will-current* that had to produce the rap at the right letter, and then have it strike at the right moment the table, or any other object chosen as the medium for the repercussion of sounds or raps. A more difficult process and far less easy than *direct writing*.



19 *Zaitchik*—means literally ‘a little hare’—while *Zaetz* is the Russian term for any hare. In the Russian language, every noun, substantive and adjective may be made to express the same thing only in a smaller form. Thus, a house is *dom*, while the idea of a *small* house is expressed by the word *domik*, etc.

20 Indeed not; for it was neither a ‘Spirit’ nor ‘Spirits’ but a living man who can draw before his eyes the picture of any book or manuscript wherever existing and in case of need even that of any long forgotten and unrecorded event. The astral light, the storehouse and the record book of all things and deeds, has no secrets for such men.

21 Now Madame Jelihovsky by her second marriage and residing in [The word at the edge of the page has broken off. The spelling of the name is now Zhelihovsky. The nineteenth century spellings of names and places in the MS have been retained throughout this transcription.]

22 Elementals, of course, for we know that Mme B.—will have nought to do with shells or the Elementaries.

23 This looks as though some of the living *chelas* if not the Masters themselves had been at work around Madame B. so far back as in the years 1857-59.

24 Quite the contrary, we believe, and if so, then how about the best physical phenomena produced during the greatest hubbub and confusion in the room, as the author tells us a few pages before? Had Mme B.’s will nothing to do in the production of the manifestations then would harmony (*v.L*) (*v. ante*) and quiet be the chief requisites, as well as complete passivity on her part—which was only as learnt later—only apparent. It is evident that while she could exercise a power over the Elemental, she had but to sit passive and quiet when the ‘higher intelligences’ or as the author calls them *agencies*—i.e the will of the living chelas or their Masters was the means by which the phenomena were produced. (Publisher)

25 Simply because she was tired and disgusted with the ever growing public thirst for phenomena. As in 1880 so in 1850 and. 1860. People are never satisfied with what they get but ever crave for more.

26 In Russian -*Kikimora*.

27 To make it intelligible we must give here Mme Blavatsky’s explanation of the difference. She never made a secret that she had been ever since her childhood until nearly the age of 25 a very strong *medium*, though after that period, owing to a regular psychological and physiological training under her Master, she was made to lose this dangerous gift, and every trace of mediumship outside her will or beyond her direct control made to disappear. She was taught to discern between the shell and the Elemental, and had two distinct methods of producing communications through raps. [MS broken here] one consisted in sitting nearby entirely passive and permitting the *influences* to act at their will: at which time the brainless Elementals—the shells would rarely if ever be allowed to come owing to the danger



of the intercourse—chameleon-like would reflect more or less chaotically the thought of those present and follow in a half silly way the suggestions found by them in Mme B.'s mind. The other method used very rarely, for reasons of her intense dislike to meddle with really departed Entities—or rather to enter into their 'currents of thought' as she expressed it—is this, so far as we are able to understand. She composed herself, and seeking out with eyes shut in the astral light that current that preserved the genuine impress of some well known departed Entity she *identified* herself for the time being with It; and guiding the 'raps' made them to spell out that which she had in her own mind. Thus, if the rapping 'Spirit' pretended to be a Shakespeare, it was not in reality that great personality but only the echo of the genuine thoughts that had once upon a time moved in his brain and crystallized themselves, so to say, in his astral sphere whence even his shell had departed long ago—the imperishable thoughts alone remaining. [MS broken here: Not?] a sentence, not a word spelt by the raps that was not formed at first in her brain, in its turn the faithful copy of that which [MS broken here: was?] found by her spiritual eye in the luminous Record-book of departed humanity. The, so to express it, crystallized essence of the mind of the once physical brain was physical brain was there before her spiritual vision, her living brain photographed it and her will dictated it by guiding the raps which thus became intelligent If, leaving aside the mediumistic routine of the *Spirits* of the Spiritualists, every *genuine* medium, shaking off his passive torpor, should carefully watch sensations and recording his impressions give them out truthfully to scientific investigators, to the biologists and the physiologists, then would Spiritualism become in deed—a Science. For it would help humanity, by throwing the bright light of fact upon its dark pathway, instead of allowing it to lose itself in the deep bog of mere fanciful speculation which injures the physical and mental status of the medium, impedes progress of psychological sciences and changes a portion of humanity into a herd of half crazy fanatics.

28 I remember that we were deeply interested in those days in reading aloud in our little family circle, *The Memoirs of Catherine Romanovna Dashkova*, just published. The interest in this remarkable historical work was greatly enhanced to us owing to the fact that our reading was very often interrupted by the alleged *spirit* of the authoress herself. The gaps and hiatuses of a publication severely disfigured and curtailed by the censor's pen and scissors were constantly filled up by comparing notes with her astral records. By means of *guided* raps—Mme B. refusing as usual to help us by direct writing, preferring to lazily rest on her arm-chair—we received in the name of the authoress, innumerable remarks, additions, explanations and refutations. In some cases her apparent mistaken views In the days when she wrote her *Memoirs* were corrected and replaced by more genuine thoughts. All such corrections and additional matter given, fascinated us profoundly by their extraordinary profundity, their wit and humour, often mixed with the natural pathos that was one of the prominent features of that remarkable historical character. (Vera Yahontofl)

29 This was a genuine *Spirit* manifestation; i.e. a clumsy personification of the great poet by passing shells and spooks allowed to merge into the circle for a few moments. The rhymed complaint speaking of hell and devil was the echo of the feelings and thoughts of a pious governess present: most assuredly it was not any reflection from Mme B.'s brain, nor would her admiring respect for the memory of the greatest Russian poet have ever allowed her to make such a blasphemous joke under the cover of his name.



30 The reader must remember that all this took place nearly thirty years ago [1859], when Spiritualism was nearly unknown in Europe and had hardly begun in America. Now such physical phenomena have become very common—they were regarded as positively miraculous then.



31 In the district of Noroijef, in the Government of Pscoif—about 300 versts from St Petersburg. It was then a private property, a village of several hundred serfs which was since then sold and, soon after freedom was given its peasants, passed into other hands.

32 A young, brilliant, and most promising officer of the Imperial guards who died leaving his wife hardly 19 years old.

33 The round tiara covered with a long black veil, worn by the Orthodox Greek monks.

34 And how often—Mmc Blavatsky tells us— has she tried with the most famous mediums to evoke and communicate with those dearest to her and whose loss she had deplored. All was vain! 'Communications' and 'messages' she certainly did obtain, and got their signatures, and at two occasions *their materialized forms*. But the communications were couched in a gushing language quite unlike the style she knew so well; their signatures were obtained from her own brain; and on *no occasion* when the presence of a relative was announced and the form described by the medium, who was ignorant of the fact that Mme B. could see as well as any of them—has she recognized the alleged relative in the host of spooks and Elementaries that surrounded them (*when the medium was a genuine one* of course). Quite the reverse. For she often saw, to her disgust, how her own recollections and brain-images were drawn from her memory and disfigured in the confused amalgamation that took place between their reflection in the medium's brain which instantly sent them forth, and the shells which *sucked them* in, like a sponge and *objectivised* them—a *hideous shape with a mask on*—in her sight. Even the materialized form of her uncle at the Eddy's was the picture she sent Out from her own mind, as she had come out to make experiments without telling it to anyone, it was like an empty outer envelope of her uncle that she threw on the medium's astral body. She saw and followed the process. She knew Will Eddy as a genuine medium, and the phenomenon was real *as it could be*, and she defended him in the papers. In short, for over 40 years of experience, she never succeeded in identifying in one single instance, those she wanted to see. It is only in her dreams and personal visions that she was brought in direct contact with her own blood relatives and friends, those between whom and herself there had been a strong mutual *spiritual* love. Her conviction therefore, based as much on her personal experience as on that of the teachings of the occult doctrine, is the following: For certain psycho-magnetic reasons, too long to be explained here, *the shells of those spirits* who loved us best, will not, with a very few exceptions approach us. They have no need of it, since, unless they were irretrievably wicked they have us with them in Devachan, that state of bliss, in which the *monads* are surrounded with all those, and that, which they have loved—objects of spiritual aspirations as well as human Entities. 'Shells' once departed from their higher principles have nought in common with the latter. They are not drawn to their relatives and friends, but rather to those with whom their terrestrial, sensuous affinities are the strongest. Thus the shell of a drunkard will be drawn to one who is either a drunkard already or has a germ of this passion in him—in which case they will develop it by using his organs to satisfy their shell-craving; one who died full of sexual passion for a still living partner will have its



shell drawn to him or her, etc. This is the reason—as explained by her—for never seeing her ‘relatives’. We Theosophists and especially Occultists must never lose sight of the profound axiom of the Esoteric Doctrine which teaches us that it is we, the living, who are drawn toward the Spirits—but that the latter can never, even though they would, which they never do, descend to us, or rather into our sphere.



35 A terrible and disgusting skin disease very common in Lithuania and contracted only in its climate. The hair seems to acquire the property of expanding, each hair having a tumoured root and being filled with gore and matter, until it becomes as one-mass of putrefaction, which for some physiological reasons it becomes impossible to cut even at the beginning of the disease. Nor can the nails on the fingers and toes be touched, their cutting leading to a bleeding to death.

36 The young lady is now a matron of over forty and was saying but only last year how lucky it was for her that she saw no more these trans-terrestrial visitors.

37 Dear Miss Arundale permit me to hide *my blushes*—I am not responsible for my sister’s enthusiasm.

38 One of the three ‘Popes’ of Russia, so to say; the highest of the ecclesiastical hierarchy of the Orthodox Greek Church.

39 Now a man passed ninety years of age.

40 The spiritual chief of all the archbishops and the head of the Church in Georgia

41 *Vsezncdstvo*—the word used can hardly be translated by the term omniscience—it is an attribute of a less absolute character and refers to the things of this earth.

42 This was always done in full consciousness and simply by watching people’s mental thoughts as they evolved out of their heads in *spiral* luminous smoke, sometimes in jets of what might be taken for some radiant material—and settled in distinct pictures and images around them. Often such thoughts and answers to them would find themselves impressed in her own brain, couched in words and sentences, in the same way as original thoughts do. But, so far as we are able to understand— the former visions are always more trustworthy, as they were Independent and distinct from her own Impressions, belonging to pure clairvoyance not ‘thought transference’ which is a process always liable to get mixed up with one’s own more vivid mental impressions.

43 Very naturally, since it was neither ‘magnetic sleep’ nor a coma but simply a state of intense concentration and attention, necessary during such operations; when the least distraction leads to a mistake. People knowing but of mediumistic clairvoyance and nothing of our philosophy and modes of operation fall often into such error.

44 The author seems to have forgotten a better example as an Illustration of that terrible hatred based upon fear that has ever pursued Mme Blavatsky wherever she went: India with its host of multicoloured padres and missionaries, its time-serving anglicized Hindus, and fanatical Eurasians and (go on).

[At the bottom of the page HPB has written:] Miss Arundale please leave here below a large space for Olcott to write down his effusions



upon the subject

45 "Whenever I was called by name"—Mme Blavatsky tells us, "I opened the eyes upon hearing it and was myself, In every particular. As soon as I was left alone, I relapsed into my usual half dreamy condition and became *somebody* else..."

In cases when I was interrupted during a conversation in the latter capacity—say, at half a sentence either spoken by me or some of my *visitors*—invisible of course to any other, for I was alone to whom they were realities—no sooner I closed my eyes than the sentence which had been Interrupted—continued from the word it had stopped at. When awake and *myself* I remembered well who I was in my second capacity and what I was doing. When somebody else—I had no idea of who was H.P. Blavatsky. I was in another far off country, quite another individuality, and had no connection at all with my actual life.' She will never say, however, who she was when "somebody else" nor give any more explicit details. She only said she was with her *Master* during that time.

46 This can hardly be called 'independent manifestations—that is to say such phenomena as occur in the presence of mediums Independent of their previous knowledge or will. As well, regard as a medium everyone in the house who witnessed phenomena in his presence when alone, received letters or other objective proof of the presence of either Masters or chelas. Mme Blavatsky [tells] us that she has often seen her Master and his disciples In astral bodies so far back as 1859, [heard] distinctly their voices and conversed with them. Once that we admit the manifestation we [think] it more philosophical to attribute them to the will of living persons than of dead men.

47 She was mistaken: for It has done her harm. In their eagerness to show her no higher than a common medium, editors of spiritual papers, remembering that they had received at that time notices of the short lived *Societe Spirite*, made capital of it and a good handle to the broom with which as they thought they would try to sweep the Theosophical Society out of sight and existence.

48 This verbal translation of a letter written by Mme Blavatsky 14 years back shows that she never changed her way of viewing communications with 'spirits' for physical phenomena—as she was accused of doing when in America.

49 How dangerous is the latter kind was proven on the spot. Miss O—the medium, a young lady of hardly twenty—a governess In a rich family of bankers, an extremely modest and gentle character, had hardly written the Russian addressed to Mme Blavatsky than she was seized with trembling and asked to drink. When water was brought she threw it away and went on asking for a drink. Wine was offered her—she greedily drank it, and began drinking one glass after the other until to the horror of all she fell In convulsions and cried for 'wine—a drink' till she fainted away and was carried home in a carriage. She had a sickness after this that lasted for several weeks.

50 Therefore when for example a medium In America personates a Russian (Sophie Perovsky, the regicide for Instance), fraud or a monomaniacal hallucination is invariably the real cause of it, for what we call 'shells' cannot emerge out of a certain area of *Kama loka*; whereas if the same spook obsessed a medium at St Petersburg or the vicinity, we might easily admit the genuineness of the phenomena. Luckily few shells prevail longer than the term of a natural life.



Translator.

51 In the *shell* of the Earth for its (to us) invisible astral form is the region in which the *umbræ* linger after death, a grand truth given out in the *exoteric* doctrine of Hades of the ancient Latins.



52 We resent and blame less, after this information, the Anglo-Indian and American papers, who very often invented (or perhaps repeated?) the same idiotic calumnies. It only shows how little advanced is yet Western Civilization. That an innocent woman should be so persecuted by her own countrymen, attenuates, but does not [solicit?] the villainy of the same act committed by the press in foreign countries, the hospitality of which, she trusts. More than ever we become impressed with the paradoxical saying, that 'Christian charity is really practised but in heathendom.' In the Appendix much interesting matter will be found, and more than one calumny and slander shown to be false. We hope the reader will not neglect to read it with careful attention, since the documents given therein are all official and go on to finally establish the whole truth. (*Editor*)

53 And private individuals (sometime—though happily rarely—in high station in life) to repeat them, adding to these other lies—direct emanations from their own vicious brains and natures. Such a libel has been just set on foot by an ex-maid-of-honour of the Imperial Russian Court, a well known old spinster residing for many years in Paris, and famous in all Russia and France for her viper's tongue and wicked gossiping. Some of our friends say to us:—'Oh, she is a mad-woman and known as such by everyone'—'Very likely,' we answer. But since she is, so far, instead of being safely lodged in a lunatic asylum allowed to go free and to carry about her vile slanders and wicked inventions; and as, according to a well established axiom 'however well proven to be false, there remains always some thing of a calumny'—; and that again those who know her but do not know at all Mme Blavatsky or the whole truth about her may be easily led into believing what Mile O. S—f (whose full name we withhold merely out of Mme Blavatsky's respect to the Imperial Court of Russia and the other maids- of-honour, a title that she disgraces) would have people believe her to be—it is but just that facts should be restored, and the whole truth left on record. And since Mme Blavatsky, no sooner were the calumnies brought home to her in the shape of a long and slanderous letter from Mile S—f to an alleged friend of hers (whom she traduces as much as she does all others) and a real friend of Mme Blavatsky, the latter sent immediately an official petition to the Commander in Chief of the Caucasus praying that an inquest should be ordered and a certificate of the Police of the results of the same be sent to her and that she has since received every legal proof of the falsity of the denunciation, we can do no better than append the proofs to this volume (See Appendix II). Mme Blavatsky's name has been too often and too unjustly traduced that we should not (word indecipherable: seize?) every opportunity to defend it. (H.S.O. *Editor*.) [The Appendix referred to and the information it contained was not published, nor was this footnote and the previous one used by Sinnett. Luckily, HPB's Petition to His Highness the General Commander-in-Chief in the Caucasus, Prince Alexander Mihailovitch Dondukov-Korsakov, asking for redress against the libels of Mile Smirnov, has survived, and is printed in the 2nd volume of *H.P.B. Speaks* (Adyar: TPH, 1951, 1986, pp. 155-6), along with HPB's letter to the Prince from Paris, June 3, 1884, a resume of Mile S's charges, and some biographical material provided by Mme Blavatsky for the Russian period covered by the 'Mystical Fragments'.)

54 Not so; and the author of these letters was again misled by false



reports in the American newspapers. When Baron von Palm joined the 'Society' he was a ruined and dying man; and it is out of pure philanthropy and pity for that lonely man far away from his country and mends that Colonel Olcott accepted him as a fellow into his Society. Baron von Palm *'had been'* a rich man, but at the time of his death he was completely ruined, though he kept to the last his own counsel and never let anyone know of it. Nevertheless, Truth forces us to admit that the estimable German ex-diplomat played a rather unworthy trick upon his colleagues of the Theosophical Society; he drew a legal will and left in it all he had to the Society he belonged to: silver and coal mines, large lots of ground in Chicago, land etc. He had been sick for a long time and taken care of by Colonel Olcott, who to comfort his last days on earth, gave him hospitality in his own house. He knew well that the Baron was ruined and that whatever *he had*, even *all* would be mighty little. Nevertheless he acted toward him as he would for any member of his Society, and laughed at the old man's promises of great wealth. Nor was the Crematory built by the Theosophists and to Baron von Palm's order. It had been already built by a gentleman of Washington (Pennsylvania) named Dr— for himself, and all those who liked to be cremated in it, and was only kindly lent by the doctor to the Society for use.

As to the legacy. Colonel Olcott had soon an opportunity to find out that however small were his expectations and great his disinterestedness the former were found to amount to nothing and the latter came to [grief?].

After the tremendous excitement of the 'heathen' ceremony over Baron de Palm's body in the Masonic Hall (Col. Olcott was only carrying out in this the last and express dying wish of the Baron) and his subsequent cremation had subsided, the newspapers began to talk over and comment over the 'enormous fortune' left by Baron de Palm to Colonel Olcott (which was not true for it had been left to his Society). There was insulting innuendoes and hints made, as to the active part Mme Blavatsky had played in this legacy, plain accusations of having blinded him with her phenomena, etc. All was as usual—unwarranted conclusions and slander. When the trustees looked, however, into the late Baron's affairs, and started to see what the Society could realize of the legacy—it was found to amount to a cipher. The coal and other mines had been some of them sold years ago and others closed as of no value; the lots in Chicago were under water and consisted of a few swamps that had been likewise sold for taxes, and the Baron had died *penniless* to the letter: it was the Society that had to pay all his funeral expenses. Notwithstanding this fact, and its publication by Col. Olcott, the 'Founders' were made to appear from the start as 'money-making' charlatans and enterprising frauds.

55 Dear Miss Arundale, I never knew I had one but I translate *verbatim*. Yours blushinglly, HPB.

56 Most assuredly it will, especially as a proof that Mme Blavatsky credited *Isis* from the first to her Tibetan Masters and has not—as alleged by our opponents *invented the 'Brothers', later on.* (Ed.)

57 Madame Blavatsky denies this positively: [MS broken] we do not see the use or sense of refusing any credit to herself. If her statements were not the truth.

58 The esteemed author is evidently [a little?] prejudiced or perhaps, unwilling as a Christian to attribute such great powers to *non-Christian* adepts. At all events as the [MS broken] used tend only to the greater glory of Mme Blavatsky herself, we have nothing to say. We respect



the opinion of even those who differ with us.

59 Published at Madras. Address the Manager, Damodar Mavalankar, Adyar, Madras, India; agents; Quaritch etc., London.



60 Mme Blavatsky was born and bred in the East.

[In her press Scrapbook Vol. XV, p. 121, where a copy of Fauverty's article is pasted HPB annotated this sentence with the words '*Fort Drole, L'annee de la naissance de H.P. Blavatsky a Ekaterinoslav!*']

Appendix



Some Remarks on the Article “The Truth About H.P. Blavatsky”

by Svitlana Gavrylenko

This article was published in the magazine *Rebus* (Enigma) #40-48, 1883, at Saint-Petersburg and was signed by “I.Ya.” We should read it without bias and be grateful to the author who left us his or her reminiscences; we should also take into account that HPB was alive when this article was written. Yet, from the point of view of historical investigation we must draw our own conclusion about the author of the article in question.

From one side, the contents of the article decisively convince us that the author, since his or her early childhood, was very close to HPB and knew details about her life that only a family member could know. From the other side, we do not know anyone close to HPB whose name begins with the initials “I.Ya.” So this is an Enigma for us. Most probably this article was written by the younger sister of HPB, Vera Zhelihovsky. Now we will summarise the *pro* and *contra* of this theory:

- We don't know any member of the Yahontov's family whose name begins with the letter “I” and who was interested in the phenomena produced by HPB. Vera's first husband was Nikolay Yahontov, who had a brother named Aleksandr. Nikolay Yahontov passed away in 1856. Vera had two sons with N.Yahontov, born in 1852 and 1856 respectively. One was named Rostislav, but the name of the second one is unknown. HPB did not mention any Yahontovs in her letters and memoirs.
- Vera Zhelihovsky, since the passing of her second husband, Vladimir Zhelihovsky, in 1880, was a very active writer and writing was the way to support her family. It is known that she used different *noms de plume*.
- The article describes, in many details, eight episodes of HPB's life; this provides the reader with evidence that the author was direct participant and first-hand witness of the events described.
- The text of the article distinguishes “the Author” from Vera. For instance, note 7 says: “The sister's conversation and the story about the entire episode were presented to us by the younger sister, Mme Y_va [Yahontova].— Note of the author.” We recall

that in 1883 Vera wasn't Yahontova but Zhelihovsky. So we may consider this as literary twist.

- After HPB's death Vera published her biography “Radda-Bai, The Truth about H.P. Blavatsky”, with the same title. In her biography Vera mentioned some episodes and referred to the *Rebus*' publication, but without mentioning the author of this publication.
- In the article “H.P. Blavatsky and the Theosophists”, also published in “Rebus” magazine, N 28-29, 1884, which was signed by “V.Zh.” (Vera Zhelihovsky), we also can read about HPB's younger sister and see the reference to the article “The Truth about H.P. Blavatsky”.
- In the sequence of articles “Unexplainable and Unexplained”, signed by Vera Zhelihovsky, published in the same magazine, “Rebus”, in 1884-1885, the author several times mentioned and invoked the article “The Truth about H.P. Blavatsky” but without mentioning its author.
- Moreover there are other publications in “Rebus” (1884-1885) with the title “The Theosophy and the Theosophists”, signed by “E. Barabash”, which may have been written by Vera.

So, based on the above, we can conclude that there is a large probability for Vera to be the author of the article “The Truth about H.P. Blavatsky”.

P.S. H.P. Blavatsky used the terms “spiritism”, “spiritist” to refer to the attempts to contact dead people. She used the terms “spiritualism”, “spiritualist” to refer to a mode of world perception which considers the spiritual essence of all beings.

Weekly magazine "Rebus", 1883, Saint-Petersburg

No 40, October 16, p.357-359:

№ 40

РЕБУСЪ.

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На другомъ сеансѣ, никогдѣ не присутствовавшій редакторъ одного журнала, просилъ г-жу Самье описать его собственный домъ въ Лилѣ. Ясновидѣніе и на этотъ разъ не измѣнило ея. «Вашъ домъ прекрасенъ и величественъ, сказала она. Это деревенскій домъ, построенный совершенно не такъ, какъ другіе: архитектура его очень древняго стиля. Большая лѣстница раздѣляется на двѣ вѣтви, ведущія одна на право, другая на лѣво».

Г-жа Самье описала затѣмъ всѣ комнаты и всѣхъ въ нихъ живущихъ, давъ такое точное описаніе ихъ наружности, что всѣ они тотчасъ были узнаны. При этомъ интересно то обстоятельство, что когда спрашивающій сосредоточилъ свои мысли и волю на архитектурѣ лѣстницы, дабы побудить сомнамбулу дать ей описаніе, та, вопреки его желаніямъ, стала говорить о растеніяхъ и цвѣтахъ, которыя она видѣла на этой лѣстницѣ, такъ какъ растенія и цвѣты она очень любила. Спрашивающій съ удивленіемъ заявилъ, что онъ ни о растеніяхъ ни о цвѣтахъ вовсе и не думалъ. Доказательство, что разумное я, или душа сомнамбулы, перенесся въ этотъ домъ сохранила вполнѣ свою независимость, не смотря на волю экспериментирующаго лица.

Для серьезнаго наблюдателя всѣ эти факты служатъ достаточными доказательствами существованія души и ея независимости отъ тѣла. Эти факты разрушаютъ то положеніе матеріалистической философіи, которое утверждаетъ, что душа есть функція мозга. Коль скоро доказано, какъ въ настоящемъ случаѣ, что душа думаетъ и дѣйствуетъ внѣ тѣла, то какимъ образомъ можетъ она быть результатомъ отправленій матеріальныхъ органовъ? вмѣсто того, чтобы быть простою функціею, она скорѣе является независимой причиною, дѣятельною волею, предшествующею дѣятельности физическихъ органовъ. Этими фактами доказывается не только ея существованіе, но и безсмертіе. Если въ продолженіи жизни, во время магнетическаго сна она обнаруживаетъ свою независимость: видитъ, думаетъ, и дѣйствуетъ внѣ своего тѣла, то тѣмъ съ большимъ правомъ можно заявлять о ея независимости послѣ смерти. (Revue Spirite).

Правда о Е. П. Блаватской¹⁾.

I.

Людямъ слѣдящимъ за періодическими изданіями приходилось не разъ встрѣчать на столбахъ газетъ имя Елены Петровны Блаватской. Если то были иностранныя газеты, — благо ей! Если же русскія — чего, чего не изводилось имъ на ея бѣдную голову!.. И не повторять всѣхъ клеветъ и всѣхъ неглупостей, которыми осмыняютъ ее соотечественники. Начиная отъ обмановъ, парламента и до уголовныхъ преступленій влѣчательно. Мы Е. П. знаемъ хорошо: были близко знакомы съ нею

¹⁾ Елена Петровна въ дни своей молодости была одна изъ сильныхъ медіумовъ, которыхъ въ сожалѣнію въ Россіи очень мало. Въ настоящее время г-жа Блаватская жила въ Индіи падала и редактируетъ журналъ Теософствъ, и имѣетъ съ тѣмъ состоятъ секретаремъ «Общества Теософистовъ». Писала се изъ «Пестеръ и добрей Индостана» помѣщаются въ «Моск. Вѣдом.» и «Русск. Вѣст.» подъ псевдонимомъ «Рада Бай». Ред.

съ ранняго дѣтства ея и до зрѣлыхъ лѣтъ. Мы давно искали возможности представить интересующимся этой личностію «изъ ряду—вонъ», нѣсколько близкихъ очерковъ о ней. Повѣрить нашему правдивому слову или нѣтъ, — мы не заботимся, довольные сознаніемъ, что выскажемъ правду — единственную, кажется, правду сказанную о ней въ Россіи.

О частной жизни ея мы говорить не будемъ: постороннимъ лицамъ трудно судить интимную жизнь чело-вѣка даже близко извѣстнаго; да оно и къ дѣлу не относится. Скажемъ только, что она съ самыхъ раннихъ лѣтъ не была заурядной дѣвочкой: очень живая, способная, остроумная и смѣлая, она и въ дѣтствѣ поражала своими самобытными, рѣшительными поступками. Какъ и въ ранней молодости она очень рѣшительно и своевольно поступила съ собою, неожиданно покинувъ отечество безъ вѣдома родныхъ и мужа своего, который, къ его и ея несчастью, былъ втрое старше ея.

Она уѣхала и десять лѣтъ провела въ чужихъ краяхъ, въ непрерывныхъ поѣздкахъ по Европѣ, Азій и Америкѣ; въ продолженіи нѣсколькихъ лѣтъ воздерживалась даже отъ переписки съ родными, изъ-за желанія окончательно исчезнуть отъ поносовъ мужа. Только года черезъ четыре начали доходить до родственниковъ ея слухи чрезъ общихъ знакомыхъ: ее встрѣчали въ Константинополѣ, въ Парижѣ, въ Испаніи. Въ Лондонѣ, пріобрѣтши извѣстность своимъ музыкальнымъ талантомъ, она была членомъ филармоническаго общества. Тамъ же она имѣла съ нѣкимъ лордомъ громкій процессъ, на-дѣлавшій въ свое время не мало шума въ англійской прессѣ. Не смотря на свою экспортацію Е. П. всегда была и есть горячая русская патриотка. Задержанная контрактомъ въ Лондонѣ, во время крымской войны, она много страдала за Россію и всегда высказывала открыто свой патриотизмъ. Люди честные и порядочные уважали въ ней это чувство; но если въ семьѣ не безъ уroda, то тѣмъ болѣе въ цѣломъ народѣ.

Во время одного изъ представленій въ театральномъ фойе Дрюри-Лена, зашла рѣчь о русскихъ дѣлахъ и русскихъ людяхъ въ такомъ тонѣ, котораго ни одинъ истинно русскій не могъ бы вывести. Одинъ тучный лордъ (разумѣется изъ тѣхъ, что не нюхали пороха въ Севастополѣ) кричалъ и ругался, — буквально ругался громче всѣхъ. Е. П. встала и заявила ему, что она русская и во имя своей національности проситъ его замолчать. Лордъ отвѣчалъ дерзостью. Е. П. обратилась къ своимъ сосѣдямъ — англичанамъ — проси ихъ вступиться за ея права, какъ русской женщины и гостя въ Англіи. Нѣсколько голосовъ поднялось за нея, другіе — противъ. Послѣдніе оспили и подстрекаемый ими, обозленный лордъ заговорилъ еще рѣзче и громче. Тогда Блаватская еще разъ, вся блѣдная отъ негодованія, громко заявила, что онъ дѣлаетъ подлость, ругаясь издали надъ врагами, которыхъ не знаетъ, а потому и судить не можетъ о ихъ храбрости и достоинствахъ; что если никто не заставитъ его замолчать, то она съумѣетъ сама вступиться за своихъ и не позволить ему продолжать клеветать на русскихъ.

«Какимъ это способомъ? глаумасъ спросилъ англичанинъ. Неужели ваши аргументы сильнѣе оружія сотенъ

тысяч ваших русских войск?.. Интересно бы было познакомиться с ними...

«А я вам не советую этого, ради собственной вашей безопасности... Я сама не знаю как, но повторю: замолчите или я вас заставлю замолчать!

Тучный лорд расхохотался.

«В таком случае, сказал он, я засвидетельствую, что русские женщины храбрее русских солдат, которые, не разсуждая, всюду бегут от наших войск»...

Он не успел докончить: тяжелый канделябр со всеми свечами просиял в воздух, ударился прямо в голову оскорбителя... Лорд упал обливаясь кровью. Суматоха поднялась невообразимая. Его вынесли мертвым, началось судебное дело. К чести англичан, надо сказать, что судьи, приняв во внимание все обстоятельства дела, были на стороне женщины, оскорбленной в самых законных и священных ее чувствах. Блаватскую, как бы в насмешку над лордом-богачом, приговорили заплатить ему за обиду... пять фунтов стерлингов!.. Е. П. при этом не воздержалась от фарса: она публично, на суд, подала десять фунтов: «перед»... за могущую произойти между ними вторичную встречу, кесело пояснила она искренно расхохотавшейся публике.

Впоследствии, когда Е. П. соскучившись по родине и убившись, что ей нечего бояться преследований мужа, рѣшилась ходатайствовать о возвращении в Россию, история эта много способствовала прощению ей за десятилетнюю отлучку и безапелляционный отъезд в чужие края.

Но еще прежде ее возвращения, она познакомилась близко с кружком адептов, только что проявившего спиритизма; дружески сошлась с медиумом Юмом и его женой, и совершила вместе с ними замечательное путешествие в Америку, во время которого у нея самой проявилась большая медиумическая сила, обратившая на нее внимание даже американских спиритов, среди которых она вращалась.

Сила эта проявилась в непрерывных стуках, раздававшихся вокруг нея, почти постоянно (*ésprits frappeurs*), в передвижении предметов, в увеличении и уменьшении веса их, в способности ее видеть самой, а иногда и давать возможность видеть другим, в ее присутствии, людей давно живших в тех местах, где она находилась, а равно и известных личностей, умерших в разное время.

Зная множество поразительных фактов из ее медиумической практики как в России, так и за границей, мы укажем лишь на те только, свидетелями которых были сами.

Возвращение Е. П. в Россию состоялось зимою 1858—1859 г. Ранняя молодость ее прошла на Кавказе, откуда она и уехала за границу. Возвратилась же она на северо-запад—в Псковскую губернию, к недавно овдовевшей сестре своей, тамошней помещице. Ее ждали не ранне весны, но раз задавшись мыслью вернуться на родину, Е. П. уже не могла ждать: она предупредила сестру, пришла совершенно неожиданно в глубокую зимнюю ночь, и попала прямо на свадебный пир. Сестра ее временно жила у родных своего

мужа Я—вых, и в этот вечер невестка ее вышла замуж. Мы сидели за ужином. В снях безпрестанно раздавались звонки людей, призывавших с экипажами гостей. В ту минуту, когда шафера провозгласили здоровье молодых, раздался звонок Блаватской, и сестра ее, повинувшись неизвестному ей чувству, не смотря на эту торжественную минуту, вскочила из-за стола и побжала сама открыть двери, в полном убеждении, что пришла сестра.

С той же самой ночи все живущие в квартире замечали странные звуки, сухие и резкие, раздававшиеся во всех предметах окружавших призывую: в стенах, в полу, в швах, в стеклах окон, в подушках, в зеркалах, в кофках часов и во всех мелочах стоявших в комнате. Как не отшучивалась Елена Петровна, но скрыть суть и значение этих звуков, было невозможно. Настойчивые расспросы сестры привели ее к сознанию, что проявления эти сопутствуют ей, без ее воли и желания, то усиливаясь, то ослабевая, а порой и совсем прекращаясь. Разумеется исконные, как и весь мир, знали все что было писано о спиритизме и различных его проявлениях. Юм в то время посетив Петербург, произвел огромный фурор, но конечно в Пскове не побывал и жители его никогда не слыхивали стуков *ésprits frappeurs*. С приездом г-жи Блаватской вместе с окружавших ее чудеса разлетелась быстро и исподполнила весь город. А чудеса действительно были чудесны, не оставлявшие ни малейшего сомнения в своей необычайной подлинности...

Дело в том, что стук был не просто неосмысленный стук, а нечто одаренное понятием и разумом; мало этого: *нечто* имевшее дар узнавать неисказанные мысли, нечто свободно проникавшее в сокровеннейшее каждого человека и свободно разоблачавшее все его прошлые дела и настоящие помышления.

Я—вы,—родственники сестры Ел. Петр., жили вообще довольно открыто; ее присутствие привлекало к ним множество посетителей из которых ни один не остался не удовлетворенным по части столотворения и столотворения или правильнее *стуко-писания*, потому что ответы давались посредством стука раздававшегося, при произнесении азбуки, на известной букве и таким образом составлялись целые речи на всевозможных языках, даже совершенно неизвестных медиуму. Видный медиум подвергался всевозможным искусам и подчинялся очень добродушно самым недобрым требованиям в доказательство своей непричастности происходившим явлениям. Обыкновенно она сидела себе спокойно за какой-нибудь ручной работой в кресле или на диване, повидимому не принимая ни малейшего участия в суете происходившей вокруг нея; а кругом кипела работа. Кто-нибудь говорил громко азбуку; другой записывал буквы; третьи слышали задавать мысленные вопросы, заботясь лишь о том, чтобы не перепутать очереди. Случалось однако очень часто, что незримые дѣтели отдавали преимущество некоторым: разговаривали долгие, охотливы и обстоятельные с одними, а другим совсем не ждали отвечать. Бывало и так, что спрашивал один,

а отвѣтъ получался на мысль другого, прямо назвавъ его по имени. Въ то же время кругомъ шли говоры, споры, предположенія. Высказывалось недоверіе, порой вырывались насмѣшки, иногда даже весьма не деликатное сомнѣніе въ добросовѣстности медиума. Привычная къ такого рода демонстраціямъ Блаватская сносила ихъ терпѣливо, лишь иногда позволяя себѣ улыбку или пожатіе плечъ, когда ей въ сотый или тысячный разъ задавались вопросы весьма сомнительной логики:

— Да какъ вы *это* дѣлаете? Да что *это* стучитъ?

Или:

— Какъ это вы можете угадывать мысли?.. Почему вы знали, что я подумалъ *объ этомъ*?!

Сначала Е. П. очень усердно разувѣрила допрашивавшихъ въ своемъ участіи въ этихъ чудесахъ, объясняя имъ свою чисто страдательную роль, потомъ бросила и отдѣливалась улыбками и молчаніемъ. Когда же заявлялись прямые сомнѣнія въ ея честности, высказывались прямо глубѣйшія предположенія, что это стучитъ *она сама*, что у нея въ карманѣ такая *маленькая* или что она *шепкаетъ нотами*; а въ томъ случаѣ, когда руки ея были заняты шитьемъ, то предполагали шелканье *пальцами ногъ*, — тогда Е. П. безпрекословно подчинялась самымъ неслѣпымъ требованіямъ: ее обшкуривали, ей связывали руки и ноги, а иногда укладывали ее на мягкій диванъ, снимали съ нее башмаки, руки же и ноги клали на подушку, чтобы онѣ были у всѣхъ на виду и требовали чтобы *она сидела такъ*, чтобы стуки раздавались *подальше*, въ другихъ концахъ комнаты. Тогда она прямо заявляла, что это не въ ея власти, что она попытается, но за успѣхъ ручаться не можетъ. Однако почти всегда желаніе ея исполнялось, особенно вначалѣ и въ тѣхъ случаяхъ, когда на лицо были люди серьезно интересовавшіеся: стуки раздавались въ потолокъ, въ окнахъ, въ мебели стоявшей на противоположной стѣнѣ... Но порой незримые дѣятели зло подшучивали надъ насмѣшниками. Одному юному учителю М. чулъ не сбросили съ носа очковъ, застучавъ въ стекла такъ сильно, что онъ схватился за нихъ и поблѣднѣлъ какъ полотно. Одной дамѣ *e'sprit-fort*, еще весьма занятой собою, на ея игриво-насмѣшливые вопросы о томъ, что составляетъ лучший проводникъ для ихъ сообщеній съ людьми, они отвѣчали:

«Золото. Мы это сейчасъ тебѣ докажемъ...»

Дама сидѣла слегка открывъ губы въ насмѣшливой улыбкѣ. Едва, записавшій буквы, прочелъ этотъ отвѣтъ, какъ она схватилась за ротъ и все лицо ея искажилось испугомъ и изумленіемъ...

Всѣ переглянулись. Всѣ поняли, что дама почувствовала соприкосненіе въ золотой пластинкѣ своихъ фальшивыхъ зубовъ и, когда она въ ту же минуту встала и распрощалась, разразился гомерическій смѣхъ надъ профѣлкой ея антогонистовъ.

Нѣтъ возможности передать подробно всего видѣннаго и слышаннаго за время пребыванія г-жи Блаватской въ нашемъ кружкѣ; можно только указать вообще, на прямые и совершенно ясные отвѣты на задуманные вопросы, на прописываніе различныхъ лекарствъ латини, на разоблачаемыя тайны, на рассказы незри-

мыхъ дѣятелей о себѣ, и о томъ кто они были при жизни и въ какомъ состояніи нынѣ находятся. Всѣ эти изумительныя, необъяснимыя проявленія силы осмысленной и чуть не всевѣдущей, произвели сенсацію въ Псковѣ и вѣроятно еще многіе о ней помнятъ. Истина требуетъ замѣтить, что не всегда говорилась правда; напротивъ: очень часто передавались факты искаженные, какъ-будто съ умысломъ злали и смѣялись надъ легковѣріемъ людей склонныхъ видѣть въ ихъ розсказахъ непогрѣшимыя пророчества. Тѣмъ не менѣе фактъ проявленія осмысленной силы, могущей узнать мысли и чувства человѣка, а также произвести стукъ и движеніе въ вещахъ неодушевленныхъ, — оставался и остается *фактомъ*.

И. Я.

(Продолженіе слѣдуетъ).

МАЙРА.

Рассказъ Фюльбера Дюмонтейля.



днадзы и остановился проѣздомъ въ Тулузѣ. Въ это время весь городъ только и говорилъ, что о первомъ представленіи заклиательницы змѣй, молодой красавицы, пидіанки Майры. Громадные афиши, украшенныя изображеніемъ всевозможныхъ змѣй, извѣщали публику, что представленіе состоится сегодня вечеромъ въ мѣстномъ циркѣ.

Конечно, какъ и всѣ, я пошелъ вечеромъ смотрѣть Майру. Вотъ какое зрѣлище представлялъ циркъ. Посреди арены лежалъ огромный мѣшокъ, наполненный змѣями. Въ нѣсколькихъ шагахъ отъ мѣшка стояла заклиательница, подобіе Венеры Милосской, съ чудными обнаженными руками, въ розовой шелковой туникѣ. Только мраморъ замѣнила здѣсь бронза.

Майра поднесла къ губамъ флейту изъ пидійскаго тростника, и тотчасъ изъ большаго движущагося мѣшка появилась, поползла, заколебалась цѣлая процессія отвратительныхъ гадовъ.

Тростниковая флейта издаетъ притяжные, сладкіе звуки, и змѣи дрожатъ отъ удовольствія, подынявшись на блестящихъ хвостахъ и мѣрно покачивая изъ стороны въ сторону своими плоскими головами, какъ-бы отжѣкая тактъ.

Ихъ взгляды мутятся, чешуя сверкаетъ, гибкое туловище вытягивается, наклоняется, сгибается, и снова поднимается, приближается и удаляется въ тактъ. Флейта продолжаетъ свою печальную и сладкую мелодію, и всѣ змѣи стоятъ на хвостахъ, гнуты и качаются.

Умолкнетъ флейта — змѣи начинаютъ волноваться, сердиться. Возобновится музыка и онѣ снова начинаютъ свое сладострастное дрожаніе, свои граціозныя колебанія.

Майра не принадлежитъ къ тѣмъ ярмарочнымъ укротителямъ змѣй, которые изъ предосторожности вырываютъ у своихъ змѣй ядовитые зубы. Майра настоящая *заклиательница*, гордящаяся ядовитостью своихъ страшныхъ враговъ, и считала-бы униженіемъ для себя вывести на сцену змѣю, побывавшую въ рукахъ у дантиста.

Майра настоящая заклиательница, которая черпаетъ свою таинственную власть въ непреодолимой волѣ, въ

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роневъ, на что отецъ, чтобы не огорчать ее и избѣжать тяжелыхъ объясненій, отвѣтилъ, что Андрей былъ похороненъ въ лучшей своей одеждѣ.

Когда Мерседесъ рассказала матери, что видѣла Андрея, та очень встревожилась, полагая, что дочь ее больна, или отъ страха подверглась галлюцинаціи. Въ это время возвратился домой и отецъ.

— Слава Богу, что ты пришелъ, сказала мать, — Мерседесъ рассказываетъ мнѣ такія вещи, что я не знаю, что и думать; или она больна, или ужъ не знаю что...

— Да что съ нею? спрашиваетъ отецъ.

— Вообрази, когда вернувшись домой, я сказала Мерседесъ, что очень сѣбила чтобы не оставлять ихъ долго въ темнотѣ, она мнѣ отвѣчаетъ, что они вовсе не сидѣли въ темнотѣ, что у нихъ сидѣлъ нашъ бѣдный Андрей, и что всякій разъ когда онъ приходитъ, у нихъ дѣлается свѣтло какъ днемъ!

— И это правда мама, прервала ее Мерседесъ, онъ приходилъ не одинъ разъ; но что меня больше всего удивляетъ, такъ это его одежда. Вообрази себѣ мама, на немъ красныя панталоны, всѣ въ дыркахъ, голубой камзолъ, который даже не сходится на груди, а грудь вся открыта, даже рубашки нѣтъ на немъ!

Отецъ услышавъ такое точное описаніе одежды, въ которой былъ похороненъ Андрей, горько зарыдалъ, говоря сквозь рыданія:

— «Не сомнѣвайтесь! Мерседесъ дѣйствительно видитъ своего брата; и васъ могу въ этомъ увѣрить», и рассказалъ своему семейству печальныя подробности погребенія сына. Мерседесъ слыша подтвержденіе своихъ словъ, сообщила еще большія подробности, относительно наружности брата, и все оказалось такъ, какъ она говорила.

Семейство, пораженное необычнымъ событіемъ, рассказало его многимъ лицамъ, между которыми къ счастью оказались лица знакомыя съ медиумическими явленіями. Въ настоящее время дѣвочка присутствуетъ на сеансахъ и по всей вѣроятности изъ нея выйдетъ сильный медиумъ (voyant et ouïtiff).

ЯВЛЕНИЕ УМЕРШАГО.

Въ «Могилевскихъ Епархіальныхъ Вѣдомостяхъ» помѣщенъ слѣдующій случай изъ жизни митрополита Платона, рассказанный самимъ владыкою.

Всѣдуя съ присутствовавшими въ великѣхъ, настоятеля Желткова монастыря, архимандрита Гавріила, высокопресвященныя Платонъ, между прочими воспоминаніями изъ своей протекшей жизни, рассказалъ слѣдующее:

«Въ моей жизни есть одинъ случай, при которомъ я видѣлъ тѣнь другого человѣка, да при томъ такъ живо и отчетливо, воть какъ васъ вижу теперь. Это было въ 30-хъ годахъ; я былъ инспекторомъ с.-петербургской духовной академіи; ректоромъ въ тоже время былъ Венедиктъ, въ послѣдствіи архіепископъ олонекій. Я былъ молодъ и дѣтственъ. У насъ былъ въ числѣ другихъ студентовъ Иванъ Крыловъ изъ орловской семинаріи, навѣстный мнѣ, когда я былъ наставникомъ въ орловской семинаріи, — какъ теперь его

вижу. Учился онъ не дурно; былъ хорошаго поведенія и благообразнаго вида. Онъ приходитъ ко мнѣ и проситъ меня, чтобы я позволилъ ему отправиться въ больницу. Я думаю себѣ: вѣрно онъ истощалъ, пусть тамъ его покормятъ курочкою, дадутъ благаго хлѣба и онъ поправится. А можетъ быть и курсовое сочиненіе тамъ напишетъ. Проходить нѣсколько времени; я объ немъ ничего не слышу; докторъ ничего не говоритъ. Разъ я лежу на диванѣ, на лѣвомъ боку, и читаю книгу; передо мною стоялъ ломберный небольшой столъ. Я отвелъ глаза отъ книги и вижу за столомъ стоитъ Крыловъ и смотритъ на меня такъ пристально. Лицо его я вижу ясно, — воть какъ васъ; но тѣло его было какъ бы въ туманѣ или облакѣ. Я опять взглянулъ на него... Онъ!... Меня передернуло. Призракъ точно понесся отъ стола къ окну и въ окнѣ скрылся. Я еще недоумѣвалъ, чтобы это значило?.. Вдругъ слышу стукъ въ мою дверь; я надѣлъ рясю и вижу, входитъ больничный сторожъ и говоритъ мнѣ:

— Студентъ Крыловъ Богу душу отдалъ.

— Давно-ли? — спросилъ я въ изумленіи.

— Да воть минутокъ пять; я только собрался къ вамъ.

— Воть извольте разгадать эту тайну, — сказалъ архипастыръ, обращаясь ко всѣмъ присутствовавшимъ при разсказѣ.

Всѣ молчали.

— Все это, — заключилъ владыка: — несомнѣнно доказываетъ намъ какую то таинственную связь между нами и душами умершихъ.

Правда о Е. П. Блаватской¹⁾.

II.

Воть два факта совершившіеся на глазахъ многихъ свидѣтелей, во время недолгаго пребыванія Блаватской въ Псковѣ.

Какъ почти всегда бываетъ — люди самые близкіе къ Е. П. въ тоже время были и самыми закоренѣлыми скептиками относительно ея медиумическихъ способностей. Братъ ея Леонидъ и отецъ, Петръ Алексѣевичъ Ганъ, долго крѣпились противъ очевидности; наконецъ скептицизмъ перваго поколебался слѣдующимъ случаемъ: Въ гостини Я — выхъ было много гостей; занимались немножко музыкой, немножко картами, но больше всего спиритизмомъ. Леонидъ Ганъ²⁾ не принималъ ни въ чемъ прямого участія, а ходилъ и наблюдалъ за всѣмъ. Это былъ сильный, коренастый юноша, пропитанный латинской и германской премудростью дерптскаго университета. Онъ остановился за сестрой и слушалъ ея рассказы о томъ, какъ въ присутствіи медиума Юма нѣкоторые легкіе предметы дѣлались на столько тяжелыми, что ихъ невозможно было оторвать отъ полу, а другіе, несравненно болѣе тяжелые, напротивъ, становились необычайно легкими.

— И ты можешь это сдѣлать? пронырски спросилъ молодой человѣкъ у своей сестры.

— Иногда дѣлала, но за удачу ручаться не могу, хладнокровно отвѣтила Блаватская.

¹⁾ См. № 40.

²⁾ Былъ присяжный поверенный въ Ставрополѣ.

— А попробовать можно? спросил кто-то, и все наперерывъ стали просить ее.

— Извольте, я попробую; но прошу помнить, что моя сила не равна Юмовской и что я ничего не обещаю. Я буду смотреть на этот шахматный столик... Кто желаетъ пусть приподниметъ его теперь, — и послѣ того, какъ я на него посмотрю.

— Какъ посмотрите?.. И чтожь потомъ? Вы не будете его держать? спросило нѣсколько голосовъ.

— Зачѣмъ же мнѣ его держать? спросила улыбаясь Елена Петровна.

Одинъ изъ молодыхъ людей рѣшительно подошелъ и приподнял столикъ, какъ перышко.

— Хорошо. Потрудитесь поставить его обратно и отойдите.

Приказаніе было исполнено и водворилось общее молчаніе. Все слѣдили затѣвъ дыханіе за тѣмъ, что дѣлала г-жа Блаватская. А она равно ничего не дѣлала; только устремила свои большіе, голубые глаза издали на шахматный столикъ и напряженно глядѣла на него нѣсколько времени. Потомъ, не спуская съ него глазъ, она рукою пригласила того же молодого человѣка приподнять его.

Онъ подошелъ и увѣренно взялся снизу, за ножку... Столъ не двинулся.

Онъ схватился за него обѣими руками.

Столъ стоялъ, какъ привинченный къ полу.

Молодой человѣкъ присѣлъ, обхватилъ ножку руками, началъ энергически толкать столъ плечами въ бокъ, вверхъ, во все стороны; весь покраснѣвъ отъ напряженія. Не тутъ-то было: столикъ словно приросъ къ полу и не хотѣлъ двигаться!..

Поднялся оглушительный шумъ восторговъ и восклицаній.

Молодой человѣкъ бросилъ столъ en désespoir de cause, отошелъ, сложилъ по наполеоновски руки и произнесъ:

— Вотъ такъ штука!

— Посетивъ штука! согласился Л. Ганъ. У него явилось подозрѣніе, что гость этотъ дѣйствуетъ за одно съ его сестрой. Елена! Можно мнѣ попробовать? спросилъ онъ.

— Сдѣлай одолженіе.

Братъ ей подошелъ улыбаясь и схватилъ ножку крошечнаго столика своей мускулистой рукою. Но улыбка въ ту же секунду смѣнилась выраженіемъ удивленія. Онъ отошелъ на шагъ и осмотрѣлъ столъ, ему давно извѣстный. Потомъ сильно толкнулъ его ногою въ сторону, но столикъ даже не дрогнулъ.

Тогда онъ налегъ на него грудью и пробовалъ раскачать его... Дерево трещало, но не поддавалось никакимъ усиліямъ. Три его ножки казались привинченными къ полу. Леонидъ Петровичъ потерялъ надежду и отойдя въ сторону сказалъ:

— Странно! Глаза его невольно перебѣгали со столика на сестру.

Все согласилось съ его восклицаніемъ.

Къ этому времени шумные возгласы привлекли гостей изъ другихъ комнатъ и многіе, молодые и старые пробовали поднять или хоть пошевелить упрямый шахматный столикъ, но остались только при желаніи.

Видя недоумѣніе своего брата и можетъ быть желая окончательно разрушить его сомнѣнія, Елена Петровна обратилась къ нему и тихо разсмѣившись сказала:

— Попробуй теперь поднять его!

Ганъ нерѣшительно подошелъ, взялся опять за ножку и дернулъ столикъ вверхъ, чуть не вывихнулъ себѣ руку отъ излишняго усилія: столикъ взлетѣлъ, какъ перышко!

Теперь второй случай: произошелъ онъ ужъ не въ Псковѣ, а въ Петербургѣ въ гостиницѣ Парижъ, нѣсколько недѣль позже. Петръ Алексѣевичъ Ганъ пріѣхалъ туда съ обѣими дочерьми по дѣламъ. Утро проходило въ хлопотахъ, вечера проводились то въ гостяхъ, то въ театрѣ; о спиритизмѣ и рѣчи не было. Въ одинъ изъ вечеровъ къ нимъ пріѣхали двое знакомыхъ: оба старики; одинъ товарищъ Гана по Нахескому корпусу баронъ М*, другой его пріятель, бывшій декабристъ, Андрей Львовичъ К—въ. Оба, а особенно послѣдній, были ярые спириты и едва-ли не за-тѣмъ и пріѣхали, чтобы убѣдиться лично въ медиумической силѣ г-жи Блаватской.

Послѣ нѣсколькихъ удачныхъ опытовъ посетители пришли въ восторгъ и удивлялись равнодушію г. Гана хладнокровно раскладывавшаго пасьянсъ, а на вопросъ обращенный къ нему, онъ объявилъ, что это все вздоръ, онъ не хочетъ и слышать такой ерунды, и что, по его мнѣнію, это занятіе унижительно для серьезныхъ людей. Старые знакомые не оскорбились такимъ отвѣтомъ и стали усиленно просить Петра Алексѣевича уйти въ другую комнату, написать на бумажкѣ вопросъ и не показывая его никому, положить въ карманъ. Старикъ сначала посмѣивался, потомъ согласился. Исполнивъ все согласно указанію, онъ снова усѣлся за свой пасьянсъ.

— Вотъ сейчасъ рѣшится нашъ споръ! сказалъ К—въ. Ну, что вы скажете, Петръ Алексѣичъ, если отвѣтъ будетъ самый категорическій? Придется вѣдь повелевать увѣрять!..

— Не знаю, что я скажу! скептически возразилъ Ганъ, только знаю одно: въ тотъ часъ, когда я повѣрю спиритизму, — я повѣрю чорту, вѣдьмамъ, русалкамъ, оборотнямъ, — всемъ бабымъ сказкамъ и меня придется свести въ желтый домъ!

Сказавъ это онъ опять углубился въ пасьянсъ, а мы начали прислушиваться къ неумолкаемымъ стукамъ въ поставленную на столъ тарелку. Младшая сестра говорила азбуку, одинъ изъ гостей записывалъ, а роль Блаватской заключалась въ томъ, что она при семъ присутствовала. (Она была и хорошихъ пишущимъ медиумомъ хотя; этимъ способомъ говорить можно гораздо скорѣе и проще, но она его не любила, именно потому, что боялась подозрѣній.)

Помощію стуконъ и азбуки сложилось одно слово... но слово это оказалось такимъ страннымъ, что все мы, ожидавшіе какой-нибудь сложной фразы, переглядывались въ недоумѣніи, не зная прочесть-ли его громко?.. На наши вопросы, кончена-ли фраза, — раздавались энергические отвѣты: «Да!... Да, да, да!» что выражалось тремя стуками. Три означало настойчивое подтвержденіе.

Замѣтя наше волненіе, услыхавъ наши возгласы П. А. Ганъ обернулся и спросилъ:

— Ну, что-же?... Готовъ отвѣтъ?... Вѣрно что-нибудь очень замысловатое?...

Онъ всталъ и поспѣваясь подошелъ къ намъ. Меньшая дочь его, Я—ва, встала и съ маленькимъ замѣшательствомъ отвѣтила:

— Здѣсь только одно слово...

— Какое?

— *Зайчики!*

Надо было видѣть перемѣну происшедшую при этомъ словѣ съ старикомъ!... Онъ поблѣднѣлъ и растерянно поправляя очки, произнесъ, протягивая руку.

— Дай сюда!... Посмотрѣть... Точно-ли?

Онъ взялъ и повторилъ очень взволнованнымъ голосомъ:

— *Зайчики?... Да... Зайчики!... Странно!...*

Онъ вынулъ изъ-за борта сюртука свою записку и молча подаль ее дочерямъ.

Они схватили и быстро прочли вопросъ и заранѣе приготовленный въ скобкахъ отвѣтъ его, самому себѣ. Вотъ что на ней было написано:

«Какъ звали мою первую боевую лошадь, на которой я дѣлалъ турецкую кампанію?...» А ниже въ скобкахъ: *«Зайчики!»*

Мы торжествовали.

При этомъ надо замѣтить, что П. А., старый артиллеристъ, почти всю свою жизнь провелъ одинъ, вдали отъ семьи. Первая жена его Елена Андреевна Гантъ, урожденная Фадѣева (та самая, что въ концѣ 30-хъ и въ началѣ 40-хъ годовъ очаровывала весь русскій читающій міръ своими прелестными романами и повѣстями, подъ псевдонимомъ *Зинаида Р — вой*) скончалась 27-ми лѣтъ, оставивъ троихъ дѣтей. Старшей, Еленѣ было 11 лѣтъ, меньшему сыну 2 года. Родители ея забрали всѣхъ дѣтей къ себѣ и вскорѣ переѣхали съ ними въ Тифлисъ, гдѣ дѣти и выросли, сохранивъ почти не зная отца. Такой интимности никогда между ними не бывало, чтобъ они могли знать вещи бывшія у отца въ ранней его молодости. Да къ тому же онъ самъ выбралъ такой вопросъ, о которомъ онѣ не могли имѣть ни малѣйшаго понятія.

Этотъ «Зайчикъ» имѣлъ громадное вліяніе на старика Гана. Какъ это часто случается съ закоренѣлыми скептиками: разъ онъ убѣдился, что въ этомъ есть *ничто*, не имѣющее ничего общаго съ обманомъ, онъ повѣривъ одному факту, — повѣрилъ сплоша всему, и продался спиритизму съ чисто ювошескимъ увлеченіемъ. Конечно онъ не считалъ себя сумасшедшимъ, какъ заявлялъ ранѣе.

(Продолженіе слѣдуетъ).

ТЕМНОЕ ДѢЛО¹⁾.

Романъ.

(Изъ прошлой жизни).

ЧАСТЬ III.

XXXVII.



Перепрыгивая черезъ тѣла убитыхъ и раненыхъ и кажется не бѣжалъ, а шель, изнемогая и шатаясь. Вдругъ на встрѣчу мнѣ съ возвышенія, медленно отступая и по минутно отстрѣливаясь

пла горстка солдатъ. Нѣкоторые изъ нихъ были съ нашего бастіона и узнали меня. Высокій, рыжій Сидюхинъ — съ лицомъ опаленнымъ и законченнымъ порохоми — съ радостью бросился ко мнѣ.

— Ваше—бродіе... ведите насъ!.. всѣхъ командировъ перебилъ!.. Просто смерть!

И вдругъ въ это самое мгновеніе я почувствовалъ неизвѣстно откуда налетѣвшій приливъ бодрости и силы. Я кое-какъ собралъ, установилъ въ колонну эту растерзанную толпу и велѣлъ барабанщикамъ бить наступленіе, а самъ бодро всталъ впередъ и закричалъ, на сколько могъ сильно.

— Идемъ, братцы! Впередъ! И не оглядывайся бойко двинулся впередъ — при громѣ выстрѣловъ и мигающемъ ихъ свѣтѣ.

Взойдя на возвышеніе, я увидалъ, въ нѣсколькихъ десяткахъ шагахъ отъ себя чернѣющій брустверъ нашего ложементъ, съ наваленными на немъ турами и мѣшками и только что наша колонна выдвинулась изъ за бруствера, какъ въ одно мгновеніе весь онъ вспыхнулъ огоньками и затѣмъ весь скрылся за дымомъ. Но эти огоньки, хоть на одно мгновеніе освѣтили кепи и эспаньолки французскихъ chasseurs de vin-сенне, склонившихся подъ ружьями и стрѣлявшихъ въ насъ.

Велѣвъ за залпами я видѣлъ только какъ вокругъ меня, изъ моего строя, попадали солдатики. Съ отчаянной рѣшимостью я кинулся впередъ съ крикомъ:

— За мной молодцы; за Русь-матушку. Ура!

— Урррра, подхватили молодцы и не знаю какъ, въ одно мгновеніе, я очутился въ ложементѣ.

Кругомъ меня закипѣла какая-то отчаянная возня. Стучали и звенѣли штйки и приклады. Раздавались крики, стоны, брань. Какой то французскій офицеръ подскочилъ прямо ко мнѣ и уставилъ на меня пистолетъ, но въ то же мгновеніе солдатикъ, что работалъ подлѣ меня, — ударилъ его штыкомъ въ грудь и онъ упалъ.

Мнѣ кажется, я никогда не забуду какъ онъ схватился за штыкъ, закричалъ, съ какимъ-то злобнымъ хриномъ, и уставилъ прямо на меня остолбенѣлые, широко раскрытые глаза. Этотъ страшный, отчаянный взглядъ преслѣдуетъ меня до сихъ поръ и ужасные глаза нерѣдко мерещатся мнѣ въ темнотѣ ночи.

Я бросился въ сторону. Съ ожесточеніемъ, не помня себя, я рубилъ на-право и на-лѣво.

Помню нѣсколько разъ сабля моя звенѣла, стеленувшись съ французскимъ ружьемъ; нѣсколько разъ что-то горячее брызгало мнѣ въ глаза.

Я опомнился въ рукахъ у моихъ солдатъ, которые громко говорили мнѣ, что все кончено, неприятель выгнанъ, отступилъ. Я не вдругъ понялъ, что мнѣ говорить и кто мнѣ говорить. Наконецъ разсудокъ вернулся и принялся за дѣло.

Тотчасъ же я отрядилъ двухъ изъ моихъ людей въ ближайшій пунктъ за подкрѣпленіемъ; но не успѣли они выйти изъ ложементъ, какъ подкрѣпленіе явилось.

Шпатель моя была пробита въ пяти мѣстахъ; на ногѣ паранина и легкая контузія.

¹⁾ См. № 37.

„безмысленными, пелёными и безтолковыми“. Они ясно говорят намъ о преемственности и вѣчности развитія, о постепенности приближенія къ невѣдомому центру, къ единому абсолюту, въ которомъ скрытъ и высшій смыслъ, и абсолютная истина и все значеніе всемогущаго и всеобъемлющаго прогресса.

Я весьма желалъ бы пояснить, подтвердить и иллюстрировать призраки все сейчасъ высказанное, но это придало бы моему письму нежелательные размеры. Вѣдь съ тѣмъ и вовсе не хочу, чтобы вы повторили мнѣ на слово. Итъ! Ищите, читайте, изучайте, хотя бы для того, чтобы избавиться отъ упрека въ оцрометности и въ высокоглядствіи. Вы нападаете на безмысленный, ни на чемъ неоснованный нигилизмъ и между тѣмъ сами становитесь такими же нигилистомъ относительно той области, въ явленіи которой вы не изумлялись, не изучали, а только слышали о ней кое-какъ и видѣли кое-что. Если на изученіе наукъ здѣшняго міра мало одной человѣческой жизни Гумбольдта, то для наученія той высшей науки необходимы цѣлыя безконечно длинныя поколѣнія человѣчества. Наши самыя точныя, сложныя и тонкія методы изслѣдованій ничтожны передъ тонкостью, сложностью и точностью тѣхъ методовъ, которыми могутъ познаться эти явленія, потому что кромѣ нашихъ первичныхъ явленій здѣсь замѣшивается элементъ психическій со всей его тонкостью и сложностью.

Можно было бы кончить здѣсь, но мнѣ еще хочется сказать еще въ заключеніе, г. Страховъ, нѣсколько словъ относительно нашего излюбленнаго предмета. Вы легко можете понять, что я не врагъ философіи; напротивъ, я придаю ей, можетъ быть, болѣе значенія, чѣмъ вы. Философія связываетъ отрывочное, объединяетъ, возводитъ частное въ общее, — она стремится къ единству, къ синтезу, къ абсолюту. Но все это справедливо только относительно философіи реальной, которая, подобно философіи Спенсера, основывается на фактахъ, открывается отъ фактовъ и ограничивается только такими положеніями и выводами, которые могутъ быть подтверждены фактами. Я не могу признать или одобрить той философіи, которая наслаждается эквилибристикой процесса мышленія, собственно ради этой эквилибристики, которая посвящаетъ цѣлую главу въ относительно небольшомъ публицистическомъ памфлетѣ разбору Фейербаховскаго положенія: „есть ли у человека голова или нѣтъ головы?“ Эта философія разсуждаетъ о такомъ извѣрномъ положеніи весьма серьезно, глубоко-мысленно и приходитъ къ удивительно глубокому, по ея понятію, заключенію, что „языкъ человѣческой никогда не можетъ въ точности выразить то, что производитъ мысль человека. Да, помилуйте! кто же этого не знаетъ? Кто не знаетъ, кромѣ, можетъ быть, Фейербаха, что языкъ человека — это собраніе условныхъ терминовъ, которые можно извѣтывать, приспособлять и раздвигать сообразно развивающимся понятіямъ и представленіямъ. Вѣдь подобныя разсужденія напоминаютъ древнія хриіи или элементарныя софизмы греческихъ софистовъ.

Изъ этой послѣдней иллюстраціи для меня очевидно одно: мы стоимъ съ вами на разныхъ точкахъ, даже на разныхъ полюсахъ. Мой взглядъ не можетъ признать вашей перегорожденной философіи съ ея эквилибристикой. И позвольте закончить мое обращеніе къ вамъ перифразой вашего собственнаго положенія: образчикъ философскаго приѣма, который вы дали, есть „поучительный приѣтъ“, показывающій, что тѣмъ, въ которой бродитъ человечество, не развѣивается свѣтъ вашей философіи, а, напротивъ, сгущается ничѣе надъ вами больше, чѣмъ надъ другими людьми; вамъ нужно искать другаго, болѣе правнаго выхода, слѣдовательно, другаго, болѣе надежнаго свѣта“.

Примите и пр.

Н. Вагнеръ.

Правда о Е. П. Блаватской¹⁾.

III

Къ числу выдающихся явленій принадлежатъ слѣдующее:

Къ Я. мѣ, по случаю убійства, совершеннаго не подалеку въ кабацѣ, заѣхалъ становой. Не говори ни слова о цѣли своего приѣзда, онъ на другой день назначилъ сходку крестьянъ, но она въ тотъ же день оказалась излишнею: послѣ чаю по обыкновенію начались стуки въ стѣнахъ и мебели, а начатый разговоръ по азбукѣ разъяснилъ всѣ подробности этого кроваваго дѣла. Вотъ хотя и не дословное, но очень близкое къ подлиннику сообщеніе, обращенное въ далеко неучтливой формѣ, къ становому: «ты-де, старый одухъ (или что-то столь-же неделикатное) тутъ чайкомъ да разговорами пробавляешься, а завтра, чуть свѣтъ убійца, Самойло Ивановъ, уйдетъ въ другой уѣздъ и «поминай тогда, какъ его звали». А поѣзжай сейчасъ въ Орѣшкіно: тамъ у мужика Андрея Власова захватили его на чердакѣ».

— Батюшки! Отцы мои, родные! Да что-жъ это за чудеса? взмолился озадаченный становой: вѣдь у меня деревня Орѣшкіно точно на примѣтѣ!... А позвольте спросить: почему же *онъ* знаетъ, что убійцу зовутъ Самойло Ивановъ и что онъ у Власова въ избѣ?... А кто же такой Власовъ?» Отвѣтъ послѣдовалъ въ томъ же духѣ:

«Ты можешь дальше своего носа ничего не знать! А мы — все знаемъ, что узнать хотимъ!... Самойло Ивановъ — солдатъ безсрочно-отпускной. Онъ вчера пьянъ былъ, подрался и самъ не знаетъ, какъ его грѣхъ попуталъ кулакомъ мужиченку уложить».

Тогда становой вскочилъ и заторопился ѣхать. Сообщенія обстоятельства вполне согласовались къ собраннымъ имъ ранѣ свѣдѣніями. Онъ полетѣлъ въ Орѣшкіно²⁾.

На другое утро, ранехонько, явился тонецъ, присланный становымъ донести господамъ, что все исполнено, какъ по писанному. Убійца былъ задержанъ на его ночлегѣ у мужика Власова и оказался дѣйствительно безсрочно-отпускнымъ солдатомъ Ивановымъ.

Это происшествіе надѣлало много шума въ уѣздѣ и придало большое значеніе явленіямъ окружающимъ Блаватскую. Мы же лично болѣе всего были заинтересованы проявленіемъ осмысленности и самобытности незримыхъ дѣятелей.

Самые лучшіе сеансы удавались тогда, когда мы бывали одни, когда никто не желалъ производить никакихъ опытовъ, никого не надо было убѣждать или про-свѣщать, и сеансъ направлялся по волѣ и распоряженіямъ въ которыхъ никто изъ насъ, даже главная виновница этихъ явленій не вторгались, а предоставляли дѣйствовать незримымъ дѣятелямъ, отъ которыхъ вполнѣ зависѣли явленія. Въ такихъ случаяхъ они превосходили самихъ себя, сверхъестественными своими способностями. Мы пришли къ убѣжденію, что дѣятели эти подраздѣ-

¹⁾ См. № 42.

²⁾ За точныя названія деревни и лицъ, по давности происшествія, не ручаемся. *Примѣч. автора.*

ляются на несколько категорий и одна из них — самая высшая, редко снисходить до общения с посторонними лицами, охотно являясь на наш зов только тогда, когда между всеми присутствующими существует полная гармония, способствующая проявлению медиумической силы. Действия их вообще мало зависели от воли медиума. Такие сеансы, как с шахматным столиком в Пскове удавались очень редко. В большинстве случаев они действовали совершенно произвольно, ни мало не согласуясь с требованиями окружающих. Бывало очень досадно, когда хотилось завербовать разумного интеллигентного адепта и как нарочно ничего замечательного не выходило! Хотелось, чтобы сказано было что-нибудь выдающееся, а говорились чужие... чтобы повторилось явление, неоднократно нами наблюдаемое — и никогда почти этого не исполнялось¹⁾. Помню как в один вечер при гостях, захвативших из далека нарочно с целью, чтобы «видеть очами и слышать ушами», Блаватская тщетно пускала в ход всю силу своей воли, — решительно ничего не вышло!... Гости уехали недовольные, в самом скептическом и насмешливом настроении духа, а едва за ними заперлась дверь, еще и колокольчики их экипажа явственно звучали в подъездной аллее, как все пришло в движение, вся мебель словно одушевилась и весь вечер и часть ночи мы провели словно среди очарованных стін дворца какой-нибудь шехерезады.

Чего не делалось в тогда?.. Все явления, наблюдаемые нами в разное время — имели место в эту памятную ночь. То раздавалась гамма на закрытом рояле в зале, где все мы сидели за ужином. То по первому взгляду медиума к ней несся по воздуху через всю комнату ее панталоны, носовой платок, спичечница. То в смежной гостиной разом потухали лампы и свечки, и когда мы вошли в нее с огнем, оказалось, что вся мебель в ней стояла вверх ногами, беззвучно перевернутая невидимыми руками, в полной целостности... Едва опомнившись от этого чуда, все мы услышали снова в зале игру на фортепиано, но на сей раз игру осмысленную, словно какой-то бравурный марш. Переглянувшись и увидав, что все, кроме давно спавшей маленькой Лизы, на лице, мы бросились обратно в залу и, как и следовало ожидать, нашли рояль закрытым.

Мы ушли за большой обеденный стол и устроили сеанс. Стол тотчас начал сильно колебаться, быстро двигаясь по комнате, поднимаясь на высоту роста человеческого; одним словом с ним последовали все явления, повторявшиеся всегда, когда кружок состоял только из лиц близких к Е. П.

Между массой разнообразных и поразительных явлений этого сеанса, скажу подробно лишь о двух.

Из всех незримых собеседников на этот раз больше всего заявлял себя Пушкин. Прошу при этом читателя не вывести заключения о нашем убеждении, что этот незримый деятель был действительно покойный поэт, прах которого покоится по соседству

Ругодева, в посаде «Святая Гора». Мы уже высказали свой взгляд насколько можно доверять сообщениям и заявлениям этих собеседников. Но это несколько не мешает нам сказать, что на наших сеансах часто заявлялись имена великих людей; при этом некоторые говорили очень умно, научно и deeply; другие же, не смотря на заявления имени знаменитых людей, болтали о таких пустяках, которые принесли бы честь любому клоуну цирка, но никак не Сократу, Цицерону или Мартину Лютеру¹⁾. И так в этот вечер Пушкин занимал нас своей беседой. Он был в меланхолическом и мрачном настроении духа и между прочим, на вопрос наш, отчего он так печален? чѣм страдает? чего желает? Он отвечал следующим экспромтом, сохранившимся у меня, хотя он не выдерживает никакой литературной критики:

«Зачѣмъ, друзья мои, вѣкъ знати,
Что я могу теперь желать?...
Одно желаніе во мнѣ:
Покониться на зовѣ смерти...
Мнѣ не достать небесной тверди!
Грѣшить я много на землѣ.
И нынѣ мучусь въ страшной мглѣ.

— Бѣдный Александръ Сергѣевич! сказалъ отецъ г-жи Блаватской, когда мы прочли ему это стихотвореніе; и всталъ, разыскивалъ что-то глазами.

— Что вы ищите? спросили мы.

— Да чубукъ свой!.. Надобно мнѣ сигары, а чубукъ пропалъ; нигдѣ не найду!

— Да вы же за ужиномъ курили трубку.

— Ну, куралъ. А теперь видно «духи» Елены ее спрятали...

«Разъ-два-три!.. Разъ-два-три!..» раздалось со всехъ сторонъ въ подтвержденіе этого предположенія.

— Вотъ тебѣ разъ!.. Въ самомъ дѣлѣ? Такъ скажите же, голубчикъ Пушкинъ, куда вы ее унесли?... А то я, раньше времени, и на сей землѣ впаду въ уніе...

«Разъ-два-три! Разъ-два-три!.. застучало въ столъ.

— Это вы, Александръ Сергѣевич?..

Мы начали читать азбуку.

— Нѣтъ, это я,—вашъ прежній деньщикъ, Ваше—скороде... Вороновъ.

— А! Вороновъ!.. Очень радъ съ тобою свидѣться, братецъ. Вспомни, голубчикъ, старину: подай-мнѣ трубку.

— Радъ бы, да не могу: не даютъ! Извольте сами ее снять. Она, вонъ, надъ вами, — на лампѣ болтается.

Все подняли головы. Действительно: оба конца чубука балансировали на желѣзномъ абажурѣ лампы, висѣвшей надъ столомъ, вокругъ котораго мы сидѣли по время сеанса²⁾.

¹⁾ Упомянемъ при этомъ, что въ то время мы вслухъ читали «Воспоминаніе Ек. Ром. Дашковой», печатавшееся какъ-то въ «Отч. Запск.». Интересъ этого чтенія увеличился для насъ глѣзъ, что въ чтеніе постоянно вмѣшивался *какъ бы* присутствующій духъ самого автора. Мы безпрестанно, посредствомъ стуковъ получали отъ его имени разныя замѣчанія, поправки и опроверженія нѣкоторыхъ тогдашнихъ его взглядовъ. Все эти разъясненія и дополненія къ нашему чтенію очаровывали насъ своимъ умомъ, интересомъ и юморомъ.

Примѣчаніе автора.

²⁾ Подобное, но еще болѣе сложное явленіе наблюдалось нами на одномъ изъ сеансовъ, въ присутствіи г-жи Прибытовой: во-

¹⁾ Тоже самое неоднократно замѣчалось въ сеансахъ и съ другими медиумами. Ред.

Явление это поразило и насъ, приученныхъ за это время опытомъ не удивляться многому, чему въ недалекомъ еще прошедшемъ, не повѣрили бы не смотря ни на какія убѣждения.

И. Я.

(Продолженіе сандуетъ).

ТЕМНОЕ ДѢЛО¹⁾.

Романъ.

(Из прошлой жизни).

ЧАСТЬ III.

XLIII.



ростите! заговорила она наконецъ, утирая слезы. Все сердце выболѣло... Истрадалось, глядя на нее... Вы не повѣрите, что это была за дѣвушка, до ея болѣзни Un angé accompri.

— Скажите пожалуйста неужели это неизлечимо.

Она покачала плечами.

— Мы съ Мандлемъ совѣтовались, съ Енохинымъ. Tous les moyens nous avons employer... Порой знаешь, у ней проходить. Она опять становится gassonable et douce. А теперь...

Она посмотрѣла на меня выразительно и проговорила быстрымъ шепотомъ.

— У ней знаете-ли женская болѣзнь. Говорятъ что все пройдетъ съ замужествомъ. Но... Она развела руками и замолчала.

Что она хотѣла сказать этимъ Но? «Но ее никто не возьметъ? О! Если-бы только отъ этого зависело здоровье ея разсудка!

Я вскорѣ простился и ушелъ.

Поздно вечеромъ я вернулся на бастіонъ.

Всю дорогу я думалъ только объ одномъ и томъ же и ни объ чемъ другомъ я не могъ думать. Собственно говоря это были не думы, а мечты — цѣлый рой ихъ, блестящихъ радужныхъ, въ которыхъ постоянно она была центромъ и свѣточемъ.

На бастіонѣ я засталъ всѣхъ въ какомъ-то торжественно тревожномъ настроеніи или правильнѣе говоря ожиданіи.

Всѣ постоянно выглядывали за брустверъ, всѣ какъ будто къ чему-то готовились. Внизу, за бастіономъ я встрѣтилъ нѣсколько ротъ С... полка. Это было прикрытие.

— Что это? Чего ждутъ? спросилъ я Тютрина.

Онъ нагнулся ко мнѣ и торжественно сообщилъ.

— Штурмъ будетъ. Вотъ что!

— Да откуда же вы это узнали?

Онъ многозначительно кивнулъ головой и, указывая на неприятельскія линіи, проговорилъ въ полголоса.

— Молчать, каналья, готовится... Ну! и лазутчики тоже доносятъ.

Мы всѣ уже давно ждали штурма, какъ избавленія отъ постоянного висѣнія между небомъ и землею, подъ

лотой запаснымъ браслетъ былъ снятъ съ руки медіума и, по указанію незнакомыхъ дѣтелей, былъ найденъ на покатои поверхности сорокового резервуара лампы, висѣвшей съ потолка, въ комнатѣ, гдѣ былъ сеансъ.

Ред.

¹⁾ См. № 42.

отчаяннымъ огнемъ неприятеля. Вездѣ, куда я ни подходилъ, на бастіонѣ, вездѣ это чувствовалось. Каждый солдатъ и матросикъ смотрѣлъ серьезно. У каждого въ глазахъ было ожиданіе и возбужденіе.

И это настроеніе продолжалось всю ночь. Почти никто не ложился, а если кто-нибудь сваливался въ блиндажъ или просто на землю — то полежавъ немного, опять вскакивалъ и бѣжалъ къ брустверу, чтобы заглянуть вдалѣ, въ непривычную ночную тишину, среди которой, какъ грозное безобразное чудовище чернѣли неприятельскія бастіоны и укрѣпленія.

Порой, то тамъ, то здѣсь раздавалось въ полголоса.

— Идетъ!

— Гдѣ, гдѣ!

— Вѣ! Вѣ! Вишь ползетъ. И все мгновенно встрепенется, насторожить уши, глаза и пристально смотреть туда, въ эту тьму нѣмую, въ которой чуть чуть гдѣ то вдали, словно звѣздочки мелькаютъ какіе-то огоньки.

XLIV.

Почти всю эту ночь я былъ въ какомъ-то радостномъ настроеніи. Какая-то твердая и свѣтлая надежда согрѣвала сердце. Я былъ почти увѣренъ что оно встрѣтитъ взаимность въ ней, въ этой несчастной, которая отдастъ мнѣ изъ благодарности за ея спасеніе.

Странно! Это было совершенно такое чувство съ какимъ ждешь бывало свѣтлый день великаго праздника. Легкая дрожь отъ безсонной ночи подъ открытымъ небомъ по временамъ пробѣгала по спинѣ и заставляла вздрагивать. Я подходилъ то къ тому, то къ другому орудію. Нѣсколько разъ допрашивалъ: чѣмъ заряжены? И каждый разъ получалъ одинъ и тотъ же отвѣтъ: картечью.

Былъ должно быть уже первый часъ, когда я присѣлъ около стѣнки и тихо, радостно задремалъ.

— Ваш—бродіе! Ваш—бродіе!

Съ испугомъ вскакиваю.

— Что такое?.. Гдѣ!

— Ваш—бродіе, пожалуйста; пришелъ приказъ Ваш—бродіе отправляться, Ваш—бродіе, на Малаховъ Курганъ.

— Чего ты бредишь дура, проспился! Тамъ Фердузынъ.

— Никакъ нѣтъ Ваш—бродіе. Ихъ—бродіе ядромъ убило. Понерегъ тѣла вдарило, ажъ саблю внутрь загнали.

Я бросился собираться. Очевидно дѣло было спѣшное. Черезъ десять минутъ, сдѣвъ батарею и простившись съ товарищами, я уже скакалъ къ Малахову Кургану, — подъ команду капитана 1-го ранга Керна.

Неприятель только изрѣдка, какъ бы съ просоной посылалъ выстрѣлы, которые на нѣсколько мгновений освѣщали то тамъ, то здѣсь ночную тьму.

Взобравшись на верхъ кургана я и здѣсь точно также встрѣтилъ у бастіона почти весь К... полкъ.

Малаховъ Курганъ (да и всѣ бастіоны) были уже мнѣ знакомы. Я бывалъ изъ нихъ нѣсколько разъ и быстро оріентировался на моемъ новомъ посту. Здѣсь было просторнѣе, величественнѣе. Множество траверзовъ было перегораживано—бастіонъ внутри.

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выхъ проявленій. Въ другомъ случаѣ подобныя преслѣдованія доходили до побоевъ, оставлявшихъ на тѣлѣ видимые знаки, о чемъ свидѣлствуетъ авторъ извѣстнаго сочиненія о посмертныхъ проявленіяхъ—Тирреусъ, отобравшій показанія отъ самой потерпѣвшей. Другой авторъ, Пассавантъ, рассказываетъ, что въ царствованіи Фридриха II, въ прусской деревнѣ Кваррей, католическій священникъ, по смерти служанки своей, нанялъ другую. Но это не понравилось ея предшественницѣ, которая и стала выживать ее всевозможными преслѣдованіями, причемъ всю домашнюю работу продолжала исполнять сама: невидимыя руки затопляли печь, убирали комнату, стирали пыль и т. д. . .

Изложеніе содержанія книги г. Дассеъ нами окончено. Мы перейдемъ теперь къ критической оцѣнкѣ его теорій.

(Продолженіе будетъ.)

Медиумизмъ въ Средней Азій.

Петербургскій корреспондентъ «Revue Spirite» Князь Адѣка сообщаетъ въ этотъ журналъ слѣдующее:

Посольство Самарканскаго эмира, состоящее изъ его сына и наслѣдника Сеидъ-Абдул Агата Хана, красиваго молодого человѣка, 27 лѣтъ, и двѣнадцати человѣкъ свиты, покинуло вчера Петербургъ, послѣ непродолжительнаго пребыванія.

Между лицами свиты находился въ качествѣ переводчика, довольно замѣчательный человѣкъ, специально рекомендованный мнѣ однимъ изъ моихъ друзей, живущихъ въ Самаркандѣ, нѣкто Алимъ Юнусовъ, мусульманскій ученый, который въ своей жизни много путешествовалъ по Индіи и Аравіи, въ совершенствѣ говорилъ на многихъ восточныхъ языкахъ и по-русски, и основательно изучилъ новѣйшую физику и механику, занимаясь въ настоящее время введеніемъ въ Средней Азій новой системы приращеній и утилизаціей электричества какъ двигательной силы. Познакомившись и неоднократно и долго бесѣдовалъ съ нимъ о мусульманской религіи и философіи, которая давно меня интересовала во многихъ отношеніяхъ.

Въ нашихъ бесѣдахъ мы между прочимъ коснулись и вопроса о спиритизмѣ. Изложивъ ему вкратцѣ доктрину современнаго спиритуализма, я былъ очень удивленъ, услышавъ отъ него, что въ Средней Азій уже много вѣковъ существуетъ ученіе, извѣстное подъ именемъ мюридизма, адепты котораго составляютъ общество на манеръ нашихъ франмасоновъ, занимающія магнетизмомъ и медиумическими явленіями, которыя имъ давно извѣстны и вполнѣ ими признаются. У нихъ много своихъ медиумовъ, издѣляющихъ, видящихъ, материализующихъ и другихъ категорій, совершенно такъ, какъ и у насъ въ Европѣ. Мюриды, — какъ называютъ послѣдователей мюридизма, по словамъ Юнусова, который и самъ принадлежитъ къ ихъ обществу, обязываются прежде всего вполнѣ отречься отъ заботъ о собственномъ матеріальномъ благополучіи и посвятить свою жизнь на пользу ближнему. Въ подтвержденіе своихъ словъ, онъ привелъ мнѣ коротенькое персидское стихотвореніе, выражающее ихъ взгляды на свою задачу, ко-

торое можно перевести такъ: «Ты можешь предаваться страсти къ вину, впасть въ идолопоклонство, съечь и разрушить мечети, даже самый коранъ, — все это грѣхи, которые еще могутъ быть прощены, — но не обижай никогда своего ближняго, если ты хочешь спасенія своей души».

Желая достигнуть высшей степени самоотреченія, мюриды изучаютъ медиумическіе феномены подъ руководствомъ одного изъ старѣйшихъ и опытѣйшихъ членовъ секты, называемаго шейхомъ, и изнуряютъ свое тѣло всевозможными лишеніями въ пищѣ, одеждѣ и проч. Достигнувъ желаемаго совершенства въ этомъ направленіи, когда ихъ воли или «и», какъ выражается Юнусовъ, дѣлается полнымъ властелиномъ тѣла, мюриды начинаютъ свою медиумическую дѣятельность исцѣленіемъ больныхъ, которое практикуется ими простымъ наложеніемъ рукъ, не производя при этомъ никакихъ движеній. Какъ видите, это тѣ-же магнетическіе пасты только въ слегка измѣненной формѣ. Послѣ этой первоначальной ступени медиумизма наступаетъ дальнѣйшее развитіе его явленій, исповѣдіе, движеніе различныхъ предметовъ, или такъ называемыя у насъ физическія проявленія медиумической силы, и наконецъ, какъ вѣнецъ всего, матеріализація умершихъ лицъ, дѣлающихся доступными даже чувству осязанія.

Замѣчательно при этомъ, что всего чаще материализуется духъ шейха, который въ продолженіи своей жизни руководилъ неопитовъ въ изученіи мюридизма. Юнусовъ говорилъ мнѣ, что въ продолженіи того времени когда въ немъ развиты были медиумическія способности, — которыя, нужно замѣтить, зависятъ отъ обстоятельствъ и образа жизни и могутъ быть утрачены, — онъ неоднократно видѣлъ своего покойнаго учителя или шейха въ осязаемой формѣ того тѣла, въ которомъ душа его обитала на землѣ, причемъ эти появленія для Юнусова почти всегда предшествовали какой-нибудь угрожающей ему опасности. Чтобы сохранить въ себѣ медиумическія способности, мюридъ долженъ вести жизнь безкорыстную и добродѣтельную, посвящая свое время молитвѣ и исцѣленію страждущихъ, а потому и естественно, что на нихъ въ Средней Азій смотрятъ какъ на святыхъ людей и окружаютъ ихъ большимъ почетомъ. Наука ихъ составляетъ тайну для неносвященныхъ, и они не дѣлаютъ изъ нея, ни выставки, ни ремесла, ни способа для добыванія средствъ къ жизни, какъ это часто бываетъ у нашихъ европейскихъ медиумовъ. Вотъ въ немногихъ словахъ свѣдѣнія, сообщенныя мнѣ Юнусовымъ, о мюридизмѣ въ его странѣ.

Правда о Е. П. Блаватской¹⁾.

IV.

Теперь мы расскажемъ фактъ, указывающій на то, что Е. П. была и видящимъ медиумомъ. Если бы мы, описывая отдѣльные эпизоды, строго придерживались хронологическаго порядка, то фактъ этотъ, какъ относящійся къ 1859 году слѣдовало бы разсказать ранѣе. Онъ имѣлъ мѣсто весной 1859 г., только что сестры перѣехали въ деревню.

¹⁾ См. № 43.

Считаю нужным обратить внимание, что ни одна из сестер до переезда в Ругодево, не имела о нем никакого понятия: оно было куплено мужем меньшей сестры за несколько месяцев до его смерти, у людей совершенно имъ незнакомых. Неожиданно—ранняя смерть его, сдѣлала это имѣніе единственнымъ имуществомъ его вдовы и двухъ маленькихъ сыновей. Имъ пришлось поселиться въ немъ, но онѣ не могли имѣть никакихъ свѣдѣній, ни объ окружающихъ ихъ сосѣдяхъ, ни тѣмъ болѣе о прежде жившихъ въ немъ людяхъ. Меньшая сестра (Я—ва) знала только, что оно куплено у нѣкогого Статковского, мужа вички прежнихъ его владѣльцевъ Шумериныхъ. Кто такіе были эти Шумерины, прежніе родовые владѣльцы этихъ живописныхъ горъ, сосновыхъ лѣсовъ, озеръ, березовыхъ рощъ и стариннаго дома съ видомъ на 30 верстъ къ Новоржеву, — настоящіе его владѣльцы не могли имѣть даже представленія, — а менѣе всѣхъ Е. П., прожившая десять лѣтъ внѣ Россіи.

Передъ вечеромъ на второй или третій день пріѣзда сестеръ въ Ругодево, онѣ ходили по цѣтнику, вдоль фасада дома. Окна его нижняго этажа выходили довольно низко въ цѣтникъ, а другой стороной, угломъ въ садъ. Вся семья жила на верху: тамъ было восемь или девять большихъ комнатъ; внизу направо отъ входа въ подъѣздъ, поселился въ двухъ комнатахъ отецъ ихъ; вѣѣ же такіе же точно двѣ комнаты, по переднему же фасаду, никѣмъ не были заняты и, въ ожиданіи гостей, которымъ предназначались, стояли запертыми на ключъ. Въ комнатахъ, выходившихъ на противоположный фасадъ дома, жила прислуга, и ихъ отсюда не было видно. Ярко выступали только пустыя комнаты, особенно вторая, угловая, которая вся свѣтилась пронизанная насквозь чрезъ окошки, лучами заходящаго солнца. Сестры медленно ходили подъ самыми окнами по дорожкѣ и каждый разъ, какъ онѣ подходили къ угловой комнатѣ, старшая сестра (Е. П.) смотрѣла въ нее долгимъ взглядомъ, неохотно отъ нея отрываясь и странная улыбка мелькала на ея лицѣ Вѣра, — меньшая, замѣтила наконецъ эти взгляды и спросила, что она видитъ?

— Хочешь сказать? отвѣчала Е. П. Только смотри не испугайся...

— Мнѣ-то чего же пугаться?.. Вѣдь я, слава Богу, ничего не вижу. Неужели выходцевъ съ того свѣта, по твоему обыкновенію?

— А не могу сказать съ того или съ этого, потому что ихъ не знаю, никогда не видывала... Но скорѣе думаю, что съ того... по нѣкоторымъ признакамъ.

— Чужіе! У нихъ мертвыя лица, что-ли?

— О, нѣтъ!.. Тогда бы я видѣла ихъ какъ умершихъ, въ гробахъ или на столѣ. Это тоже бывало со мною не разъ... Но эти—ходятъ себѣ и смотрятъ, какъ живые люди. Имъ нѣтъ причины извѣщать меня о своей кончинѣ, потому что я ихъ не знала живыми. Но... видѣ у нихъ старинный!.. Костюмы такіе, какъ теперь развѣ на портретахъ увидишь. Кромѣ впрочемъ одного...

— Какой же этотъ одинъ?

— О! этотъ смотреть какъ будто студентомъ или художникомъ. Онъ въ бархатной бузѣ, подпоясанъ ши-

рокамъ ремненнымъ поясомъ... Волосы у него длинныя, вьются до плечъ... Это совсѣмъ молодой человѣкъ, юноша... Онъ стоитъ поодаль отъ другихъ и смотритъ въ противоположную сторону.

Сестры остановились теперь, и обѣ смотрѣли внутрь запертой комнаты. Но пустою она была только для одной изъ нихъ... Другая видѣла ее населенной вѣроятно давно отшедшими жильцами...

Блаватская продолжала:

— Вотъ, вотъ онъ повернулся сюда. Посмотри! Словно испугался насъ... и нѣтъ его! Какъ это странно!.. Онъ будто растаялъ въ солнечномъ лучѣ.

— Спросимъ вечеромъ кто онъ такой! предложила Вѣра.

— Спросимъ... Да что изъ этого! Развѣ можно имъ вѣрить?.. Я бы дорого дала, чтобъ имѣть способности, какъ другіе, вызывать именно того, кого хочу! Но мнѣ это такъ рѣдко удается!.. Посмотри какое уродство!.. Что это значитъ?

— Да что ты все ко мнѣ: посмотри, да посмотри! Будто бы я такая же, какъ ты, ясновидящая... Разскажи какіе же другіе?.. Только, послушай, если что нибудь очень страшное — не говори! Не хочу!

— Да нѣтъ!.. Начево особеннаго. Мнѣ такъ показались... Ихъ трое... Одну, впрочемъ, я неясно вижу... Кажется женщина. Она какъ то сливается съ тѣнью, въ углу... А вотъ старушка стоитъ и смотритъ на меня, какъ живая. Премилая, толстая старушка! Чепчикъ съ оборочками, бѣлый платокъ на шеѣ, крестъ на крестѣ, сѣрое платье и кѣтъчатый передникъ.

— Да ты рисуешь какой то портретъ фламандской школы! разсѣялась Я—ва. Полно! Ужъ ты не сочинишь ли?

— Ей Богу же нѣтъ! Ну, какъ мнѣ жалъ, что ты не можешь видѣть!

— Покорно благодарю! А мнѣ такъ совсѣмъ не жалъ! Богъ съ ними!.. Страхъ какой!

— Ничего нѣтъ страшнаго!.. Вотъ развѣ старикъ этотъ...

— А какой же еще старикъ?

— Старикъ ужасно странный!.. Высокій, худой, на лицѣ такое страданіе!.. И потомъ, у него ногти на рукахъ ужасные! Право!.. Какъ когти, въ цѣлый вершокъ...

— Господи помилуй! Да кого ты описываешь? Точно самъ...

«Чортъ» — хотѣла сказать Вѣра, но не договорила. Ей вдругъ стало очень страшно и она отошла отъ темнѣвшаго окна.

Солнце уже зашло, но багровый руминецъ заката лежалъ на всемъ. Цѣтникъ блисталъ двойною прелестью въ этомъ освѣщеніи; только уголъ дома перерѣзывалъ его пополамъ темно-синей тѣнью. Блаватская осталась за этимъ темнымъ угломъ, а сестра ея вышла на яркій свѣтъ и звала ее посмотрѣть лучше на чудный видъ: на дальнія горы, поросшія боромъ, съ озолоченными еще верхушками; на пруды, въ которыхъ ярко отражалась вся зеленая путаница береговъ и на старую часовню, мирно дремавшую въ чащѣ березъ.

Елена Петр. подошла къ ней задумчивая. Ей хотѣлось знать, кого она сейчасъ видѣла?.. Она была увѣрена, что эти люди когда-то жили здѣсь.

— Меня пугает только этот старик! говорила она. Зачѣмъ у него такіе ногти и еще, знаешь, каканто очень странная, черная, высокая шапка. Словно клобуки монашескій!

— А Богъ же съ ними!

— Это очень интересно, тѣмъ болѣе, что я рѣдко вижу!.. Другіе медиумы, сильнѣе меня, говорятъ, постоянно окружены массою призраковъ. А я нѣтъ. Иногда только... Вотъ еще вчера вечеромъ я видѣла, какого-то господина съ бакенбардами у Лизы...

— Въ Лизинной комнатѣ?... Возлѣ дѣтей?... Нѣтъ ужъ, Бога ради нельзя-ли его переселить куда-нибудь?... Я надѣюсь, что онъ туда явился только за тобою, а не вѣчно обрѣтается. Какъ это ты не боишься, удивляюсь!

— Да чего ихъ бояться? Они безобидны... въ большей части случаевъ. Да я и привыкла! Въ сущности я увѣрена, что мы всѣ постоянно окружены тысячами, миллионами ихъ.

— И ты думаешь, что все это призраки умершихъ?

— Я въ этомъ убѣждена.

— Такъ отчего же насъ не окружаютъ постоянно близкіе наши? Зачѣмъ мы должны выносить непрерывное присутствіе чужихъ, незнакомыхъ?

— Ну этого и не могу тебѣ сказать!... Сколько разъ я хотѣла вызвать кого-нибудь знакомаго, роднаго. Сколько я просила, желала всей душой—ничего не выходило! Раза два-три я видѣла и своихъ, — но не очень близкихъ, и всегда неожиданно, не по моей волѣ. Сколько я замѣтила, не мы притягиваемъ вообще присутствіе ихъ, а тѣ мѣста, гдѣ они жили. Хочешь, разспросимъ кого-нибудь изъ прислуги... какого-нибудь старика. Я увѣрена, что по нашему описанію онъ ихъ признаетъ и скажетъ намъ, кто они были.

Сестры такъ и сдѣлали. Они присѣли на крыльцѣ и подождали первыхъ проходившихъ мимо дворовыхъ. Это были Тимофей Некрасовъ, бывшій портной, жившій теперь на покой, и садовникъ Ульянъ.

Прежде всего ихъ спросили не жилъ-ли здѣсь, когда-нибудь, старикъ, такого-то вида: высокая шапочка, длинные ногти, сѣрый длиннополый сюртукъ и проч.?

— Да какъ-же! вскрѣпали оба, перебивая одинъ другаго: это-же нашъ баринъ покойный! Онъ самый!... Старый баринъ нашъ, Николай Михайлычъ.

— Статковскій?

— Нѣту, сударыня! Статковскій это молодой, по женѣ своей только нашъ баринъ, по Натальѣ Николаевнѣ, внучкѣ, значить, настоящаго нашего помѣщика, Шушерина, Николая Михайлыча. А это какъ вы позволите описывать, — эти они сами и есть, Николай Михайлычъ Шушеринъ.

Сестры переглянулись.

— Мы видѣли его портретъ... въ Псковѣ, объяснила меньшая, не желая сказать этимъ людямъ правды. Такъ зачѣмъ-же онъ носилъ такую шапку высокую и ногтей не стригъ?

— А это, позвольте видѣть, они еще какъ прежде, служили въ Литвѣ, такъ оттуда болѣсть тамошнюю вывели: колтунъ прозывается. Не могли они *ни ногтей отбрасать, ни волосъ стричь... Такъ и ходили въ такой шапочкѣ бархатной, какъ-будто поповская камлавка.

— Ну, а какого виду была наша барыня, Шушерина?

Дворовые начали описывать особу, нисколько не похожую на видѣнную старушку.

Впрочемъ изъ ихъ же разсказовъ, тутъ же выяснилось, что видѣнная Блаватской высокая старушка въ полу-нѣмецкомъ костюмѣ никто иная какъ нѣмка, Мина Ивановна, экономка, прожившая въ домѣ Шушериныхъ болѣе 20 лѣтъ. Мало этого. Оказалось еще, что та комната, въ которой Е. П. видѣла въ этотъ вечеръ и во многіе послѣдующіе дни, призраки умершихъ жителей Ругодева, служила всѣмъ имъ послѣднимъ убѣжищемъ на землѣ: туда обыкновенно ставили покойниковъ, до погребенія ихъ въ часовнѣ, за прудомъ, хорошо видной изъ оконъ этой комнаты ¹⁾.

Много разъ послѣ этого дня не только Е. П., но и маленькой сестрѣ ея Лизѣ случалось видѣть разныхъ призраковъ въ этомъ старинномъ домѣ, полномъ воспоминаній о прошлыхъ временахъ и людяхъ отшедшихъ. Семилѣтняя Лиза ни мало не боялась видимыхъ ею личностей, которыхъ считала живыми людьми и только изумлялась тому, откуда онѣ являлись и почему никто кромѣ нея и старшей сестры не хотѣлъ замѣчать ихъ. Къ счастью, послѣ двухъ трехъ подобныхъ случаевъ, способность эта оставила ребенка и никогда уже къ ней не возвращалась въ послѣдующей жизни. У Елены же Петровны она осталась и по нынѣ и до такой степени, что рѣдко приходится извѣщать ее о смерти того или другаго лица знакомаго ей: они всегда почти ранѣе писемъ сообщаютъ ей о своей смерти...

Пребываніе сестеръ въ Ругодевѣ окончилось сильною болѣзью старшей. Она нѣсколько лѣтъ тому назадъ, во время одного изъ своихъ путешествій по Азіатскимъ или Американскимъ дебрямъ, была сильно ранена. Рана эта по временамъ открывалась и тогда она сильно страдала, даже до конвульсій и безпамятства. Болѣзнь продолжалась дня два-три и потомъ стихала сама собою; но перепуганная семья не знала этого и очень встревожилась. Послали въ Новоржевъ за докторомъ, который однако не принеся много пользы, потому что самъ былъ сильно озадаченъ и испуганъ—не болѣзью Блаватской, а той непрестанной кутерьмой, которая, словно еще усиленная ея безпомощнымъ состояніемъ, неумолкаемо происходила вокругъ нея ²⁾. Это былъ такой хаосъ звуковъ и стуковъ, раздававшихся въ полу, въ потолокъ, въ стѣнахъ, въ окнахъ, что не-храбрый врачъ пришелъ въ изумленіе и даже ужасъ. Его страхъ, комическія ужимки и просьбы не оставлять его одного въ комнатѣ больной, нопѣшность, съ которой онъ стремился выйти изъ нея, забавляли домашнихъ Елены

¹⁾ Разговоръ сестеръ, и весь этотъ эпизодъ передавъ намъ меньшею, г-жею Я—вою. Прим. автора.

²⁾ Намъ тоже случилось наблюдать въздвигнутое проявленіе медиумической силы во время болѣзни медиума, когда онъ былъ, по выраженію автора, въ безпомощномъ состояніи, т. е. во время болѣзненной потери сознанія. Подобныя характерныя наблюденія, а также не разъ подѣленное участіе, въ медиумическихъ явленіяхъ, электричества и другихъ извѣстныхъ силъ природы, ясно наводятъ на возможность изслѣдованія этихъ явленій научнымъ путемъ. Ред.

Петровны, привычныхъ къ различнымъ, гораздо болѣе удивительнымъ проявленіямъ присущей ей невидимой силы, въ сущности совершенно безвредной. Перенуть бѣднаго доктора долго служилъ предметомъ смѣха Рогодевичскихъ жителей и болѣе самой болѣзни запечатлѣлъ въ ихъ памяти этотъ эпизодъ.

Весной 60-го года обѣ сестры уѣхали на Кавказъ, для свиданія съ своими родными.

И. Я.

(Продолженіе слѣдуетъ).

ЖУРНАЛИСТИКА.

Подъ заглавіемъ «Замѣтки не-врача» г. Корсаковъ въ № 9 «Гомеопатическаго Вѣстника» обращаетъ вниманіе за замѣтку, помѣщенную въ № 155 «Русскихъ Вѣдомостей», касающуюся ядовитыхъ свойствъ ландыша (*Lilium convallarium*) и высказываетъ по этому поводу свой взглядъ, не лишенный интереса.

«По изслѣдованіямъ доктора С. Н. Исаева, говорится въ «Русскихъ Вѣдомостяхъ», одинъ изъ ядовъ, подъ названіемъ *конваллямарина*, добываемый изъ свѣжесорванныхъ цвѣтковъ ландыша, дѣйствуетъ на сердце гораздо быстрѣе и разрушительнѣе почти однороднаго съ нимъ яда дигиталина. Достаточно самой ничтожной дозы конваллямарина, чтобы остановить дѣятельность сердца самаго крупнаго млекопитающаго. Докторъ Исаевъ констатировалъ, вмѣстѣ съ тѣмъ, несомнѣнную пользу леченія конваллямариномъ такихъ болѣзней сердца, которыя до настоящаго времени считались неизлечимыми. Возстановивъ нарушенную компенсацію сердца, конваллямаринъ, впрыскиваемый подъ кожу, дѣлаетъ сокращенія сердца болѣе правильными, энергичными и уменьшаетъ при этомъ кашель и отеки. Даже простой водный настой ландышевыхъ цвѣтковъ, употреблявшийся въ 1871 году докторомъ Троицкимъ противъ пороковъ сердца, давалъ крайне благопріятные результаты».

Нельзя не пожалѣть, говоритъ г. Корсаковъ, что «Русскія Вѣдомости», сообщая это свѣдѣніе, не указываютъ на то медицинское изданіе, откуда, какъ мы думаемъ, оно заимствовано и гдѣ, по всей вѣроятности, опыты и наблюденія доктора Исаева изложены обстоятельнѣе; теперь же мы не знаемъ — что привело его къ изслѣдованію свойствъ ландыша, какъ и при какихъ условіяхъ производились опыты, надъ какимъ организмомъ — болѣзнымъ или здоровымъ и проч., между тѣмъ какъ все это очень любопытно. Но какъ бы то ни было, въ концѣ концовъ, д-ръ Исаевъ личнымъ опытомъ пришелъ къ тому убѣжденію, что конваллямаринъ, дѣйствуя вредоносно на сердце, въ то же время способенъ оказывать несомнѣнную пользу въ леченіи такихъ болѣзней его, которыя до сихъ поръ считались неизлечимыми.

Обращая вниманіе на этотъ крайне интересный результатъ изслѣдованія, г. Корсаковъ ставитъ такіе вопросы: неужели при открытіи такого факта, у д-ра Исаева ни разу не мелькнула мысль о *гомеопатическомъ законѣ подобія*? Вѣдь не можетъ же быть, чтобы онъ не слышалъ о немъ. Если г. Исаевъ истинно предавался науцѣ, которой взялся служить, если онъ не зараженъ предрассудками и предрѣшеніями, подобно многимъ изъ своихъ собратьевъ, то можетъ ли онъ игнорировать основной законъ гомеопатіи и есть ли какое нибудь логическое основаніе предполагать, что зависимость между вредоноснымъ дѣйствіемъ и исцѣленіемъ существуетъ въ одномъ только ядѣ ландыша, а въ другихъ ея нѣтъ? А если для такого предположенія нѣтъ логическаго основанія, то онъ долженъ признать *законъ подобія* — это первое. Во вторыхъ, по его наблюденіямъ, «достаточно самой ничтожной дозы конваллямарина, чтобы

остановить дѣятельность сердца самаго крупнаго млекопитающаго» — не должно ли это привести его къ убѣжденію въ *дѣйствительности минимальныхъ дозъ*? Ибо, если ничтожная доза яда способна нарушить нормальное отравленіе организма, то опять таки нѣтъ логическаго основанія отрицать, что тѣ же ничтожныя дозы не въ состояніи оказывать противоположныхъ дѣйствій, т. е. возстановлять нарушенныя отравленія организма. Если г. Исаевъ человекъ науки, повторить г. Корсаковъ, то мысль его неминуемо должна остановиться на этихъ двухъ главныхъ положеніяхъ ученія Ганеманна.

Далѣе, по словамъ г. Корсакова, въ замѣткѣ «Русскихъ Вѣдомостей» говорится: «не смотря однако на вполне доказанныя цѣлебныя свойства ландыша, на леченіе имъ до настоящаго времени не было обращено должнаго вниманія и оно практиковалось исключительно только народными знахарями и знахарками, которые, благодаря цѣлительнымъ свойствамъ этого растенія, къ немалому удивленію образованныхъ людей, излечивали иногда опасныя болѣзни, которыя издавна были признаны неизлечимыми. Есть даже рецепты настоя цвѣтковъ ландыша, употребляемаго народомъ отъ падучей болѣзни, головной боли и проч.»

Все это не новость, прибавляетъ г. Корсаковъ: покойный Дерикеръ еще 20 лѣтъ тому назадъ, въ «Журналѣ гомеопатическаго леченія» (1865) и въ своей Фармакологіи (1869), обращалъ вниманіе врачей на изслѣдованіе народно-врачебныхъ средствъ, а въ томъ числѣ и ландыша (*Convallaria majalis*). Остается только пожалѣть, что до сихъ поръ никто еще не изслѣдовалъ фзіологическихъ свойствъ ландыша, по идеѣ Ганеманна, на здоровомъ организмѣ.

Подобное непростительное и трудно объяснимое игнорированіе такихъ полезныхъ указаній, къ сожалѣнію не единичный фактъ, скажемъ мы отъ себя.

В. П.

ТЕМНОЕ ДѢЛО¹⁾.

Романъ.

(Изъ прошлой жизни).

ЧАСТЬ III.

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ри раза штурмующія волны подкатывались къ рвамъ бастионовъ — и три раза, разстроеныя, отбитыя, бѣжали назадъ. Я помню, какъ въ послѣдній разъ выстраивались шеренги. Офицеры были впереди колоннъ.

Помню ихъ блѣдныя, отчаянныя лица; ихъ сабли, сверкавшія на утреннемъ солнцѣ. Но это было уже мужество отчаянія. Ихъ было немного. Лучшіе, храбрѣйшіе легли около бастионовъ.

Какъ то хрипло звучали рожки. Въ атакѣ уже не было общаго, дружнаго натиска. Солдаты, словно слѣпые, зажмурясь, съ отчаяннымъ крикомъ: *vive la France!* лѣзли на возвышеніе, падали во рвы бастионовъ или скатывались внизъ и, повинуясь общей смертельной паникѣ, бѣжали назадъ. — Смерть гналась за ними. Свищовый дождь преслѣдовалъ ихъ и тысячи труповъ устилали все пространство около бастионовъ. Пыль и дымъ покрыли эту кровавую жатву.

Если послѣ перваго приступа еще было сомнѣніе въ удачѣ, то послѣ втораго уже никто не сомнѣвался, что побѣда будетъ наша, что штурмъ будетъ отбитъ.

¹⁾ См. № 43.

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ею крышкою, лежавшею отъ нея на разстояніи около полу-аршина ¹⁾).

Стуки въ столовой, не смотря на то, что мы легли спать, продолжались часовъ до 6 утра, и на столько сильные, что пяти-лѣтній ребенокъ, спавшій въ соседней комнатѣ и проснувшійся ночью, обратилъ на нихъ вниманіе, спросилъ о причинѣ ихъ.

Викторъ Прибытковъ.

Правда о Е. П. Блаватской ²⁾.

V.

До сихъ поръ мы говорили довольно подробно о г-жѣ Блаватской, какъ о медиумѣ, потому что были личными свидѣтелями проявленія ея медиумической силы. О дальнейшей же жизни и дѣятельности Е. П., мы не имѣемъ возможности разсказать на столько же подробно, хотя вполнѣ ручаемся за истину и послѣдующихъ фактовъ, которыхъ мы коснемся въ этомъ очеркѣ.

Послѣдующая дѣятельность Е. П. крайне разнообразна. Ея талантливая, исключительная натура, постоянно требовала новой дѣятельности, новыхъ интересовъ, новыхъ занятій. Довольствоваться обычной мелкой средой и безцвѣтнымъ существованіемъ большинства, — ей было немислимо, какъ рыбѣ немислимо жить безъ воды, а вольной птицѣ безъ воздуха. Въ теченіе десятилѣтняго отсутствія изъ Россіи Е. П. отвыкла уже отъ зауряднаго, будничнаго прозябанія.

Въ продолженіи трехъ-недѣльнаго путешествія сестеръ на лошадицѣ, отъ Москвы до Тифлиса, случилось немало замѣчательныхъ явленій, но мы упомянемъ лишь о слѣдующемъ.

На одной изъ станцій, въ землѣ войска Донскаго, смотритель грубо заявилъ имъ, что лошадей нѣтъ. Солнце еще не сѣло, ночь предстояла лунная, а имъ приходилось терять даромъ нѣсколько часовъ. Какъ ни досадно, но дѣлать было нечего, тѣмъ болѣе, что смотритель скрылся и не хотѣлъ даже говорить съ ними. Пришлось расположиться на почлегѣ, но и тутъ явилось затрудненіе: на станціи была только одна свободная комнатка возлѣ жаркой и грязной кухни, а чистая комната для проѣзжихъ была заперта наглухо, и почему-то ее отпирать не хотѣли. Блаватская терла терпѣніе. Какъ! Не давать ни лошадей, ни комнаты, гдѣ переночевать, на что это похоже?.. Да почему же заперта эта комната?.. Нельзя-ли узнать?.. Но и спросить-то некого было: станція словно вся вымерла. Нигдѣ ни души!.. Блаватская подошла къ низенькимъ окнамъ запертой комнаты и принахлѣ къ стеклу..

— Ага! Вотъ оно что! воскликнула она черезъ минуту. Постой-же! я заставлю смотрителя сейчасъ же намъ запрягать.

И она рѣшительно направилась розыскивать его.

Желая узнать, что скрывается въ заповѣдной комнатѣ, сестра ея въ свою очередь начала всматриваться въ

окно; но, хотя вся комната была ярко освѣщена заходящимъ солнцемъ, *непосвященные* глаза ничего не могли въ ней видѣть, кромѣ обыкновенной станціонной обстановки...

Однако-же, къ величайшему изумленію и удовольствію Я—вой, не прошло и десяти минутъ, какъ имъ вывели тройку отличныхъ, курьерскихъ лошадей, подъ надзоромъ самого смотрителя, растерянно сопровождавшаго путешественницъ поклонами; запрягли ихъ тарантасъ, и онѣ продолжали путь.

— Скажи, пожалуйста, что еще за колдовство помогло тебѣ совершить это чудо? спросила Блаватскую ея сестра.

— Да все тоже! смѣясь отвѣчала она: несчастный смотритель счелъ меня, вѣроятно, за вѣдьму, когда я ему сказала, что особа, недавно лежавшая въ гробу въ этой запертой комнатѣ, проситъ его не задерживать насъ. Онъ сначала уставился на меня, ничего не понимая; но, когда я описала ему наружность и одежду покойницы, онъ поблѣднѣлъ и бросился записывать нашу дорожную. Вѣрно захотѣлось, какъ можно скорѣе меня сровнять!.. Я тутъ же мимоходомъ спросила его работницу: кого недавно похоронилъ смотритель? Оказалось, что жену. Во всякомъ случаѣ, спасибо ей, что намъ помогла!

VI.

Не болѣе двухъ лѣтъ прожила Е. П. въ Тифлисѣ и никакъ не болѣе четырехъ вообще за Кавказомъ. Послѣднее время въ Имеретіи, Гуріи и Мингреліи она нашла себѣ практическія занятія въ славѣ лѣсъ и орѣхового наливца, очень высоко-цѣнимаго въ границѣ. Но несмотря на дѣла, она не бросала своихъ занятій спиритуализмомъ, и медиумическая сила ея тоже не оставила ее, но только болѣе подчинялась волѣ Блаватской. Съ теченіемъ времени самопроизвольныя медиумическія явленія перестали такъ неотступно преслѣдовать ее, и хотя сила и разнообразіе ихъ нѣсколько не уменьшились, но Е. П. предпочитала теперь въ кругу близкихъ людей получать сообщенія съ помощью карандаша: это было и проще и быстрѣе. Иногда во время подобныхъ сеансовъ Е. П. впадала въ какое-то оцѣпенѣніе, какъ-бы въ магнетическій сонъ, но и во снѣ рука ее продолжала дергаться и писать на бумагѣ. При этомъ отвѣты на мысленно-заданные вопросы получались вполнѣ удовлетворительные.

Между тѣмъ самопроизвольныя явленія хотя не такъ часто, но продолжались и бывали очень замѣчательныя. Къ ихъ числу принадлежало и слѣдующее:

Въ сумерки Е. П. вошла въ комнату къ своей теткѣ Н. А. Ф. со словами, что ее клонитъ ко сну; та предложила ей прилечь на кровати, и Е. П. немедленно это исполнила. Но едва она заснула, раздался въ комнатѣ шагъ; тетка ея обернулась, — никого не было! Прошла минута, и вновь послышался не то, чтобы шагъ, а какіе-то странные звуки: будто по полу тащили или катили что-нибудь, и доски скрипѣли подъ тяжестью. Звукъ этотъ прошелъ по всей комнатѣ, остановившись у постели, на которой спала Елена Петровна. Велѣлъ за тѣмъ одна изъ книгъ, лежавшихъ на столѣ, откры-

¹⁾ Подобныя явленія бывали и прежде въ присутствіи г-жи Прибытковой.

²⁾ См. № 44.

лась, сорвалась съ мѣста и, взлетѣвъ подъ потолокъ, упала обратно на полъ...

Встревоженная, хотя не особенно испуганная, Н. А. встала, чтобы поднять книгу и разбудить племянницу, желая тѣмъ прекратить явленія; но въ эту минуту тяжелое кресло, стоявшее у кровати, двинулось и съ шумомъ упало на полъ. Шумъ разбудилъ спавшую; она открыла глаза, сѣла и, озираясь, спрашивала съ удивленіемъ: Что такое?... Что случилось?... А между тѣмъ все стихло и, въ этотъ вечеръ, явленія не повторялись.

Въ настоящее время всѣ эти самопроизвольныя манифестаціи медиумической силы г-жи Блаватской прекратились, но когда именно мы сказать не можемъ, такъ какъ она снова уѣхала изъ Россіи и опредѣленно не сообщала объ этомъ. Изъ писемъ ей мы знали только, что она постоянно странствуетъ и что не она впоследствии покорилась вліяніямъ, которыя непремѣнно обурлачили бы другую—слабѣйшую натуру, но напротивъ, она ихъ поемногу подчинила своей волѣ.

Интересоваться изслѣдованіемъ спиритуалистическихъ фактовъ г-жа Блаватская не переставала и не перестаетъ. Такъ проживая въ половинѣ 60 хъ годовъ въ Капрѣ (откуда она очень часто дѣлала экскурсіи въ глубь Африки), она состояла вице-президентомъ спиритуалистскаго общества ¹⁾, о которомъ мѣстныя французскія газеты, въ то время, рассказывали очень много интересныхъ подробностей.

Какъ изъ отчетовъ этого общества, такъ и изъ извѣстныхъ намъ фактовъ, очевидно, что медиумическая способность г-жи Блаватской не уменьшилась. Вотъ одинъ изъ этихъ фактовъ.

Въ теченіе послѣднихъ лѣтъ въ семьѣ родныхъ ей произошло много перемѣнъ: дѣдъ и мужъ ея тетки умерли, и все семейство переселилось въ Одессу. Сама Елена Петровна давно уже не была въ Тифлисѣ; тамъ оставалась временно только сестра ея, съ своей семьей. Къ ней часто прибѣгали за помощью нѣкоторые изъ бывшихъ крѣпостныхъ людей Ф-выхъ, которые по старости лѣтъ не могли прокормить себя. Я—ва была не въ состояніи много помогать имъ, но, по старой памяти, дѣлала, что могла. Такъ она помѣстила въ городскую богадѣльню двоихъ стариковъ: повара Максима и брата его Петра, когда то очень расторопнаго лакея, но теперь безрукаго, горькаго пьяницу. Эти люди иногда приходили къ ней, поздравить съ праздникомъ. Вскорѣ и Я—ва перѣехала жить въ Одессу, а Блаватская жила въ то время въ Египтѣ. Сестры переписывались далеко не часто, и переписка ограничивалась краткими письмами. Послѣ долгаго промежутка Я—ва получила отъ Блаватской длинное и очень интересное письмо, часть котораго состояла изъ отдѣльных листовъ, вырванныхъ изъ записной книжки и писанныхъ карандашомъ подъ сѣнью египетскихъ пирамидъ, куда Блаватская ѣздила въ большомъ обществѣ своихъ товарищей-членовъ «Спиритуалистическаго Общества». Она описывала замѣчательныя явленія, происшедшія во время ихъ экскурсіи, и между прочимъ

говорила: «Скажи, пожалуйста, Вѣра, правда-ли, что безрукій Петръ умеръ вчера (число, поставленное на письмѣ, указывало, что оно шло изъ Египта десять дней)? Представь себѣ, что у одной нашей англичанки-медиума, писавшей карандашомъ на гробницѣ одного изъ фараоновъ, вдругъ появились фразы на языкѣ, котораго никто изъ ея спутниковъ прочесть не могъ. Я была въ сторонѣ и подошла какъ разъ во время, чтобы помѣщать ихъ намѣренію бросить неписанную непонятными каракулями бумажку и прочесть на ней слѣдующее воззваніе ко мнѣ по русски: «*Барышня! Барышня! Помолитесь обо мнѣ грешномъ?... Я мучюсь: нить хочю!... Мучюсь!...*» По этому названію «барышня», которымъ насъ съ тобой и до старости, вѣроятно, будутъ величать наши старые люди, писала далѣе Е. П., «я догадалась, что рѣчь ведетъ о которомъ нибудь изъ нихъ и сейчасъ же взялась сама за карандашъ. Не знаю, правда-ли, но онъ назвался Петромъ Кучеровымъ; объявилъ мнѣ, что умеръ въ богадѣльнѣ при больницѣ доктора Горалевича, куда ты его помѣстила съ Максимомъ, который будто-бы тоже умеръ еще раньше его. Ты мнѣ объ этомъ не писала; напиши правда-ли?...» Далѣе шли подробныя описанія всей сцены и подлинныхъ словъ Петра, отчаянно жаловавшагося на испытываемое имъ, въ наказаніе за пьянство его при жизни, мучительное чувство неудовлетворимой жажды; а въ концѣ письма была приписка о томъ, что болѣе не сомнѣвается въ смерти братьевъ, потому что въ тотъ же вечеръ видѣла ихъ обоихъ...

Сестра, заинтересованная этимъ извѣстіемъ, тотчасъ же телеграфировала въ Тифлисъ и получила отвѣтъ, вполне подтверждающій сообщеніе Блаватской: Петръ умеръ дней десять тому назадъ, именно въ то самое число, о которомъ говорилось въ письмѣ Е. П., а братъ его двумя днями ранѣе.

Для того, чтобы неподдѣльность этого явленія была очевидна, считаемъ нужнымъ прибавить, что знаніе о смерти этихъ стариковъ Блаватская не могла: они умерли въ Тифлисѣ, съ которымъ Е. П. не имѣла никакихъ сношеній. Дѣи, кромѣ того, со дня смерти втораго старика и до числа, выставленнаго на письмѣ Блаватской, прошло только десять дней, а для письменнаго сношенія съ Египтомъ этотъ срокъ слишкомъ малъ. О телеграммѣ же, очевидно, не можетъ быть и рѣчи.

И. Я.

(Продолженіе слѣдуетъ).

Н А В О Д Ъ.

Рассказъ Гюи де Мопассанъ.



Прошлымъ лѣтомъ я нанялъ себѣ небольшую дачу на берегу Сены, за нѣсколько лье отъ Парижа, и прибѣжалъ въ нее по вечерамъ, чтобы провести ночь. Въ скоромъ времени мнѣ удалось познакомиться съ однимъ изъ своихъ соседей. Это былъ человѣкъ лѣтъ отъ 30 до 40, одинъ изъ самыхъ любопытныхъ типовъ, которые когда-либо встрѣчались мнѣ. Ремесломъ онъ былъ лодочникъ, но старый лодочникъ, страстно привязанный къ своему дѣлу. Вѣчно онъ былъ подлѣ воды, на водѣ и въ водѣ; казалось, онъ долженъ

¹⁾ А отнюдь не «медиумомъ на жалованьи», какъ въ прошломъ году заявляла газета «Кавказъ».

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РЕВУСЪ.

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и въ руки своихъ хозяевъ. Одинъ джентльменъ пожелалъ, чтобы ему былъ принесенъ серебряный кубокъ, очень хорошо имъ замѣченный на столѣ въ соседней комнатѣ, и желаемый кубокъ очутился у него на колѣняхъ, и оттуда со звономъ скатился на полъ. Комната тотчасъ была освѣщена, кубокъ осмотрѣнъ и признанъ всѣми за тотъ самый, что находился въ средней комнатѣ. Но наиболѣе поразительное явленіе произошло съ г. Вильямомъ Малькольмомъ, извѣстнымъ оптикомъ, соорудившимъ знаменитый телескопъ (rifle telescope), носившій его имя. Свободный мыслитель и скептикъ, онъ согласился участвовать въ сеансѣ лишь послѣ долгихъ колебаній и постарался принять всевозможныя предосторожности, дабы не стать жертвою обмана. Отправляясь на сеансъ, Малькольмъ по пути зашелъ въ магазинъ и купилъ себѣ новую записную книжку, обстоительство, о которомъ никому не было извѣстно. Каково же было его удивленіе, когда неизвѣстно кому принадлежащій голосъ привѣтствовалъ его, внятно для всѣхъ, слѣдующей фразой: «доброй вечеръ, г. Малькольмъ, очень радъ васъ видѣть съ новою записною книжкою!» Затѣмъ, тотъ же голосъ предложилъ ему держать эту книжку крѣпко между указательнымъ и большимъ пальцемъ, что и было исполнено, такимъ образомъ, что корешекъ книги былъ обращенъ въ сторону противоположную кисти руки. Нѣсколько минутъ спустя послышался звукъ, какъ бы пишущаго пера, и голосъ Малькольма: «странно, моя книжка дѣлается горячею». Тѣмъ же неизвѣстнымъ голосомъ приказано было прекратить опыты и открыть двери соседней комнаты тогда, когда книжка нагрѣется до того, что ее трудно будетъ держать. Когда это было исполнено и книжка подвергнута общему осмотру, то на одной изъ страницъ ее было найдено сообщеніе отъ г. Беллингера, рочестерскаго фабриканта, умершаго семь или восемь лѣтъ тому назадъ, съ которымъ Малькольмъ имѣлъ частныя торговныя и дружескія сношенія. Сообщеніе это, по словамъ послѣдняго, заключало въ себѣ много такихъ фактовъ, которые, кромѣ него и Беллингера, никому не могли быть извѣстны. Доказательство было столь сильно и поразительно, что Малькольмъ тутъ же отрекся отъ прежнихъ своихъ матеріалистическихъ воззрѣній, и призналъ, что смерть еще не есть конецъ всему, что составляетъ человека. Сначала думали, что это единственное сообщеніе, но перелистывая книжку нашли другое, писанное столь мелкимъ почеркомъ, что только съ помощью сильнаго микроскопа можно было прочесть содержаніе его. Оно помѣщалось на пространствѣ лишь половины квадратнаго дюйма, но переписанное обыкновеннымъ почеркомъ, заняло полтора листа, заключая въ себѣ научное сообщеніе г. Спепира, довольно извѣстнаго женеваго оптика, давно также умершаго, касавшееся нѣкоторыхъ законовъ оптики, ему одному только извѣстныхъ. Этими свѣдѣніями не замедлил воспользоваться г. Малькольмъ при постройкѣ послѣднихъ и лучшихъ своихъ телескоповъ.

Мѣстная газета Herald, сообщая этотъ фактъ, замѣчаетъ, что было бы трудно приписать все это обману со стороны медиума, ибо въ такомъ случаѣ, кромѣ знанія фактовъ, извѣстныхъ только г. Малькольму и лич-

ностямъ, отъ которыхъ онъ получилъ таинственныя сообщенія, медиумъ долженъ бы былъ обладать болѣе основательными познаніями въ оптикѣ, нежели самъ г. Малькольмъ, извѣстный знатокъ своего дѣла, и притомъ послѣдній, хорошо знакомый съ почеркомъ своихъ покойныхъ друзей, тотчасъ призналъ ихъ въ почеркѣ сообщеній.

Правда о Е. П. Блаватской ?

VII.

Избѣгая извлекать свѣдѣнія о дальнѣйшей жизни г-жи Блаватской изъ ея собственныхъ писемъ и приводя въ этомъ очеркѣ лишь то, что видѣли сами или заимствовали изъ источниковъ несомнѣнно безпристрастныхъ, намъ приходится проскользнуть почти не останавливаясь на нѣсколькихъ годахъ изъ жизни Е. П. Желаямъ легко пополнить этотъ пробѣлъ изъ иностранныхъ газетъ: съ конца 60-хъ годовъ газеты Каира, Александріи, Туниса, Греціи, гдѣ г-жа Блаватская проводила часть этого десятилѣтія, неустанно толковали о ея дѣятельности. Въ настоящее же время не уступаютъ имъ газеты американскія и индійскія.

Въ началѣ 70-хъ годовъ г-жа Блаватская побывала еще разъ на югѣ Россіи и окончательно разсталась съ родиною, гдѣ не смотря на разнообразіе своихъ талантовъ «изъ ряда вонъ», она не могла найти имъ примѣненія, по неимѣнію связей и протекцій. И область русской журналистики слѣзаясь ей доступною лишь тогда, когда о ней заговорила пресса Старого и Нового свѣта.

Въ 1872 году Е. П. уѣхала въ Сѣверную Америку. Путешествуя по ней и ознакомившись вполнѣ съ этою страной, она поселилась въ Нью-Йоркѣ, гдѣ и прожила 7 лѣтъ. Эти года она провела въ непрерывномъ трудѣ для приобрѣтенія излюбленныхъ ею знаній. Кромѣ четырехъ или пяти языковъ, которые она знала, она изучила еще нѣсколько, въ числѣ которыхъ были три древнія языка: латинскій, еврейскій и санскритскій. Греческому она уже выучилась ранѣе, живя въ Афинахъ. Для изученія санскрита она, кромѣ учебниковъ, нашла большую практическую помощь въ индуизмѣ, жившемъ при «Теософическомъ Обществѣ». Е. П. удалось устроить такъ, что двери нью-йоркской публичной бібліотеки были для нея всегда открыты, и она могла пользоваться даже тѣми бібліографическими рѣдкостями, которыя не предоставлены во всеобщее пользованіе. Плодомъ этихъ трудовъ лѣтъ было учено-теологическое сочиненіе въ двухъ большихъ томахъ, которое, не смотря на свою отвлеченную спеціальность, выдержало три изданія въ первое же полугодіе послѣ своего появленія. Мы говоримъ о ея «Разоблаченной Изидѣ» (Isis Unveiled), возбудившей такъ много толковъ въ прессѣ иностранной; но у насъ прошедшей сравнительно незамѣтной...

Въ это же время г-жа Блаватская, не отрицая реальности медиумическихъ явленій, получила новый взглядъ какъ на причину ихъ происхожденія, такъ и на роль.

¹⁾ См. № 46.

которую играет при этомъ медиумъ¹⁾. Подъ вліяніемъ этого взгляда она начала отрешиваться отъ своихъ медиумическихъ способностей. Она настойчиво отрекалась отъ навязываемаго ей въ письмахъ названія спиритки. Такъ въ 1877 году въ одномъ изъ своихъ писемъ она говорила:

«Какіе мы спириты, Богъ съ нами?!.. Если я примкнула къ «Обществу Теософовъ» (существующей здѣсь вѣтви Индійскаго Общества Аріанъ), правильнѣе братства, именуемаго Аріа Сомой, то это именно потому, что она честно борется подъ знаменемъ истины и науки со всеми предрассудками, съ злоупотребленіями аде-пророковъ, жрецовъ-колхасовъ, равно какъ и съ бреднями спиритовъ. Мы (теософы) скорѣе спиритуалисты, да и то не на американскій, а на александрійскій ладъ.

Вскорѣ послѣ появленія въ свѣтъ книги Е. П., имя ея, помимо этого, проникло на страницы отечественныхъ изданій: статьи профессора Вагнера о спиритизмѣ, въ «Русскомъ Вѣстникѣ»; переводы изъ сочиненій г. Олкотта (президента Общества Теософовъ), «People from the other world», о спиритическихъ сеансахъ братьевъ Эдди, напомнили въ Россіи о Блаватской. Почти вслѣдъ за этимъ иностранные журналы громко заговорили о роли, которую играла Е. П. на кремационъ тѣла барона де-Пальма въ Нью-Йоркѣ. Отзывы эти попали и въ русскую прессу, но увы не послужили ей во славу, какъ не послужили впоследствии даже и похвалы ея книгѣ, заимствованныя нѣкоторыми, весьма немногими, газетами. Станный, но положительно неоспоримый фактъ! Каждый разъ, какъ о ней одобрительно отзывались чужіе, свои тотчасъ же рассказывали неблизку, въ проницательномъ тонѣ, а то и просто распускали клевету: «Какъ? Это та самая Блаватская, что жила между нами?.. Да не можетъ быть!» И вслѣдствіе этого «не можетъ быть», въ томъ отношеніи, что русская женщина написала по-англійски умную книгу, вдругъ оказывалось возможнымъ, безъ всякихъ данныхъ, утверждать, что она была шарлатанка, дурно воспитана, глупа, безобразна (какое же это имѣетъ отношеніе къ достоинствамъ или недостаткамъ ея книгъ?) и въ концѣ концовъ, что она «будучи 17 л. убила (?) своего мужа и потому бѣжала изъ Россіи... Надо очень любить свое отечество, чтобы не смотря на такіе букеты, преподносимые ей соотечественниками, все таки оставаться въ душѣ русской и такой горячей патриоткой, какою до сихъ поръ осталась г-жа Блаватская!..²⁾

Баронъ де-Пальмъ, о смерти котораго упомянуто выше, былъ очень богатый человѣкъ и завѣщавъ большое состояніе американской вѣтви теософовъ съ тѣмъ, чтобы они выстроили крематорію (печь для сожиганія труповъ) и, превративъ тѣло его въ прахъ, разобрали его, по шепоткамъ, на память. Это было исполнено при торжественной церемоніи, которая привлекла громадное стеченіе народа. Въ нью-йоркскихъ газетахъ явилось о ней множество разсказовъ, а въ иллюстрированныхъ журналахъ впервые помѣщены были портреты главныхъ дѣятелей «Братства Теософовъ» и между прочимъ портретъ

Блаватской. Въ это же почти время многія статьи ея обратили на себя общее вниманіе и особенно написанныя въ защиту несправедливо обвиненнаго медиума Слэда и противъ Гекслея, прочитавшаго въ Нью-Йоркѣ 3 лекціи, направленные исключительно на доказательство небытія вѣчной души человѣческой. За послѣднюю статью въ Е. П. былъ признанъ блестящій литературный талантъ, а когда появилась въ свѣтъ ея «Isis Unveiled», она сразу заняла почетное мѣсто въ ученомъ мірѣ и заинтересовала весь Нью-Йоркъ до такой степени, что не имѣла покою отъ новыхъ знакомствъ, а въ особенности отъ репортерскихъ преслѣдованій. Вслѣдъ за американской прессой, заговорила о ней и европейская. Лондонскій Френелогическій журналъ помѣстилъ ея портретъ и вѣщо въ родѣ биографіи. «Public Opinion» заявила, что ея Изидъ есть «самое замѣчательное явленіе въ литературѣ нашего вѣка». О специальныхъ изданіяхъ, посвященныхъ спиритуализму и подобнымъ отраслямъ науки, нечего и говорить: «Изида», какъ profession de foi особы, которую они донынѣ считали вполне согласной съ ихъ взглядами, вызвало сенсацию въ ихъ средѣ. Выстѣ съ тѣмъ литературное значеніе Е. П. и ея фонды сразу сильно подвинулись; гонорары за статьи ея учетверились.

«Представь себѣ мое пріятное изумленіе! писать она сестрѣ въ одномъ изъ писемъ того времени: за послѣднюю статью мою, посланную въ газ. «Tribune» объ эзотеризмѣ и нирванѣ въ религіи Буддистовъ, думала получить 100—150 дол., а мнѣ прислали 400!.. Что значить, вошла я въ моду. Отъ предложеній отбою нѣтъ. За вздорный фельетонъ, который я пишу съ маху, лишь бы отдѣлаться отъ докучныхъ просьбъ, мнѣ даютъ 60—70 долларовъ. А прежде за гораздо болѣе обработанный и серьезный трудъ такого же размѣра, если давали 20 дол. такъ я рада была. А въ сущности-то развѣ они платятъ за достоинство статей?.. За имя платить. И прежде писала не хуже, можетъ быть еще гораздо тщательнѣе обрабатывала свои статьи, — да имени моего не знали?.. А нынче въ ходъ пошло, такъ редакціи и не даютъ покою: вѣтъ оно нужно и платятъ à qui mieux mieux!.. Хорошо, что не на самонадѣнную напали: дочь отца моего скромна, и о себѣ не возмечтаетъ!..»

Послѣднее замѣчаніе вполне вѣрно: самонадѣнность и гордость не обуяли Е. П. среди чуда того энміама, которымъ ее окуривали, въ особенности представители мелкой ежедневной прессы, въ чаяніи добиться отъ нея статьи или быть принятыми въ ея прославленномъ «Samasery» — «Нью-Йоркомъ катинъ»³⁾, какъ прозвали домъ на 7-мъ проспектѣ, занимаемый г-жею Блаватскою. Эти поощренія давали Е. П. обильный матеріалъ для болѣе или менѣе правдивыхъ, но всегда интересныхъ для большинства публики, статей... Она дѣйствительно такъ мало придавала значенія своей литературной работѣ, что постоянно искренно удивлялась такому успѣху. Вотъ что она писала въ то время къ роднымъ о трудахъ своихъ, по сочиненію, доставившему ей такую извѣстность:

«Не знаю, за что такъ восхваляютъ мои труды? Правда, я въ эти годы работала и училась многому, но собственно Изидъ моя писалась такъ легко, что это былъ не трудъ, а наслажденіе!.. Я часто удивляюсь легкости, съ которой мнѣ удается писать «о Байронѣ и о матеріяхъ важныхъ!.. Нужна статья, — я сажусь и пишу. О метафизикѣ ли, психологіи, философіи древнихъ или зоологіи и естественныхъ наукахъ, я не задумываюсь, не спрашиваю себя: могу ли я? подѣ силу ли мнѣ? — а просто пишу. И выходитъ, оказывается, дѣло!.. Точно кто нибудь знающій мнѣ диктуетъ... Вы не думайте, что я съума сошла, но я такъ и убеждена: мнѣ внушаютъ... Я вѣрю во вліяніе на меня и силу своей

¹⁾ Мы пропускаемъ изложенный тутъ очень кратко авторомъ своеобразный взглядъ Е. П. для того, чтобы впоследствии, по излющившемъ у насъ другимъ источникамъ, сообщить его болѣе подробно. Ред.

²⁾ См. издаваемый и редактируемый ею журналъ «The Theosophist» за 1877, 1878 и 1881 годы. Прим. автора.

³⁾ The Samasery of New-York. Hartford Daily Times. 2 December 1878.

нрой въ его силу... Не я говорю и пишу, а мой внутренний *ego*, my luminous self думаетъ за меня и пишетъ. Поглядите: неужели и въ нѣсколько лѣтъ стала такъ учена, что вотъ только что напишу статью (по моему самую пустую!) — всѣ журналы задѣшны засуетятся?.. Разборы, похвалы людей действительно ученыхъ, специалистовъ; визиты редакторовъ, репортеровъ; заказы статей такъ и сыпятся. Откуда это?..

Намъ очевидно — откуда; но Е. П. искренно была убѣждена, что труды ея облегчались «косвенными вліяніями»; что самыя лучшія страницы даже ея Изиды писались «подъ диктовку». Въ самый разгаръ ея занятій по этому сложному, очень отвѣченному сочиненію, потребовавшему ссылокъ на нѣсколько сотъ авторовъ различныхъ эпохъ и національностей, — вотъ что она писала сестрѣ:

«...Ты, можетъ быть, не повѣришь, но я какъ въ чадѣ, какъ въ лихорадочномъ, какомъ-то, восторгѣ! На яву и, кажется, во снѣ я занята своей Изидой! Смотрю и, наблюдаю и не падаю съ на то, что вижу, но върѣ того, какъ покрывало ея рѣдѣетъ и спадаетъ передъ моими глазами!.. Вотъ ужъ три года почти, какъ предо мною носится, дено и ношно, образъ прошлаго... Медленно, какъ въ волшебной поворахъ, проходитъ на глазахъ моихъ столѣтія за столѣтіями. Расы и народы, страны и города возникаютъ, рушатся и исчезаютъ. Сидя древность замѣняется историческимъ періодомъ; миры даютъ мѣсто событіямъ и людямъ действительно, и каждое явленіе, каждый переворотъ, — съ побудившей причиной и до послѣдующихъ естественныхъ результатовъ, — такъ и запечатливается въ головѣ... Когда я думаю, мнѣ кажется, что мои мысли, — словно разноцвѣтные краски, какіе набуду: — и складываю и ихъ, и перекладываю, и подъ конецъ выходитъ всегда нѣчто геометрически-вѣрное. Не могу понять, откуда у меня такая память? такое соображеніе и ясность выводовъ?.. Помогаютъ мнѣ: очевидно, *помогаетъ «хозяинъ»!*...

Помогали ей, по нашему, природныя дарованія, да развитыя усиленными трудами знанія и память. Но, какъ видно изъ приведенныхъ отрывковъ ея писемъ, она сама меньше всѣхъ цѣнила это, отвергала свое личное участіе въ работѣ, приписывая весь успѣхъ ея какъ бы-то «вліяніямъ», внушеніямъ какого-то мистическаго «хозяина»¹⁾...

И. Я.

(Окончаніе слѣдуетъ).

ТЕМНОЕ ДѢЛО²⁾.

Романъ.

(Изъ прошлой жизни).

ЧАСТЬ III.

I.



Между тѣмъ кавалькада подъѣхала къ намъ. Княжна ѣхала впереди, все въ черномъ, на черной англійзированной лошади. Подлѣ нея ѣхалъ графъ Тодкій, за ними Гишиновъ, Гутевскій и еще трое или четверо штабныхъ офицеровъ.

Я смотрѣлъ на нее и тщетно искалъ того кроткаго, тихаго выраженія лица, которое я видѣлъ на ней, въ послѣднее наше свиданіе. Это опять было лицо гордой, страстной, безумной женщины. Широкіе, раскрытые, большіе, жгучіе глаза жадно рыскали по полю. Тонкія ноздри раздулись. Она, какъ будто, жадно вдыхала въ себя запахъ крови.

— А! ночной спутникъ! Здравствуйте! Закричала она, подъѣхавъ и протягивая мнѣ руку въ замшевой черной перчаткѣ, съ растрюбомъ. Господа! Быстро

обратилась она къ компаніи. Я устала ѣхать. Мы пойдемъ пѣшкомъ.

И не дожидаясь отвѣта, она оперлась на мои плечи и быстро соскочила съ лошади.

— Ну! куда же пѣшкомъ, запротестовалъ Гишиновъ. Тутъ пожалуй въ лужу попадешь, въ крови перепачкаешься.

— Кто не хочетъ идти пѣшкомъ, тотъ можетъ ѣхать. Я не мѣшаю. Дайте мнѣ руку, прибавила она, обращаясь ко мнѣ; ведите меня.

— Куда же васъ вести, княжна? Вездѣ одно и то же. Кровь и смерть. Что можетъ быть интереснаго.

— Въ разрушеніи? Это самое интересное... Почему анатомы съ такимъ наслажденіемъ рѣжутъ трупы? О! Я понимаю это наслажденіе. Смерть больше можетъ раскрыть человѣку, чѣмъ скрытная, холодная, обиденная жизнь... Посмотрите какой курьезный *echantillon*!

И она остановилась передъ трупомъ солдата, которому картечь ударила въ голову. Лица нельзя было разобрать. Это была одна сплошная, кровавая масса, и только мутные синеватые глаза глядѣли какъ то испуганно и укоризненно. Всѣ спутники подошли и обступили насъ кругомъ.

— Смотрите, говорила она, какъ онъ глядитъ. Наверно ни одинъ живой не будетъ такъ смотрѣть. При жизни онъ, можетъ быть, отъ всѣхъ пряталъ страхъ, недовольство и ни передъ какимъ офицеромъ не смѣлъ заявить протеста, а теперь смотрите, смотрите — развѣ онъ не упрекаетъ всѣхъ, кто послалъ его на эту бойню; развѣ изъ глазъ у него не текутъ кровавыми слезы.

Въ действительно, на всемъ лицѣ его застыли кровавые потоки.

— Бррр! — Просто безобразіе! проговорилъ Тодкій, нервно вздрагивая.

Княжна взглянула на него насмѣшливо.

— Здѣсь правда, а не безобразіе. Развѣ во всѣхъ насъ не то же самое. Развѣ мы не полны крови и всякихъ гадостей. Но все это скрыто подъ изящной оболочкой, къ которой мы привыкли и находимъ ее очень красивой.

— Все это гамлетовская философія — сказалъ Гишиновъ... А на дѣлѣ, меня просто тошнитъ отъ этой правды.

Я молча смотрѣлъ на нее. Ея лицо злобно — насмѣшливое, улыбающееся; ея глаза хладнокровно разсматривающіе эту безобразную картину смерти, которую не могъ вынести ни одинъ изъ насъ — все это какъ-то невыносимо тяжело дѣйствовало на душу.

Я невольно потянулъ ее въ сторону. Она въ полъ-оборота посмотрѣла на меня, и улыбка ея сдѣлалась еще насмѣшливѣе.

— У васъ, княжна, не женскіе нервы, сказалъ я, у васъ даже не наши, солдатскіе нервы. Вы — исключительная натура. Родившись мужчиной, вы были бы образецъ твердости, мужества, храбрости и... неумолимой жестокости...

— Да! Но такъ какъ я не мужчина, то я могу выбросить всѣ эти добродѣтельныя качества за бортъ и мирно прозябать въ качествѣ русской женщины...

И она быстро двинулась впередъ

¹⁾ Этому полу-мистическому лицу Теозофисты-Индійцы придаютъ въ самомъ дѣлѣ большое значеніе. (См. сочинен. Спикета: «The occult World».

²⁾ См. № 44.

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РЕВУСЪ.

№ 48

Г-нъ Жоре, обладающій весьма значительной магнетической силой, сдѣлалъ опытъ общей магнетизаціи присутствующихъ, вызвавшій замѣчательное явленіе экстаза въ г-жѣ Л**.

Въ заключеніе сеанса, были произведены опыты передачи мысли съ г-жею Л** и ясновидѣнія съ г-жею Самье.

Экспериментаторъ, вытянувъ руки г-жи Л**, вложилъ въ каждую по карточкѣ. Человѣкъ пятнадцать изъ числа зрителей по-очередно подходили къ ней и мысленно приказывали бросить ту или другую карточку, или обѣ вмѣстѣ, причемъ ни разу не произошло ошибки.

Для доказательства способности г-жи Самье видѣть отсутствующіе предметы (*vue à distance*), она была усилена, и къ ней былъ подведенъ одинъ изъ присутствующихъ скептиковъ, который пригласилъ ее перенестись съ нимъ мысленно въ Отень, къ его знакомымъ. Тотчасъ-же г-жа Самье начала совершенно точно описывать какъ лично ихъ, такъ и дорогу къ нимъ отъ станціи желѣзной дороги, прибавивъ еще, что въ числѣ этихъ знакомыхъ есть аптекаръ, у котораго спрашивающій нѣкогда занимался, и аптека котораго находится между книжнымъ и моднымъ магазинами. Все еще не вѣря, и желая въ чемъ-нибудь изобличить сомнамбулу, скептикъ попросилъ ее перенестись мысленно въ театръ города Отена и сказать, какая піеса идетъ въ этотъ вечеръ, на что г-жа Самье тотчасъ отвѣтила, что видитъ строящееся театральное зданіе, еще неоконченное, что было вполне согласно съ дѣйствительностью.

ЖУРНАЛИСТИКА.

Газета Capital, издающаяся въ Бразиліи, помѣстила на своихъ столбцахъ нижеслѣдующій разсказъ о необыкновенномъ происшествіи, имѣвшемъ мѣсто въ городѣ Розаріо.

«Одинъ итальянскій работникъ, по имени Жозефъ Рикоти, живущій съ семьею, состоящею изъ жены и семерыхъ дѣтей, въ имѣніи г. Себастьяна Санше, близъ города Розаріо, въ продолженіе цѣлыхъ двадцати дней до такой степени преслѣдуется какимъ-то невидимымъ врагомъ, что ни для него, ни для семьи его, сдѣлалось невозможнымъ дальнѣйшее пребываніе въ домѣ.

Жилище Рикоти стоитъ особнякомъ отъ другихъ деревенскихъ построекъ. Всякій день, уходя изъ дому со всей семьею, онъ тщательно запираетъ двери и окна, чтобы не дать возможности кому-нибудь постороннему проникнуть въ домъ, привелъ предварительно въ домъ все въ порядокъ, но по возвращеніи домой онъ застаётъ у себя полнѣйшій безпорядокъ: мебель опрокинута и поломана, одежда порвана, столы перевернуты и сдвинуты со своихъ мѣстъ. Въ продолженіе этихъ двадцати дней до ста разныхъ лицъ посѣтили этотъ домъ, съ цѣлью открыть причину странныхъ явленій, но всѣ ихъ усилія къ открытію виновника, остались по настоящее время тщетными.

Однажды, болѣе тридцати человѣкъ окружили домъ, желая во что бы то ни стало изловить нарушителя покоя, устроивъ предварительно механизмъ, съ помощью котораго заряженный револьверъ и нѣсколько колокольчиковъ, находящихся на постелѣ, должны были при малѣйшемъ прикосновеніи къ ней: револьверъ выстрѣлить, а колокольчики зазвонить. Но когда, простоявъ нѣкоторое время вокругъ дома, вошли въ него, то нашли револьверъ и колокольчики лежащими въ углу, кровать

опрокинутою, одѣяло и наволочки на подушкахъ разорванными, стулья и столы разбросанными по комнатѣ; словомъ полнѣйшій хаосъ.

Правда о Е. П. Блаватской¹⁾.

VIII.

Интересующіеся настоящею дѣятельностью г-жи Блаватской могутъ получить подробныя о ней свѣдѣнія: изъ писемъ ея «Изъ пещеръ и дебрей Индостана», печатающихся въ «Моск. Вѣд.» и «Русскомъ Вѣстникѣ» подъ псевдонимомъ Радда-Бай; изъ различныхъ иностранныхъ газетъ и журналовъ; изъ отдѣльных сочиненій въ родѣ книги Синнета подъ заглавіемъ «The Occult World» и наконецъ болѣе и ближе всего изъ ея собственнаго журнала «The Theosophist» (см. обьяв. на стр. 442). Намъ же остается въ дополненіе этого бѣлаго очерка сказать еще нѣсколько словъ о ея общественной и спиритуалистской дѣятельности, къ опроверженію множества невѣрныхъ слуховъ, попавшихъ о ней въ русскую прессу.

Послѣдняя русско-турецкая война застала г-жу Блаватскую еще въ Америкѣ. Въ самый разгаръ ея она почти оставила всѣ другія занятія, посвятивъ все свое время горячей борьбѣ съ литературными врагами Россіи. Она давала такіе сильные отпоры почти на каждую злоую выходку журналистовъ противъ русскихъ, что мѣстные сторонники нашихъ враговъ почти умолкли въ Нью-Йоркѣ. «Tribune», «Sun» и «Daily Times» были главными органами Е. П. Она такъ зло и остроумно казнила клеветниковъ, что они признали не безопаснымъ возбуждать гнѣвъ этой «русской американки». Аристархъ-Бей, тогдашній турецкій консулъ въ Вашингтонѣ, руководствуясь корреспонденціями изъ Турціи, страдающими какъ географическими, такъ и численными промахами, напечаталъ рѣзкое обвиненіе противъ русскихъ за ихъ яко-бы жестокости, учиняемыя въ Малой Азій. Е. П., пользуясь этими промахами, отцѣкала консула въ газ. «Sun» на столько, что онъ призналъ за нужное явиться къ ней лично и, ссылаясь на недоразумѣніе, отказался отъ всего имъ написаннаго. Этотъ эпизодъ произвелъ сильное впечатлѣніе въ Нью-Йоркѣ. Были у нея также выдающіяся преириятельства съ папскими иунціемъ, за ея статьи противъ католическаго духовенства и особенно противъ папы въ то время, когда онъ служилъ «Те-Деумы» за процвѣтаніе Турціи и успѣхъ турецкаго оружія.

Какъ нѣкогда въ Лондонѣ она одна отстаивала честь Россіи въ толпѣ англичанъ, такъ и теперь, она безбоязненно говорила, писала и клеймила враговъ нашихъ. Въ пылу негодованія и патріотическихъ чувствъ своихъ она забыла свою экспатріацію, свое американское гражданство и свои теософскіе интересы и лишь задалась одною цѣлью: высоко и твердо держать свое русское знамя!.. Голосъ ея замеръ и потонулъ въ общемъ хаосѣ чувствъ, интересовъ и волненій того времени, почти не достигнувъ до Россіи; но тѣхъ не менѣе тѣ русскіе, кому ея дѣйствія извѣстны, не могутъ не воздать ей

¹⁾ См. № 47.

должной данн справедливости и уваженія. Она дѣлала все что могла, не однимъ словомъ, но и дѣломъ. Въ то время страницы божіе солидныхъ русскихъ изданій не были еще ей открыты; она постоянно писала въ газ. «Тифлиссійскій Вѣстникъ» и весь гонораръ, полученный ею изъ редакціи, былъ пожертвованъ на тифлиссіе бараки для раненныхъ.

Въ 1878 г. всѣ главные представители общества Теософовъ въ Америкѣ,—президентъ его, полковникъ Генри Олькотъ и другіе, а въ числѣ ихъ и г-жа Блаватская, въ качествѣ секретаря-корреспондента, переселились изъ Нью-Йорка въ Индію, въ Бомбей. Они были вызваны туда главными двигателями всего братства Аріа Сомой, природными буддистами, учеными пандитами индусовъ, которые приняли ихъ съ такой радостью и почетомъ, что въ первое время вызвали даже опасенія полиціи. Англійскія власти испугались, вѣтъ ли у нихъ политическихъ дѣлъ... Но вскорѣ онѣ удостоверились въ противномъ; убѣдились, что всѣ дѣла «Теософическаго Общества» стремятся лишь къ просвѣщенію и къ возможному облегченію жизненныхъ золъ собственно въ Индіи, посредствомъ утвержденія и распространенія чистаго, вполне нравственнаго ученія древнихъ «Ведъ». Вотъ ужъ болѣе 30 л. какъ буддизмъ такъ сказать возродился къ новой жизни усилиями нѣсколькихъ индійскихъ ученыхъ, въ особенности нѣкогого *свами* (святаго) по имени Діа-Нандъ-Саразвати. Благодаря своему знанію древнихъ и новыхъ языковъ, глубокому изученію «Ведъ» и вообще многосторонней эрудиціи, этотъ замѣчательный человѣкъ не убоился входить въ словесныя и печатныя препирательства съ европейскими докторами различныхъ отраслей наукъ и выходилъ побѣдителемъ изъ ученыхъ диспутовъ. Въ особенности досталось отъ него матеріалистическимъ теоріямъ Гексли.

Буддисты вѣруютъ въ божественное начало,—въ Троицу самаго естества человѣческаго: въ духъ вѣчный, въ душу полу-безсмертную (которая дѣлается вѣчной только въ случаѣ нравственной чистоты человѣка, соединяясь съ его божественнымъ духомъ, витающимъ надъ головою каждаго смертнаго, еще при жизни его), иначе говоря, въ астральное, духовное его тѣло и тѣло смертное. Главныя задачи «Теософическаго Общества» совсѣмъ не исключительное распространеніе буддизма, какъ утверждаютъ нѣкоторые,—у него есть свои, болѣе сильныя проповѣдники. Задачи общества: строгое изысканіе истины и справедливости во всемъ,—въ жизни, въ наукѣ, въ необъясненныхъ еще явленіяхъ природы. При этомъ, разумѣется, они помогаютъ ревностно усилиямъ своихъ членовъ-буддистовъ въ распространеніи и поддержкѣ ихъ вѣры,—старѣйшей въ Индіи,—вполнѣ признавая чистоту ея нравственныхъ основъ и несомнѣнную трудность борьбы съ ней въ Индіи даже христіанскихъ истинъ, вслѣдствіе ненависти, которую сумѣли агліійскіе мисіонеры внушить туземному населенію. Ради успѣха своихъ гуманныхъ, цивилизующихъ цѣлей, Теософы не могли сдѣлать другаго выбора. Терпимостью ихъ и заботами о благосостояніи, о просвѣщеніи бѣднаго населенія Индіи и объясняются успѣхи общества, довѣріе и любовь, которую оно успѣло внушить населенію. Первые заботы каждой вѣтви теософи-

ческаго общества, гдѣ бы оно не открывалось,—помощь немущей братіи, больницы, бібліотеки и школы. Въ ихъ школы принимаются дѣти безъ различія вѣроисповѣданій. Вообще терпимость въ дѣлѣ совѣсти,—въ религіи и политическихъ убѣжденіяхъ, главнѣйшее правило общества. Оно именно потому и можетъ рассчитывать на повсемѣстный успѣхъ, что задачи его вполне нравственны; что оно стремится къ объединенію человечества, къ равенству народовъ и благосостоянію ихъ, силой просвѣщенія и общаго благожеланія, не вторгаясь нисколько въ индивидуальныя убѣжденія, въ совѣсть и вѣрованіе каждаго члена своего; вполнѣ предоставляя всякому нравственную свободу, уважая неприкосновенность чужихъ убѣжденій и не касаясь ихъ. Въ послѣднее время основатели теософическаго общества полковн. Олькотъ и г-жа Блаватская изъ-за вопросовъ религіозной терпимости, разошлись даже, съ первоначальнымъ патрономъ своимъ, индійскимъ мудрецомъ, Діа-Нандъ-Саразвати. Они обвиняютъ его въ недобросовѣстныхъ дѣйствіяхъ противъ братьевъ-теософовъ не буддистовъ и не колеблясь отступили отъ него, что еще больше доказываетъ ихъ силу и вліяніе. Ихъ прошлогоднее путешествіе на Цейлонъ, въ эту колыбель буддизма, гдѣ въ теченіе тысячелѣтій жрецы охраняютъ свою заповѣдную святыню,—рукописи «Ведъ» и зубъ самого Будды,—это путешествіе, похожее на шествіе триумфаторовъ и чуть-ли не полу-боговъ, уже достаточно показываетъ ихъ популярность.

Не такъ давно еще газета «Кавказъ» (со словъ какой-то нѣмецкой газеты) называла г-жу Блаватскую «осликой жрицей общества теософовъ», а «Одесскій Листокъ» заявлялъ, что она издаетъ «въ Лондонѣ (?) санскритскій журналъ». Мы привыкли къ такого рода невѣрнымъ о ней извѣстіямъ и пользуемся настоящимъ случаемъ, чтобы замѣтить, что хотя Е. П. Блаватская и можетъ быть, совершенно основательно, названа не жрицей, а основательницей этого общества, но она довольствуется, официально, лишь званіемъ въ немъ секретаря-корреспондента. Кромѣ того, она, дѣйствительно, издаетъ журналъ «The Theosophist», только не въ Лондонѣ, а въ Адіарѣ, возлѣ Мадраса, куда главные представители общества переселились въ прошломъ году изъ Бомбея, ради климатическихъ условій.

Число членовъ Теософическаго общества простирается уже до 50-ти тысячъ. Органомъ ему служитъ журналъ «Теософистъ», о направленіи котораго, а равно и о задачахъ теософовъ, французскій ученый и президентъ Психологическаго Общества въ Парижѣ, Ш. Фовети, въ статьѣ своей «Science et Theosophie»¹⁾ говоритъ:

«Стремленіе ихъ (теософовъ) соединить Европу съ Азіей утѣвными узами, имѣетъ великій гуманитарный смыслъ... Наша западная современная цивилизація, несомнѣнно подвижная и прогрессивная, тогда какъ цивилизація восточная свѣтохраня традиціи древности, застыла въ социальныхъ и религіозныхъ формахъ давно прошедшаго. Первая обнимаетъ Европу и Америку, со всѣмъ земнымъ шаромъ; вторая же, заключенная въ своихъ древнѣйшихъ очагахъ—Индію и Китай, простирается на большую часть Азіи и представляется почти половиннымъ населеніемъ міра. Поставить дѣй эти цивилизаціи въ утѣвныя отношенія, привести ихъ въ движеніе наукой, философией, успѣхомъ просвѣщенія и религіознаго идеала,—такова мысль, такова

¹⁾ Bulletin Mensuel de la société scientifique d'études Psychologiques,— 15 mars 1883 г.

цѣль предпріятія, котораго инициативу приняла на себя г-жа Блаватская. И такъ, женщина составила и ваяла на себя исполненіе великаго проекта будущаго слиянія всѣхъ членовъ чело-вѣческой семьи и осуществленіе ея духовнаго союза!...

Въ концѣ статьи г. Фавети сообщаетъ нѣкоторые подробности изъ жизни Е. П.; даетъ понятіе о ея научныхъ знаніяхъ, о достоинствахъ ея книги «Izis Unveiled», которую характеризуетъ такъ: «Замѣчательное сочиненіе это имѣетъ высокое философское значеніе и выказываетъ глубокія, изумительныя познанія...» Затѣмъ, описывая дѣятельность г-жи Блаватской, онъ вспоминаетъ историческій фактъ, относящійся къ 1831 году, и такъ какъ Е. П. родилась въ этомъ же году, то авторъ останавливается на совпаденіи этихъ событій. Вотъ что онъ говоритъ по этому поводу:

«Нужна была особа, столь одаренная, какъ г-жа Блаватская, чтобы быть на высотѣ подобнаго предпріятія... Это мнѣ напоминаетъ, что Сей-Симонисты съ 1831 года позиціали міру появленіе съ Востока женщины, которая соединитъ оба общества, восточное и западное, и будетъ матерью перерожденнаго общества. Обмученные своей мечтою нѣкоторые изъ нихъ даже отправились на Востокъ, на поиски этой женщины — тина... Они напрасно объѣзжали Египетъ, Сирію и Азіатскую Турцію, не встрѣтивъ ничего подобнаго... Они выѣхали слишкомъ рано, говорить съ подлымъ убѣжденіемъ г. Фавети: если-бы они отправились 50 лѣтъ спустя, и проѣхали бы дальше, то нашли бы въ г-жѣ Блаватской русскую женщину исполняющую великое дѣло духовнаго слиянія, о которомъ они мечтали...»

Этимъ отзывомъ французскаго ученаго мы и закончимъ нашу правдивую рѣчь о Е. П. Блаватской.

И. Я.

ТЕМНОЕ ДѢЛО¹⁾.

Романъ.

(Изъ прошлой жизни).

ЧАСТЬ III.

LIV.



динъ изъ штабныхъ офицеровъ, кажется, Крупкинъ, быстро вскочилъ, всталъ въ театральную позу и продекламировалъ:

Рабоѣ родится челоѣкъ,
Рабоѣ въ могилу ляжетъ,
И смерть ему едва ли скажетъ,
Зачѣмъ онъ шелъ долиной скорбной слезъ,
Страдалъ, рыдалъ, терпѣлъ, исчезъ.

— Суета суеть и всяческая суета! какъ говорили покойный царь Соломонъ... Давно, всему міру извѣстно, проговаривалъ Тонкій.

— Къ этому еще должно добавить, сказалъ Гутовскій, строчку изъ Лермонтова:

И жизнь, какъ посмотрѣшь, съ холоднымъ вниманіемъ, вокругъ:
Какая пустая и глупая штука!..

— Да всего Байрона, пожалуй, сюда же приложить подхватилъ Гигинотъ. «Тьму», напр., знаете?

Погасло солнце свѣтлое, и лиственная земля
Носилась сапѣю въ воздухъ безумномъ,
Часть утра приходила и проходила,
Но дня не приводилъ онъ за собою...

— Соникъ перервалъ его Тонкій.

— Господа! вскричалъ умоляющимъ тономъ Простоквасовъ. Оставьте вы философію. — Философія до добра не доводитъ.

¹⁾ См. № 47.

— Да это не философія, Александръ Степановичъ, а литература, поэзія!..

— Ну, все равно, одинъ чертъ.

— «Ученость вотъ бѣда!» закричалъ Свалкинъ и захохоталъ.

— Господа! вскричала княжна позвольте и мнѣ свою ленту приложить къ поэтическимъ воспоминаніямъ... Только я боюсь, что не всѣ здѣсь знаютъ французскій языкъ.

— Ничего, я переведу, сказалъ Тонкій.

— Вотъ! сказала она, наиболѣе и лучше подходящее мѣсто, и она выпрямилась, тихо подняла руку и начала серьезно и просто, какимъ то сосредоточеннымъ, глухимъ голосомъ.

Lorsque du Créateur la parole féconde
En une heure fatale eut enfanté le monde
Des germes du Chaos,
De son oeuvre imparfaite il detourna sa face
Et d'un pied d'indigne le lançant dans l'espace
Rentra dans son repos.

Vas! dit-il. Je te livre à ta propre misère
Trop indigne à mes yeux de l'amour ou de colère.
Tu n'es rien devant moi!...

Roule aux grès du hasard dans les déserts du vide
Qu'a jamais au loin de Moi le destin soit ton guide
Et le malheur ton roi!...

Il dit. Comme un vautour, qui plonge sur sa proie
Le malheur à ces mots pousse en signe de joie
Un long gémissement.

Et pressant l'Univers dans sa serre cruelle
Embrasse pour jamais de sa rage éternelle
Éternel aliment!...

Le mal dès lors regna dans son immense empire.
Dès lors tout ce que pense et tout ce que respire
Commença de souffrir.

Le ciel et la terre; l'âme et la matière,
Tout gémit, la voix de la nature entière
Ne fut qu'un long soupir!...

По мѣрѣ того, какъ она читала, голосъ ея становился торжественнѣе и глуше. Графъ Тонкій вслѣдъ за ней переводилъ эту pessimистическую, мрачную и всѣмъ извѣстную оду Ламартина¹⁾.

Мнѣ кажется, что до сихъ поръ, послѣ многихъ лѣтъ жизни, я помню ту грустную, отчаянную ноту, съ которой она произнесла это страшное Tout gémit!... Помню, я тогда въ душѣ подумалъ, смотря на ея мрачное лицо: она глубоко несчастна!

¹⁾ Когда творческаго духа плодотворное слово въ часъ роковой изъ нѣдръ хаоса міръ возродило, отъ его несовершеннаго творенія онъ свой ликъ отвратилъ и, толкнувъ его съ презрѣніемъ въ пространство, снова предался покою.

«Ступай! сказалъ онъ. Я отдаю тебя твоему собственному ничтожеству! Недостойный ни Моего гнѣва, ни Моей любви—ты ничто передо Мною! Катись, по прихоти саучая, въ пустынныхъ пространствахъ, и пусть вдали отъ Меня—ведетъ тебя твоя судьба, и горе царить надъ тобою!»

«Онъ сказалъ! Какъ коршунъ, парящій надъ добычей, горе, при этихъ словахъ, испустило долгій радостный стонъ. И, сжимая міръ въ своихъ жестокихъ объятіяхъ, объяло навсегда своей вѣчной яростью, свою вѣчную нищету!...

«Зло съ тѣхъ поръ царитъ въ своихъ громадныхъ владѣніяхъ. Съ тѣхъ поръ все, что мыслить, и все, что дышитъ, начало страдать. Небо и земля, душа и матерія—все мучится, и голосъ дѣлой природы—не болѣе какъ долгій томительный стонъ!..»



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