

PROCEEDINGS OF THE GENERAL MEETING ON

May 9th, 1890.

The thirty-ninth General Meeting of the Society was held at the Westminster Town Hall, on May 9th, 1890.

THE PRESIDENT, PROFESSOR SIDGWICK, IN THE CHAIR.

Papers on "Observations of Certain Phenomena of Trance" were read by Mr. F. W. H. Myers, Professor O. Lodge, and Mr. Walter Leaf. These are printed below.

PROCEEDINGS OF THE GENERAL MEETING ON

July 11th, 1890.

The fortieth General Meeting of the Society was held at the Westminster Town Hall, on July 11th, 1890.

THE PRESIDENT, PROFESSOR SIDGWICK, IN THE CHAIR.

The President gave a second address on the Census of Hallucinations, which is printed below.

Mr. Myers read the first part of a "Provisional report on alleged movements of objects, without contact, occurring not in the presence of a paid medium," which it is proposed to publish in a future number of the *Proceedings*.

I.

ADDRESS BY THE PRESIDENT.

SECOND ADDRESS ON THE CENSUS OF HALLUCINATIONS.

It is now just about a year since I gave my last *ad interim* report on our Census of Hallucinations at a General Meeting of the Society. The progress made during this interval has not quite realised my expectations; in particular, I am a little disappointed by the limited amount of interest shown in the work by Members and Associates of the Society. We have now in our Society about 700 Members and Associates, (not counting the American ones,) and as I pointed out before, if all of them would collect 25 answers and induce one friend to do the same—a task which ought not, generally speaking, to be very difficult,—we should thus get 35,000 answers, and this number, though not so large as I should like, would probably enable us to calculate from the census itself, with sufficient approximation to accuracy, the

proportion of coincidental to non-coincidental phantasms. The importance of this result, as relieving us from the necessity of forming a conjectural estimate of the size of the circle from which our "veridical" cases are drawn, was explained in my last address. At present, however, only about 74 Members or Associates have, so far as we know, given any help, and if it had not been for the great efforts made by some of these—which I most gratefully acknowledge—and for help received from outsiders, we should not have attained to our present modest number of answers—6,481.

Of the 6,481 people whose answers we have, 727, or about 11 per cent., answer in the affirmative, and 751 experiences are described.¹ These may be divided into 474 cases where the sense of sight was affected, 219 cases where voices were heard without any accompanying visual impression, and 56 cases where the impression was only on the sense of touch, besides 2 where the touch was accompanied by a non-vocal auditory impression. In about 48 out of the whole number, more than one sense was affected, besides 26 more in which, along with a visual or tactual impression, some non-vocal sounds occurred, which do not come within the scope of the present inquiry. It is often difficult in the case of sounds, and especially of non-vocal sounds, such as rustling, footsteps, &c., to ascertain whether they were hallucinatory or not.

Out of the 751 cases, 98, or about 13 per cent., may be called coincidental; that is, they are cases in which the hallucination has coincided in time with some condition of another person, who may be regarded as the agent, in such a way as to suggest a causal connection between that condition and the hallucination.

Some of these experiences that I have called coincidental must be admitted to fall under Mr. Gurney's head, "ambiguous." On the other hand, among cases classed as non-coincidental, there are a certain number which there is some reason to regard as other than purely subjective. Thus there are 6 cases of the figure and 1 of the voice of dead persons phantasmally seen or heard when the percipient was unaware of the death. There are 9 cases (7 of an unrecognised figure, 1 of a recognised living person, and 1 of a recognised dead person) where apparently the same figure is independently seen by more than one person on different occasions. In one of these a figure in a brown dress with broad lace collar and golden hair was seen by three persons on different occasions in a certain house, two of these experiences

¹ Of the persons who have had experiences, 121 have given no particulars. On the other hand, 217 persons have had more than one experience. A large proportion of these, however, were recurrent experiences of a trivial kind, such as hearing the name called, or feeling touches. We have counted recurrent experiences not described singly as one.

being certainly independent—that is, the second percipient knew nothing about the experience of the first. The figure was afterwards thought to be recognised as that of a living lady dressed similarly; but as only a part of the ghost's face was seen, the recognition can hardly be counted on.

Finally, there are 66 collective cases—cases, that is, in which more than one person shares the experience—besides 12 collective cases which have been already counted as coincidental. These are the numbers if we count the persons answering our question who have seen “collective phantasms.” But, as sometimes more than one of the joint percipients is included among these, the whole number of phantasms collectively seen and heard is rather smaller, viz.: 10 coincidental ones and 55 non-coincidental ones—65 in all, of which 47 were visual as regards at least one of the percipients. The number would be still further reduced by excluding from it those cases where there seems to be a possibility that the figure seen or the voice heard was not hallucinatory at all but real. Precisely how large this reduction should be we can only guess, but I will give one of our reasons for thinking that some reduction is necessary. We find that out of the visual collective cases, more than half occurred out of doors, while of the visual cases occurring to a single percipient, only about one seventh occurred out of doors. Now, though some supposed apparitions seen out of doors are quite as obviously true hallucinations as some of those seen indoors, still, speaking generally, there seem to be several reasons why real human beings are more likely to be mistaken for apparitions out of doors than indoors. In the first place, if a figure appears in a room its distance is seldom great enough to make recognition doubtful, so that cases of mistaken identity are less likely to occur indoors. Further, if the figure be unrecognised, this can seldom be regarded as evidence of its hallucinatory character out of doors, while it often would afford evidence indoors, since it is not usual for strangers to walk into our rooms without any one in the house knowing anything about it. And, again, the mode of appearance and disappearance of the figure is much more often clearly impossible for a real person indoors than it is out of doors. The figure may, for instance, go through a locked door, or through the wall, or into a room into which it is at once followed, and where it is not found. Out of doors it is often difficult to prove that the vanished figure has not simply turned into a house, or been hidden by an intervening bush or other obstacle, especially since its distance is often much greater than that of a hallucinatory figure seen in the house.

After making all allowances, however, there remains a certain number of collective cases in which the objects seen can hardly have been real people or things.

Now granting that collective hallucinations really occur—and, apart from this census, we have by this time accumulated a good deal of evidence of the fact—they are obviously of great theoretical importance in considering the nature and origin of hallucinations. I therefore propose to make a few remarks on them this evening. The most obvious explanation of the “collectiveness” of a hallucination is that it has for both percipients some common origin independent of either of them. This common origin might be telepathic, some other mind affecting them both similarly and simultaneously, or it might be what I may call “physical suggestion,” by which I mean some real external cause,—say a sound like a footstep—starting by “suggestion” a similar hallucination in both of them. Now though it seems not improbable that the hallucination is sometimes produced telepathically in both percipients at once by some other mind, living or dead, this can hardly be the explanation always. For instance, it is unlikely that a psychical cause external to both percipients made two girls at a dancing class simultaneously see a chair in the middle of the floor where no chair was, or produced for two other percipients an appearance of a grey object about the size of a man’s head, which rose and fell again near them as they sat at luncheon. It is equally arbitrary to explain by external psychical agency cases where the phantasm collectively seen represents a living person who was in no unusual condition at the time. For instance, two young ladies and their brother going along the passage one day saw their father going upstairs. One of them also heard his footsteps while the other two were struck by the absence of sound. Though none of them saw him very distinctly, they all independently felt convinced at the moment that it was their father; but their father was at the time sitting quietly reading in the dining-room and it could not have been any other real human being.

As regards the second possible hypothesis, that what I have called physical suggestion is the common origin of the hallucination in the two percipients, it may reasonably be asked whether we have any evidence that a hallucination is ever thus produced. We know, of course, that verbal suggestion will often make hypnotised people see hallucinations, but it is a great step from this to assuming that hallucinations can be produced in this way in the case of people in a normal state, and it is a still further step to assume as possible the non-verbal and therefore less definite suggestion, which is all that we can suppose to occur in the present cases. Hallucinations, however, are so rare in the experience of most of us that it may fairly be argued that when we see them we are not quite in a normal state, and I think there is reason to believe that self-suggestion sometimes operates during a hallucination, for it is sometimes difficult otherwise to account for the occasional agreement of two senses. For instance, a lady in the dark

first feels her husband's presence, then putting out her hand, feels his coat-sleeve, and then hears him speak. The husband, meanwhile, is absent and vividly imagining himself to be bringing her bad news. A reflected hallucination such as I mentioned in my last address is again an instance of the operation of self-suggestion during a hallucination, though only one sense is affected.

But in these cases it is hallucination that leads to further hallucination. It is a different question whether real sounds ever lead to visual and other hallucinations by suggestion. It appears to me probable from the evidence that in some cases they do and that muscular sensations suggesting touches do so also, but it is difficult to prove this because it is difficult to prove that the sounds and touches are not themselves hallucinatory: I will, however, give one instance from the Census collection of a case *primâ facie* collective where the probability that a real sound wrongly interpreted led to different visual experiences appears to me very strong. Two sisters within hearing of the front door, and within sight of different parts of the passage leading from it to the living rooms, but not within sight of each other, heard their father's latch-key in the door and heard him come in. One of them (who is now dead) then saw her father, and the other saw his dog pass the door of the room where she was. It was their father's habit to take a walk with his dog and return about this hour, but on the particular afternoon in question he and the dog were dozing in the dining-room. The same explanation might be applied in any other case *primâ facie* collective, in which there was a common perception of sounds possibly real, but diverse visual hallucinations. But it does not seem applicable to cases where the things seen are decidedly more alike than one can easily suppose they would be from the slight amount of suggestion received.

This difficulty also occurs in connection with a third explanation of collective hallucinations, viz., that A sees a hallucination first and then conveys it by word or gesture to B. In certain cases this is plausible. Recognised figures might be suggested by a brief exclamation, and in some cases it is clear that one percipient was aware that the other saw something before he saw it himself. But it is difficult to see how an unfamiliar figure could be so suggested, and the detailed resemblances in our collective cases are sometimes of too marked a character for us easily to suppose that they were the result of comparing notes afterwards and pseudo-memory. Moreover, our informants have sometimes taken pains, according to their recollection, to avoid any conscious suggestion to one another.

There remains a fourth hypothesis, viz., that the hallucination of one percipient is caused by *mental* suggestion or thought-transference from the other. This hypothesis avoids the difficulty as to the

similarity of the two hallucinations, since it seems quite as likely that the general idea as to form, colour, &c., of a hallucination seen by A should be conveyed telepathically to B, as that the general idea of the form and colour of what the agent was looking at in Mr. Guthrie's experiments should be conveyed to the percipients. Another difficulty attaching to the hypothesis of suggestion is avoided or reduced by supposing thought-transference to operate. It would be a remarkable coincidence that, at the moment when A is having an unusual experience, B should be in the unusual state in which he can be made to see the same thing by ordinary suggestion. But if our view about veridical apparitions is correct it would seem that a "telepathic impact" is itself sometimes a cause of hallucination in the person to whom the idea is transferred. For instance, to take an experimental case—when Baron von Schrenk-Notzing tried, as an experiment, to make a lady think of him, she saw his face before her, without any intention on his part of producing a hallucination. It must be admitted that we have at present no crucial instance showing that the act of experiencing a hallucination is a condition specially likely to cause a telepathic communication with another mind. There are, however, one or two cases in which such a transfer seems to have occurred. I may remind you of one in *Phantasms of the Living* (Vol. II., p. 198), quoted from the note-book of Philip Lord Chesterfield. Waking one morning he saw a thing standing like a white sheet, with a knot at the top, and his wife, who was 40 miles away, saw on the same morning and at the same hour "a thing all in white with a black face" standing by her bed.

I may appropriately conclude my address with an account of an experiment made only yesterday by Mrs. Sidgwick, which points strongly in the same direction. With the assistance of Mr. G. A. Smith, Mrs. Sidgwick has been trying experiments in thought-transference with hypnotised persons. Two of these were yesterday hypnotised in different rooms. We will call them Mr. P. and Miss B. You are no doubt aware that good hypnotic subjects can be made to have post-hypnotic hallucinations—*e.g.*, if told while hypnotised that they will see some specified object when they awake, they do see it though there is nothing of the sort there. Mr. Smith told Mr. P. on this occasion that Mrs. Sidgwick would show him a picture, and then went out of the room and told Miss B. that she would see a picture which Mr. P. would show her when her eyes were open. While he was away Mrs. Sidgwick told Mr. P. that she was going to show him a picture of a goat-chaise with two goats. Then Mr. Smith came back, awoke Mr. P., and left again immediately. After which Mrs. Sidgwick gave Mr. P. a blank card as a picture and he almost immediately saw on it the picture of the goatchaise and two goats and was much pleased with it. Mrs.

Sidgwick asked him to take it upstairs and show it to Miss B., but to be careful not to tell her what it was—to let her see for herself. This he immediately did. Miss B. at first only saw something black on the card, then by degrees she saw, first some wheels, then “a nice little wee carriage,” and presently some animals in front, which she identified as two goats. As this was—so far as Mrs. Sidgwick can judge—without any information from Mr. P. through the ordinary channels of sense as to the nature of what he saw, it seems to be a case of collective hallucination and one which was conveyed to Miss B. by thought-transference from Mr. P. Had Mr. Smith known what Mr. P. saw on the card, we might suppose that he caused Miss B. to see the picture by thought-transference, but no one but Mr. P. and Mrs. Sidgwick knew what he saw, and she has no reason to think that she can convey ideas telepathically to Miss B. She fails when she tries, while Mr. P. has on other occasions succeeded.

II.

A RECORD OF OBSERVATIONS OF CERTAIN
PHENOMENA OF TRANCE.

(1) INTRODUCTION.

BY FREDERIC W. H. MYERS.

It is proposed in this and in a following Part of the *Proceedings* to give some account of a series of observations directed to certain trance-phenomena which occur in the case of a lady named Mrs. Piper. Many of these observations have been carried on in America by Professor William James, Mr. Hodgson, and others; but for a period of two months and a-half the phenomena were witnessed by an English group of observers. There is much variety in the phenomena, and much difficulty in their interpretation; and we shall endeavour to give the independent opinion of each observer, and so to select and analyse the records cited as to give the reader full material for forming a judgment of his own. Professor Lodge, Mr. Leaf, and myself, who are editing the records, have no theory which we wish to impose upon the reader. On certain external or preliminary points, as will be seen, not we three alone, but all who have had adequate opportunity of judgment, are decisively agreed. But on the more delicate and interesting question as to the origin of the trance-utterances we cannot unite in any absolute view. We agree only in maintaining that the utterances show that knowledge has been acquired by some intelligence in some supernormal fashion;—and in urging on experimental psychologists the duty of watching for similar cases, and of analysing the results in some such way as we have endeavoured to do.

The study of trance-utterances, indeed, is at first sight distasteful; since real and pretended trance-utterances have notoriously been the vehicle of much conscious and unconscious fraud. But we urge that, just as the physical and psychical phenomena of hysteria—long neglected as a mere jungle of trickeries—are now analysed with adequate security against deception, and with most fruitful results, so also these utterances are now capable of being rationally studied,—thanks to the advance in the comprehension of automatic phenomena which French and English effort during the last few years has achieved.

These utterances, although they often occur in hysterical subjects, seem to have no necessary connection with hysteria. Nor again have we any real ground for calling them morbid *per se*, although their excessive repetition may lead to morbid states. All that we can safely

say is that they are a form of automatism; that they constitute one of many classes of phenomena which occur in sane subjects without entering the normal waking consciousness or forming part of the habitual chain of memory.

In previous discussions in these pages we have divided automatism into active and passive types¹; active automatism consisting of such phenomena as automatic writing and trance-utterance—passive, of hallucinations of sight, hearing, &c. “The automatism may be called *active* if it finds a motor channel, *passive* if it finds a sensory channel, but the impulse whence it originates may be much the same in the one case as in the other.”

In the paper from which I quote I remarked on the unsubstantial character of trance-utterances in general. “Trance-addresses are eminently barren of fact; they generally show little more than a mere power of improvisation, which may either be fraudulently practised, or may be a characteristic faculty of the unconscious self.”

When, therefore, we were informed by trusted witnesses,—by Professor William James, who is a physician as well as a psychologist, and by Mr. Hodgson, whose acumen in the detection of imposture has been proved in more fields than one,—that the utterances of Mrs. Piper's trance did in their view unquestionably contain facts of which Mrs. Piper in her waking state was wholly ignorant, some inquiry into the character of this trance seemed to fall in the direct line of our work. Although Mrs. Piper is not actually a “*malade*”—as the French are wont to term their subjects of experiment,—her case, from the inquirer's point of view, resembles that of the well-known “Madame B.,” or any other semi-pathological case which needs prolonged study outside the walls of a hospital. We have not, however, asked the Council to devote any part of the Society's funds to this inquiry. The Society as such is in no way committed to the investigation, nor responsible for any view at which the small group of observers may have arrived.

However the specific trance-utterances may be interpreted, the case as a whole is a rare and remarkable one. It is an instance of automatism of that extreme kind where the upheaval of sub-conscious strata is not merely *local*, but affects, so to say, the whole psychical area;—where a secondary consciousness not only crops up here and there through the primary, but for a time displaces it;—where, in short, the whole personality appears to suffer intermittent change.

As a general rule, where changes of personality thus complete and persistent have been carefully noted they have seemed to depend either on hypnotisation, or upon some cerebral injury. Cases like Mrs. Piper's are indeed recorded in Spiritualistic literature; but my own visits to some half-dozen “professional trance-mediums” had left me

¹ Vol. V., p. 534, &c.

with little hope that any evidence of value for our purposes would be forthcoming from such sources. There was, therefore, much of novelty in this case; and at the same time there was thus much of favourable prognostic,—that experiment with Madame B. and others had already shown that a secondary personality is a state propitious for the emergence of telepathic or clairvoyant phenomena.

Mrs. Piper's case has been more or less continuously observed by Professor James and others almost from the date of the first sudden inception of the trance, some five years ago. Mr. Hodgson has been in the habit of bringing acquaintances of his own to Mrs. Piper, without giving their names; and many of these have heard from the trance-utterance facts about their dead relations, &c., which they feel sure that Mrs. Piper could not have known. Mr. Hodgson also had Mr. and Mrs. Piper watched or "shadowed" by private detectives for some weeks, with the view of discovering whether Mr. Piper (who is employed in a large store in Boston, U.S.A.) went about inquiring into the affairs of possible "sitters," or whether Mrs. Piper received letters from friends or agents conveying information. This inquiry was pushed pretty closely, but absolutely nothing was discovered which could throw suspicion on Mrs. Piper,—who is now aware of the procedure, but has the good sense to recognise the legitimacy—I may say the scientific necessity—of this kind of probation.

It was thus shown that Mrs. Piper made no discoverable attempt to acquire knowledge even about persons whose coming she had reason to expect. Still less could she have been aware of the private concerns of persons brought anonymously to her house at Mr. Hodgson's choice. And a yet further obstacle to such clandestine knowledge was introduced by her removal to England—at our request—in November, 1889. Professor Lodge met her on the Liverpool landing-stage, November 19th, and conducted her to a hotel, where I joined her on November 20th, and escorted her and her children to Cambridge. She stayed first in my house; and I am convinced that she brought with her a very slender knowledge of English affairs or English people. The servant who attended on her and on her two young children was chosen by myself, and was a young woman from a country village whom I had full reason to believe to be both trustworthy and also quite ignorant of my own or my friends' affairs. For the most part I had myself not determined upon the persons whom I would invite to sit with her. I chose these sitters in great measure by chance; several of them were not resident in Cambridge; and (except in one or two cases where anonymity would have been hard to preserve) I brought them to her under false names,—sometimes introducing them only when the trance had already begun.

In one sitting, for instance, which will be cited below, I learnt by

accident that a certain lady, here styled Mrs. A., was in Cambridge ;— a private lady, not a member of the Society for Psychical Research, who had never before visited my house, and whose name had certainly never been mentioned before Mrs. Piper. I introduced this lady as Mrs. Smith ;—and I think that when the reader is estimating the correct facts which were told to her, he may at any rate dismiss from his mind the notion that Mrs. Piper had been able either to divine that these facts would be wanted,—or to get at them even if she had known that her success depended on their production on that day.

Mrs. Piper while in England was twice in Cambridge, twice in London, and twice in Liverpool, at dates arranged by ourselves ; her sitters (almost always introduced under false names) belonged to several quite different social groups, and were frequently unacquainted with each other. Her correspondence was addressed to my care, and I believe that almost every letter which she received was shown to one or other of us. When in London she stayed in lodgings which we selected ; when at Liverpool, in Professor Lodge's house ; and when at Cambridge, in Professor Sidgwick's or my own. No one of her hosts, or of her hosts' wives, detected any suspicious act or word.

We took great pains to avoid giving information in talk ; and a more complete security is to be found in the fact that we were ourselves ignorant of many of the facts given as to our friends' relations, &c. In the case of Mrs. Verrall, for instance, (cited below,) no one in Cambridge except Mrs. Verrall herself could have supplied the bulk of the information given ; and some of the facts given (as will be seen) Mrs. Verrall herself did not know. As regards my own affairs, I have not thought it worth while to cite *in extenso* such statements as might possibly have been got up beforehand ; since Mrs. Piper of course knew that I should be one of her sitters. Such facts as that I once had an aunt, "Cordelia Marshall, more commonly called Corrie," might have been learnt,—though I do not think that they were learnt,—from printed or other sources. But I do not think that any larger proportion of such accessible facts was given to me than to an average sitter, previously unknown ; nor were there any of those subtler points which could so easily have been made by dint of scrutiny of my books or papers. On the other hand, in my case, as in the case of several other sitters, there were messages purporting to come from a friend who has been dead many years, and mentioning circumstances which I believe that it would have been quite impossible for Mrs. Piper to have discovered.

I am also acquainted with some of the facts given to other sitters, and suppressed as too intimate, or as involving secrets not the property of the sitter alone. I may say that so far as my own personal conviction goes, the utterance of one or two of these facts is even more conclusive of supernormal knowledge than the correct statement of

dozens of names of relations, &c., which the sitter had no personal motive for concealing.

On the whole, I believe that all observers, both in America and in England, who have seen enough of Mrs. Piper in both states to be able to form a judgment, will agree in affirming (1) that many of the facts given could not have been learnt even by a skilled detective; (2) that to learn others of them, although possible, would have needed an expenditure of money as well as of time which it seems impossible to suppose that Mrs. Piper could have met; and (3) that her conduct has never given any ground whatever for supposing her capable of fraud or trickery. Few persons have been so long and so carefully observed; and she has left on all observers the impression of thorough uprightness, candour, and honesty.

Less than this it would not be fair to say. But, on the other hand, it must be remembered that the personal honesty of Mrs. Piper, in the waking state, covers only a part of our difficulties. We are dealing with an honest subject, and with a genuine trance; but it by no means follows that the trance-personality is as honest as the waking one. Analogy would be against such an assumption. It may be remembered that in Mr. and Mrs. Newnham's case of thought-transference, manifested by planchette-writing,¹ the unconscious self of Mrs. Newnham, which in some way learnt the questions which Mr. Newnham was writing down, exhibited at times a trickiness and a pretension to knowledge that it did not possess, which were quite foreign to Mrs. Newnham's conscious mind. With other automatic messages,—whether conveyed by table-tilting, planchette-writing, or ordinary automatic script,—the case is much the same. Even though the messages may usually seem straightforward enough, times will come when the responses *degenerate*,—when silly jokes, or manifest untruths, or violent expressions are written, perhaps, over and over again. This seems to go with fatigue in the automatist, and to show some want of co-ordination.

Mrs. Piper's trance-condition is markedly subject to these forms of degeneration. As will be more fully described later on, she passes with slight convulsions into a condition in which a personality calling itself "Dr. Phinuit" comes to the front. And "Phinuit"—to use his own appellation for brevity's sake—is by no means above "fishing." His ways of extracting information from the sitter, under the guise of giving it, will be described in detail by Mr. Leaf. Different trances, and different parts of the same trance, varied greatly in quality. There were some interviews throughout which Phinuit hardly asked any question, and hardly stated anything which was not true. There were others throughout which his utterances showed not one glimmer of real knowledge, but consisted wholly of fishing questions and random assertions.

¹ *Phantasms of the Living*, Vol. I., p. 63.

These trances cannot always be induced at pleasure. A state of quiet expectancy or "self-suggestion" will usually bring one on; but sometimes the attempt altogether fails. We never attempted to induce the trance by hypnotism. I understand, indeed, that Mrs. Piper has never been deeply hypnotised, although Professor Richet tried on her some experiments of suggestion in the waking state, and found her somewhat "suggestible." On the other hand, the trance has occasionally appeared when it was not desired. The first time that it occurred, (as Mrs. Piper informs us,) it came as an unwelcome surprise. And Mrs. Piper believes—our evidence lies in her own inference from her own sensations—that the access has several times come upon her during sleep, exhausting her for the succeeding day. An instance of this kind occurred at Cambridge. Before going to bed she had, at my request, and for the first time in her life, been looking into a crystal, with the desire to see therein some hallucinatory figure which might throw light on the nature of the mysterious secondary personality. She saw nothing; but next morning she looked exhausted, and said that she thought that she had had an access during the night. The next time that she went into a trance Phinuit said he had come and called, and no one had answered him. It appeared as though the concentration of thought upon the crystal had acted as a kind of self-suggestion, and had induced the secondary state, when not desired.

The trance when induced generally lasted about an hour. On one occasion in my house, and I believe once at least in America, it only lasted for about a minute. Phinuit only had time to say that he could not remain, and then the habitual moaning began, and Mrs. Piper came to herself.

There was often a marked difference between the first few minutes of a trance and the remaining time. On such occasions almost all that was of value would be told in the first few minutes; and the remaining talk would consist of vague generalities or mere repetitions of what had already been given. Phinuit, as will be seen, always professed himself to be a spirit communicating with spirits; and he used to say that he remembered their messages for a few minutes after "entering into the medium," and then became confused. He was not, however, apparently able to depart when his budget of facts was empty. There seemed to be some irresponsible letting-off of energy which must continue until the original impulse was lost in incoherence.

We shall endeavour to set forth our series of observations fully and fairly, giving as far as possible the actual view of each observer, and withholding no judgment of an unfavourable kind. We had at first hoped to have printed all our evidence in this Part of the *Proceedings*; but Mr. Hodgson's collection of American testimony, with account of medical examination, has been unavoidably delayed,

and must be postponed to the next Part. Professor Lodge and Mr. Leaf have given a full account of the English sittings, and a paper by Professor William James, of Harvard University, concludes the batch of evidence which we can at present offer. It is possible that Mrs. Piper may visit England again, and we shall be glad of any criticisms which may assist in the difficult task of giving stability and precision to these fleeting and often incoherent phenomena. But even as our evidence stands, the reader will thus have much material from which to form his own opinion as to the origin of the knowledge,—some of it plainly acquired, I think, in some supernormal way,—which these trance-utterances show. But I would warn him against coming to any definite conclusion on the strength of this case alone. Phinuit's utterances must be judged, I think, as but one item in the long roll of automatic messages of many kinds which are only now beginning to be collected and analysed. I regard it as proved that these phenomena afford evidence of large extensions—telepathic or clairvoyant—of the normal powers of the human spirit. It is possible that Phinuit's knowledge is thus derived from a telepathic or clairvoyant faculty, latent in Mrs. Piper, and manifesting itself in ways with which previous experiment has not made us familiar. On the other hand, the wide class of "automatic messages" includes phenomena of very various types, some of which certainly point *prima facie* to the intervention,—perhaps the very indirect intervention,—of the surviving personalities of the dead. If such instances of communication from extra-terrene minds should ultimately find acceptance with Science, then Phinuit's messages, with all their drawbacks, and all their inconsistency, will have fair claim to be added to the number.

(2) PART I.

BY PROFESSOR OLIVER LODGE, F.R.S.

Account of sittings with Mrs. Piper.

FORMAL REPORT.

At the request of Mr. Myers I undertook a share in the investigation of a case of apparent clairvoyance.

It is the case of a lady who appears to go off into a trance when she pleases to will it under favourable surroundings, and in that trance to talk volubly, with a manner and voice quite different from her ordinary manner and voice, on details concerning which she has had no information given her.

In this abnormal state her speech has reference mainly to people's relatives and friends, living or deceased, about whom she is able to hold a conversation, and with whom she appears more or less familiar.

By introducing anonymous strangers, and by catechising her myself in various ways, I have satisfied myself that much of the information she possesses in the trance state is not acquired by ordinary commonplace methods, but that she has some unusual means of acquiring information. The facts on which she discourses are usually within the knowledge of some person present, though they are often entirely out of his conscious thought at the time. Occasionally facts have been narrated which have only been verified afterwards, and which are in good faith asserted never to have been known; meaning thereby that they have left no trace on the conscious memory of any person present or in the neighbourhood, and that it is highly improbable that they were ever known to such persons.

She is also in the trance state able to diagnose diseases and to specify the owners or late owners of portable property, under circumstances which preclude the application of ordinary methods.

In the midst of this lucidity a number of mistaken and confused statements are frequently made, having little or no apparent meaning or application.

Concerning the particular means by which she acquires the different kinds of information, there is no sufficient evidence to make it safe to draw any conclusion. I can only say with certainty that it is by none of the ordinary methods known to Physical Science.

OLIVER J. LODGE.

May, 1890.

The above careful statement does not convey any vivid idea of the actual occurrences, nor does it impart such information as is needed by persons not already familiar with the subject before they read the

detailed report; hence it may be permissible to amplify it by a more descriptive and less cautiously worded account of my experience, accompanied by a preliminary examination of such elucidatory hypotheses as suggest themselves; premising that for evidence the report of the sittings must be appealed to, not this narrative account.

Regarding the manner of the sitting, it may be convenient to print here, as sufficiently representative of what happens, and as embodying what it is necessary somewhere to say concerning Mrs. Piper's initial acquaintance with me, a statement I wrote shortly after my first sitting.

Preliminary statement written December 1st, 1889.

Mrs. Piper arrived in England on November 19th in the Cunard steamer *Scythia* from Boston, and as Mr. Myers was called away to Edinburgh on that day, I met the steamer at his request and conveyed the lady to the hotel apartments he had taken for her.

I was a complete stranger, but was introduced sufficiently by a note Mr. Myers had left with the hotel Commissionaire, who also met the steamer and saw the luggage through the Custom House. In the course of the drive to the hotel with Mrs. Piper and her two little girls, I mentioned that I had a good many children; in fact, seven. I also told her that I was a Professor at a college in the city. At the hotel I left her, and though I called next day just to see that she was all right, I told her no more about myself, nor was she in the least inquisitive. She was naturally tired after the journey, and absorbed with the children. That evening Mr. Myers arrived, and next day escorted her to his house in Cambridge.

I remained at work in Liverpool till November 29th, when I travelled to London to attend the Royal Society dinner the following day. And on the morning of this day, the 30th, I met Mr. Myers at King's Cross, and travelled to Cambridge with him by the 9.5 a.m. train, reaching his house about 11. Mrs. Piper was soon ready and we commenced a sitting. I sat facing Mrs. Piper in a partially darkened room, and Mr. Myers was within earshot on the other side of curtains, taking note of what was said. Mrs. Piper sat still, leaning forward in her chair, and holding my hands. For some time she could not go off, but at last she said, "Oh, I am going," the clock happened to strike one (for a half hour), and she twitched convulsively, ejaculated "don't," and went into apparent epilepsy. [I had seen epilepsy several times before and recognised many of the ordinary and obvious symptoms; not, of course, pretending to speak medically.] Gradually she became quiet, and still holding my right hand, cleared her throat in a male voice, and with distinctly altered and hardened features, eyes closed and unused the whole time. Having been told what to expect and how to humour this impersonation, I said, "Well, Doctor," upon which he [for it sounded like a man, and I quite forgot that it was a woman who was speaking for the rest of the sitting; the whole manner and conversation was masculine] introduced himself as "Dr. Phinuit," and we made the usual commonplace remarks. I found it difficult to know what to say, but I said I had heard of him from Myers, and he said, "Ha! Myers, is he here? He wasn't here last time I came," upon which Mr. Myers replied, "Yes, I am here, Doctor." He said

a few more words to Mr. Myers, and then asked me if there was anything I wanted to ask him, at the same time putting his hand on my head and feeling all over it, saying he wanted to become acquainted with me, that I was "a nice fellow," "worked too hard," "had a full head," and such like things, as he probably would say to anyone engaged in similar pursuits. I asked him if he could tell me anything about my relations, upon which he began a rambling and excited conversation consisting of short sentences and curious snatches and jerks, with occasional wanderings into momentary (apparent) irrelevance, but every now and again coming to a point energetically and hammering it into me with insistence both verbal and manual.) Of this conversation Mr. Myers took as complete notes as was possible, and I have not been able to supplement his notes very materially, except perhaps here and there with a touch which had escaped him.

The occasional irrelevance faintly coming in every now and then amid the more constant coherent and vigorous communication, reminded me of listening at a telephone, where, whenever your main correspondent is silent, you hear the dim and meaningless fragments of a city's gossip, till back again comes the voice obviously addressed to you and speaking with firmness and decision.

The record follows later (p. 465). The details given of my family are just such as one might imagine obtained by a perfect stranger surrounded by the whole of one's relations in a group and able to converse freely but hastily with one after the other; not knowing them and being rather confused with their number and half-understood messages and personalities, and having a special eye to their physical weaknesses and defects. A person in a hurry thus trying to tell a stranger as much about his friends as he could in this way gather would seem to me to be likely to make much the same kind of communication as was actually made to me.

In order to gain further experience, my wife invited Mrs. Piper to our house between the dates December 18th and December 27th, 1889; and again between the dates January 30th and February 5th, 1890, when she sailed for New York.

During these days we had 22 sittings, and I devoted my whole time to the business, being desirous of making the investigation as complete and satisfactory as possible while the opportunity lasted.

Mrs. Piper pretends to no knowledge as to her own powers, and I believe her assertion that she is absolutely ignorant of all that she has said in the trance state. She appears to be anxious to get the phenomenon elucidated, and hopes by sitting to scientific investigators to have light thrown on her abnormal condition, about which she expresses herself as not quite comfortable. She perfectly appreciates the reasonableness of withholding information from her; assents with a smile to a sudden stop in the middle of a sentence, and in general is quite uninquisitive. All this innocency may, of course, be taken as perfection of acting, but it deprives her of the great advantage (assuming fraudulent intention for the moment) of controlling the circumstances after the manner of a conjurer; and prevents her from

being the master of her own time and movements. The control of the experiments was thus entirely in my own hands, and this is an essential ingredient for satisfactory testimony.

The initial question to be satisfactorily answered before anything can be held worth either investigating or recording concerns the honesty of Mrs. Piper herself.

That there is more than can be explained by any amount of either conscious or unconscious fraud, that the phenomenon is a genuine one however it is to be explained, I now regard as absolutely certain ; and I make the following two statements with the utmost confidence :—

(i.) Mrs. Piper's attitude is not one of deception.

(ii.) No conceivable deception on the part of Mrs. Piper can explain the facts.

{ I will not take up time by doing more than enumerating some of the methods of imposture which suggest themselves to an inquirer as preliminary possibilities to be guarded against. Such as :—

Inquiry by paid agents.

Inquiry by correspondence.

Catechism of servants or children.

Research in Family Bibles.

Study of photograph albums.

Use of directories and biographies.

Prowling about the house at night with skeleton keys.

Bribing servants to name the sitter,)

The question of good faith is so vital that before taking leave of this part of the subject I will make the following statements :—

1. Mrs. Piper's correspondence was small, something like three letters a week, even when the children were away from her. The outsides of her letters nearly always passed through my hands, and often the insides, too, by her permission.

2. The servants were all, as it happened, new, having been obtained by my wife through ordinary local inquiries and registry offices, just about the time of Mrs. Piper's visit. Consequently they were entirely ignorant of family connections, and could have told nothing, however largely they had been paid.

The ingenious suggestion has been made that they were her spies. Knowing the facts, I will content myself with asserting that they had absolutely no connection with her of any sort.

3. The photograph albums and Family Bibles were hidden by me the morning of the day after she arrived at my house. I had intended to do it sooner. This is manifestly a weak point. Like many such things, it sounds worse than it is. The more important books were in my study, and into it she did not go till just before the first sitting.

One or two photographs she did look at, and these are noted. The safest thing is to assume that she *may* have looked at everything about the house.

4. In order to be able to give better evidence, I obtained permission and immediately thereafter personally overhauled the whole of her luggage. Directories, biographies, Men of the Time, and such-like books were entirely absent. In fact there were scarcely any books at all.

5. The eldest child at home was aged nine, and the amount of information at his disposal was fairly well known to us. My wife was sceptically inclined, and was guarded in her utterances; and though a few slips could hardly be avoided—and one or two of these were rather unlucky ones—they were noted and are recorded.

6. Strange sitters frequently arrived at 11 a.m., and I admitted them myself straight into the room where we were going to sit; they were shortly afterwards introduced to Mrs. Piper under some assumed name.

7. Occasionally, when the sitter came in an evening and took a meal first, the correct name was apt to leak out. Even then it seems to me that a portentous and impossible memory would be needed to select from the entire mass of facts which had been previously (by impossible hypothesis) hunted up and memorialised for the circle of my and many other people's acquaintance, and to affix the correct parcel to the appropriate individual.

8. The whole attitude of Mrs. Piper was natural, uninquisitive, ladylike, and straightforward. If anything was noticeable it was a trace of languor and self-absorption, very natural under the trying condition of two long trances a day.

Her whole demeanour struck everyone who became intimate with her as utterly beyond and above suspicion.

9. The trance is, to the best of my belief, a genuine one. In it Mrs. Piper is (sometimes, at least,) insensible to pain, as tested by suddenly pushing a needle into her hand, which causes not the slightest flinching; and her pulse is affected beyond what I can imagine to be the control of volition. Of the genuineness of the trance I have not the remotest doubt, and only say no more about it because it is a question for medical witnesses (p. 441).

(Cheating being supposed out of the question, and something which may briefly be described, at least by a non-psychologist, as a duplex or trance personality being conceded, the next hypothesis is that her trance personality makes use of information acquired by her in her waking state, and retails what it finds in her sub-consciousness without any ordinary effort of memory.)

It is an interesting question whether any facts instilled into the waking Mrs. Piper can be recognised in the subsequent trance speech. My impression at one time was that the trance information is practically independent of what specific facts Mrs. Piper may happen to know. The evidence now seems to me about evenly balanced on either side. Whether the trance speech could give, say, scientific facts, or a foreign language, or anything in its nature entirely beyond her ken, I am unable to say. Definite experiments may have, and I hope have, been directed to each of these questions, but not yet by me. I want to attack these questions next time I have a chance. (So far as my present experience has gone, I do not feel sure how far Mrs. Piper's knowledge or ignorance of specific facts has an appreciable influence on the communication of her trance personality. But certainly the great mass of facts retailed by this personality are wholly outside of Mrs. Piper's knowledge; in detail, though not in kind.)

The personality active and speaking in the trance is apparently so distinct from the personality of Mrs. Piper that it is permissible and convenient to call it by another name. It does not differ from her as Hyde did from Jekyll, by being a personification of the vicious portion of the same individual. There is no special contrast, any more than there is any special similarity. It strikes one as a different personality altogether, and the name by which it introduces itself when asked, viz., "Dr. Phinuit," is as convenient as any other, and can be used wholly irrespective of hypothesis.)

I would not in using this name be understood as thereby committing myself to any hypothesis regarding the nature of this apparently distinct and individual mind. At the same time (the name is useful as expressing compactly what is naturally prominent to the feeling of any sitter, that he is not talking to Mrs. Piper at all. The manner, mode of thought, tone, trains of idea, are all different. You are speaking no longer to a lady but to a man, an old man, a medical man. All this cannot but be vividly felt even by one who considered the impersonation a consummate piece of acting.)

Whether such a man as Dr. Phinuit ever existed I do not know, nor from the evidential point of view do I greatly care. It will be interesting to have the fact ascertained if possible; but I cannot see that it will much affect the question of genuineness. For that he did not ever exist is a thing practically impossible to prove. While, if he did exist, it can be easily supposed that Mrs. Piper took care enough that her impersonation should have so much rational basis (p. 520).

It can be objected, why if he was a French doctor has he so entirely forgotten his French? For though he speaks in a Frenchified manner, I am told that he cannot sustain a conversation in that language. I am unable to meet this objection, by anything beyond the obvious sugges-

tion that Mrs. Piper's brain is the medium utilised, and that she is likewise ignorant. But one would think that it would be a sufficiently patent objection to deter an impersonator from assuming a rôle of purely unnecessary difficulty, and one which it was impossible satisfactorily to maintain.

(Admitting, however, that "Dr. Phinuit" is probably a mere name for Mrs. Piper's secondary consciousness, one cannot help being struck by the singular correctness of his medical diagnoses. In fact the medical statements, coinciding as they do with truth just as well as those of a regular physician, but given without any ordinary examination and sometimes without even seeing the patient, must be held as part of the evidence establishing a strong *prima facie* case for the existence of *some* abnormal means of acquiring information.) Not that it is to be supposed that he is more infallible than another. I have one definite case of distinct error in a diagnosis (p. 547).

Proceeding now on the assumption that I may speak henceforth of Dr. Phinuit as of a genuine individual intelligence, whether it be a usually latent portion of Mrs. Piper's intelligence, or whether it be something distinct from her mind and the education to which it has been subjected, I go on to consider the hypotheses which still remain unexamined.

And first (we have the hypothesis of fishery on the part of Dr. Phinuit, as distinguished from trickery on the part of Mrs. Piper.) I mean a system of ingenious fishing (the utilisation of trivial indications, of every intimation, audible, tactile, muscular, and of little shades of manner too indefinable to name; all these excited in the sitter by skilful guesses and well-directed shots, and their nutriment extracted with superhuman cunning.

Now this hypothesis is not one to be lightly regarded, or ever wholly set aside. I regard it as, to a certain extent, a *vera causa*. At times Dr. Phinuit does fish. Occasionally he guesses; and sometimes he ekes out the scantiness of his information from the resources of a lively imagination.

Whenever his supply of information is abundant there is no sign of the fishing process.

At other times it is as if he were in a difficult position,—only able to gain information from very indistinct or inaudible sources, and yet wishful to convey as much information as possible. The attitude is then as of one straining after every clue, and making use of the slightest indication, whether received in normal or abnormal ways: not indeed obviously distinguishing between information received from the sitter and information received from other sources.

The fishing process is most marked when Mrs. Piper herself either is not feeling well or is tired. Dr. Phinuit seems to experience

more difficulty than in obtaining information ; and when he does not fish he simply draws upon his memory and retails old facts which he has told before, occasionally with additions of his own which do not improve them. His memory seems to be one of extraordinary tenacity and exactness, but not of infallibility ; and its lapses do introduce error, both of defect and excess.)

He seems to be under some compulsion not to be silent. Possibly the trance would cease if he did not exert himself. At any rate he chatters on, and one has to discount a good deal of conversation which is obviously, and sometimes confessedly, introduced as a stop-gap.

(He is rather proud of his skill, and does not like to be told he is wrong ; but when he waxes confidential he admits that he is not infallible : " he does the best he can," he says, but sometimes " everything seems dark to him," and then he flounders and gropes, and makes mistakes.)

It is not to be supposed that this floundering is always most conspicuous in presence of a stranger. On the contrary, if he is in good form he will rattle off a stranger's connections pretty glibly, being indeed sometimes oppressed with the rush and volume of the information available ; while, if he is in bad trim, he will fish and retail stale news (especially the latter) to quite an old hand, and one who does not scruple to accuse him of his delinquencies when they become conspicuous.

This fallibility is unfortunate, but I don't know that we should expect anything else ; anyhow it is not a question of what we expect, but of what we get. If it were a question of what I for one had *expected*, the statement of it would not be worth the writing.

Personally I feel sure that Phinuit can hardly help this fishing process at times. He does the best he can, but it would be a great improvement if, when he realises that conditions are unfavourable, he would say so and hold his peace. I have tried to impress this upon him, with the effect that he is sometimes confidential, and says that he is having a bad time ; but after all he probably knows his own business best, because it has several times happened that after half an hour of more or less worthless padding, a few minutes of valuable lucidity have been attained.

I have laid much stress upon this fishery hypothesis because it is a fact to be taken into consideration, because it is occasionally an unfortunately conspicuous fact, and because of its deterrent effect on a novice to whom that aspect is first exposed.

But in thus laying stress I feel that I am producing an erroneous and misleading impression of proportion. I have spoken of a few minutes' lucidity to an intolerable deal of padding as an occasional experience, but in the majority of the sittings held in my presence the converse proportion better represents the facts.

(I am familiar with muscle-reading and other simulated "thought-transference" methods, and prefer to avoid contact whenever it is possible to get rid of it without too much fuss. Although Mrs. Piper always held somebody's hand while preparing to go into the trance, she did not always continue to hold it when speaking as Phinuit.) She did usually hold the hand of the person she was speaking to, but was often satisfied for a time with some other person's, sometimes talking right across a room to and about a stranger, but preferring them to come near. (On several occasions she let go of everybody, for half-hours together, especially when fluent and kept well supplied with "relics.")

I have now to assert with entire confidence that, pressing the ingenious-guessing and unconscious-indication hypothesis to its utmost limit, it can only be held to account for a very few of Dr. Phinuit's statements.

It cannot in all cases be held to account for medical diagnoses, afterwards confirmed by the regular practitioner.

It cannot account for minute and full details of names, circumstances, and events, given to a cautious and almost silent sitter, sometimes without contact. And, to take the strongest case at once, it cannot account for the narration of facts outside the conscious knowledge of the sitter or of any person present.

Rejecting the fishery hypothesis, then, as insufficient to account for many of the facts, we are driven to the only remaining known cause in order to account for them:—viz., thought-transference, or the action of mind on mind independently of the ordinary channels of communication. } Whether "thought-transference" be a correct term to apply to the process I do not pretend to decide. That is a question for psychologists. X

It may be within the reader's knowledge that I regard the fact of genuine "thought-transference" between persons in immediate proximity (not necessarily in contact) as having been established by direct and simple experiment; and, except by reason of paucity of instance, I consider it as firmly grounded as any of the less familiar facts of nature such as one deals with in a laboratory. (*Proceedings S.P.R.*, Vol. II, p. 189).

I speak of it therefore as a known cause, *i.e.*, one to which there need be no hesitation in appealing in order to explain facts which without it would be inexplicable.

The Phinuit facts are most of them of this nature, and I do not hesitate to assert confidently that *thought-transference is the most commonplace explanation to which it is possible to appeal.*

I regard it as having been rigorously proved before, and as therefore requiring no fresh bolstering up; but to the many who have not made experiments on the subject, and are therefore naturally sceptical

concerning even thought-transference, the record of the Phinuit sittings will afford, I think, a secure basis for faith in this immaterial mode of communication,—this apparently direct action of mind on mind.

But, whereas the kind of thought-transference which had been to my own knowledge experimentally proved was a hazy and difficult recognition by one person of objects kept as vividly as possible in the consciousness of another person, the kind of thought-transference necessary to explain these sittings is of an altogether freer and higher order,—a kind which has not yet been experimentally proved at all. Facts are related which are not in the least present to the consciousness of the sitter, and they are often detailed glibly and vividly without delay; in very different style from the tedious and hesitating dimness of the percipients in the old thought-transference experiments.

But that is natural enough, when we consider that the percipient in those experiments had to preserve a mind as vacant as possible. For no process of inducing mental vacancy can be so perfect as that of going into a trance, whether hypnotic or other.

Moreover, although it was considered desirable to maintain the object contemplated in the consciousness of the agent, a shrewd suspicion was even then entertained that the unconscious part of the agent's brain might be perhaps equally effective.

Hence one is at liberty to apply to these Phinuit records the hypothesis of thought-transference in its most developed state: absolute vacuity on the part of the percipient, acted on by an entirely sub-conscious or unconscious portion of the sitter's brain.

In this form one feels that much can be explained. If Dr. Phinuit tells one how many children, or brothers, or sisters one has, and their names; the names of father and mother and grandmother, of cousins and of aunts; if he brings appropriate and characteristic messages from well-known relatives deceased; all this is explicable on the hypothesis of free and easy thought-transference from the sub-consciousness of the sitter to the sensitive medium of the trance personality.¹

So strongly was I impressed with this view that after some half-dozen sittings I ceased to feel much interest in being told things, however minute, obscure, and inaccessible they might be, so long as they were, or had been, within the knowledge either of myself or of the sitter for the time being.

¹ For instance, in the course of my interviews, all my six brothers (adult and scattered) and one sister living were correctly named (two with some help), and the existence of the one deceased was mentioned. My father and his father were likewise named, with several uncles and aunts. My wife's father and stepfather were named in full, both Christian and surname, with full identifying detail. I only quote these as examples; it is quite unnecessary as well as unwise to attach any evidential weight to statements of this sort made during a sojourn in one's house.

At the same time it ought to be constantly borne in mind that this kind of thought-transference without consciously active agency has never been experimentally proved. Certain facts not otherwise apparently explicable, such as those chronicled in *Phantasms of the Living*, have suggested it, but it is really only a possible hypothesis to which appeal has been made whenever any other explanation seems out of the question. But until it is actually established by experiment in the same way that conscious mind action has been established, it cannot be regarded as either safe or satisfactory; and in pursuing it we may be turning our backs on some truer but as yet perhaps unsuspected clue. I feel as if this caution were necessary for myself as well as for other members of the Society.

On reading the record it will be apparent that (while "Phinuit" frequently speaks in his own person, relating things which he himself discovers by what I suppose we must call ostensible clairvoyance, sometimes he represents himself as in communication—not always quite easy and distinct communication, especially at first, but in communication—with one's relatives and friends who have departed this life.

The messages and communications from these persons are usually given through Phinuit as a reporter. And he reports sometimes in the third person, sometimes in the first. Occasionally, but very seldom, Phinuit seems to give up his place altogether to the other personality, friend or relative, who then communicates with something of his old manner and individuality; becoming often impressive and realistic.]

This last I say is rare, but with one or two personages it occurs, subject to reservations to be mentioned directly; and when it does, Phinuit does not appear to know what has been said. It is quite as if he in his turn evacuated the body, just as Mrs. Piper had done, while a third personality utilises it for a time. The voice and mode of address are once more changed, and more or less recall the voice and manner of the person represented as communicating.

The communications thus obtained, though they show traces of the individuality of the person represented as speaking, are frequently vulgarised; and the speeches are more commonplace, and so to say cheaper, than what one would suppose likely from the person himself. It can, of course, be suggested that the necessity of working through the brain of a person not highly educated may easily be supposed capable of dulling the edge of refinement, and of rendering messages on abstruse subjects impossible.

Among sitters, I may mention Gerald Rendall, late of Trinity College, Cambridge, Principal of University College, Liverpool. He was introduced as Mr. Roberts, and a sitting was immediately commenced. The names of his brothers were all given correctly at this or

at the evening sitting of the same day, with many specific details which were correct.

He brought with him a locket, and received communications and reminiscences purporting to come from the deceased friend whom it commemorated, some of them at present incompletely verified by reason of absence of persons in America, some of them apparently incorrect, but those facts which he knew correctly stated in such a way as to satisfy him that chance guessing and all other commonplace surmises were absurdly out of the question. (Sittings 37 and 38.)

Another sitter was E. C. K. Gonner, Lecturer on Economics at University College, Liverpool, introduced as Mr. McCunn, another colleague with whom he hoped to be confused. He brought a book belonging to his mother, still living in London, and had many correct details concerning her family and surroundings related to him.

Many of his own family were also mentioned; but, whether because of the book or otherwise, his mother's influence seemed more powerful than his own; and, several times, relatives, though otherwise spoken of correctly, were mentioned in terms of their relationship to the elder generation. Phinuit, however, seemed conscious of these mistakes and several times corrected himself; as for instance: Your brother William—no, I mean your uncle, her brother.

This Uncle William was a good instance. He had died before Gonner was born, but he had been his mother's eldest brother, and his sudden death had been a great shock to her—one in fact from which she was a long time recovering. Phinuit described him as having been killed with a hole in his head, like a shot hole, and yet not a shot, more like a blow:—the fact being that he met his death in a Yorkshire election riot, a stone striking him on the head. (Sitting No. 39, p. 490.)

Speaking of deaths, I may also mention the case of my wife's father who died when she was a fortnight old in a dramatic and pathetic fashion. Phinuit described the circumstances of his death rather vividly. The cause of death of her stepfather also, which was perfectly definite, was also precisely grasped. The fall of her own father down the hold of his ship and his consequent leg-pain were clearly stated. My wife was present on these occasions, and of course had been told of all these incidents, and remembered them. (Sitting No. 36, pp. 472, &c.)

Another sitter was a medical practitioner in Liverpool, introduced anonymously, who was told a number of facts, not all of them correct; but the name, tastes, and defect of one little deaf and dumb girl of whom he is very fond were vividly stated. My children are not acquainted with his. (Sittings 42 and 43.)

Another, a very impromptu and inconvenient sitter, was a short-hand clerk whom I had introduced as a note-taker, but whose relatives were represented as clamouring for a conversation with him; and I

must needs be turned out of the room while Phinuit "straightened out," as he called it, the young fellow's connections. A fair part of what was said is perfectly true, so he says, but other parts he either denies or is unable to verify. (Sitting 48, p. 519.)

One of the best sitters was my next-door neighbour, Isaac C. Thompson, F.L.S., to whose name indeed, before he had been in any way introduced, Phinuit sent a message purporting to come from his father. Three generations of his and of his wife's family living and dead (small and compact Quaker families) were, in the course of two or three sittings, conspicuously mentioned, with identifying detail; the main informant representing himself as his deceased brother, a young Edinburgh doctor, whose loss had been mourned some 20 years ago. The familiarity and touchingness of the messages communicated in this particular instance were very remarkable, and can by no means be reproduced in any printed report of the sitting. (Nos. 45, 50, 80, 81, and 83.)

Their case is one in which very few mistakes were made, the details standing out vividly correct, so that in fact they found it impossible not to believe that their relatives were actually speaking to them. This may sound absurd, but it correctly represents the impression produced by a favourable series of sittings, and it is for that reason I mention it now.

Simple events occurring elsewhere during the sitting were also detected by Dr. Phinuit in their case, better than in any other I know of. (For instance, the "rings" episode, on p. 546.)

Another rather remarkable case arrived towards the end of my series of sittings, when this friend of mine was present. A message interpolated itself to a gentleman living in Liverpool, known, but not at all intimately known, to both of us, and certainly outside of our thoughts—the head of the Liverpool Post-office, Mr. Rich. The message purported to be from a son of his who had died suddenly a few months ago, and whom I had never seen; though my friend had, it seems, once or twice spoken to him.

He addressed my friend by name and besought him to convey a message to his father, who, he said, was much stricken by the blow, and who was suffering from a recent occasional dizziness in his head, so that he felt afraid he should have to retire from business. Other little things were mentioned of an identifying character; and the message was, a few days later, duly conveyed. The facts stated were admitted to be accurate; and the father, though naturally inclined to be sceptical, confessed that he had indeed been more than ordinarily troubled at the sudden death of his eldest son, because of a recent unfortunate estrangement between them which would otherwise have been only temporary.

The only thought-transference explanation I can reasonably offer him is that it was the activity of his own mind, operating on the sensitive brain of the medium, of whose existence he knew absolutely nothing, and contriving to send a delusive message to itself!

One thing about which the son seemed anxious was a certain black case which he asked us to speak to his father about, and to say he did not want lost. The father did not know what case was meant: but I have heard since indirectly that on his death-bed the son was calling out about a black case, though I cannot learn that the particular case has been yet securely identified. (No. 83, p 554.)

Contemplating these and such like communications, I could not help feeling that if it be really a case of thought-transference at all, it is thought-transference of a surprisingly vivid kind, the proof of which would be very valuable, supposing it were the correct explanation of the phenomenon.

But I felt doubtful if it were the correct explanation. One must not shut one's eyes to the *possibility* that in pursuing a favourite hypothesis one may after all be on the wrong tack altogether.

A known hypothesis must be stretched to the utmost before one is willing to admit an unknown one: and indeed to abandon this last known link of causation as inadequate to sustain the growing weight of facts was an operation not to be lightly undertaken. And yet I felt grave doubts whether it would really suffice to explain the facts; whether indeed it went any distance toward their explanation.

Things were sometimes told to me and to others so entirely foreign to our conscious thought that at first they were not recognised as true or intelligible, and only gradually or by subsequent explanation was the meaning clearly perceived.

But something of the same experience is gone through in dreams; one sometimes feels surprised at the turn a dream conversation is taking, and has the feeling also occasionally of learning something new. Hence this argument is not of much strength taken alone.

Another argument bases itself on the mistakes which Dr. Phinuit sometimes unaccountably made. One noteworthy instance is called attention to by one of my sitters, whose father, in the midst of much that was correct and striking, was reported as saying that his name was John. Now his son, the sitter, was vividly conscious that his deceased father's name was not John, but was Peter. No knowledge of this, however, was shown by Phinuit; though, by subsequently several times quoting the name as Thomas, he seemed to show consciousness that there had been an error somewhere. (Sitting 39.)

The only explanation of this that I can suggest, beyond mere bungle and error, is that *I* was in the room also taking notes, and though I of course knew the surname, I was quite ignorant of the Christian name,

and was naturally as well satisfied with John or Thomas as with anything else. I simply recorded all that was said in a quite unbiassed manner.

Conceivably, therefore, the trance-person may, for that item of information, have been reading my brain instead of the sitter's; but a mass of other facts were given, known to him and not at all known to me; so that, as I say, the hypothesis of thought-transference has to be wriggled and stretched a little.

However, I was willing to stretch it to any required length, so long as it would not actually snap. But feeling that it did not really commend itself, I endeavoured to apply some crucial tests.

And the first was a few children's alphabet letters, pinched up at random, put in a pill box without looking, and sealed by me in the presence of Prof. Carey Foster a month or so previously. This box I now handed to "Dr. Phinuit" and asked him what was inside it, telling him at the same time that no one on earth knew, and requesting him to do his best.

He immediately asked for a pencil, and holding the box to his forehead, shaking it a little at intervals, as if to disentangle the contents and bring them more clearly before him, wrote down some letters on a bit of cardboard held for him.

I thanked him, and next morning, for better security, asked him to try again. He did, and wrote down just the same letters, even to the extent of saying which way they happened to face in the box.

I wrote two accounts of the contents of the box, one to Mr. Myers and one to Prof. Carey Foster, under seal, telegraphing to him to know if he were at home and ready to receive the box, assure himself that it had not been tampered with (though indeed it had not been out of my possession all the time), and then to open it and write out the letters and their aspects, in full detail, before opening my sealed account. He replied, "Yes," and I sent him the box registered and insured.

All the letters were wrong but two.

According to chance, if they had been pinched from a single alphabet, two should have been guessed right. The box from which they had been pinched contained many alphabets, but practically the conclusion of the experiment was utterly negative. The letters had not been read. (Sitting No. 40, p. 493.)

This experiment inclined me strongly to some thought-transference explanation, as distinct from what seemed to me the more unknown and vague region of clairvoyance.

If the letters themselves could be really directly perceived, the fact that they existed in nobody's mind could not matter. But if *minds* only could be read, then it was essential that someone somewhere should be cognisant of the letters.

I do not mean that it would do to base so clear a conclusion on the

result of one negative experiment. It is an experiment which I want to repeat again and again ; though Phinuit doesn't much care for this kind of thing, and says it strains him.

If the experiment had succeeded it would have established clairvoyance: whatever that may mean. I am unable to grasp its meaning. It seems to me a violent hypothesis and last resort, and I do not feel driven to it yet.

I have also handed to "Dr. Phinuit" epistles, which I had read indeed but forgotten ; and one of these was partially read. [p. 335. Sitting No. 78.] He does not profess to be good at this sort of thing ; and usually fails, at least in my experience, to give more than a vague and unsatisfactory general *résumé* of the subject matter—too vague to be of any evidential use. I have not, however, tried this kind of experiment often, finding that it apparently exhausts the power uselessly.

All this seemed to me to strengthen the hypothesis of thought-transference so far as it went.

So I set to work to try and obtain, by the regular process of communication which suits this particular medium, facts which were not only out of my knowledge but which never could have been in it.

Unfortunately, in giving an account of these experiments, it is necessary to mention occasionally trivial details concerning one's relations which would ordinarily be inconsequential or even impertinent. The occasion is the excuse.

It happens that an uncle of mine in London, now quite an old man, and one of a surviving three out of a very large family, had a twin brother who died some twenty or more years ago. I interested him generally in the subject, and wrote to ask if he would lend me some relic of this brother. By morning post on a certain day I received a curious old gold watch, which this brother had worn and been fond of ; and that same morning, no one in the house having seen it or knowing anything about it, I handed it to Mrs. Piper when in a state of trance.

I was told almost immediately that it had belonged to one of my uncles—one that had been mentioned before as having died from the effects of a fall—one that had been very fond of Uncle Robert, the name of the survivor—that the watch was now in possession of this same Uncle Robert, with whom he was anxious to communicate. After some difficulty and many wrong attempts Dr. Phinuit caught the name, Jerry, short for Jeremiah, and said emphatically, as if a third person was speaking, "This is my watch, and Robert is my brother, and I am here. Uncle Jerry, my watch." All this at the first sitting on the very morning the watch had arrived by post, no one but myself and a shorthand clerk who happened to have been introduced for the first time at this sitting by me, and whose antecedents are well known to me, being present. (No. 44.)

Having thus ostensibly got into communication through some means or other with what purported to be a deceased relative, whom I had indeed known slightly in his later years of blindness, but of whose early life I knew nothing, I pointed out to him that to make Uncle Robert aware of his presence it would be well to recall trivial details of their boyhood, all of which I would faithfully report.

He quite caught the idea, and proceeded during several successive sittings ostensibly to instruct Dr. Phinuit to mention a number of little things such as would enable his brother to recognise him.

References to his blindness, illness, and main facts of his life were comparatively useless from my point of view ; but these details of boyhood, two-thirds of a century ago, were utterly and entirely out of my ken. My father was one of the younger members of the family, and only knew these brothers as men.

“Uncle Jerry” recalled episodes such as swimming the creek when they were boys together, and running some risk of getting drowned ; killing a cat in Smith’s field ; the possession of a small rifle, and of a long peculiar skin, like a snake-skin, which he thought was now in the possession of Uncle Robert. (Nos. 44 and 46, especially pp. 503, 515, 516, 517.)

All these facts have been more or less completely verified. But the interesting thing is that his twin brother, from whom I got the watch, and with whom I was thus in a sort of communication, could not remember them all. He recollected something about swimming the creek, though he himself had merely looked on. He had a distinct recollection of having had the snake-skin, and of the box in which it was kept, though he does not know where it is now. But he altogether denied killing the cat, and could not recall Smith’s field.

His memory, however, is decidedly failing him, and he was good enough to write to another brother, Frank, living in Cornwall, an old sea captain, and ask if he had any better remembrance of certain facts—of course not giving any inexplicable reasons for asking. The result of this inquiry was triumphantly to vindicate the existence of Smith’s field as a place near their home, where they used to play, in Barking, Essex ; and the killing of a cat by another brother was also recollected ; while of the swimming of the creek, near a mill-race, full details were given, Frank and Jerry being the heroes of that foolhardy episode. (See notes at end of first series, p. 526.)

Some of the other facts given I have not yet been able to get verified. Perhaps there are as many unverified as verified. And some things appear, so far as I can make out, to be false. One little thing I could verify myself, and it is good, inasmuch as no one is likely to have had any recollection, even if they had any knowledge, of it. Phinuit told me to take the watch out of its case (it was the old-fashioned turnip

variety) and examine it in a good light afterwards, and I should see some nicks near the handle which Jerry said he had cut into it with his knife (p. 518).

Some faint nicks are there. I had never had the watch out of its case before; being, indeed, careful neither to finger it myself nor to let anyone else finger it.

I never let Mrs. Piper in her waking state see the watch till quite towards the end of the time, when I purposely left it lying on my desk while she came out of the trance. Before long she noticed it, with natural curiosity, evidently becoming conscious of its existence then for the first time.

I may say here that Dr. Phinuit has a keen "scent"—shall I call it?—for trinkets or personal valuables of all kinds. He recognised a ring which my wife wears as having been given "to me for her" by a specified aunt just before her death (p. 516), of which he at another time indicated the cause fairly well. He called for a locket which my wife sometimes wears, but had not then on, which had belonged to her father 40 years ago. (No. 36.) He recognised my father's watch, asked for the chain belonging to it, and was still unsatisfied for want of some appendage which I could not think of at the time, but which my wife later on reminded me of, and Phinuit at another sitting seized, as a seal which had been usually worn with it, and which had belonged to my grandfather. (Nos. 50 and 79.)

He pulled my sister's watch out of her pocket and said it had been her mother's, but disconnected the chain and said that didn't belong, which was quite right. (No. 83.) Even little pocket things, such as fruit-knives and corkscrews, he also assigned to their late owners; and once he quite unexpectedly gripped the arm of the chair Mrs. Piper was sitting in, which had never been mentioned to him in any way, and said that it had belonged to my Aunt Anne. It was quite true: it was an old-fashioned ordinary type of armchair which she valued and had had re-upholstered for us as a wedding present 12 years ago. Phinuit, by the way, did not seem to realise that it was a chair: he asked what it was and said he took it for part of an organ. (No. 82, p. 548.)

But perhaps the best instance of a recognised object was one entrusted to me by a gentleman abroad, quite a recent friend of mine, with whom I had been staying recently,—a chain which had belonged to his father. (The name of this friend I conceal, in case he might not wish it published.)

The package was delivered by hand one evening at my house, and, by good luck, I happened to meet the messenger and receive it direct. Next morning I handed it to Dr. Phinuit, saying only, in response to his feeling some difficulty about it, that it did not belong to a relative. He said it belonged to an old man and had his son's influence on it. Next

sitting I tried the chain again, and he very soon reported the old gentleman as present, and recognising the chain but not recognising me. I explained that his son had entrusted me with it; on which Phinuit said the chain belonged now to "George Wilson," away for health, a preacher, and a lot of other details all known to me, and all correct. The old gentleman was then represented as willing to write his name. A name was written in the backward manner Phinuit sometimes affects. It was legible afterwards in a mirror as James Wilson. Now, the name of his father I was completely ignorant of (p. 538).

I explained to the old gentleman, if one may use such a phrase merely for the sake of brevity and as accurately expressing the state of behaviour one has to put oneself into in this investigation in order to obtain good results—I say I explained to the old gentleman that his son desired to hear from him, and asked him to be good enough to prove his identity.

Whereupon, at intervals, a number of specific though trivial facts were mentioned. They were frequently admitted to be trivial in an apologetic way, but nevertheless would serve as good evidence; better than more conspicuous ones indeed.

I took them down as well as I could, knowing absolutely nothing of the correctness or incorrectness of most of them. Such facts as I did know were correct. Hence I had good hopes of another crucial test here.

Everything which I knew being stated correctly, if all those things which I did not know should turn out inaccurate or false, I should be forcibly impelled towards a direct thought-transference explanation for this entire set.

But, on the other hand, if these things of which I had absolutely never heard or dreamt should turn out true, then some further step must be taken. (Nos. 78-83.)

In this state I continued for several months. For though I sent out to Africa a transcript of the evidence, it was only three weeks ago that I received any reply (p. 530).

The reply is important and distinct. It recognises the correctness of those things which I knew, and it asserts the total incorrectness of those things of which I was ignorant. So far as this series of facts goes, therefore, the hypothesis of a direct thought-transferential means of obtaining information is immensely strengthened. I can indeed hardly resist the conclusion that the series of facts purporting to be related by the elder Mr. Wilson have no more substantiality than a dream of my own; that I was, so to speak, dreaming by proxy, and imposing upon myself, through the mouth of the medium, a number of statements such as it is not difficult to imagine reported to one in a dream. I trust I am making it clear that I was not the least in

a dreamy or somnolent condition ; but whereas in a dream some automatic part of the brain imposes on one's consciousness a collection of imaginary facts, so this same automatic part of my brain may have been imposing on Dr. Phinuit, and leading him to tell me, in what was apparently good faith, a series of imaginary episodes: deluding us both into supposing it possible that they had a basis of truth.¹

The result of the experiment is thus definite, though it would be a rather rapid induction to draw a general conclusion from it. It is to be remembered that I did obtain, in the case of my uncle, a statement of things quite unknown to me.

The difference, of course, is that these were relatives ; and though some of the events happened almost before my father was born, yet he might have heard some gossip about them in his boyhood. It is far more unlikely that I myself had ever heard anything about them, because of lapse of time and other circumstances, but the possibility of even this can hardly be excluded in the case of events which have occurred in a family, even in the elder generation of it.

I can only say that I have not the slightest recollection of ever having heard them. Somebody living knew them, of course, or else they could not have been verified ; but they were not known to anyone present. (See further remarks, p. 527 ; also Index, p. 649.)

Something of the same sort was suggested by an experiment my friend Mr. Gonner had arranged at an early sitting. (No. 39.) He had combined with his sister in London to watch their mother at a certain hour on a certain day, not telling her anything about it, but at the same time trying to coax her into doing something extraordinary, for reasons to be afterwards explained. We found afterwards that the selection of an unusual proceeding consisted in driving round Regent's Park in a hansom cab in the wet. And this is what she was doing during the time her son was sitting at Liverpool, with Dr. Phinuit, holding a little book of hers to Mrs. Piper's head. He had carefully not arranged or suggested anything as a suitable proceeding, but he had a presentiment that some not very striking occurrence would probably be deemed sufficient. It is impossible to say that the idea of a possible outdoor excursion may not have been latent in his mind.

We were completely ignorant of what was going on in London, but Dr. Phinuit described the surroundings of the old lady and the two girls who were with her—described her as being over-persuaded to go out, though she didn't want to, and as going clearly through the operation of outdoor dressing: several minute actions, such as opening

¹ It may be just worth mentioning that although "James" was not the name of Mr. Wilson's father (whose name was George, the same as his own), yet it was the name of his grandfather ; and that some of the statements of events would have a truer ring if they had purported to come from the grandfather.

a box, taking up a photograph from dressing-table to look at, and so on, being mentioned correctly. But there he stopped. We did not get to Regent's Park and the cab, though that was the stage reached while he was speaking, but he stopped short at the stage reached just about when the sitting began; though he *said* he was describing the present moment (p. 488). More experiments of this nature are wanted, and very likely have been made by others. I do not pretend that this experiment by itself is quite satisfactory, but it is striking as far as it goes, and the thought-transference aspect of it is this:—

The events could not have been obtained from our minds, for we knew nothing of them. The book established, we will suppose, *rapport* with the old lady, but this *rapport* must have been very one-sided, for she knew nothing whatever about our proceedings; nor did her companion, the young lady who accompanied her. [See notes at end of first series, p. 529.] If experiments like this can be got to succeed definitely, we seem driven to suppose that the mind of a neutral unconscious person can be read at any distance, even though engaged in other things and thinking other thoughts, connection being established by some link, such as a bit of jewellery, an old letter, or a lock of hair, and sometimes no connection being established at all.

There is no doubt a step further, or, as it is often thought, an alternative step, which some enthusiastic persons are indignant with us for not being able to take at once. I don't know whether to call it a step further or an alternative step. The step is to suppose that thought-transference can go on from the very persons who are *ostensibly* speaking and sending messages. This hypothesis is one that obtrudes itself constantly; and the reports are necessarily saturated with its language and atmosphere. It is difficult not to be occasionally impelled towards it, so vividly is it presented, and yet I hardly know whether it is possible seriously to contemplate it as an explanation.

To the obvious and superficial aspect, the *setting* of the communications, the Spiritualistic hypothesis lends itself naturally; and, since it seems the natural mode for the trance-personality to express itself, it is impossible to conduct a satisfactory series of sittings, or to give a faithful report of them, without employing its terminology; but whether it really assists towards an *explanation* of the phenomena, or whether it is even capable of scientific statement and examination, I do not feel competent to express an opinion.

It is a puzzling matter to incorporate into science the recently-established fact of an extraordinary or apparently direct action between mind and mind, both possessing brains; and a kind of disembodied action seems likely to be still more puzzling.

Even if such a hypothesis could be intelligently granted I do not see that it would explain all the facts. Not those last related, for

instance ; nor Phinuit's skill in recognising diseases and contemporary events. Thought-transference does better for some of these ; but I hardly think it serves for all. This is a very important point, and if I discuss it further I should prefer to do so after examining the entire record of facts and contemplating them as a whole.

If we reject ordinary thought-transference as inadequate, it seems as if we should be driven to postulate direct clairvoyance ; to suppose that in a trance a person is able to enter a region where miscellaneous information of all kinds is readily available ; where, for instance, time and space are not ; so that everything that has happened, whether at a distance or close at hand, whether long ago or recently, can be seen or heard and described. Letters in a box, for instance (which, though not read in my case, are said to be sometimes read), might be read on this hypothesis by harking back to the time before they were put in ; or, if we assume it possible to see the future also, by looking forward to the time when they were taken out. A fourth dimension of space is known to get over difficulties like this, and an omnipresent time is very like a fourth dimension.

Then, again, old facts, such as the boyish acts related of my uncle, must be supposed narrated not by him nor by his agency at all, but by Mrs. Piper, a direct onlooker at the past in her state of trance.

I see no way of getting round such an elastic hypothesis as this. It could explain anything and everything ; but is it not rather like postulating omniscience, and considering that an explanation ? It is all very well to call a thing clairvoyance, but the thing so called stands just as much in need of explanation as before.

Undoubtedly Mrs. Piper in the trance state has access to some abnormal sources of information, and is for the time cognisant of facts which happened long ago or at a distance ; but the question is how she becomes cognisant of them. Is it by going up the stream of time and witnessing those actions as they occurred ; or is it through information received from the still existent actors, themselves dimly remembering and relating them ; or, again, is it through the influence of contemporary and otherwise occupied minds holding stores of forgotten information in their brains and offering them unconsciously to the perception of the entranced person ; or, lastly, is it by falling back for the time into a one Universal Mind of which all ordinary consciousnesses past and present are but portions ? I do not know which is the least extravagant supposition.

Possibly some hypothesis more simple than any of these may be, or by German psychologists has been, invented, but at present I feel as if it were unlikely that any one explanation will fit all the facts. It rather feels as if we were at the beginning of what is practically a fresh branch of science ; and that to pretend to frame explanations,

except in the most tentative and elastic fashion for the purpose of threading the facts together and suggesting fresh fields for experiment, is as premature as it would have been for Galvani to have expounded the nature of Electricity, or Copernicus the laws of Comets and Meteors.

DETAILED REPORT OF SITTINGS.

Here follows a mention of every sitting I had with Mrs. Piper, numbered so as to fit in chronological order with the sittings superintended by other persons. Sometimes the report is fairly full—sometimes much abbreviated. It would be tedious to quote everything, and I use what judgment I can to give a fair estimate of the proceedings.

When it happens that the notes taken permit of a very full report, such a report is once or twice given; but it will, I hope, be realised that this is done to increase the vividness of the report, not by any means with the idea that every word said is important. In one sense, indeed, it may be impossible for anyone to tell at this stage of the inquiry what is really important and what is not. All one can do is to preserve the original records for the purpose of testing such theories as may be forthcoming in the future.

When the failures or successes offer anything obviously instructive, or when they are unintelligible to strangers without explanation, I append a note to them; at other times I pass them by with merely sufficient indication to show whether they are fairly correct or fairly incorrect.

As already explained, it is convenient to call Mrs. Piper in the trance-state “Dr. Phinuit,” because that is what she then calls herself. A little confusion between masculine and feminine pronouns may be thus introduced, but, on the whole, it assists the expression of facts.

The first sitting in which I took part was at Mr. Myers’ house in Cambridge under circumstances related above (p. 444). It ranks No. 16 in the complete series.

Sitting No. 16, at Cambridge, November 30th, 1889, 11.30 a.m.

Oliver Lodge, holding hands. F. W. H. M. in another part of room, other side of curtains, taking notes.

After preliminaries:—

Have you anything to ask me?

O. L. (as instructed beforehand by F. W. H. M.): “Can you tell me about my relations?”

I get your mother’s influence. She’s very near to you, a good mother to you.

O. L. (stupidly indicating the fact of decease): “Yes, she was.”

She comes close to you in the spirit world. Your father is in the spirit also.

"Yes."

Also an uncle, brother of your mother, in the spirit.

"What is his name?"

Don't get his name. Who's Alfred? He is in the body.

"Yes."

There is an uncle in the spirit, your mother's brother.

"Yes."

Do you know Margaret?

"No."

This is your wife's aunt—name not quite Margaret—M—A—R. Mary, that's the name. She is a near relation of your wife.

"Don't know her."

There is an uncle William belongs to the lady whose name I was trying to get. He is in the spirit. The aunt is in the body. She has a sister in the spirit who passed out years ago.

"Very likely. Don't know."

NOTE.—This William and Mary episode meets with a probable explanation further on.

There is one called Ella. Who called Thomas T—H—O—M. He is grandfather—no, father—of your wife.

[This is not the case.]

Did you have a brother who went away several years ago?

"Yes."

You have not heard from him for a long time?

"No."

Not for four or five months at least.

"Longer than that."

Well, you will hear from him soon. I perceive his influence a long way off, and he is thinking of you.

"Can you tell me where my brother is?"

A—f—Africa.

"No."

A—m. Aus—Austra—what you call Australia.

"Well, he went to Australia, but he is not there now."

I get his influence from Australia.

"What sort of fellow is he?"

A sort of happy-go-lucky fellow—taking the world as it is—wanting to see a good deal of it. Rather positive, likes to keep his own ideas. Not so deep in mind as you are, but deep in feeling. Feels a great deal. He is just planning a letter for you to get. Note this. This is something you don't know.

"Well, I will."

[This about my brother is practically true, except that he is in America, to the best of my belief, at the present time, certainly not Australia, though he was there several years; of course I cannot answer for the prediction nor any part of it at present. (See Note 1 at end of sitting; also p. 513.)]

You have a son in the body—a smart boy—clever, but not very strong—weak—delicate. If you take good care of him he will make a fine man; but

I can't see his etherial plainly—not continuing plainly. He is ill—he has got worms badly—I can see his physical, and worms all inside him.

“Ought he to go to school?”

By no means. You ought to keep him at home and nurse him, and give him vermifuge. You will, won't you? Worms are his chief trouble; they consume his food, his stomach is filled with slime; he feels nausea; no ambition; rather irritable.

[All this about my eldest boy is painfully true, except that it is perhaps a little exaggerated. We had suspected worms before, and perceiving the outside symptoms correctly described as above, we took the matter in hand seriously, and after acting for some days under medical advice we established the truth of the above statement precisely.]

“Can you tell me what his favourite pursuit is?”

[This I asked because he exhibits a remarkable and constant hankering after architecture, spending all his spare time when not feeling sick and headachy in drawing plans of houses and in reading about buildings. The reply was utterly wide of the mark.]

Pursuit? oh, takes an interest in natural things; is musical.

There is an Alice, do you know an Alice? That's a girl, that's not her name—there are two influences. Wait a bit, there's a baby—a little chap, a boy.

“Right.”

The next a boy, the next a girl, the next a boy, the next a boy—what a lot of children you have!

One has got a spot right here (touching forehead just under hair), a mark—a small scar, also on cheek bone under ear (indicating with finger). One has something the matter here (touching calf of leg).

“Yes.”

[Some of the children have marks; one has a birthmark under hair, and one a small permanent scar on neck, under ear, neither consciously remembered by me at the time; but among so many there need be nothing but coincidence. Statements not sufficiently precise to be useful evidence. The girl is really youngest but one; but I hardly know where she comes without thinking.]

The one with the trouble in calf of leg is the same influence as before—it's not the one with the worms but it's the same influence, isn't that curious?

“Yes, but I don't know myself which it is.”

[My impression was that one of them might have rheumatism in his leg, for I knew his heels had troubled him in walking, and our doctor had recently pronounced it rheumatism. It is the one most like my eldest boy. Possibly this fact, vaguely running in my mind, may account for the above vague and unsatisfactory statements. (See, however, Note 2, p. 469.)]

Have you got a George, J—O—R—G—E?

“No.”

Who does Arthur belong to? You?

“No.”

(To F. W. H. M.) That's yours, isn't it, Fred?

“Yes.”

It's the fourth from the baby that has the trouble in calf. It's a girl ; no, I get confused. I will tell you directly. There's a baby, then a boy, then a girl, then a boy, then a boy fourth from baby that has trouble on right leg. That's his, it's a boy.

"Yes."

[The one whom I had vaguely in my mind does happen to be the fourth, but there was nothing really the matter when I got back. His heels still trouble him at times, rheumatic apparently. (See Note 2 at end.)]

It's another that's a girl. You call one Charles.

"No."

It's spelt with a C.

"I have got a brother Charles ; but never mind the children, they are too many, and I get confused among them often myself."

Ah, ha, well you needn't wonder at me then.

"No. Tell me about other relations, my mother, for instance."

I get your mother's influence, but not clear yet. Who is Elizabeth? You have a great many relations.

"That's true."

Do you know Uncle William?

"No."

I like that influence—a nice influence that—serious—rather depressed.

"No, I don't know whom you mean."

This "Uncle William" was mentioned before (see above) and not understood by me, and to the only Uncle William of my wife's the description now given does not at all apply. But on mentioning it to her, she recognised the Aunt Mary and Uncle William as her mother and stepfather—the latter having adopted her from childhood and become very fond of her and her children ; and to him the description applies exactly : except of course the kinship erroneously mentioned. (Phinuit corrected this himself at a later sitting, pp. 474, 495, and subsequently gave his full name, p. 504.) Next follows the most striking and impressive element of the whole sitting ; without which, indeed, it would have been vague and unsatisfactory—too much apparent guessing and too little precisely accurate ; but now the manner became more earnest and energetic and continuous.

Anne—A—N—N. This is your best influence. If you had had this influence all your life you would have been the better, mind that. This is not the mother, but one of the best influences that ever struck you—like a sister. Of all the influences in your life I like her the best. She is nearer to me than any other spirit—dearer to you than anyone else. She is in the spirit. You have a letter or had one from her, but they are all gone.

She will watch over you ; her influence will always be with you. She will always come to you when you are getting truth ; when you are being deceived she will not be there. You met her a long time ago. She sends much love. She looked after you. If you were in trouble, it pained her. She had care of you in a way. Aunt Anne—on your mother's side—a sister of your mother's—they always called her Aunt Anne. Your mother passed out, and then she had charge of you. Have you got a little old-fashioned picture of her, on a small card?

"Yes."

[The probability of the existence of *some* portrait is, of course, great, but it is perhaps worth noting that a couple of old *carte de visite* size photographs are all I have of her.]

If you would look at that picture, and realise her presence, she would know it. She is here now. "My boy, I am with you. I *am* Aunt Anne. I tried to help you. I had little means (distinct, but rapid talk—too rapid to get down; all impressively delivered), poor surroundings; but I did all I could. I would have done more if I could. I have got the baby."

"What baby?"

I don't know, it's one of yours—a girl—a little thing; no, wait a bit, that's wrong—the girl's in the body; it's a little boy in the spirit she's looking after. There are two, a boy particularly. I don't see the other much. This is a boy in the spirit, she's got that. She says, "God keep you as you are." That spirit makes me feel weak, tickling in throat and breast (feeling all over her chest and mine), bronchial trouble, a little asthmatic,—pneumonia, a little husky when she talks to me—clears her throat. A trouble here (feeling chest and stomach), a trouble in stomach, and at last passed out of the body with that illness, inflammation. Hair on top of head very plain; put back, tied up at back—not frizzled, plain. Very neat in her dress, firm expression about the mouth. Your mother passed out first. I can't tell you about your mother now.

[All this about my aunt is practically true as it stands, except that the immediate cause of death was an operation for cancer in the breast. The nature of the pain was indicated to me more clearly by the graspings and hand indications of Dr. Phinuit on Mrs. Piper's body than by his words. The messages from my aunt were delivered very much in her own serious manner, and conform closely to my notions of her. (See also next page.) As to the unverifiable portions: it is true that I have lost two children, one a boy soon after birth, the other stillborn, and asserted at the time to have been a boy, but rather carelessly.] [Further note added July, 1890.—The following are extracts from our doctor's note-book: "Mrs. L., Ap. 1, 1882. Male, stillborn; probably dead 10 days." "Oct. 31, 1884. Male child; died one hour after birth."]

I will tell you about your mother and father next time.

Then followed predictions for two years and five years hence, which it is unnecessary to print. Also a statement regarding a complaint and a pain under the shoulder blade attributed to my wife, both with fair correctness, but the latter past rather than present.

I begin to feel weak. I must go. Myers! Myers! (and gradually Mrs. Piper came to herself.)

OLIVER J. LODGE.

Further Notes on Sitting No. 16, written May, 1890.

(1) I have had no letter from my brother in America. A letter has come to another brother. (2) The boy mentioned as having trouble in calf of leg may have had it latent, for he now complains of a good deal of pain in it and walks very little. It used to be in his heels, but is now in his left calf. I need hardly say that this is not a case of *propter hoc*; he had not been told anything about it, and only in editing the old notes do I perceive the coincidence.

After an interval the Liverpool series of sittings began ; the first being No. 36 in the complete series. Among a good deal that is non-evidential or rambling, there are some striking pieces of lucidity here, and I judge it fairest not to curtail the report of the sitting, because that would mean skimming off the cream too much. Mrs. Piper arrived at my house the evening of Wednesday before Christmas. Next day at noon my wife and I sat with her. Being holiday time I gave up the whole of my time to her and knew all her proceedings.

Sitting No. 36. First of those at Liverpool. Thursday, December 19th, 12 noon.

Present : O. and M. Lodge. O. L. holding hands. M. L. sitting at distance, quite quiet, ready to take notes.

Ha, I know you. Don't you see I know you ? Where's Myers ?

"He is away."

Give my regards. Where do you come from ?

"Well, you know that, I expect."

Yes, I know you. You are the man going to have (the things predicted before).

You've got the little fellow with something the matter with his leg. I remember all about it, you see. Who's that influence over there ?

"Can you tell me who it is ?"

(Feeling out in air with hand) That's—you know your lady I told you of—that's her—that's Marie.

"Yes, quite right."

I see her father and mother, too, and Uncle Joseph. Uncle Joe, that's his nickname ; and Gordon. Do you know Gordon ?

"No."

It's a friend of her father. Uncle William is connected with Mary, too.

[Her father's nickname was "Jack," not Joe. I cannot find that he had a friend Gordon. A particular friend of his was Geo. Broughton.]

Here's Aunt Anne. That's your Aunt Anne. She is so pleased to be able to speak to you. "Good land." [This was said in a voice strangely like hers, but as if speaking with great difficulty.] Very happy and contented. I am not dead, my son, I am living. I can see you ; I see the struggles you have been through. I have tried to help you often. Do you believe her ? speak to her. [See also pp. 468, 514, 516, 536, &c.]

"Are you doing what you expected to be doing ?"

(Confused words, and then) Listening to the children, looking after them : as I expected.

[No meaning in this. The answer to my question might have had a meaning.]

You know me. You realise where I am and the more you—

There has been a change in your surroundings since—and I grow still in spirit just as you grow in body.

Dr. P. : Marie, you come here ; tell her to come here.

[My wife came and for some little time the notes were interrupted, till I could get my right hand free, and then were imperfect. I put down the substance from good memory as follows. Written same day.]

You are not very well, not so well as you might be, but never mind, don't worry, you'll get all right, and your boy will get all right. Don't you go and be anxious, you let him alone. He'll come right. He's better now. I told you before what was the matter, didn't I? He's in a looser condition, not so tight. I told you what to do with him.

"Yes, we did it."

You were wise, he is better.

[The boy was away in Staffordshire, but this fact Dr. Phinuit did not at present get hold of. Mrs. Piper knew it. She had not seen him; and did not see him.]

And that little female, too, is all right. [Evidently meaning our one girl.]

Mary, there are two Mary's. Mother and daughter. The mother is in the body [correct]; two Mary's. You're like your mother and you're like Violet. You're halfway between mother and Violet. [Violet is the name of her daughter.] But you're your father's child.

M. L. : "Tell me about my father."

Yes, well, I will; he thought a lot of you; he was a good fellow; he was not in the body long enough, that's what's the matter with him—a good, open, generous fellow. I can hardly hear him, he is so weak; it's so long ago. He says you have got something of his, where is it? (feeling at her throat); he says if you had this it would help him, and make him stronger. He has great difficulty in coming back. It's a little ornament with his hair in—a bit of hair in—a bit of child's hair—a little bit of his own hair too. Bring it.

She went upstairs to fetch an old locket, with a hair ornament inside—nobody's hair in particular. [See note below.] While she was away he went on to me:—

He passed out so long ago; she was but a little thing—[she was a fortnight old when he died]—that makes it so hard for him to realise her. It's just as hard for them to speak to you as for you to speak to them. (Locket brought and felt by Dr. P.) Yes, this will help him; now don't hurry me. He'll come back soon stronger, and I'll get a long message from him.

(Here rough notes begin again.)

Uncle Robert: that's yours (to O).

"Yes."

Ah, he's a good man, a fine sort of fellow. On your father's side. Confound him, why is not he on your mother's side? She was so good. He's done a lot of good in his life, and would do more; but with Dick, Tom and Harry against him what's the use nowadays? [Rather characteristic sort of speech.] Aunt Anne knows him well.

Now, wait a bit. (to M.) Riley; no, that's not the name—Lumley—Lindon. No, can't get it yet.

(To O.) Then Henry; you know Henry?

(To M.) George, J. G., a cousin; this is your wife's influence. A cousin passed away on the water. Cousin married, and the gentleman passed out at sea, round the sea. Voice not distinct. I'll get the name directly—faint whispering only.

This seems all a muddle. I suppose now that he was fishing for the name that comes next; but it was not fishing with our conscious

help, for we did not guess what he was after. When the name came, it came briskly and pat.

Alex—that's it. That's the influence I've been telling you of and trying to get. That's the influence of this locket. Alex—ander; Alexander—that's his name. This locket belonged to him, and he gave it your mother and you got it from her.

[My wife's father's name was Alexander, and he was intimately called Alex.]

“Yes, that's right.”

He had an illness, and passed out with it. He had something wrong with the heart. His voice is very weak; he tries to speak and his breath comes in gasps. He tried to speak to Mary, his wife, and stretched out his hand to her, but couldn't reach her and fell and passed away. That's the last thing he remembers in this mortal body, and when he thinks of himself back here he feels the pain back too. They had given him some liquid a few hours before, which didn't agree with him very well. He remembers that; it was the last thing he took.

NOTE.—The death of her father was as follows (related by her mother):

His health had been broken by tropical travel and yellow fever, and his heart was weak, (for instance, his life could not be insured). Shortly after marriage he went on what was intended to be a last voyage, and returned only three months before his wife was confined. Thirteen days after the confinement, which had been very severe, and the strain of which had made him faint, he entered his wife's room half dressed and holding a handkerchief to his mouth, which was full of blood. He stretched out his hand to her, removed the handkerchief, and tried to speak, but only gasped and fell on the floor. Very soon he was dead.

Regarding the “liquid,” I am unable to find any existing recollection, but he was being attended by a doctor and was taking medicine at the time.

As to the next episode, he had broken his leg by falling down the hold of his ship once, and in certain states of the weather it used to pain him. It was the right leg, and although my wife's impression was that the locality specified was incorrect—that it really was above the knee—on inquiry from her mother we find that the place indicated below is perfectly right. [See also p. 493.]

He feels a pain in his right leg too, something had happened to it (rubbing leg), something from a fall here (below the knee). It gave him pain at times—had to prop it up. [See just above.]

This locket helps him to remember; you didn't have it at first, the other Mary had it. (Gasping.) “Alex, love to Mary, his wife.” He makes me feel weak.

How that shakes up old memories and brings her near him again. Wait a little (still grasping locket), he will be able to remember exact place where he got this. (Pause.)

There's a little one's hair connected with it; he's not clear about the hair. I don't want to seem inquisitive, but has it been put in since you had it?

“No, I think not.”

Well, he's mixed on the hair, it's too confused to see. His wife's in the

body ; she was a good one. Trouble with teeth when he was with her—trouble with teeth. [See note.]

Hullo, he's got funny buttons, big, bright. He wears these buttons and things on his shoulders, a sort of uniform dress. He's gone back and changed his dress since he was here before. A uniform. He has been a commander, an officer, a leader ; not military, but a commander ; it was through this that he got this locket and hair.

He used to go about a good deal, travel, he got this (locket) one of his journeys. This was got from the North. He went to Scotland at one time.

NOTE.—The locket is one he got on one of his voyages, but no one knows where, neither does it matter. It is correct to say that it is a locket containing hair, but it does not contain hair in the ordinary sense ; it contains a little picture—a landscape—beautifully worked in (presumably human) hair, but nobody's in particular. It looks more like sepia than hair. The "trouble with teeth," which to me sounded vague, turns out on inquiry to be definite, for their short married life was a good deal disturbed by toothache ; he used to go to the dentist with her and be much grieved by her pain. There were several episodes about teeth, and once there was an administration of chloroform which proved nearly fatal, so that she has never had chloroform for anything since. (My wife's mother lives in Staffordshire, and was in Staffordshire all the time of the sittings ; knowing nothing about them at the time. My wife, however, remembers having heard the toothache spoken of.) The episode about changing his clothes is sufficiently ludicrous ; but he did have a coat with brass buttons, and it led to the practically correct perception of his profession (captain in merchant service), and a little further on Phinuit suddenly brings out the word Cap'n in connection with him, but, in a curious and half puzzled way, applies it to me. It remained my Phinuit nickname to the end, though quite inapplicable.

Your mother has got a good picture of him taken a long time ago, pretty good, old-fashioned, but not so bad of him. Yes, pretty good. He looks like that now. He looks younger than he did. That's particularly so.

[It is an amateur painting done by someone on board his vessel. Atrocious as a picture, but likeness caught. It is kept in a pillow-case in a locked cupboard. No one in house had seen it except wife and myself, and I had quite forgotten its existence, even after it was mentioned.]

M. : "Can you tell me about my other father ?"

Oh, he don't care for him ; eh, Cap'n ! A good man, honoured and respected, but with wretched ideas. A man to the letter, cranky. But you like him, he was good to you.

"Yes."

(My wife returned to her distance and notes here.)

Now, Captain, what can I do for you ?

"Tell me about this letter" (handing him a sealed one taken at random by my wife from a packet of 12 sealed envelopes which I had arranged the night before. The contents of many I knew, and I knew something about all, but I didn't now know which was which. Phinuit put it to his head).

Well, I'll try, but I wish you had given it me before when I was stronger. This letter has a gentleman's influence in it. Do you know about it ?

"No."

You want to know for your own interest?

"Yes."

Haven't you read it

"I may have read it, but don't know it now."

Well, there is a spirit in it, and a gentleman in the body and a lady; it's an engagement about a meeting, making inquiry, line of work; looks like Myers' influence—can't see clearly now. Give it me next time, and don't look at it between.

"All right." [I did not give it again. I looked at it afterwards. Statement indefinite, not exactly wrong.]

Which of your uncles was it had a fall, all shaken up? Caused great anxiety among these friends, and it ended in spirit leaving body? You don't remember your mother much?

"Yes, I do."

Well, she passed out some time ago, 15 years.

"Not so long."

Very near 15 years, if you think; her spirit has advanced a good way.

[She died in 1879.]

"Has she a message?"

Well, you see it's difficult. Not that she isn't near you; she is near you, but when I come, a stranger, she won't tell me anything. [Rather characteristic.] She passed out before Aunt Anne. [Correct.] Who is Sarah? someone they call Sarah—an aunt by marriage. And Harriet. Miss White—no. Mrs. White; she is connected with that lady's father. She sends her love.

[Mrs. White was his sister, and is dead. We know nothing about "Sarah" or "Harriet."]

O. L.: "Tell me about Uncle William you mentioned last time" [pp. 466, 468, and 470].

He belongs to that lady and to her mother. He's her father, too.

M.: "Tell me about him."

Never saw a spirit so happy and contented. He was depressed in life—had the blues like old Harry, but he's quite contented now. It's a damn sight better here. He had trouble here (prodding himself in lower part of stomach and afterwards me over bladder). Trouble there, in bowels or something. I feel pain all here. Had pain in head, right eye funny (touched right eye). Pain down here, too (abdomen again), stoppage urine; had an operation, and after that it was worse, more inflammation, and with it he passed out. He wasn't happy in life. He had nausea and was misunderstood. He had ideas that he didn't express. It's damned hard lines on a man to be misunderstood. (Getting weak and rambling, soon after went.)

[The stepfather to whom this refers used to have severe fits of depression, more than ordinary blues. His right eye had a droop in it. He had stone in bladder, great trouble with urine, and was operated on towards the end by Sir Henry Thompson. He was a very silent religious man. See also p. 504.]

At the next sitting Principal Rendall arrived quietly, and was secreted by me in the study while Mrs. Piper was upstairs, I intending

to bring him out after the trance had come on. But on her coming down for a sitting she surmised someone was present, so I introduced him as Mr. Roberts, and the sitting immediately began: Principal Rendall sitting at first at a little distance from us. Here follow the notes in full. It must be stated, with reference to the precise description of my mother and my wife's stepfather, that Mrs. Piper had seen photographs of both the night before.

Sitting No. 37. December 20th, 1889. 11.0—12.30.

Present: G. H. Rendall (introduced as Roberts), O. Lodge and Mrs. Lodge. (Notes are verbatim, as compiled from double version taken down by those present, and with hands disengaged. Written up, with bracketed annotations, by Rendall.)

Lodge holding hands.

Hn! (feeling head) Good Lord! I know you. I have seen you before. I was to talk with your mother; quite a stout lady, your mother; hair parted in the middle, don't you know; dark eyes, hair down in the middle (touching parting); an important-looking lady; very good-looking; very fond of you; wants to send her love; glad to hear from you; wants to get to you. [Correct, but see above.] Tell Charley—

O. L.: "You mean her son by that name?"

Yes. Say that he has been a little bit unfortunate, but will come out all right if he goes on trying. She sends that as a message, because she could speak to you, but not to him. [Message intelligible.]

How's Mary? God bless her. Give her my love. Also to Robert; Uncle Robert, you know, that is the Robert. (Waiting a minute.) Also Olive. I've forgotten that name. Yes, Oliver, O—L—I—V—E—R, two Olivers, father and son; that makes two, and at the same time. It was two years ago, before your mother You were ill, you know.

O. L.: "Ill with what? I don't remember."

Why, ill with measles.

[O. L. had a serious attack in 1872 or 1873. His father's name was also Oliver.]

O. L.: "Oh yes, measles."

Are you quite well now? She wants to know.

O. L.: "Yes, quite well."

No harm to your constitution? Nothing in your system?

O. L.: "No."

Well, three cheers for that. Then she spoke about you. Glad to hear from you. . . . Confound it, someone else. There's some other spirit who is here. (Feeling about, but pacified by Mrs. L.'s hand, who was beckoned to come near.) Do you know . . . ? Among them there's Thomson, an old gentleman (and he says) "Take good care of Ted"; who the devil that is I don't know, someone in the body. Sends love to his son, who is not to take the journey; it will be bad for him if he does.

[O. L. understood this to possibly refer to his neighbour Thompson, who has a son Ted, and this explanation was confirmed later. (Sitting No. 45, p. 508.) Journey episode not specially intelligible.]

(Feeling about.) There's a gentleman or lady here that has got an aunt burst out of the body, with water, don't you know. Dropsical something. Aunt, mother, or sister. [Unintelligible.] There's someone else here. Mary, are you here? Well, heaven bless you, then. Two fathers you had. Fortunate to have two fathers. One father with ever such a lot of white hair and beard. Beard—no moustachios (feeling round face)—beard down the cheeks. [M. L.'s stepfather had specially notable white hair, whiskers, and beard, as described; but see remark on p. 475.]

O. L. : "Moustachios?"

No, no moustachios, like you and me.

O. L. : "Have you got moustachios, doctor?"

Yes, I have moustachios like that (feeling O. L.'s moustache). Can't you see?

O. L. : "No."

Mary, dear, you are fortunate to have two fathers. Two of them, William and Alec. Two fathers here. William told me he used to suffer a good deal of pain; that is why he was so depressed in life. Glad to get rid of material body and take on spiritual. Alec—he took a long voyage over the water, and got that (locket) at that time; he had the pain. (Rubbing about right leg.) He found that on one of his voyages. There's a little child's, and a lady's hair in it. Did you find out about your governor falling into the water? [The stepfather and father are here correctly distinguished and named.]

"No."

What? not found out yet? Take things as you go along, as I say; and not too slow about it. You know Mr. Clifford?

O. L. : "Know Mr. Clifford? who?"

He is in the body; father's in the spirit. He wants to send his love to him. Says he knows him very well. [This was unintelligible.]

(Medium here felt about in air searchingly with disengaged left hand.) There is another influence here. What the devil are you doing? (Accepting invitation, G. H. R. here took hand relinquished by O. L.) Ha! Well, I don't object to you. How are you just now?

R. : "All right, doctor."

Is your heart all right? (Medium here felt over chest, gradually bringing hand lower towards stomach.) Heart all sound, and stomach—stomach all right—but it isn't quite, it's a little gastric, eh? [Correct.] You'll live a long time yet, you will. You've got a good deal to do. Kind of unfortunate sort of chap. I see you with your books and papers—lots of books round you. A lot in your brain. You do a deal of thinking? Don't he? You're a kind of good fellow after all. I don't object to you, do you, Captain? (addressing O. L.)—a good sort of chap.

R. : "Have you ever met me before?"

No. I've never seen you before.

R. : "Have we any friends in common?"

You be hanged! No! How should we?

R. : "I thought I might have had friends you had met?"

Well, we have. Don't you be too much in a hurry. You wasn't born in a minute. Who's Nugiram? How do you pronounce it? Nugery?

R. : "I don't understand."

You are a pretty good kind of fellow, after all. How's your brother? I know your brothers.

R. : "Yes; well, which one?"

One, two, three, four—four brothers, that's all.

R. : "All besides me?" [A leading question. As a fact, I have three brothers living, and one deceased.]

Yes, four in all; with you, five altogether. [Correct.]

R. : "Any sisters?"

(Medium appeared to take no notice of this interrogation, but continued.)

One, two, three, four—that's right, isn't it? Yes, yes, I know it—that don't include you. There's four that's got to be told about. One is a mighty erratic sort of fellow. [Correct.] Can't keep easy. He wants to see something of the world. He'll get on though—he'll make his way. One of your brothers met with an accident a little while ago—he hurt his head. And one of his fingers—quite badly.

R. : "Is his head all right?"

Yes, he's right.

R. : "Which finger was it he hurt?"

It was his second finger.

(Medium here felt for and took hold of second finger of disengaged left hand.)

R. : "Which hand?"

It was his right hand—here.

Medium took second finger of right hand, in place of left, and indicated injury near top joint, on side (if I remember right) removed from thumb. [Unverified, and not within my knowledge at present. Brother out of reach, in America.]

R. : "How is it?"

How? He's George. (See note.) I judge it is pretty sore yet. It was hurt, but it's healing. Perhaps you don't believe that, but it's true.

R. : "I'll take your word for it."

He has a cough trouble—here, in throat. He's a roving disposition, but he'll accomplish something; he'll get on. I see three children. He's gone away. How's Alfred? Alfred.

R. : "Who is Alfred?"

Alfred—that's connected with you. A-L-F-R-E-D. Alfred. A brother Alfred.

R. : "My brother?"

Don't you know him? not your brother. There's an uncle and a cousin as well by that name. You gentlemen must straighten it out. I've got mixed. That's you, Cap'n. You've both got Alfreds. You have got Alfred, a cousin. (Correct of G. H. R.) He has a brother Alfred. (Correct of O. J. L.)

O. L. : "That's all right, doctor."

A real good fellow you are. You write a good deal. You spend a lot of time writing, and I see your books. I see your desk, and books all round, and all the apparatus. You are a clever man, somehow. There's another brother, William. (Not true of G. H. R.) Will. W-I-L-L. He's with me. He was young; he passed out young. He sends his love to you. That's not your William.

At this point, my right hand being engaged with medium's hand, I used my left somewhat awkwardly to take out of my right-hand trouser pocket a small locket I had brought. The locket contained miniature head, faced by ring of hair, of a first [*step*] cousin, named Agnes, who died of consumption in 1869, and with whom from ten to eighteen I had warm cousinly friendship. The intimacy was familiar and unconstrained, but never romantic.

What are you fishing for there ?

R. : "It is a keepsake I brought with me. I thought you might be able to tell me about it. Shall I give it you ?"

Medium's disengaged hand was offered, and I placed in it the locket—onyx front, with gold back. Throughout dialogue it remained in medium's hand, who from time to time moved or felt it. The locket had a three-letter monogram engraved on back, but in complicated design, quite impossible, I should think, to decipher by finger touch. It was certainly not read by eye, and the locket remained closed from first to last.

That's an old friend—a lady named Alice connected with that. Al-lice.

Sounded Al-leese, with a pause, doubling the L rather constrainedly, but spelt out A—L—I—C—E.

R. : "You have not got the name quite right. What had she to do with me ?"

You've had that a long time. And I want to sort it out. It is a lady connected with this. (Two or three slight feminine coughs were given.)

It is the cough she remembers—she passed out with a cough. She i trying to tell me the name. An-nese—An-nese.

The name was said with effort at the n—n, and with French pronunciation, much like *gagner*, almost as English Anyese, and repeated several times, as though trying to get sound correct.

R. : "Agnes. Can't you say Agnes ?"

That is it. Anyese—Anyese. (Still, and throughout remainder of talk keeping to the French gn articulation.) I cannot say it quite right. She passed out with the cough. [Correct.] Is so surprised to hear of you—quite difficult to recognise you. She used to own this [No], and it makes her happy that you have it. She has brown hair. She asks, do you want to talk to her ? Agnes. Agnes. I couldn't say it right. She keeps bowing her head. I can't pronounce the name. She's got greyish eyes, and brown hair. [Correct.] She's pretty, looks very pretty. Then when she passed out she lost her flesh—but she looks better now—looks more like the picture you have in here—rather fleshier. [It is from photo at somewhat rounder and more girlish stage.] She thinks a great deal of you, she says. There was a book when she was in the body connected with you and her—a little book and some verses in it. [In June I remembered that I had her Roundell Palmer's *Book of Praise*, as keepsake.] She's got a mother in the body. [Correct.] Mira [unknown] is round with her. And she has a sister in the body. [Correct.] That's her hair, in there. [Yes, hair in locket, faced by photo.]

R. : "What about her sister ?"

What of her sister ? Her sister's not been very well of late. She coughs a little. It was after they went away from the place where they live. She had some difficulty with her head.

[Correct as to ill-health, owing to which she was absent from home ; but the head unaffected.]

R. : " Who ? "

The sister in the body—had trouble with her head. She married after Agnes passed out. [Correct.] She says Frank.

R. : " What about Frank ? Who's Frank ? "

Frank's a brother [A. had no brother Frank]—or brother-in-law. She's calling for him. Her father had rheumatism. [Father had slight rheumatism, but not anything serious or troublesome.] Aren't you very much interested in her ? She remembers her trouble, when she comes back. It was a great mistake. I tell you one thing. They took a little trip for her health [Correct. A. went to Cannes in consumption, and died there], and it did her no good. She gradually failed. At the last it was a kind of hemorrhage—violent—that took her away. [Probably true. Her death was quite sudden at last. Parents, telegraphed for from Rome, arrived too late. Never heard details.]

R. : " Tell her I have a little memento of that trip—that her friends gave me, and I have always kept. "

[This was for test, to see whether medium read my thoughts directly. The vase was given me after A.'s death.]

She smiles—keeps smiling—pleasantly. Is it the book ?

R. : " No ; it's not the book. Ask her if she knows or can guess what it is. " [I do possess a book, given as keepsake. This I only remembered when reading proof of these notes after six months' interval : as said above.]

I'll ask her. She seems to recognise this little thing (the locket). She gave it you. [Incorrect—locket the gift of a relative after A.'s death.]

R. : " What was it ? Say it was an article, when she had gone away. "

She doesn't know it. I can't tell you what it was, unless it was her pencil. If I could read your head, I could tell you. I can't, and I have to wait for her to tell me.

R. : " Ask her if she remembers having any little thing at *table d'hôte*, when she was away on the trip, at meals or on the table. "

She is trying to think. She had so many things, of course she had. No, she can't seem to remember it. She is very much surprised to see you ; very happy at seeing you, but she feels confused.

R. : " It was a little blue vase, in which they used to put her flowers, violets, &c. Does she remember it ? "

Now she is laughing. Well, she's very glad they gave you that ; and that you keep it. You see, although spirits know a great deal, they can't see some things, don't know everything ; they go on to different ideas. From when she was a very little girl, she knew you very well. You have got some letters from her belonging to you. [True, I believe.]

R. : " Has she any messages ? "

She sends her love to Lu.

[She had a friend, called Louie—I have not seen, and hardly heard of her since death of A.]

R. : " Who is Lu ? "

She had a great friend named Lu. She was very fond of her. Can't you give it to her ?

R. : "Who is Lu ? in the body ?"

Oh, Lu hasn't passed out. She is in the body. She was very fond of her. She wrote for her in her autograph book ; she remembers that. "In Friendship Memory ever—" Those were some of the words. "Friendship and Memory ever" was part of the sentence of the autograph. [Not yet verified.]

R. : "Say I think I know whom she means by Lu. Ask her to describe her."

She was tallish—a rather pretty girl. (Correct general description.) She doesn't look quite as she used to now. She is a little faded like, and altered. But she's quite well.

R. : "Is she married ?"

Yes, she's married.

R. : "Then what is her name ? I haven't seen her for years, and I can't send message unless I know her name, her husband's name."

She speaks in a hoarse whisper. I will try and hear—can't well catch it. B. it begins ; Charles—Charles is her husband.

R. : "What surname ?"

Barran, Berrat, Barrat, Behrend, Mehrend.

[Husband's true surname I discover to be Daniel. Christian name not yet found out (he being in S. America).]

R. : "I can't hear clearly—can you spell it ?"

Burran it sounds. B—U—R—R—A—N—Burran.

R. : "Very good. I'll find her out if I can."

There's a young fellow here, named George Henry Smith. [Not within my memory.] He has brothers, Fred and Henry. He used to go to school with you. He had red hair. The boys used to make fun of him, and so did you too. He didn't like you. And there's a spirit Stevenson.

R. : "What Stevenson ?"

Stevenson—he's a good fellow—he's first-class—smart too—he's a good fellow. He never got into trouble—not from his own fault.

R. : "Describe him."

He's a little fuller in the face than you are. Eyes are blue—bluish tint—with a high forehead. I don't see him very clearly. He's a good fellow—a friend of yours. Still in the body.

[Unknown to me. The only Stevenson I know does not correspond at all. Neither do I recall a G. H. Smith.]

Well, you keep on with your writing. And there's a journey for you ; you keep on with it. You'll have a jolly good time. You'll never regret going. And you'll go to another country. It's a funny world, and you knock about a good deal. He covers a good deal of ground, don't he ? He gets it up, and tells us all. He lectures a bit, eh ?

I'm going to have a talk with Agnes, and find out things. You bring this (i e., the locket, which was at this point returned) to me again.

Who am I ? I'm Dr. P.—the spirits don't know me. I have to seek about, if I am to find the spirits. I've got to find the spirits and then I'll tell you all about it. You missed her when she went away, didn't you ? She's happy, thanks you, &c. Had you the friend who was sent to the hospital—who passed out with small-pox long ago ?

R. : "I know nothing about it."

Who is this funny aunt of yours? She's kind of lame. Do you like her? It is a kind of funny thing. She's got something the matter with her foot. She sprained it one time. It was a little lower down. She turned her ankle, not so very long ago, it was stepping down. It is that foot, there.

During this talk medium, who first touched leg above knee, gradually passed hand down shin to the left ankle, and there let hand rest awhile, pressing and slightly massaging under-ankle at exact place where a somewhat severe sprain of seven months' standing still made its effects felt.

R. : "What aunt? How came the accident? I have several aunts."

She comes on your mother's side. It aches still. It's your aunt's foot. It was done a little while back. She stepped down out of carriage. It was the fleshy one; if you don't know, you go and find out. Why the devil don't you? I like to tell these people what they don't know. She hurt her ankle. It's quite well now, only a little troublesome at times. [The aunt in question had no accident or sprain.]

I see Agnes. She's bowing. I'll tell you lots of things next time. You've got that picture of hers, you keep it. It's a good one. She looks a little tired, that's all. Her father used to have rheumatism. What about that sister?

In the evening of same day Mr. Rendall came again, and there was also present Mr. Gonner, introduced as Mr. McCunn, but I accidentally used his right name once in Mrs. Piper's presence, though she did not seem to attend. It was a mistake thus to crowd people in and led to some confusion, but it was with an inexperienced idea of economising time that I did it; I wanted Mr. Gonner to have a good sitting the following morning, when he had arranged for an experiment.

Sitting No. 38. December 20th, 1889. 5.15—6.30 p.m.

Present: O. J. Lodge, Mrs. Lodge, E. C. Gonner, G. H. Rendall.

First portion compiled from verbatim notes taken down by O. J. L. and E. C. G. Notes written out and annotated by Rendall.

(Rendall holding medium's right hand.)

I know you. I've seen you before. I remember. I never met you in the body, but I met you about a week ago.

[Sole meeting occurred on morning of same day at earlier séance.]

R. : "Do you remember what we were talking about?"

I saw another before—a big, tall man, bald head, high forehead, good-hearted sort of fellow. Your mother's in the spirit. I saw him first, then you. He's a friend of mine—a good fellow. I see him now. Ah! there he is. You're the gentleman. Come here and be polite and say, How do you do?

[Description true of O. J. L., who was present also at morning séance. Both his and my mother are dead.]

(O. J. L. shook hands with medium.)

What's that? Give me that.

R. : "The little thing I showed you before?"

Yes, give it me. That's what I wanted.

(Here R. handed to medium the locket on which conversation turned in the morning.)

Now I remember. I was hunting for this. I have found out a good deal about her and about you.

R. : "Have you seen her since?"

Yes, I have seen her. Her friend was Lulu—her husband's name was Charles Burnet.

(Name this time quite distinct, and different from morning.)

Who's that man over there? (Meaning E. C. G., who was present for first time.) He's not very well. He has pain at the back of the head; neuralgia, cold. He slept in too much damp. [Not specially applicable.]

Dr. P. here became annoyed at presence of others—impatient at sound of writing, &c. Gonner went out, but that was not enough; he wished all to leave, having private communications to make. At beginning of séance, Mrs. P. had expressly asked Mrs. Lodge to remain in room if she could spare the time, and was not too much tired, preferring the presence of some lady.

I want those other people out of the room! Let them go out. Send them all away, &c.

All retired, Dr. P. saying I might call for them again when he had done with me. During absence he was somewhat more free and voluble than at other times, but in main volubility was of conventional type, with generalities of affectionate messages, &c. I several times asked to re-admit others, but he generally demurred or put question by or took no notice. Finally I said I really must call my friends in, for they wouldn't like missing so much of his company. And he said, "Very well, call them if you will."

The following notes are from memory, written down on same evening. Of their general correctness I am quite certain, and I have introduced nothing that did not occur. Exact *words*, or exact *order*, of conversation I cannot guarantee.

R. : "Well, doctor, they have gone now; what have you to say?"

I've a message, but I didn't like to say it all before a lot of people. A. is looking very pleased, and says she is so glad to hear from you. She's particularly glad about that little blue vase.

(A good deal of this kind of thing.)

R. : "There isn't very much in all that—was there nothing particular to say, if we were to be alone?"

Yes. A. would like to say she thinks a great deal of you—she always did—only she doesn't like to say that before other people. Spirits are just like you people in the body. She's modest and retiring. That's in character, isn't it, eh? She always was—she was always fond of you—only, of course, she couldn't say so then, any more than now before other people.

R. : "Ask her whether she remembers our last meeting, when or where it was."

Yes, it was before she went on the journey—[True. I believe I saw her last at Harrow, where I lived, and where I was then a boy in the school.]

—before the cough came, and she went abroad. She was right then. Don't you remember the flushes on her cheek? little flying flushes, hectic like.

R. : "Well, yes—that may be all right. Can she remember any other incident or meeting?"

Yes, it was a concert. [Quite possible—but I do not remember. The terminal school concert was quite an event in school life, to which any friends staying with us went. But I have no special remembrance. That her sister was there also is not very likely, and the next words seemed to me inconsequent.] You went with her to the concert—at a school. Lots of people there, singing and so on.

R. : "I don't remember it. What school? ask."

She can't say what school. It was her sister's. Her sister was there. Singing.

R. : "Who was singing?"

Her sister's it was. She was there too.

Doctor talked—I think at this point—about a brother *Will*, of whom I (G. H. R.) said I knew nothing. Also talked of walking together under trees on a Thursday evening. (I remember one wood walk, but it was a Sunday, after church. None other in particular. This walk was in my mind.)

She says Charlie, Charlie.

R. : "What Charlie—who was he?"

Brother Charlie.

R. : "Whose brother?"

Why, her brother Charlie, of course. Charlie and Eric.

About this name I could not be absolutely certain, but it sounded unmistakable. Her sister (subsequently to A.'s death) married a Charlie, and the eldest son is named Eric.

"Charlie and Eric, did you say?"

Yes, of course, Charlie and Eric. She says Charlie is ill—he's been away from home. [This C. had been away from home, but for wife's health rather than his own.] Something wrong here, you know (feeling low in throat), in the throat, but it'll be all right. It's nothing much.

She sends love to her mother. She's in the body. Tell her she's quite happy. She'll be glad to hear that—quite happy. They've a picture of her; there are flowers about it sometimes. Do you know that?

R. : "No."

Well, they have. You see, they'll show it you, and just you ask them. Fancy you not knowing that!

R. : "Does A. know about me, what happens to me, what I am doing?" She thinks of you very often.

R. : "Does she know where I live?"

No, it's a town where she has never been. [Correct.]

R. : "Can she see things about me? Does she know whether I am married?"

[To this question I got no answer. The doctor went off on his own lines.]

Fred! Fred! She keeps saying Fred! Fred! nothing but Fred.

R. : "Who's Fred?"

I don't know; how should I?

R. : "Fred what?"

Why, Fred Graves. (So I heard name.) It's always Fred.

R. : "I never heard of such a person. Ask who Fred Graves is."

Why, Fred's your erratic brother [correct, and his customary name ; in morning called by his never used name, George]—the roving one. Your brother Fred, you know.

R. : "Yes, well ; my brother Fred ? What of him ? has she any message ? I could send one."

No, she sends him good wishes. But she didn't know him much—wasn't familiar with him, don't you know ; not when she was in body. [Correct.]

R. : "Does she remember my other brothers ?"

Yes, Arthur. A—R—T—H—U—R. Arthur, she knew him best [correct]—sends her love. There were four of you ; she sends love to all.

R. : "What were their names ? I'll give the message."

Charlie.

R. : "My brother, do you mean ?"

Yes, Charlie. Charlie, Fred, Arthur.

R. : "Who was the fourth ? Tell me the name."

(A pause and effort—doctor went to ask. Then) Hern (said with effort).

R. : "Hern ? That's not right."

Henny.

R. : "Did you say Henry ?"

(Doctor returned to obscure Hern, and Ern. Then) It begins with H.

R. : "That's not right. I can't take the message when she can't remember the name. Try again."

Ern—Erny—Arnold—A—R—N—O—L—D.

(O. J. L., E. C. G., and Mrs. L. here re-entered. I said A. had been sending messages to my brothers, but could not get the name of one of them right. From this point verbatim notes from O. J. L. and E. C. G. are resumed.)

Medium (suddenly) : Ernest—that's the youngest. E—R—N—E—S—T—Ernest. [Correct.]

Arthur and Ernest, and Charlie and Fred. [Correct, and full list of brothers, not in order of age.] She remembers more than you do. What do you think she says to me ? She says, don't swear, doctor ; she did, sure as you live. Who is it they call Bob ? Robert. That belongs to you, Captain. (Said to O. J. L.)

R. : "Does she meet any of my relatives ?"

She's very dear to you. They've got some pencil drawings of hers at home. [I am told that this is so.] You go and see her mother—and see them. Go at once. They are little drawings, and see her picture too. You go away.

Here Gonner took medium's hand, and notes were taken by O. J. L. and G. H. R.

(To G. H. R.) I have not told you all. There is a good deal to say yet. (Mr. Gonner took hands.)

Hn ! Where do you come from ? Hn ! You're another good fellow, too I say, he is a good fellow, Captain.

G. : "Can you tell me anything of my relatives or friends ?"

What relatives ?

G. : "Oh, my father, mother, anyone."

Yes, about your father and mother, brothers and sisters, uncles and aunts, anything you like. I have seen your mother. No, it is the other fellow's mother. She was the one that told me about Fred's finger, about it being hurt. There's a little child around with her—that's passed out of the body. [Correct of G. H. R., whose mother died from general debility ensuing on confinement. The child—a daughter—lived only a few hours.]

Florence, who is Florence? Florence got the headache, dark eyes and dark hair. Lying down at present. Got artistic taste, don't you know; paints, paints all round her, you know, blackboard, brushes and things on the table.

G. : "Who is Florence?"

Why she has a friend, Miss Whiteman, if you must know. Do you know now who I mean?

G. : "No, not in the least."

Well, then, say so, can't you? Florence's friend she was. She had trouble with the head; lying down. [See Sitting No. 40, and p. 494.]

Rendall here at medium's solicitation again took hands. Notes from O. J. L. and E. C. G.

Don't you remember the evening at the concert? when you went to hear the singing? She remembers it. She used to have a green hat, with green ribbon—and a little feather on it—little bits on there (touching top of G. H. R.'s head). They've got that hat at home now. [Not yet verified.]

Harriet. There's Harriet? Who the devil is Harriet? Do you remember Harriet? She wants you to go and see her.

A Miss Harriet R. (always in the family called Miss Harriet) was one of two sisters who brought up A., while her parents were in India. She accompanied her to Cannes, and nursed her in last illness and death. Miss H. R. died in 1889.

R. : "Ah! How is Harriet?"

She's in the body. She's quite well for her. Go and see her for Heaven's sake. But there's another lady there, too, who would like to speak with you, but she cannot. She's in spirit—passed out, from some difficulty with her heart. It's your mother. It was bad condition of heart and stomach. She has light hair—blue eyes—straight. Very clear complexion and pretty mouth. Very pleasant looking lady. I can't get to talk with her. (Pause.) It's a friend of your father who had the small-pox, and he passed out. He was thrown overboard. His name was Arthur. [To this I can get no clue.] Oh! Lord! there's a pain in the ankle—it was stepping out of the carriage. It hurts me.

Medium here felt down leg to my sprained ankle, took it up on chair, and massaged it for awhile at injured place.

R. : "Do you know Charlie?"

He had trouble here—had an abscess—it was there (feeling at neck, near glands) in the neck, and something the matter with the head. He got fever, and his head was wrong. There was a place on the neck.

This brother died after prolonged epilepsy, conjecturally originating with scarlet fever. Before his death he did, from time to time, suffer from boils at back of neck, but I learn there was neither abscess nor boil at place indicated.

R. : "Tell me about Charlie."

That is a brother I am talking about—he passed out of the body with a fever. There was a place on the side of the neck.

R. : "Can you speak with C.?"

Isn't that so?

R. : "Well, has he any message?"

He sends his love to you all. Love to Arthur. That's all I hear.

(At this point became disconnected.)

[The following deserves to be added, as it alone gives surname. Mr. Rendall's name was never used in Mrs. P.'s presence. He was introduced as Mr. Roberts.]

Extract from Sunday sitting with O. J. L., December 22nd, 1889.

Hullo, here's a spirit, Charlie Randall—R—A—N—D—A—L—L— wants to send love to all his folks, and says very happy. Can you sort that out?

"Whom does he belong to?"

I don't know. I'll ask him. He belongs to George, Fred, Arthur, (grunt, indistinguishable) [Ern, I presume.—G. H. R.], Agnes' gentleman, that one that was here, you know.

"Yes, all right. I'll send message."

NOTES BY G. H. R.

Regarding the two séances, I was quite convinced of the genuineness of the phenomena. There appeared to me no opening for preconcerted fraud, and an impostor could gain little or nothing either by feigning trance state or adopting such an unnatural impersonation as an Americanised Frenchman, with familiarly slangy manner.

The knowledge communicated by medium appeared to me to extend beyond the possibility of chance coincidence. The names of all my four brothers were given correctly, and also death of my mother, eldest brother, and (vaguely) death of infant sister.

Any previous getting up of the case seems to me impossible. I never thought of the locket till preceding night, and have not worn it for years. The lady was a relative by marriage, who died nearly 20 years back, and whose existence or family was to the best of my belief unknown to any one in Liverpool.

Compared with the correct statements, the inaccuracies were slight; few names were given wrong (two or three only), but several names or "spirits" were introduced to whom I had no clue. There certainly seemed confusion of personalities and relationships, both of the spirits and of those present, as though the communicant (doctor) had muddled up people. One curious freak of confusion was the association (recurring morning and evening) of my sprained ankle with the personality of my maternal aunt, who, on writing, I found had had no sprain or accident.

Some of the easiest questions (on any fraud supposition) were unanswered, e.g., "Did A. know whether I was married?" And there were obvious inaccuracies, such as "I met you a week ago," relating to morning interview.

As for thought-transference, I could not trace conscious action of my own mind on the medium. Things were said constantly that I did not

expect, and that were not in my mind; other things strongly present to my mind were (1) quite outside medium's knowledge, or (2) confusedly guessed at, or (3) referred to in quite unexpected terms or connections—*e.g.*, my brother was correctly called George; but he would never have come into my head by that name, by which (though his first name in order) he has never been known or called. At the same time, statements lying outside my own knowledge, in the most crucial cases, furnishing the most direct criteria (*e.g.*, proper names unknown to me), proved incorrect upon verification.

I have no theory. The account of phenomena given by the entranced medium, viz., confused communications with other intelligences of persons dead or living (but particularly dead), is not out of accord with the facts; but nothing occurred to convince me that this was the only admissible explanation.

G. H. RENDALL.

In the next sitting, when Mr. Gonner only was present with me, there is a great deal that is incoherent and confused. Some of it appears explicable by supposing that the family of Mr. Gonner's mother are being mentioned, instead of his own. But this is obviously a too elastic hypothesis to be worth strictly examining or annotating on. The notes might be abbreviated with advantage were it not that there are a few important incidents which it is probably better to give in their full setting.

Sitting No. 39. Saturday morning, December 21st, 1889, beginning at 11 o'clock a.m.

Present: E. C. K. Gonner and O. L. only.

(O. L. sat with Mrs. P. but changed over to Gonner while she was going off, so that Dr. P. found Gonner there.)

Ah, I know you. I've seen you with another gentleman. Where's the book?

Referring to a book given to E. C. K. G. by mother, and in hands of the medium on previous occasion.

"Here it is. Do you remember what you said about it?"

Oh yes, I'm not a damned fool. It's your mother's influence. Mother, brother, and sister with me. Sister named Mary. [Wrong.] There's a good deal for you to do next year—new sphere, new line—indefinite to me, quite a distance ahead. Something for you to interest yourself in other people. You've got a lady in the body. Annie [Right. Note E.], talking to me. Sister and mother both together. [True.] Someone calling for ed—head; what's matter with head? Something ed in the body; kind of anxious about him, anxious about the ed. Ed, not Fred, it's ed.

"Anything else? Edward?"

Edward, that's it. The lady's influence is in body; the mother's is in spirit. But there's a difficulty of a lady at a distance.

"Lady at distance?"

Eight of them. Lady at distance, quite ill, too bad. She has a trouble

in stomach through heart, a little cough, weak state of blood. It's an aunt who is not well.

"Which aunt?"

The only aunt that's ill at a distance. [All this unintelligible.]

"What's her name?"

How can she tell me when she's in the body? Eight of you. Eight in all. Six in all there has been, and father and mother make eight. [Note F.]

About here the sitter indicated dissent, and Dr. P. said: "Well, I believe I'm mixing you up with the other fellow who sat with you. Captain, don't mix two fellows up again. Can't sort them out properly. Afraid I can't get much of you, but I would like to. I get the book though."

Four in body and in spirit two. One passed out very little. Two children passed out. There were two, didn't you know that? One before it hardly lived, and another very, very small. Four in body—no, five in body. Mother, father, yourself, three sisters, one brother, and yourself, three brothers and two sisters. [All wrong as applied to E. C. G. See Note F.]

How's Annie? A little nervous she is.

"Why?"

She's good right to be. Condition makes her so. She's writing at this minute. (11.25. Wrong.)

Your mother is very near me; she's the one got trouble in head.

O. L.: "Tell him about his mother and what she's doing now. It's very important." [See comments at end of sitting, Note A.]

Ha, ha! I'll tell you why it's important, because he don't know it himself. I read your thoughts then. I can't generally. Your mother is just this minute fixing her hair, putting a thing through her hair (indicating) and putting it through her hair in a room with a cot in it, up high. Did you know she had some trouble with her head? [Note A.]

"No."

Long distance between you and your mother, separation between you. She's in another place. [Yes, in London.] And who's William?

"Well, who is he?"

I think that's a brother.

"My brother?"

No, her brother William. That's an uncle. [Correct, Note B.] Then I get— She's fixing something to her throat and putting on a wrap here, round here, and now she has lifted up the lid of a box on a stand. (11.30.) [Note A.] She's pretty well, but had little trouble with head and stomach just a few hours ago, a little pain and indigestion; she has taken hot drink for it. Within a day or two she heard of the death of a friend. I see an outside place, high—high hills, you know, high kind of mountainous place, an outlook—a very pretty outlook—a relation of hers is there; it looks like Australia. It's a gentleman that's there, a relation of your mother. Never mind him. I'll go back to your mother. [Note C.]

There's been some news, some correspondence reached the large building where your mother is. She has had a cold. A young lady is with her, and I should think it's her daughter; a very nice girl. She draws somewhat, and needlework and reads a great deal. There's a pretty girl with light hair

and bluish eyes. She's speaking to your mother at this minute. [This is all practically correct, except the relationship.]

"Is her hair long or short?" [See Note E.]

How do you mean? It's fuzzy light hair. She's a little pale, sort of smiling; nice teeth. Your mother is going out. [Note A.] Your mother had trouble in leg, kind of rheumatic. There's a young lady, not Annie, with light hair, light complexion, good influence. [This is the daughter.] There are five of them altogether—a mother, two sisters, and two brothers.

"I think not."

Well, they are either sisters or sisters-in-law. If you've got no brother married, and if you've got no lady, I can get your sister all right—otherwise I get them mixed. Your lady has got three sisters [she has five], four of them in all; that's all there is that I can get. Her sisters are your sisters in a way.

"Can you get my father?"

Your father's not with you. He's coming soon. I see him coming. At first I'm afraid I got you mixed with that other gentleman. Can't do two people at once. Whose little boy's that? Yours? It's one of yours. I think it belongs to Mira. Here's a spirit named Charles. Speak to him.

"Well, Charles, are you coming to see us in town?"

He's bowing his head. Uncle Charles, he's in the spirit. Yes, he is. That's two people. He's connected with William. He's the mother's brother. Two brothers. That's right. There's one named Henry in Australia. J. H. [Note C.] Is that yours, Captain?

O. L.: "Don't think so; possibly."

"Can you get my father?"

Your father's in spirit. He can come, but we must wait for him. He scarcely knows you're here yet.

Who's Emma? Your father is calling Emily. Do you know Eliza—Elizza—Lizzie? She is in the body. Name Elizabeth. It's her influence I get through the book. They call her Lizzie—L—I—ZEE—ZEE—I—E. Your father says so. [See Note D.]

He's here now. (Speaking in whisper.) "Take God's blessing to Lizzie. Faithful always. Truest and most kind heart and most spiritual mother there could have been."

He's quite surprised to see you again. You're changed—grown—changed a great deal. You remember him, don't you?

"Yes."

Well, he remembers you, but you've changed. You had an illness a little while ago, about 10 years ago. It was universally known by your spirit friends, and since that you look different. It was a very disturbing illness—a fever. [See notes.] He had some trouble with his heart and stomach and bowels. When he sent that message to your mother he whispered it to her.

"Has she a daughter?"

Yes, got a daughter in the body—named after her—but she's got another name, too. [Note D.] Your father put up his fingers to say two. He has a high forehead and a beard. I must talk to him again.

John Gordon—Gonder—Gorman—Gonner. [Christian name wrong.]

“Who’s that?”

This gentleman talking to me. “Elizabeth Gonner, Lizzie, that’s right. Father, God bless them.” [See Notes and Note D.]

(Desultory remarks, and then suddenly): William was good. He doesn’t know you, but a good fellow. One passed out with an accident. That was William. He was ill a long time. It was through his head; he’s holding his head here; it’s like a shot, but it isn’t a shot, it’s a hit there on his head. He doesn’t feel it now, of course, but when he comes back here he remembers it. I can’t get him closer. [Note B.] They all like your mother so much. You ought to think a lot of her.

“I do.”

Well, if you don’t you ought to be scarified. I’ll have to talk to your father and find out more about you all. Your sister’s talking to your lady. [Very likely, as by this time the drive [Note A] would be just over.]

“Do you see cousin Harold in the spirit?”

Ah! that I took to be your brother. He’s got a lot of books about him, coughs a little bit. The two little ones were your brothers, not him.

“I don’t know them.” [Note F.]

True, you don’t know. They hardly existed. But don’t forget, one’s your own brother, and one by an aunt. They went together, and they seem like brothers. I’ll tell you. Did you know your father had rheumatism? Well, he had, all over him, and trouble with bowels and kidneys, and passed out with trouble here (abdomen); that illness took him out. [Not incorrect.] Stomach and head, and there was another trouble with William through head—an accident.

Don’t have two people again, Captain. I got confused with you at first. Two people are too much. Ask me anything you like.

“Can you tell me what this letter is?”

It’s a general letter about an engagement. Going somewhere to keep an engagement. It’s been with you some time. Can’t see name. I’ll see you again. Your mother didn’t want to go, but they wanted her to go, and she made up her mind she would. So she went. [Note A.] Captain—

(And Mrs. Piper came round.)

Notes taken and written out by O. J. L. soon after.

Extract from Sitting (No. 40) by O.L., at 7 p.m. on Saturday evening, December 21st, 1889. Liverpool.

Dr. Phinuit said:—

That gentleman I saw last, I’ve seen his father since I went away. His name’s Thomas, Thomas Gonner. There are two Thomases. Both Thomas. [Wrong: see Notes.] His mother just as I left was brushing something, and had a little thing looking at it. She had a frame, a little picture, looking at it. She took it up and looked steadily at it and then brushing something. That’s how I left her. When I saw her first she was fixing her hair, and had something on the top of it, and was fixing something round her throat, and she took up a pencil and wrote something. But just as I left she was looking at a picture and brushing something. [Note A.]

(That’s all he said on this subject this evening.)

Written at 10 p.m. same evening and posted same night to E. C. K.

Gonner, 12, Marlborough-place, St. John's Wood, London. Posted before any hearing from Gonner of the result of the morning sitting which he had same day at from 11 to 12 noon; morning sitting ending about 12.15, I should think, possibly at 12. Incidents mentioned at 11.30 had the time noticed; they ran from 11.25 to 11.32, Greenwich time.

OLIVER J. LODGE.

NOTES ON ABOVE SITTING. No. 39.

With reference to this interview there are several points deserving attention. Some of these are of sufficient importance to be treated of separately, but a few remarks of a more general character may precede any such attempts at detail.

That Mrs. Piper was acquainted with my history and circumstances is highly improbable; not only was she unaware before she came to Liverpool that I should sit to her, but I was introduced to her under the name of a colleague and not in my own. Any theory as to previous investigation falls necessarily to the ground, for even had she been able to discover the antecedents of Professor Lodge's colleagues, she would in consequence of this safeguard have been led to attribute my relations and circumstances to another, his to me. As will, however, be seen, in the course of the interview she uttered my name "Gonner" (p. 489).

Though in many instances she gave curious details of events or persons, these were produced with great difficulty and generally surrounded with much that was inaccurate and confused. At times, too, she was uncertain, and seemed hardly able to attain to accuracy in her information. She was uncertain as to the number of my brothers and sisters (p. 488), wrong both in her remark to me (p. 489), and afterwards to Professor Lodge (p. 490) as to my father's Christian name. In consequence her power, genuine though it may appear to be, seems imperfect, and in consequence her information is inaccurate.

This, however, must, I think, have a very considerable bearing on the plain theory of thought-transference. Let us grant that I was aware of the death and attendant circumstances of the death of my "uncle William," yet at the time I was unconscious of them; unaware, indeed, at the moment as to whom she was referring when she mentioned William for the first time (p. 488). But when she was speaking of my father and searching after his name, I was keenly conscious that it was Peter and not John. Again when (p. 489) she stated that my father was present but did not know me—that I had been changed by an illness and consequently hardly recognisable by my spirit friends—I thought distinctly enough that my illness was some eight years back, my father's death but two and a-half.

Did she then give any accurate information which could not be accounted for by thought-transference? She told me (p. 488) that within a day or two my mother heard of the death of a friend. If she referred to the days preceding the interview she was wrong, if following, right, since a very old friend of my mother's died that very (Saturday) morning. But this question concerns a point which will be touched on in one of the notes.

NOTE A.—In preparation for the interview I had written and asked my

sister (Ellen Elizabeth Gonner) to persuade my mother to do something that was unusual for her between the hours of 11 and 12 Saturday morning; and to observe what she did. My mother was not to know, and did not know, that she was doing this at my request. Saturday morning, at a few minutes before 11, she prepared herself for going out to take a drive in a hansom cab, this striking her as an unusual procedure, as it was raining. Such preparation involved touching the head in the putting on of her bonnet, of her neck and shoulders when she put on her cloak (p. 488). Then she was specially observed to take her muff box from her wardrobe, to place it on a table, lift the lid, and take her muff out (p. 488). On her dressing-table there stands a small photograph of my father, which she very frequently takes up and looks at intently (p. 490). Whether she did this on the occasion in question cannot be ascertained, as it is one of those ordinary actions the performance of which makes no impression. She cannot, however, be said to have been suffering from her head. There is a wooden half-tester in her room, which might conceivably be called a "cot." [See also notes at end of this series, p. 529.]

There is here a general correspondence between her actions at three or four minutes to 11, and those attributed to her by the medium at 11.25—11.30. But the séance was beginning at 11, and the medium began at once with my mother. It is then an interesting matter to examine whether she was trying to discover what my mother was engaged upon at the moment or to recall her actions as she last perceived them.

NOTE B.—The instant reference to William (p. 488) in connection with my mother seems to indicate a connection between the medium and my mother, rather than a connection between the medium and myself. My uncle, William Carter, was killed in an election riot in Yorkshire, near Wakefield, 1837, by a stone which struck him on the head (p. 490). The news of his death was a terrible shock to my mother, who was then at school in Germauny.

I think that the reference "a long time" means that he was ill and died a long time back; so at least did I understand it at the sitting.

NOTE C.—No brother of my mother's died in Australia (p. 488). About the name of the place the medium seemed uncertain (p. 488). One of my uncles died in India of cholera. His name, however, was not Henry though his initials were J. H. (John Halliley Carter) (p. 489). I did not know the existence of his second name.

NOTE D.—My mother's name is Elizabeth (pp. 489-90). She was invariably called Lizzie by my father. My sister's name is Ellen Ellizabeth Gonner (p. 489).

NOTE E.—"Annie" (p. 487) is the name of the young lady to whom I am engaged. Beyond the one fact of her name, the description was too vague to afford much proof of knowledge of any kind, though correct as far as it goes. "Is her hair short or long?" (p. 489). This question I asked, having been informed by letter that she had had her hair cut quite short. The answer of the medium clearly conveyed the impression that such was not the case; and I concluded that it was an instance of error. On reaching London I found to my surprise that it was correct,—that her hair had not been cut short after all.

NOTE F.—These instances, I think, show that Mrs. Piper's information, though genuine and remarkable, was not invariably accurate, a conclusion greatly fortified when the remainder of the sitting is taken into account.

They indicate, perhaps, one other point of interest. Mrs. Piper seems to have been in communication with my mother's mind, to all seeming as complete as that which she maintained with mine. Sometimes she appeared, indeed, nearer to my mother. In consequence, at these times there was some confusion between her brothers and my own (p. 488). She had several brothers who died in infancy. I had none.

Written by way of comment on and in explanation of record of interview of December 21st, 1889, as taken by Professor Lodge.

January 13th, 1890.

E. C. K. GONNER.

Sitting No. 40. Saturday evening, 7 p.m., December 21st, 1889.

Present: O. J. L. alone, taking notes himself.

(I sat to Mrs. Piper with my hands crossed, so that after the trance came on it was my right hand that was released and left hand kept; I was thus able to take rough notes.)

That man's father's name was Thomas; both Thomas . . . (and so on, as reported and annotated as appendix to previous sitting, p. 490).

Mary's father used to be on board ship, and he fell and hurt his leg. Fell through a hole in the boat. [Correct.] Can't remember where he got that article. It was on one of his voyages; but Mary may remember. [Does not.] Her second father is William; that is the one with the white head. The first one was Alexander Marshall. [All correct. This is the first appearance of the surname; it came quite pat. See also p. 472.]

There is one named Clara. You have a sister named Florence.

"No."

Well, Florence belongs to you; it is *your* Florence. She has the friend Whiteman. (See Sitting No. 38, p. 485.) But there are two Florences. There's a Florence in some other country. One paints and the other doesn't paint. One's married and the other isn't married. It is the one who doesn't paint who is married.

[This is an insignificant communication, but see Note A below, and p. 500.]

Here followed a prediction, and soon afterwards the personality seemed to change to that of a deceased male friend, whom I will call Mr. E., of whom I had handed in a letter. The speaker now called me "Lodge," in his natural manner (a name which Phinuit himself never once used), and we had a long conversation, mainly non-evidential, but with a reference to some private matters which were said to be referred to as proof of identity, and which are well adapted to the purpose. They were absolutely unknown to me, but have been verified through a common friend. Among other things we discussed Phinuit (see also pp. 517 and 553), and I said that I wanted to try him with some unknown cardboard letters in a sealed box, but doubted if it were of much use. The voice said:

By all means try. All these experiments must be tried.

"Well, tell him it's very important."

Yes. Here he is coming back.

Now then, what is it you want of me?

"I want you, doctor, to tell me what's in this box, please. No one knows."

Give me a pencil (putting the box to top of medium's head).

A pencil was handed to him and he wrote on cardboard, slowly,

L K Q U C N

and then dropped the pencil. [See Note B, and also p. 495.]

I gave him another pill box in which were letters I did know.

"Thank you. Can you do these too?"

I'll try. No, I can't, I am dazed with that other box, and besides I am getting too weak. Try me earlier on another time. I am going now.

NOTE A.—I happen to have two cousins Florence, one married and abroad, and who, so far as I know, does not paint. I wrote to my other cousin Florence (who paints and is not married), asking if she had a friend Miss or Mrs. Whiteman, or Whytman, whom she had seen lately and had something the matter with her head, a headache or something. She sent a postcard to say "No, what on earth do you mean?" Next day another postcard to say:—

"Whythead won't do, will it? I am this very day returning such a one's call, and drinking tea it has struck me on re-reading your letter as being something like the name you inquire about. . . . She is lately married."

(It is perhaps more than a little far-fetched to suggest that Dr. Phinuit may have caught the name wrongly, and on being corrected by the syllable "head" have proceeded to say that she had something wrong with her head!)

NOTE B.—This was a very carefully planned experiment. Some children's card letters pinched by me out of a box containing a good many alphabets at the house of Professor Carey Foster were put into a pill box without looking at them, and sealed up very carefully in his presence, using his seal, &c. All this was done on November 29th, preparatory to my Cambridge visit.

After Dr. Phinuit had ostensibly read the letters I wrote two accounts, with full details of the letters and their apparent position in the box. One I sent to Mr. Myers, the other under seal to Professor Carey Foster, asking him to wire if he were at home and could open the box. He did wire, and I sent him the box. He opened it carefully and wrote out every detail, before having read my sealed statement. The letters actually in box were: W—A—R—K—D—N—E—D.

There is thus no connection whatever (beyond chance) between the two statements, and the experiment completely failed.

The next sitting was a very poor one, with a lot of rambling talk. In it occurred a little squabble between Dr. Phinuit and myself, because I remonstrated with him for fishing and talking vaguely instead of holding his tongue. He said it was all dark, no good to-day; that the medium couldn't be feeling well, and so on. The only incidents worth recording are here stated.

Sitting No. 41. Noon, Sunday morning, December 22nd, 1889.

Present: O. L., M. L., and for the first time Alfred Lodge (p. 512).
O. L. holding hand. Notes taken by M. and A. L.

I have had a talk with your uncle, the one that had a fall, and passed out of the body. He doesn't remember much about you.

"I don't know which one you mean."

Too bad. He's connected with Uncle Robert.

I handed in the box of letters again, and he wrote them down as before, but not so distinctly—L—K—Q—N—U—C.

Soon after occurred the episode of "Charlie Randall," as reported at end of Sitting 38.

He said something jocular about my wife's stepfather being her uncle, evidently referring to the mistake he had made in at first calling him Uncle William. (See Sitting No. 16, p. 468.)

Asked to tell us about himself if he couldn't say anything about other people, he said his wife had been Mary Latimer, and that she (or he?) had a sister Josephine. Born in Marseilles. (See also p. 520.)

(That was all of the slightest moment. Such things as telling Alfred that "there are two Charleys and two Henrys in your family," though it happens to be true, are obviously not worth the quoting.)

After this occurred two sittings, Nos. 42 and 43, at which a medical man practising in Liverpool was introduced, without notice, by the name of Dr. Jones. He came again the same evening and brought his wife. This time, unfortunately, they were admitted by a servant, who announced their names. Phinuit did not mention it, however. The full account of these sittings is long, and would require a great deal of annotation to make the details clear. For the sake of brevity, I propose merely to abstract them. There are a number of erroneous statements, some of them to be partially accounted for by the fact that Dr. and Mrs. C. are cousins (a fact Phinuit did not ascertain), and that he mixed their relatives at the second sitting. The family seems to be a very large one. I quote later the misstatements, but first I pick out the correct ones or those which require comment. I may say that Dr. C. was almost entirely silent. Occasionally he assented with a grunt, but I found afterwards that he was assenting to wrong quite as much as to right statements. I hardly ever knew what was right and what wrong as I took the notes. He was thus an excellent though trying sitter. Phinuit was in one of his most loquacious moods, or he would not have progressed so well. Towards the end one could see he began to get tired of his own monologue. (See also his remarks, p. 499.)

Sitting No. 42. Monday morning, December 23rd.

Present: Dr. C. (introduced as Dr. Jones) and O. J. L.

[The following is an abstract of the correct, or subsequently corrected or otherwise noteworthy, statements.]

"You have a little lame girl, lame in the thigh, aged 13; either second or third. She's a little daisy. I do like her. Dark eyes, the gentlest of the lot; good deal of talent for music. She will be a brilliant woman; don't

forget it. She has more sympathy, more mind, more—quite a little daisy. She's got a mark, a curious little mark, when you look closely, over eye, a scar through forehead over left eye. The boy's erratic ; a little thing, but a little devil. Pretty good when you know him. He'll make an architect likely. Let him go to school. His mother's too nervous. It will do him good. [This was a subject in dispute.] You have a boy and two girls and a baby ; four in the body. It's the little lame one I care for. There are two mothers connected with you, one named Mary. Your aunt passed out with cancer. You have indigestion, and take hot water for it. You have had a bad experience. You nearly slipped out once on the water. [Dangerous yacht accident last summer. Above statements are correct except the lameness. See next sitting.]

Sitting No. 43. Monday evening, December 23rd.

Present: Dr. and Mrs. C. and O. J. L. [Statement correct when not otherwise noted.]

“How's little Daisy? She will get over her cold. But there's something the matter with her head. There's somebody round you lame and somebody hard of hearing. That little girl has got music in her. This lady is fidgety. There are four of you, four going to stop with you, one gone out of the body. One got irons on his foot. Mrs. Allen, in her surroundings is the one with iron on leg. [Allen was maiden name of mother of lame one.] There's about 400 of your family. There's Kate ; you call her Kitty. She's the one that's kind of a crank. Trustworthy, but cranky. She will fly off and get married, she will. Thinks she knows everything, she does. [This is the nurse-girl, Kitty, about whom they seem to have a joke that she is a walking compendium of information.] (An envelope with letters written inside, N—H—P—O—Q, was here handed in, and Phinuit wrote down B—J—R—O—I—S, not in the best of tempers.) A second cousin of your mother's drinks. The little dark-eyed one is Daisy. I like her. She can't hear very well. The lame one is a sister's child. [A cousin's child, the one *née* Allen, really.] The one that's deaf in her head is the one that's got the music in her. That's Daisy, and she's going to have the paints I told you of. [Fond of painting.] She's growing up to be a beautiful woman. She ought to have a paper ear. [An artificial drum had been contemplated.] You have an Aunt Eliza. There are three Maries, Mary the mother, Mary the mother, Mary the mother. [Grandmother, aunt, and granddaughter.] Three brothers and two sisters your lady has. Three in the body. There were eleven in your family, two passed out small. [Only know of nine.] Fred is going to pass out suddenly. He married a cousin. He writes. He has shining things. *Lorquettes*. He is away. He's got a catchy trouble with heart and kidneys, and will pass out suddenly. [Not the least likely. It is rather odd that the surname of this “Fred,” not given here, was once mentioned, either accidentally or otherwise, in a totally different connection in Sitting 38 (p. 484) ; being then, of course, quite unintelligible.]

NOTES.—The most striking part of this sitting is the prominence given to Dr. C.'s favourite little daughter, Daisy, a child very intelligent and of a very sweet disposition, but quite deaf ; although her training enables her to go to school and receive ordinary lessons with other children. At the first

sitting she is supposed erroneously to be lame, but at the second sitting this is corrected and explained, and all said about her is practically correct, including the cold she then had. Mrs. Piper had had no opportunity whatever of knowing or hearing of the C. children by ordinary social means. We barely know them ourselves. Phinuit grasped the child's name gradually, using it at first as a mere description. I did not know it myself. Dr. Phinuit is lavish with predictions, such as the one at the end, which frequently, I think usually, fail. I deeply regret to say that his predictions regarding Daisy are likewise false, for she caught the influenza, and the announcement of her death is in to-day's paper.—*June, 1890.*

The following is a summary of the false assertions :—

ERRONEOUS STATEMENTS.

At Sitting 42 :—

“Your lady's Fanny ; well, there is a Fanny. [No.] Fred has light hair, brownish moustache, prominent nose. [No.] Your thesis was some special thing. I should say about lungs.” [No.]

At Sitting 43 :—

“Your mother's name was Elizabeth. [No.] Her father's lame. [No.] Of your children there's Eddie and Willie and Fannie or Annie and a sister that faints, and Willie and Katie (no, Katie don't count) [being the nurse], and Harry and the little dark-eyed one, Daisy. [All wrong except Daisy.] One passed out with sore throat. [No.] The boy looks about 8. [No, 4.] Your wife's father had something wrong with leg ; one named William. [No.] Your grandmother had a sister who married a Howe—Henry Howe. [Unknown.] There's a Thomson connected with you [no], and if you look you will find a Howe too. Your brother the captain [correct], with a lovely wife, who has brown hair [correct], has had trouble in head [no], and has two girls and a boy.” [No, three girls.]

Dr. C. permits me to append the following note of his on the case, written some time later :—

“The trance state seemed natural ; but had more voluntary movement than I had ever seen in an epileptic attack. The entire change in Mrs. Piper's manner and behaviour is unlike an intentional effort, and it is possible she herself believes that the conditions mean something outside of herself. With regard to the result, the misses seem to balance the hits, and the ‘reading’ is not so impressive as the ‘sitting.’ After reading over your notes I think they consist of a certain amount of thought-reading and a large amount of skilful guessing.”

At the next sitting I had arranged for a shorthand writer to be present, and take everything down as nearly verbatim as possible.

It is not a very favourable sitting, and the only special importance attaching to it is owing to the fact that it was by parcel post that morning that the watch arrived which was mentioned in the introduction (p. 458) ; but as this was one of the few sittings for which the report was attempted to be made verbatim I think that space must be spared for its insertion in full ; it being understood, I hope, that the full report is

given in order to convey a better notion of the whole manner of a sitting other than a first one, *i.e.*, one conducted by a stranger. It will be perceived that by this time we converse pretty freely with the Phinuit personality, in order to draw him out. In the early sittings I had been reticent, and I had introduced reticent strangers, until I had completely satisfied myself of the existence of some kind of power, and of the honesty of Mrs. Piper; I was now anxious to push the experiment further, so as to distinguish if possible between mind-reading and clairvoyance proper: I wanted to get something which I did not know. It was with this object that I had written for the watch; and it was with this in view that I sometimes now saved time by conveying some common bit of information myself. Such a proceeding may have been less judicious than I deemed it, but whatever I already knew it was but of little advantage to be told; I had already ascertained that Phinuit could do that; I wanted to be told something that I could afterwards verify, and it seemed to me that Phinuit got on better when one gave his powers some sort of confidence, and did not continue to ask trivial testing questions such as "How many brothers have I got?" Such questions are proper enough for strangers to ask; but after a time Phinuit gets impatient with an old sitter unless he goes on to more reasonable matter. In our ignorance of the mode of mind-action involved it may be rash to surmise, but I think it probable that a sitter really and not only scientifically anxious to gain information on some subject would be likely to get the best results; and I endeavoured to put myself as nearly as possible into the appropriate attitude for receiving information. I perceive that it has a ludicrous effect in print.

I wish, moreover, to point out that the view to be taken of this and some later sittings depends entirely on the view one takes of Mrs. Piper's personal honesty. It is by strangers that this must be and has been tested. Since she knew she was to stay with me it cannot be denied that a fraudulent and industrious person *could* manage to secure information concerning my relatives (p. 527). Once more I repeat (for what it is worth) that I am convinced that that is not the way it was done; but the real evidence on such a point must rest on the interviews with suddenly introduced strangers.

In the annexed report nothing is purposely omitted. The occasional dots only mean that the speech was too rapid or too inaudible for the stenographer. The latter in writing out his notes has prefixed to all Phinuit's speeches the symbol "Dr.," and I have left it so. But for greater clearness, and in order to indicate the changes of voice and manner, which were sometimes only partial but were occasionally marked, I have altered this prefix in a few places to the initial of the personality supposed to be speaking, putting a query-mark at the

doubtful places where I do not know whether Phinuit intended us to suppose that he was reporting in the first person, or that he had temporarily quitted his post. Nothing at all depends on these prefixes, they merely assist an understanding of how the dialogue sounded; and it was only very occasionally that the changed voice and manner resembled that of the person supposed to be speaking sufficiently to excite interest. It will, of course, be perceived that, in even a successful imitation of voice and manner, there need only be a trifle of executive skill in addition to mind-reading.

Sitting No. 44. Noon. December 24th, 1889.

Present: O. J. L.; later, M. L. also; with Briscoe taking shorthand notes all the time. (Verbatim report, as a specimen taken at random.)

Dr. : "How do you do, Doctor?" (Evidently referring to the last sitter, Dr. C.)

O. L. : "H'm. I am very well, thank you."

Dr. : "Ullo, I thought it was the Doctor. You know I saw him last."

O. L. : "Yes, you did."

Dr. : "Two times. Well, I thought it was him, don't you know. I will see him again some time."

O. L. : "Well, how is the medium to-day?"

Dr. : "Oh, pretty well."

O. L. : "You gave the Doctor (i.e., Dr. C.) a very good sitting" (p. 495).

Dr. : "Very good what?"

O. L. : "You told him a lot of things."

Dr. : "I told him all I could hear, but it was a terribly complicated family. I cannot keep so many things quite clear, and they do not talk enough. They were too reserved, you know, and too quiet."

O. L. : "They were afraid of interrupting you. They meant well."

Dr. : "Yes, they are all right; but you know they should recognise their friends, and if they don't do that then . . . well, it does not seem cordial. When you meet your friends you may at least say 'How are you?'"

O. L. : "Have you seen any of my friends?"

Dr. : "I have. I saw your uncle, don't you know."

O. L. : "Any more of my relations?"

Dr. : "Yes, I have. There are two Olivers in your family. Two. There is an Oliver and Alfred, brothers, you know. [Yes.] Who's that fellow there?"

O. L. : "That is only my clerk." [He is really clerk to the College Registrar.]

Dr. : "How are you?"

(Clerk) E. B. : "I am very well."

Dr. : "Glad to see someone is well."

Dr. to O. L. : "Do you know those letters the Doctor gave me?" [Referring to some letters written inside an envelope and handed in at previous sitting.]

O. L. : "Yes, I know."

Dr. : "You should not use him for your things. You should give them me yourself."

O. L. : "It was his doing. We had arranged before the sitting to try that ; it was his idea."

Dr. : "But it rather bothered me at the time. They were 'P.O.Q., . . .'" [These are three of them now (p. 496).]

O. L. : "You did not get them right."

Dr. : "I know I got them right."

O. L. : "They were not quite right, but never mind them. There is a question I've got for you."

Dr. : "What?"

O. L. : "I want to ask you about this watch, if you please" (p. 458).

Dr. : "About what? What do you want to know?"

O. L. : "Well, I want to know to whom it belonged."

Dr. : "He is in the spirit. He used to work with little wheels. I see him in a room with little wheels with figures on them. He had to do with a something that had little wheels."

O. L. : "No, no ; I don't mean the man who made the watch. I mean the gentleman who used to wear it."

Dr. : "Well, confound it, is not that what I am telling you? It's a funny old thing. It has been through the wars, I should think. Curious old watch." (Fingering it.)

O. L. : "Do you know anything about it?"

Dr. : "It belonged to one of your uncles."

O. L. : "Did it belong to anyone who had something to do with little wheels?"

Dr. : "Well, it did really, and this was given to him by his father. . . . Little round wheels, with figures on. Given him by his father. I will bring him. He is the one like Uncle Robert, and he is the one who met with an accident. He had a fall in the body, don't you know. He writes to Uncle Robert and Uncle Charles. That is, brother Charles, I mean to say."

O. L. : "Brother of him?"

Dr. : "Yes, and Oliver."

O. L. : "Is he there now?"

Dr. : "Ay, right here."

O. L. : "Would he send a message to Uncle Robert?"

Dr. : "O—L—I—V—E—R, that's his name, I know. No, no, that's Oliver's name."

O. L. : "Who does he mean by that?"

Dr. : "That is his brother. Look here, if I get this mixed up you won't bother me, will you? Oliver is the name he gave. He had a brother Oliver, and a father Oliver, and a nephew Oliver. [Correct.] And then there is Henry—H—E—N—R—Y."

O. L. : "Yes."

Dr. : "But that is your brother. There is another brother. Then there's Ellen."

O. L. : "Sister of me?"

Dr. : "No, he has got sister Helen. I got that mixed, didn't I? But wait a minute, confound it. Did you find out who Florence was yet?"

O. L. : "She says she has not got a friend Mrs. Whiteman." [See *Sittings* 38 and 40, pp. 485 and 494.]

Dr. : "Miss Whiteman—whether I said Miss or Mrs. I am not sure."

O. L. : "I wrote to the one that paints, and is not married."

Dr. : "I told you one of them painted and the other one didn't."

O. L. : "Yes, you did."

Dr. (returning to the watch) : "Say, do you know he has got a brother Charley, one Robert, one Oliver? [True.] Did you ever see such a many brothers? Did you ever?" [There were over twenty.]

"J—O—H—N. Do you know him? Well, John—. But you know him. There was a John. Well, he is in the spirit. And you do not know him? Well, you are stupid."

O. L. : "Do you mean the one I was asking about?"

Dr. : "I do mean him."

O. L. : "Oh, I know him, but you have not got it quite right. Let us hear his name?"

Dr. : "It is J—. Confound it. He is telling it to me; telling about his brothers too."

O. L. : "I should be very glad if you would get him to speak."

Dr. : "His name's Jonathan, confound it. [No.] Don't you suppose I can hear it? Well, I can hear it anyhow. J—O—N—A—T—H—A—N. Why don't you talk about some of the rest of them? Go on to talk about the rest, and let me talk to him. I will bring him right up close to me."

O. L. : "I want to send word to Uncle Robert."

Dr. : "That is the man I am always talking about. I told you about him."

O. L. : "Get him to tell us about when they were young. All he knows."

Dr. : "I shall get great good things for you out of him. He's a very bright man. Great deal to do with this thing" (the watch).

O. L. : "Yes, I got it on purpose for you."

Dr. : "Little wheels with figures on them."

O. L. : "What are those things?"

Dr. : "Well, I believe—yes."

O. L. : "What were they for?"

Dr. : "Don't you see these little round things with figures on? They are wheels; like round wheels exactly. Musical things, with little figures on all round them."

O. L. : "Would they be for calculation?"

Dr. : "I cannot tell the idea of them. You know what I mean. Like . . . draught (? draft). And then these figures are marked. He is showing a plate. I see them. I tell you, Captain, that this is right."

O. L. : "He used to do calculations."

Dr. : "I tell you, and you ask Robert. If you don't know it he will, and that will be all the better. Here's your father."

O. L. : "How is my father?"

Dr. : "Your father is all right. Do you hear that answer? He is all right. There are two gentlemen talking to me. One's father, other's uncle. Your father . . . sends his respects to you all. He is a very nice man, got these things like you rotund here, don't you know." (Beard and whiskers.) [True.]

O. L. : "Send my love to my father."

Dr. : "I will."

O. L. : "And also to my mother."

Dr. : "Oh, yes. He and your mother are together. There was a separation for a long while. She went out of the body first, and then he followed her [correct], met her, and happy."

Dr. : "Joseph, the one that owned the watch? Don't you suppose I can hear it? It is J—O. How the d—— do you pronounce it? I tell you that is right. Oh, I see, I see, you remember Joseph, Joe, a cousin of yours, that passed out of the body when he had a fever? No? A little fellow, do you know? And he had the fever, and he is your mother's brother's child, or sister's child, I cannot tell you which, and he is in the spirit. [Unintelligible.] Your mother's here now."

O. L. : "She began a message to me which you forgot, about my sister."

Dr. : "She sent a message to Charley and to Oliver."

O. L. : "Yes, but you began one to my sister, but did not finish."

Dr. : "I told you as much as I heard, and some one else spoke."

O. L. : "Yes; but try and get the rest now."

Dr. : "I want you to tell her to make the change. It is the best thing she can do, and will help her. She is quite unsettled in her mind, and she says that if she would she would be better after, and this as regards her life, do you see? She wants her to make up her mind and settle in your surroundings. In yours because she points to you, and to do this it will be better for her, as she intended to do first. And it will be better for you all. I tell you, my friend, your mother says it, your aunt says it, and your father says it. Now, if you believe anything I can tell it. Your mother says it, your Aunt Anne says it, and I know them all. Your Uncle John says it. J—O—H—N (do you see?) says, Tell your sister Ellen—Ellenr—Ellenely (now, then, what the d—— is her name?) to settle in your surroundings, as she intended to do first. I don't know what it means. Because she is very much unsettled, and she does not know which to do, and it will be better for you, your welfare, for the family, for her, and you, now. And she is strong enough for it. Best thing she can do. She will be better, and do you think about it." [See Note C, p. 507; see also pp. 513, 514, 531, 532, and 539.]

O. L. : "Thank you."

Dr. : "And you tell her, if you like, that I said so, that they told me, and that I told you, and if What do you think of that? Because the change of air, and the surroundings, the busy occupation, and the responsibility of her life, will do her good, and take her out of herself, and from thinking of her physical condition; better for her every way. Well, if you don't believe that I will stake my word of honour that is the truth. What do you think of that?" [See Note C.]

O. L. : "Are they all there still?"

Dr. : "One difficulty that I have is to make your uncle conscious of this [watch], and the other is getting the spirit to speak to you. He had a fall in the body [true]; passed out of the body long, long time. Rather difficult for me to talk to him, do you see? Because he passed out when you were young and you do not know so much about him, and at the same time he does not seem to take an interest in you."

O. L. : "No, but he does in Uncle Robert?"

Dr. : "He is the one who went with your Uncle Robert to try the experiment. [Unintelligible.] They started out together, but it did not suit him just well, and gave it up [incorrect] and went into . . . then worked with the figures. What do you call them?"

O. L. : "He used to do calculations."

Dr. : "What the d— are calculations?"

O. L. : "Well, the fact is he belonged to an insurance company. They have to calculate how long people are likely to live. They do that by figures."

Dr. : "It comes like a composition, and all . . . with figures like you read out sheets of music, and they have got little round wheels with letters on them. That is a seal. The little wheels, you know, with figures on them. Seals. Little marks with figures on them. Go and look. He will tell you. Do you know, Uncle Robert is very much interested. . . . He thinks everything of Uncle Robert, and he was with him in the same business. [See Note A.] They started out together, and then he gave it up and came here. What do you think of that? It is true. He and your Uncle Robert had their pictures taken together. He had his hat on. A long while ago. Had it taken in tin. Little bit of paper pasted on the . . . He was sitting down. The other standing up. Tall hats on. Well, there, he remembers that. [See Note B.] And Uncle Robert owns this, (watch) and he left it with him."

O. L. : "Uncle Robert only sent it me this morning. It came by post just now."

[Phinuit now impersonated the late owner of the watch, my uncle Jerry :—]

U. J. : "Very good. Say God bless Robert and I would like to see him. You are my nephew, aren't you?"

O. L. : "Yes."

U. J. : "I know you, seems to me I do. Yes. I used to know you, but you were a little shaver then; a very deep thinker. Used to think a great deal; more than the rest of the boys. What about Alfred and all those fellows?"

O. L. : "They remember you. Especially Henry."

U. J. : "Yes, Henry remembers me; and you, you remember me in connection with your aunt. I used to see your aunt there a great deal; and how wonderfully you have changed. Oh, dear, you are like the rest of the family—pretty tall."

O. L. : "Uncle Robert would be glad to hear from you, sir."

U. J. : "Ask him if he remembers the pictures? He has got the ring I used to have, and the chain. Had a little square thing in the centre of the chain, right here. Robert will remember it. Ask him what he has done with my books. He has got them, I am sure. He will tell you."

O. L. : "Do you remember anything when you were young?"

U. J. : "Yes. I pretty nigh got drowned. I remember that. (With a short characteristic laugh.) Tried to swim the creek, and we fellows, all of us, got into a little boat. We got tipped over. He will remember it. Ask him if he remembers that about swimming the creek." [See notes at end of this series (p. 526), where it will be found that the "boat" is inaccurate: it should be a platform.]

O. L. : "I will."

U. J. or Dr. : "And he and I went gunning. Got soaked through. Plenty of good times we have had together, plenty of good times, and Robert will remember it. And I want him to know that I live, and if you send these messages you tell him that I sent all this. How you have grown. Let me see how tall you are. [O. L. standing up.] That is not so bad. Sit down. Where do you suppose you would go if you kept on, you might go through the roof, but you had better stop so. How are you getting on with your work? You have to make people know that you are here. That is a great difficulty." [All this is mere padding, of course. "Gunning" is rank American.]

O. L. : "Do you often want to talk to them?"

Dr. : "Who is Jack? Will you tell me who that is? James (spelling it), that is your (? wife's) cousin."

O. L. : "I don't know."

Dr. : "But you have always said you did not know him. Now I think you are stupid. Why don't you know? this cousin of hers is bound to make himself known. Here is William T—O—M—K—I—N—S—O—N. Yes, that is right. William Tomkinson. He is an old man, with white hair and beard, and he has nothing here (moustache). He passed out with trouble with the bladder. [All correct. See pp. 474, 476.]

O. L. : "Would he like to see Marie? Won't my uncle send his name to Robert?"

Dr. : "Yes. He lost his pocket-book one time with considerable money in it, William did. [Likely enough. A clerk of his decamped with a large sum once.] That is William now. William is here—Tomkinson, and he wants to send his love to Mary, and he says if Mary will only keep quiet, that there is something troubling her, and that if she will only just keep quiet a little and not worry too much she will be much better. Tell her her father says that : her number 2 father" (pp. 468, 474, 476, and 537).

O. L. : "I will tell her." [Here I summoned my wife.]

Dr. : "That Dr. (i.e., Dr. C. again) had two mothers. And tell her that I would like very much to see her."

Mrs. L. : "She still thinks of him. She thinks of him always."

W. Tomkinson : "She was very kind to me and did a great deal for me. She could have done nothing more when I was ill."

Mrs. L. : "Tell him how grieved I was."

W. T. or Dr. : "I know it; but my suffering was all over in a little while. I never suffered since. Be a good girl; courage is everything. Keep up; do your best. You can take my word you will come out all right, and be well. Now that is a good deal. You will positively be well and free from difficulties that now trouble you in the material life."

Dr. : "Wait a minute, and I will speak to him too. That is Alec (p. 472), and Alec says the same. Nothing fought for nothing won, but patience and perseverance overcome all things. Be patient and you will not suffer long. William and Alec say the same."

W. T. : "Ask the little girl if she remembers my illness. I never was so well after that operation." [Possibly true.]

Mrs. L. : "We thought you were better for a time."

W. T. : "I never was. I was only temporarily relieved then. It would

come on again. Until I was relieved of my sufferings, God only knows what I did suffer. [His last 24 hours were one constant agony.] I am not depressed any more. I am happy now, and I have got a good home."

Mrs. L. : "And why were you misunderstood?"

W. T. or Dr. : "Because they could not understand my temperament, my disposition, my peculiarity; but that was my physical state. I have seen it now; that makes me feel happy, Marie. If you ever think . . . of me. Speak to me, my child."

Mrs. L. : "Yes, I do, but am grieved."

Dr. ? : "Why?"

Mrs. L. : "Grieved that you should have been misunderstood."

Dr. ? : "It was not their fault exactly. It was the complaint I told you of, when I spoke to you before. I have seen you before, haven't I? It was not their fault; it was not mine. I could not help it, but I used to seem so, depressed; it seemed there was nothing of good in life for me; but there is something here for me, thank God."

Mrs. L. : "But you enjoyed life, and wanted to stay in the body."

Dr. ? : "I did, but at last I was glad to be relieved, and I am happy now. I am not dead, for I still live. I am not material. You are looking with wonder. I am here and I see you both. I see you all. I am not dead. My body is, but I am not."

Mrs. L. : "And you see the children, don't you?"

Dr. ? : "I see them all, every one of them."

Mrs. L. : "Do you see that little one you were so fond of?"

Dr. ? : "I do, and Marie, too. I remember her when she was a little thing. God bless her. She would be a funny little thing. Little body. No selfishness in her. She was a good child. God bless her. Marie, dear, don't be so grieved."

Mrs. L. : "Do you remember little V.?"

Dr. ? : "I do remember."

O. L. : "Where is he now?"

Dr. ? : "He is with Mary. [i.e., his grandmother: true.] He is better there, and we are going to take good care of him, that nothing serious happens. You remember. See if we don't take good care of him, in your life, not in ours. Our interest is very great, very large, and we could do a great deal."

Dr. : "And, Marie, dear, do not worry; be brave; keep him where he is. Keep him from noise and confusion, for a time. The change will do him good; and do not let him get over-worked. Do not send him to school. Let him stay at home and rest well, and get strong. His nerves are weak, but he will get better. He will pull through, and come out all right. He has got worms. Yes, he has got them still; but he will outgrow it, and make a fine boy. Do not worry. I don't tell you that to encourage you, but because it is true."

Mrs. L. : "Are they little or are they big worms?"

Dr. : "Large, not small, but large worms; that is—they are not tape-worms. No." [True.]

Mrs. L. : "What should we give him?"

Dr. : "You give him vermifuge to take. Suggest some." [N.B.—This is not the usual Phinuit method of prescription: it is quite exceptional.]

O. L. : "Mercury?"

Dr. : "No, too strong. Weaken him."

Mrs. L. : "Santonin? Scammony? Quassia?"

Dr. : "Yes, scammony is good. Give him that with quassia alternately."

O. L. : "Both injected?"

Dr. : "Yes. Best thing of the lot. Do you know who Jerry—J—E—R—R—Y—is?"

O. L. : "Yes. Tell him I want to hear from him."

U. J. : "Tell Robert, Jerry still lives. He will be very glad to hear from me. This is my watch, and Robert is my brother, and I am here. Uncle Jerry—my watch." (Impressively spoken.)

O. L. : "Do you see Aunt Anne now?"

Dr. : "Yes, she looks the same identical; always the same Aunt Anne. . . . We took good care of him. You little woman, didn't we?"

Mrs. L. : "About my boy?"

Dr. : "He will come out all right. He is thin; pale; he looks a little tired; he is nervous; he is a little saint, that fellow; he is a good little fellow, and one of the best. Isn't he? He is good; one of the best; he is nervous, that's what's the matter with him. He means well. Not a better boy in the country than he is. He is nervous, irritable, excitable. Can't allow it. I did not intend to say, but I can see the foundation—that doctor's boy [Sitting 42] is a perfect little devil, and full of it as he can stick. If ever anybody did he will outgrow it, and come out first-class. Fiendish little nature. The other little fellow, domineering. I tell you you have got a great comfort in that boy."

Mrs. L. : "Will he live to be a man?"

Dr. : "Fretting! It is all bosh, and you had better be asleep than fretting about people. Do as I told you. He will come out all right. That's what's the matter. Give him hot water to drink. Give him it to drink at night. He should sometime. You give it to him. Tell him to take it. You make the vermifuge I told you. There is no chance of his going. You will see him change. His nerves won't be so wrong. Show some discretion; have sense. Take good care of yourself, Marie, we'll take good care of him. Change will do him good. There is others in your surroundings that needs looking after just as much and more. You need not worry about any of them for the present. It is all right. It will be all right. God knows best, but you know what I told you, Captain (p. 469). I can't help it. In other matters you need not fret. You will have comfort in that boy yet."

Mrs. L. : "What about the little girl?"

Dr. : "She's all right, no fear about that. You need not worry about her at all. I told you she will have many little pull-downs, drawbacks, disagreeable days. She will come out all right. Be a great companion, don't you fear. She is a good one—going on, too, just as she is. She is not going to be cut off, that I know. I will stake my word of honour on it. But God knows. What He told me to say, and what He allows me to know, I know and no more. I can't help getting mixed up sometimes; and it makes me mad. I'd like to be all straight, not crooked. I do take care of you. When the voice of Dr. Phinuit is no longer heard in the body, remember you had a friend in me, and one who will always look after you, no matter

what one says about me. I go on. I fight, fight them all ; and they will always do. . . . Get good for me to do. God bless you all, and the best wishes. Captain ! Is there anything else ? I will speak to you again. Doctor !”

NOTES.

A. The facts concerning what is often referred to not at all clearly as the joint business life of my two uncles are, I am told, as follows. Uncle Jerry, when young, was mathematical master at Lucton School, in Herefordshire. Then he became actuary to the Palladium Life Insurance Company. When that ceased to exist, he became secretary to a salvage association in the City, and head clerk at Lloyd's. Uncle Robert was all along secretary of the Marine Insurance Company. The businesses were thus not very distinct, but they never technically “worked together,” though after Uncle Jerry became blind he used to go every day into the City and sit through business hours in Uncle Robert's office, where, as a boy, I have often seen him.

B. The facts concerning the photographs are these. There are two framed photographs of Uncle Jerry, and both these I remember having often seen. A print of one of them is in the house, and hence Mrs. Piper may possibly have seen it ; but it is an ugly thing, relegated to some attic. I suppose it belongs to the early days of amateur photography. It consists of a gate in the middle of some iron railings, and standing by each gatepost is a man in a tall hat. One of these men is Uncle Jerry, the other is not Uncle Robert, but a friend of both, the late Major Cheere ; I thought at the time that it was the much more intimate friend of both, Mr. Robert Cheere.

The other photograph referred to is a better one. I have since had it sent me from London. In it Uncle Jerry is sitting down blind on a garden seat, probably at Mr. Cheere's, and near him is sitting a son of one of the gardeners, to whom he is giving a lesson in algebra.

The mention made by Phinuit is ambiguous as to whether it refers to two pictures with figures in different attitudes in each, or whether it means one picture with two figures in different attitudes. My impression at the time was the latter, and my conscientious memory was not able to correct this. But they are shortly afterwards, and again later on, spoken of in the plural, showing that two pictures were really meant (p. 531).

C. The welfare of my only sister, Eleanor, commonly called Nellie, much younger than the brothers, and left in their charge, is naturally a care to us, and the advice given and subsequently iterated again and again by Phinuit, as the one message which my mother was anxious to send, is extremely natural. Mrs. Piper had not seen, nor so far as I know heard of, my sister, who was in Staffordshire during this first series ; but at the second series of sittings she was present on a short visit. The state of her health has for some time made her place of abode and study a serious consideration, and the necessary indecision has been naturally disquieting to herself, as stated. See also many subsequent sittings, *e.g.*, No. 46 of this series (pp. 513, 514, and 532).

The next sitting was the first with our neighbours the Thompsons (p. 455). Mrs. Piper had been introduced to them a day or two before, and liked them particularly ; they are too near neighbours to attempt making strangers of. Their children also she had seen more or less :

though no other relatives. The report might be abbreviated, but portions not evidentially important may be interesting as conveying a good idea of Phinuit's manner.

Sitting No. 45. Tuesday evening, 9.30 p.m. December 24th, 1889.

Present: O. L., Mr. and Mrs. Thompson, and A. L. (p. 494) taking notes.

O. L. holding hands. Mr. and Mrs. T. some way off.

"Hulloa, Captain, I've been talking to your friends. Had a long talk with Uncle Jerry. He remembers you now, as a boy with Aunt Anne [this is exactly how he would remember me], but you were kind of small. He knew you but he didn't know me very well; wondered what the devil I wanted trying to talk to him and how I got here."

"Yes, he remembers his watch—it's in possession of Robert. He used to call him Bob. (Took watch in hands.) Ha! well, this watch came from Russia—yes—Uncle Jerry said so." [Unlikely.]

"I say, those were insurance papers, those things I told you about, insurance papers with seals on them. Do you know?"

O. L.: "No, I don't."

"Well, you tell that to Bob, he'll know all about it." [No.]

"Jerry tells me he had a ring which he used to wear on little finger of left hand; it had a little stone, a stone, a carbuncle in it. The stone had a little nick in it (on one side?), it came from Italy. A clumsy thing. He says he tells this and will tell other things to prove his identity to Bob, and let him know he's there. All specific facts he will tell him. [In saying this sentence Phinuit curiously imitated the manner of U. J.] They used to put a coat with a strap on over his shoulder and play at soldiers, and they got shut up in a room once and couldn't get out, the key wouldn't turn, and they had a job to get them out."

O. L.: "Where was that?"

"Wait a bit, I'll ask him. That was at your grandmother's, at his home."

[None of this can I get verified. The ring is definite enough, but nothing is known of it, and it is extremely unlikely that he ever wore a ring.]

"Who are those people over there?"

O. L.: "Mr. and Mrs. Thompson."

"Oh! why that's the gentleman to whom his father sent his love and said something about Ted. Didn't you tell him?" [Note A.]

O. L.: "Yes, I did, but wasn't sure you meant him." [See pp. 475 and 511.]

"Of course I did. They're a couple, they are. One wants to do something and the other doesn't." [Note B.]

"Haven't they a daughter? Ask them."

O. L.: "Have you a daughter?"

Mrs. T.: "Yes."

"Well, she's kind of pretty, and wears her hair fuzzy and down behind. [Correct.] She wants to do something—they want her not to—well, let her do it—it's all right."

"The lady has an uncle John by marriage. [Correct.] One of the daughters is musical and the other is artistic. It's the musical one, the oldest of the two, she wants to do something." [See p. 525.]

(Watch again.) "You ask Bob if he remembers Fido. He thought more of that than of any single thing he had." [Remembers nothing about it.]

"Here, send those folks over here." [Mrs. T. came from other side of room.] "You're tired, Siss, that's what you are." Mrs. T. : "Yes."

"Well, Uncle John's wife says that girl's going to make a change—and it's the best thing for her. Let her do it. Then another spirit named William connected with the gentleman ; he wants the same thing." [Note D.]

"Come over." (Mr. T. came.) "Well, here's a good sort of fellow. First-rate chap. Ullo, you had a fall on the ice. Shook you up a bit. Not much, but kind of gave you a bound." Mr. T. : "Yes." [Note E.]

"That's nothing, got over it. Do you know Richard, Rich, Mr. Rich?"

Mrs. T. : "Not well, I knew a Dr. Rich." [Note F.]

"That's him, he's passed out. He sends kindest regards to his father. There is something about William. I'll get hold of it."

"I say, Captain, your friends have a lot to tell you, they're just clamouring to get at you. Why the devil don't you give them a chance?"

O. L. : "Well, I will next time."

"There's Marion—Agnes. Ha, ha, I got it that time—Adnes—Agnes."

Mrs. T. : "Agnes, all right."

"How's William? He's all right. He's come on quite surprising. He holds his own pretty well, he used to have rheumatism, but now doing well. He's almighty set—kind of positive." [Note H.]

"Agnes is going away, going to leave you—a joyous go—let her go."

Mrs. T. : "For ever?"

"No, no, for a bit. Let her go."

Mrs. T. : "Who is she?"

"I should say she's a daughter."

Mrs. T. : "Yes, she's going to school."

"Good, that's the best thing you've done." [Note G.]

Mrs. T. : "But there's another daughter."

"Ah, that's Titmouse."

Mrs. T. : "Is that her name?"

"It spells with a T—a devilish funny name. She's a case, she is. She knows a good deal, and is fond of books. Which is it that recites occasionally—is it the tall one? [Note I.] That one with the black hair, she's a good one—going to be a great comfort to you. She's a good-natured little thing, smart and pretty. Isn't she, Alfred? I know her father thinks so too ; don't you, father? [Note G.] Which is it you call Ted? He's kind of lazy little thing. He likes to be helped in putting his boots and clothes on. He's a little inclined to be dumpish. [Note K.] That one beginning with T is more demure than the others, not quite so much fizz in her as in the others—quiet—something like her mother. Theosophy? How do you call that?" [Note I.]

Mrs. T. : "Theodora."

"Ah, yes, Theo Dora. Well, it's a grand name when you've got hold of it. There were two Williams, were there not?" Mr. T. : "Yes."

"One you call Will—he's your brother. [Right.] I think your Uncle William broke his arm." Mr. T. : "No."

"Well, he broke something, it was his leg down there below the knee--

some time ago. He had considerable difficulty with it and used to walk with a stick. [Note L.] You have four children."

Mrs. T. : "Yes, but you've only told us about three."

"Well, the other's a boy : nothing to say about him." [No, robust little girl, never mentioned by Phinuit. Known to Mrs. Piper.]

"It's a good thing you've got over that trouble here (stomach). Kind of heavy at times, but it's better. [Note M.] One of your father's ears was a little deaf. Old gentleman, high forehead, beard, no moustache. Hesitates a little in speech. Wasn't he paralysed?" [Note N.]

Mr. T. : "No, I think not."

"Yes, he was. Passed out in consequence. Ask me any questions." (Handed a bottle of unknown chemical, asking, "What's this?")

"It's strong. It's in pill form. It's got salicylate of soda in it. That's good for rheumatism. You had better not take it at all. Who prepared it?" (Extracting cork and pinching bits to pieces in fingers.)

"Well, they had better prepare one more and die. There's a little bit of cinchona in it, prepared with sugar. Don't you take it."

[Wrong ; it turned out to be sulphate of iron in wrapped-up bottle. It was purposely unknown.]

(Watch handled again. It was a repeater, and happened to go off.)

"Hullo, I didn't do that. Jerry did that, to remind you of him. Here, take it away—it goes springing off—it's alive."

Mrs. T. : "What can we do for Theodora's headaches?"

"Nerves of stomach out of order. Have you got anything of hers to give me?"

O. L. : "Go and get a lock of her hair." (Mr. T. went next door for that purpose.)

"It was Uncle Jerry, the one that had the fall. I'll bring you some more news of him. Give me back his nine-shooter." (Meaning the watch.) [Here hair was brought in, and O. L. and A. L. were ordered by Dr. P. to "clear out," which they did.]

"I don't care to talk diseases before everybody. [Note O.] Confound it, I saw your influence before anyone else here. Didn't the Captain tell you? [pp. 475, 508]. You lost your purse, and if you had told me I could have found it. Your Uncle William takes interest in you, and so does your father. Mighty mean trick about the purse! Lord! done as quick as a fly. [Note P.] Who is the lady wears a cap in the spirit? She don't part her hair in the middle—she sends her love to you (Mrs. T.)."

Mrs. T. : "Perhaps it is my mother."

"Well, I see more than a dozen ladies, but she wears a lace cap. There was some throat trouble in your mother. (Indicating.) [Note Q.] The mother of one of you is in the body. I think it is the gentleman's. She is an angel—she is a good woman—has some trouble with ankle—left one—it catches her. She will be with you for some time." [Note R.]

O. L. : "Do you know Mr. Thompson's brother?"

"No, but I'll find him for you. I don't see him, but will look him up. Captain, I told a gentleman named Hodgson I would look up his father ; and he said in the meantime your medium will be hunting up people in another country ; isn't he a crank?"

"Here's your brother" (to Mr. T.). "I have been to hunt him up. I see he was called Ted, too. Isn't that where you get name Ted from?" [Their son is called Ted; pp. 475, 508].

Mr. T. : "Yes, he was named after Uncle Ted."

"What about the horse—H—O—R—S—E? Yes, horse; it is lame." [Don't understand reference to horse.]

"He says, 'Tell Isaac to be good to mother always; as he has been. You have a good picture of me.'" Mr. T. "Yes."

"When you look at it think of me, and I'll be there. I shall be with you spiritually."

[Here he asked for pencil and scrawled a few words, getting very weak.

Writing just legible afterwards in mirror as "Ted"—"Isaac"—"Horse"—"Dear Brother." Mr. Thompson does not understand "horse" allusion. His mother's horse is not lame. The horse she previously had for 10 years, and sold two years ago, is now quite lame, but that is a most trivial circumstance. Mr. Thompson's name is Isaac, but his brother usually called him Ike].

"For pity's sake, brother, give my love to our mother."

[Here he seemed to be gone altogether, but the voice returned faintly once more.]

"'Annie.' Who's Fanny?" Mr. T. "My sister. Yes?"

"Give my love to Fanny."

(This was the last effort, and very faint.) [See also No. 47, p. 518.]

(Mrs. Piper was some little time coming to, and seemed rather exhausted after this sitting.)

NOTES.

A. Mr. T.'s father and brother Ted both died over 20 years ago.

B. Had just been discussing a proposition on which they took different views.

D. Both uncles' names correct.

E. It is several years since Mr. T. had a fall on the ice, and he does not remember any particular fall.

F. Met Dr. Rich (who died two years since) once, but hardly knew him, and his name was not Richard. [See also later sitting, No. 83, p. 554.]

G. Second daughter *Agnes*, aged 15. (Correct description; rather the favourite of A. L. and Mr. T. as hinted.—O. L.) Going to boarding-school for first time, but, as it has turned out since, she ran away home a week after going, through being unhappy there, and did not return to that school. [See later sittings, Nos. 80 and 81, pp. 540, 541 and 546.]

H. Fairly correct description of Mr. T.'s brother William.

I. Mr. T.'s eldest daughter, *Theodora*. Correct except as to reciting occasionally.

K. Very correct description of Mr. T.'s little son Ted (eight years old).

L. Refers to Mr. T.'s brother William (H), and to his Uncle William. Latter lived most of his later life in America, but cannot ascertain that he ever broke his leg or arm. (Am writing to question relations in America.)

M. Correct reference to an illness of Mr. T.'s.

N. Incorrect reference to Mr. T.'s father, who died suddenly of fatty degeneration.

O. Mr. T.'s daughter's (*I*) headaches well described, and some very old-fashioned herb remedies suggested, with the recommendation to see him (Dr. P.) again in six weeks if not cured.

P. Mr. T. was robbed of his purse in London 30 years ago—serious matter to him then.

Q. Remarkably correct description of Mrs. T.'s mother, who always wore lace caps and with ribbons to hide a lump on throat—she parted her hair at side.

R. Mr. T.'s mother, aged 81, living in Cheshire. The statement about pain in ankle was true; she had rheumatic pains in left ankle at the time.

Note added by Mr. T., August, 1890.—Referring to Note *L* above, and the asserted lameness of my Uncle William, I have just received the following reply from my cousin in Toronto, to whom I wrote making inquiries:—

"July 19, 1890. I am certain that father never broke either his arm or his leg. He had, however, a good deal of trouble from swelling in his ankles and the lower part of his legs, during the latter part of his life, while in Virginia. Looking over mother's old letters from Charlottesville, this morning, we found several references to his being laid up from this cause, and also to a swelling of the hand, which afflicted him a good deal. I cannot recall anything at any other period of his life in any way corresponding to your questions."

—————

Sitting No. 46. Christmas Day, 1889. 11.40 a.m.

Present: O. L. and Alfred Lodge, Professor of Mathematics at Cooper's Hill (taking notes).

"How are you, Captain? Who have you got to see us this time?"

O. L.: "No one. We are having this to ourselves." (Handing in a letter.)

"How's Mr. Thompson? He's all right, is he? I am pleased he was here. How are you, Alfred? Aunt Anne told me to ask you who had her books."

A. L.: "They were divided, and some sold."

"Give me some things of Aunt Anne's, and give me Uncle Jerry's watch again. Do you remember when Jerry and Bob moved?" "No."

"They did. They changed into some new building. Bob will remember, and it was just about the time he had the watch, years ago. [Not clearly intelligible.] Uncle Robert hasn't been very well lately; been feeling poorly."

"Yes."

"He does more good than anyone. He is eccentric, but open and kind-hearted. But not very well. Uncle Jerry saw him a few hours ago. He was lying down and resting on a couch—so he is now—there is a large picture just over couch, a fine old clock on the right as you go in, and a large chair and desk. Who's that old lady there?—in another apartment—very simple, modest-looking old lady—nothing peculiar; plain, neat-looking, got a funny frill round her neck and a big pin(?) instead of collar. Her dress is with figures, stripes all over it, little black marks; black dress with little marks all over it. Very kind-hearted, but kind of a fickle person more or less. There's a young girl, kind of stout, not been there very long.

She's just made a call. Got a little bundle in her hand. A caller of some kind. Now you know. There's a domestic upstairs brushing or dusting something." [See Note A.]

"Aunt Anne wants to know where her very dark brown cloak is; if Eleanor has it. A funny-looking thing; is that what you call sealskin? She would like Ellen to have it. They want Ellen—Ellenly—Ellen to make a change in her surroundings, for her good, at least until Alfred is settled. She is all mixed up now. [True.] She should come into your surroundings, the work will be good for her, it will take her out of herself. Give her something to think about, it will be better for her physically and every way. Your mother says so, Uncle Jerry says so, Uncle John says so, your mother and father say so, and Aunt Anne says so. There now, they are very anxious about it." [See Note C to No. 44, p. 507; also pp. 502, 514, 531, and 539.]

O. L. : "But they must send her name better."

"Give me a pencil. (Wrote on back of letter while holding it to forehead the word "Nellie" distinctly.) [Her name is Eleanor, but she is nearly always called Nellie.] There, that's her name, and that's your Aunt Anne's writing; she wrote it. [Not unlike. See Note B.] This was a Russian watch—the Emperor of Russia once had it. [Know nothing of this.] I say, do you know Captain—Mr. Wheeler? A friend of Bob's."

"No."

"He says he will know him—he's in spirit. He was once connected with the navy, or with artillery, or something; at any rate, he was an officer. And Charles Mason, do you know him?"

"No."

"He was connected with insurance. He had a scar on his face. He remembers Jerry." [Cannot find out about these persons; I learn that there was an Alfred Mason who knew him.]

"This letter is from your mother, I know." [Correct.]

O. L. : "Yes."

"You ought to have gone and seen your mother before she passed out."

O. L. : "I didn't know she was ill. I had seen her a week before."

"She was very ill. You should have known, and gone. Your mother says Henry is a long way off, and you have not heard of him for some time, but you will soon."

O. L. : "I haven't heard yet." [See note to Sitting No. 16, p. 466.]

"Oh, that will be all right. He's in Australia. He's had trouble with his head."

O. L. : "I wish you could tell us exactly where he is. We none of us know."

"I will get your mother or your father to go and find his address. Mr. Davies' friend's sister in another country wanted to find her brother, and I told her where he was, and she found him at the number in Regent-street. He had been gone for twelve years."

O. L. : "Well, please find Henry like that." [See p. 522.]

"I will try. Your brother—he's a rattle-headed sort of fellow. He was in California at one time. He's knocked about a good deal. He's bound to find his way through the world, no fear. Who does Aunt Anne call Arthur? Is he a cousin of yours?"

O. L. : "Yes, I suppose so." [A cousin of whom she thought a good deal.]

"Oh dear, there's something very bad about this. Here's a little child called Stevenson—two of them—one named Mannie (I Minnie) wants to send her love to her father in the body and the mother in the body—she had sore throat and passed out. He is very bad, and has gone away, very unhappy. She's clinging to me and begging me to tell you that she's little Mannie Stevenson, and that her father's almost dead with grief—he sits crying, crying dreadful, and he's gone away very unhappy. Tell him she's not dead, but sends her love to him ; and tell him not to cry."

O. L. : "Can she send her name any better?"

"Oh, they called her Pet, and when she was ill they called her Birdie. And tell manma, too, do."

"Well, I will if I can." [Have not been able to identify these people.]

"Oh dear. I'm surrounded by friends. They all want to speak. Your father's name was Oliver. Do you know it, Alfred?"

"Yes."

"What does he say about coming (?) here? He had something to do with Bob before he passed out. It was the last place he went to. [See Note C.] At his last interview he didn't feel very well. He wants to know whether Alfred has got his mind made up yet."

A. L. : "Yes, pretty well now."

"He's got a lot of young men all round him, Alfred has, talking to them. What is it? Are you a professor too?"

A. L. : "Yes, I am now."

"What have you to do with the sun and the moon? Your work is going on splendidly. It wants patience and perseverance. Captain, your friends are very anxious about Nelly. They know she's not been feeling well. Let her be in your surroundings for a little while. It will do her good. If you can't see it now you will see it in the future. It will do her much good if she makes that change. It's true, I tell you. They know what they are talking about. It will be good for you all. Our poor little Alfred can't see it as we can. He wants her in his surroundings to be with him. Your mother says it's not wise, not yet, anyhow. Perhaps later on. It's infinitely better that she should be with you now. She says distinctly, 'She must be in Oliver's surroundings for a while.' [All this advice would be exceedingly important if it could be depended on; *i.e.*, it is a subject on which advice is wanted. See notes on p. 507. Her keeping house for Alfred was one of the floating ideas.] Because she's not very well—not feeling at all well. She can content herself in your surroundings. It will give her responsibility and take her out of herself until some other change is made. It is of the utmost physical and mental importance. Do you understand?—physical and mental. They see her now. She is now writing (12.20)—has got a little pencil. [She would be in church then, in Staffordshire.] I have got Aunt Anne as well as your father and mother. Isn't this curious that I can talk to you now? You know I told you that if ever I found it possible to communicate with you I would. I said so before I passed out, and here I am talking to you." [See also p. 470.]

O. L. : "Yes, I remember perfectly." [Note D.]

"Alfred, you will be happier now that you are more settled in your mind. You will be happy, and contented, and respected. You will have to go to

Uncle Bob for information about things you don't know. That looks like Uncle Bob, that one that sits there. Just as you go in at the door on the left side where the old lady is with figures on her dress, there's a picture up there, a good picture. Do you know about Uncle Jerry's gun, a little rifle?—he thinks Bob has it. They were out with it together long ago. [I find he had a rifle : pp. 526-528.] Bob is nearly finished up. Well, it's a good thing ; his brain is tired, he's getting old. What's he been doing with the church ? He gave something to it the other day only. [Often does, and gave to Barking Church not long ago, but nothing particularly noteworthy.] Aunt Anne, she had lots of books, what became of them ?”

“Several of us had some.”

“Tell Charley I am not dead but living and happy in the spirit. [Charley was her nephew and adopted son, now in Canada.] Your uncle has remembered a great deal. It isn't easy. Spirits forget much that happened in the body, they have other interests. Wherever you go either of you I will do all I can for you. Captain, I'm going to talk with your father and find out Henry's address from him, and then you write as I tell you.”

“I certainly will.”

“He's the most erratic and unsettled of the family. If I could have taken you into my house and surroundings a little earlier it would have been better for you. That's Aunt Anne. But it can't be helped now.”

“I am very grateful for what you did.”

“To appreciate my advice is one thing, to remember me is another. Don't forget me, my boy. Jerry says, ‘Do you know Bob's got a long skin—a skin like a snake's skin—upstairs, that Jerry got for him ?’ It's one of the funniest things you ever saw. Ask him to show it you. [Note E.] Oh, hear them talking ! Captain !”

NOTES.

A. I have ascertained that on Christmas morning he went to church, so the surroundings depicted are not contemporaneous. Neither are they very specific or accurate. He did have to lie down and rest on a couch a good deal at this time, and I knew it. The description of the room is not identifying : the thing on the right as you go in is not a clock. There was a young visitor in the house, but not a caller. The old lady in the black dress with black figures on is the only definitely correct item. I have since seen the dress, ascertained that it was the one probably worn on Christmas Day, and should describe it myself as above (p. 512).

B. This writing was not “mirror-writing.” Usually when *Phinuit* wrote on card held in front of him the writing was perverted so as to be legible in a mirror ; sometimes each letter was right but the order perverted. Single letters like capitals were made properly. But when the writing was done on paper held to Mrs. Piper's forehead, *i.e.*, with the hand turned round—pencil towards face—as in the present instance, the writing was ordinary. The handwriting is hardly good enough for me to identify it with my aunt's, or to discriminate it securely from Mrs. Piper's.

C. I have since asked at Highgate whether my father had been there not long before he died, and one of my cousins at once replied, “Yes, it was the last place he went to,” exactly in *Phinuit's* words (p. 514). It seems to have been a pleasant and remembered visit. Doubtless, however, I had known

something about it at the time. The remarks to A. L., next following, are, as it happens, extremely natural observations.

D. Doubtless a common enough incident; but it was very seriously said, and my aunt is the only person who ever said it to me: she was troubled about my nascent scepticism. The phrase "passed out" is Phinuit-ese.

E. This episode of the skin is noteworthy. I cannot imagine that I ever had any knowledge of it. Here is my Uncle Robert's account of it when I asked him about it: "Yes, a crinkly thin skin, a curious thing; I had it in a box, I remember it well. Oh, as distinct as possible. Haven't seen it for years, but it was in a box with his name cut in it; the same box with some of his papers."

Sitting No. 47. Evening of Christmas Day, 1889, 6.20 p.m.

Present: O. J. L. and A. L. (taking notes).

"Captain, do you know that as I came I met the medium going out, and she's crying. Why is that?"

O. L.: "Well, the fact is she's separated from her children for a few days, and she is feeling rather low about it."

"How are you, Alfred? I've your mother's influence strong. (Pause.) By George! that's Aunt Anne's ring (feeling ring I had put on my hand just before sitting), given over to you. And Olly dear, that's one of the last things I ever gave you. It was one of the last things I said to you in the body when I gave it you for Mary. I said, 'For her, through you.'" [This is precisely accurate. The ring was her most valuable trinket, and it was given in the way here stated not long before her death. See also pp. 468, 470, 514.]

O. L.: "Yes, I remember perfectly."

"I tell you I know it. I shall never forget it. Keep it in memory of me, for I am not dead. Each spirit is not so dim (?) that it cannot recollect its belongings in the body. They attract us if there has been anything special about them. I tell you, my boy, I can see it just as plain as if I were in the body. It was the last thing I gave you, for her, through you, always in remembrance of me. (Further conversation and advice, ending) Convince yourself, and let others do the same. We are all liable to make mistakes; but you can see for yourself. Here's a gentleman wants to speak to you."

"Lodge, how are you? I tell you I'm living, not dead. That's me. You know me, don't you?"

O. L.: "Yes. Delighted to see you again." [Mr. E. See also pp. 493, 524, 552.]

"Don't give it up, Lodge. Cling to it. It's the best thing you have. It's coarse in the beginning, but it can be ground down fine. You'll know best and correct (?). It can only come through a trance. You have to put her in a trance. You've got to do it that way to make yourself known."

O. L.: "Is it bad for the medium?"

"It's the only way, Lodge. In one sense it's bad, but in another it's good. It is her work. If I take possession of the medium's body and she goes out, then I can use her organism to tell the world important truths. There is an infinite power above us. Lodge, believe it fully. Infinite over all; most marvellous. One can tell a medium, she's like a ball of light. You look as dark and material as possible, but we find two or three lights

shining. It's like a series of rooms with candles at one end. Must use analogy to express it. When you need a light you use it, when you have finished you put it out. They are like transparent windows to see through. Lodge, it's a puzzle. It's a puzzle to us here in a way, though we understand it better than you. I work at it hard. I do. I'd give anything I possess to find out. I don't care for material things now, our interest is much greater. I'm studying hard how to communicate; it's not easy. But it's only a matter of a short time before I shall be able to tell the world all sorts of things through one medium or another. [And so on for some time.] Lodge, keep up your courage, there is a quantity to hope for yet. Hold it up for a time. Don't be in a hurry. Get facts; no matter what they call you, go on investigating. Test to fullest. Assure yourself, then publish. It will be all right in the end—no question about it. It's true."

O. L. : "You have seen my Uncle Jerry, haven't you?"

"Yes, I met him a little while ago—a very clever man—had an interesting talk with him."

O. L. : "What sort of person is this Dr. Phinuit?"

"Dr. Phinuit is a peculiar type of man. He goes about continually, and is thrown in with everybody. He is eccentric and quaint, but good-hearted. I wouldn't do the things he does for anything. He lowers himself sometimes—it's a great pity. He has very curious ideas about things and people; he receives a great deal about people from themselves (?). And he gets expressions and phrases that one doesn't care for, vulgar phrases he picks up by meeting uncanny people through the medium. These things tickle him, and he goes about repeating them. He has to interview a great number of people, and has no easy berth of it. A high type of man couldn't do the work he does. But he is a good-hearted old fellow. Good-bye, Lodge. Here's the Doctor coming."

O. L. : "Good-bye, E. Glad to have had a chat with you."

[Doctor's voice reappears.] "This [ring] belongs to your aunt. Your Uncle Jerry tells me to ask. . . . By the way, do you know Mr. E.'s been here; did you hear him?"

O. L. : "Yes, I've had a long talk with him."

"Wants you to ask Uncle Bob about his cane. He whittled it out himself. It has a crooked handle with ivory on the top. Bob has it, and has initials cut in it. [There is a stick, but description inaccurate.] He has the skin also, and the ring. And he remembers Bob killing the cat and tying its tail to the fence to see him kick before he died. He and Bob and a lot of the fellows all together, in Smith's field I think he said. Bob knew Smith. And the way they played tit-tat-too on the window-pane on All Hallows' Eve, and they got caught that night too. [Concerning Smith's field and the cat-killing see notes on p. 527.] Aunt Anne wants to know about her sealskin cloak. Who was it went to Finland, or Norway?"

O. L. : "Don't know."

"Do you know Mr. Clark?—a tall dark man, in the body."

O. L. : "I think so."

"His brother wants to send his love to him. Your Uncle Jerry, do you know, has been talking to Mr. E. They have become very friendly. E. has been explaining things to him. Uncle Jerry says he will tell all

the facts, and all about families near, and so on, that he can recall. He says if you will remember all this and tell his brother, he will know. If he doesn't fully understand he must come and see me himself, and I will tell him. How's Mary?"

O. L. : "Middling, not very well."

"Glad she's going away. [She was, to the Continent. Mrs. Piper knew it.] William is glad. His wife used to be very distressed about him. You remember his big chair where he used to sit and think."

O. L. : "Yes, very well."

"He often goes and sits down there now. Takes it easy, he says. He used to sit opposite a window sometimes with his head in his hands, and think, and think, and think. [This was at his office.] He has grown younger in looks, and much happier. It was Alec that fell through a hole in the boat, Alexander Marshall, her first father. [Correct, as before.] Where's Thompson? the one that lost the purse" (p. 510).

O. L. : "Yes, I know."

"Well, I met his brother and he sent love to all--to sister Fanny, he told me specially. He tried to say it just as he was going out, but had no time--was too weak."

O. L. : "Oh yes, we just heard him." [See end of Sitting No. 45, p. 511.]

"Oh, you did; that's all right. She's an angel, he has seen her to-day. Tell Ike I'm very grateful to him. Tell Ike the girls will come out all right. Ted's mother and . . . And how's Susie? Give Susie my love" (p. 523).

O. L. : "I couldn't find that Mr. Stevenson you gave me a message to. What's his name?" [p. 514.]

"What, little Minnie Stevenson. Don't you know his name is Henry? Yes, Henry Stevenson. Mother in spirit, too, not far away. Give me that watch. [Trying to open it.] Here, open it. Take it out of its case. Jerry says he took his knife once and made some little marks up here with it, up here near the handle, near the ring, some little cuts in the watch. Look at it afterwards in a good light and you will see them."

[There is a little engraved landscape in the place described, but some of the skylines have been cut unnecessarily deep, I think, apparently out of mischief or idleness. Certainly I knew nothing of this, and had never before had the watch out of its case.—O. J. L. See also p. 528.]

Sitting No. 48. Noon, December 26th.

Present: O. L., A. L., M. L., and Briscoe (taking notes).

"Hn! How are you, Captain? You are all right. What have you done with Aunt Anne's ring? Well, give it to me. I told her all about that. She was very much pleased that you had kept it all that while. Very good thing, wasn't it? She said that she was very sorry that Charley ate the bird—the chicken—and made himself sick. He has had a trouble with his stomach. Her Charley. [Mentioned also near end of Sitting No. 46.] And he has been troubled for some little time. The bird made him sick. Some kind of bird. Quite sick. It troubled him a good deal. You write and ask him. But it is so. You will find it was. He will tell you. [He is in Canada, but I have written to find out.] (See note, p. 520.) Was a little feverish with it. That's what is the matter."

O. L. : "Anything else?"

"Not particularly, and if you ask you will find it so. I tell you this because you don't know it, and that is the kind of thing you like."

After some vague talk and some remonstrance at the number of persons present, Phinuit began referring to clerk (who continued taking notes at a distance), saying :—

"He has the blues, that little fellow [no]; he is thinking of going away, and he will go soon to another part of the world. [Was thinking of it some years ago.] Your brother has had a tooth out. [True.] Your aunt ^{Emma}_{Maria} told me that. [Name wrong.] She's with me; you don't know her. Your grandmother is a nice old lady. First name is Emma; she's in spirit. [Name of grandmother was Fanny.] You tell him to ask his mother. Who is George Edward H.?—he hurt his hand, that fellow you (Briscoe) saw at the party, right through palm, had it sprained. Your brother knows him, too. [Don't recognise this at all.] You were at a party talking to a fair girl [incorrect], and this gentleman, George Edward, is connected with her, and a brother Fred. [No notion of all this.] You look it up, you're too busy now. . . . (Still referring to clerk.) That fellow's name is Ed. . . ." (Went on about Uncle Jerry and other things. . . . And then :) "There seems to be some of that fellow's friends about here whom I can't avoid. There's a lot, and I can't get things straight. You will have to let me talk to him and get all his influence, and then I will talk to the rest of you. I can't help it. Get out. You don't mind me, do you?"

[Exeunt O. L., A. L., and M. L.]

(Clerk now came and took one hand, taking brief notes with the other.)

"Your relations make me get mixed; they confuse me when I'm talking to the Captain, so if I mention anyone belonging to you you must tell me, that we may keep things straight. There's an old lady in the spirit talking to me, and her influence disturbs me. [Grandmother died a few years ago.] Ask your brother if he don't know those people at party, and that fellow who hurt his hand, George Edward H., and he's got a brother Fred. You have a cousin Charley [true] that stops in your home [no, his brother used to], and a cousin named Harry. [True.] There are six in your family, four boys and two girls. [Correct.] The sister is Minnie. [Correct.] She is cranky, stupid sometimes [true], but she will grow out of that. Your mother has a pain in her head sometimes. [No.] Minnie is musical. [Not particularly.] One brother writes a great deal. [I do myself.] Your name is Ed. [Correct.] Your grandmother keeps calling Ed. You ask about those people I told you of, and you will find it's true. [Have made diligent inquiries ineffectually.] I want the Captain. See you, Captain, that fellow's straight. Now, then, Alfred and Marie. Got straightened out a little bit? That's all right. Here, Alfred, I've got to talk to you. All the rest skip."

[All retire but A. L.]

[He then gave Alfred the name and general description of the lady to whom he had quite recently become engaged, with some details of her family, the latter not without some groping; the Christian name of the lady (Winfred) was written on paper without any groping. Then Uncle Jerry was represented as speaking and giving good advice, also saying he had been to France after an illness [which I

find is true]. Then some predictions and a lot of unverifiable talk about things in general (souls and spirits, &c.), with the following assertions concerning Phinuit himself :—]

“ I have been 30 to 35 years in spirit, I think. I died when I was 70 of leprosy, very disagreeable. I had been to Australia and Switzerland. My wife's name was Mary Latimer. I had a sister Josephine (p. 495). John was my father's name. I studied medicine at Metz, where I took my degree at 30 years old, married at 35. Get someone to look all this up, and take pains about it. Look up the town of —, also the Hôtel Dieu in Paris. I was born in Marseilles, am a Southern French gentleman. Find out a woman named Carey. Irish. Mother Irish, father French. I had compassion on her in the hospital. My name is John Phinuit Schlevelle (or ? Clavelle), but I was always called Dr. Phinuit. Do you know Dr. Clinton Perry ? Find him at Dupuytren, and this woman at the Hôtel Dieu. There's a street named Dupuytren, a great street for doctors. . . . This is my business now, to communicate with those in the body, and make them believe our existence.”

NOTE added September, 1890.—Concerning the episode recorded at the beginning of the above sitting : I wrote to a cousin who had emigrated last October to join her brother (the “ Charley ” referred to) in Manitoba, asking her if he had eaten any particular bird about Christmas time which had disagreed with him. Only recently have I got full information on the subject, the unsportsmanlike character of the act possibly, but more likely the difficulty of realising any sense in the inquiry, being responsible for some of the delay. The evidence now obtained is as follows :—

“ The boys shot a prairie hen as they were coming home one night, near the beginning of December, out of season, when there was a fine for killing these birds. So we had to hide it. It was hung for about a fortnight, and a few days before Christmas we eat it, Charley eating most. The bird didn't make him ill, but he was ill at the time, having the grippe. He went to town either that night or next day, and was certainly worse when he returned.”

Sitting No. 49. Afternoon of December 26th, 1889.

Present : O. L., alone ; afterwards M. L. also.

[After a good deal of Phinuit conversation, O. L. trying to get some facts within his own knowledge only, without any definite success, Uncle Jerry was reported as being on the scene, and O. L. took notes.]

[Dr. P.] “ Oliver and — started for school one day and played by the way. Their mother followed and gave them a tuning, and kept them in all the time. He had a suit of white clothes with a little check in them, your father had. They built up a kind of see-saw, and tore his coat, and for that he got two days' hard study. [Can't verify any of this. It is true that their mother was somewhat of a martINETTE.] The boys bought a fishing tackle, went out in a boat, and got caught in a storm. The aunt, your father's sister, Fanny, she screened Oliver out of it, and dried his clothes for him. [It is true that Fanny was the *only* sister, and was sufficiently older to make this episode likely.] Jerry went to Paris and wrote back to Bob about the things he had seen and done. He and Bob planned one day

to go away together to another part of your country ; they were gone several months, their mother begging and imploring them to come home. Soon after this she was taken ill. [None of this true of J. and B. May have been true of two other brothers. Something of the kind was, but cannot fix it.] Don't forget the ring, ask him about that, and about swimming the creek. He's got a piece of statuary there, Jerry bought it himself with his own money. A man with a sack over his shoulder, his arm to his side, with elbow projecting, looking down seriously, a dog by his side. [Cannot verify this.] Your Uncle Robert's in London. [True.] He, Bob, and your father went to see the animals in London, and that was another fright your grandmother got. Your uncle had an Uncle Richard. Jerry wanted to go into the jewellery business [nonsense], but that slumped through. When Jerry went to school he drew out plans. One was a lawyer. There was a sort of break-up in the family. Have you seen an old desk, an old-fashioned desk high up in the house, at the back ?" [None of this is any good. There is an old desk of his, but that's a matter of course.]

O. L. : "No. Do you remember the fall you spoke of ?" [See many previous sittings; but see also pp. 528 and 557.]

"I fell, I fell near a building, and never was well after it. We were riding at the time, and I hit my head, and all the facts about that I can't remember. I was thrown, and I remember the building just as I turned round it. Collision. (? Coliseum.) Narrow escape. My head troubled me a good deal, and I hurt my leg and my back and my head. Shook me up all over. I was not senseless. The blindness came from the fall. I can see fast enough now."

NOTE.—This is, I believe, correct, but within my knowledge. I remember having been told that he had a severe fall from his horse when middle-aged ; it injured his spine, and gradually total blindness came on. I have no recollection of him except blind. I feel as if I had a dim recollection of having been told that it was near the Coliseum that he fell, but do not know that it was so.

"Bob's the soul of honour. He does a lot of good, and he'll do more good yet. He's troubled with rheumatism a little. His thoughts are confused, and his memory is troubled. He doesn't remember quite so well. [All quite true.] Does he remember the Smith's field and the Smith boys ?"

"No ; I'm sorry to say he does not." [See, however, pp. 527 and 557.]

"And I had stacks and stacks of papers of all kinds, and I don't know where they are. I think Bob has them. [Yes, he has.] Robert is trying to read something now. [5.20.] Whatever is it ? [It is true that he was trying to refresh his memory by looking up old papers of Uncle Jerry's ; but precise time unverified.] Jerry says, 'Oliver, I am not dead, and if they think so they're mistaken. I am living, and conscious of you all.' [Here I handed in a chain.] This is Oliver's [i.e., my father's : true]. He's here now. I couldn't do for you, my son, as I would like to. Fate was against me, too, for a time." (Here was an interval of unnoted things.)

(Then came Mrs. Lodge, and Phinuit began to diagnose her illness, which he did very exactly, and to prescribe for her. The prescription was wild carrot infusion and laudanum lotions, with precise and minute instructions. The prescriptions have done good. The complaint has been a long-standing one. See also p. 546.)

(Here she handed in a fruit knife.) "This is William's. [Right.] Your mother has got his watch and chain. [Right.] She will never get married again. She has a picture of him. They talked about having it copied." [Right.]

M. L. : "What sort of picture?"

"It's a painting of him."

M. L. : "Who did it?"

"Wait a bit, I'll ask him. Oh I see, you done it yourself. [True, and he used to be pleased with it.] He says so. It's a good one. You're a good little girl, Mary. I say, do you know who Isabella is?"

M. L. : "Yes, yes."

"Oh, it is splendid; you never saw her sad. Though she had her troubles, too."

M. L. : "She had, indeed."

"She is as beautiful as ever, and as pure as the snow. She's a good creature. I tell you, you dear thing, to be as brave as I was—always do the best you can; do what your conscience tells you. Take that advice from Isabella. Oh, what larks we had! Oh! (Laughing all over.) Do you remember Clara? (Laughing again, and jiggling about in chair.) I'll sing for you. Why, Mary dear, who ever thought to see you again like this, and Oliver too? Oh, such fun! What shall I do for you now I'm here?"

M. L. : "Sing us one of your songs."

"Shall I? You used to sing and play some yourself. Your papa and I have more fun than you could shake a stick at. Mary, how fat you are! Where are your crimps? (Feeling hair.) You used to crimp it. [True.] Getting lazy, eh? Well, this is fun to see you again. Oh, I do feel so happy. (Dr. P. chuckling.) She whistled, and away she goes. I never saw such a merry girl as that, never. How happy she is. Mary, it's about time you brightened up."

[This extraordinary episode was very realistic, and represented our memory of a bright-dispositioned aunt by marriage of my wife's. See also next sitting, p. 524.]

"Captain, Henry is at 127, Regent-street, Philadelphia. I couldn't get it right before. I thought it was Australia (p. 513). You write to him there."

O. L. : "I certainly will."

[I have, but felt sure there could be no Regent-street in Philadelphia. Since then my brother has written from New York.]

"Alfred's gone to see Dick. [He had gone to stay with another brother, 1102 Dick; Mrs. Piper knew where he had gone.] You think I'll raise Old Harry about Nelly, don't you?"

"How do you mean?"

"Make difficulties with the other brothers. [I had that idea about Dick.] Has your Dr. William asked about the horse?"

[Dr. C.'s name is William, but I know nothing about a horse in connection with him.]

"Here's a spirit named Thomas; who's that?" O. L. : "I don't know."

"Do you have to do with a college, Captain?" O. L. : "Yes."

"Well, this one had to do with it. He was talking to me when I was at that young fellow."

O. L. : "What's his name?"

"It's not Edmund nor Frank. James, John. No. He's very anxious to talk to you, trying all he can to speak to you, seems awfully pleased to see you again ; but he can't speak plain."

(Suspecting whom it might be, I got out a photograph and asked), "Is that he?"

"Yes, that's him. A vessel burst, and he went out suddenly. [True.] His blood stopped immediately. I wanted to go, he says. My head wasn't quite level." [His death was said to be due to the bursting of a vessel in his head, but I knew that the cause of this was a pistol-bullet.]

O. L. : "Ah, I thought so."

"Ullo, here's two come for him. However did that man come here? They have taken him back. He is not with us yet. He saw you and burst out."

(Mrs. L. handed in a hat.) "That's William's. [True, p. 504.] That's my hat. Glad to see it. Mary's managed the place splendidly. [True.] There is one of the boys there with her."

M. L. : "Yes ; little V."

"I see him, dear little chap. Where's my stick? Yes, that's it. You believe I'm here, don't you? You remember my sitting in that big chair with arms to it, and my feet propped up, when I was ill?" [This is correct. His feet were propped and rolled up, in a special big chair.]

"And I used to get up and walk about with this stick. The other was crooked, with a big handle. That was the last one. [True. This "other" stick has been verified, and it is the last one. It has a large knob. We did not know of it.] (Umbrella brought in.) That's my umbrella. That's the handle ; yes. I remember the things well."

The next sitting is chiefly one with our neighbours, Mr. and Mrs. Thompson. Mr. Thompson's mother is an old Quaker lady, living on the Cheshire side of the Mersey. In this sitting Mrs. Piper mentioned *all* Mr. T.'s brothers and sisters by name, as well as his wife and children—except the third daughter, Sylvia, who was dismissed as a boy in an earlier sitting, a child in robust health. Mrs. Piper had given the Thompsons a previous sitting, see pp. 508 and 518, where "Ike" and "Susie" are Mr. and Mrs. T. (See also pp. 540, 544, 553.) They cannot, for evidential purposes, be considered as strangers. At the same time, although we have known them well for eight years, many of the things said were unknown to us. Some of the note-taking and most of the annotations are by Mr. Thompson.

Sitting No. 50, and last of first series. Evening of December 26th, 1889.

Present : O. L., Mr. and Mrs. Thompson ; and later M. L. also.

(I handed in a fresh watch, and Phinuit said it had been my father's. [True.] He also seized the chain, hitched the two together, and felt about for something to go on at the other end ; trying on watch-key, but not being satisfied with it, and groping for some time. [See No. 75, p. 536.] Then he repeated, "Henry is now at 127, Regent-street, Philadelphia ; that's so. [No.] (To Mrs. T.): How's Ted? [Her son.] Your mother sends her love, and

wants to know where her two rings are? She had two. [Don't know about rings.] She has the cap on, and hair parted on one side. [Correct.] Your mother sends her love to you, Susie. [Usual name.] She takes care of a little bit of a baby in the spirit that belonged to you. It puts its hand up like that. It hardly lived with you at all; but it lives in the spirit. Your mother takes care of it, and your sister in the spirit. [Mrs. T.'s child, a boy, died in birth. Mr. T. happens to have had one previous sitting with a medium, viz. Miss Fowler, 14 years ago, and curiously she, too, asserted that this child was under the care of Mrs. T.'s mother.] Emily is in the body. [Mrs. T.'s sister; right.] (To Mr. T.): Ted is a great deal with your mother; she says, 'My poor boy,' and often thinks about him. [An unlikely expression for Mrs. T., sen., but she does often think about him.] He is studying still, and writes a great deal, and helps a lot of young fellows. [He was a promising medical student at Edinburgh, and died just after taking his degree.] Don't let them think I am dead. Tell mother and Fanny I am alive." [Fanny is his surviving sister (p. 518)].

(To Mrs. L.): "Aunt Izzie wants to talk to you. [See previous sitting, p. 522. 'Isabella'; Aunt Izzie was her familiar name.] Shall I sing to you? What would you like? You have not been well lately. Are you glad to hear of Aunt Izzie? I could almost come back and die over again to see you. You tell Mary that her sister Isabel still lives; tell her she has done nobly; tell her William and I are together. That lazy gardener! [This message is exceedingly intelligible. The Mary referred to is my wife's mother, recently widowed, and left with a house and garden to manage in Staffordshire. "Aunt Izzie" had been staying with her quite recently, at a time when the gardener was troublesome.] (Then the voice and manner changed, as in *Sittings* 40 and 47.) Don't give up a good thing, Lodge. . . . Who is here?"

O. L.: "This is my wife."

"How do you do, Mrs. Lodge? (Shaking hands.) I remember having tea with you once." [The ostensible speaker, Mr. E., had done so.]

O. L.: "Mr. and Mrs. Thompson."

"Yes, I remember you, I think. [They had once met.] Good-bye, Lodge; don't divulge my secrets" (p. 493).

O. L.: "No, all right; good-bye."

(Dr. P. again, to Mr. T.): "Ted is asking about George. Don't forget to tell him I asked about him, and send my love. [George is a brother.] (To Mrs. T.): Susie, I don't like Alice and Maud; friends of one of your girls." [Don't know them.]

Mr. T.: "Can you tell me about my other sister?"

"Sarah—no—Eliza—Maria—that's it. She's all right. We are together and happy. That's Ted's sister and Ike's sister. She and Ted and father are all together. She teaches entirely, and is very religious. But she doesn't know you (Mrs. T.) in spectacles. (Took them off.) That's right; now I know you."

[Remarkably correct description of Mr. T.'s sister, Eliza Maria, who died 27 years ago. Mrs. T. (then unmarried) did not then wear spectacles, but knew her well.]

(To Mrs. T.): "I see your father, mother, and two sisters. [These have died.] I am not acquainted with your father. I am going to be candid, and

can't tell you what he does. I will see if I can find him. (A pause. Laughing.) Your father is covered from top to toe with paint. His room is covered with pictures all round. We have everything of that kind with us. He is so happy—wouldn't come back for anything."

[Mrs. T.'s father made painting and art his entire hobby for all time spared from business, and regretted not being able to live for it.]

"Your father says he is going to take charge of one of your girls, and teach her how to paint. Theosophy it is. If I don't speak true may I never speak again. He will assist her spiritually—inspire her. [Mrs. T.'s eldest daughter Theodora is very fond of painting.] The other one is going to take up music—the dark-haired one. [Incorrect. She has no musical faculty—she paints, too, a little.] (To Mrs. T.): Your sister curled her hair in a very funny way (indicating). [Correct.] Maria, your sister, I see her. [Correct.] Maria sends her love to Emily. [A living sister.] What a romp you used to be. Here, Ike, I wish you could hear all your people have to say. They all talk at once."

Mr. T. : "How very inconsiderate."

"So would you and your brothers, if you hadn't spoken to your mother for 20 years. [Time about right.] Eliza-Maria and Ted and your father all think of you a great deal. Fanny is very good to mother, always with her. [Correct.] I'm sorry to say, Ike, I've some bad news for you. You are going to lose a dear friend—not a relative, but a good friend, rather suddenly within the next four months. [Not happened yet.] What are all those little bottles I see about you?"

Mr. T. : "I have none on me."

"No, but I see a great lot. Aconite, Belladonna, Mercurius, Nux Vomica, and the devil knows what else. [These and many other drugs Mr. T. uses in his business.] (Mrs. L. handed a piece of hair.) Too weak to tell you now, and it's too old. It belonged to one of these spirits." [So far correct.]

(O. L., giving a letter) "Good-bye, doctor. You are going to this gentleman."

(Dr. P., putting it to head) "That's from Walter. I know him. [Yes, Mr. Leaf, but Mrs. Piper knew she was going there.] Cap'n, I'm going to leave you. God bless you and keep you in His holy keeping. God bless you, Susie, Ike, Marie, and Captain! Cap'n, I hate to leave you, but I've got to go. *Au revoir, au revoir!* Marie, I've got to go, but not for long; hope to see you soon again. Cap'n, speak to me again. Good-bye, good-bye, good-bye."

End of the First Series of Liverpool Sittings.

NOTES TO THIS SERIES OF SITTINGS.

My main object in this series has been to discriminate between unconscious thought-transference and direct clairvoyance, by obtaining information wholly unknown to anyone present. Most of the communications purporting to come from my uncle Jerry answered perfectly to this description, and the only difficulty was to get them verified. As indicated in Note E, p. 516, my uncle Robert (surviving twin brother of Uncle Jerry) has verified the snake's skin, but

he could only remember indistinctly the episode of swimming the creek and nearly getting drowned, on which stress was laid by Phinuit (first mentioned p. 503), and had no recollection of some other incidents. But he was good enough to write to the only other surviving brother of those concerned, living in Cornwall, and by this means to obtain for me, what by no other means I should have been likely to obtain, the following document, which I copy and print in full. The communication from Uncle Robert to Uncle Frank was a bald list of questions, not likely to excite pseudo-memory. The family was an enormous one, and my father was one of the youngest members of it. He was born in 1826; his father at the time being 61, and Uncle Jerry being 16. The family left Barking for Elsworth in 1838 or 1839. I was born in 1851.

Statement made by Uncle Frank to Uncle Robert, received by me February 2nd, 1890 (see end of No. 80, below, p. 542):—

“About the summer of the year 1828, I am not sure of the date within a year or two, a large party (those forming it as far as my memory serves me being Messrs. Wm. Whitbourne, James Sharpe, Henry Sharpe, Frank Whitbourne, my brothers Robert, Jeremiah, Charles, and myself, and some others whom I cannot recollect without help) left Barking, some in Henry Sharpe’s boat and others walking to Ilford, the object being to beat the River Rodin from Ilford to Barking, and catch a large lot of fish in nets arranged for the purpose at the Six Gates. We did beat the river, wading where depth of water admitted, and swimming the deep parts, the non-swimmers walking along the banks of the river. The whole thing was a failure, for we caught only a very few fish, and concluded that they had managed to slip past us on the journey. On arriving at Barking the elders of the party went home to get dry clothes, and the young ones commenced the usual rough play. Jerry and I were larking together on the tailboard of the water-mill; one pushed the other and sent him down the slippery platform, and then there was a struggle together, which resulted in both being sent into the mill-stream, which was running fast owing to the six gates being open. There was nothing left but to swim with the stream to a bank about three or four hundred yards off. We had all our clothes on except shoes and stockings.

The quays at Barking were crowded with people, men, women, and children, drawn there to see a smack launched. These good people made a great noise, some cheering the swimmers in the mill pool, others screaming “They will be drowned,” “They will be drowned.” One of them, viz., a Mr. Smith, a publican, looked over the quay; I saw his face quite plain and heard him say, “What’s the odds if they are, it’s only two of them d—d young Lodges.” As we were swimming our best my hat washed or got off and was left behind a yard or two, and as soon as I missed it I swam back and recovered it, much to the amusement of the onlookers. We got all right to the landing-place and even thought of endeavouring to swim back again against the stream.

Jerry had a rifle such as you describe (p. 515), at the Palladium, but I [know] nothing about it. I was only home once while he was at the Palladium, and then only for a very short time.

I remember nothing of the snake skin.

I know nothing of his making any calculations, by wheels or otherwise.

I remember his having an old repeater—how he came by it I do not know—it was often requiring the watchmaker, yet Jerry seemed to value it very much.

I never recollect a photo with you and Jerry together (p. 503).

I recollect there was a field at Barking called Smith's field. I think it was the field at the top or upper part of Glenly's Part, and bounded part of the pond we used to fish in. It was half field and half garden (p. 517 ; see also p. 556).

The only cat-killing I can remember is our brother Charles killing Mrs. Cannon's cat and burying it behind one of the lilac trees (pp. 517, 521, 541).

Once more, I must repeat that the importance attaching to the references made in the sittings to these events must depend very much on the view taken of the genuineness of the trance and of Mrs. Piper's honesty. Given that she is a cheat, she must be supposed a cheat of exceptional ability and with the command of very superior assistance ; and it is just conceivable that such a one, by sending a skilled agent down to Barking and interviewing the oldest inhabitants, might hit upon someone who as a boy had witnessed the creek episode. The task does not strike me as an easy one, but possibly it might be done. It is impossible to suppose that Mrs. Piper herself made effective inquiries, because her proceedings all the time in England were well known, and she was under bargain to sit regularly every day. Having obtained her information she would proceed to lead up to it by frequently mentioning my uncle who had a fall ; just in the way that Phinuit did. It was doubtless this frequent reference that caused me to think of sending for the watch and getting more details. The cat incident, and the rifle, may be dismissed as shots ; and I suppose the watch-scratches and the snake skin can be eluded somehow.

So much a sceptic might be allowed ; though in the face of what seems to me such extreme improbabilities that only the improbability of any other conclusion enables one to face them with patience.

But when the interviews with strangers are contemplated in addition, interviews which compel assent to *some* abnormal powers, and thereby remove any necessity for the exercise of an elaborate and costly system of imposture, then I confess that for my own part I am even more sceptical of the power of any human being to obtain the information by ordinary means and under the given circumstances than I am of the possibility of the possession by the human mind of latent or nascent powers hitherto only obscurely recognised and imperfectly developed. (See Appendix, p. 555.)

Further Notes.

September, 1890.

There are one or two further annotations which I am able now to make.

With regard to the marks on Uncle Jerry's watch (p. 518), it appears from a letter below that it is unlikely that he made them himself, and accordingly if any importance is to be attached to their detection by Dr. Phinuit inside the certainly unopened case, it is probably of the directly percipient or clairvoyant order, rather than, as he represented it, of information received and transmitted as a message. The same letter likewise casts some doubt on the importance of the "fall from a horse" so frequently mentioned (*e.g.*, p. 521). I clearly remember having been told when a boy of Uncle Jerry having had a serious fall which inflicted some injury to the spine, and was the probable cause of his blindness. Hence it would appear likely that this item may have been extracted by Dr. Phinuit from my mind, unless further information confirms its position as a really influential event. (See also notes at end of Second Series, p. 557.)

The letter is from my cousin, eldest son of Uncle Robert, senior to me, and much more intimate with the London branch of the family than I ever was.

Extract from letter.

Great Gearies, Ilford, *September 16th, 1890.*

As you wished me to send you notes of anything that struck me in the report of Mrs. Piper's sittings—here goes.

Uncle Jerry died on the 12th March, 1869. I have always understood that his blindness was attributed to locomotor ataxy, and I never heard of his having so had a fall from his horse as you mention in your notes. He had a slight fall once in Rotten Row, I think, and I remember his telling me that as a piece of affectation he appeared in the Row the next day with one foot in a slipper, having sprained his ankle.

I remember his having a rifle and sword which he kept in his business desk at the Palladium, as he at that time belonged to a rifle club (it was long before the Volunteer movement), and perhaps that is what is meant by "playing at soldiers." I do not remember any snake skin (p. 516).

The marks on the watch I do not think were made by him, as I cannot remember his having a repeater until he lost his sight. The term "little shaver" (p. 503) fits his method of expression to a T. The swimming the creek, &c., &c., have been so well described by the skipper that I need only say I knew of its having been done from both (I believe) of the performers.

(Signed) ROBERT LODGE.

The other incident in favour of direct clairvoyance and against thought-transference of any recognised kind, viz., the experiment contrived by Mr. Gonner (pp. 462 and 487), has had its value rather strengthened by further inquiry and by interview with the ladies concerned in London. It was a carefully arranged experiment, planned by him and me together in Liverpool, and carried out in a satisfactory manner through the kind aid of his relations in London.

The problem was to remove thought-transference to as many orders of remoteness as possible. He therefore wrote to his sister, Miss Gonner, giving her full particulars of what was wanted. Their mother was to be requested to decide on and do something uncommon at a specified hour, without letting Miss Gonner know what it was; neither was she to have any inkling whatever as to a reason for the request, nor to know that it was connected with her son. I find that all this was scrupulously done. With the aid of Miss Ledlie (the lady correctly described and named as "Annie" by Phinuit), who likewise knew nothing whatever as to reasons, the mother was prevailed upon to accede to the request; and she accordingly decided to go out under perfectly unlikely circumstances, accompanied by Miss Ledlie, both ladies being very much puzzled to account for the singular and vague request on the part of Miss Gonner. The latter lady, who was the only one of the trio who had any idea of the reason, purposely absented herself from the house before any decision was made as to what should be done. The driving round the park on a wet Saturday morning, though sufficiently incongruous to astonish even the cabman, was an unfortunately passive kind of performance to select; but considering the absence of every kind of information or clue to the reason for doing anything, the wonder is that anything whatever was done. Miss Ledlie reports that after Miss Gonner had left the house she and Mrs. Gonner decided what to do, and a vehicle was sent for. Just about 11 she ran upstairs to see if Mrs. Gonner was ready, and saw her come out of her room to a landing cupboard, take a box out of it, put it on a ledge, open it and take out a muff, very much as described by Phinuit half an hour later. She had her cloak and things on then, and the cloak is troublesome to hook, so that there would be a good deal of apparently fixing things round the neck. The taking up and looking at the photograph would almost certainly be done before going out, though it was not actually seen. The "taking up a pencil to write," and the "brushing something," if by "something" is meant a garment, are unlikely actions. Although the success was far from complete, Phinuit distinctly left us in Liverpool with the impression that "going out" was the thing selected to be done.

The episode of Miss Ledlie's hair not having been cut short, when Mr. Gonner, having been told in fun that it had, felt dissatisfied with Phinuit's reply (p. 489) implying that there was nothing special to say about its length—dissatisfaction which he expressed to me,—is likewise good as against ordinary thought-transference.

The incident at the beginning of Sitting No. 48, about "Charley eating a bird," is also rather striking. I did not think much of it at the time because it seemed an unlikely thing to get distinctly verified;

but, as recorded in the note at end of sitting (p. 520), special circumstances connected with it happen to have made it a definite incident clearly remembered.

Second Series.

After an interval, during which we went abroad, Mrs. Piper visited us again on her way back to the States. She was now not so well in health, apparently rather fatigued by her stay in London, which she imagined did not suit her, and beginning to long to get home again. On the whole I think the lucidity of "Dr. Phinuit" was less than it was during the earlier series; the communications from my uncle, for instance, add very little to the facts previously given; and the "George Wilson" episodes, referred to on p. 461, which at the time seemed likely to furnish satisfactory positive evidence in favour of clairvoyance, have turned out in the opposite sense, as the following letter clearly indicates:—

Letter from Mr. Wilson, abroad.

April 2nd, 1890.

MY DEAR LODGE,—Your letter with enclosure reached me as I was leaving—and I could do nothing till I arrived here. And now, after consideration, I think I shall say but little.

The statements made through the medium fall into two classes: (1) Those which relate to matters known to you. (2) Those you could not know—as, for example, either my present circumstances or my past life. What is said under the former head is, as you would see, more or less correct. What is said under the latter is entirely incorrect. Were you here I would go into detail, but as you have not the MSS. this could not easily be done. On the matter generally I pass no opinion. The evidence is too narrow.

And, in general, the kind of old man represented is the antipodes of the dignified precise character of my father. He was calm and clear-headed, hated all fuss, and, like most of the Government officials, avoided all public appearances. He detested bad grammar, and drew up Government papers of almost painful accuracy.

Added September, 1890.

Recently, my wife has suggested that some of the statements seem to refer more probably to my grandfather, whose name was James, and who was somewhat of a "havering" old man, such as is represented. I am not able to verify the statements from this point of view, but he did own his house, and very likely made some additions to it [as stated on p. 543].

Subsequently I got him to return his copy of the evidence with annotations, and these are transcribed into their appropriate places below, beginning at p. 539.

During the second series of sittings my sister E. C. L., frequently mentioned in the first series, was with us on a short visit, and often

took notes for me. There was a good deal of repetition of statements made in the earlier series, and though I abbreviate the notes as much as possible so as to print only the more apparently evidential portions, I quote some of these repetitions in full, especially all those having reference to my Uncle Jerry, because at this time a number of the facts had not been verified, and some are still unverified. The letter of partial verification from Uncle Frank to Uncle Robert, printed above, reached me about the middle of the second series; and I read it to Phinuit on the day it arrived, as reported below. Mrs. Piper arrived from London on January 30th, and next day was held a sitting, which numbers itself 77 in the entire English series.

*Sitting No. 77. (First after interval.) Friday, January 31st, 1890.
11 a.m. to 12.30 p.m.*

Present: O. L., M. L., and, for first time, E. C. L.

After recognitions and greetings, and saying that Myers had told him to take care of the medium and not stay too long, he began sending messages about my sister, but speedily became aware of someone present and recognised her with "Hallo, by George, that's Nelly." [See p. 507, Note C.] Then he pretended to carry on a one-sided conversation, as if talking to other people about her, and presently reported that he was being asked to prescribe for her. Then he broke off with, "Here, Captain, did you ask Robert about swimming the creek?"

O. L.: "Yes, I did, and he remembers something about it; but he calls it the pool, and says it was the other boys that swam it."

"Ah, that's so. Yes, he's right. I didn't remember quite exactly."

O. L.: "Do you know he can't remember about that ring? He never knew you to wear a ring" [p. 508].

"Yes, I did, but it was a long time ago. It's true, and he has got it somewhere. There was a stone in it. Did he remember about the skin?"

O. L.: "Yes, he did."

"Oh, he remembered that. Well, isn't it a funny thing?"

O. L.: "He remembers it, but doesn't seem to have it now, and I have not seen it" [p. 516].

"Well, does he remember about the photographs; one of the pictures standing and one sitting?" [No. 44, p. 507.]

O. L.: "Yes, and I have seen them."

"Aren't they queer?"

O. L.: "Yes, and I've seen the tall hats on, which you mentioned; but it was not Uncle Robert that was photographed with you."

"No? Well it was a Robert. Robert something. Let me think. . . . You will have to excuse me a bit, I can't recollect just now. Do you know that Robert got hurt some time ago?"

O. L.: "No."

"Yes, you do; had a sick turn—had an attack, and has never been quite the same Uncle Robert since."

O. L.: "Yes, that's so."

(Then a number of communications purporting to be from the same persons

as were represented as sending messages in previous sittings, and to much the same effect.)

O. L. : "We couldn't make out about those 'little wheels.'"

"They were only seals on insurance papers. He was trying to tell me about them and I couldn't quite get his meaning; it was my mistake. You know when they issue insurance papers to people there's a stamp—a seal—put on, and they looked like wheels. Did you ask about that old lady who was with Uncle Robert? Who is she—quite an old lady?"

O. L. : "His wife, I suppose."

"You must look these things up. And did you ask about that statue—that marble thing?" [p. 521].

O. L. : "Yes, I did, but he can't remember it."

"Well, that's stupid. He's got it, I tell you. You go there and hunt about the house and you'll find it. A little statue. And that ring, he has got that somewhere, among my jewellery—what little I had. That's there, too, somewhere" [pp. 508, 537].

O. L. : "Another thing Uncle Robert can't remember is 'Fido'" (p. 509).

"What, not remember the dog? Well, that's stupid. Sam will remember that. Ask Sam." [Knows nothing about it.]

O. L. : "And the cat; he denies the cat."

"Ask the rest of the boys about the cat. You remind Robert of the Smith boys (p. 521), and then he will remember the cat."

O. L. : "I have, but he can't fix them."

"Come here, Siss (to Nellie). Your father wants me to look at you. Oh, you're not at all right. You're wrong."

E. C. L. : "Oh, I'm pretty well."

"You feel pretty well, but you're not. You haven't a right circulation at all. You are what they call anæmic," &c. [Full medical details given at considerable length, all true, and prescriptions practically identical with what had been tried by London and Malvern consulting physicians. Then advice given to stay with me instead of elsewhere, much as in Nos. 44 and 46, pp. 502, 513, 514, and 539.]

A sitting was attempted the same evening, but it failed. Mrs. Piper could not go into the trance; so after 20 minutes' trial it was abandoned.

The next morning I had arranged for a friend to arrive at 11 o'clock. Mrs. Piper was ready and waiting in my study before that time, and I went outside the gate to meet him. Unfortunately, as he entered, my wife met him accidentally in the hall, and conversed for some two minutes while I was in the study with Mrs. Piper. The door was ajar, and though I did not overhear anything particular Mrs. Piper remarked that they should not be talking within earshot like that. It is impossible to say how much she either consciously or unconsciously heard, and the incident prevents me from being able to consider Mr. Lund as an anonymous stranger, as I had intended.

A second sitting ought always to be given to a stranger, as speedily after the first as possible. A single experience of so novel a kind can hardly ever be satisfactory. Shortness of time prevented it in the present instance.

I began the sitting, to start Mrs. Piper off, Mr. Lund sitting pretty near.

He was, however, called by Phinuit immediately, and I sat at a desk and took notes, except during part of the time when I was turned out. My notes were afterwards handed to Mr. Lund, who drew up the report appended.

Sitting No. 78. February 1st, 1890. 11 a.m.

Present : Mr. Lund, and most of the time O. L.

The sitting began by Mrs. Piper going off into the trance state and very soon asking, "Where's Mr. London?" She made several attempts to arrive at my real name, Lund, but failed, saying that she couldn't pronounce it. She said I had passed through a lot of difficulties, was a rum fellow, had had many troubles and trials, was a good man.

Here she asked Lodge to leave the room. She then told me accurately what children I had—one boy who at this very time was absent and ill—eldest girl inclined to domineer—second girl devoted to music—third girl would need much watching. For myself, had had throat trouble [correct], which would trouble no more. Head now the greatest fear. Surrounded by people who wished to do me harm, especially one dark man [unknown]. Had four sisters and one brother [correct]—one sister an angel, and one kind of fussy. (Then Lodge returned, and tried some experiment of his own : see below.)

"Do you know that man Wallace? Who is that? Do you call him 'Charles'? [Unknown.] You had a fire a little time ago—no—a long time ago. Some little thing got burnt." [Right, a carpet.]

Ultimately she said it was a carpet, after calling it drapery and tapestry.

"Your lady had a pain in her back ; not yet very well ; it made her a little depressed ; tell her not to worry so, and don't be so devilish fussy. You tell her I like her. Your boy is not right. He took a cold—had fever, and now he's weak. He's picking up slowly ; give him quinine. If you don't look after him, he gets run down. He gets tired from past illness. [True.] Just now he's very miserable and looking at a book." (Time 12.45.)

Said she saw me writing—lots of paper, books, pamphlets, soft things, manuscripts, all round me—public man—talks to people.

"You write on these pamphlet things. That's what made your throat bad. You lecture."

I asked, "Where is my wife now?"

"She's brushing something—in this way (taking up bottom of her dress). She's got something on her head—going on a journey—talking to some one, and brushing down a cloak-like thing." (12.48.) [See notes.]

"Who is it you call Lira? the lady's sister [unknown]; Lorina, Eleanor, Caterina, a sister, two names—one's Emma, a sister, connected with you through marriage? Do you know Thomas?"

"I'm Thomas," I replied.

"He'll know me—Thomas—Lon—Lund—Tom Lund. That's your sister that's saying it."

She then referred back to the fire, and said a carriage was upset near me. "Another gentleman and yourself were in it—a long while ago." [Can't remember any such accident.]

She then spoke again of my family and children ; spoke of Tom No. 2 [wrong], "with disposition and mind like his father."

Here came in a reference to a brother of Dr. Lodge, who had returned to room.

She said I was away when my youngest sister passed out; not with her; a long way off. No chance to see her. She had blue eyes and brown hair—a very pretty girl. Pretty mouth and teeth; plenty of expression in them. She then tried to find the name; and went through a long list; at last said it had “ag” in the middle, and that’s all she could find. She had changed a great deal. She was much younger, and been in spirit a long time.

“But it’s your sister—Maggie—that’s it—she says you are brother Tom—no, her name’s ‘Margie.’ Too bad you were not at home—it was one of the sorrows that followed Tom all his life. [Correct.] He’ll never forget it.”

I said: “Ask her how it was I wasn’t there?”

She said: “I’m getting weak now—*au revoir*.”

She sent me two messages at following sittings—one February 1st. Evening:—

That I was studying for a degree, and had an illness, and that is why I wasn’t there when my sister passed out.

“He went away to study, and having an illness couldn’t come home. That is what she remembers.” [Incorrect.]

The next was on Sunday morning, February 2nd:—

“Where’s the preacher—Tom? He’s yelling away for all he’s worth. Two sisters and a brother [deceased] have gone to hear him. He’s a very hard man. He would hardly believe me.”

Then came some account of what I was saying in my sermon (p. 541).

“Do you know who Joseph and Harriet are?—Something in connection with him.” [Unknown.]

Notes by Mr. Lund.

With regard to my experience of Mrs. Piper, I do not feel that I saw enough to form data for any satisfactory conclusion. What impressed me most was the way in which she seemed to feel for information, rarely telling me anything of importance right off the reel, but carefully fishing, and then following up a lead. It seemed to me that when she got on a right tack, the nervous and uncontrollable movement of one’s muscles gave her the signal that she was right and might steam ahead.

In some points she was entirely out of it—*e.g.*, carriage accident—the dangerous dark man—Joseph and Harriet—and especially, my style of preaching. Nothing could be a more ludicrous caricature than this last.

In others, which I will name, she made statements which singularly tallied with the truth—*e.g.*, my son *was* ill, and my wife was going to see him. I found that at the very time given she left the house with a cloak on her arm, and brushed her dress in the way imitated by Mrs. Piper.

Still I am bound to say that within earshot of Mrs. Piper—before the sitting—I told Mrs. Lodge of my son’s illness in Manchester, and my wife’s proposed visit to him, and Mrs. L. addressed me by my name of Lund.

It is quite true that a carpet was recently burnt at our house; that my

wife worries over her duties too much for comfort and health ; that I live in a room full of MSS.

But without doubt the feature of this sitting was the reference to my youngest sister, who died of diphtheria in my absence quite 30 years ago, and whose death was a heartaching sorrow of many years. Not only did she hit the name "Maggie," but even the pet name "Margie," which I had quite forgotten. However, the reason afterwards alleged for my absence at her death was quite wrong.

I accepted the trance condition on Dr. Lodge's authority ; otherwise I should have felt bound to test it.

Altogether there was such a mixture of the true and false, the absurd and rational, the vulgar commonplace of the crafty fortune-teller with startling reality, that I have no theory to offer—merely the above facts. I should require much more evidence than I yet have, and with much more careful testing of it, to convince me (1) that Mrs. Piper was unconscious ; (2) that there was any thought-reading beyond the clever guessing of a person trained in that sort of work ; (3) that there was any ethereal communication with a spirit-world. I did not like the sudden weakness experienced when I pressed my supposed sister for the reason of my absence at her death, and the delay wanted for giving a reply.

That the subject is full of interest I admit, and I should like to pursue it ; but I am far from convinced at present that we have evidence on which to build a new theory.

April 26th, 1890.

T. W. M. LUND, M.A.,
Chaplain of the School for the Blind, Liverpool.

To this O. L. adds the following incident which occurred during this sitting, but which had no connection with T. W. M. L.

(Chain handed to Phinuit by O. L., the package having been delivered by hand to O. L. late the previous evening. He had just opened the package, glanced at the contents, and hastily read a letter inside, then wrapped all up again and stored them. The chain had been sent by the friend whom it has been agreed to call George Wilson ; it had belonged to his father.)

"This belongs to an old gentleman that passed out of the body—a nice old man. I see something funny here, something the matter with heart, paralytic something. Give me the wrappers, all of them." [*i.e.*, The papers it came in ; a letter among them. Medium held them to top of her head, gradually flicking away the blank ones. She did not inspect them. She was all the while holding with her other hand Mr. Lund, who knew nothing whatever about the letter or the chain.]

"Who's dear Lodge ? Who's Poole, Toodle, Poodle ? Whatever does that mean ?"

O. L. : "I haven't the least idea."

"Is there J. N. W. here ? Poole. Then there's Sefton. S-e-f-t-o-n. Pool, hair. Yours truly, J. N. W. That's it ; I send hair. Poole. J. N. W. Do you understand that ?"

O. L. : "No, only partially."

“Who’s Mildred, Milly? something connected with it, and Alice; and with him, too, I get Fanny. There’s his son’s influence on it.”

[Note by O. L.—I found afterwards that the letter began “Dear Dr. Lodge,” contained the words “Sefton Drive” and “Cook” so written as to look like Poole. It also said “I send you some hair,” and finished “yours sincerely, J. B. W.”; the “B” being not unlike an “N.” The name of the sender was not mentioned in the letter.]

Sitting No. 79. February 1st, 1890. 7.30 p.m.

Present: O. L., E. C. L., and part of the time M. L.

“How are you, Captain? Didn’t know I was going to see you. I didn’t see you after I got your uncle’s message. There was that gentleman here who does good. I caught up his sister and asked her. She said he was studying, for a degree, you know—taking a degree, and that took him away. He was studying and had an illness, and that’s why he wasn’t there when she passed out. He went away to study, and having an illness couldn’t come home. That’s what she remembers. His name is Lund, her brother, Tom Lund, and he has lots of boys, girls, women, and men round him. He writes things and then he preaches them. Tries to make people good. What we used to call a clergyman, she says so, followed a good work.” [See notes to previous sitting.]

“Oliver says that’s the thing he used to have (feeling old seal on my chain), that was his on his chain, and when he called for it you didn’t let him have it.”

O. L.: “Yes, I know. I stupidly didn’t know what was wanted then.” (See Sitting No. 50, p. 523.)

“You know Arthur (Which?), all the Arthur there is. (Yes.) He has had a sorrow.” [Unverified yet.]

[Here M. L. entered with our second boy, who had begged to see Dr. Phinuit, all the children being curious about the strange voice. Phinuit immediately personated A. A. (pp. 468, 470, 514, 516, 548).]

“Mary, bring him here. You dear little fellow. God bless you. That’s what’s his name. Oliver dear, have I lost my memory? That’s Burney, Bury B, Bodie Brodie.”

“Yes, Brodie.” [The name Burney is, as it happens, a natural one to occur first to A. A.]

“I remember you, my dear, when you were quite small—light hair—a chubby little thing. You don’t remember Aunt Anne?”

“No.”

“He was the last, I think. Let’s see, another older and another younger. Yes, three. One older and one younger.”

M. L.: “Yes, there were three.”

“But this was my boy. Oliver, wasn’t that the last? Seems to me another one that I saw.”

O. L.: “Yes, three altogether.”

“Another boy. Three boys. One named after your father” (to M. L.).

M. L.: “Yes.” [The third is named Alexander Marshall, p. 493.]

“That was the last.” (Further friendly remarks to Brodie about his les-

sons and so on. Some from Phinuit speaking in his own person. Ending :) "Glad to see that fellow: done me good. Good-bye, Brodie. That's a piece to make a man of. Let him go. Oh, tell Sam, Jerry says he killed the cat. It was accidental. [Nonsense.] That boy is a deep thinker. Can't Robert remember the Smith boys?" (p. 521).

"No."

"It's stupid. And that ring, he had it on a chain, a chain with a seal on it. Robert has got it."

O. L. : "Is it on a chain?"

"No, the ring has been removed, but it's in his surroundings. It's not on the chain now. Nell, how's your heart? Smashed yet?"

E. C. L. : "My what?"

"No, no, it's —— has had his heart smashed." [Conventionally true.]

(Then W. Tomkinson (p. 504) was represented as saying that M. L. (his step-daughter) had given him his umbrella, the one with a horse shoe at the end of it, and that was why he was fond of it. M. L. denied this, but it was adhered to vigorously, and at last she admitted having chosen it for him. This was at once claimed as the same thing and as being the cause of his feeling for it, the paying for it being of no consequence.)

(Next O. L. handed in "George Wilson's" chain, the same chain as was first tried at the morning sitting, p. 535.)

"What the Old Harry have you there? Does that belong in your family?"

O. L. : "No."

"Well, what else do you want? I'm a very ambitious man and like to be employed."

(Here I gave him a snuff-box that had come that morning from a lawyer in London by parcel post.)

"A gentleman sent you this. What's it got to do with the chain?"

O. L. : "Nothing."

"Oh, well, you know Tom, connected with this. It's very curious, but do you know that uncle of yours turns up over this, the one in the body? His influence is all over it; he must have handled it. Your uncle in the body sent it you."

O. L. : "Well, he got it sent."

"Yes, it's got his influence, but in connection with the other uncle. It comes from the same uncle. It belonged to Uncle Jerry."

O. L. : "Quite right."

"That's his. A little case it used to have. [Don't know, but as it was a presentation it is probable.] He got it through Robert somehow. Thinks Robert gave it him. A powder box, isn't it?"

O. L. : "A snuff box."

"Yes, a powder box. It's been in Robert's possession. It belonged to Uncle Jerry years ago, very long ago, he can hardly remember it. (Feeling it.) Has it got a glass top?—a glazed top?"

O. L. : "No, it's metal, but it's polished."

"Glazed. Well, he just remembers it. I'll ask him all about it. What else do you want?"

O. L. : "Don't forget the chain."

"That thing bothers me. There's an old gentleman in connection with it—very eccentric. A nice old gentleman. That chain doesn't do me much good."

O. L. : "Well, I expect it's hard because it's not a relation."

"Oh, well, he may recognise it. Your own friends come to you. A strange spirit is rather difficult, but they sometimes come to their things. The old gentleman is here now, but it's difficult talking to a stranger."

O. L. : "You told me it had his son's influence on it. Well, tell him his son entrusted me with it, in the hope that he might send a message to him."

"Good. Who's George, George W—, W . . s, o, n, Wi . . . Something like Wallinson. I can hear him pronounce it indistinctly, Wi—Wilson, W, i, l, s, o, n. Mr. Wilson, my chain."

O. L. : "Yes, that's right."

"Tell my son I'm living, I'm not dead. Tell him I'm recovered. I've no trouble (with my legs?) now, I had a little difficulty with them. This is new to me. You are a stranger, but that's my chain."

O. L. : "Yes, sir, I'm a stranger, but a friend of your son's, and he will be very glad to hear from you. I shall send him all you say."

"Tell my son to come and see me. He's been very ill. [True.] I've been to see him. He has gone away for his health. [True.] He's done a lot of good."

O. L. : "Will you send him some message to recognise you by?"

"I will soon. This is quite new to me. I didn't know I could speak, but a light came to me. I have been to earth before, but couldn't speak. Tell him I'm very fond of him. Ask him where my watch is. That's the best I can do now, but I will come again."

O. L. : "Will you send him your name, sir?"

"W, i, l. I will write it for you. Show him the chain again. Hold it up. (Medium writes.) There, that's my full name." [Wrote James Wilson backwards, illegible till afterwards in mirror.]

O. L. : "Is this his name?"

"Yes, that's right. You know Joe, don't you?—J, a, m, e, s. [Name unknown to me. See notes.] He's a dear old man, but I can't hold him, he's gone. He was quite weak while writing. I can't do everything. William insists on Mary having given him that umbrella. That's why he liked it and valued it. If a person chooses a thing for you she gives it you. It doesn't matter who pays for it" (p. 537).

O. L. : "I quite agree with you."

"Nelly, have you got your medicine?"

E. C. L. : "No."

"She *must* take it (and so on, insisting on her taking it, which she had not intended to do). Nell, how do you suppose I knew the name of the man owning the chain?"

E. C. L. : "I can't imagine."

"No, can you tell a body's name like that?"

"No."

"No, it will be a good test, to him and to the world. Be a good girl. God watch over you, bless you, and all good spirits guide and help you. I'll see you again. I must go. *Au revoir.*"

Notes by Mr. Wilson.

1. (With reference to description of the late owner of the chain as "an eccentric nice old gentleman.") My father was anything but eccentric; calm, methodical, an official in type.

2. He never had anything the matter with his legs to my knowledge.

3. His name was George. My grandfather's name was James.

Sitting No. 80. February 2nd, 1890. 11.20 a.m.

Present: E. C. L. and O. L. (E. C. L. holding hands. O. L. taking notes.)

"That's Nellie. I have had a talk with your father and mother all about you (p. 502). . . . She knows well you must not be a nurse, you could not stand it. [This had been her wish.] You had better stay with her son Oliver, your brother, to help with the children . . . to help him with his writing . . . [and so on for a long time, with much homely advice of a practical kind ending:] Now, Nelly, what do you want?"

E. C. L.: "Will you tell me about the brother a little older than I am?"

"Which is he? There's Oliver, Alfred, Frank. Frank has had something to do with you lately."

E. C. L.: "Yes, I've been staying there."

"And Charles, and there's Urn."

E. C. L.: "It's Ernest I mean."

"I was trying to say it—I can't say Ernest properly. Leave him alone, he's best where he is, he's not ambitious, he's lazy [and so on, with fairly true account of this brother and of Charley also, ending:] You stop worrying, little Miss, you can't do everything for all your brothers. Let me talk to the Captain now. I saw Mr. Wilson, the one who owned the chain. He told me to ask you to remind George [right name] of the time when he tried to give him a start in business. He did start him once, and then George backed out. And George wanted another line of work, and after a little difficulty he got into it, and has done well. [On all these things see notes at end.] Does he remember when his mother was ill he wanted a bit of money? He has gone away now. He has been very ill. Has been miserable, George has. He seems to have got charge of some house—got the run of it. [Precisely true.] I'm mighty glad he's more contented. It's a kind of place for people to visit, you know. I had a long pipe with a crooked handle, he wants to know if George has got that. His father sent him a cheque once, and he didn't get it for a long time. He had a lot of bother about it; it had been mislaid in the post. Does George remember the fall the old man had? He got over it, and his legs don't trouble him now. What's he done with the watch? Ask him how William is?"

O. L.: "Would he send his name more particularly to avoid chance of mistake?"

"Why, he did. He wrote it for his son."

O. L.: "Oh, that was his name then?"

"Certainly. Has he got those books I gave him? A long lot of them. He's asking something about Mr. Bradley, in connection with George."

O. L. : "Oh, that's very odd ; does he know him ?"

"Yes, his father remembers Mr. Bradley through his son, and he has got with him the father of Mr. Bradley in the spirit. William. He will know. He's going to get well. He seems to have got a friend named Cook ; business friends. [T. Cook and Sons possibly (?), but only friends in the sense of forwarding correspondence, &c., while he was travelling.] He was a little stubborn when young, but a good boy. What has he done with my cane ? He lives somewhere in your neighbourhood."

"Yes, he does."

"And has got a friend named Bradley [true]—a very great friend of his. He thought first of being a doctor. I had a difficulty with that fellow at first, but he's been a capital son. Who are you ?"

"My name is Lodge, and I am a friend of your son. I will write all your say to him."

"Give my warmest love to him. A quiet and patient lady was his mother. He got his disposition from her. He has got a portrait of me, a good one, but it has been enlarged and changed since I passed out. I'm glad he followed in his father's footsteps. He has gone, delighted. A nice old man."

[Most of "Mr. Wilson's" statements can only be verified by communication with his son, now in Africa. See notes.]

"Wasn't it curious that Robert started to business one time and a curious physical condition came on ; he went home and stayed, and has never been there since. Jerry told me so." [Exactly true at the time.]

O. L. : "When you see him again remind him of his brother Frank."

"All right, I will. Here's Ted Thompson, he says it was only the child's erratic condition, but a good thing really, and it will come out all right. We knew it was going to happen, but didn't think it worth bothering about. The child's a bit erratic. She was afraid of being snubbed. What on earth is he talking about ? He don't want me to know what he means. He says : 'Tell Ike it's all right ; "try again" never was beat. It will come out all right. And tell Susie too.'"

[Mr. Thompson had been much troubled by a young daughter having run home from school. This happened since the first series of sittings. (See No. 45, Note G. See also just below, and pp. 544, 546.) Nothing had been said about it, and I was curious to see whether Dr. Phinuit would get hold of it. The Thompsons had not been in during this present series. "Ike" and "Susie" are Mr. and Mrs. Thompson. See also pp. 511, 518, 523, &c.]

"Maria's all right, tell them. She passed out at 12 years old. [True.] He sends his love to his mother. Who are you ?"

O. L. : "I am a friend of your brother and live next door. I hope he will be able to come and see you next time if you will come again. He is a good friend of mine."

"That will be very kind of you. I do not wish to intrude or take up your time, but if you can arrange this it will be very kind. I was going to be a physician myself, but was cut off. [True.] I do not regret it. Happiness reigns in my veins. And tell Ike, if you please, to go and see mother often, and that Fanny had better stay with her for the present. He will understand." [Quite intelligible.]

"Ask him not to let trivial things bother him. He has been fretting lately. Send her to another place and she won't fly back again. She was a little bit homesick. There are a good many have done it before, and will do it again. Don't lay it up against her for too long. [Quite intelligible and useful advice.] Tell them I am unseen but in peace and happiness. Remember me to Ike, and if you will let me see him again I shall be grateful. I do not want to annoy you but he was my brother and I am very fond of him."

O. L. : "Right. He shall be here when you come next" (pp. 544, 553).

"Robert. Who is Helen? That's the one who gave you the snuff-box. It was Jerry's; there are letters upon it, my letters."

O. L. "Yes, an inscription." (See also pp. 537 and 549.)

"I remember it faintly. Oliver remembers that too. It was given to me by some friend of mine. I will try and remember about it. But it's not easy to bring back these little things. I have very important things to do. We all have. One very important thing is to look after that little girl."

"Where's the preacher, Tom? He's yelling away for all he's worth [12.15, at this time he would be preaching]. Two sisters and a brother have gone to hear him. Do you know he's a very hard man? he would hardly believe about me" (p. 535).

O. L. : "No, I think he wouldn't. Can you hear what he's saying?"

"I'll go and pick up something. I can hear him, 'For He is the resurrection and the life; blessed are ye who believe in the Lord Jesus.' He's preaching about love your neighbour as yourself. Teaching them all that sort of thing about loving your neighbour, that sort of thing. 'Lifted up and after seven days He rose.' That's all I can hear." (See Notes on p. 534.)

"Do you know who Joseph is, and Harriet?"

"No."

"Something in connection with him. Nellie, you are a God-blessed little girl. Don't get down. Keep up."

(Here "Uncle Jerry" tried to write the inscription on snuff-box. He wrote and said, "Presented to J.," but could do no more.) [That is how it begins. See also p. 549.]

"William and Alec both send their love to Mary, and will take care of her mother. Take good care of his hat [?]."

(Feeling for Nellie's watch, and taking it out of her pocket.)

"It's got your mother's influence on it. Keep it. Glad you got it. You are welcome to it, child. Keep it."

[The watch had not been mentioned or thought of. It had been her mother's.]

"Oh, Ted Thompson says the little mat that the child made is very pretty." [Don't know about this.]

"Here's Jerry again. Ask Frank if he remembers the shot gun. And how we hid behind a dove-cot and shot peas through a fence at the neighbour's pigeons. He won't forget it. [Can't remember this.] And how we skated once and he fell flat and got his seat all wet." [Very likely.]

O. L. : "Yes, I will. Uncle Frank remembered about the cat killing. He says it was Charles that killed it" (p. 527).

[Shouting.] "Charles it was! Yes, that's right. It was Charles. I

remember it perfectly. I had forgotten which one it was. And does he remember the Smiths?" (pp. 517, 521, 557).

O. L. : "He remembers the Smiths' field; not the boys. He remembers the field and has written an account of it. I will read it."

(Here read part of Uncle Frank's letter, printed at end of first series, p. 526, which had arrived to-day.)

"Yes, that's it! I see it! I'm young again!"

O. L. : "He remembers also swimming the creek. I'll read that!"

(Read.) [Medium shouted, laughed, and banged away at Nellie's knees as the reading proceeded. Specially excited at the mention of "Glenny's Part."] "I never expected to recall all that. It's delightful. You have given me much pleasure."

[Further conversation of a non-evidential order about Uncle Frank's letter.]

Notes by Mr. Wilson.

4. (With reference to "starting his son in business.") I never was in any kind of business nor thought of it. Was fond of farming and worked at it with an uncle once.

5. (With reference to possession of a "long pipe.") My father abominated smoking.

6. Do not remember about miscarriage of any cheque, or any fall.

7. I never thought of being a doctor. [*Note by O. L.*—It is rather curious that when this was said I thought it correctly represented something I had been told by Mr. W. I perceive now that it was quite wrong, and that I had been told something about farming. A great deal of this looks obviously like thought-transference.]

8. I have got his cane. The portrait has not been enlarged.

Sitting No. 81. February 2nd. Evening.

Present: O. L. and M. L. Afterwards Mr. and Mrs. Thompson and daughter.

(O. L. holding hands, and giving Mr. Wilson's chain.)

"How are you? I've got here again. Nellie, come here."

O. L. : "She's not here. That's Mary."

"Oh, Marie. Wait a bit, Marie. You won't mind, will you? There's a gentleman here specially wants to speak, Mr. Wilson. How do you do, Mr. L—."

O. L. : "Lodge my name is."

"How do you do, Mr. Lodge? I know you a little better now. I have met a friend of yours, an uncle, I think; also a friend of your father's—your father in fact. I have been talking to them. I shall be able to help in this work. Tell me why you want to know about me."

O. L. : "Well, sir, your son, being interested in what I told him, wanted greatly to come and see you if he could, but he couldn't just now. So as next best he entrusted me with your chain, and asked me to get messages for him, especially concerning things that I do not know."

"Why about things you don't know?"

O. L. : "Well, because if I knew things it would seem as if I had somehow impressed them from my mind upon that of the medium, instead of their having come direct from you, and this would be no evidence of your existence."

"I see your idea, but what do you mean by the medium? That woman I saw just now?" O. L. : "Yes."

"Well, do you know I am a very happy man. I have had the power often of seeing my son, and I have watched his course with great interest, but I did not know I could speak. I am grateful to you for helping me to speak. I remember when George was ill while taking his degree, he had to come home, and had a great deal of fever. Overwork, and going among young men. He has not been strong since. He is rather delicate. [Correct.] He has a great deal of preaching to do, and that tires him, but he must be much respected."

"He is indeed."

"Yes, he is a good boy. I have been sorry for his illness, but the rest he is going to take will do him good. It would be a great pleasure to see him here so that I could speak."

O. L. : "I hope it can be managed later; meanwhile send him facts so that he may feel assured it is yourself."

"I will try. Ask if he remembers my light grey suit. He was a quiet boy. I built—built once. I had a chimney taken out and a new one put in. I was afraid of their taking cold in my house, so I had the chimney repaired. It was a leaky bad bit of. . . . And I put a flight of stairs to the left of the chimney, to the left as near as I can recall."

"On one side the chimney?"

"On one side the chimney. It was quite an improvement when it was done. And behind that was my study. I had a lot of books. You didn't know I got hurt."

"No."

"I got hurt. I was going across the . . . boat . . . George looks careworn, do you know?"

"Yes, he does."

"I was going across . . . I slipped in stepping off the boat and hurt a knee badly. It troubled me a good deal. I had to have it propped up on a chair, and it pained me."

O. L. : "I will send this to your son. You speak of having seen him. Did he ever know of it?"

"I have been to see him. I have come very close and he has thought he heard me." [He has had feelings of the kind.]

"How did he hear you?"

"Once he was in bed and I rustled the drapery. He thought he heard me. He feels sometimes as if I was very near him, and at those times I *am* near him. I should not have been here but for this chain. A dear boy George is. I have got another boy with me. How is Mr. Bradley?"

O. L. : "Pretty well, but surely you didn't know him?"

"No, but I have seen George with him. They are friends. I know what they know. I am not dead, and when we take a ~~close~~ interest we can tell what happens. He is a good man and kind-hearted. He and George seem

friends. It is not easy to remember things. You see I was quite an old gentleman and the things I knew long ago he wouldn't know and they wouldn't interest him. His trip will do him good. Do you know his family? He has three now, and a girl. I know three perfectly, but the youngest I think is a girl." [No, four boys.]

"He has let his beard grow. He did have it cut off, very stupid. He has a beard now, but he cut it off at one time. [True.] Who is that?"

O. L. : "My wife."

"How do you do, Mrs. Lodge? I am glad to make your acquaintance as a friend of my son's. Tell him the thing of most importance is to take care of his health. After my teeth came out they bothered me very much. These things seem silly now, but then they bothered me, and he will know. Oh, he's gone, waving his hand, nice old gentleman. Do you know Dr. Thompson?"

O. L. : "Dr. who? Oh, Ted Thompson?" (pp. 511, 518, 523, 541, 553).

"Who is it calls me Ted Thompson? Nay, I'm much obliged to you, but why?"

O. L. : "Well, it's merely because I hear your brother calling you so. I should have said Dr. Thompson. Your brother is in the next room, and I will call him."

(Mr. and Mrs. T. and daughter had entered the house quietly during the sitting, so as to be ready if wanted.)

"Thank you very much. I am grateful." [Mr. and Mrs. T. and Theodora came in.]

"Ike, come here. I can't stay long. I've got to tell you something. Are there people listening?"

Mr. T. : "Only friends."

"It was a . . . Don't worry too much about what you have been worrying about." [See pp. 540, 541, and 546.]

Mr. T. : "No, I won't."

"All right. Ike, they are all right. Your family are right. Just as sure as that a spirit lives your family will do well; no harm coming to any of you. Ike, I wish you were where I am. Mother is failing. Yes, her head is failing, and she has trouble with her ears. You didn't know that."

Mr. T. : "No, I didn't."

"She has. Ike, don't go to sleep. She has got cold in one ear. [This turned out on inquiry to be true. It was quite unsuspected.] I have seen her with something tied over it. She is going to stay with you some time yet."

Mr. T. : "Oh, I'm glad of that."

"Yes, but, Ike, let Fanny stay with her. She will stay in the body, but she's losing ground. You understand me, Ike. What can I do for you?" [The next portion, although wholly non-evidential, is printed as a specimen of the kind of conversation that often occurs if allowed.]

Mr. T. : "How are you occupied?"

"My time is occupied in writing. It is difficult to explain, but whatever we break off in the body we can go on with. I write a great deal. I write often for others. We often help a poor fellow. You know there are people who commit suicide, they have taken their own life, and their spirits are

sorely depressed for a time, but after a bit we are able to help them. That is my work, helping others and those that are weak. It is splendid here. Nothing to feed. You remember people used to eat. The material body is matter; that goes to dust, but we live on. God is very good to us all. It's a mistake not to believe in God."

"And Christ?"

"Do you know who Christ was? It's a great mystery, Ike. You know we were taught that He was the Son of God; well, He was a reflexion of God and we are a reflexion of Him."

"Do you ever see Him?"

"Occasionally we do, but not often; He is far superior to us; infinitely superior."

"And to everybody?"

"Yes, to everybody. He is the real reflexion, we are secondary reflexions. Oh, I feel as if I wish I knew everybody. I am out of all aches and pains. I left you suddenly. Your sister has scores of children to teach. This place is divided up into parts. Here, on the earth, there is water between two countries; so there is a separation between the good and the bad side. Look here, if you took Susie's life, Susie would pass into the bright side in peace; afterwards you would not, but you would see her and that would be your punishment. It's as when you look through a screen; you can see people but they can't see you. Once lately a man broke through and came here, but two attendants took him back (p. 523). We never tire. There's no night, it's all day. I remember days and nights down with you. Ike, some day I'll meet your hands outstretched and if possible I will come; if possible. My mother has caught cold. She's failing. Tell her I love her, love her still, and when she looks at my picture, as she often does, I stand and look at her and say, 'If you only knew how near I was to you.' Do you know where my watch and chain are?"

Mr. T.: "Ah, where is it?"

"I will get father to help me look it up."

Mr. T.: "Yes, he should know. Do you know who this is?" [Theodora.]

"Did I ever see her? No, I never knew her."

Mr. T.: "No, you did not."

"Theo-ora, Theodora, Theo——"

Mr. T.: "Yes, Theodora."

"You have got a boy named after me?"

Mr. T.: "Yes."

"It was my father's chain. I will try and remember about it, and come again. (Manner and voice here suddenly changed to Phinuit's.) Ullo! How are you, Thompson, and you, you little miss? You've got headaches. Have you had that sage tea yet?"

"No."

"Well, you're a stupid lot. Why don't you take it, and what are you fretting about? worrying, thinking you've lost something. What have you lost?"

Theodora: "Oh, a paint-box."

"It's not lost at all. You will find it in a drawer on the left-hand side—in a drawer. Go upstairs and right, left, right."

Theodora : "Tell me again."

"Well, you go in at the front, then you turn to the right and go upstairs, then you go to the right, and then to the left, then on the right, and on the left-hand side."

Theodora : "A bedroom?"

"No, not quite right."

Theodora : "It must be the schoolroom?"

"That's it. It's not a drawer, but quite like a drawer. Not a desk, but like a desk. Well, it's there, in left-hand drawer among some papers. Your uncle told me that. Go and find it when you get back. It's not lost at all." [The description applies exactly to the place it is usually kept in, but it is not there now.]

Mrs. T. : "Is that the one that said he would help her?"

"Yes. He's quite a passion for it; never tired of talking about that girl, and about painting. She's got it in her, it will come out. What a fuss about rings. You don't want rings, so don't make a fuss about them. [Theodora, while coming very quietly to the house (after the sitting had begun with O. J. L.), remembered she had forgotten some rings she had intended to bring, and wanted to go back for them, but was not allowed. Nothing had been said or thought about them further.] What are you bothering about? (to Mrs. T.) You're fretting."

Mrs. T. : "Well, I'm very tired."

"What is it? One of those girls?"

Mrs. T. : "What girls?"

"Those girls that do the washing, what do you call them, servants. The dark one and little one, little but funny. [Correct description of one of them, who has turned out rather badly.] You needn't fret about that. That's nothing."

Mrs. T. : "What about my second daughter?"

"The dark one? Oh, she's all right. That's nothing. She's a good girl. I like her. She's very sensitive, and was afraid of being snubbed, didn't like it, felt a bit homesick. She's going away again and going to be all right. Put her back up a bit, but it will never hurt. Don't mind. She took up her traps, and away she went." [All correct, see pp. 511 and 540.]

Mrs. T. : "Ought we to send her back?"

"Send her to another place. Bless you, I like it. Where her heart is her body ought to be. It will be all right in the end."

Mrs. T. : "And it has not injured her character?"

"Character! Pooh! Not a bit. She showed a good bit of courage to get home again. I rather enjoy those things. She just took it into her head. She's impulsive, and off she went. Ha! ha! She'll take another start, and this time she'll stick to it. Don't you fret. Mary, you come here; let those people clear out. You have been taking carrot."

M. L. : "Yes, you told me to" (p. 521).

"Yes, I know. Well, now you have taken plenty of that. Get some Uvae Ursi. Do you know what that is? (No.) Well, it's mountain cranberry. Get some of those leaves. You can get the infusion, but leaves are better because pure. Let them steep and take a wineglassful before going to bed. Take it instead of carrot for three weeks and then carrot again. (Medical

details gone into, accurate in general, but one statement which turned out false. Prescribed also for third boy, viz., 2oz. Huxum's tincture of cinchona, 2oz. French dialysed iron, and 4oz. druggists' simple syrup; a teaspoonful after shaking in wineglass of water, with a few drops of lemon juice or other acid.) He has a pain here when he runs, blood poor, &c. [Details correct.] Give him milk, lime water, and eggs." (Further advice to M. L., who, having had the influenza badly, was in low spirits, with attempts to cheer her.)

Notes by Mr. Wilson.

9. I was not ill while taking my degree.
10. I remember no special light grey suit.
11. My mother's name was not Mary, and I never had a sister or a brother.
12. All about building stairs and chimney completely unintelligible. My father always rented our houses. [See p. 530.]
13. He never had an unsound tooth.

Sitting No. 82. February 3rd, 1890. Morning.

Present: O. L. and E. C. L.

"Ullo, Captain, I'm first rate. Got a lot of things to do for you. I've been talking to your friends and the Thompson's. I haven't hurt myself, but I've been busy. Take care of your boy, and Mary do what I told her. Here's Mr. Wilson; give me that chain. (Given.) Mr. Wilson had sister Ellen—Eleanor; she passed out of body before he did. These little things will be of interest to George, although so trivial. He had a few books given him by the Rev. Mr. Clark. He thinks George has them, but is not sure of that. He had lots of books."

O. L.: "Your son is anxious to talk to you, and I hope he will, but he's abroad now."

"Yes, he knows. They lived near the water; you didn't know that. They did once. They moved after George's illness. That was when the chimney was fixed. Do you understand that?"

O. L.: "Yes, Mr. Wilson told me about the chimney" (*i.e.*, through the medium at previous sitting).

"Oh, he did. Well, and he says he and George's mother travelled over, and got some pieces of foreign wood inlaid. Shape of box, inlaid. When he crossed the Channel, he told you this before, he fell and hurt his knee as he was stepping off the boat. No gang plank—what you call it. Mr. Bradley I've only seen with George since I passed out."

O. L.: "Did you speak of Mr. Bradley's father?"

"Yes; I know his father and his brother. They had a grandfather, Thomas, the Bradleys had. You look these things up. Endless amount of trouble. . . . One of them is connected with the Civil Service, one of the Bradleys. It would have been sensible if the child's teeth had been taken out sooner, as soon as they got loose. Tell George I said that. What can I do for you? Did you tell the Rev. Thomas about his preaching?"

O. L.: "I will; but I don't think you got his sermon right" (p. 541).

"I know I got it right. Mr. Wilson wants to know—Uxbury."

O. L. : "Did they live there?"

"It's a place that's got shire on to it. Chestershire (?)—Uxbridge. Uxbridge. Is there such a place?"

"Yes."

"He used to know a Mr. Boys."

"At Uxbridge?"

"That's right. There, you've got enough. I don't think you will get much more from him. He's gone."

O. L. : "Ask him to go to his son and see what he is doing, and come back and tell me, please" (p. 552).

"I'll ask him. Do you know your Uncle Jerry was more pleased with those things you told him—those about Charles and that—than anybody? He was tickled all over (p. 542). What have you done with his watch? Has it gone back to Robert?"

"Yes, I returned it."

"Oh, why didn't you keep it a bit longer? When you see Robert ask him about the rug—hair rug—fur rug of Uncle Jerry's. What has he done with it—a brown fur rug? Do you remember the wheels?"

O. L. : "Yes, I was puzzled about them."

"Well, it's seals. Did you know Jerry's books?"

O. L. : "No, not much."

"He had a history of . . . Hullo! here's Aunt Anne. (Feeling arm of chair medium sat in, and pinching and rubbing it for next few minutes.) Alfred's got some of her books, hasn't he?"

"Yes, a few."

"Who was it had the birds?"

"I don't know."

"We went shooting, we boys, and killed some ducks. The skipper will remember that. What a little devil he was. He couldn't be tamed or done anything with. His mother had a lot of trouble with him. [Uncle Frank is often called "the skipper." The description probably applies to him well enough.] Aunt Anne's here (p. 536). She says, 'That was mine'—this thing. [Good. It had never been asked about or mentioned. It was her wedding present.] What is it?"

O. L. : "It's the arm of a chair."

"Oh, it's like the arm of an organ or something."

O. L. : "It's quite right. Aunt Anne gave me this chair."

"She knows she did. And there was another thing, a little stool; where's that?"

O. L. : "I don't know that."

"Yes, a little flat stool used to be under the table. Who's got it? Covered with soft stuff. Your father wants to know how you got his watch and how Nelly got your mother's."

O. L. : "Well, we thought it was proper for her to have it."

"Yes, quite right. The only girl. They are very pleased. Aunt Anne is vexed you didn't have more of her books."

O. L. : "I did have some."

"Yes, but very few. Well, my boy, are you still seeking for informa-

tion?" O. L. : "Yes, but not for much longer just now." "Do you want to know about Charlie? He's in Canada."

"I'm anxious about Charlie, but I don't worry." "You've done the best. Have you a photograph of me, Nelly?"

E. C. L. : "Yes, one with Charlie and Edith."

"You have that too, Oliver?"

O. L. : "Yes, I have it."

"Aunt Anne was very fond of you. She wishes she could have done more for you. Your friends are not much here. Strange people seem to bother them. It's too bad about Robert's health. I would like to know what he did with that ring of mine. [Feeling snuff-box inside.] Is it gold in it?"

O. L. : "Yes, it's gilt inside."

"How's Mary? Going to rest now and take good care? Do you know Richard, a brother Richard?"

E. C. L. : "Yes, what of him?"

"Do you want to know anything about him?"

E. C. L. : "Yes, how is he?"

"He's pretty well; hasn't been well; but pretty well now. Did you find those creases in Uncle Jerry's watch near the handle?" (p. 518).

"Yes."

"Do you know if Uncle Jerry smoked?"

"No."

"Well, he didn't. Mr. Wilson had a long pipe which was given him. Uncle Jerry had a thing that looked like a pipe but wasn't. Uncle Jerry has been to see Robert and is coming back. Nelly, come here and talk to me a bit. (More vague talk.) You should take egg and milk and brandy sometimes. Go and fetch your aunt's ring, Captain, and that handle belonging to your uncle." [Went for ring; did not understand "handle," p. 550.]

"That's right. Where's the handle?"

O. L. : "Don't know what you mean."

"Ullo, here's Jerry. Aunt Anne has been to fetch him. See what good the ring is. Look here, Oliver, I have been trying to remember about this box; it seems to me that before I went into insurance I used to teach, and that this was given me by my pupils." [Correct, it was given him by the boys of the Lucton Grammar School, where in early life he was mathematical master. An inscription on it in small character asserts the fact. See also p. 541.]

O. L. : "Yes, that's so. Do you know where it was that you used to teach?"

"No, it's so long ago. How long have I been here? It must have been 20 or 30 years."

O. L. : "Yes, fully 20 years."

"And that was given me long before that."

O. L. : "I will tell you when it was given you. It is dated 1836, and now it's 1890. Fifty-four years."

"Yes, that's a long time. Tell me where it was?"

O. L. : "It was Lucton."

"Oh, oh, yes. Yes, I used to teach there, and it was given me by the boys. It has been a tremendous job to remember it. Frank was full of life—full. . . . He crawled under the thatch once and hid. What a lot of

mischievous he was capable of doing. He would do anything; go without shirt, swop hats, anything. There was a family near named Rodney. He pounded one of their boys named John. Frank got the best of it, and the boy ran; how he ran! His father threatened Frank, but he escaped; he always escaped. He could crawl through a smaller hole than another. He could shin up a tree quick as a monkey. What a boy he was! I remember his fishing. I remember that boy wading up to his middle. I thought he'd catch his death of cold, but he never did." [See notes at end of series, p. 557.]

O. L. : "No, he's an old man now."

"Send him my warm love. Do you know, Oliver, I can't remember the friend who was photographed with me that you say is Robert something."

O. L. : "No. Shall I tell you?"

"Well, what do you think? Had you better?"

O. L. : "I fear you won't remember it in time now."

"What do you think, Nelly?"

E. C. L. : "Yes, you would like to know it now."

O. L. : "It was Robert Cheere." [I find later that this is wrong: it was another member of the same family.]

"Oh! Oh, Lord! Oh! Ah well! (pause) Do you know where he is? (No.) Well, he's here. Here is your father. Oliver, my son, why don't you wear my watch?"

"I've got a better one."

"Well, but the chain? and fix this thing to it again. I daresay yours is a bit smarter, and more boyish, but if I was you I would wear my chain a bit. I am rather troubled at not having done more for you boys. I wish I had done more, but you won't treasure it up against us?"

O. L. : "Certainly not."

"Give me that handle (p. 549)—your father's corkscrew."

O. L. : "Oh, that thing."

"Yes, that's it. He tells me to open it. (Opened it, and pulled out screw.) You knew this was your father's."

O. L. : "Well, it was my mother's, I thought."

"But his too. It's like that umbrella (p. 537). They both had it."

O. L. : "Won't my mother come and speak herself?"

"She has sent message. She can't come and speak herself."

O. L. : "Mr. E. does." (Referring to *Sittings* 40 and 47.)

"You are greedy. Yes, Mr. E. does, but Mr. E. is a scientific man, who has gone into these things. He comes and turns me out sometimes. It would be a very narrow place into which Mr. E. couldn't get."

Notes by Mr. Wilson.

14. Don't think he had a sister Ellen, or friend Mr. Clark. I find on inquiry that my grandfather had friends of that name.

15. Inlaid box, accident on crossing Channel, reference to child's teeth, Uxbridge, stag's head [next page], all unintelligible.

Sitting No. 83, and last in England. Monday Evening, February 3rd.
7.30 to 9.45.

Present: O. L., E. C. L., and afterwards Mr. and Mrs. T. and M. L.

“Ullo, Nelly. Come here, Captain. It looks as if someone had passed out suddenly, quite recently. One of your uncles, I think.”

“Which?”

“I can't see; they are all busy round him. A lot of people are bustling about. I don't know who it is. I *think* someone has passed out or just passing out. I can't tell you anything more. There is something wrong, anyway.” [7.45 p.m.]

O. L. : “If he is passed out you can see him.”

“Not a bit. You make nothing of a spirit that's just passed out. They are all strange and don't know where they are. Your people seem all busy. Do you know if one of your uncles is ill?” O. L. : “No, not particularly.”

“How's Charles?” O. L. : “Oh, he passed out long ago.”

“Well, how's Sam?” O. L. : “I don't know; pretty well, I think.”

“Well, I can't tell you anything more about it. But I think it's Sam. It's either Sam or in his surroundings. [Uncle Sam, I find by writing, was ill on Saturday and Sunday and had to see a doctor, but was right again on Monday. A son was invalided at home, and died some months later; but no coincidence can be claimed for that.] (To Nelly, whose watch had been handed to medium.) This is your mother's. Your mother wants you to take your medicine. Do you remember the little one that passed out of the body?”

E. C. L. : “No, but I know there was one.”

“Well, he's here with her. But you wouldn't know him now. He's grown up.”

E. C. L. : “Then they do grow?”

“Certainly. He's about 35, I should say. [The brother referred to, who died aged five weeks, would have been 33.] They all look about 35 here. She wants to know did you have her brown dress?”

“No.”

“And her ring. And she had a pin, a brooch thing, and a pair of buttons to hook into sleeves. Where are they all?”

E. C. L. : “I'm afraid I don't know.”

“But some one ought to know. And I had a little pocket-knife with four blades in it. Where is that? And a cameo pin and a little neck chain that used to be yours when you were small. Three rings you know I had. Where are they?”

O. L. : “I suppose Alfred knows.”

“Well, look up my things. You, Nelly, ought to have them. This is my watch, but that's not my chain; where's my chain?”

E. C. L. : “I don't know. This is a chain Mary wore. She kept the watch for me.”

“The brooch you ought to have with a large stone in it. It belonged to my mother, your grandmother.”

“Where are the Smiths? Do you know the Howards?”

O. L. : “No.”

“Here's Mr. Wilson again. I had a stag's head that I cut out of wood myself when I was young. I wish that it could be found. It's a small thing but it was a piece of work. I did it with my knife.”

O. L. : “Well, I will ask your son.”

"I have been to see him."

O. L. : "Do you see him now? What is he doing?"

"George has been writing out something—manuscript. He and another have been riding out together."

"Do you mean on a horse?"

"No, in a vehicle, and George has been showing papers. They are out together. [Mr. and Mrs. Wilson were at this time taking a long railway journey.] Ask him if he remembers that old long clock. It used to be my father's. I don't know that I can remember much more. There are a good many people here wanting to speak. I will not stay any longer. Give my best love to my son. Good-bye."

"Good-bye, Mr. Wilson."

"He's going away—up, up—there [following with finger], with a stout lady, brown hair, parted down middle, straight nose, full of face, hair at back brought over top of head—sort of French arrangement. Blue-grey eyes. Small white cap on front of head."

"Here's Mr. E. (p. 516); Lodge, don't loose hold of a good thing. I could have done much for the Society if I had lived, but I can do still more now. It is wonderfully difficult to communicate. All the time I've been here I have only found two mediums besides this one. Miss X. is one; very honest. The other is that Miss Fowler. I have been there once. Disgusting surroundings, but I went. Yes, she's a true medium. More people might be mediums, but many won't when they can."

"What constitutes a medium?"

"Not too much spirituality, and not too much animalism. Not the highest people, and not the lowest. Sympathetic, and not too self-conscious. Able to let their minds be given up to another. That sort of person, easily influenced. Many could, but their pride and a sense of self comes in and spoils it. As to the physical things: mostly fraud. The rest electricity. [The supposed speaker was not the least likely to refer things to electricity in this casual fashion.] A person's nerves are doing things they don't know what. They are often not conscious when they move things."

"It's like automatic writing then?"

"Something. Often the bells and noises are made by them when under the control of some other spirit, and then the message may be genuine. Trance things and automatic writing are good. Often good. Other things sometimes; but mostly fraud. (Further talk of this kind for some time.) Who is this?"

O. L. : "It's my sister."

"Oh, pleased to make your acquaintance. I didn't meet you, I think."

E. C. L. : "No, I never saw you."

"Glad to see you now. I wrote a little book once. (Title given.) Did you ever read it?"

"No."

"You might by chance be interested in it. Lodge, I will show you some verses I have written up here some day. Phinuit will be coming back soon. He's a good old man. He has a hard place. I wouldn't do the work he does for anything. Seeing all manner of people and hunting up their friends, and often he has hard work to persuade them that they are really wanted."

O. L. : "Is he reliable?"

"Not perfectly. He is not a bit infallible. He mixes things terribly sometimes. He does his best. He's a good old man ; but he does get confused, and when he can't hear distinctly he fills it up himself. He does invent things occasionally, he certainly does. Sometimes he has very hard work."

O. L. : "Are his medical prescriptions any good?"

"Oh, he's a shrewd doctor. He knows his business thoroughly. He can see into people and is very keen on their complaints. Yes, he is very good in that way, very good."

O. L. : "Can he see ahead at all? Can anyone?"

"I can't. I haven't gone into that. I think Phinuit can a little sometimes. He can do wonderful things. He has studied these things a good deal. He can do many things that I can't do. He can look up people's friends and say what they are doing sometimes in an extraordinary way. But he is far from being infallible."

O. L. : "The Thompsons are waiting in next room. Shall I call them in?"

"The Thompsons? Oh, I know. I met them at your house once at dinner, I think. [Yes.] No, I don't specially want to see them. Well, Lodge, I must be going. Good-bye. Stick to a good thing and don't give it up. Go on with the investigation. I will help you. This will be the thing of the future and will increase people's happiness. More mediums will arise and communication will be easier. Good-bye."

[Here medium seemed to sleep a few moments and then woke up again in the Phinuit manner, putting out hand and feeling sitter's head.]

"Eh! what! Oh, yes. All right. Look here, Mr. E. has been here. He told me to express his regret that he had not said good-bye to Miss Lodge.)Here's Dr. Thompson" (p. 544).

(Mr. and Mrs. T. had recently come in and now came near.)

"Joy be with you. God bless her. Your brother wants to see you. How's the sage tea?"

Mrs. T. : "It's being made."

"I have thought about that watch and chain, but I can't find it. I have looked all over."

Mr. T. : "No, I'm afraid it's gone. An accident happened to it, and it was sold."

"Oh, it seems to me it was given to me, and that there was an inscription on it. Presented to me where I worked, because they appreciated me."

Mr. T. : "Yes, there was an inscription."

"What was that inscription?"

Mr. T. : "Yes, what was it?"

"It was given me where I studied. It was an appreciation from some of my friends, I think. I did a friend a service. [He took a friend's epileptic son through Egypt, and it was for this that the watch was given, in addition to his fee.] Ike, did you ever hear from me and from father before?"

Mr. T. : "No, never before just lately."

"That's a mistake, Ike. You heard once before ; some time ago. You shouldn't forget."

Mr. T. : "Oh, yes, so I did, many years ago. For the moment I did not think of it." [Referring to an old interview which his friends had had with some medium at Bristol, when vivid personal messages from Dr. T. were likewise supposed to be sent.]

"Yes, and I sent a message to mother before. Don't forget me, Ike. Have you seen mother lately? you have not seen her to-day?"

Mr. T. : "No, not to-day, but yesterday I did."

"She has had trouble with her head. I am looking after her. How's William? He went on to Scotland, I think."

Mr. T. : "You said you wrote a great deal. How can you write?"

"It is the same thing to us. The nearest thing to it. We are very busy, Ike, but we are never weary of praising and thanking God for our creation and preservation. That is our chief employment. (Dr. P.) Susie, your father sends his love to little Miss here. Has she found her paint-box yet?" (p. 545).

Mrs. T. : "No."

"Why doesn't she go and look for it? You go into door, and from there go upstairs, then to right, then to left, and into room where papers are."

Mrs. T. : "Yes, that's where it is usually kept, and where it ought to be, but it's not there now, she says."

"Let her look again. She'll find it. [Not found it.] Here's your mother, too. She has a little funny cap on her head down over her ears, and two ladies with her. They say they're your sisters. One quite young, and one a little older. One is a fat little thing with funny little curls all over here." [All correct.]

Mrs. T. : "Yes, I remember."

"Well, she wears it just the same now. Where's her ring? Another little ring with a top to it belonged to one of these ladies."

Mrs. T. : "I don't remember it."

"How stupid you are! Perhaps the Captain can explain. Your father will help that girl Theo—to paint. Nice man he is. (Here's Dr. Rich. [See also p. 511, Note F.]) It is very kind of this gentleman [*i.e.*, Dr. Phinuit] to let me speak to you. Mr. Thompson, I want you to give a message to father."

Mr. T. : "I will give it."

"Thank you a thousand times, it is very good of you. You see I passed out rather suddenly. Father was very much troubled about it and he is troubled yet. He hasn't got over it. Tell him I am alive—that I send my love to him. Where are my glasses? (feeling) I used to wear glasses. [True.] I think he has them, and some of my books. There was a little black case I had, I think he has that too—I don't want that lost. Sometimes he is bothered about a dizzy feeling in his head—nervous about it, but it is of no consequence."

Mr. T. : "What does your father do?"

(Took up a card and appeared to write on it and pretended to put stamp in corner.) "He attends to this sort of thing. Mr. Thompson, if you will give this message I will help you in many ways. 'I can and I will.'"

[Mr. Rich, sen., is head of Liverpool Post-office. His son, Dr. Rich, was almost a stranger to Mr. Thompson and quite a stranger to me. The father was much distressed about his son's death, we find. Mr.

Thompson has since been to see him and given him the message. He considers the episode very extraordinary, and inexplicable except by fraud of some kind. The phrase, "Thank you a thousand times," he asserts to be characteristic, and he admits a recent slight dizziness. It is not easy to identify the "black case," but it is reported that on his death-bed his son frequently mentioned one. The only person able to give first-hand evidence on this point is at present absent in Germany.])

"Now, all you people come here."

"Good-bye, Susie. Good-bye, Ike. Good-bye, Nelly."

"Now, all clear out and let me talk to Marie."

(Long conversation of a paternal kind, with thoroughly sensible advice.

Then O. L. returned.)

"Captain, it's not good-bye, it's *au revoir*, and you shall hear of me when I've gone away."

O. L. : "How can I?"

"Oh, I will tell some gentleman a message and he will write it for me. You'll see."

"*Au revoir, au revoir,*" &c.

End of Second Series of Sitzings at Liverpool.

APPENDIX.

Referring to a remark in the notes on p. 527, about the conceivable mission of an agent to Barking to make inquiries, it struck us that it might be instructive to actually send one and see what could be thus gleaned: with the objects (1) of verifying such of the facts mentioned about my uncles as had not yet been verified, and (2) of incidentally learning how much could in this way, after so long an interval and such great changes in the neighbourhood, be gleaned.

I accordingly gave full instructions to a confidential and skilled agent, and I append his series of reports; for though they do not add much to our information they yet seem to me instructive in various indirect ways.

October 2nd, 1890.

I spent yesterday in Barking making inquiries. The result is not very exciting, but there is a chance of better things, for I have made an appointment to meet an old man next Monday, 83 years old, who has lived at Barking all his life, and is credited with a long and reliable memory. He was away on business, and not likely to return before Monday. I saw other old men, in different parts of the town, but their memories did not go back far enough. Two of them remembered when the Rev. Oliver Lodge was curate in charge, and that as boys they had a nickname for him; but they could recall none of the things we need. They knew that there were several "young Lodges."

It is a custom in Barking to call fields and lanes after persons connected with them—generally the landlord; and there seems to be an impression among the old people that there were more Smiths than one with fields. However, a workman on some "black works" told me that his old father actually lives now in a place that used, long ago, to be called "Smith's field" occasionally. I went to this spot, but it was late in the evening, and the old man was either out or would not answer when I knocked. It is probably the right field, however, for it is at the upper part of "Glenny's Park" (is it Park or Part?), it has ponds and creeks where fishing might be done, and the river Rodin is close by. I have made arrangements to examine the

old ordnance maps in the Surveyor's Office at the Town Hall on Monday. No one seemed able to identify the *Smith boys*; but if I can fix this Smith from the maps it may make it easier to trace the *boys*.

A builder, named Drake, who has lived in Barking a good many years, was rather helpful. He can remember Messrs. William and Frank Whitbourn—they were father and son, and the younger one's name was really Francis. He also remembers James and Henry Sharp—they are buried in the old churchyard, and Drake had to renovate their tombstones quite recently.

This is all I have been able to get at up to the present. It now depends upon the old man aged 83 (Wm. Bailey) and the ordnance map. If the old man Bailey is a failure I know of nothing else to do. I expect to find Smith's field all right.

October 7th, 1850.

Further inquiries at Barking have not enabled me to make any definite discoveries of the required sort. The old man (Bailey) proved a failure, he could remember no more than the other old people—which was very little, as you know. The field I hoped might be Smith's field is not the right one, for I find that though a Messrs. Smith and Kinsie had it between 1840 and 1850, it belonged to a Venables family for a great many years before then—certainly in 1828.

I found another promising old man, Mr. Forge, between 70 and 80, who was born in the town and has had much to do with parish business, having been an overseer for many years in the past. He could not be brought to remember any of the things we want; but he told me where an old assessment book was stored away at the Town Hall. I therefore called upon the Town Clerk and prevailed upon him to come to the Town Hall to inspect this book. He came, and kindly examined both this and many other likely books, some going back as far as 1827, but not a trace of Smith's field could we find in any of them. The Town Clerk (who is also an overseer), a very intelligent and pleasant man, has been connected with parish affairs all his life, and he did all in his power to help. He knows one or two old people living on the outskirts of the parish, and will tap their memories for us; he declared that they were so uneducated and suspicious that it would be useless for me to visit them.

Mr. Samuel Glenney, a descendant of the "Glenney's Part" people, who is now Vestry Clerk, having control of local plans and assessment books, and who has lived in the neighbourhood over 50 years, cannot remember a Smith's field adjoining any of their family property.

I examined an ordnance map, dated 1863, at the Town Hall. There are three "Glenny's" Parts shown, pretty close together, near the vicarage and glebe land. Only one of these plots had a pond—now filled up of course, for all the neighbourhood is built upon—and on the corner of this plot a *smithy* is marked. Now it is not improbable that this fact may have given rise to the field being called "Smith's field"—at any rate by the school boys; and if so, it is not to be wondered at that assessment books and plans fail to show the place under that name. The supposition is not so unlikely, for the Barking people have a way of giving names to localities in this manner; for instance, there is a lane belonging to one man but named after another man who happens to have a slaughter-house at the end of it. It seems quite probable that the field with the smithy in it would get called "Smith's field," even though it belonged in reality to Mr. Glenney, and the fact that there were two other fields belonging to members of the Glenney family quite close by seems to make it more probable. At any rate this field with the smithy in it was the only one that appears to have had anything of a pond. The smithy stood at the corner of the field, and would have been passed on the way from the vicarage to the pond, which latter was halfway down the field on one side of it. [See next page.] But still, although this theory will give us a Smith's field independent of assessment books and maps, it will not give us a *Mr. Smith*, nor will it help us to discover the *Smith boys*. There is only one remaining chance—the *Rent Guarantee Society*. This society collects the tithes for the parish of Barking, and the secretary is said to possess old records which may put us on the right road. I have written to make an appointment with this gentleman, who is only at the office, in London, on certain days.

I could not find a Rodney family in the local directory of recent date—a very imperfect production. Nor were old inhabitants able to remember such a family living in the neighbourhood 50 or 60 years back. Are you sure there *was* a family? There might have been a John Rodney without a *family* of Rodneys [p. 550, and below].

Mrs. Piper has certainly beaten me. My inquiries in modern Barking yield less information than she gave. Yet the most skilful agent could have done no more than secure the assistance of the local record keepers and the oldest inhabitants living. I have failed up to the present to prove from records that there was a Smith's field, and therefore cannot trace the Smith boys. I cannot find anyone who remembers the creek incident; nor can I learn anything whatever about Mrs. Cannon from the old people.

October 10th, 1890.

The *Tithe Collecting Agency* is a failure. The secretary has no old records, and no possible means whatever of assisting us to discover Smith's field. I have no further ideas at present. Can you suggest anything?

G. ALBERT SMITH.

ADDITIONAL NOTES.

October 23rd, 1890.

In order to obtain verification or the opposite for as many of the statements regarding things unknown to me as possible, I wrote at last to my uncle Frank in Cornwall (p. 526), informing him fully of the circumstances of the investigation and requesting his aid. He complains that his memory is not so good now as it was even six months ago, but he has favoured me with some information which is useful so far as it goes. The following are extracts from his letters:—

(Referring to episode mentioned on p. 550.) "I recollect very well my fight with a boy in the cow-field. It took place when I was ten years old (about 1822), and I suppose a bit of a boy-bully. We had no quarrel but merely fought to see which was best man, and when my opponent considered he had had enough, instead of giving in the usual manner, he bolted like a lamp-lighter. The reason I remember so well about this is because before the fight the general opinion was that the other boy would beat me easily, and as a result of my success a boy two years older and much bigger and stronger than myself was picked out from the village to fight me, and gave me a tremendous thrashing. At eleven I was sent to sea.

"I don't at all recollect the name of the boy who ran away." "I recollect his father saying if he caught hold of me he would give me a good hiding."

(In answer to a question as to how "Smith's field" (p. 527) came by its name, and whether it had anything to do with a smithy, p. 556.) "There was a blacksmith's shop near the town end of this field, but I do not think it had any reference to the name of the field. It was called Smith's field because the occupier's name was Smith, I believe."

(In answer to a question about the "Smith boys," p. 521.) "There was a man named Smith, a publican, the same who made the remark about the 'd—d young Lodges.' (See notes at end of First Series.) He had children, but I remember nothing of them except one boy, and the reason I recollect him is because the parish of Barking had the nomination of a boy for the Bluecoat School. I was nominated by my people and a young Smith by his; Smith was elected, and consequently the whole course of my life was changed."

(In answer to questions about Uncle Jerry, p. 521.) "I do not think the fall from a horse had anything to do with bringing on his blindness. He was always near-sighted, and used to wear spectacles at school, but I do not think I was in England at the time of his fall." "I recollect nothing whatever about any ring of his" (referring to a statement on p. 508).

(3) PART II.

BY WALTER LEAF, LITT.D.

The series of sittings held by Mrs. Piper at Liverpool forms a set distinct to some extent from the rest in quality as well as in matter, and has therefore been treated apart, for convenience' sake, by Professor Lodge. It was remarkable, as compared with those which have now to be considered, for a high level of success. At Cambridge, as in London, success and failure alternated in a puzzling manner. In a large number of cases particles of intuition were embedded in a mass of vague, unintelligible, or distinctly "fishing" conversation. The sittings, however, have the advantage of throwing a great deal of light upon the working of the medium's secondary personality, and deserve therefore as careful study as those of more uniform quality. The plan adopted in dealing with them has been to set out first the most remarkable from an evidential point of view, and then a few of those which give the most unfavourable side of Dr. Phinuit's personality ; for as a distinct personality we shall have to regard him. The remainder are collected in the Appendix in an abbreviated form.

Before entering upon details, it is necessary to give a general view of the conditions under which the London sittings took place. Mr. Myers has already done this for Cambridge. In London the same precautions were of course taken to introduce all sitters, not previously known to Mrs. Piper, under feigned names. The possibility of gaining information by local gossip, which has to be taken into account in Cambridge and even in Liverpool, was here excluded by the circumstances of the case ; and the same may be said of another supposed source of information, that by inquiry from servants. The first nine sittings were held at Mrs. Piper's lodgings, No. 27, Montagu-street, W.C. The owners of the lodgings could not possibly have known anything of Dr. Myers, by whom the arrangements were made. When Mrs. Piper came to London for the second time, she was lodged at a private hotel not far from my residence, where the possibility of information was equally excluded. She sat several times at my house, and dined there on one occasion ; but she was under close observation all the time, and it is perfectly certain that she had no chance of "pumping" any of the servants, nor indeed are any of the statements which she made such as could possibly be accounted for by such channels of information. One sitting, perhaps the most remarkable of the series, took place at Mr. Clarke's house at Harrow. Here it may be said that there was a possible source of inquiry ; for Mrs. Piper had not only met Mr. Clarke in America, but had crossed the Atlantic on

the same steamer with him ; and it will be suggested, no doubt, that she had succeeded in pumping him as to his wife's family in the course of conversation. That any man could have imparted unconsciously such curious and unusual family histories as those told to Mrs. Clarke would be amazing enough. The supposition is simply impossible to those who have had the opportunity of watching Mrs. Piper, and estimating the singularly limited range of her conversation, and its inadequacy for the subtle designs attributed to it. Moreover, some of the facts stated were unknown to Mr. Clarke himself till he heard them asserted by the medium and confirmed by his wife. Both Mr. and Mrs. Clarke are intimately known to me ; and no better evidence than theirs could possibly be desired. Mrs. Clarke is a German by birth, and has been in England only since her marriage. The facts stated to her refer entirely to members of her family in Germany. Nothing short of a detective employed by Mrs. Piper in Munich would have availed to get her the knowledge which she showed on the occasion of her sitting with Mrs. Clarke.

The same may be said of the only two other London sittings which are published at length, as being of evidential importance. My sister-in-law, Mrs. H. Leaf, was introduced to Mrs. Piper at the lodgings in Manchester-street, where Mrs. Piper had arrived the day before, and was immediately told a number of facts of almost all of which I was myself quite ignorant, as they referred to various cousins of hers whose names I had not to my knowledge ever heard. Mr. Pye is a friend whom I have known for many years, but of whose family I know only one or two members. What was stated to him was entirely outside my own knowledge. Of the other sittings the most remarkable was undoubtedly Miss "Gertrude C.'s." As will be seen from her report, Appendix, Nos. 29 and 31, the best part of this was of so private a nature that practically very little can be published. Of the facts which have had to be reserved it is quite clear that no means, not even the most astute detective, could have obtained knowledge of them ; they were secrets which were the property of one, or at most of two or three persons.

In addition to this there is the conviction which I strongly feel, in common, I think, with all those who have seen much of Mrs. Piper, that she is absolutely honest. This of course refers to her normal state ; as to the view to be taken of the Phinuit personality there will be more to be said hereafter. But as to the first and most obvious question, whether she consciously acquires knowledge with regard to her sitters, with the intention of deceiving, I may say most positively that I regard such a supposition as entirely untenable.

The question of the amount of communication existing between the two states is in the nature of the case obscure, and the evidence, so far

as I have been able to see, is mainly negative. Dr. Phinuit makes many statements which may easily have been learnt by Mrs. Piper ; he in several cases, for instance, took pains to describe the personal appearance of his sitters. On the other hand, knowledge about them and their surroundings, which Mrs. Piper certainly possessed, was not as a rule given by Phinuit. It may of course be said that this was done in order to obscure his methods, and I am inclined, judging from what I have seen of the character of Phinuit, his shrewdness and his desire to appear marvellous, to think that this is very possible ; though it seems somewhat inconsistent with the different course taken by him in the cases just mentioned, and still more with his habit of noting corrections or hints given him during a sitting, and attempting to bring them out after a short interval as though they were his own. One observation bearing on this point was made by Mrs. Verrall. In her three sittings, her eldest girl was frequently mentioned, but her name, which she had never mentioned to Mrs. Piper, was not given. After her last sitting, No. 63, she purposely took an opportunity of calling the child "Helen" in Mrs. Piper's presence. At the very next sitting where Mrs. Verrall was mentioned, that of Mrs. B., No. 66, Helen was named by Dr. Phinuit. There is therefore ground for supposing that, as in the case of other secondary personalities which have been studied, the abnormal state is conscious of what goes on in the normal, but not *vice versa* ; but that this connexion is purposely obscured. That Dr. Phinuit is what he gives himself out, the spirit of a departed Marseillais physician, I may say at once that I do not see the least ground for believing. His own word does not, in view of his moral standard, apart from other considerations, carry even a presumption of veracity ; nor has a single one of the numerous statements he has made as to his life on earth proved capable of verification. On the other side his complete ignorance of French is a positive ground for disbelieving him, and one which he has never been able to explain.

Phinuit in fact exhibits just the low moral tone which we so often find in table-talking, planchette, and other manifestations, as we now regard them, of the secondary self. He swears freely, and indulges in slang of the vulgar New England sort, in a way quite alien from the manners of Mrs. Piper. This is of course a trifle ; but it is more serious when we find him continually making attempts to deceive. If he is not able to make a right statement, he is always ready with a guess of more or less ingenuity to conceal his ignorance, or at least with some ambiguity or subterfuge which should make a show of turning the difficulty. Hardly a sitting passed without his making at least a few statements which were altogether wrong. It is this which constitutes the chief obstacle to coming to a positive decision as to many of the facts.

We must therefore attempt to give some idea of the methods which were employed to obtain direction from the sitters in case correct knowledge failed ; or, if this information could not be extracted, to make lucky guessing supply its place. For this purpose two of the worst sittings have been given fully, that the reader may form his own opinion. Miss Johnson's first sitting has also been published, with a commentary which will show how hard it is to be sure that fishing does not enter into statements which may at first seem satisfactory.

In thus taking the part of an *advocatus diaboli*, and pressing to the utmost all objections which can be urged against the genuineness of the phenomena, it is almost inevitable that one should give a somewhat misleading perspective of the impression which the evidence has produced upon a spectator. In order so far as possible to correct this impression at the outset, I repeat with all emphasis that the conjectural analysis of Phinuit's methods is very far from covering all the statements which he made. His supposed fishing was employed, if at all, only when the supernormal power was for a time in abeyance ; possibly it is only an imagination of my own. But even with all risk of being misunderstood, it seems essential that this side should be put forward, if only to show that the investigators were fully alive to all the various methods by which it might be possible to take advantage of their credulity or carelessness. The more I consider the whole of the evidence, the more I remain convinced that it gives proof of a real supernormal power, subject, however, under conditions at which we can hardly even guess, to periods of temporary eclipse.

Unfortunately it is not possible to reduce the chances of a right guess to anything like numerical values. In a few cases only can we even form an approximation. Take, for instance, a favourite statement : " You have a father and mother, one (or both) in the body (or, in the spirit)," as the case may be. Here evidently the possible alternatives are four, and the chances against a right guess would seem to be three to one. But it is evident that the apparent age of the sitter would give a certain additional help to a guess. In some cases, with an elderly sitter, the statement, " You have both parents in the spirit," would be almost a certainty.

So again with the case of names. Phinuit was not fond of giving surnames, but at times he did so. Sometimes he was strikingly right ; at other times he condescended to such phrases as " You know Smith," or " How is Harris ?" with less success than might have been expected. But it is hopeless here to attempt to say what the chances of success are. In the case of Christian names the case is not really better. If we had to deal only with utterances such as " Then I get a William," or " There is a Henry in your surroundings," we might have formed some rough idea of the proportion of persons of whom this would be true.

But the case becomes hopeless when this sort of thing is mixed up with "You have a brother John ; no—a brother-in-law." It is only possible to record the fact that such expressions were frequently used, that they were sometimes successful and sometimes wrong, and that they are so obviously tainted with the suspicion of being used for purposes of fishing that they are of no value as evidence. A rough counting of the number of Christian names given shows that *William* was the most frequent, and the most often right ; but this is only what would be expected on the hypothesis either of fraud or of imperfect though authentic information, since *William* is the commonest male Christian name in England. Some names were, however, given with a frequency which leads to the supposition that they were systematically employed for fishing with. One of them is *Alec* or *Alex*, which met with much more success than would have been supposed likely in a series of sittings held south of the Tweed. Another name was "Ed." This was one of the commonest. As Mr. Barkworth points out, it has the advantage of standing for the four names Edward, Edwin, Edgar, and Edmund. Once, when none of these was recognised by a sitter, it was apparently turned into "Head" ; "what's the matter with head ?" (p. 487). Another name is "Loo," which has the useful property of standing at need either for a woman, *Louisa*, or a man, *Louis*. Cases in which it was successful in both functions will be found among the records.

A certain vagueness and imperfection of pronunciation, consistent with *Phinuit's* assumption of French origin, was also taken advantage of in order to increase the latitude with which names could be changed from one to another. Thus *Mary* was always called *Marie*, which evidently made it easy to change to *Maria* when necessary. *Alice* is made to do duty for *Agnes* (see Professor Rendall's sitting, p. 478), and in Miss Johnson's sitting (p. 609) it will be found that *John* is changed into *George* by an ingenious process. It is of course possible that in these cases the real reason of the uncertainty may have been that given by *Phinuit*, that his modes of obtaining knowledge were not clear ; but as a matter of evidence we must assume that in all cases the changes were only a means of obtaining direct information from the sitter.

It is probable that here a certain amount of muscle-reading was called into play as a guide to a right conclusion. The medium usually sat with the hand of the sitter pressed to her forehead. The attitude is a favourite one with so-called thought-reading performers. Unconscious indications would no doubt be given when the name first guessed was anywhere near the mark, and would easily, by known methods, be followed up to a completely right conclusion. The same means may have been used in the localisation of complaints. A very common statement was that some relation of the sitter was lame in the knee, or still more commonly that he had rheumatism there. This was usually

accompanied by a grasping of the knee, which suggests muscle-reading. In one case the suffering was followed downwards and rightly located in the toe.¹ At other times the pain was said to be in the head—head-aches or neuralgia. This was equally accompanied by feeling over the sitter's head. Not only are rheumatism and headaches two of the commonest of complaints, and the most likely to be guessed right, but the knee and the head were the most accessible portions of the sitter's frame, and those about which unconscious information could best be given. "Suffering from a cold," too, was a favourite diagnosis. As the sittings took place in December and January, and the later ones during the height of the influenza epidemic, it is not to be wondered at that this was generally admitted to be correct.

I have now gone through all the possible explanations of divination by fraud which after a careful study of the whole of the evidence I am able to suggest. It will be found that they are far from covering the whole of the facts. But they will show that we must assume as worthless all single Christian names even when given as those of a definite relation. We can take names as positive evidence only when correctly given in series and without fishing.

Another peculiarity of Dr. Phinuit's, which does not tend to raise our opinion of his veracity, nor indeed of his shrewdness, has been noticed by several sitters. This is that when a statement of his has been corrected, or information directly given him, by the sitter, he would take no notice of it at the time, but bring it out after a while as if it were an original piece of knowledge of his own. The device is too transparent to need much notice, though, as Phinuit has had a large experience of his business, it is likely enough that he has found it useful at times.

There will of course be no presumption in favour of Phinuit's veracity when he represents the messages he gives as being told to him by the defunct friends of the sitter. The question whether this may not after all be the easiest explanation is, however, definitely raised by the material before us, and is by far the most serious point which we have to face. It is our first duty to see if we cannot find an explanation without recourse to a supposition which is to most of us one of the least probable that could be made.

Setting aside the hypothesis that Mrs. Piper in her normal state learns the facts which Phinuit communicates, as untenable, and the alternative, that Phinuit obtains them during the sittings, partly by ingenious and systematic guessing, partly by help unconsciously furnished to him by the sitters, as insufficient, there remains a third: that he obtains them by a process of thought-transference from the sitter's mind.

¹ See No. 69, p. 644; and compare p. 610.

Will thought-transference then suffice to explain the whole of the puzzling facts which we have to deal with? My own belief is that it will. Indeed it is only in a very few cases that the question arises at all. The primary point is naturally to know if the sitter was told anything which was not and could not have been within his own knowledge, but which yet turns out to be true. Nothing short of this will give us a valid division between thought-transference and communication from intelligences other than our own.

Now thought-transference in the present case, if thought-transference there be, is concerned, not with the normal consciousness, but with what we now call the sub-consciousness. It has nothing to do with thought-reading as commonly understood, in which it is necessary that the agent should steadily fix his thoughts upon the idea or picture which he desires to transfer to the mind of the percipient. The thoughts which are transferred are by no means, as a rule, those which were uppermost in the sitter's mind at the time; the statements made are rather of old and often half-forgotten facts, while distinct attempts sometimes made by the sitter to obtain a deliverance as to particular matters which he had vividly before him resulted as a rule—I cannot say if always—in failure.

Now we know little enough as yet about the sub-consciousness; but we have at least good grounds for supposing that no impression once made upon it is ever lost. The conscious memory is in itself no guide as to what the contents of the sub-consciousness may or may not be. There is no need, therefore, to assume, at our present stage of knowledge, anything more than this unlimited retentiveness of the sub-consciousness and the power of reading it, in order to account for the reproduction of anything whatever which may at any time have been presented to the consciousness. And who can say definitely what he may not have heard in childhood, for instance, in the conversations of his elders; things which he did not understand, and which may have long since passed out of the conscious memory of the elders themselves, if they still live and can be asked? There is nothing more wonderful in the supposed reproduction of such casual knowledge, thought-transference once granted, than in the familiar case of the Hebrew repeated by the delirious peasant girl, learnt unconsciously from the recitations of her former master. Take, for instance, the messages sent by Uncle Jerry to Professor Lodge. The story of swimming the creek is striking enough, but what proof can there be that it was not told by Uncle Jerry himself or one of his brothers to Professor Lodge in his childhood? If it was, then in Professor Lodge's brain it must have been ever since, ready to be deciphered by any intelligence possessed of the means of reading a sub-consciousness.

The assumption of thought-reading as a reality leads us farther, into

regions of pure hypothesis, which cannot, however, be ignored when such an alternative hypothesis is set up for our acceptance as the communication of departed spirits with the living. If thought-transference is possible at all, it seems likely that it is a function of the under self, not of the upper self, for it is in manifestations of the under self that we have had our best experimental proofs ; in the hypnotic sleep and in automatic writing, where the functions of the upper self are for the time suspended. If then this under self, of whose workings we are only so irregularly and so imperfectly conscious, has such susceptibility to other minds at all, it is no wild assumption to suppose that it is continually receiving impressions from other minds, indeed from every other mind in the universe, with varying clearness and force depending on some conditions which we cannot at present even guess at. Only under certain rare conditions do such impacts succeed in transferring themselves to the upper consciousness, in the form of hallucination or automatic action. Still more rarely do we find another sub-consciousness so susceptible that, like an instrument of extreme delicacy, it is able to record the impression which such past impacts have made upon us. The physical analogies of such a solidarity of all minds are obvious enough, but must not be pressed. It is sufficient to say that, once granting the reality of thought-transference acting between strata of personality of whose existence we are only sporadically conscious, such a theory in itself contains nothing more bewildering or less conceivable than the mutual interaction of all the material particles of the universe asserted in the law of gravitation.

Such a hypothesis would lead to the conclusion that we can have no experimental proof of the existence of departed spirits. For there can be no certainty that anything which was once in any human mind, even if no longer in being, was not once recorded in another with clearness enough to enable its transmission and ultimate recovery. The possibility of the existence of other than human intelligences still would be within the range of proof ; for it is quite conceivable that knowledge might be conveyed to us which was never in any living human mind at all.

This, however, is not of vital importance for our present purpose ; for so far as I can see the few facts stated which the sitters declare were unknown to them at the time may all be explained either by successful guessing or by forgotten knowledge of childhood or of later years. Still, as the hypothesis of spiritual communication is in the field, it is well to show that a natural, if as yet quite arbitrary, deduction from theories which we believe to be proved will account for all phenomena which might be brought forward in support of the existence of disembodied spirits capable of making themselves known to us.

Among the different sittings will be found a few cases of attempted

clairvoyance—the description of actions which were being performed at the moment by persons in a different place from that where the sitting was. These were in many cases complete failures. They generally referred to people well known to the sitter, and, where comparatively accurate, they hardly surpassed what might be explained by thought-transference from the sitter's mind, as he would naturally be able to give a pretty good guess. This, for instance, would explain the account given to Mrs. Verrall in No. 63; she knew that it was the time when her husband, a tutor of Trinity, would be likely to be seeing his pupils. Miss Johnson, too, in No. 67, would have an idea of the probable, or at least possible surroundings of her brother at the time. Mrs. Sidgwick has reported upon the experiments which she and her husband made together; they cannot be considered very cogent, as it is impossible to apply any calculation of chances to them. The account given to Mrs. B. of the actions of Mrs. Verrall, No. 66, is more unusual in its character, but Mrs. B. is well acquainted with Mrs. Verrall, and her experiments in "crystal-gazing," so that a chance coincidence is by no means out of the question. The most difficult of all these experiments to explain is that of Mr. Gonner's, p. 488, where the actions of his mother in London at the time, or rather a few minutes before, were told with a close approach to accuracy. Here again, however, but for the assurance that Mrs. Gonner was not in the habit of going out of doors at the time referred to, one would have said that the action of putting on out-of-door clothing at 11 o'clock a.m. was not beyond the possibility of a right guess. If, however, this theory of mere guessing be not accepted, we should have to recur to the idea of a real telepathic thought-transference operating at the time from Mrs. Gonner to her son, and read as soon as the impression reached the mind of the sitter, who thus acted at the same time as percipient and agent. There seems to me to be no *a priori* ground against such an idea; but the experiments made were too few, and the proportion of failures was too large to allow any weight whatever to be laid upon them.

A word may be said as to the prophecies which were freely given to all the sitters, but which have been omitted from the sittings reported in brief, as having obviously no evidential value. Some of them referred to the comparatively distant future, and have not had time to fulfil themselves. This, however, does not much matter, as some have had their opportunity and have missed it, or at best have fulfilled themselves about as fairly as the forecasts of a sensible man would be likely to do. See, for instance, Mr. Clarke's notes, Nos. 3, p. 569, and 21, p. 572. There has not been a single case to indicate that Phinuit has any power of foretelling the future superior to that of his sitters.

Everything, therefore, so far as I have yet seen, points to thought-

transference being an adequate explanation of the phenomena, at least if we give to it the extension which has been indicated above, that Phinuit was able to detect mental impressions transferred to his sitters from those closely connected with them, and transferred at the very time of the sitting. Several instructive incidents point directly against any knowledge derived from the spirits of the dead. For instance, in Mrs. H. Leaf's first sitting a question was put about "Harry," whose messages Phinuit purported to be giving: "Did he leave a wife?"¹ No answer was given to this at the time, but in accordance with Phinuit's frequent practice the supposed hint was stored up for future use; and at Mrs. H. Leaf's next sitting she was told, "Harry sends his love to his wife."² Now, as a matter of fact Harry never was married. In Mrs. B.'s second sitting and in Mrs. A.'s account of her brother's suffering in the arm, wrong facts were stated which corresponded to the sitter's belief. This evidently indicates thought-transference, not spiritual communication. See also Mr. Clarke's note as to the statement that a man had been left to look after his house in England, and as to his suspicions of his friend.³ In a few cases only sitters thought that the course of their own ideas was followed as fresh ones were suggested to them by the remarks made by Phinuit; but the evidence for this is naturally not clear. Mr. Pye mentions an instance in his report.⁴

On the whole, then, the effect which a careful study of all the reports of the English sittings has left in my mind is this: That Dr. Phinuit is only a name for Mrs. Piper's secondary personality, assuming the name and acting the part with the aptitude and consistency which is shown by secondary personalities in other known cases; that in this abnormal state there is a quite exceptional power of reading the contents of the minds of sitters; but that this power is far from complete. It gets only glimpses of what is stored up in the memory, and this without any clear distinction of that which is present to the mind at the time from the forgotten memories, if the phrase may be used, of the past. The stray hints thus caught may sometimes fall together into consistent groups, in which case we have a successful sitting; or, and this is more usual, they may present themselves only as fragments. Phinuit is excessively desirous of impressing himself upon his hearers as a being of superhuman powers; and when he gets but fragmentary pictures he does not hesitate to piece them together with guesswork, often of the wildest kind. Sometimes he gets not even a glimpse of what the sitter's mind contains; he then has recourse to guessing pure and simple. In his guessing he shrewdly takes advantage of help afforded him by his sitters, throwing out general

¹ See p. 595.

³ pp. 571, 573.

² See Appendix No. 53. ⁴ p. 600.

statements, and watching the effect they produce in order to guide himself. It is probable, but by no means certain, that he also gets help from muscle-reading, chiefly in the location of complaints. He takes advantage of any hints that may be thrown out, and attempts to dress them up as statements of his own, bringing them out after an interval in order that their real origin may be forgotten. In short, he omits no means of disguising his ignorance, even descending at times to downright denial of what he has just said in order to cover a blunder.

It is unfortunate that the statements which he makes are rarely or never of such a nature as to admit even an approximate application of the doctrine of chances, especially as we have nothing like verbatim reports of most of the sittings, and the amount of fishing can only be estimated when the exact words are known.

The reader must, however, form his own judgments from the reports themselves, which we now proceed to give. They are mostly but partial accounts from rough notes made at the time, and in some cases supplemented by the sitter's memory. But in order that a fair idea may be formed of what a sitting was really like, one, that of Mrs. Herbert Leaf, has been printed at length from shorthand notes, not indeed verbatim, but containing, I believe, almost everything that was said with the exception of the repetitions and inaccuracies of expression which are usual in conversation, and in no way affect the evidence. It will be seen that there is a great mass of verbiage used apparently only to fill up the time, and so far as can be judged not of the least importance in the way of getting Phinuit any information. It would have been but a waste of trouble and expense to attempt a reproduction of this in every case. The same sitting will give a good example of the "tailing off" which was so often observed towards the end of a sitting, and which has been already noticed by Mr. Myers. It may be remarked that this is the opposite of what would have been expected if information was mainly extracted from the sitters themselves; for it would seem obvious that the more Phinuit guessed the better he would be able to piece his knowledge together, so that the end of a sitting, like the last cards of a hand at whist, should show more knowledge and less conjecture than the beginning.

We take first the sitting of Mr. J. T. Clarke at Professor W. James's house at Chocorua, New Hampshire. Although this does not, strictly speaking, belong to the English series, it is more conveniently given here, as several allusions were made to it in the subsequent sitting with Mr. and Mrs. Clarke at their house in Harrow. Mr. Clarke was in September, 1889, on a hurried business visit to America. Though it would have been easy for Mrs. Piper to acquire knowledge of his relations and friends in Boston, it will be seen that what was told him was entirely about his English surroundings, of which she

could have learnt little or nothing on the other side of the Atlantic. His wife and children have never been in America. The annotations are by Mr. Clarke.

*Chocorua, New Hampshire, in house of Dr. William James,
September 20th, 1889.*

Sitting with Mr. Clarke, Mr. Hodgson taking notes. Mr. Clarke fixes his mind steadily upon a certain house, and visualises members of family; of this no recognition by medium, who begins:

Why! I know you! I have seen your influence somewhere before! what are you doing over here?

1. This secondary consciousness, the clairvoyant or thought-reading consciousness of the medium, had become acquainted with my individuality through frequent sittings with intimate friends. It had seen me as they knew me, under different surroundings. It had in former sittings with these friends made mention of me and of my mother.

Oh! there is lots of trouble over you, black clouds all over you; but I see light beyond; you will come out all right. It is financial trouble that I mean. You will wade through it all right in the end.

2. Correct. My visit to America was determined by a financial failure, the loss from which I was then endeavouring to minimise.

“How long hence?”

Four months or four months and a-half. There are parties that haven't dealt honourably with you.

3. The prediction is, as the case has proved, valueless. As for the accusation against the “parties” referred to, we have in it a peculiarly interesting point. The statement in itself was absolutely untrue. I was soon thereafter able to assure myself that the action of the men in question had been entirely honourable and loyal towards me and my interests, but my mind at the time undeniably entertained some apprehension lest the facts should prove to have been otherwise. This dread did not even amount to a suspicion which I could have formulated, or would have admitted to myself, still less to others, and the detection of such a lurking distrust is particularly interesting as an evidence of the closeness of communication existing between mind and mind, under this abnormal mental condition. Compare the similar case remarked upon in Note 15.

I see your lady in the spirit, your mother,—have seen her before.

4. As to the acquaintance of this secondary consciousness of the medium with the individuality of my mother, see Note 1.

(There followed a clear account of my own conception of my mother, recently deceased, whose constant presence in my mind readily accounts for the frequent mentions of her.)

You've also got a lady in the body, your wife. You won't find her very well.

5. Prophecy wrong. My wife never better in health.

Do you know a man named Williams—no, wait! Williamson? (Reply, “No.”) Tall, rather dark, first name Henery (*sic*). He will come into your surroundings soon—he will have something to do with your papers and with

law. He will look after your interests and get you out all right. You will meet him very soon—within a few weeks.

6. Interesting point. The name of the lawyer intrusted with the defence of my interests in the financial trouble before referred to, viz., *Lambertson*, had been communicated to me 10 days previous to the sitting, and was written down by me in a note-book, and then completely forgotten. I could not have correctly recalled it by an effort of the memory, but might have come about as near to it in sound and length as did the clairvoyant. I have never known anybody named *Williamson*. The description of the personal appearance and the mention of the Christian name are consequently wholly gratuitous.

Part of your interest is in the ground ; you came near being “left” in in this business, but are not altogether.

7. Correct. Property consisted of a town lot and buildings, and I certainly felt that I had come near losing it.

“Tell me about my motlier.”

Your mother is with us. She is here and happy in the spirit.

8. This, I take it, is the way that mediums, burdened with the conventional views and the phrases customary in Spiritualistic circles, find it most natural to express the conception which they receive from another mind of a person being a memory, an image of the mind as opposed to a living reality. That which is borne in my mind as a visualisation appears in the clairvoyant phraseology as a spirit. See in this regard the indication remarked upon in Note 16.

Who is this M., your cousin ? Your mother says she is not very well. She is getting better, but she will continue weak.

9. The health of the person referred to, though improved at the time, had caused both myself and my mother much solicitude. I have noticed, however, that the phrase, “Your mother says” or “Your mother tells me” has no particular significance. Witness the trivial instance of the lost pocket-knife, to be mentioned later, Note 25.

“Can you see my children ?”

Wait. . . . Who is this about you that is musical, that plays the piano (imitating action of fingers) ? Ah, it is your lady in the body. She is not very well just now—she is suffering from rheumatism.

10. My wife plays the piano much. As to her health, my own solicitude was undoubtedly father to the prophecy, which was altogether wrong. My wife was well, and has never suffered from rheumatism.

“Do you see my children ?”

No, not at all yet ; I shall directly. Wait. Who is this Fred that comes together with your mother ?

11. A cousin lost at sea 10 years ago, under peculiarly shocking circumstances. His death made a great impression upon me.

Is he not your cousin ?

“Yes.”

He comes with your mother. She knows him better now than she did before death. . . . Who is this uncle of yours named John ?

“I have no Uncle John.”

Yes, yes, you have—the man that married your aunt.

“No, you are wrong; the man that married my aunt was called Philip.”

Well, I think I know. (Changes subject, grumbling.)

12. As the dialogue shows, I had entirely forgotten for the moment that an aunt of mine had indeed married a man named John, with whom I had formerly had some correspondence. I did not recollect this until the following day. This is a clear instance of the method in which the clairvoyant may draw from the reservoir of our consciousness, as it were, and can even recall to us facts which we have temporarily forgotten.

Why! you are a funny fellow—you are covered with paint from head to foot. Your mother says it is too bad.

13. I had been much interested in painting the walls of a room, in the house of my friend, for some days previously.

I'd like to know who this H. is, that you are going to see. Take good care of that man. He is a tricky one. Don't let him get you into his power.

14. This is an altogether unjust accusation, based upon an unwarrantable distrust entertained by me at the time with respect to the friend named, whom I had not seen for 14 years. This distrust was soon removed altogether by a closer acquaintance with facts. This case is precisely like that referred to in Note 3. I should certainly not have been willing to admit that I felt suspicious of H., even to myself, still less to another. Yet here this unjust and ungenerous suspicion was proclaimed to me by the clairvoyant, and I cannot altogether deny its existence.

(At this point the medium spoke across the room to Mr. Hodgson, calling him by name, and making some unimportant personal communications. Mr. Hodgson was sitting at a distance of 20ft. from us, behind a screen. This leads to the interesting question how far and how easily the mind of the clairvoyant can be transferred from the sitter to another person. Can the clairvoyant inform *A* of what is passing in the mind of *B*? This seems to me the most momentous problem before us. The recognition and direction of a power such as this may lead to a moral revolution in the life of the human race.)

Here is your Rebecca!

(Clarke and Hodgson both ask “mine”? Each having relatives of that name.)

(To Clarke): Your Rebecca, your little girl. She runs around and gives her hand to everyone about her.

“Is there another little one with her?”

Yes, there are three of your people together there now.

15. My wife and two children.

“How is Rebecca?”

Very well.

“Where is she now?”

She is in the spirit. That is to say, her spirit's here, but her body is at a distance.

16. A noteworthy instance of the way in which this term is used by the medium. My child was in Germany at the time, and thus lived

rather in my memory than in my daily view. Hence, although the medium felt that she was alive ("Her body is at a distance"), her personality was yet spoken of as "in the spirit." Compare Note 8.

You will soon have a surprise. It is a photograph of your boy that is being made for you. It is unfinished as yet, but will surprise you.

17. An evident failure on the part of the medium to comprehend some of my ideas: I was at that time taking photographs which were not to be developed, and consequently could not be seen, until my return to England. Hence a photograph appears in her version as a surprise which some other person is preparing for me.

. . .

There are five of you: yourself, your two children, your lady in the body, and your lady in the spirit.

18. This is my constant feeling—the "we are seven" of my surroundings.

. . .

What are these tickets that you have in your pocket? There are figures on them stamped in red, and they are signed with names underneath. They will be of value to you, you will get something out of them.

"No, I have nothing of the kind in my pocket."

19. Knowing that I had left my pocket-book of papers elsewhere, I denied having anything of the kind about me. I had forgotten for the moment that I had, earlier in the day, taken two cheques to be cashed, and had thrust them into my inside pocket, folded up. These cheques were endorsed on the back as described, and were stamped with large and peculiar red numbers; I particularly remember glancing at these numbers, and verifying the endorsements. Another instance of underlying memory.

"Where is my wife?"

She is across country. She has been away.

20. My wife had intended to go to Germany from England, soon after my sudden departure for the United States. I did not positively *know* that she was away from home, but I should have assumed it as well-nigh certain.

There is a young man and an old lady with her.

(There followed an accurate interpretation of my estimate of the characters of these two persons, who I knew must be together with my wife.) . . . The young man is coming back again; he is going still more across country.

21. Correct. I knew that my brother-in-law had to return from the Tyrol to his home on the Baltic.

. . . (Further reference to my mother describing her character and representing her as she lives in my memory.) . . . That is an old-fashioned portrait of her, not very good, but better than nothing. ("Where? Which one?") It is at home. I mean the one with the collarette.

22. A sufficient indication of one of the few portraits of my mother.

Who is this funny-footed fellow of yours, the one with the club-feet and the funny shoes? Your mother says it is an injustice to you, too bad—but it will come out all right.

23. Correct. My boy was born with club-feet, and wears machine boots.

Why! you've changed your house recently.

"No."

Yes, your lady has changed her house.

"Well, you may mean that she is away from her house, that is true. Now describe the house in which we live generally."

Yes. Wait a minute. I will go into the door at the side. What is that tall, old-fashioned thing in the back room? Ah, it is a big clock.

24. Correct.

"Now go into the kitchen."

Yes. No one here now (10 p.m. in New Hampshire, 3 a.m. in England). A fat person, a cook has been here. Big man, with a dark moustache, has also been here a good while during the day, and has left his influence here.

"Who is he?"

He has been put here to watch the place.

"Is he trustworthy and faithful?"

Yes, he is trustworthy.

25. Interesting error. It was arranged on my leaving England that, in case the servant should object to being left in the house alone during the absence of my wife in Germany, a policeman should be hired to guard the house and to live in it. At the time of the sitting I had not heard how this had turned out, and was quite ready to suppose that a man was watching in the house. In point of fact, however, there was nobody in the house excepting the servant and a young girl, of which latter, as I knew nothing, the clairvoyant naturally made no mention. Note the imaginary details, "big man," "dark moustache," "trustworthy"; and compare these with similar imaginary details in cases of hypnotic suggestion, e.g., Forel, *Hypnotismus*, p. 45, &c.

You have lost your knife! Your mother tells me that.

26. A sufficiently trivial communication from a mother to her only child.

"Where is it?"

Oh, it is gone; you never will see it again.

27. This loss had vexed me, as the knife had been made to order. I had lost it shortly before leaving England. The prophecy proved to be signally wrong, as the knife was restored to me soon after my return.

"Describe the other room on the ground floor now."

Yes. I see a long piano. What is that high thing that comes forward on top of the piano? Ah, I see; it is the lid.

28. Clock and piano are respectively chief features of the two rooms.

"What colour is the wall paper of this room?"

Let me see. It is yellowish, with gold pattern and gold spots.

29. Correct.

In short, many things that I knew, even some things that I had forgotten, the clairvoyant could tell me correctly, albeit somewhat confusedly. She made all the mistakes that I should have made at the time, and her prophecies were quite as erroneous as any that I might have invented myself.

One sees the contents of one's mind as in a warped and flawed mirror. Or, to take the case from the other side, the secondary consciousness of the medium seems able to get occasional glimpses at the panorama of one's memory as through the rents in a veil. No doubt Phinuit gives the fullest and best results when left unquestioned, to tell what he can. If pressed to fill up the broad expanses of the picture remaining between the patches which he sees, he is obliged, despite his pretensions to supernatural knowledge, to take refuge in awkward evasions and "shuffling,"—in guesswork, often clearly based upon hints unconsciously afforded by the sitter,—or, when all else fails, in incoherent and unmeaning talk. Yet, while fully recognising these repelling features of the manifestation, I am yet convinced that there is enough that is genuine remaining to prove the existence of a direct communication between mind and mind during the trance state. A single success, exceeding the limits of coincidence (and it is undeniable that there are many such), proves the possibility; the multitude of failures merely indicate the difficulty and uncertainty.

J. T. C.

The remaining sittings all belong to the English series, and are numbered in the order in which they actually took place. The full list of them will be found in the Appendix. The first which we take is closely connected with the last given. It took place at Mr. Clarke's house, and it was of course impossible to conceal from Mrs. Piper the identity of Mrs. Clarke. No theory of chance will suffice to account for the curious list of definite facts about Mrs. Clarke's family which were correctly stated by Phinuit; the possibility of their acquisition by external means has already been considered.

52. (Sitting on December 29th, 1889, at 3, College-road, Harrow. Present: J. T. Clarke and W. Leaf; afterwards Mrs. Clarke.)

Sitting began at 3.50 p.m.; trance came on at 4.3.

Four envelopes had been provided, marked A, B, C, D. A contained the statement, "Charles I. was beheaded in 1649." B contained the lines, "Weep no more, woful shepherds, weep no more, for Lycidas your sorrow is not dead." C contained a rough diagram of a six-pointed star. D contained a reader's slip from the British Museum, bearing the name of a book. The contents of A were known to W. L. alone; of B and C to both W. L. and J. T. C.; of D to no one, the slip having been drawn at random by Mrs. Clarke from 2,000 similar slips, and enclosed in the envelope without having been looked at.

Dr. P. began, to Clarke: I know you; you are the fellow that has got the little girl Rebecca, that is going to grow up such a fine woman.

*1. Repetition of words used in previous sitting at Chocorua, New Hampshire, September 20th, 1889.

Where is Hodgson?

*2. During my former sitting Mr. Hodgson was present in the room and shared the conversation with me.—J. T. C.

You are the fellow that has got the hole in the ground with the black

things in it. ("Coals?") Of course, do you think I am a fool? There is something to come from that hole yet, because I see light beyond it.

*3. In the former sitting mention had been made of a town lot and buildings as "interest in the ground." The vagueness of this reference is here developed, by a question intended to be misleading, into definite error. See Note 7 of preceding account.—J. T. C.

Your mother sends her love to you; she stays with you.

J. T. C. : "What was her middle name?"

I will ask and find out for you.

(The envelope marked C is now given to her.) "Tell me what is in there."
(She asks for the other one that is with it. B is then handed to her. She rubs both on her hair.)

*4. The knowledge of the fact that a second envelope existed was apparently derived from my consciousness, as but one envelope had been produced.—J. T. C.

Do you know, I have been in these surroundings before.

*5. See description of this house in former sitting.

There was a lady passed out of the body here once.

*6. My mother.

What is the matter with you? (To J. T. C.)

J. T. C. : "I am grieved about the lady that passed out of the body."

She is all right; she is with you. You are the fellow that has got a mother-in-law. . . . (Correctly describes character as estimated by J. T. C.) That's a letter, that one. (Shows B.) It makes me feel funny, that one. It is something written—a letter. You know what I mean. What's this? (Shows B again.) There's an illness round this one.

"Is it a long letter?"

No, that's not a long one; it's what you call an illness round that one.
(Various repetitions of the same idea follow.)

*7. The secondary consciousness gradually became more and more confused by these four sealed envelopes. The medium had previously picked out the envelope B three times from among the rest, and afterwards referred to D as "that book that you have in your hand."—J. T. C.

(Mrs. Clarke entered the room at this point.)

J. T. C. : "Now tell me what this is." (A given.)

There is French writing in that; somebody French wrote it. He wants to know the name of the spirit that wrote to him first. It is written by somebody named Charles, and somebody named Fred has handled it.

*8. It is possible that the name Charles may have been a reading of the first name in the written sentence; but it is evidently connected with my first acquaintance with the medium in the company of Dr. Charles Richet and Mr. Frederic Myers. M. Richet had asked a similar question in one of his sittings; see p. 620.—W. L.

(D is shown.) "What is in that?"

That's only a note; it does not amount to anything. That's about an engagement. (Told it is not so, says): It has a lady's influence on it—your

mother's. (Again told this is wrong.) You see this is something new to me ; I am not accustomed to do these things for people.

How's M. ?

* 10. A lady who had been present at the close of my sitting in New Hampshire.—J. T. C.

"She is very well ; but tell me about these letters."

(Some desultory remarks ; then)—

Don't you know about that time I saw you before ? I told you about the boy ; how is the little fellow that has got the funny feet ?

* 11. "Funny feet," expression used in former sitting. See Note 24 of former account.

He's coming out all right. You are the one that made me describe the piano.

* 12. Note 25 to former sitting.

J. T. C. : "Well, can you tell me what there is in the room over this ?"

I see a funny looking bed (pointing).

"What is on the bed ?"

There is a thick-looking quilt. What do you call it ? Heus' feathers—down ?

* 13. Correct. A German plumeau.

That little fellow is in there.

* 14. Wrong.

Then there is a chair just there (pointing) that's got a funny thing on the back of it ; it's got arms.

* 15. Correct.

And right here is a case (pointing). It has got a door to it, and a little hasp to it. It has your influence upon it.

* 16. Correct. A writing-case, the covers of which I had repaired and inlaid. Position of objects in room correctly indicated by pointing.—J. T. C.

There is a book there.

J. T. C. : "Tell me the title of the book."

There is more than one book there. (To Mrs. Clarke) : How are you, "sis" ? What's that little long thing right here ? There's a shelf right there (pointing), and little books that belong there.

* 17. Correct.

J. T. C. : "Tell me the name of some of the books."

There's a life of L—E—A—C—R. L—E—A—C—E—R.

W. L. : "Spell that name again."

Le L—E—A—T—H—E—N—. . . Isn't that a funny-looking book, and letters on the back ?

J. T. C. : "What do the letters on the back say ?"

Look, there's a History of Rome. It is a history book. P—A—S—H—E—R. (She apparently tries to say Persia.) Who is Joe ?

J. T. C. : "I am Joe."

There were two Joes in the family. One is the grandfather and one the son ; father and son.

* 18. My uncle and cousin, but *not* father and son.—J. T. C.

Who is Turner? T—U—R—N—E—R.

J. T. C. : "The great painter."

Well, you are the man that was painting.

* 19. See former account, Note 14.

(Then after some desultory conversation) : What do you call that? Letui? That's French. D. L. Letui; that is on that book you have in your hand. D. L. Letui, Turner. Yes, Turner. (Here the envelopes are taken up again, pulled about, and finally thrown across the room; they are named A, B, C, and D, in each case wrongly. The title of the book did *not* contain the name Turner.)

How do you spell Deluther—Luther? He is connected with you.

J. T. C. : "Well, who is this Luther? Was he my uncle?"

Or your aunt? Your uncle, of course.

* 20. Luther was my father's Christian name. My question was intended to mislead.—J. T. C.

(After some more aimless remarks, Mrs. C. takes the medium's hand.) Ah, this is the lady I told you about; I know her. She is the one that has got a funny mother and a nice father, and two good brothers and another one that is not so good.

* 21. Wrong; I have only one brother.—A. C.

Three brothers—1, 2, 3, 4. One of her brothers is going a long way off. His name is Harold.

* 22. Wrong. This name Harold had been repeatedly thrown out during the session. May possibly apply to one of my friends who has a brother Harold gone a long way off (to Australia), and another one who is not so good (a scapegrace, in fact).—A. C.

And she has got a brother named Henry.

* 23. Correct.

J. T. C. : "Has she got any sisters?"

Yes, one.

Mrs. C. : "What is my sister's name?"

What a question! Who would ask for her own sister's name? (Follows an accurate account of the character of Mrs. C.'s mother.)

Mrs. C. : "Tell me about my sister."

She is all right; I rather like her. She has got a relative named Ada.

. . . Your sister's name is Susan Mary.

* 24. My sister's name is Selma.—A. C.

How is Henry? Is it that one that was ill or is it your father?

* 25. My brother Henry had a most severe illness a few years ago.—A. C.

Your father has got the rheumatism.

Mrs. C. : "He had not the day before yesterday."

Well, then, he has got it now. (Prophecy wrong.) How is your Uncle William?

* 26. This remark about William was probably addressed to me; it is a common name in our family, and always turns up with reference to me when I am present.—W. L.

Mrs. C. : "I have no Uncle William."

How is M. (trying to get at the German pronunciation of the name)? Somebody belonging to you is called M. (Says name rightly.) She is the one that has got the trouble with her ankle, instead of your father. I was getting her influence all the time with your father. She is very self-willed, but she has got a pretty good disposition. She has got sisters; there is E. and there is one who paints.

* 27. Correct. [See Note 29.]

(At this point J. T. C. and W. L. are sent out of the room, and are absent about 25 minutes. The following notes were written down by Mrs. Clarke on the same evening.)

(Of Mrs. C., while the others are going.) She has a headache; I'll cure it. (Rubbing hand over head.) . . . Here is your Uncle C. He is in the spirit.

* 28. Correct.

Who is Wallace?

Mrs. C. : "I don't know him."

He is connected with you; he is your cousin.

Mrs. C. "No, he is Joe's cousin. Do you want Joe to come back?"

No, I want to talk to you about your Uncle C. There is someone with him—E. He is your cousin. Well (impressively), he sends his love to you.

"Is he in the body?"

No, he is in the spirit.

"How did he die?"

There was something the matter with his heart, and with his head. He says it was an accident. He wants me to tell you that it was an accident. He wants you to tell his sisters. There's M. and E.; they are sisters of E. And there is their mother. She suffers here (pointing to abdomen). Now, how do you think I know this?

"I don't know."

E. told me. His mother has been very unhappy about his death. He begs you, for God's sake, to tell them that it was an accident—that it was his head; that he was hurt there (makes motion of stabbing heart); that he had inherited it from his father. His father was off his mind; you know what I mean—crazy. But the others are all right, and will be. And he wants you to tell them that his body is dead, but that he is living. He and his father are just trying to take comfort in each other. They are a little apart; they are not with the others in the spirit. And he wants to send his love to Walter, his friend—not this Walter. He has a friend named Walter, hasn't he?

"I don't remember." [No such friend known.]

* 29. A striking account of my uncle's family in Germany. The names and facts are all correct. The father was disturbed in his mind for the last three years of his life, in consequence of a fall from his horse. The son committed suicide in a fit of melancholia by stabbing his heart, as described. The sister referred to as lame was bedridden for 10 years. One of the sisters is a painter by profession.—A. C.

Did you know your mother had dreadful headaches? That's the reason she is so nervous. E. told me that about his aunt.

* 30. My mother formerly suffered from severe headaches.—A. C.

Here's M.—not the M. who hurt her ankle, but another. She is your aunt.

* Correct.

“Is she in the body?”

No, she is in the spirit. Now, how do you think I know that?

“Did you see her?”

Yes, she is here, and wants to speak to you.

“What does she say about her husband?”

She says he has changed his life since. She does not like it that he married again.

“Does she like the one whom he has married?”

Oh, she loves her dearly. But she does not like him to have married again so soon. He married her sister. Two brothers married two sisters. Her husband has children now. There are two boys. And there are Max and Richard, or Dick, as they call him; they are with your uncle's children.

* 31. Accurate description of the family of another uncle. His wife died childless, and he soon after married her sister, by whom he has children. His brother had previously married a third sister.—A. C.

Now, what do you think of this? Don't you think I can tell you many things? You just ask about anybody you like and I'll tell you.

* 32. It struck me how desirous this secondary consciousness was that its communications should be considered extraordinary. Evidently suffering under the failure in satisfying the envelope tests, it had begun by asking me: “Do you think I am a fool?”—A. C.

Mrs. C.: “Tell me about my childhood.”

Shall I tell you how you ran away (chuckling) with that man—that boy, I mean? You were a little devil to do that. It worried your mother almost to death.

* 33. When five years old I rambled off with two boys, staying hours away from home, an event which in my family is jestingly referred to as my running away.—A. C.

When you came back you kept away from your mother.

“Did I feel ashamed?”

Not exactly; but when you have run away you do keep away from your mother.

“Tell me about my schooldays.”

Oh, you were a little devil at school.

* Wrong.—J. T. C.

There was a fat teacher.

* 34. Not identifiable.

And there was a girl called Florence, with red hair.

“I don't remember her.”

No? But you do remember having run away with that boy. There's Fred—Alfred, that was the name of the boy.

“No.”

And who is E.—no, that is not it, E. H. (giving correct names, both family and Christian)? (W. L. and J. T. C. enter the room.) Shall I tell

Walter what I have told you? ("Yes.") I told her she has a cousin E. in the spirit who passed out by accident, not purposely; he put a knife through his heart. He was rather insane. He got it through his father; he was insane, too. He has got a sister M. in the body; she is a little lame. And his mother is concerned about the loss of him because he took his own life by accident, and he wants to send a message that he did not do it purposely, but because he could not help it. He says, "For Heaven's sake tell her so quick." There's nothing the matter with the rest of them; they will get on all right. Then she has got an aunt M. in the spirit that has got a husband in the body. He has got some children and sons, and she has passed out and he has married her sister. He married her sister, and two brothers married two sisters. E. and M. are sisters, and both are sisters of E. This little devil ran away at one time when she was a little girl—ran away with a boy and worried the mother almost to death. Then she got ashamed of it afterwards. E. does not seem to be with the other spirits much. He is with his father, and he and his father stay with one another. . . . Your mother has headaches; that is what caused her to be nervous. . . . Joe, how is Wallace? I mean your cousin Wallace? He is kind of unhappy.

* 35. Christian name of a cousin now dying of consumption.—J. T. C.

How is H. E. (correctly giving both Christian and family name)?

J. T. C.: "He is all right."

No, he is not all right; he is kind of tricky.

* 36. This same accusation, based upon an unjust suspicion, had been made in the former sitting with me. See Note 15 to previous account. I am positive that the medium in her primary consciousness has never heard either of these names.—J. T. C.

He is selfish. You don't think so?

J. T. C.: "No, I don't think so."

Well, then, you're "left."

J. T. C.: "What were you telling about Alfred?"

I didn't tell you anything. (Stertorous breathing. Exclamation: "Joe!")
Gradual awakening.)

Sitting closed at 5.20.

In answer to an inquiry as to any symptoms of fishing while she was alone with the medium, Mrs. Clarke writes as follows:—

"I think I may safely say that there were only two questions of mine which could at all have helped the medium in any attempts at fishing. These were both about what my Aunt M. said concerning her husband. My inquiry may possibly have insinuated his having done a thing which might hurt the feelings of any first wife, but, however suggestive of blame, could scarcely have served as a hint at his marriage with the deceased wife's sister, even to the mind of one living under English law.

"I may, of course, have helped her unconsciously, but I hardly think so, because the questions referred to remained in my mind as a mistake on my part. Moreover, I constantly felt during the interview that I had to guard against talking to her as to a friend of my relatives, which I was tempted to do, as her remarks about them were as appreciative as if she actually knew

them. Some few of the facts she gave me were unknown to anyone out of Germany, even to my husband. The more important events—my uncle's and aunt's death and my cousin's suicide, which happened respectively 28, 15, and 12 years ago—were known to only two persons in England besides my husband. It is absolutely impossible that Mrs. Piper got at the facts through information derived from these persons.

“On the other hand, it is true that on the first mention of the name the facts associated with my cousin rushed into my mind with such vehemence that, if there be any possibility of communication from mind to mind, I certainly helped her in that way. This does not apply to my ‘running away,’ of which I had no thought when I asked her about my childhood. This fact was, nevertheless, brought out without the slightest hesitation, even more directly than the others, and with a burst of laughter.”

4. *Mrs. A.* (See p. 439.) *November 24th.*

Mrs. A. is anxious that her real name should be concealed. It has therefore been necessary to call her three sisters, who also sat with Mrs. Piper, “Mrs. B.,” “Miss Emily C.,” and “Miss Gertrude C.” The Christian names which occur have also been changed to names which as far as possible are as usual as the real ones. The correct names will be given to students, if desired, in confidence.

Mrs. A. was on a brief visit to Mrs. B. at Cambridge on November 24th, and had come to call at Mr. Myers' house on the morning of that day. She was introduced to Mrs. Piper and taken upstairs to sit in a few minutes. It is therefore in the highest degree improbable that Mrs. Piper could have had any opportunity of learning anything about her beforehand. She was of course introduced under another name than her own. The following notes were taken by Mr. Myers.

I see a sister, . . . in the body. She has not been well; has changed her surroundings.

[The name given was an approach to the right name of one sister, which was afterwards given correctly. It is, however, not correct to say that the sister in question has “changed her surroundings.”]

I see Jessie Poder (?). [Not recognised.]

You have three sisters and two brothers in the body; an elderly gentleman in the spirit, your father. [Right.]

One of your brothers has a funny arm, the right arm paralysed; very funny (points to a place a little above the elbow on inside of arm). That is sore, it is lame. It is on the cord and hurts him, troubles him a good deal. I think I could help him. It has been coming some time. He can't use his arm, it aches. He is a smart fellow and could do a great deal of good if he could use his arm. Show me some article belonging to him. The lump keeps growing. He is a nice fellow and has done a great deal of good. He will do more if he can use his arm. I can't see the future about that.

[This is a correct description of Mrs. A.'s eldest brother, who suffers from writer's cramp, which seriously hinders him in his profession. There is a lump on the arm which gives him pain; but it is significant that it is in fact below the elbow, not above it. But Mrs. A. at the time believed it to be above the elbow, as it was described to her.]

A spirit Joseph comes near to you ; an uncle on the father's side. [Not recognised.]

Timothy is the nearest spirit you have got to you ; some call him Tim ; he is your father. Timothy was your grandfather also. Your father tells me about S.W.—Stay, I can't get that, I must wait. Your mother had trouble in the stomach ; she is in the spirit-world. Your father had trouble in heart and head. Myers' father passed away from disease of the heart.

[Except the allusion to "S.W.," which is not recognisable, the above is all true, if the "trouble in heart and head" be taken to refer to Mr. Myers' father, as seems to be intended.]

I see Laurie, Lausia. [Not recognised.]

You have a brother Jim, James, in the body. He is so funny ; it is hard to get at him. He is kind of stubborn, self-willed. A little quiet influence manages him, but he is wilful if pushed. He comes with the same influence as your father.

[This is a true description of Mrs. A.'s second brother. Mr. Myers now asked what the father Timothy was interested in ; what kind of things he did in earth-life, or cared for now.]

He is interested in the Bible—a clergyman. He used to preach. He has a Bible with him, he goes on reading and advancing. He is living with your mother just the same as on earth. He has been in the spirit-world longer than she has. Your mother is a little nervous. I can't get her to come near. Your father has a solemn graceful manner, as he had on earth. He had trouble with his throat—irritation (points to bronchial tubes). The boys used to call him Tim at college.

[The above statements are all correct, so far as they can be verified.]

Howell, a friend of his, has passed over. [Not known.]

This is the first time your father has spoken to you since he passed out. You may hear footsteps. You do a great deal of work. Sometimes you get a little blue and depressed. You exercise your body. Do you like that picture of your father in the hall ? (here confused as to whether oil or crayon ; not photograph). He has a high collar and a garb partly white : white in front, round neck, like a high collar, and dark waistcoat. He had a prominent nose, his eyes very clear and grey, bluish grey ; a good-sized man. (Here confused talk as to colour of eyes. Dr. P. says he is not good at colours, and shuffles about.) Brownish grey, hazel ; your eyes are lighter than his. He has a firm expression round the mouth, a determined expression.

[The account of the portrait is not very satisfactory ; but it is true that there is a large oil portrait of him in Mrs. A.'s sisters' house in ecclesiastical garb, something as stated. His eyes were brown.]

Who is Villes—Vyl—Myldle—Wildes ; H. Joseph Wildes ? A friend of your father's, used to be in the same church. (Explained as parishioner.) He was shaky in his faith ; he had an idea of changing his views, and did not quite satisfy your father. Now he believes. Harriet knows about this and will tell you. Sarah is also in the spirit, his mother, a member of the church where your father preached. Henry Smith or Smythe was a parishioner ; his sister is Laurie.

[None of the above names or persons were recognised.]

I don't like the way you are situated. You have too much to do. You are unsettled. You are about to make a change. Your mother advises it. A fleshy lady of dark complexion, a teacher whom you talked to a fortnight ago, will be of great use to you. [Not recognised.]

You have a mother in the spirit ; her name is Alice. She is calling and says, "Tell Isabel not to be so nervous, because she is too nervous altogether." That's for you. "She is injuring herself."

[The mother's name was rightly given.]

There's a bright little boy in the body, the grandson of Alice. [Right.] Why is Tim being continually halloed ? Annie is in the body, one of you. [This was wrong, but was apparently an attempt at the name of one of the sisters.]

Isabel, the daughter of Alice, is nervous. She is here with this lady.

[Dr. P. does not seem here to recognise that the sitter herself is "Isabel." The name actually given was nearly, but not quite correct.]

Alice is talking about her daughter Isabel and her eldest grandson. He is going to make a noble fellow, though at one time they almost despaired of him. He would have been better off if he had not had his own way too much. He is a peculiar boy, very self-willed ; he has had his own way too much. Physically he is not very well. I have not heard his name, he is the eldest, the crank of the family.

[This is not at all a correct description of the eldest grandson. It is true that he was at one time so ill as to be the cause of great anxiety, but the account of his character is quite wide of the mark.]

Which one is musical ? It is the youngest is most musical altogether. It is your mother who thinks so. It is a girl. Alice's youngest is a girl.

[Correct ; but there seems to be confusion between the children of Alice and of Isabel. Dr. P. at this point was rambling and indistinct.]

The father says, tell Alice in the body not to go where she is intending to go ; something to do with singing.

[This may have been intended to apply to the second sister, but the allusion was not recognised.]

You will be able to do better in a short time. Don't be depressed ; there are many dark clouds in the next months, but it will result in good. Your father is very much respected, and preaches to people as he did in the material world. Is there a girl of his called Eliza—no, Alice ?

[Here Mr. Myers whispered to Mrs. A., "You have not a sister of that name ?" Mrs. A. replied, "Yes, Alice Jane" (Mrs. B.). This may have been the means by which the second name Jane, presently given, was obtained.]

Dr. P. now obtained the name of the youngest sister, here called Gertrude, by four steps of gradual approximation. It is possible that he may have here been somewhat helped by unconscious indication on the part of the sitter. "Tell Gertrude to be brave and not get despondent with her burdens, and I will help her."

Isabel made an unfortunate change ; a year or two has elapsed since then.

She has headaches which come from the stomach ; go to her and ask her. [Wrong.]

Jane, that is Alice Jane, my daughter. I see her playing the piano. Let her continue playing ; she will accomplish her undertaking.

[The last words have no recognised meaning. Mrs. B. was not playing the piano at the time.]

Take your father's advice and be patient. I left matters somewhat unsettled. Your surroundings are not what they should be. Have you broken up your home ? One of your sisters has not been well—headaches originating from the stomach. One studies music very hard ; it makes her head ache. [True.] Tell Jim to listen to good advice once in a way ; it will be good for him.

Although this sitting contains a considerable number of unrecognised statements, the proportion of wrong ones is very small, and those which are right are quite beyond the reach of mere chance. The most striking are the list of names of the brothers, father, grandfather, and mother, all given quite right without fishing ; and the account of the brother's suffering with his arm. Note the error in the real place of the lump as pointing to thought-transference from the sitter's mind.

5. *Mrs. Verrall, November 25th. First sitting. From Mr. Myers' Notes.*

You look like Fannie. Who is Henry ? The spirit Henry comes to you ; comes very near. And then there is Annie. Have you had a headache to-day ? You are a medium, a little. Do you know S—I—M—M, S—I—M—E—S, SIMS ?

[Nothing known about this ; Mrs. Verrall had not had a headache.]

How is your sister ? There is a weakness about her ; she is not well—weak ; trouble in chest and bronchial tubes ; she coughs at times, takes cold very easily. [Right.]

Who do you call Kate ? You have a cousin Kate. [Right.] I don't like her, she hangs back. You have been reading—studying. You will accomplish it. Go on though you get tired. You are wrapped up in that sort of thing.

You have a sister in the body. I like her influence. She must be very careful or her weakness will increase. Who is Wilson ? He is some one who has treated her.

Mrs. V. : "Not quite Wilson."

Dr. P. : Williamson ?

Mrs. V. : "No."

Dr. P. : —lson—olson—well, it ends in—lson.

[Right so far. The full name was supplied by Mrs. V.]

Dr. P. : I don't like his treatment ; he gives her quinine. Her system is all full of it ; I don't like it.

[Mrs. Verrall at the time denied that her sister had been treated with quinine during a severe illness, pneumonia, two years ago. Her sister when asked said the same. But it was subsequently

ascertained, by reference to the prescription, that she had been taking quinine for some time without knowing it.]

You and she are alone in a way ; she cares much for you, though she does not always show it.

[Mrs. Verrall has only one sister alive and no brother.]

I like better the tall man whom she had in the first place ; his influence is better for her.

[This was understood as referring to a change of medical attendants which had taken place during the sister's illness, the junior partner having been called in at first. On the second day the senior partner came and ordered the quinine, but the second physician was as tall as the first.]

You have got another sister in the spirit ; she comes to me and is interested. [Right.] I get your mother's and father's influence and another gentleman, a brother of hers, or his—Kate—who's Kate?—Your father is in the natural life and your mother too. [Right.] Who is Maria ?

Mrs. V. : " My mother ? "

Dr. P. : Yes, Maria. I said Marie, Maria.

[The mother's name is Maria, but she is commonly called Marie by some of her relations.]

It is you that have got the William. [Not known, but see below.] Alice—whom do you call Carrie—Caroline—it is not Alice but Carrie. Carrie is very near you and loves you.

[Carrie is the name of a deceased cousin, once an intimate friend of Mrs. Verrall.]

How is that gentleman of yours ? He is kind of cranky. Excuse me, he does get too nervous, and then it is hard for you. You with your children are four of you ; so there are four in your own home, your old home—father, mother, two sisters ; now you, your gentleman, two children. [Right.] There are no brothers of yours, you never had any. [Right.] You have father and mother in this life, and an uncle in the spirit. [Right.] I see your father's influence round the uncle, but he likes your mother best ; he sends his love to her.

[My father's eldest brother, now dead, was particularly fond of my mother.—Mrs. V.]

There is a child in the body ; a little stiffness—a boy—no, a girl. That leg too. This leg is the worst. The muscles are strained, not lubricated properly. If you rub them with your hands the knees will be as good as anyone's. She will be able to move her knees. Rub every night and morning.

Mrs. V. : " What is the condition called ? "

Dr. P. : A drawing of the muscles ; they are too tight. One knee is worse than the other.

[The left knee was here indicated. It is a fact that Mrs. Verrall's baby, a girl, suffered from want of power in the lower limbs, and that the left knee was the worst. But it is not correct to say that there was straining or want of lubrication of the muscles of the knee, though the tendons of the heels were somewhat contracted.]

You have fewer spirit friends than almost anyone. There is another child, quite bright, quite smart. It will be very musical.

Mrs. V. : "A boy or a girl?"

Dr. P. : A boy. [Wrong.] You have had that child's hair fixed peculiarly, but after all it is a girl; a girl sure enough, but she looks like a fury.

[The elder child's hair was at the time badly cut, and like a boy's.]

One of your relatives has a little difficulty; one is a little deaf; is that your mother? A difficulty in one ear. Not your father or mother. I can't tell whether it is a lady or a gentleman that is deaf.

[Here Dr. P. is evidently doing a little fishing. Mrs. V. has a relative, a sister-in-law, who has had a good deal of difficulty in one ear.]

Your sister in the spirit passed out of the body in a fever. [Wrong.] You know Arthurton, Atherton, Alverton, Alberton. Then there was a gentleman friend of your father's who passed out with kidney trouble. Who is that got burnt out? Elvert Louis; Albert Lewis. Do you know Mr. Lewis in the body? Are they connected with your father or husband?

[Nothing can be made of this except that Mrs. Verrall's father once had a clerk named Albert Louis Adhémar; he was certainly alive a few weeks before the sitting.]

F—R—E—D—E—R—I—C—K, Frederick, that's your father's name: no, it's not quite that. F—R—E—D; no, nor that. It's between the two.

[My father's name is Frederic, without the k.—Mrs. V.]

You have John in the natural world, on your father's side; his sister's son: no, his brother's son. [Right.] Then there is William very near your mother; not her brother, no, her uncle. No, I don't know.

[Mrs. V.'s mother has a cousin William, a very intimate friend, more like a brother than a cousin. Also an uncle William, the father of the cousin William.]

You are going a long way off from your present surroundings. I see father and mother and one sister together. [Right.] Another sister goes about in the spirit-world. [Right.] Sometimes you get wretchedly discouraged; people bother you. When things go wrong you get awfully upset. Your husband studies and teaches; what do you call it—Professor? A kind of bookman, a literary man. [Right.]

10. *Mrs. Verrall. Second sitting. November 27th, 1889.*

Ah, Carrie has got a message for you. Who is Mrs. Smith? In your household. (No.) Well, in your immediate surroundings. I saw her when I was present with you. She is a nice girl, a nice young girl, but not so trustworthy as some of your other friends.

[This is quite meaningless. The only lady of the name of Smith in Mrs. Verrall's "immediate surroundings" is a Miss Smith, a neighbour, to whom the description does not in the least apply.]

Marie, Maria (French pronunciation), how's she? Your mother I mean. Wilson—now, who's Wilson? (The doctor?) No, not the doctor. Keyon, who is Keyon? Who is the tall man who rides with your husband? Not rides, writes. Your husband lectures, talks a great deal. He is a nice man, I like him. Who writes with him?

[All this is unintelligible. For "Keyon," see pp. 588-9.]

Carrie was sick in the chest when she passed away—consumption. She

says she is happy, so is her mother. You did not know her mother. Well, Carrie and her mother were not congenial in the body, but they understand one another now. Carrie had a little sister who passed out as an infant.

[The only friend of the name of Carrie who is dead, the wife of a cousin, died of inflammation of the lungs. Her mother died at her birth, and her step-mother was by her believed to be her own mother, and as a child she used to reproach herself for not loving her as a child ought to love its mother. There was an infant sister, the child of the step-mother, which died at two months old. Mrs. Verrall writes: "This I have never known" (till inquiry was made on this occasion), "at least that is my impression. The husband of Carrie did not know it, but found the event recorded in the Family Bible. I knew Carrie very well, and it is, of course, possible that she may have mentioned the baby sister to me, but I had so little knowledge of the fact that I thought the medium's statement mistaken, and neither my mother, who was very intimate with Carrie, nor my sister knew of the 'infant sister.'"]

Bragan—who's that? No, B—R—I—G—H—T—O—N. (Mrs. V. : "The name of a town?") No, it is not that. Lucy in the body is a friend of yours. She is not well—toothache.

[The only friend of Mrs. V. who is named Lucy had not toothache, nor anything the matter with her at this time. Mrs. Verrall's old home is at Brighton.]

Ada D . . . has lots of trouble, a bad influence is round her. Her mother is telling me about her—lots of sickness, trouble in head. A relative is ill, sore inside, deadly sick with digestive trouble. It is very troublesome, she is much tied (*sic*), nervous, hates to see people. It is her gentleman who is ill. He is advanced, not very young; he has been troubled a long time. The doctors are perplexed, she is very worried; her gentleman is sick, oh, so sick! liver, heart, and stomach. They sent him away, and he came back worse. It is mother and father that tell me, in the spirit, her mother and father, no, his father. He is not treated properly.

[This lady, whose Christian and surname were correctly given in full, had already been mentioned to Mrs. B. (App., No. 6, p. 621.) The description of her husband's illness is not good.]

How is that eldest young one that has got its hair cropped off? And the baby? Rub its legs.

[See Mrs. V.'s first sitting.]

Eliza, your Eliza; is she well? And Nellie connected with Eliza?

[“I have a cook of this name; her sister who lately left me is called Ellen by me, but Nellie by her friends.”—Mrs. Verrall.]

Your sister in the spirit speaks. What is her name? What did I call you? Mrs. Reed, R—E—A—D—E. Miss Emerson is a friend of your gentleman.

[Mrs. Reade is not identified. Dr. Verrall when quite a boy knew a Miss Emberson.]

Mary, a sister Mary. Louise, Louisa, no, Lizzie, your husband's sister. There is another sister Anna. Mirah, Mara, Marion is the youngest sister. Another, not so near, is Anna—no, I told you her. Why do I give you four names? There are only two sisters.

Mrs. V. : "You are speaking of sisters and sisters-in-law."
Two sisters, like you, and two sisters-in-law.

[Dr. Verrall has two sisters named Annette (eldest) and Marion (youngest). He has two sisters-in-law called Mary Elizabeth, generally known as Lizzie, and Anna. Thus, allowing for the confusion of Anna and Annette, the statement is correct.]

Your husband's aunt is called Catherine, Caroline. Oh, how he lectures—not you, other people. He's positive. So's your eldest daughter ; she's like him, oh, like him. The other sister is Alice, Allie ; I can't get it quite. Who's How ? no, not How ; what do you call it ? (Mrs. V. : "Hugh ?") That's it. Alice, Allie, no, can't get it. (Mrs. V. : "Annette.")

[Dr. Verrall's youngest brother is called Hugh. He is confident that he never had an aunt Catherine or Caroline.]

Ellums, Vellums, what's that ? That's you. Mrs. Vennals, V—E—R—N—I—L—S, Verils, V—E—R—I—L.

Mrs. V. : "What is my Christian name ?"

Mary, Maria. No, M—A—R—. It's like Mary Verrall.

[Mrs. Verrall's Christian name is Margaret, and she is called May. She notes that the R of Mary was hardly sounded.]

Mrs. V. : "Tell me of my mother's relations ?"

Who was the teacher ? There was a grandfather lame, very lame, rheumatism ; the father's father, lame, crutches. You know Henry, he sends his love. There are two Henrys, one the father's side, one on the mother's. The two Henrys came to another gentleman by mistake. One belongs to the lame grandfather, his son ; the other to the mother ; not her son nor brother—father, perhaps, or grandfather. Your grandfather had a sister Susan. The other Henry—there is an old-fashioned picture with a collar turned down, hair old-fashioned way—a painting done by one of the family, not you.

[“Grandfather lame ; this is true of my father's father. But he never had rheumatism ; his lameness was due to an accident. ‘Henry’ ; I had an uncle Henry whom I never knew, a son of the lame grandfather. There is a portrait of him by his mother which she valued very much. It shows him as a young man, a grown-up looking boy. The other Henry was an uncle of my mother's. I have written to ask if my grandfather had a sister Susan.” Subsequently Mrs. Verrall writes :—“I hear that my grandfather had a sister Susan. She was born in 1791, and after her marriage went out to Canada and lived near Hamilton on Lake Ontario. But a son remained in England. Members of my grandfather's family have kept up communication with some of my relations, though not with our branch, notably with the uncle who married a Mrs. Keeley. The uncle Henry whose portrait was described to me went out to Canada to join the Susan branch. It is certainly very astonishing that Dr. P. should know a fact of which I certainly never knew. My grandfather had entirely broken with all his family except a sister Mary, and never mentioned them to me. This information is derived from papers in my grandmother's handwriting. My father knew nothing of this Susan.”]

Keyon, what's her name ? Your grandmother's sister, no, grandmother was Wilson, no, Williams.

[Williams was the maiden name of Mrs. V.'s great grandmother.]

Stanford, Sanford, a relative of yours. How is Fanny?

[Mrs. V. knows nothing of these names.]

Kelon, Keley, that's it. What relation is she?

Mrs. V. : "My uncle married a Mrs. Keeley."

[Mrs. Keeley was the name of a widow who was the second wife of Mrs. V.'s uncle.]

Oh, what a mixture—double marriages! Your aunt married your uncle; I mean, she was your aunt after she married him. Mrs. Keeley was the second wife and had a first husband. George, that's the brother of the uncle's first wife.

[“George was the name of the brother of my uncle's first wife. I find that he is still alive, but is now called Jasper, his other name. I have lately heard a great deal about Jasper, but had no idea he was the ‘George’ of whom I used to hear from my cousin, John Merrifield, when we were both children.”]

I like the teacher. (“Who?”) Music teacher; your aunt, father's sister. She is a lady, she is living.

[“My father's sister taught music certainly, possibly painting too.”]

John: what is he? A tall dark man, had a lot of land. No—John, cousin on father's side.

[“I have a cousin John, but the description is not correct.”]

Aunt Jane, Jennie. No, not an aunt; what do you call her aunt for?

[“A friend of mine is called Aunt Jane by my child.”]

The special interest of these sittings lies in the facts told to Mrs. Verrall, of which she was certainly ignorant at the time. Many of them may be explained as mere unconscious recollections of childhood, but it is difficult to feel that this adequately accounts for the mention of Susan as the grandfather's sister. The correct statement about the quinine (pp. 584-5) is curious, but would have been more striking if the remedy had been less common.

The following sitting is printed nearly verbatim from shorthand notes, in order to give a fair idea of the verbiage which formed the greater part of most of the sittings:—

51. *Sitting on December 28th, 1889, 33, Manchester-street. Present: Mrs. Herbert Leaf, and Walter Leaf reporting. Mrs. H. Leaf was introduced as “Miss Thompson.”*

I see you. How are you, you lady? I say, Captain! Captain, come here.

[“Captain” is the name by which Dr. Phinuit speaks of Professor Lodge.]

W. L. : “The captain is not here.”

Oh, then, that's you, Walter? Where are we now? Where be I?

W. L. : “In London.”

How do you do, Sis? Are you pretty well? You are not sick? No?

That's very good. I have got a great deal to tell you, lady. You have made one great mistake in your life. That was a bad one. If you had not made that mistake you would have been better off. That's a young gentleman that came into your life, and you didn't care much about him. [The reference of this is quite clear and unmistakable.]

Do you know who Frank is? That's a lady, her name is Frances, F—R—A—N—C—E—S. How do you spell that?

[My sister Emily's third name is Frances.—R. M. L.]

Well, William sends his love to you (W. L.); that's your father: he is in the spirit. [Wrong; but see App., Nos. 31 and 55.]

(Here I am asked to leave the room; I beg to stay, and am allowed to do so.—W. L.)

Well, there is nothing like pleasing those people there in the body, if you can. I want to tell this lady about her sisters.

There is a doctor round this lady. How is he? The name is William, I get the influence. That makes two Williams, one round Walter and one round you.

[This "William" could be easily identified, but he is not a doctor.]

I get your grandfather's influence, he was lame and had trouble through here, in the leg. [Wrong.] That's on your mother's side. Don't you think you are pretty? I do. You are a very pretty girl. You have got a gentleman, though, in the body. [True.] What do you think of that? He is a very nice gentleman, he is not a crank. He is kind of nervous, but he is very nice. Now the grandfather's influence, the one that is lame; he is connected with your mother.

R. M. L.: "That is not right."

There is one of your grandfathers that is lame.

R. M. L.: "I never heard of it."

He has got something the matter with the right leg. You ask about it; it is through his leg here.

R. M. L.: "Is it the one that had something the matter with his ear?"

It is the same one that had the trouble in his ear. [Wrong.]

R. M. L.: "Where did he live?"

I don't know. I can't tell the names of places. I can't tell names of towns, sometimes I can tell names of countries. How about that letter you got a little while ago? Are you going to see that friend who wrote? She will come into your surroundings suddenly; I know that is a fact.

[The allusion to a letter is incorrect.]

He is nervous, Walter is: isn't he? How is Gertrude? Is not she a nice girl?

[An allusion to Miss Gertrude C.]

How is your sister? She has got a cough. She is better, I think; she has got a cold. She has got trouble in the throat, and in the head a little. Particularly through here in the throat; she will get quite well again. But she is such a limb, she is full of Old Harry. She has a very lively disposition. She has got a great deal in her. (What is her name?) Do you know her? she has got a cold. She has had something the matter with her throat. She has got something the matter with her head.

["This is a quite incorrect account both of the character and ill-health of my sister."]

Who is Mary? That is this lady's aunt. She has passed out of the body.

[This is correct. She is my mother's sister.]

R. M. L. : "When did she leave this world?"

A little while ago. She is in the spirit.

[She died in '83.]

R. M. L. : "Was she good?"

What a funny question! What do you mean by good? She is a very nice lady. She is a lady that would come back in the spirit; at the same time she is very sad. At the same time she is in the spirit, she lives and sees you. . . . I get your mother's influence now.

R. M. L. : "She is in the spirit, is she not?"

No. [Right.] I want to get your mother's influence nearer to me. . . . There is a lady in your family that married twice. She had two husbands. [True of a maternal aunt.] I will tell you about her. I get this spirit that sends love to your mother. She is in the body, your mother. But Mary is in the spirit; she sends love to your mother.

R. M. L. : "What about the one that married two husbands?"

There are two influences, one is in the spirit, one in the body. [True if reference is to husbands.] One of her husbands was a kind of crank. Then one of them passed out and she married again. That makes two. The first one passed out by an accident.

[He is believed to have been murdered during the Indian Mutiny, with the other European males of the station, in a church at Shahjehanpore. The exact manner of his death is not known. See the allusions below to a "large building" and "passing out all mixed up with somebody else, he and a lot of other gentlemen."]

R. M. L. : "Is the second one alive now?"

He had some trouble through his heart, right through there. He passed out very suddenly. He passed out by accident. At the same time it affected his heart. [This evidently refers to the *first* husband.]

R. M. L. : "Where did he pass out? In what sort of place?"

There was a building at the corner of a street, a quite large building running back a little way.

Then there is Emily. That was her influence I was telling you of.

[A sister. See above.]

R. M. L. : "How is Emily?"

Not very well, I will tell you that much. I mean she was not very well; I know there was trouble through here (indicates abdomen) like peritonitis. She suffered very much indeed.

[She has been very ill with internal malady, though not peritonitis.]

R. M. L. : "Can you tell me about my brothers?"

I get you a little mixed up with Walter. Does William belong to you or to him?

W. L. : "There is one William that belongs to me. You told us."

Well, you have got a William on the father's side. That's the father's brother; and he (W. L.) has got the father. He is a little older than his

(W. L.'s) father. He has got a William in the spirit, that is his father, at least, he says father to me; that is all I can hear from him. There's two Walters in his family; then there is William, who is father in some way to him. Then with you I get George, G—E—O—R—G—E. I like him; he is in the body, and there is one in the spirit. He has got a brother in the spirit, he wants to send his love to him.

[Mrs. H. L. has an uncle William, her father's brother, and a cousin George who has lost a brother, the "Harry" who is named shortly afterwards. It is also correct that there are two Walters in my family, as I have an uncle of that name. Note the correction of the statement that William is my father, which had been made to me at my previous sitting. (See App., No. 30.) Mrs. Piper had in the interval learnt by personal introduction that my father is not in the spirit, and may probably have found out that his name is not William.—W. L.]

R. M. L. : "What is the name of the brother in the spirit?"

She has got an uncle William, he is the father's brother. There is a George connected with you; at the same time there is a father's brother whose name is William, that is on the father's side. Then on the mother's side, Mary is your mother's sister, that is in the spirit. That makes two. George is in the body. Then there is Alice that is connected with you; that is a cousin. No, not Alice; Alice, Elsie, Elice. Is that yours, Walter, or this lady's? Charlotte; that is connected with you. With you, Sis. Mary says, give my love to Charlotte. Is not she a friend of yours? (No.) That name is in the body. That is connected with Walter, then? (No.) I used to like Walter, but I don't like him any more. He is too nervous. He gets kind of cross, because I don't tell everybody in your family at once.

[Charlotte is not known. For Alice, see below.]

Now that is what I want to tell you about. There are six of you, and that is all. How do you suppose I know? Then there is one, two, three, four, two sisters and two brothers, that makes four, and then there is one in the spirit. Then there is one of them — there is Uncle George — confound him, I can't get George right! He is in the body: he is connected with you. He is your George. Then I get Harry, that's the brother. A brother of his, George's. It is not your brother at all, but George's brother. That would make it brother-in-law.

[The number of brothers and sisters is exactly right. The sister "in the spirit" is the Agnes who played such a prominent part in Professor Rendall's sitting, of which we had not then heard. She was called "Alice" at first to him, so it is possible that "Alice" above may be meant for the name. But it has a significant bearing on the Spiritualist explanation that there is no recognition here of the identity. Indeed, the next paragraph seems to imply that the "one in the spirit" is a brother, which is wrong. There is no uncle George.]

Is that your cousin George? Then there is cousin Harry; they are both pretty good, but he has got the most quiet disposition. Harry is here, I get his influence very strong. Then I get your brother and Harry together. They want to send their love to you and to George in the body. One of them went away from home.

R. M. L. : "Which was it went away from home—my brother or my cousin ?"

Your brother ; he went away and was gone quite a long time, and was in a different country from your own.

[The name "Harry" is right, but the statement about his disposition is ambiguous here. It is made clear further on. One of my brothers is in the Indian Civil Service, and has been a long time away.—R. M. L.]

Who the devil is Arthur — A—R—T—H—U—R ? He is talking to me. He is almighty peculiar. He thinks a good deal and writes a good deal, and bothers his head with other matters a good deal. He always wants to know what is going on. He is in the material form. Arthur comes nearer to you than the rest. What do you make of that ?

[This is not in the least a correct description of my cousin Arthur, an artist, nor is there any recognition of his identity with one of the half-brothers spoken of to Professor Rendall.]

How is your gentleman ? He is kind of funny. Do you know, I like him, and he has got an opinion of his own. At the same time he is good and thinks a good deal of you. But sometimes he doesn't show it. I am not going into all your secrets till I get you alone.

She has had two gentlemen. You didn't fancy the first one. (A few lines are omitted here containing some perfectly true remarks about the "first gentleman.")

Do you know Benson ? (No.) Who is that cousin that married Benson ? The name is something like that.

[No such name recognised.]

Do you know Gertrude C. (full name given) ? And Emily ? She is not so pretty, but she is a nice girl. What a nice little girl you are. But you do fidget sometimes badly. Do you know the spirit that passed out of the body in the water ? He was drowned. He wants to send his love to the girls, and if he sees them again he wants to tell them something ; Emily and those girls.

W. L. : "What is his name ?"

He has got a brother H., and wants to send him his love. His name is Charley. He is calling it, anyway. He is connected with him, anyway.

[This refers to Miss Emily C.'s second sitting, App. No. 34. H.'s brother, who was buried at sea, was not called Charley, but left a son of that name.]

You have got a Charles who is connected with you ; William, Cousin George, Cousin Harry. [Right.] Do you think Harry is a crank ?

R. M. L. : "I have not seen him for a long time."

Do you think George is ? He is more quiet, more gentlemanly, but Harry has got more spunk in him, more devilry. Harry is the one that was not understood ; I tell you that because he told me so. There is one with me, and George that is here in the body. He sends his love to his brother George.

[This is a perfectly correct account of the difference in character of the two brothers.]

There is Arthur connected with you, A—R—T—H—U—R ; he is in the

body; he is peculiar as well as the rest. He seems to be connected with you in a different line from those others. He is not a brother, but he is connected with you. I think that is your gentleman's brother, or your gentleman. How the devil do you call him?

R. M. L. : "He is a first cousin."

Well, he is not a brother of those gentlemen; he comes in a different line. He does not belong to them, but this Harry that speaks to me speaks about Arthur.

[I have an uncle and a first cousin Arthur, but description does not apply to either.—R. M. L.]

There is a little child round you. The little body of a child. It belonged to your aunt that is in the spirit, that passed out years and years ago; you will have to ask your mother about it. You will find that it is a little child that never lived in the body.

R. M. L. : "Whose child was that?"

The child does not know whose child she was. Don't you see, the child was too young. I can't get it to talk to me. I see this little one; it belongs either to an aunt or a cousin. Your mother will know about it.

[This is not known to be correct of the child of an aunt or cousin. Mrs. Leaf had herself lost a baby, born dead.]

Who is Annie? It is Annie that is asking this. And an uncle of Annie's. That is connected with you; that is William, your uncle William.

[Annie is sister of Harry and George, and niece of my father's youngest brother William.]

Then there is another uncle that is connected with you. I do like him; he is a nice fellow. He is one I am talking about. He has passed out of the body. Do you know who J—O—S—E—P—H is? Josephine? Josie?

R. M. L. : "No."

[The name of Josephine, Josie, turned up in other sittings and was not recognised.]

Wait a minute; Harry used to know a girl of the name of Josephine, it was what they called her. It is connected with George now in the body; he knows who she is. I don't think the lady here knows it. I am going to tell you all about her relatives. There is the one who passed out in the building. He is the uncle here now. That is Emily's.

R. M. L. : "Uncle?"

Emily's uncle. That is the one that passed out of the body suddenly. And your aunt had two husbands. He passed out like that; all mixed up with somebody else, he and a lot of other gentlemen. His brain is a little bit upset; he wants to know you and wants to recognise you.

R. M. L. : "Did he ever see me in the body?"

He never saw you in the body. You were a little thing. This is a long time ago. At the same time he thinks that he knows you.

[He was killed some years before Mrs. Leaf was born. From this point it will be seen that the sitting became rambling, and almost every statement made was wrong or meaningless.]

How is E—D? Edward? No; F—R—E—D. That's it; how's Fred? Fred Smith? He is in the body; Fred Smith. He is connected with George. Your aunt is constantly with him. Is not she funny? She is the queerest

Jack among them all. Oh Lord! You don't like her very well. You don't care about her very much. She is very self-opinionated and thinks too darned much about herself, and she is no better than anybody else.

R. M. L. : "Harry is the one I want to hear about."

He is the one you don't like, and he is rather big, he thinks a good deal of himself.

R. M. L. : "How did he pass out of the body?"

Well, it was your uncle passed out by accident. He had trouble here through the chest; that's fever, fever. He has put his hand on his head; that is where. That is Harry. He passed out with it. He did not know anybody before he passed out. His head was dizzy. Then he had trouble through the chest.

[He died of cholera.]

R. M. L. : "Where did he pass out?"

That is some way from you, not in England. [Right; it was in India.] He had bleeding, something bled. He remembers that, before he passed out of the body. He had trouble through here, through the chest, through the lungs. That was his trouble, and he passed out. You know he went to school at some time; this troubled him there. Then he had an attack through here, through his heart; at last it infected his heart, and then he passed out with it.

R. M. L. : "Did they bury him soon, or was it a long time?"

They sent the body away; he is living. That was a long while ago. He troubles me a little; but don't you like him? Too bad; he was funny; given to a roving disposition.

R. M. L. : "Did he leave a wife?"

In the body?

R. M. L. : "Yes."

What was that trouble? What do you call it?

R. M. L. : "In the chest?"

Yes. Do you know, he lost some blood before he passed out; he had trouble with his head, that was all covered with spots?

W. L. : "Not small-pox?"

No, he had not. He had trouble through his chest and raised some blood before he passed out. And then he had an attack with his heart. He remembers this trouble.

At the same time there is this lady that George knows about in the body. Tell him that Harry is not dead but alive; but he does not seem well to realise that he can talk to you. Meantime I will talk to him and get him to come here and talk to you. He can tell you more next time.

Walter, is not she a nice little girl? You know the gentleman; is not he a kind fellow? He knows a great deal. He does his best to do right; and whatever he does he does conscientiously. He is inclined to be nervous and set; but don't you mind if he is a little bit set. I don't think Harry ever knew him; he passed out before you got hitched.

[Correct; Harry died August, 1887, and I was married the following September.—R. M. L.]

Who do you call Dick? Somebody calls him Dick; Richard his name is, they call him Dick. That is a second cousin.

R. M. L. : "My gentleman's second cousin?"

Yes. He is in the body. That is connected with your gentleman. He has got a moustache. Your gentleman is fine. He is pretty good-looking, but I don't like that light coat he wears. He used to wear it, but he has left it off now. The dark one he wears looks better, with that fuzzy thing, velveteen. Where did he get that ring? That is Walter that has got the ring. What is that piano? P—I—A—N—O? I got that near your mother. How is Harry's wife, do you know? Harry is a kind of crank.

[Harry never married. All this part is nonsense.]

R. M. L. : "Can you tell me your gentleman's name?"

Harry went to another country and passed out away, so he can't tell his name. He will know all about it. But who is it they call Fred Smith?

R. M. L. : "Can you tell me who it is that I call 'Mr. Man'?"

Mr. Man? That is a very familiar thing with me, your Mr. Man. It is not Harry? nor George? nor your uncle? Do you call your gentleman Mr. Man? Then the gentleman's father? I give it up. Whom do you call Mr. Man?

R. M. L. : "It is only a dog, my collie, that I call Mr. Man."

Ah, he is Mr. Man sure enough. Now I will tell you what I will do with you. I will tell you all about them next time. I will inquire about your spirit friends. You have got a long life before you and a very pleasant one; but I don't see any children; no children.

R. M. L. : "Can you tell me about something I lost three years ago?"

Something shiny, you mean? It was a ring in gold, something round. Something you wore here. (Indicates neck, then wrist.) Round the wrist she wore it. It was a pin. It was a funny looking thing. You lost that in the evening. I will trace that for you, and tell you next time. If there is anything else you would like me to tell you, I will; but I could not tell you who you call Mr. Man. (To W. L. : She must come and see me again.) You take things patiently, but you get worried and fidgety when that man of yours gets tired. He is set, but he means well. I like him. He has got some sense and some brain, that fellow. . . . I want to tell about the six of you, five besides yourself. I will tell you about your bracelet, where you lost it.

[A gold bracelet is what I asked about; I lost it one evening.]

You had a new book to put pictures in, that card-looking thing that runs along with string. It is a book-looking thing, a big book. I can see it quite well. Who gave it to her? . . . Do you know, your uncle had some trouble; he passed out with trouble. He had a bad accident. What a good girl you are. Do you think I am a crank?

Trance passed off at 12.15.

56. *Sitting of January 1st, 1890, at 6, Sussex-place. Present, W. A. Pye and W. L.*

Mr. Pye had been previously introduced as Mr. Wilson, but his real name had accidentally been mentioned before Mrs. Piper. It is, however, extremely improbable that she heard it.

After the usual preliminary conversation,

Now your mother's family, brothers and sisters, and all together, if we take the children, there are five.

W. A. P. : "Alive?"

No, five in all; one, two, three, four, five.

W. A. P. : "My own brothers and sisters?"

There are more than five, as you are now.

W. A. P. : "There are six."

Where the dickens is the sixth gone now? There's 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, not counting himself. There are four brothers and two sisters. Alive in the natural life there are four boys besides yourself. You are right; there is four boys and two girls. The little one, the youngest one, I don't see at all. There are five, no six, alive not including yourself. Then two in the spirit, 6, 7, 8. There are six in the body and you make the seventh. Then there are 1, 2, 3, 4, there are four in all. Besides that there are three others in the body, and then there is one in the body that I can't see at all well, the youngest one. There are one, two, three in the spirit, and six in the body. (*Note A.*)

Five of them I can tell you about. One of them is named Henry, he is called Harry. Then there is Marie, M—A—R—I—A. Then there is another named Will, W—I—L—L—I—A—M. There is two.

W. A. P. : "Will is myself, he is not my brother."

Then there is another one with a curious name, spells with a J. That is in the spirit. There is one Ed; E—D—W—A—R—D.

W. A. P. : "No; that is not quite right."

Ed, Edmund, or Edwin. That is it; they call him Ed.

W. A. P. : "The name was Edmund."

Don't you call it Ed. ? Well, I do. Edmund. That is not a very easy name to speak. Then there is Will, W—I—L—L, and another, and Henry and Ed. Then there's one named John, and that is an uncle, and there is one named Maria, and that is an aunt. (*Note B.*)

There's two names quite alike; there's one who is deaf (touching the left ear); he has some trouble through here, on that side. Don't you know, what you call things in the head? Gathering, rising in the head. Troubles just here.

W. A. P. "In the left ear?"

That must be an uncle.

W. A. P. : "There is one name you have not mentioned; can you tell me about the brother with the curious name?"

You don't mean Edmund?

W. A. P. : "No."

Well, I will find it before I get through. There is this little girl in the spirit with me, a little bit of a child, and three boys. The next one has got short hair (!). By little girl I mean one between 14 and 15. Then there is two boys. One of your brothers is away—two of them in fact are away. One is a long distance away. You will hear from that brother pretty soon. He is doing first-rate. He has had a very discouraging time, but it is better now. Then there is one of you called Walter; that is connected with you. (*Note C.*)

Who is Alick? Alex?

W. A. P. : "I don't know."

He is not connected with you. Ask Walter. There are two of them.

Your lady has got two sisters, one of them with her, living, and one out. There is one with her ; I don't like her. I like your lady very much. She is kind of nervous, but she does a great deal, she is patient. Her sister is quite peculiar ; she is kind of fussy ; she likes to have her own way. (*Note D.*)

There is one, two——Where are all your children ?

W. A. P. : " You said just now there is an Alick ; can you tell me about him ? "

I will get the influence stronger. Don't you call one of your sisters Allie ? (This was very indistinct and I could not tell whether Allie or Annie was said at first, the second mention was " Annie."—W. A. P.)

W. A. P. : " Not quite. "

Annie. That is your own sister, and that's the lady's sister, and her father's name is Henry. (No.) Is it her brother ? (No.) Her father ? (No.) Well, it is connected with her. You ask her when you get home who Alick is. You say you don't know Alick. Well, he will come to you soon. Now I am going to try and get your brothers and sisters nearer. Which of them was it that hurt his leg ?

W. A. P. : " I don't know. "

It is here. Which was it had a fall ? He was on the ice and got hurt. It is through here. (Through the wrist.) You ask. One of them is hurt through there. One has trouble with his stomach, indigestion, dyspepsia. Then I get this trouble through here.

W. A. P. : " Which is it has trouble with his stomach ? "

Harry has got trouble with his wrist, and Ed with his stomach. (*Note E.*)

Walter has something to do with books. He has books and papers all the time. He is in the flesh where he has to do with books ; he has to look them over. One of them has glasses on his nose and another one has got trouble in his stomach. Then there is one with——Who is Rich, R—I—C—H ? They call him Dick. Tell Walter that from me. One of them has not been well ; very sick ; she is getting better.

W. A. P. : " Which of the sisters is that ? "

It is the elder.

W. A. P. : " Can you get the brother with the curious name ? "

No.

W. A. P. : " You have not told me anything about my parents. "

She has had cold and some trouble through the chest ; she has not been well at all. She will get out all right. Then there was a little child came into your family not long ago.

You made a change for the better about two years ago. (No.) Well perhaps it was longer ago ; it was in connection with your work, in your business life. You have changed your home surroundings. (*Note F.*)

You were with an elderly lady at one time. Was it your lady's mother ? She was in the surroundings in the body some years ago. Now she is with me. Wasn't she in the surroundings of this old lady ? She was one passed out with cancer. That is one I want to tell you about. That comes very close. She knows I am speaking to you and wants me to tell you. She had cancer in one part of the body. (Here some reference was made to Mr. P.'s wife ; the notes are imperfect.)

W. A. P. : "Can you tell me any more about her aunt? The one that passed out with cancer?"

That is another sister; it is older than that one. What you call the short one. She is the elder. Oh, that is not your mother; not your own mother. (*Note G.*)

(Here W. L., who has been taking notes from outside, enters the room. Dr. P. says —)

I have been telling him about his five brothers and sisters. He has got six; I can't tell him about the other one. I see the brother that is away; then there is Bert. ("Bert" appears to be a reminiscence of my brother Herbert, his name is spoken directly after without any connection.—W. L.) Bert belongs to him. There are 5, 5, 5. Five different brothers and sisters; and three in the spirit. I keep getting Bert's influence. Their names are Willy, W—I—L—L, Edward, and Harry. That's three. Then there is a sister Anna. Herbert! Then there is one named Charles, Charley. You don't know him. That is one of them. There is one in a building with books. That's not you, because you are Will. That is the one I call Ed. (*Note H.*)

(Here the medium complained of being "mixed"; kept on calling for Walter, Herbert, and Rosie; apologised for being stupid, and said it was not usual. Mrs. H. Leaf came into the room. The only connected statements were—)

Rosie, do you know Leicester? No, you don't. Do you know Loolie? ("Yes."—See Mrs. H. Leaf's second sitting.) She's all right, isn't she? Will, I want to talk to you again about the friend that passed out with consumption, and the lady that passed out with cancer, and all your brothers. I told you about your sister who is ill, very ill, ill with something in the throat. You do talk to people everlastingly. You have got a good many friends, a lot of them. Who is that that plays the piano, Will?

W. A. P. : "Well, there are a good many."

Rosie plays, she plays nicely. You have got a lady round you that plays, too.

After this Dr. P. became incoherent, and kept calling out, "Walter, help me, help me; I can't turn round." The trance passed off very slowly and with unusual symptoms. The medium, on coming to, appeared to be very prostrate and distressed.

REMARKS BY W. A. PYE ON THE SITTING OF JANUARY 1ST, 1890.

(A) The number of my mother's family—my own brothers and sisters, was at last correctly given. The very little verbal help given by me is mentioned in the notes. My mother's family consisted of seven sons and three daughters, of whom two sons and a daughter are dead. My father has a second family of a son and two daughters who, with their mother, are alive.

When the number "five" was first mentioned I felt at the moment a little puzzled, not knowing whether both dead and alive were meant, or only the latter. From that time I mentally separated them into three groups, my living brothers and sisters, those who are dead, and my half sisters and brother.

(B) Names now being mentioned, I will give for comparison those of my parents and their children.

Father—Kellow John. Mother—Mary.

Their children—Daughters :—

Mary Chesney, called Minnie—alive.

Edith May—dead.

Alice Sybil, sometimes called Aggy—alive.

Sons :—

Edmund, sometimes called Numbs—dead.

Kellow Charles—dead.

Randall Howell—alive.

William Arthur (myself), usually “Will.”

Walter.

Harry.

Charles, generally Charlie (see *Note H*).

My father's second family :—

Catharine.

Winifred, called Winnie.

John Hayward.

It will be seen that my own name was the only one given with absolute exactness at this time, my brother Harry having been so baptised. I did not at first connect the name I heard as Marie with my sister Mary, partly because she is so generally called Minnie that her real name seldom occurs to me, but still more, I think, in consequence of the word being immediately afterwards spelt M—A—R—I—A, which caused me at once to connect it with an aunt Maria, with whom I have had a good deal to do.

My eldest brother is as frequently called “Numbs” as “Edmund” amongst us, but never to my knowledge “Ed” or any such abbreviation.

The mention of a brother with a curious name made me at once think of my brother Kellow, but neither now nor later on did I get any closer indication of him.

By this time the impression was strong on my mind that the medium was able in some way to correct her impressions or suggestions by means of my conscious thought. Thus I thought definitely of a number, my six living brothers and sisters, or the four brothers, or the three of my father's second family, and these numbers seemed shortly to be given. On the spelling of the word Maria, given as a sister, I thought of my aunt Maria, and a little later on she was so described. There were many other instances during the sitting.

C. The only names alike in our family are those of my father and brother Kellow, and mother and eldest sister. It is of course usual to find children named after their parents, especially when there are so many of them.

I cannot trace this deafness or complaint of the ear to any brother or sister. My eldest sister's husband is deaf in the left ear to such a degree that in walking or speaking with him it is necessary to take care to be on the other side. This peculiarity would, I believe, at once occur to me were I to think of him.

The little girl referred to I cannot trace. I have since remembered that my eldest sister many years ago lost an infant daughter, but this did not occur to me at the time. None connected with me have died at the age of 14 or 15 that I can recall. My sister Edith died when 21 years old.

At that date (January 1st) two brothers were away as mentioned. Walter in Scotland, and the youngest, Charlie, was correctly described as being a long distance away, as he has been for some years in China ; otherwise the description of him does not specially apply.

I do not remember the mention of Walter's or any name here, but the shorthand notes are probably right. He is not specially connected with me now, but is next to me in age, and for some time we lived together, and have always been great companions.

D. This mention of Alick, Alec, or Alex is rather peculiar. Mr. Leaf thinks that it was a reference to a previous sitting, and the "Walter" I was instructed to ask might apply to him. (Both the father and brother of Mrs. H. Leaf were called "Aleck."—W. L.) At first I did not remember any one of the name except slight acquaintances, but after a few minutes recollected one, now dead, who was closely connected with my wife. In the next section it will be seen that, with this in mind, I asked for further particulars and was soon after referred to her for them. In this case, also, there were two of the name, father and son.

Or, again, the reference might be taken as applying to an "Alec" of whom my wife and I had heard a few days previously as being engaged to be married to another friend of hers, and more especially of her brothers and sisters who live in Stirling, where my brother Walter was at the time. In this case the "Walter" to be asked might be taken to mean him ; and he has since told me, on my reading the notes over to him, that he at once took the reference to apply to this engagement, of which he had naturally heard a great deal.

My wife has three sisters, not two, and all living ; one, married to my brother Walter, lives in London, but some distance from us ; the other two are living with their parents in Scotland. The liking to have their own way may be taken as strictly correct of my sisters-in-law,—as of other ladies.

E. I have seven children and regret that I here interrupted the medium to put the question about "Alick," to which I have referred in the last section.

I was expecting the names "Anna" or "Annie," the former being that of my wife's sister (afterwards given as a sister, see *Note H*) and the latter a sister of a very dear friend of ours who died of cancer about two years ago, and who might perhaps be taken as referred to as the elder sister, "what you call the short one," later on. As stated in the notes, I did not clearly hear whether the name first said was "Allie" or "Annie," but it seems to have been the former. My sister, "Alice" (as mentioned before), is sometimes called "Aggy," never "Allie," so far as I am aware ; but "Allie" and "Annie" are, of course, very similar to "Alice" and "Anna," who would have been correctly described if so given.

My wife has no relation of the name of Henry.

None of my brothers, so far as I know, have been seriously hurt in the leg or wrist, or have had a fall on the ice to be remembered. Dyspepsia might be taken as applying to two or three, and Edmund, the one mentioned, died of a kindred complaint.

I ought, perhaps, to mention that, on inquiry, there is an indistinct

history of injury to Harry's wrist ; but he does not himself recollect any particulars.

F. Here, again, I did not notice the mention of my brother Walter's name, but I immediately recognised the description as applying to him. His consulting-room has bookshelves round two sides of it, and he habitually sits at a table covered with papers, the quantity of which has struck me. Recently a book on Surgery, which he is publishing, and the fact of having to consult some public libraries with reference to some surgical lectures, have been discussed between us and connected with him in my mind.

Both Harry and I wear glasses when reading.

I cannot think of any connection called Richard or Dick, and understood the "Walter" here to refer to Mr. Leaf. (The name "Dick" was urged upon my brother and me in our joint sitting, but not recognised.—W. L.)

About a week previously we had heard from my eldest sister that she had been ailing, and had been to Torquay for change. She did not refer to her indisposition as serious, and mentioned that she was much better ; but the news was the subject of conversation between my wife and myself, as we had not heard of her being unwell.

My mother is dead, as already mentioned. If this were intended to apply to my step-mother or mother-in-law, as might, perhaps, be inferred from the remark made a little later—(*Section G*, "Oh, that is not your mother, not your own mother")—the description would be partly correct as both have recently suffered from severe colds, though not, I believe, more than usually affecting the chest or throat. It occurred to me at the time as applying to my step-mother. (Judging from the context and Phinuit's frequent habit of ignoring questions, it seems to me to refer to the sister. In any case it is a matter of no evidential importance.—W. L.)

My youngest child is under two years old, but the statement here made would have been equally true at any time within the last 13 years.

I moved to my present house about five years ago, and nearly two years previous to that date did make some rather important changes in my business.

G. I have never resided with any elderly lady, as I understood this first remark to imply ; but the whole of this section is very interesting to me, for reasons which, to explain, I must state at some length.

Within the last two years, or a little more, we have lost by some form of malignant growth (I have since the sitting heard a doubt as to whether in one case it was ever defined as cancer) two to whom my wife and I were much attached ; one the friend referred to in *Note E*, who died, aged 37, and the other an aunt of my wife's, who was in her 60th year.

I was sitting with the latter a few months before her death and we were talking of our religious beliefs, our descriptions of which differed. I was saying that in matters where I was not as definitely convinced as of the facts that I was sitting where I was, or that two and two made four, I preferred to say only that I did not know, and that this referred for me to the question of a life after death. Her exact reply I forget, but I then, or very soon afterwards, said, in reference to some allusion by her of her death being probably not far off, and of her differing from me, "Well, if so, and if you can send me any message, let me know." I am not sure of the exact words, but I think that these are correct.

I had no sooner spoken than the thought occurred to me that I had said something which I should very likely forget, but that it was not improbable that the fact of my having made the request would bring about its apparent fulfilment through some unconscious cerebration, and I remember regretting the words. To the best of my recollection I had not, up to the time that the word cancer was first used, thought of this lady at all during the sitting, although of the other one, whom I have mentioned, I certainly had, and was hoping for some mention of her.

My wife's aunt lived with her mother, a very old lady of nearly 90, from whom we had heard that morning; and there was in the letter a mention of our loss.

H. From this point the notes do not appear to me to call for much remark. The mention of Anna and Charlie (see *Sections E and C*) is to be noticed, and there is a rather curious difference between my idea of what was said in the phrase, "The friend that passed out with consumption," &c., and Mr. Leaf's notes, which I am satisfied are correct. The word which I was confident I had heard was "sister" and not "friend," and my sister Edith did die of consumption. We were very deeply attached to each other and I had been looking for a mention of her name.

I have no sister who can be called ill. The remarks about myself are perhaps correct, and that my wife plays the piano is certainly true.

If I may make a few general remarks on my impressions of the sitting as a whole, I should say that I put aside as utterly out of the question any idea of collusion, or conscious deception by the medium of herself or any other person. It seems to me to be equally inconceivable that the correctness of the statements can be explained by coincidence only; but if, in a state of suspended volition, sensory powers can be raised to the point of being able to read some of the minor thoughts of another person, I think that all the incidents of this sitting are easily accounted for. I have already alluded to the strong impression I gathered that ideas of number, or names, or such like, that I formulated during the time, were in some way conveyed to the medium and stated later by her; although some of the most striking references made were not, so far as I could judge, in my conscious thought at all.

I am, of course, quite alive to the fact that it would be absurd to generalise from a single instance like this, and I understand that other sittings have left very different impressions. I feel, therefore, that there may possibly be a better explanation than the one which suggests itself, of the communication of some stratum or strata of thought (so to speak), to a perception out of the power of all but a few, which is only active when combined with an abnormal state of the brain.

W. A. P.

We now proceed to the notes taken of some thoroughly unsatisfactory sittings, in order to give a fair idea of the methods by which guessing was carried on in cases where there seems to have been a complete absence of any supernormal means of information.

19. *Professor A. Macalister, F.R.S. December 2nd, 1889. Notes by the sitter.*

I want to tell you about your mother. It is a long time since you saw her. She is well and happy. She has passed out, she is in the spirit.

There was a hard time in your life a few years ago, a difficulty in getting on as you would like regarding home life and pecuniary circumstances.

[As I got my first professorship at the age of 22, this is not accurate.]

You had an uncle who left home and went to another part of the world, and never wrote till a little while ago. That was in the body. He went to another part of the world—followed the water—connected on your father's side.

[I never had an uncle who left Great Britain. Had five uncles on my father's side ; none of them followed the sea.]

You have four uncles.

[I have had seven uncles ; none now living.]

I get your mother's influence. There was a sister of hers who passed out of the body before her. There is also a brother in the spirit and three in the body.

[My mother had no sister, only a half-sister whom she never saw. She had only one brother who died in 1849.]

One called Eliza is your sister, I get her ethereally. Also Mary, and then another. There are two Marys connected with you, one in the body, one in the spirit. Also Eliza. Then there is Ellen—not quite that, nearly so. Ellan, Ellen—is it that or Helen? I get the name both ways. (Asked, "Is she in the body or the spirit?") Two names, one in the body, Ellen in the body, Helen in the spirit. There is Mary Ellen. Then there is Helen. Three of them—one is the mother, the other is the sister.

[I had a sister Lizzie, never called Elizabeth. She died when I was an infant. I never had a relation named Ellen. My mother's name was Margaret. I have a sister Helen alive, the only one of my family of that name.]

There are Helen and Mary, one is a mother and the other a sister. A sister Helen and a mother Mary, and this comes in connection with you and a sister Mary. Helen is in the material world ; another sister Mary in the spirit, and your mother. Then I get Eliza in the body. That makes four.

There is something the matter with you here—in someone connected with you. (Here she felt the knob on my knee, a perfectly natural though an unusually large one.) That's the father's influence I get ; he has something the matter with his knee. (Asked, "Is he in the body or the spirit? is it his left knee or his right knee?") That one (points to sitter's left knee). Can you find anyone connected with you in the physical world who has something the matter with his knee? ("No.") Let me know if it is wrong. ("Yes, we will.")

I get a lady connected with you on your mother's side in the body who is sick. (Points to lower part of breastbone. Asked, "Is she sick at present?") She suffers from it a little ; she has been much worse. I should say she was an aunt.

[My mother's family are all dead but one, who is perfectly well.]

Her name is Lucy. ("No, I have no relation of that name.") Through the stomach and through the heart. ("I never had a relation with that name.") You never had any brothers or sisters, did you? ("Yes, I had.")

Here Professor Macalister was sent out of the room for two minutes,

and in his absence was said to Mr. Myers to have three brothers. On his return :—

There are six of you altogether, four in the body, two in the spirit. Four besides yourself in the body, two brothers and yourself, two sisters, and one in the spirit, six altogether. One, Helen, has passed out. Mary has passed out. There is one Mary in the body. There are five of you in the body and one in the spirit. There is an aunt Mary in the body. Your sister Mary has been in the spirit some time.

[There were four sisters, three of whom are dead. Helen only lives. Two brothers, one of whom is dead. My aunt Mary died in 1853.]

Had you an uncle of the name of Al? (“No.”) Then there’s Elizabeth. That’s one. Six of you, take you all together. (“Right.”) Two brothers and yourself, that makes three, no more. (“Right.”)

Which one do you call Henry? (“He is no relation.”) His name is Stafford. A friend of one of your brothers, perhaps? (“I don’t know.”)

[I never had any relation Henry, and only once knew a person named Stafford, as a student 20 years ago. I have only spoken to him once to my knowledge. I know nothing about him, and neither of my brothers knew him.]

Then there is a George, a brother. He has a particular friend called Henry, a school-fellow. (“Is George older or younger than I?”) I don’t know.

[My son is the first George in the family; he is named after a friend, no relation.]

You have a sister that has had some trouble in the stomach. Not so troublesome as it has been. (She is in the body.)

[Here I let Mrs. Piper see my inky finger.]

Do you write? (“Yes.”) I see paper before you. (“Can you tell me the subject of the writing?”) You have been writing an article, like a lecture: then you deliver it. I can’t tell the time when you wrote it. (“What was the subject?”) It looks like the medical world; the laws of habit and the way to live and that sort of thing: literary work, the laws of science. I see lectures. Then there’s a book. You want to write together. You ought to

[I have not written a lecture for three or four years.]

Professor Macalister adds in a letter to Mr. Myers :—

“I am quite satisfied that Mrs. Piper is one of the many persons who show that protean and obscure state that for want of a better term we call hystero-epilepsy. Like most others who show induced phenomena of that kind she is easily led and quite wide awake enough all through to profit by suggestions. I let her see a blotch of ink on my finger, and she said that I was a writer. I had just before felt her pulse, so she said I wrote on medical subjects. I have when I bend my knee a very strongly marked ridge on the bone, which becomes unusually prominent. (I used to have in my old walking days unusually powerful muscles in my legs.) She felt this and then made the guess of there being something wrong with my knee, shielding herself when I said this was wrong by saying it was my father’s. In short, except the guess about my sister Helen, who is alive, there was not a single guess which was nearly right. Helen is not an uncommon Scotch name,

and she has been in Cambridge. Mrs. Piper is not anæsthetic during the so-called trance, and if you ask my private opinion it is that the whole thing is an imposture and a poor one. I have often seen a much better fit got up to order; and my sister Helen, who sometimes amuses herself and other people by chiromancy according to the simple mechanical rules of D'Argentigny, makes often very much luckier guesses than did your pythonesse. I was very much interested in seeing how nearly she was trapped into forgetting to muffle and disguise her voice when I pulled at her eyelid."

An equally unsatisfactory sitting, leading to an equally justifiable incredulity on the part of the sitter, is that of Mr. Thomas Barkworth. As he has given the main points fully in his remarks, it seems needless to set out the original notes at full length, and we therefore confine ourselves to his report.

21. *Mr. T. Barkworth. December 3rd.*

Mr. Barkworth gives the following report:—

"In commencing the séance I held the medium's hands, which were icy cold and did not seem to gather warmth. Pulse very feeble, often quite imperceptible, and somewhat rapid. The medium seemed to find my influence uncongenial; she complained more than once that I had done something to her, that her head was bad, that she felt queer, had never felt so before, &c. She continually groaned as if in suffering. After long waiting Mr. Myers took my place with much better results. She went through a kind of struggle or crisis, confined to the upper part of the body, and immediately emerged in the character of 'Dr. Phinuit,' with a mannish voice, a more marked American or German-American accent than she usually has, and considerable freedom of language. We then entered into a conversation, of which Mr. Myers took notes, but my impression is very strong that no notes taken in longhand could be sufficient. The conversation was very interjectional, and interspersed with queries and ejaculations to which it was difficult to avoid giving compromising answers. Thus, 'The name begins with F, doesn't it now?' 'Yes.' 'Didn't I tell you so?' Having got so far, the question was practically narrowed to Francis or Frederick, and I asked her which it was. After repeating the names two or three times backwards and forwards she ultimately decided on Frederick, which was correct. About the age at which Frederick left the world there was a regular fencing match, of which I think it highly probable I got the worst. 'Was he an old man, a young man, or a child?' I asked. At a comparatively early stage of the inquiry I got it that he was not an old man, but beyond this I could not get. She kept on going all round the question in a way which would have driven a cross-examining barrister frantic, but the only definite statement I got was that Frederick had a very bad memory; which, as Frederick was only three weeks old when he died, did not seem very appropriate. I tried to stick to the form of question, 'A young man or a child?' But it is impossible in the game of question and answer which was carried on to be sure that I did not give some indication of the answer. At length she decided that he was only 'That high,' *i.e.*, about 2ft. And here I would remark that my right hand was holding her left hand all the time.

Nothing would be easier on the Cumberland and Bishop principle than for a thought-reader to detect by the unconscious pressure of the hand when he was, as children say, 'hot' or 'cold.' It is noticeable that whenever a question which admitted of no verbal strategy was put, such as, 'What is my name?' or 'Where is my wife?' Mrs. Piper at once confessed she could not tell. On the other hand, when it came to the names of my family, which happens to be a large one, her task was obviously much easier. John, William, Henry, and Thomas are not very uncommon names, and it is not surprising that she should have hit upon them correctly. It is possible to have many brothers, but only one father; and accordingly, while she succeeded in fitting the former with one or other of the above names, she quite failed with the latter, to whom she attributed my own name, and with equal incorrectness some of my own peculiarities, as though relying on a family likeness. In the case of another brother whom I asked for she said his name was Ed, which would, of course, do equally well for Edward, Edmund, Edgar, or Edwin. Still I do not wish to minimise the fact that within these limits she was right, or that she ultimately fixed upon Edmund, which was right too.

"In describing places she was even less successful. She professed to describe my house. Here, again, the description partook of the same character. 'When you go in there is a room to the right' is, of course, true of at least half the houses in existence. But when she came to describe the room she became so involved that I could not follow her. 'Here on the left,' 'round this side,' 'opposite,' &c., followed each other in bewildering succession, and I think anyone with powerful prepossessions could have easily read his knowledge into her statements. It happens, however, that my house has one peculiar feature no one would be likely to guess, viz., two square halls one behind the other. When asked accordingly what was the apartment straight in front beyond the entry, she made attempts to describe a sitting-room furnished, and failed entirely to say what it was that ran all along one side—in fact, the staircase. She was correct in only one point, viz., a 'case in a recess'; there being in fact an old packing case under the stairs, but whether this was the kind of case and recess she meant the reader must decide for himself. The only other point I remember was that she told me one of my internal organs was out of order, in which I take the liberty of differing from her; whereas she failed to indicate an accidental injury to the foot, which had existed for some time.

"Once she used the expression 'what the devil,' and it certainly seemed to me that there was a momentary hesitation in bringing it out, such as would be more natural to a person of gentle manners, which Mrs. Piper in her normal state certainly has, than to the boisterous and rough-spoken Dr. Phinuit.

"In describing my house I at one point sought to lead her to another part than the one she was engaged on; when she replied, 'Wait a bit; I am not out of the first room yet,' or, 'Wait till I get out of the front room'—words which clearly indicated that her 'familiar' was present in spirit in my house, near London, while he was claiming to speak through her lips at Cambridge. As I never heard it claimed for the 'spirits' that they could be in two places at once, the incident appears fatal to the Spiritualistic hypothesis

in her case, though, of course, it would not exclude clairvoyance, supposing her description of the premises had been correct, which, however, it was not.

"The impression left on my mind after this one séance, putting aside what I have heard of the experiences of others, and subject to correction on further trials, is that Mrs. Piper's powers are of the ordinary thought-reading kind, dependent upon her hold of the visitor's hand: and on this supposition my only wonder is that she was not more successful."

The next case which we give is one of a doubtful character, as it is possibly explicable, with some straining, on the hypothesis of lucky guessing. It is well reported, so the reader can judge whether the hypothetical account of the supposed method used by Dr. Phinuit is or is not correct.

7. *Miss Alice Johnson. November 26th, 1889, 11 a.m.*

(From Miss Johnson's memory and Mr. Myers' notes taken at the time.)

I know four of your family—and one besides.

A. J. : "Is that all? Can't you see any more?" (This in answer to her question as to whether she was right. I may have said, "There were more than four.")

No, it's not all, but those are all I can see at present. What I say is true. There *are* those, and there may be others that I shall see soon. . . . There are four sisters, including yourself, and four brothers.

[True.]

I know one sister—Eliza (first called her Elise). I saw her a little while ago, but she did not see me. I can see her now. . . .

[My sister, Fanny Eliza, is always called Fanny, and never uses even the initial of her second name in signing her name, unless it is necessary.]

Two brothers are with you—nearer than the others.

A. J. : "Do you mean that I care for them more?"

No, but they are nearer always—ethereally present.

[These two as identified by future remarks about them are nearer to me *in age* than the other two, but probably this is not what is meant.]

The eldest one looks far off.

[He was in London at the time.]

One brother is not well—has had miserable health a long time—most of his life—no prospect of his getting better. (Various details were given here. In the middle of this description, I at first said, "Oh," dubiously, thinking of my youngest brother to whom the description would not apply—gradually realising which one she meant, I said "Yes" several times as she went on.)

[I thought this at the time a fairly accurate description of my second brother's health, *i.e.*, according to my knowledge of it. Our family doctor, to whom I showed this part, says, "The definite parts of the report seem to me erroneous both by excess and defect, and the terms used are hopelessly colloquial, and therefore vague and meaningless."]

All of you are inclined to be a little bit positive, you have your own ideas, and people can't knock them out of you. I think that is a good

point—it is better than being trivial and fickle. But sometimes you don't get on with the world at large on account of this. . . . (feeling my hand and fingers). What's that writing you are doing ?

A. J. : "I'm not writing anything just now. Do you mean something that I have written lately ?"

Yes.

A. J. : "I do write a good deal."

Yes, I know you do. I like the way you write. That's interesting to me. You express yourself well. You note things. . . . Ed—Ed—Ed.

A. J. : "What is Ed. ? I don't think I know anyone with a name like that."

E—D—R—A ; E—D—A ; I—D—A.

A. J. : "Oh, Ida—yes." (Some discussion as to how to pronounce the name.)

Ida comes very close to you—has a strong influence. I have seen the same with another lady.

[I know no one of the name of Ida at all intimately.]

I get also Lu, Lulie—Louie. That's what you call him, isn't it ? In your family. You spell it Lewis—he is very closely connected with you.

A. J. : "Do you mean one of my brothers or sisters ?"

No, but very closely connected.

A. J. : "I know someone of that name—not a near relation."

[A Mr. *Louis* Dyer married my first cousin. The name is spelt Louis, but his wife likes to pronounce the s. Other people generally don't. I have only known him very recently and rather slightly.]

(At this point Mr. Myers went away.)

Now I will tell you more about your family. You have a brother John.

A. J. : "No."

[Could she by any chance have heard my eldest sister's nickname of "Johnnie" ?]

Well, then, James ?

A. J. : "No. None of my brothers has a Christian name like that."

(This was partly to see if she would take a hint as to the surname.)

Jo, or Joseph. I know it begins with J. J—E—O—R, J—E—O—R—G—E, GE—ORGE." (Several efforts to which I gradually assented.) I like him as well as any of them.

[My eldest brother's name is George.]

He is getting on as well as any—or better. [Not incorrect.] He is very nice. He gets on with people. (She identified him with the eldest brother before mentioned.)

There is one of you—Alice. [My name.] I don't like her much. (She did not identify this person with me.) She is very positive—very—what do you call it ? (Waving her hand in a contemptuous and expressive way, and using a very scornful tone to imitate the person referred to.)

A. J. : "Stand-offish ?"

Yes—that's just the word—very determined.

A. J. : "Perhaps she may improve sometime ?"

Yes (dubiously), when she has had more experience, seen more of life.

There is another, Eliza—I like her much better—she is musical, more sedate than Alice—has more sense—more in her, as musical people often have, but she is rather flighty. [Eliza (Fanny) is very musical.]

. . . Your brother—the one who has bad health—(feeling my knee).
What is this?

A. J. : “That is my knee.”

Oh yes, I know, but it is here—something is hurting him (feeling all over my left leg, down to the foot and finally locating the pain in the great toe). He has a bad place here that hurts him when he walks—has had it for some time—it bleeds sometimes.

A. J. : “I didn’t know that, but perhaps he did not tell me.”

Yes—anyhow it’s true—you ask him.

A. J. : “Which foot did you say it’s on?”

Mrs. Piper (after much calculation, as she was facing me so that our right and left hands were reversed—felt my right leg all over, coming down to the foot and finally decided on the right great toe): “There—that’s the place.”

[This brother was a good deal troubled by blisters while walking in Yorkshire last August. He does not remember on what part of his feet they were. I knew at the time, being with him, that he had blisters then; but had quite forgotten it afterwards. He had not any at the time of my séance. My youngest brother, however, who is also in bad health, has one just now at the point mentioned corresponding to the description, and this I had never heard of till after the séance.]

Mrs. Piper then began to talk about me, and I asked her if she knew what my employment was, or what subject I had studied. She said, “It is some kind of art—but learnt or got largely out of books. It is a sort of profession, such as doctoring is—like a doctor or a lawyer.”

A. J. : “Yes, hem!” (Dubiously, at several points.)

You teach—ah, yes, that’s it. [True.]

A. J. : “What subject do I teach?”

It is not French or German. (She had ascertained at a very early stage in the conversation, by asking me—that I could not talk French and did not know much of it.) Is it Greek or Latin?

A. J. : “No.”

Then what is it? Tell me.

A. J. : “Natural Science.”

[At about this stage Mr. Myers came back.]

Mrs. Piper: Your name is—Aliza—Lizia, L—I—C—I—A. (Tried to spe I it several times beginning with L—at last began with A, I remarking that t was somewhere near, as she asked me if it wasn’t right. Finally she got at *Alicia*, and I had to explain what my name was and how to pronounce it.)

George I like—your brother—not the sick one—he is getting on.

The other brother who has bad health—his name is Will—Will--W—I—L—L—I—A—M. [True. This name came out gradually, with n mistakes or corrections. I am not sure that she had not mentioned it before—anyhow it seemed clear to me that she kept his identity distinct in her mind all the time, and never mixed him up with any of the others, whereas I could not always make out which sister she was referring to when she spoke of them, and I fancied she did not keep them distinct in her own mind.]

There is your sister, Eliza. This lady (to Mr. Myers—meaning me) is

a teacher, she teaches something in the way of a sort of art. It is you that know Annie—no—Fanny.

A. J. : "Yes, I know a Fanny."

Do you know a young lady who passed away with consumption?

A. J. : "Well, I think I may know more than one."

She has sandy hair, blue eyes, peaked nose. She is troubled now about her mother, who is still in the body.

[A cousin of mine who had very fair hair and blue eyes died of consumption a few years ago; but her mother had died before her.]

Had you an aunt who died of cancer?

A. J. : "Not that I know of, but I might not have known."

It is what I call cancer.

A. J. : "Was it a relation of my mother's—her sister?"

No, a relation of your father's.

[My father's step-mother died of cancer.]

You are to have good luck next year—a great advance in your profession—your position. You have had some trying things happening to you this last year—but you are going to succeed better. It will pay better.

A. J. : "Do you mean that I shall get more money, or merely that it will be in a general way advantageous?"

It will pay in a pecuniary way. I give you this as a test. . . . You used to live in a little old place in the country.

A. J. : "I don't think I ever did."

Oh yes, you have forgotten. I see the place. I see your father's influence round it. He will know about it. It is a little old country place.

[I have always lived in Cambridge, where I was born; but my father's family came from a small country town to Cambridge, where he also was born.]

There is a spiritual influence on you now, having a great effect on you, and it will have more. . . . Your mother is in the spirit [true], but your father is still in the body, but I see his spiritual influence—like the influence of Mrs. Myers (explaining that she meant Mr. Myers' mother).

Your father is a dreamy sort of man—he often does not see things—because he is thinking his own thoughts. He does not notice—he is—(pausing for a word).

A. J. : "Absent-minded?"

Yes—that's it—absent-minded.

[This is not very correct.]

. . . Ah (feeling her cheek and jaw), there is a sort of numbness here. What is it? Is he paralysed?

A. J. : "No—oh no—he is not paralysed." (Then she began to feel my face and under my chin, finally coming to the angle between the chin and throat).

This is the place. There is a peculiar condition here.

A. J. : "Do you mean in the throat, or further up in the mouth?"

Here (touching me quite at the top of the throat). Not quite in the throat,—at the root of the tongue. (She wavered a little in the exact localisation of the part affected.) There is something curious about him in the top of his throat—when he talks it catches in his throat—at roots

of tongue. Sometimes when he goes to say a thing he can't—then again he can talk as well as anyone. Speech seems to be cut off for a moment—he stammers a little (she cleared her throat to illustrate how he did it). Sometimes this troubles him much—then he is not troubled at all.

[This description seemed to me and to all of my family (including my father) to whom I repeated it to be remarkably good and accurate.]

(During the description of my father's throat, I at first answered, "Oh," in a doubtful way, thinking of something else suggested to me by her first words and gestures. Then I saw this did not fit, and thought of the other thing, which she was really describing. I probably assented to her description at various points.)

Your brother, the invalid, is touchy from his weakness.

She then felt my head and passed her hand over my eyes. She could feel my spectacles—remarking, "You must not try your eyes too much. You will have headaches if you read too much! . . . [My eyes are rather weak, but not easily tired by reading.] I like your sister Eliza better than any of the girls. There is another who is musical, and another—whom you call Nellie—or Ellen." [My eldest sister, Lucy, is rather musical.]

A. J. : "No."

Well, then, Nettie or Kettie.

A. J. : "No, not exactly."

[My second sister is named Harriet, and always called Hatty.]

Well, I can't tell what her name is—she is neither Eliza—nor the musical one. She uses a brush. (Stroking my hand as if with a small soft brush.)

A. J. : "Brush?" (Doubtfully—thinking of a hair-brush.)

Yes—she paints—[true]—a paint-brush—I can see the paintings very clearly. She will succeed in that well, if she goes on with it. Anyhow, she will succeed, whatever she does. She is going to have an easy life. No evil will come to her. William is going to have a fall soon. He will be badly hurt.

Janet (name spelt and repeated several times), your sister's very intimate friend (meaning apparently the sister last spoken of), has great influence. . . . F—R—E, Janet. (Fre I take for an attempt to begin to spell *friend*.) She is not aware of how great her influence is.

[We have a cousin of this name, who is much younger than my sister.

My sister also has an intimate friend, named Lucy, who is always called Janet by some of her friends, but not by my sister.]

Which of your sisters went out to a party the other night?

A. J. : "Two of them went."

They are going again soon. I see them going—they have the invitation now—it is very near to them.

In all the above there is very little—though there are certainly some points—in the descriptions of *characters* of various members of my family that I should think incorrect; in spite of the generality of most of the terms used, they struck me as being rather specially applicable—as far as they went—on the whole. This is not quite adequately represented in the parts of the conversation that I have recorded, because I cannot remember the words sufficiently, but I had the impression that the medium had *more definite and more accurate* notions of the characters than I have been able to reproduce in what I can remember of her words.

A. J.

This sitting is carefully reported, and is one of the more successful. It is, however, to some extent, open to the suspicion of systematic guessing. I therefore propound the following hypothesis as to the process which Phinuit may have employed; though I cannot help feeling that the assumptions made are in many cases rather violent. I must, however, say that the suggestion of a supposed connexion with Mrs. A. and Mrs. B. is not so gratuitous as it might seem; it is based upon the use of a name which had to be changed in their reports.

The first guess is at the number of the family; an average number, four, is taken, with "one besides" thrown in in case four be too few. If, on the other hand, the number be too large, the one besides will be explained as referring to a "relative in the spirit." But the sitter gives some indication that there are more than four; the next guess is right.

Four sisters possibly suggests that the sitter may be some connexion of Mrs. A. and Mrs. B. who have sat recently. These ladies had been said to have two brothers, rightly; but it had not appeared that they had no more. Hence "two brothers are near you always," but the eldest brother "looks a long way off," because he had not yet been introduced upon the stage, if he existed. The theory is, however, soon found to be wrong, and is given up. The allusion to the sister Elise or Eliza, "I saw her a little while ago, but she did not see me," also contains obvious possibilities of hedging; for it might be explained whether the sister had already sat or not. If she had sat, the explanation would of course be, "I was in the spirit."

We then come to the favourite fishing name "Ed." This is not recognised in any of its forms, and is therefore changed to Ida, a name which, as Phinuit had found, was familiar to several of his sitters. In this case, however, it is unsuccessful. Then another fishing name, Loo. This is partially acknowledged. Two very common names, John and James, are tried in vain, but probably with enough indication on the sitter's part to encourage Phinuit to effect a bold transition to George; right at last.

The knee as usual is selected as a site for a complaint for reasons given previously. It is evident that here indications given by the sitter may have led to the correct location of the brother's suffering in the foot.

Teaching as the sitter's occupation is only guessed correctly after three failures; it is a likely one at Cambridge. The name is got at like others from a vague beginning. "Aliza" would lead equally, with the latitude which Phinuit allows himself, to Elizabeth or Louisa. "William" is correct, but it is the commonest man's name, and could probably, if desired, be altered to Walter, or made into one of the common surnames, Williams, Wilson, &c. "You know Annie or

Fannie" is again a guess which would probably succeed with a large majority of people.

"Had you an aunt who died of cancer" is a fishing question such as was asked of many sitters. Having a partially favourable reply, Dr. Phinuit begins to hedge about the cancer, but with doubtful success. The "lady who passed out with consumption" is another obvious sort of leading question; but the description given, though general enough, is not recognised at the time, so the matter is quietly dropped. The guess about the house in the country is wrong, but "mother in the spirit and father in the body" is right; it has already been pointed out that the chances are at most three to one against it.

The description of the father's character is not at all correct. Then comes the feeling of cheek and jaw; "there is a sort of numbness here; what is it?" The following description slowly worked out was possibly guided by unconscious hints.

Passing over the obvious conclusion drawn from the spectacles and the likely guess that out of four sisters one is at least considered musical by her family, and that another one paints, we come to "Nellie or Ellen." This might, of course, be Helen or Eleanor; but in default of these it is made to do duty for Nettie or Kettie (Kate, Catherine). Janet would, of course, have been made into Jane if required.

But even this hypothesis leaves out of sight many collateral facts which seem to surpass the possibilities of chance. For instance, though the number of the family was right at the second attempt, yet it is not, as in the first attempt, a mere number, but has the additional and correct detail, "four sisters and four brothers." The fact of a previous guess having been made does not by any means reduce to a negligible quantity the chances against the correctness of a guess like this.

Moreover, if muscle-reading came into play, it led to the reading of unconscious, not conscious, thought. For Miss Johnson did not know at the time of the sitting that her father's step-mother had died of cancer, and was, as a matter of fact, thinking about an aunt whose death she fancied wrongly, as it turned out—might have been due to this cause. So, with regard to the brother's suffering in the foot, this was either a rather incorrect account of the blisters which had troubled one brother, some months before—which Miss Johnson had at the time forgotten—or a correct account of the state of another brother, about which she had not then heard. Considering that muscle-reading in an ordinary way depends entirely on the sitter's concentration upon a given thought, it is no doubt straining the theory to assume it as an explanation where attention is certainly directed elsewhere.

Even on the most unfavourable view, therefore, it seems necessary to assume more than chance and skill in order to explain this sitting.

REPORT OF PROFESSOR AND MRS. SIDGWICK.

As Mrs. Piper stayed in our house nearly a week, it is perhaps fitting that we should make a short separate report, though we have little to add to what has been said by Mr. Leaf.

In the first place we must record our complete belief in Mrs. Piper's honesty; a belief which was only confirmed as our acquaintance with her became more thorough.

We had ourselves nine sittings with her, four at Mr. Myers' house and five at our own, and we arranged for and took notes of five others. In three of these the sitters, namely, Mrs. Verrall, Mrs. B., and Miss Alice Johnson, were selected as having been previously more or less successful; and in two of them the sitters, Mr. Gale and Mr. Konstamm, were strangers, introduced anonymously and unexpectedly, and in a way which made it certain that information could not with the best will have been got up beforehand about them. Mr. Konstamm was a stranger to ourselves and had never been to the house before.

Our contribution to the investigation may be divided into three heads.

(1) Attempts to get from Dr. Phinuit specific facts known to ourselves and known to deceased persons with some of whom he professed to be in communication. This was in our case a complete failure, unless we include under this head the attempts of Dr. Phinuit to give the names of Mr. Sidgwick's uncles, which were specially encouraged through several sittings. Here the success attained appears to us worth mentioning, though not by itself decisively excluding mere chance. Six out of seven of these names were ultimately given correctly, and correctly divided between the two sides of the family. But the only uncommon name was omitted, and five wrong names were guessed before the final result was arrived at.

(2) Attempts to get descriptions of what certain persons were doing at the moment, the person in question sometimes (on seven occasions) occupying him- or herself specially with a view to the experiment, and sometimes (on three occasions) being merely engaged in his or her ordinary avocations, but in each case those with Mrs. Piper being unaware of the exact nature of the occupation. Some idea of the result of these experiments may be gathered from the abstracts of the séances. To examine into the exact degree of success which attended them would take up more space than the result would be worth. We will merely say that, though inconclusive, we think they were not altogether unpromising, and that if further opportunity offered it would be worth while to pursue this line of investigation further.

With these experiments may be classed a modification of them tried as likely to be easier, namely, attempts to answer the questions, "How many fingers is So-and-so holding up?" the person in question being in the room behind a screen. Dr. Phinuit rather took to this form of experiment and insisted on trying it sometimes when the sitters might have preferred something else. His success, however, was not very startling though probably beyond what chance would produce. It seemed, too, to confirm the view that his success in other things was supernormal; since, so far as the small number of trials enables us to judge, he succeeded in this with sitters whom he succeeded well with otherwise. The following table gives a summary of the results:—

SITTERS.	NUMBER OF GUESSES.				
	Right at first guess.	Right at second guess.	Doubtful.	Wrong.	Total.
Mrs. Verrall	2	...	1	...	3
Mrs. B.	2	1	1	2	6
Miss A. Johnson	3	7	10
Mr. Sidgwick	1	1	...	1	3
Mrs. Sidgwick	1	1	...	5	7
Total	9	3	2	15	29

Number of Fingers held up.	Right at first guess.	Right at second guess.	Doubtful.	Wrong.	Number of times held up.
10	1	1
9, 8, 7	0
6	1	1
5	2	5	7
4	2	1	...	1	4
3	2	2	4
2	3	2	...	1	6
1	1	4	5
0	1	1
Total	9	3	2	15	29

Dr. Phinuit generally specified the fingers but was often confused as to which hand they belonged to. Ignoring the difference between the two hands, his guesses as to which fingers were held up, when he was more or less right as to the number, were right or wrong as follows:—

SITTERS.	NUMBER OF GUESSES.				
	Right at first guess.	Right at second guess.	Doubtful.	Partially wrong.	Total.
Mrs. Verrall	3 ¹	...	3
Mrs. B.	2 ²	1	1	...	4
Miss A. Johnson	2	1	3
Mr. Sidgwick	1	1	2
Mrs. Sidgwick	1	1	2
Total	6	3	4	1	14

(3) Under the third head we put all the information volunteered by Dr. Phinuit. There is little under this head to add to what Mr. Leaf has said in his summary of the reports of the séances. Dr. Phinuit clearly connected us together as husband and wife and later gave our name, though, as we believe, no clue as to our identity had been given, and we had been introduced at Mr. Myers' house separately and anonymously, and had not been seen together. He also, as will be seen from the abstracts of séances, made a few strikingly correct statements about us and persons connected with us, but these were so much mixed up with what was false or vague that it is impossible to attach much evidential value to them. His degree of success was very decidedly greater with Mr. Gale and Mr. Konstamm, especially the former, and we are disposed to attach some importance to these sittings.

In conclusion we may say that, while our own experience taken by itself would not establish Dr. Phinuit's claim to supernormally acquired knowledge, it seems to us to support to some extent that claim, which from the reports of others we believe to be justified.

P.S.—By MRS. SIDGWICK.

On my own account I should like to add one or two remarks to our joint report printed above. I was present either as sitter or as reporter—sometimes both—at all, except one, of the sittings at our own house, and had, therefore, some opportunity of observing the difference between Phinuit's manner at good sittings and at bad ones. I should characterise all those in which I was myself the sitter as bad; comparatively little knowledge of my affairs was shown, and Phinuit's manner was correspondingly hesitating and uncertain, and his communications full of vague guesses and "fishing." The effect both on

¹ One of these was doubtful and the others not sufficiently specified in our notes, but I believe all were right.

² One of these was all 10 fingers: so the number being right there was no further doubt.

himself and on me was wearying and depressing, and it is, I think, quite likely that this depression reacted again on his "lucidity," and rendered success hopeless. At a good sitting this guessing and "fishing" seemed at times quite absent. The sitting which impressed me most strongly in this way was No. 64, that of Mr. H. Gale (of which Mr. Leaf has given an abridged account, p. 642), and this although one or two of the things said to Mr. Konstantin were perhaps more striking. Mr. Gale's sitting, like many others, became vague and more incoherent towards the end, but during all the earlier part of it Phinuit gave the impression of really knowing what he was talking about. He described Mr. Gale's father and mother as if he had them before him; in a bad light, perhaps, or rather far off, so that he could not make them out with absolute distinctness, but still as if he were trying to describe what he saw, not at all as if he were guessing. I was absolutely ignorant of the facts myself, and my impression is that it was as much Phinuit's manner as Mr. Gale's which made me feel at the time that a true account was being given.

Another point of some interest is the question of the importance of verbatim reports of the séances. It has often been said that it is only by shorthand reports that the weak points of the séances can be fully brought out. There is no doubt that full reports are valuable in this way, but I think that they would sometimes bring out strong points as well as weak ones. I felt, while I wrote as fast as I could (without shorthand) for Mr. Gale, that a verbatim report would have brought out many details which I was forced to omit or could do but scant justice to.

On the other hand, the evidential value of a shorthand report may easily be overrated. When so much may depend on manner, gesture, and tone of voice, both in Phinuit and the sitter, the fullest shorthand report cannot be complete.

PROFESSOR C. RICHTER'S REPORT.

Madame P. forme, pour ainsi dire, la transition entre les médiums spirites voyants tels qu'on les connaît en Amérique, et les somnambules tels que nous les connaissons en France.

On ne l'endort pas par le procédé des passes magnétiques, mais elle entre en *trance* pour ainsi dire spontanément.

Ce n'est pas cependant tout-à-fait spontanément; car elle a besoin pour sa *trance* de saisir la main de quelqu'un. Alors elle prend la main pendant quelques minutes en restant en silence et dans une demi-obscurité. Au bout de quelque temps—de 5 à 15 minutes—elle est prise de petites convulsions spasmodiques qui vont en s'exagérant, en

se terminant par une petite crise épileptiforme très modérée. Au sortir de cette crise elle tombe dans un état de stupeur, avec respiration un peu stertoreuse, qui dure près d'une ou deux minutes ; puis, tout d'un coup, elle sort de cette stupeur par un éclat de voix. Sa voix a changé ; ce n'est plus Madame P. qui est là, mais un autre personnage, le Dr. Phinuit, qui parle avec une grosse voix, à allures viriles, avec un accent mélangé de patois nègre, de Français, et de dialecte Américain.

Il s'agit de savoir si le Dr. Phinuit présente réellement des phénomènes de lucidité, et si les noms qu'il donne de différents personnages, vus ou entendus autour de l'observateur, s'appliquent à des réalités.

Il est à noter que dans la plupart des expériences l'observateur ne quitte pas la main de Madame P.

Voici maintenant le résultat de mes observations, au point de vue de cette lucidité.

Le premier nom qu'elle m'ait donné est le nom de *Marie Anne* ; mais elle ne l'a pas donné en réponse à une question venant de ma part. Or, il se trouve que ce nom de Marie Anne a été mêlé à un épisode de ma jeunesse qu'il serait trop long de raconter ici, et qui était, en tout cas, absolument inconnu de toutes les personnes se trouvant à Cambridge.

Je lui ai demandé quelques détails sur Marie Anne ; elle ne m'a dit que des erreurs, sauf ce fait, qui est exact, qu'elle demeurait près de la maison d'école.

Madame P. ne connaissait pas, paraît-il, mon nom ; mais j'admets comme très possible qu'elle l'ait appris, soit des personnes de la maison l'ayant prononcé par inadvertance, soit qu'elle l'ait deviné d'après ma nationalité. (Elle a fréquenté pendant deux ans Mr. William James et Mr. Hodgson, et a lu les *Proceedings* de la Société Américaine de Recherches Psychiques.) Elle m'a dit que je m'appelais *Charles*, et que je faisais de la médecine. Alors je lui ai parlé de mon grand-père : elle m'a dit qu'il s'appelait *Charles* comme moi, ce qui est exact, quoique je lui eusse dit que c'était le père de ma mère. Elle a ajouté qu'il s'appelait *Richhet*, et elle a précisé chaque lettre sans être aidée par moi et spontanément. Mais je ne puis attacher à ces faits une importance primordiale, car il est fort possible qu'elle connût—inconsciemment—mon nom.

Alors je lui ai demandé quelques détails sur mon grand-père. Elle n'a rien pu dire, ou du moins n'a dit que des erreurs même très grossières et nombreuses ; m'assurant qu'il était soldat—chimiste—médecin—que je demeurais chez lui—qu'il avait un chien ; tous faits inexacts. Je lui ai dit qu'il avait traduit en Français un auteur Américain. Il lui a été impossible de dire lequel. Elle a dit, Henry James, Hawthorne, &c., sans pouvoir dire Franklin.

Comme elle parlait de chien, je lui ai demandé d'un petit chien que

j'avais et qui est mort. Elle m'a dit sans hésiter *Pick*. Or ce fait est bien important, et c'est, à mon sens, le meilleur résultat qu'elle ait donné ; car mon chien s'appelait *Dick* ; et il faut admettre qu'elle ne savait absolument pas ce nom, inconnu à Cambridge comme à Boston.

D'autres demandes sur le nombre des enfants ont été suivies d'absolu insuccès. Elle a dit successivement, 4—3—2—5—1, sans pouvoir dire le nombre exact, non plus que les noms.

Le lendemain, je *pense* à lui demander le nom d'une personne de ma famille morte depuis longtemps, et dont le nom a été donné pour moi dans les premières expériences de spiritisme que j'ai faites. J'en parle à M. Myers dans le cours de la journée, sans lui dire le nom de cette personne, absolument inconnu de lui et de tout le monde. De plus, je pense, mentalement, qu'il serait intéressant de demander quelques détails encore sur mon grand-père, en particulier le petit-nom de ma grand-mère ; mais je n'en dis rien à personne.

Or, dans le cours de l'expérience du lundi, donnant la main à Mlle. X., elle a dit le nom de *Louise*, qui ne s'appliquait pas du tout à Mlle. X., et qui est précisément le nom que je cherchais. Elle a dit en outre le nom de *Renoï*, qui ne s'appliquait à rien relativement à Mlle. X, mais où sont les premières lettres du nom de mon grand-père, nom qu'elle ne connaissait pas. (Ce nom a été imprimé cependant dans les *Proceedings of the Society for Psychical Research*.) Il est vrai que ni le nom de Louise ni le nom de Renoï n'ont été par Madame Piper attribués à moi ou à quelques personnes de ma famille ; ce qui ôte énormément de valeur à leur signification, puisqu'en les disant Madame Piper ne s'adressait pas à moi, mais à Mlle. X.

S'adressant à moi, Madame Piper me dit, "Je vous parlerai d'*Adéla*." Or Adéla est le nom de ma grand-mère. Il est vrai que Madame Piper ne peut me dire quelles étaient mes connexions de famille avec Adéla.

Pour être complet, je dois mentionner un fait curieux. Elle me dit, "Vous avez des pilules dans votre poche," et en les touchant avec le doigt, les palplant, et les épluchant—sans y goûter—elle dit hardiment et sans hésiter, "C'est de la quinine"; ce qui est exact. L'expérience eût été bien plus intéressante s'il se fût agi d'autre chose de moins commun que la quinine. (Compare "*cinchona*," p. 510.—W. L.)

Bref, pour résumer ces faits, il n'y a dans mes expériences avec Madame Piper qu'un seul fait incontestable de lucidité : car je n'attache de valeur absolue qu'aux réponses faites à une question. C'est le nom de *Pick* pour *Dick* : alors que certainement rien ne pouvait le lui indiquer. C'est le hasard ou bien la lucidité ; ce ne peut être autre chose.

Quant à la bonne foi (consciente), elle est absolument certaine ; et pour tout observateur habitué à voir les somnambules, l'état de Madame Piper est tout-à-fait le même que l'état de somnambules en sommeil magnétique, avec transformations de personnalité.

APPENDIX.

COMPLETE LIST OF SITTINGS HELD BY MRS. PIPER WHEN IN ENGLAND.

1, 2, 3. *With Mr. F. W. H. Myers.*

These sittings were held in order to gain familiarity with the phenomena, and no full notes were taken. Various correct statements were made about members of Mr. Myers' family: that he had a father in the spirit and a mother in the body; that he had two brothers, Ernest and Arthur, but no sisters; that his father was named Frederic and had been a clergyman; that his wife had a father, named Charles, in the spirit, and a brother, Charles, in the body, and two sisters, Ella (real name Elsie) and Lollie (real name Dolly); that his mother had a sister Mary, or Marianne, and a brother John. None of these statements can be considered to have evidential value, as they could probably have been "got up" even in America.

4. *November 24th. With "Mrs. A." See detailed report, p. 581.*

5. *November 25th. With Mrs. Verrall. See detailed report, p. 584.*

6. *November 25th. With "Mrs. B."*

"Mrs. B." is a sister of "Mrs. A.," and various facts about the family stated to the latter and repeated to the former are omitted. The Christian names given are changed for the reasons explained on p. 581.

"Mrs. B.," on entering the room while the medium, whom she had not seen before, was in a state of trance, was immediately addressed by her name.

This is Jennie. I'm so glad to see you. Yes, I like you, you are a nice person. Did Isabel tell you all the things I told her yesterday about your brothers and sisters and your father and mother?

Mrs. B.: "Yes, she told me many of them. But how do you know that she and I have any connexion?"

Dr. P.: I felt the same influence; and, besides, your father told me. He spoke to me of you, Alice Jane (and here he spelt the second name).

Here facts about the family were repeated. Then, breaking off suddenly: But have you not been very ill lately?

Mrs. B.: "Yes, I have."

More repetition of names of family; the medium was again unable to give the name of the sister who had remained unnamed in Mrs. A.'s sitting. Dr. P. asks, "L, Loo, do you know what I mean? Is there no one of this name?"

Mrs. B.: "No" (but see next sitting).

Dr. P.: Silent again. Then, "A—D—E, A—D—A, Ada; don't you know the name?"

Mrs. B.: "Yes, but it is not the name of my sister. I have a great friend of that name. Can you tell me anything about her?"

Dr. P. : Yes, she is a remarkable person. She has had a great deal of trouble in her life which she certainly has not deserved. But I think she has better times in store. (This, though vague enough, is correct as far as it goes.)

Mrs. B. : "Can you tell me anything about my home and my surroundings?"

In reply to this question descriptions were given of various rooms and objects, none of which were correct, except that close by where Mrs. B. lived was a large building, a sort of school.

Dr. P. (after a pause) : Tell me who is Sarah who lives in your house ?

Mrs. B. : "She is the parlour-maid."

Dr. P. : She is a good girl, but she has funny ways. She fidgets about a good deal. She let something drop a few days ago.

(Mrs. B. remarks : "This I thought at the time was not true, but afterwards I remember that Sarah had come to me on my return from London a few days ago, to say that while I was away she had broken a coloured claret glass which made up a set which are not often used.")

Dr. P. then gave a very incorrect account of "Mr. B.'s" character, but said rightly, "He teaches something—what you call a professor, I suppose ; and spends a great deal of time over his books and gets very tired with work sometimes. . . . Tell me who is Matilda." Mrs. B. says : "For a moment I could not think of anyone of the name, and he rather impatiently asked me the question again." "She was staying with you a few days ago. She is your husband's mother—your mother-in-law it is called, I think."

Dr. P. then gave a description of the lady in question, which Mrs. B. considered correct, but which can hardly be quoted as evidential.

Mrs. B. asked if Dr. P. knew anything about a friend of hers abroad.

Dr. P. asked : A man or a woman ?

Mrs. B. replied : "A woman."

Dr. P. said : She is better than she was, and I think will go on well.

This reply was unsatisfactory to Mrs. B.

The remarkable points about this sitting are, the immediate recognition of the sitter before she had even spoken, so that even the tone of voice could have been no guide ; and the description of Mrs. B.'s mother-in-law by name. Here there could clearly have been no guidance on Mrs. B.'s part, as she did not recognise the person spoken of till she was told that it was her mother-in-law. The other statements made could possibly be explained either by fishing or by a slight knowledge of local gossip. The question about Sarah may evidently have been of the former class ; when it was once known that she was a parlour-maid, it was a fairly safe guess to say that she had recently let something drop.

7. November 26th. With Miss Alice Johnson. See p. 608.

8. November 26th. With Mrs. H. Sidgwick.

Mrs. Sidgwick was introduced anonymously. The notes were written out from her recollection immediately after the sitting, Mr.

Myers having been sent out of the room. The following were the correct statements made :—

That the sitter had a father, mother, and brother in the spirit-world ; that the brother had come there since the mother ; that Mrs. S. had two sisters both alive ; that her husband studied much ; that his father was in the spirit-world ; that she and her husband were both anxious to learn the truth ; and that the dead brother had in his lifetime anxiously sought for facts.

“These various statements scattered through the sitting were, I think, the only true ones made without fishing about at all.

“Dr. Phinuit allowed me no brothers at first except the one in the spirit-world, but ultimately added ‘Arthur’ (right), after trying to fit that name on to the one in the other world. I told him before the end of the sitting that I had three brothers alive. He said my husband’s name was Henry with very little previous hesitation, though at one point he tentatively suggested that Henry was an Earl ; and he praised him a good deal. He settled that I had no children, but only after trying to induce me to own to a very smart young man as my son. Failing in this he identified the smart young man as a person of the name of Smith and a pupil of my husband’s. (Cannot be identified.) He correctly gave William as the name of my husband’s father, and Charles as the name of a dead uncle, and Robert as the name of a living uncle of mine, but this was only after trying whether these names would do for other relatives. He gave a prediction about my uncle. (Not yet realised nor likely to be.) He said that my mother had died of general weakness of several organs, in particular the heart. This was fairly accurate, though rather indefinite. I thought it pretty good. He gave my mother’s colouring wrong, however, fair brown hair turned greyish, but fair brown hair is a good description of my own. He said that I had taken care of my brother in his illness. Later on in the séance I asked what he had died of, or how he died, I forget which ; he said correctly of an accident, of a fall, hurt his head. But he went on to speak of care of him after the accident, which was wrong. He said he was engaged in studying and had been cut off in the midst of work, which is true. He spoke of an Abbie, or Addie, Adelaide, and was pleased when I admitted that I had an aunt of that name. He said that she had left a child, which was true. (She died when the child, now grown up, was born. It was I, not Phinuit, who identified Adelaide as an aunt.)

“But a great many names were mentioned and even pressed which I cannot connect with anyone at all. He attempted to describe my house, but as far as I understood it was all wrong, except that a dark-haired young person, said to be very faithful, and engaged in brushing, might do for the parlour-maid. He was very anxious that I should recognise a woman whom he named variously Alison, Ellison, Harrison, and who died of some affection of the throat and bronchial tubes, and who was connected with a Louisa. I have a cousin named Louisa, but that does not give any clue. Nevertheless he insisted on my remembering about this person and trying to recognise her. He also gave me as a test that my brother Arthur had been worried—business troubles—a person named George unfaithful—but all would come right. This ‘test’ is very inappropriate in connexion with my brother,

Arthur Balfour. Any 'getting up' of me and my family must have led to more accurate knowledge respecting him."

It is evident that so many vague statements, mixed with so much that is wrong, can have no evidential value. The only interest of the sitting lies in the fact that there was clearly no "getting up" of Mrs. Sidgwick's family, or, at all events, if anything had been got up, it was not applied to her.

9. November 27th. Professor G. H. Darwin, F.R.S.

On arriving at Mr. Myers' house I saw the medium for about half a minute in the drawing-room, and was introduced as Mr. Smith.

The first part of the sitting was devoted to my ailments. This was certainly a keen medical diagnosis, but it was, I think, not more than a doctor might venture to say from inspection of me when he knew that he was to be rewarded for a correct diagnosis, and not to suffer for a wrong one. I was said to study, or think much; this is a safe conjecture in a university town, when the observer is fortified by observation.

The second half of the sitting was devoted to my friends. Not a single name or person was named correctly, although perhaps 8 or 10 were named. My father was referred to by three different Christian names, all incorrect. I was said to have two children (correct), and after changing about the sexes several times, they were got correct. On this occasion I was to correct the medium when she was in error.

10. November 27th. Mrs. Verrall. Second sitting. See p. 586.

11. November 28th. Mr. F. W. H. Myers. Fourth sitting.

At this sitting the name of "William Shedgwick" was given. Mr. Myers was told "to remember it and tell that gentleman." Mr. E. was stated to be present. "Do you know someone called Lyttelton? His father is here; and wants to send his love to his son." Asked if he—Mr. E.—has ever communicated through anyone else, he writes "X, Miss X." (with one letter of name wrong. It had been given with the same error in America).

Here there is nothing that can be called evidential. The statement that Mr. E. had communicated through Miss X. had already been given in America.

12. November 29th. Mrs. B. Second sitting. Mrs. B.'s report.

I am glad to see you, Jennie. I like you very much. You are Alice Jane. Your name is Jane, but you are called Jennie. You will have a present quite soon. It will come in a parcel, and there will be something red about it.

Mrs. B.: "Have you found out any more about . . . since I saw you?"

Here Dr. Phinuit told me some remarkable and unmistakable facts about a friend abroad which are quite unknown to anyone here, and which are too intimate to write down. They were given me as I believed them to be, but I now find that in one particular my belief was in error.

Mrs. B.: "Do you remember mentioning the name Loo, the other day? What do you know of Loo?" (After the last sitting I had recollected a friend who was commonly known by the name of Lew.)

Dr. Phinuit thought for a moment. "Do you mean a man or a woman?" Then he quickly continued, "Of course you mean a man; L—E—W—I—S." (The name was spelt deliberately without any hesitation; it was correct.) "He has not been very well; he has had a bad cold. He has a great many worries; he has mental worries beside domestic and financial worries." Here Dr. Phinuit asked me, "Who is Nib, or Neb?" but I could not trace the name. Since then I have thought it probably was an attempt at Ned, which is the name of Lewis's brother. Dr. Phinuit also made attempts to find the name of my sister which he failed to get last time. He made various efforts, which seemed to be a confusion between her two names, but gave the first letter of the name required correctly. He again referred to the brother with the bad arm, and then went on, "You remember I talked last time about Ada. Her husband is very ill." The place and nature of his illness were indicated with approximate accuracy, and his surname was spelt quite deliberately.

Mrs. B. : "Do you know what my sister Isabel is doing at present, or where she is?"

Dr. Phinuit said something about her being with her sisters, but evidently did not know at all.

Mrs. B. : "Do you know whom I went to see on my way here this morning?"

Dr. P. : Yes, a man; he is a remarkable man. He has a prominent nose, dark hair and beard, and what a funny hat or cap he is wearing! His surroundings are most comfortable; I can see his arm-chair by the fire and pictures round his room, and it looks out into a courtyard, a very old looking place. Doesn't he stammer or speak in a funny way? You knew Mr. E.? He sends you his kind respects and his love to his sister Ellen, who is in the body. Rosanund and Eliza are in the spirit. [Names right.]

Mrs. B. : "Can you tell me what my husband is doing at present?"

Dr. P. : Yes, he is sitting at a desk in a room like a library, with a large book and papers round him.

This sitting contains two remarkable pieces of evidence which seem quite beyond the suspicion of having been got up; first the statement about the friend abroad, which Mrs. B. is confident could not have been known to anyone in the town but herself; and, secondly, the description of her friend whom she had called to see on the way to Mr. Myers' house. The account of Mr. ——— could hardly be applied to any other friend, and is characteristic of some of the points which would strike a stranger, but it is not correct to say that he stammers, although his manner of speaking is remarkably deliberate. The only hypothesis to explain it on any ground except thought-transference is that Mrs. Piper had obtained accurate descriptions of all Mrs. B.'s friends in Cambridge, and had accidentally succeeded in guessing at the one on whom she had called a few minutes before.

Thought-transference is enough to account for all that was said, and is strongly suggested by the error in detail in the facts about the distant friend, which coincided with Mrs. B.'s own belief.

13. *November 29th. Mr. Oscar Browning.*

This was a short sitting, Mr. Browning following "Mrs. B." The trance ended after a very few minutes. Mr. Browning gives the following report :

Dr. Phinuit told me that I was a good fellow, that I smoked too much, and described a smoking cap which I habitually wear. He said that there was a spirit closely connected with me named Mariana—my mother's name ; that she wore a cameo brooch with a head upon it, which is quite true, and that she wanted to know where it was. He spoke also of two other spirits, William and Arthur, elder brothers who are dead, the last two who died, and the only two I knew well. He also said that my grandfather's name was Thomas, which is, I believe, true of both my grandfathers, and that his wife's name was Sarah. I do not know whether this is true or not. (Mr. Browning subsequently found that it was not true of his grandmother, but that the wife of an uncle, also a Thomas, was named Sarah.) He also said that I was over-worked, and should not work so hard, which is probably true. He also said that I had had a good deal of trouble, which is true, but that it was now coming to an end. He also spoke about an uncle George, but not very clearly. I asked him where my nephews are, the sons of Arthur. He said that one was in Australia and one in Philadelphia, but I do not know whether this is true. (Mr. Browning has subsequently ascertained that one was in fact in Philadelphia at the time ; he was known to be in America. The other was believed to be in India, but may have gone to Australia ; this has not yet been ascertained). He also spoke of my sister, and described her in a way which is absolutely true. At the same time it is not the first thing which would have occurred to me to say about her, but it probably would have been the first thing my mother would have said.

Although many of the matters stated by Phinuit were undoubtedly known to me, they were not all in my mind at the time. After the interview I had the strong impression that the communications came from my mother, who had died about six months before, although Phinuit did not at all seek to convey this impression.

In this sitting there seems to have been clear thought-transference. It would seem that hardly anything definitely wrong was said ; and Mr. Browning says that he hardly spoke at all, so that no assistance can have been given by the sitter. The more interesting question remains as to whether there is evidence of more than thought-transference. This depends largely on whether it is ultimately found out that Mr. Browning's nephew, supposed to be in India, was really in Australia. The fact that one was in Philadelphia, though this was not known to the sitter, is of less weight. The name of the town may be no more than a bold guess, correct by chance ; and is to some extent discounted when we find that in one of the Liverpool sittings a person was wrongly said to be in Philadelphia, in a street which turns out to be non-existent. This tends to prove that Philadelphia is a name used by Phinuit for purposes of fishing. Moreover, Mr. Browning has since informed me that some months ago his mother had received a

letter from the nephew in Philadelphia and read it to him, but without informing him where it was written from.

14. *November 29th. Professor G. H. Darwin, second sitting. The following report is given by the sitter:—*

The medium spoke of my sister, and corrected herself to sister-in-law, giving the name right, and of my brother, with no name, who was very ill. The illness, although wrongly specified, was more or less in the right region. A spirit named D—A—R—W—I—N, spelt, not pronounced, sent a message. I was told that I had two children (right), both boys (wrong), and that they were good-tempered (right). There was other vague information about them not worth recording. My father was dead (information derived from previous sitting), my mother living, which I believe was also known in the same way; certain ailments of my mother were named (wholly wrong). My wife was said to have a pain in the left side which the medium localised exactly, and my wife was said to think that it was due to her heart, but the medium said it arose from the spleen. The day before my wife had complained of some pain in the left side, but it was localised by the medium wrongly by six inches, and my wife knew it was not due to the heart or spleen; on this day she had no pain. My wife was said to have had an abscess (wrong). My eldest boy (a girl) was said to suffer from relaxed throat, but the seat of the ailment was the glottis. She had been having a slight sore throat the day before, but I think it was nearly or quite well on this day. She has certainly some very slight tendency to stammer.

Almost every statement made could have been given if the medium could have discovered my name and a few fragments of Cambridge talk between the first sitting and the second. The only things which appear to me even at all remarkable are the statements about my wife and child, which will have been seen to contain much error. In the second sitting it was agreed that I should not correct the medium when wrong, and this appears to me far preferable to the plan adopted in the first, when she was corrected. I remain wholly unconvinced either of any remarkable powers or of thought-transference.

15. *November 29th. Professor Henry Sidgwick.*

The sitter, who was, like the others, introduced anonymously, was apparently regarded at once as the husband of the lady of Sitting 8, and told that he had no children; that his father was William, and was in the spirit; that he was a doctor of laws, that is, a doctor of "study," not of medicine. This was all right. He was then told that his wife was sitting in a large chair, talking to another lady, and wearing something on her head. This was so far right; Mrs. Sidgwick was at the time sitting as described, with a blue handkerchief on her head, put on with a view to the experiment, and talking to Miss Alice Johnson. It was, however, wrongly stated that she was in a room "on the right-hand side of your apartment as you go in," and that the lady with her had a bonnet on. He was afterwards correctly said to have two brothers, the eldest William, and was told that his own name was Henry. A "fairly correct" account of his brother William was given. But all this was mixed up with so large a proportion of untrue, unverifiable, or confused statements, as almost entirely to deprive the sitting of evidential value.

16. *November 30th. Professor O. Lodge. See his detailed report, p. 465.*

17. *December 1st. Dr. A. T. Myers.*

The sitter's ailments were pretty correctly described, and some old-fashioned remedies were recommended for them. He was said to have been at school at "Chelter" (Cheltenham?). Several names were given as those of friends, but were not in any case recognised. The sitting is of no value as evidence.

18. *December 1st. Mr. A. Hiert-Deronco.*

Mr. Deronco is a German gentleman who resided for some time at Cambridge, and was well known to Mr. Myers.

The sitter was told that he had a friend in the body named Edward (wrong). Was asked if he knew Williams? No. "That ring has your mother's influence: you have had it a long time. (Right.) There has been a little difficulty here, near the heart; your brother has had it. (Right.) Another ring, a newer influence; you have not had this so long." (Right.) He was told then about his mother. "She is in the body; she has headaches. (Right.) She is lying down, not in bed, not very far away, in another person's house." On inquiry, Mr. Deronco found that his mother was at the time lying on a sofa, but she was in her own house, and a long way off, in Germany. Then followed various confused and apparently wrong statements. Then: "Your brother had trouble with a cough, and on close examination they found that the nerve of the heart was weak. He has had a small gastric difficulty. He is a smart fellow, a good brain, writes a good deal." All this Mr. Deronco says is right. "Your brother is older and taller than you. A different type of man." (Right.) The name Anna was given and recognised. "A spirit named Mariana Browning sends her love to her son George." (See sitting No. 12. Mrs. Browning had a brother George, but no son of that name.) Mr. Deronco's brother was described as "going into a large building where there are a lot of books; then into an office-like place, with a desk in it and writing materials. A dark fellow, called John, with him, who is dishonest." This was all wrong. Then, after much hesitation, the medium said that Mr. Deronco's brother was painting a picture. Asked: "Are there many figures?" Dr. Phinuit said: "I see one head; it is side-face." It appeared, after inquiry in Germany, that Mr. Deronco's brother "was at that moment painting, and that the picture was really a portrait of Manfred, a single figure *en profil*." Dr. Phinuit also made some statements as to Mr. Deronco's past history, which were true, but which are not for publication. He was also told correctly that he had one cousin Max and another Albert. At the beginning of the sitting he was said to be "kind of French." At the end he was told: "You are not French but German."

The statements in this sitting were mostly right; if taken by themselves they might possibly admit the supposition of chance success.

19. *Professor A. MacAlister, F.R.S. December 2nd. See p. 603.*

20. *Mrs. H. Sidgwick. Second sitting. December 3rd.*

Mrs. Sidgwick was now clearly identified as the wife of the sitter

of No. 15. "I saw you through the medium, I saw you talking to another lady." (See Sitting 15.) Frank was now clearly identified as a brother. "Who is Hellener?" may have been an attempt to get at Mrs. Sidgwick's Christian name, Eleanor, but looks suspiciously like a fishing question. A lady friend with toothache was not identified. Various unrecognised names were given. Mrs. Sidgwick's mother and her house were minutely but quite wrongly described. Frank, Arthur, Charles, and Edward were given as the names of her brothers; the two first were right, and Charles is the second name of another deceased brother, but not the one by which he was always called. Her husband's surname was given as "Hedgwick, Hedgestone."

The answers to various test-questions put by Mrs. Sidgwick were promised but never given. In short, the sitting was a failure.

21. *Mr. T. Barkworth. December 3rd. See p. 606.*

22. *Professor H. Sidgwick. Second sitting. December 4th.*

The statements made at this sitting appear to have been wholly wrong, except in so far as they were repetitions of what had been previously said either to Professor or Mrs. Sidgwick.

23. *Professor C. Richet. December 6th. See his special report, p. 618.*

24. *Miss X. December 7th.*

Miss X. was introduced, veiled, to the medium in the trance state, immediately after her arrival at Mr. Myers' house. She was at once recognised, and named. "You are a medium; you write when you don't want to. You have got Mr. E.'s influence about you. This is Miss X. that I told you about." She was subsequently addressed by her Christian name, one of similar sound being first used but corrected immediately.

A large part of the statements made at this and the following sittings were quite correct, but in nearly all cases of so private and personal a nature that it is impossible to publish them. Only fragments, therefore, can be given, with the proper names omitted. But these sittings were perhaps the most successful and convincing of the whole series.

"You know that military-looking gentleman with the big coat on and the funny buttons on the pads here, on the collar. It is someone very near you in the spirit." This is a correct description, so far as it goes, of a near relation.

"Howells speaks; he tells me he knows the Martins, your friends; they know one of my books." These names were not recognised.

"You see flowers sometimes?" (Asked, "What is my favourite flower? There is a spirit who would know.") "Pansies. No, delicate pink roses. You have them about you, spiritually as well as physically." Miss X. has on a certain day in every month a present of delicate pink roses. She frequently has hallucinatory visions of flowers.

"There is an old lady in the spirit wearing a cap who is fond of you—your grandmother. She is the mother of the clergyman's wife's mother. (Not correct.) She wears a lace collar and a big brooch, bluish-grey eyes, dark hair

turned greyish, with a black ribbon running through it; rather prominent nose, and peaked chin; named Anne." This is a correct description of a friend of Miss X., whom she was in the habit of calling Granny.

On two occasions Dr. Phinuit desired that witnesses should leave the room, a request which as it happens was quite justified by the very personal and private nature of the facts which he quite correctly communicated. Intermixed with these were the following, which Miss X. supplies from her own notes, made on each occasion within two or three hours. Dr. Phinuit described an entertainment at which Miss X. had been present, her position in the room, the appearance of her companion, including a marked personal peculiarity, and its cause, giving the Christian name of the same friend and the subject of their conversation, and the circumstances of Miss X.'s return home—all with absolute correctness, except as to time, which was said to have been "last evening," whereas it was the evening before.

25. *Miss X. Second sitting. December 8th.*

Professor Charles Richet and Walter Leaf were also present; the latter only for a few minutes at the beginning. He was at once called Walter when the trance came on, but the evidential value of this is diminished by the fact that Mr. Myers had accidentally used his surname in the medium's presence before the trance. It was added, "Walter has a stiff arm," which may be a reference to his having suffered from writer's cramp; but this was not alluded to in subsequent sittings.

Miss X. was told that her mother's sister was named Sarah. It was said that she was in the body, but this was corrected to "in the spirit" after a question. Her brothers' names were given as G—, A—, W—, A—, B—, correctly, all but B— being very common; but in the case of A— and B— only at the second attempt, John and Walter having been first given instead. W— was the name of a brother who had died in infancy, and whom Miss X. had never known. Miss X. at first denied that the name was correct, having usually heard of him by his second name H—, but afterwards remembered that W— was correct. She was further told rightly that A— was an artist, and B— the handsomest of the family. A medallion which she showed was stated to be given by a friend whose very rare Christian and surname were rightly obtained, the one after hesitation but no false shots, the other at the second attempt.

Two names of which Professor Richet had been thinking were given without any connexion. They were "Louise" and "Adèle." (See his report.)

26. *Miss X. Third sitting. December 9th.*

Experiments were tried in the reading of closed envelopes, but without success. The question was asked, "What was the name of the spirit which communicated with Richet at the first séance he ever attended?" and the incorrect answer "Marianne" was given.

Mrs. Piper now left Cambridge and came to London, where the following sittings, to No. 35, took place, at her lodgings, No. 27, Montagu-street, W.C.

27. *Mr. F. December 11th.*

Mr. F., a member of the Council of the Society for Psychical Research, wishes his name to be kept private. After describing the phenomena of the trance, he continues:—

The personification, which I shall speak of as “the doctor,” claimed to be a departed spirit, and professed to see confusedly my friends, announcing correctly the persons of my father’s family, and nearly correctly of my own. He seemed to be trying by guesses and questions to extract as well as to give information. Many of his statements were wholly, and some partially, incorrect, but some of them were so unaccountably correct that they are worthy of record. It seems impossible that they were mere guesses.

The doctor said that I had an uncle named William, but I could recollect no one of an older generation of this name, and said so. He replied that he was certainly right, and asked me to think it over carefully. After some rambling, he came back to the subject, and said that he was certainly right, and that the portrait of my uncle William was just to the left as one would enter my room, and that it was a superior painting. I then, for the first time, remembered that I had a great-uncle of this name whom I had never seen, and whose portrait hung in the place named. No one out of my family, and, indeed, not all the members of it, knew his name, which had scarcely ever been mentioned in our home conversations. The doctor said that he was a good and able man. The facts are that his principal distinction had been in his intimate association with Wilberforce and Clarkson in the agitation for the abolition of the slave trade.

The doctor stated that my father was deaf in the left ear. He was deaf in one ear, which I believe to have been the left. Standing alone this might seem a mere guess.

He stated that I had lost a child, six or seven years old, of scarlet fever. This was true, save the age, which was 10 years. He also said that I had lost a child in infancy, which was true of a child of five years.

He said that I had lost a near relative, named Mary, by cancer, which was true of a sister-in-law; but he added the name of Caroline, which was incorrect.

He said that my son had an intimate friend named Harold, which was true, but added that his father was watching him from the spirit-world. His father is alive.

He said that I had supposed myself likely to die of heart disease, but that I had a heart in good action, and reliable till I should reach a hundred years, and that whatever might be the symptoms, they came from the spleen, and meant no danger. The facts are, that about eight years ago several physicians had told me that I had not long to live, because of the diseased action of my heart; but this proved to be an entire mistake, as I am now equal to long and swift ascents without inconvenience.

He said that my younger brother suffered from a weakening diarrhoea,

which weakened his blood, and that he over-exerted himself. This is precisely true.

Had I supposed the doctor to be an individual, or personality, I should have said that he was a coarse, crafty person, endeavouring by leading statements, probable in the history of anyone at my time of life, to make successful guesses, and get out information from me. I noted that when I corrected any statement he would pass on to other things, and after a time make the statement according to my correction. Yet I gave no clue to the remarkable descriptions, which were correct.

But after making every allowance for this, and after reckoning all the numerous errors, some of the statements from one who till a few hours before was a perfect stranger from across the Atlantic, not known to a single member of my family, and never a visitor to my house, were so remarkable as to convince me of a real and subtle power at work which is beyond my solution, but which I attribute to mind-transference.

In this sitting the most noticeable points are the exact location of the uncle's portrait, as a means of recalling him to the sitter's memory; and the singularly accurate statements about his past illness.

28. *Mr. F. Second sitting. December 12th.*

Mrs. Piper again to-day went into the most singular condition of seeming to be acted upon by the French "doctor." She told correctly that my mother had died while I was beyond a great water. I was at the time in Switzerland and my mother in America, the year being 1874. The doctor dwelt on a Thomas connected with my father's family, and on a Mary given to drinking. A Scotch gardener named Thomas was a very prominent member of my father's household for nearly thirty years, and his wife Mary was intemperate. He described my elder brother as living among and writing books, and said emphatically, "Your older, not your younger brother." My older brother was a librarian, and passed his life among books, and also wrote some works.

But a description of my uncle William before referred to and of his occupation was almost wholly wrong; he was said to be a military officer in care of wounded men, whereas he was a Quaker philanthropist. The performance was thoroughly unsatisfactory, and I gave my place to Miss C.

The whole thing, the convulsions at the beginning and end, the coarse voice, the rough, familiar and half profane words used in the conversation, the manifest effort to hedge when a mistake had been made, and the profanation of sacred memories by idle, unmeaning, and mostly untrue or only half true statements, all left a profound sense of distress on my mind, and an unwillingness, save for the sake of duty, to enter on such a performance again. Yet I am utterly unable to conceive of how the statements should be occasionally so strangely true, save by the process of unconscious mind-transference, and this I have to acknowledge only imperfectly accounts for all the facts.

29. *Miss Gertrude C. First sitting. December 12th.*

This sitting was a continuation of that of Mr. F. Notes taken by Dr. Myers. Miss Gertrude and Miss Emily C. are sisters of Mrs. A.

and Mrs. B. The real names are not given for reasons explained in the note to Mrs. A.'s sitting. Only an outline of the sittings is published, as the really evidential statements were of so confidential a character that they cannot be made known. Miss C. was introduced as "Miss Jones."

The sitting began with a repetition of various things which had been already told to Mrs. A. and Mrs. B. Mrs. B.'s husband was mentioned by his Christian and surname, but the usual wrong description of his character was given. "Gertrude" was mentioned by name, but apparently not identified at first with the sitter. Dr. Phinuit promised to give the name of Mrs. A.'s husband, but never did so. A personal description of a friend was given, which was right, but of no evidential value, as the friend in question was already well known to the medium. He was said to have a brother William, which was wrong; and a young cousin in the spirit-world, but without any description by which she could be identified. Several names were mentioned which the sitter could not connect with anyone.

30. *Mr. Walter Leaf. December 12th.*

Phinuit made a number of statements about my family, some right but more wrong. He said that my mother had two sisters, which was corrected into "there are two mother's sisters; that's your mother, that is one, and her sister, that is two." In this form it is correct. He wrongly said that my aunt lived at some distance from us, and that she suffered from her stomach; but rightly that she suffered from her throat. He afterwards gave a fairly good account of her character: "she is almighty set. Not obstinate, but fixed in her ways; she has ideas and you can't change them, old-maidish in fact. She is very generous and does lots of good." My mother's brother was wrongly said to have died long ago.

I was wrongly told that I had two brothers. One was said to suffer from headaches through the temples. This I denied at the time, but afterwards found was correct. The other was said to have died long ago. This is quite wrong; I never had a second brother. I was rightly told that I had no sisters. I was also told there was William, whose influence was round me. This is true, as I have had a grandfather, an uncle, and two cousins of that name. In a later sitting William was said to be my father, which is wrong.

A message was given purporting to come from Edmund Gurney. In the course of it I was told "there are two letters, one about an appointment, one about an engagement." I asked, "What sort of engagement?" "It is an engagement about work and studies. The letter is in a little drawer in the desk; look at it and read it over." When this was said, I remembered that I had kept a letter written to me many years ago by Edmund Gurney, announcing his engagement to be married. This I knew would be in a certain drawer in my desk. On looking, I found that there were, in fact, two letters, both on the same subject, one of which I had forgotten. Neither of them was in connexion with work or studies.

Various names were given as those of friends of mine, but I did not recognise any of them. Dr. Myers was sent out of the room, and various statements about my private affairs were made, some of which were quite wrong. Others were right, but I do not regard them as being of an evi-

dential nature, as they might possibly have been acquired from another of Mrs. Piper's sitters. Nothing in the sitting can be regarded as of any importance, as it is certainly within the range of successful guessing that I should have kept two letters from Edmund Gurney.

31. *Miss Gertrude C. Second sitting. December 13th.*

Dr. Phinuit began by announcing that he had again seen Miss C.'s father, and said that he was born in Ireland. Asked "Where?" he said, after much hesitation and confusion, "In the northern part, near D-O-U-B-L-I-N." This is wrong; Miss C.'s father was born in Cork. Two of the sisters were described, with some correctness. "Then there is another; she is musical." This must refer to the sitter. "A. is a friend of the one who plays; she paints a little and plays a little." Miss Gertrude C. has a friend named A. who plays a little, but does not paint.

The eldest brother, hitherto spoken of by Dr. Phinuit by his first name Timothy, is now called by his second name Frank, that by which he is always known in the family. The Christian name of the third sister was also given for the first time, with the remark, "It is a queer name."

An attempt to get Dr. Phinuit to read the contents of a sealed envelope, in which was a piece of paper with the words "Iliad," "La France," written by Dr. Myers but not known to Miss C., was a complete failure. The envelope was said to contain a lock of Frank's hair.

"Then there is a Mary in the spirit; Mary—something with an X; M-U-L-L-E-R. (Miss C. supplied Max.) She had dark brown hair and was very intimate with you. You went to school together. She talks of you." This is correct.

Miss C.: "Do you know Freddy?"

"Yes, I tried to tell you about him before, but I could not get at his name. F-R-E-D-E-R-I-C-K is his name. You call him Freddy. He liked you very much, he thinks of you. Do you know his father? He passed out of the body after Freddy." It is true that the friend referred to died before his father.

"Mary Max Müller told me to ask Gertrude if she remembers when she went to school with her. She thinks of you and says you were very bright. She passed out of the body with consumption; she had a cough; she is trying to get back and talk to you. She will come." The lady in question died of heart disease, not of consumption.

The sitting closed with a very caustic but true and characteristic account of an aunt, expressed with much humour.

With respect to the confidential statements at this and the preceding sitting, Miss Gertrude C. writes:—

When Dr. Phinuit sent Dr. Myers out of the room, at the first sitting, it was to tell me about a friend of mine whose conjugal relations were rather complicated. Dr. Phinuit did not commit himself to very definite facts, but as far as he went he was correct. At the moment this friend was much on my mind. And Dr. Phinuit said some things about her character, but nothing out of the way. He gave no name nor attempt at any.

The facts he told me about myself were certainly such as he would not

have been likely to guess at, and he mentioned names which he had no possible reason for connecting with me. The facts he told were rather striking, and so far as one can tell were not known to anyone but myself. Here he did commit himself to definite facts, and true ones too, which could not have referred to any but one person.

32. *Mr. H. D. Rolleston, M.B. December 13th.*

Mr. Rolleston was introduced as Mr. Johnson. A few correct statements were made to him, among a large number that were wrong. The correct statements were:—

That his family consisted of seven persons; that F. C. was a friend and a good one, mentally in sympathy, trustworthy and sensible. (This is perfectly correct; the Christian and surname were given rightly, though it should be added that they are both rather common.) That a friend has taken a trip on the continent because his throat and chest trouble him. (A brother had started a few days before for the South of Europe with cough and a little bronchitis, but mainly on account of heart trouble after rheumatism.) One of the brothers was correctly said to be named Willie. A few more vague statements were approximately correct, but of no value.

The only point of interest is the mention of F.C. Even though the names were not unusual, the chances are evidently enormous against their being rightly combined for a casual sitter. The lady in question had no connexion whatever with any other sitters, nor was her name mentioned by Dr. Phinuit before or after. She was not living in London, and it is almost impossible to suppose that the fact had been got up.

33. *Miss Emily C. First sitting. December 14th.*

Miss C. was introduced as Mrs. Robinson. Notes were taken by Dr. Myers.

Miss C. was immediately recognised by her Christian name, and told she had been polishing something shiny. Miss C. had that morning been polishing some photographic slides, a job which had been giving her a great deal of trouble and work.

Dr. Phinuit mentioned the Christian name of a friend which Miss C. recognised and told some details which were partly true. He then mentioned all her brothers and sisters by name, as well as Mrs. B.'s husband. All these names had been previously given to the other sitters. He asked after Mrs. A.'s little boy, but not by name.

Miss C. : "Do you know Isabel's husband?"

"Yes, I like him. I will try and find his name. Is it Richard? (Wrong.) Do you know Henry? He is Isabel's husband's brother." (Right.) Dr. Phinuit said there was a relation of Mrs. A. and her husband called Knight, who is not recognised, though they have a connexion by marriage who is a knight. Messages were then given from Miss C.'s father and mother of the same import as those told to the other sitters.

A fairly accurate description of another friend, who was named, was then

given. "You have an uncle C. in the spirit-world and an aunt by marriage called Jane. You have a cousin C. and an aunt whose name ends in —on. You have an aunt E. ; you also have an aunt who is a long way off."

Of the preceding statements it is true that Miss C. has an uncle C. in the spirit, a cousin C., and an aunt of the name given (the same who had been previously described to Miss Gertrude C.). She has another aunt who is in the South of France. She had an aunt Jane, but by blood, not by marriage. It is possible, however, that Dr. Phinuit was alluding to an intimate friend called Jane, whose name ends in —on, and who is sometimes jocularly called aunt. In the next sitting Miss C. was told that it was her friend Jane, not an aunt, who was referred to. (See also end of Mrs. Verrall's second sitting, p. 589.)

Miss C. : "Do you know E. in the spirit-world?"

"I have seen her and she sends you her love." Dr. Phinuit gave a slight description of E., which was right as far as it went. "She was very fond of you, Emily ; she had some trouble with her head, and died in child-birth." (This is right, but there is some confusion between the names E. and Ada.) Dr. Phinuit then returned to the brothers' names, which he got confused, trying to make out that there was a third brother of the name of Frederic, who was afterwards said to be Dr. Myers' brother. Dr. Myers spoke of Miss C. as Mrs. Robinson, a name which Dr. Phinuit indignantly repudiated. "That lady's name is Emily. She is not Mrs."

"You have a friend called H . . ." (The name given is a very unusual one, probably unique as a Christian name. Miss C. had a note addressed to him in her muff, which was lying on the table. A clever conjurer could no doubt have taken an opportunity of seeing this.)

Miss C. asked after another friend by name. Dr. Phinuit said he knew her, but described her personal appearance vaguely and not correctly. "You have an uncle who is a little lame and gouty." (Right.) To Dr. Myers : "She has been polishing glass ; glass things to drink out of." (See above.) "You darned a lot of white linen about a week ago." (Wrong.) A. was again mentioned. (See Miss Gertrude C.'s sitting, p. 634.) "She is dark and has dark eyes ; she is not exactly pretty, but nice-looking." (Right.) Miss C. was said to be more like her father than any of the family. This would probably be generally said.

34. *Miss Emily C. Second sitting. December 16th.*

Full notes taken by Walter Leaf.

The sitting began with some confusion as to the brothers' names. Miss C. was told that she had lost a purse some time ago. This is wrong. Some Christian names were given but not recognised. H . . . , who was spoken of in the last sitting, was again mentioned, and said to be a friend, but not much of a friend. Dr. Phinuit said he knew his father, and mother, and brother. (These form his family.) Asked the name of his brother, he failed to give it, but said that the brother "was drowned ; he passed out in the water." (H.'s brother died and was buried at sea.)

A photograph of Edmund Gurney was given to the medium, who pressed it against her forehead, front outwards, without looking at it, so far as could be seen. It was correctly recognised. Another photograph of a deceased

friend of W. L.'s was then given to her, but she could make nothing of it. A sealed letter, the contents of which were known to Miss C., was given her. (The note was to the effect that the writer's sister had got the influenza, and could not come to keep an appointment.)

Dr. P. : Oh, there is an illness described in there.

Miss C. : "What sort of illness? Bad?"

Dr. P. : No, a very slight one, the illness of a friend. (After some more questioning.) It is a friend, and she has a cold, and the thing is chiefly that.

Another letter was shown, the contents of which were not known to Miss C. This was said to be an invitation; wrongly.

There was then much repetition of former matter, in the course of which Dr. Phinuit promised to give Miss C.'s surname to W. L. when he next saw him. This was done at the evening sitting on the same day. Miss C. was told that she had had a dream about being on the water, of which she knows nothing. After a great deal of vague and desultory talk the sitting closed without anything more of an evidential nature.

35. *Mr. H. Wingfield and Mr. Walter Leaf. December 16th.*

Mr. Leaf held the medium's hand throughout. The first messages were to him, about his "father" William, who was said "not to lecture and not to write" but to be "a sort of tradesman." This is true of his grandfather William. After this the talk was chiefly addressed to Mr. W., who was rightly said to have a father, mother, three sisters, and two brothers. He was also truly told that he had a grandfather named John, a relative named Arthur, and that one of his brothers was a long way off across the water, and had been away a long time. But a large number of statements made and names given were wholly wrong, and the only interesting point is that the number of the family was given with confidence, and without any fishing.

After this Mrs. Piper left London for Liverpool, where the next 15 sittings, Nos. 36 to 50, were held. These are all discussed in Mr. Lodge's separate report (pp. 470-525). After her return to London, Mrs. Piper lodged in a private hotel in Manchester-street, where Nos. 51, 57, and 58 were held; 52 took place at Mr. Clarke's house at Harrow; 53 to 56 at Mr. Leaf's residence; 59 at Dr. Myers'.

51. *Mrs. Herbert Leaf. First sitting. December 28th. See p. 589.*

52. *Mr. and Mrs. J. T. Clarke. December 29th. See p. 574.*

53. *Mrs. Herbert Leaf. Second sitting. December 30th.*

This was a very confused and unsatisfactory sitting. The only right statement definitely made was that Mrs. Leaf had an aunt who married a Mr. Wood. She was told that her name was Rosie, but she had been called by this name before Dr. Phinuit, as well as before Mrs. Piper. What was said about the lost bracelet (see p. 596) distinctly implied that it had been stolen by a servant; whereas it had been lost while Mrs. Leaf was walking in London with a friend. The name of Loolie or Lulu was given; this is the name of Harry's sister. But she was wrongly said to be in the spirit. Harry sent his love to

his wife. George was said to have made a change for his good ; it is true that he has been recently given a good appointment. Many names were given as friends of Mrs. Leaf's father, but were quite unrecognised.

54. *Mr. S. G. Shattock. December 31st.*

Only imperfect notes of this sitting were taken, though a shorthand writer was present, as she and Mr. Walter Leaf were sent out of the room by Dr. Phinuit for the greater part of the time. The following report by Mr. Shattock, however, contains all the principal statements, set out separately with comments :—

"You have two brothers, both in the spirit," subsequently corrected by the medium into "one in the body and one in the spirit." I have a brother in the body ; one in the spirit is a wrong statement or guess. There is nothing which can be construed into it. This I know for certain.

"You have a friend named Arthur. He is at present ill, and likely to pass away." I have an acquaintance of the name, but I could not without some delay find out if there is any truth in the last part of the statement. He is a person of about middle age with whom my acquaintance has long since dropped.

"There is a child who has passed out of the body with scarlet fever connected with you." Medium stated this to be the child of an aunt. The statement is not correct, as I have no aunt on either side.

"Your father Thomas has got the rheumatism." Here the medium grasped my left knee. My father's name is not Thomas. He has muscular rheumatism of the ordinary kind now and then in various parts of the body, but no marked articular rheumatism.

"You have an uncle Henry." The medium started with the name, and it was I who, after some delay, volunteered the statement that I had an uncle of the name, in order to open up the way for further statements.

So, when the medium stated that my father's name was Thomas, I volunteered the statement that I had an uncle of the name. After this the medium said, "I get your father's influence, and then I get Thomas."

"You made a mistake in your life. It was a long while ago. You made a start in life, and it did not prove to be very successful, and then you made another, and the second did."

This is not true.

"Then I get no sisters." This is true, but was not a direct statement of the medium. It was made after a conversation which led me to say I had no sisters.

"There are two little boys, and one of them is very fidgety and nervous. That is the eldest ; he likes to have his own way. The other is quieter in disposition, and easier to get on with. This gentleman's lady is not well, but she will be better, she will get out right." These statements I did not at all lead up to. They were given without any delay on the part of the medium, and they are the truth, though not the whole truth, as there is a third boy dead. But the statement as it stands is satisfactory.

After various incorrect or unverifiable statements, "You have a lady friend. Who is this ? Lea ?" (pronouncing the syllables separately).

After some waiting I volunteered the statement that I knew a lady called Lena. The medium afterwards made Lea into Lena, pronouncing the word "Leana."

Mr. Shattock remarks:—

The only statements of any note coming direct from the medium were those concerning the two boys. Of the others, some are quite erroneous; others of such a general nature that no importance can be attached to them; and others were so largely due to myself that they can hardly be called the medium's.

I take it for granted that the medium was not simulating another state; that has, of course, been tested on previous occasions; though whether this were so or not would not alter the facts of the case. For there is no reason why, in a quasi-hypnotic state, the subject should not act much as in the waking state; and it is of course well-known that in such a condition deception may be had recourse to. There is nothing incredible, therefore, in believing that Mrs. Piper knows nothing of what occurs in the trance, though while in the trance she may act in a very ordinary way, so far as any manifestation of mental processes goes.

Thought-reading or transference, I think, there cannot be in the case; for as Mrs. Piper asserted that no concentration of thought was necessary, I did not attempt anything of the kind. Much of what she said was the last I should have thought of. Muscle-reading seems altogether out of the question. So that I cannot but think that the statements made are only shrewd guesses, made on a carefully planned system. She seemed to me to feel the way by throwing out a stray name, or making a general statement. There is, moreover, a way she has of combining results or explaining away misstatements that is noteworthy.

When it is remembered that the sitting occupied some three-quarters of an hour, and that the only really true statements of any note were those I have already mentioned, there is no need, it seems to me, to assume any other power in the medium than that I have mentioned. Of course a large series of observations may point to a different conclusion.

55. *Walter Leaf and Herbert Leaf. December 31st.*

Mr. H. Leaf had not seen the medium at all till he came into the room after the trance had commenced. After some talk, and the mention of a name which was not recognised, Dr. Phinuit suddenly said, "Tell Rosie's gentleman to come in." (Rosie is Mrs. H. Leaf, see her second sitting.) Mr. H. Leaf, who had been sitting on the other side of the table, came and took the medium's hand. Dr. Phinuit says: "You are Rosie's gentleman, what you call her husband. There is a Charles about you. I get the same influence with both of you; why, you are brothers. Walter, this is the one I told you about that had the pain in his head (indicates right temple). It is a sort of neuralgia. Charles must be your father; Walter, I thought that William was your father till I got this other influence, but now I see that Charles is your father, and William is your grandfather, your father's father."

For the neuralgia see my first sitting, p. 633; the place was rightly indicated. The name of our father is Charles, and his father was William as stated.

After this everything was confused and unintelligible. Asked by H. L. what his occupation was, Dr. Phinuit began with what would better have suited me. He then went on to a description of which nothing at all could be made, and gave vague descriptions of persons which might be explained as certain friends of my brother's. But the whole thing was unsatisfactory. It was, however, rightly said that our mother's mother was named Elizabeth, but wrongly that she had a little scar on the left temple. Then Dr. Phinuit suddenly said, "Robert." Asked, "What is that name?" he said, "No, not Robert, Herbert. That's who you are. Your grandfather sends his love to the two brothers, Walter and Herbert."

The recognition of the connexion between Mr. H. L. and his wife and brother was striking. The medium had certainly not seen Mr. H. L. in his normal state, and, so far as could be told, did not see him in the trance. She was sitting with her head bent down and eyes closed as usual. She had, however, had opportunities of learning that our father's name was Charles, as she had been introduced to him in the flesh some days before. It is possible that the name Herbert had slipped out in her presence. But I do not think it had. Elizabeth as maternal grandmother may have been a mere guess.—W. L.

56. *Mr. W. A. Pye. January 1st, 1890. See detailed report, p. 596.*

After this sitting there were several intervals, owing to the ill-health of Mrs. Piper. The next sittings were:—

57. *With Mr. H. J. Hood. January 6th.*

58. *Mr. H. J. Hood and Mr. C. C. Massey. January 7th.*

There is nothing to report about these two sittings except that all the statements made in them were either wrong or confused and unintelligible. Nothing whatever occurred to give evidence of the slightest power of thought-transference or any similar capacity.

59. *Mr. Hensleigh Wedgwood. January 11th.*

The sitter was introduced as Mr. Wood. Some correct statements were made in this sitting but almost without exception after a great deal of beating about and some help from the sitter.

Mr. W. was told that he had a friend John Hensleigh. (Right.) This was first given as John Henry, and then spelt Hensley, Hensly, being reached only after many attempts, and with the help of Mr. W., who said that the letter after HEN was S. Phinuit said that his grandfather was lame in the left leg (indicating the knee). Sir Josiah Wedgwood had a leg amputated on account of trouble in the knee. Mr. Wedgwood did not know which leg it was. But from subsequent inquiry it seems to have been the right. He was correctly said to have had a sister Ann, which Mr. W. did not know at the time to be true. Mr. Wedgwood was rightly told he had a son named Hensleigh, and his wife a sister Mary Elizabeth. (Mr. W. is not sure that the first name was Mary). A little boy, "I think a grandson," was said to have been ill and to have changed his residence; it was also said that he had a brother who had died very young. This was true of a grandson who had come to visit Mr. H. W. after an illness. Mr. W. was said to

have had three brothers, all passed out, and no sisters. Asked, "Do you know that my second son has had an accident?" Dr. Phinuit, after some fencing, said that it was from a fall, and that a rib on the left side was broken or bent. This was correct, but was not stated directly, but only after much questioning. Mr. W.'s lady was said to have had a fall, "in fact two of them had." It is true that both his wife and her sister had very severe falls, and suffered much from them.

After this Mrs. Piper returned to Cambridge. Sittings 60 to 69 inclusive took place at Professor Sidgwick's house, and some remarks about them will be found in Professor and Mrs. Sidgwick's report (p. 615). Sittings 70 to 76 were at Mr. Myers' house.

60. *Mrs. Sidgwick. Third sitting. January 19th.*

The names Hensleigh (spelt right) and Wedgwood were given, and ultimately referred to the same person. [See No. 59.] Mr. Sidgwick's actions were wrongly described, but it is noteworthy that he was said to be "standing on his head," a phrase which he had jocosely used in Mrs. Piper's absence to describe to Mrs. Sidgwick what he was going to do. "Vases" were mentioned, apparently in connection with her brother F. This was probably a mere guess at the thing belonging to him which Mrs. Sidgwick had asked about in a former sitting. But the idea may have come from Mrs. S., as she had been thinking of a vase of his earlier. A picture hanging in F.'s room, about which Mrs. Sidgwick had asked before, was wrongly described. The name of Ellie or Allie was given and recognised by the sitter.

61. *Mrs. Sidgwick. Fourth sitting. January 19th.*

Mr. Sidgwick was rightly said to be sitting with his feet up. But Dr. P. said "on a chair"; they were on the stand of a wicker table turned upside down, and the rest of his actions were wrongly given. The sitter's father was rightly said to have died when she was a child, and to have gone abroad and never to have been so well afterwards. Mrs. Sidgwick was also told rightly that she had a sister who paints, and was different from the rest of the family. But a number of names and statements were wrong or not recognised.

62. *Professor H. Sidgwick. Third sitting. January 20th.*

A partially right account of Mrs. Sidgwick's actions in another room was given. "She is reclining with something drawn over the back of her head and chest—a cloth thing; she is reading." But the cloth thing was wrongly said to be dark. It was really a doctor's scarlet hood. "Alex" was said to be connected with Mrs. Sidgwick. (She had an uncle Alexander, never called "Alex," however.) The names of three of Mr. Sidgwick's uncles were rightly given, but two wrong ones were added. Mr. S. was told rightly that he had two aunts on the mother's side.

63. *Mrs. Verrall. Third sitting. January 20th.*

Mrs. V. was told that the portrait of her uncle Henry (see p. 588) was done by her grandmother (right). That this uncle had gone away years ago, and that none of the family knew what had become of him (right). That Carrie has a George in the body (wrong). That she had two brothers in the

spirit (right), and a father in the body (wrong). That Mrs. V.'s mother had an only brother in the spirit (right). That Louis was a name in her mother's family (right), her husband? No, her brother. (Wrong: she had an uncle Louis.) Asked what Dr. Verrall was doing at the moment, Dr. P. said rightly that he was sitting at a kind of desk, and had been reading, but had put his book down in order to talk to another gentleman who had just come in. Professor Sidgwick was, however, wrongly said to be walking. Phinuit also attempted to describe to Mrs. Sidgwick what Mrs. Verrall was doing; the latter leaving the room for the purpose. The description given was not wrong but was too vague to have much evidential value.

64. *Mr. Harlow Gale.* (See p. 615.) *January 22nd, 1890.*

This sitting was chiefly occupied with a description of different members of the sitter's family, which he recognised as strikingly accurate. The following are the most important points:—What is that thing your father wears over his shoulders? He looks quite important in it. He wears it because of his throat. He is in a different place from here.

Mr. Gale says that the most noticeable point in his father's appearance is a white silk handkerchief which he wears because of a sensitiveness of his throat. He lives in Minnesota.

Your father is a queer genius—dreamy. He does not do much; he leaves that to someone else. He has an office, a desk, books, &c. His peculiarities strike me very much.

Mr. Gale says that this is all right, as far as it goes.

William, a brother. He is small, a bright little fellow, dark eyes, clear complexion, a pretty fellow, smart as a cricket.

Mr. Gale says that this is a correct account of his brother William, a boy of 16; except that he is some 5ft. 7in. in height, whereas the medium indicated with her hand a height of not more than 4ft.

You have got a sister. She sings, and plays two different instruments; one with keys and one with strings—particularly the one with keys. She is a little younger than you, probably; but her age is difficult to tell from her appearance. She is older than William.

Mr. Gale has a sister younger than himself and older than his brother William. She sings, and plays the piano well, but does not play any stringed instrument.

There is a minister in your family, an uncle, in the spirit. Tall, fine physique; wears spectacles; with a high forehead; something like you. He is your father's brother. He died some little time ago—away from you, across the water. He died suddenly. (Asked what denomination he belonged to, Dr. P. could not tell.) He used to wear a cape—a long coat thing. He was not Episcopal, but like a Methodist—that sort of doctrine.

Mr. Gale had an uncle, his father's brother, who was a Baptist missionary in Minnesota. The description of him is accurate, except that he would not be considered a tall man. He died suddenly 15 years ago while travelling in Palestine. He never wore a cape at home, but had one made before leaving for his trip to Palestine, to wear on his overcoat.

There are five of you.—After some counting and a little help from Mr.

Gale, Dr. P. said that there were five not counting the mother, three boys and a girl, father and mother. (Right.)

Dr. P. then attempted to get the name of the second brother, trying George, Geord, Jordan, Jorge, but finally giving it up. The brother's second name is Griggs, but he is never called by it. Dr. P. went on: "He gets round about the boys as well as anyone. He's got many friends; they all like him. He is very happy-go-lucky—musical—he can do everything, whistle, sing, and dance. He is not far away. He has lots of letters and friends. Girls like him very much. He is studying to be a lawyer or doctor, or something of that sort. He gets into different costumes and acts. Do they call him Jack? John? They call him Pete; they call him everything."

None of these names were right, though he is called by many names. Nor is he studying for a profession. In other respects the statements are accurate. This brother is the only one of Mr. Gale's family who is not far away, in America. The name of Will Adams was given as that of a friend; but the brother has only the slightest acquaintance with a man of that name.

A correct description was given of Mr. Gale's mother. She was said to look very young for her age. "She and William are more like one another than the rest of the family. She is small and rather dark." These and other traits given are said by Mr. Gale to be strikingly correct.

The name Edward was then tried, and applied to brother, father, and uncle, all wrongly.

When your mother went away it did her a great deal of good; she had a cold on her chest. She has been staying with an elderly gentleman.

Mr. Gale's mother took a trip for her health last spring, and returned greatly improved. But nothing is known of the elderly gentleman.

Your grandfather on your mother's side was lame. (Asked "All his life?") No; but that one time. You don't remember that, but your mother will tell you.

Mr. Gale finds that his maternal grandfather was lame from a stroke of paralysis for some 10 months. He remembers nothing of this, as he did not see his grandfather during this time.

Edward; is he your uncle or your cousin? I don't like him, and I don't know that anyone did. He don't seem to get on somehow.

Mr. Gale recognises this as a cousin.

The name of Alice was given, and finally said to belong to Edward's sister. This was right; but she was wrongly said to be musical. After this the statements made were mostly wrong. The name of Williams was given: "It was your uncle, I think; a relative connected by marriage. I think on the mother's side."

Mr. Gale remarks: "I have a second cousin on my mother's side named Mrs. Williams, whom we always call aunt, however. She has been a widow many years, and I never saw her husband."

65. *Mrs. H. Sidgwick. Fifth sitting. January 22nd.*

There was apparently an attempt to give the name of Cecil as connected with the sitter's mother. An uncle John and aunt Mary were rightly given to Professor S. After a number of guesses a letter sent by Mrs. Verrall was

referred to her. Mrs. S. was said to have two Franks connected with her and a Gerry (pronounced, not spelt) who was much with Frank. This was so far true; but G. was said not to be in the body, and probably there was confusion with Professor Lodge's uncles Jerry and Frank. A large number of names were given which were wrong.

66. *Mrs. B. Third sitting. January 22nd.*

Mrs. Verrall was rightly said to be at the moment looking in a sort of glass thing and turning it over; "a kind of round-looking thing, not a ball, but something like it." "A girl with her, her daughter; not the one with the knees, named Helen. Helen's hair looks better than it did before." (See p. 586.) Vague allusions were made to the illness of Mrs. B.'s brother and her sister-in-law. Mrs. Verrall's letter shown was rightly said to have the influence of her sister and her husband.

67. *Miss Alice Johnson. Second sitting. January 23rd.*

A match-box shown was rightly recognised as belonging to a brother. "He is reading this moment, he has his feet up on a chair and is leaning back. He is in a corner room, you go up steps to get to it. There is a kind of map or picture to the left, something that stands up; like that (screen). He is alone. At the right-hand is a desk." This was all correct, excepting (?) the statement that he was alone at the time. A "rather appropriate" description of his character was given. "He is fairer than you and has more colour." An attempted description of the actions of Miss Johnson's sister was wrong. Miss J.'s watch-chain was felt. "That is your influence, you bought it yourself" (right). A cheque was given to the medium whose eyes remained closed; she felt it and said, "It has got *pay* on it."

68. *Professor H. Sidgwick. Fourth sitting. January 23rd.*

The names of Professor Sidgwick's uncles were at last given correctly, as William, Henry and John on the mother's side, and John, Robert and James on the father's. But one, Christopher, was omitted. Finger-guessing was not successful, and a description given of what Mrs. Verrall was doing at the time was completely wrong.

69. *Mr. Edwin Max Konstamm. (See p. 615.) First sitting. January 24th.*

After some vague and wrong statements the sitter was told rightly that there were five in his family, not counting father and mother. That he had a sister Fannie—Annie—whose head was hurt; that she had a pain in the top of her head and confusion, coming from a fall while riding. This is true of a sister named Angela. One of his parents, afterwards specified as his mother, was said to have a pain in the foot. This was afterwards localised in the toe, after feeling the sitter's foot all over. "There is a fulness there; something is gone there." The latter statement is true. His father was truly said to have had a positive mind. "Your younger sister has fair hair; she is lively. She is studying; she stands back and puts her hands up (making a gesture). Elocution—you call it acting." This is true; as Mr. K.'s youngest sister is an actress and Mr. K. thought that the "standing back," &c., applied well to his sister's manner in acting. Some rather vague remarks about a picture of her were taken by the sitter to allude to the fact that she had recently been photographed in a wig. The next sister was rightly

said to be more quiet. "What has your mother done to the house? Your father says it is all changed round." This was accepted by the sitter as corresponding to facts. But with this was a very large proportion of wrong or unrecognised statements. The medium was quite unable to tell him of a complaint from which he was suffering, even after a great deal of questioning and help.

70. *Mr. F. W. H. Myers. Fifth sitting. January 24th.*

71. *Mr. F. W. H. Myers. Sixth sitting. January 25th.*

In these sittings some private facts as to deceased friends were given as to which it is practically impossible that Mrs. Piper could have acquired any information.

72. *Mr. E. M. Konstamm. Second sitting. January 25th.*

The greater part of this sitting was taken up with extensions of, and additions to, statements made at the preceding. The sitter was told rightly that his name was Edwin, after several attempts. His surname was given as "Kelliston"; and he was said to have no second Christian name. It should be mentioned that his surname was not known to Mr. Myers, in whose house the sitting took place. He was said to have an aunt in the spirit named "Adda"; he has a deceased aunt named Adele. He was rightly said to have three nephews, sons of his sisters, all boys, two of them brothers. Asked about "Julian," Dr. P. described him correctly, and said that he had mental trouble, of which he gave a true account, including an unusual circumstance. Mr. K. was told that he knew one Allen, a smart fellow, but lame. This the sitter is inclined to refer to Mr. Rider Haggard's "Allan Quatermain," whose adventures he had just been reading. This would evidently be important if it could be verified, but unfortunately the name is not one which can be regarded as anything but a possible means of fishing. It is not characteristic enough to be of any value. There was less which was quite wrong in this sitting than in the preceding.

73. *Mr. H. Babington Smith. January 26th.*

Nothing of significance occurred in this sitting with the exception of a description of Mr. Smith's occupation, where a pretty good account was given of the portfolios in which it is his business to enter reports in the Education Office. This began, however, with the wrong statement, "You have got a number of papers before you with pictures on them—pictures of different colours. They have got to do with your life." Then the description became correct. "Books in connexion with you; some of them open and some folded. Some of them with brown covers and letters on the back. Teaching books, not school books; brownish covers, not fancy books. Different sheets laid on them in different ways. They are large (here the hands were held about one foot apart); about two or three inches thick. There are sheets in them; you write in them. They are not like ordinary books. You are writing lines in them. They look white inside. There are lines running down, figures and names and dates. Figures down below, like book-keeping; not exactly, but on the same lines. Not books you read from, but instruction books—not to teach from, but what you note your interest in." Asked, "Interest on money?" "No; transactions—things

that are going on." This was followed by a quite wrong description of the office itself, and by statements about the sitter's family of which only a few common Christian names were right.

74. *Mrs. Z. First sitting. January 27th.*

75. *Mrs. Z. Second sitting. January 28th.*

Mrs. Z., a lady who was mourning for a near relation, gave so many hints that Mr. Myers, in the course of taking notes, guessed much more of the facts than Phinuit succeeded in giving. Phinuit, as occasionally happened, seemed so obstinately bent upon some erroneous ideas of his own that he would pay no attention to Mrs. Z.'s leading questions.

76. *Professor Alexander, of Rio de Janeiro. January 29th.*

Professor Alexander reports as follows:—

Mrs. Piper being entranced, told me that I had seen many spirits and mortals and many cranks; that I worked hard for truth, had travelled much, &c.; but on mentioning three European countries (France, Germany, and Switzerland) she was right in only one. She declared that I had seen many ups and downs, and that my life had been a sad one; that I seemed to be surrounded with books. The name of my father was correctly given, as well as that of Ellen, which belonged to a cousin of mine, and the presence of a spirit brother was announced (I have lost two brothers). My mother (who has also passed away) was described as an elderly lady, and was said to be with him. Afterwards she reverted to the travelling, and guessed correctly that I had lately undertaken a long sea voyage.

The characteristics presented by Mrs. Piper in her trance and when recovering from it are such as I have seen in other trance mediums. There is no doubt that the trance is a genuine one.

The above guesses are, with the exception of the countries mentioned, all more or less correct. They are, of course, rather vague, but that is natural in a first sitting.

A. ALEXANDER.

For the remaining sittings, from 77 on, which took place at Liverpool, see Professor Lodge's reports, pp. 530-555.

(4) INDEX TO ITEMS IN PARTS I. AND II.

SPECIALLY DIFFICULT TO EXPLAIN BY DIRECT THOUGHT-TRANSFERENCE:
i.e., BY ANY AGENCY EXERTED BY THE SITTER.

BY PROFESSOR LODGE.

Unless the evidence now given be held to constitute a sufficiently strong proof that the performances of this particular "medium" are not explicable by cunning and imposture, it is premature to examine further into their significance. But as soon as it can be unreservedly granted that it is allowable to dismiss this hypothesis then it seems to me that the best plan is to dismiss it thoroughly and waste no more time over it.

From this point of view there remains the hypothesis that the information is derived from the sitter's mind in some way or other: *e.g.*, (*a*) by question and answer; (*b*) by muscular and other semi-occult and unconscious signalling; (*c*) by direct mind-reading, or influence of the sitter's thought, conscious or otherwise, acting on the entranced person as percipient. I do not propose to critically distinguish between these three methods, although the first is very ancient, the second only recently recognised in its full development and power, while the third is only in process of being accepted by scientific men.

A large number of instances can be easily found which are not explicable by either (*a*) or (*b*), and to all those who have hitherto spent any labour over the records it has become clear that either (*c*) or some even less admissible hypothesis is necessary to explain a large portion of the results.

Without assuming that this conviction will commend itself to everybody who may henceforth make a detailed study of the matter, it does seem likely that to the majority it will. And so, until evidence to the contrary is forthcoming, I conclude that it will save time to accept it provisionally and thus to narrow the question which faces us to the following: Is thought-transference from the sitter, of however free and unconscious a kind, a complete and sufficient mode of accounting for the facts? Mr. Leaf definitely takes the position that in his opinion it is sufficient, and, considering the large amount of labour he has spent on the documents, his opinion is entitled to very great weight. For myself, I am not so convinced, but I cordially admit the difficulty of any disproof of his position.

If one met a stranger in a railway-carriage who professed to have returned from the Colonies where he had met one's friends or relations, of whom he showed knowledge in some decided ways, it would not at

first occur to one to doubt his veracity, even though he was a little hazy about the names of relatives, and occasionally mixed things up; nor would you stigmatise him as a deceiver if he occasionally made use of information supplied by yourself in course of conversation. But directly it was suggested that he might be a thought-reader, detailing to you the unconscious contents of your own mind, it would not be easy rigorously to disprove the suggestion, especially if subsequent access to the friends chiefly mentioned were denied you. This is, however, very nearly, the problem before us.

Let it be clearly understood that the first question is whether any reading of the mind of the sitter can be considered sufficiently efficacious. That *some* mind is read I should think most probable; the question is not between mind-reading and something quite distinct; it is between reading the mind of the sitter and reading the mind of someone else. There is yet another kind of mind-reading, if such it can be called, which, though difficult to formulate and contemplate, yet frequently suggests itself, viz., the gaining of knowledge through some hidden community of mind, through the existence of some central world-mind, an idealistic conception not unknown in philosophy; but it is sufficient for the present to indicate this as a possible notion and pass on.

There are three methods of reading the mind of the sitter, labelled above (a), (b), and (c). Methods of extracting information from distant persons are fewer. Correspondence is one; telepathy may, I suppose, be assumed to be another. The only method known to science of extracting information from deceased persons is the discovery of documents.

Now, in respect of correspondence and documents it is comparatively easy to be assured as to the use or non-use of these methods in any particular case. Eliminating them, if anything is obtained inexplicable by the agency of the sitter, it is to telepathy that we must look for a possible explanation. Telepathy from distant persons if that is in any way feasible, telepathy from deceased persons only as a last resort, but telepathy of some kind, as distinct from any conceivable method of extracting information from persons present: that seems to be the alternative hypothesis, to an examination of which we find ourselves forced by an attentive study of the records.

Now, as Mr. Leaf says, only occasionally does the question arise; most facts asserted are, of course, within the knowledge of the sitter, and none of those are of any use for the purpose of discrimination; but every now and then facts, often very trivial but apparently not within the knowledge of the sitter, have been asserted, and have been more or less clearly verified afterwards; and in order to assist a special study of these data, with the view of examining how far they are really valuable, I have made an index to them, which I append.

That the statements are made in a hazy and ill-defined manner is obvious on the surface. We are evidently not in a region of clear and exact knowledge. Events are dimly perceived, and error is mixed with truth, but we must take things as we find them. The question is, are any facts perceived at all, no matter how dimly, which could not possibly have been known to any person present?

Some of the following points are stronger than others, and some are admittedly weak. I at one time indicated against each that particular "explanation" which might with least forcing be conceived to apply to that particular case. In most of such hypothetical explanations "thought-transference from lapsed-memory" was postulated; information derived from some previous sitter was also a possibility not to be ignored. Wherever both of these were obviously inapplicable one had to fall back upon "coincidence" or "chance"; and in several cases not even these would do. I now decide to omit all these gratuitous suggestions; anyone can supply them if he thinks fit, and everyone must decide for himself, after a study of the record, what explanation is the least unlikely and how far any explanation is really adequate.

List of Incidents unknown to, or forgotten by, or unknowable to, persons present.

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(5) PART III.

BY PROFESSOR WILLIAM JAMES.

DEAR MR. MYERS,

You ask for a record of my own experiences with Mrs. Piper, to be incorporated in the account of her to be published in your *Proceedings*. I regret to be unable to furnish you with any direct notes of sittings beyond those which Mr. Hodgson will have already supplied. I admit that in not having taken more notes I was most derelict, and can only cry *peccavi*. The excuse (if it be one) for my negligence was that I wished primarily to satisfy *myself* about Mrs. Piper; and feeling that as evidence for others no notes but stenographic notes would have value, and not being able to get these, I seldom took any. I still think that as far as influencing public opinion goes, the bare fact that So-and-so and So-and-so have been convinced by their personal experience that "there is something in mediumship" is the essential thing. Public opinion follows leaders much more than it follows evidence. Professor Huxley's bare "endorsement" of Mrs. Piper, *e.g.*, would be more effective than volumes of notes by such as I. Practically, however, I ought to have taken them, and the sight of your more scientific methods makes me doubly rue my sins.

Under the circumstances, the only thing I can do is to give you my present state of belief as to Mrs. Piper's powers, with a simple account from memory of the steps which have led me to it.

I made Mrs. Piper's acquaintance in the autumn of 1885. My wife's mother, Mrs. Gibbens, had been told of her by a friend, during the previous summer, and never having seen a medium before, had paid her a visit out of curiosity. She returned with the statement that Mrs. P. had given her a long string of names of members of the family, mostly Christian names, together with facts about the persons mentioned and their relations to each other, the knowledge of which on her part was incomprehensible without supernormal powers. My sister-in-law went the next day, with still better results, as she related them. Amongst other things, the medium had accurately described the circumstances of the writer of a letter which she held against her forehead, after Miss G. had given it to her. The letter was in Italian, and its writer was known to but two persons in this country.

[I may add that on a later occasion my wife and I took another letter from this same person to Mrs. P., who went on to speak of him in a way which identified him unmistakably again. On a third occasion, two years later, my sister-in-law and I being again with Mrs.

P., she reverted in her trance to these letters, and then gave us the writer's name, which she said she had not been able to get on the former occasion.]

But to revert to the beginning. I remember playing the *esprit fort* on that occasion before my feminine relatives, and seeking to explain by simple considerations the marvellous character of the facts which they brought back. This did not, however, prevent me from going myself a few days later, in company with my wife, to get a direct personal impression. The names of none of us up to this meeting had been announced to Mrs. P., and Mrs. J. and I were, of course, careful to make no reference to our relatives who had preceded. The medium, however, when entranced, repeated most of the names of "spirits" whom she had announced on the two former occasions and added others. The names came with difficulty, and were only gradually made perfect. My wife's father's name of Gibbens was announced first as Niblin, then as Giblin. A child Herman (whom we had lost the previous year) had his name spelt out as Herrin. I think that in no case were both Christian and surnames given on this visit. But the *facts predicated* of the persons named made it in many instances impossible not to recognise the particular individuals who were talked about. We took particular pains on this occasion to give the Phinuit control no help over his difficulties and to ask no leading questions. In the light of subsequent experience I believe this not to be the best policy. For it often happens, if you give this trance-personage a name or some small fact for the lack of which he is brought to a standstill, that he will then start off with a copious flow of additional talk, containing in itself an abundance of "tests."

My impression after this first visit was, that Mrs. P. was either possessed of supernormal powers, or knew the members of my wife's family by sight and had by some lucky coincidence become acquainted with such a multitude of their domestic circumstances as to produce the startling impression which she did. My later knowledge of her sittings and personal acquaintance with her has led me absolutely to reject the latter explanation, and to believe that she has supernormal powers.

I visited her a dozen times that winter, sometimes alone, sometimes with my wife, once in company with the Rev. M. J. Savage. I sent a large number of persons to her, wishing to get the results of as many *first* sittings as possible. I made appointments myself for most of these people, whose names were in no instance announced to the medium. In the spring of 1886 I published a brief "Report of the Committee on Mediumistic Phenomena" in the *Proceedings* of the American Society for Psychical Research, of which the following is an extract:—

"I have myself witnessed a dozen of her trances, and have testimony at

first hand from 25 sitters, all but one of whom were virtually introduced to Mrs. P. by myself.¹ Of five of the sittings we have *verbatim* stenographic reports. Twelve of the sitters, who in most cases sat singly, got nothing from the medium but unknown names or trivial talk. Four of these were members of the Society, and of their sittings *verbatim* reports were taken. Fifteen of the sitters were surprised at the communications they received, names and facts being mentioned at the first interview which it seemed improbable should have been known to the medium in a normal way. The probability that she possessed no clue as to the sitter's identity was, I believe, in each and all of these 15 cases, sufficient. But of only one of them is there a stenographic report; so that, unfortunately for the medium, the evidence in her favour is, although more abundant, less exact in quality than some of that which will be counted against her. Of these 15 sitters, five, all ladies, were blood relatives, and two (I myself being one) were men connected by marriage with the family to which they belonged. Two other connections of this family are included in the 12 who got nothing. The medium showed a most startling intimacy with this family's affairs, talking of many matters known to no one outside, and which gossip could not possibly have conveyed to her ears. The details would prove nothing to the reader, unless printed *in extenso*, with full notes by the sitters. It reverts, after all, to personal conviction. My own conviction is not evidence, but it seems fitting to record it. I am persuaded of the medium's honesty, and of the genuineness of her trance; and although at first disposed to think that the 'hits' she made were either lucky coincidences, or the result of knowledge on her part of who the sitter was and of his or her family affairs, I now believe her to be in possession of a power as yet unexplained."

I also made during this winter an attempt to see whether Mrs. Piper's medium-trance had any community of nature with ordinary hypnotic trance. I wrote in the report:—

"My first two attempts to hypnotise her were unsuccessful. Between the second time and the third, I suggested to her 'control' in the medium-trance that he should make her a mesmeric subject for me. He agreed. (A suggestion of this sort made by the operator in one *hypnotic* trance would probably have some effect on the next.) She became partially hypnotised on the third trial; but the effect was so slight that I ascribe it rather to the effect of repetition than to the suggestion made. By the fifth trial she had become a pretty good hypnotic subject, as far as muscular phenomena and automatic imitations of speech and gesture go; but I could not affect her consciousness, or otherwise get her beyond this point. Her condition in this semi-hypnosis is very different from her medium-trance. The latter is characterised by great muscular unrest, even her ears moving vigorously in a way impossible to her in her waking state. But in hypnosis her muscular relaxation and weakness are extreme. She often makes several efforts to speak

¹ I tried then, and have tried since, to get written accounts from these sitters, in most cases in vain. The few written statements which I have got are in Mr. Hodgson's hands, and will doubtless be sent you with the rest of the material which he will submit.

ere her voice becomes audible; and to get a strong contraction of the hand, for example, express manipulation and suggestion must be practised. The automatic imitations I spoke of are in the first instance very weak, and only become strong after repetition. Her pupils contract in the medium-trance. Suggestions to the 'control' that he should make her recollect after the medium-trance what she had been saying were accepted, but had no result. In the hypnotic-trance such a suggestion will often make the patient remember all that has happened.

"No sign of thought-transference—as tested by card and diagram guessing—has been found in her, either in the hypnotic condition just described, or immediately after it; although her 'control' in the medium-trance has said that he would bring them about. So far as tried (only twice), no right guessing of cards in the medium-trance. No clear signs of thought-transference, as tested by the naming of cards, during the waking state. Trials of the 'willing game,' and attempts at automatic writing, gave similarly negative results. So far as the evidence goes, then, her medium-trance seems an isolated feature in her psychology. This would of itself be an important result if it could be established and generalised, but the record is obviously too imperfect for confident conclusions to be drawn from it in any direction."

Here I dropped my inquiries into Mrs. Piper's mediumship for a period of about two years, having satisfied myself that there was a genuine mystery there, but being over-freighted with time-consuming duties, and feeling that any adequate circumnavigation of the phenomena would be too protracted a task for me to aspire just then to undertake. I saw her once, half-accidentally, however, during that interval, and in the spring of 1889 saw her four times again. In the fall of 1889 she paid us a visit of a week at our country house in New Hampshire, and I then learned to know her personally better than ever before, and had confirmed in me the belief that she is an absolutely simple and genuine person. No one, when challenged, can give "evidence" to others for such beliefs as this. Yet we all live by them from day to day, and practically I should be willing now to stake as much money on Mrs. Piper's honesty as on that of anyone I know, and am quite satisfied to leave my reputation for wisdom or folly, so far as human nature is concerned, to stand or fall by this declaration.

As for the explanation of her trance-phenomena, I have none to offer. The *prima facie* theory, which is that of spirit-control, is hard to reconcile with the extreme triviality of most of the communications. What real spirit, at last able to revisit his wife on this earth, but would find something better to say than that she had changed the place of his photograph? And yet that is the sort of remark to which the spirits introduced by the mysterious Phinuit are apt to confine themselves. I must admit, however, that Phinuit has other moods. He has several times, when my wife and myself were sitting together with him, suddenly started off on long lectures to us about our inward defects

and outward shortcomings, which were very earnest, as well as subtle morally and psychologically, and impressive in a high degree. These discourses, though given in Phinuit's own person, were very different in style from his more usual talk, and probably superior to anything that the medium could produce in the same line in her natural state. Phinuit himself, however, bears every appearance of being a fictitious being. His French, so far as he has been able to display it to me, has been limited to a few phrases of salutation, which may easily have had their rise in the medium's "unconscious" memory; he has never been able to understand *my* French; and the crumbs of information which he gives about his earthly career are, as you know, so few, vague, and unlikely sounding, as to suggest the romancing of one whose stock of materials for invention is excessively reduced. He is, however, as he actually shows himself, a definite human individual, with immense tact and patience, and great desire to please and be regarded as infallible. With respect to the rough and slangy style which he so often affects, it should be said that the Spiritualistic tradition here in America is all in favour of the "spirit-control" being a grotesque and somewhat saucy personage. The *Zeitgeist* has always much to do with shaping trance-phenomena, so that a "control" of that temperament is what one would naturally expect. Mr. Hodgson will already have informed you of the similarity between Phinuit's name and that of the "control" of the medium at whose house Mrs. Piper was first entranced. The most remarkable thing about the Phinuit personality seems to me the extraordinary tenacity and minuteness of his memory. The medium has been visited by many hundreds of sitters, half of them, perhaps, being strangers who have come but once. To each Phinuit gives an hourful of disconnected fragments of talk about persons living, dead, or imaginary, and events past, future, or unreal. What normal waking memory could keep this chaotic mass of stuff together? Yet Phinuit does so; for the chances seem to be, that if a sitter should go back after years of interval, the medium, when once entranced, would recall the minutest incidents of the earlier interview, and begin by recapitulating much of what had then been said. So far as I can discover, Mrs. Piper's waking memory is not remarkable, and the whole constitution of her trance-memory is something which I am at a loss to understand. But I will say nothing more of Phinuit, because, aided by our friends in France, you are already systematically seeking to establish or disprove him as a former native of this world.

Phinuit is generally the medium of communication between other spirits and the sitter. But two other *soi-disant* spirits have, in my presence, assumed direct "control" of Mrs. Piper. One purported to be the late Mr. E. The other was an aunt of mine who died last year in New York. I have already sent you the only account I can give of

my earliest experiences with the "E. control." The first messages came through Phinuit, about a year ago, when after two years of non-intercourse with Mrs. Piper, she lunched one day at our house and gave my wife and myself a sitting afterwards. It was bad enough; and I confess that the human being in me was so much stronger than the man of science that I was too disgusted with Phinuit's tiresome twaddle even to note it down. When later the phenomenon developed into pretended direct speech from E. himself I regretted this, for a complete record would have been useful. I can now merely say that neither then, nor at any other time, was there to my mind the slightest inner verisimilitude in the personation. But the failure to produce a more plausible E. speaks directly in favour of the non-participation of the medium's *conscious* mind in the performance. She could so easily have coached herself to be more effective.

Her trance-talk about my own family shows the same innocence. The sceptical theory of her successes is that she keeps a sort of detective bureau open upon the world at large, so that whoever may call is pretty sure to find her prepared with facts about his life. Few things could have been easier, in Boston, than for Mrs. Piper to collect facts about my own father's family for use in my sittings with her. But although my father, my mother, and a deceased brother were repeatedly announced as present, nothing but their bare names ever came out, except a hearty message of thanks from my father that I had "published the book." I *had* published his *Literary Remains*; but when Phinuit was asked "what book?" all he could do was to spell the letters L, I, and say no more. If it be suggested that all this was but a refinement of cunning, for that such skilfully distributed reticences are what bring most credit in to a medium, I must deny the proposition *in toto*. I have seen and heard enough of sittings to be sure that a medium's trump cards are promptitude and completeness in her revelations. It is a mistake in general (however it may occasionally, as now, be cited in her favour) to keep back anything she knows. Phinuit's stumbling, spelling, and otherwise imperfect ways of bringing out his facts is a great drawback with most sitters, and yet it is habitual with him.

The aunt who purported to "take control" directly was a much better personation, having a good deal of the cheery strenuousness of speech of the original. She spoke, by the way, on this occasion, of the condition of health of two members of the family in New York, of which we knew nothing at the time, and which was afterwards corroborated by letter. We have repeatedly heard from Mrs. Piper in trance things of which we were not at the moment aware. If the supernormal element in the phenomenon be thought-transference it is certainly not that of the sitter's *conscious* thought. It is rather the

reservoir of his potential knowledge which is tapped ; and not always *that*, but the knowledge of some distant living person, as in the incident last quoted. It has sometimes even seemed to me that too much intentness on the sitter's part to have Phinuit say a certain thing acts as a hindrance.

Mrs. Blodgett, of Holyoke, Mass., and her sister, devised, before the latter died, what would have been a good test of actual spirit-return. The sister, Miss H. W., wrote upon her deathbed a letter, sealed it, and gave it to Mrs. B. After her death no one living knew what words it contained. Mrs. B. not then knowing Mrs. Piper, entrusted to me the sealed letter, and asked me to give Mrs. Piper some articles of the deceased sister's personal apparel, to help her to get at its contents. This commission I performed. Mrs. P. gave correctly the full name (which even I did not know) of the writer, and finally, after a delay and ceremony which occupied several weeks on Phinuit's part, dictated what purported to be a copy of the letter. This I compared with the original (of which Mrs. B. permitted me to break the seal) ; but the two letters had nothing in common, nor were any of the numerous domestic facts alluded to in the medium's letter acknowledged by Mrs. Blodgett to be correct. Mrs. Piper was equally unsuccessful in two later attempts which she made to reproduce the contents of this document, although both times the revelation purported to come direct from its deceased writer. It would be hard to devise a better test than this would have been, had it immediately succeeded, for the exclusion of thought-transference from living minds.

My mother-in-law, on her return from Europe, spent a morning vainly seeking for her bank-book. Mrs. Piper, on being shortly afterwards asked where this book was, described the place so exactly that it was instantly found. I was told by her that the spirit of a boy named Robert F. was the companion of my lost infant. The F.'s were cousins of my wife living in a distant city. On my return home I mentioned the incident to my wife, saying, "Your cousin did lose a baby, didn't she? but Mrs. Piper was wrong about its sex, name, and age." I then learned that Mrs. Piper had been quite right in all those particulars, and that mine was the wrong impression. But, obviously, for the source of revelations such as these, one need not go behind the sitter's own storehouse of forgotten or unnoticed experiences. Miss X.'s experiments in crystal-gazing prove how strangely these survive. If thought-transference be the clue to be followed in interpreting Mrs. Piper's trance-utterances (and that, as far as my experience goes, is what, far more than any supramundane instillations, the phenomena *seem* on their face to be) we must admit that the "transference" need not be of the conscious or even the unconscious thought of the sitter, but must often be of the thought of some person

far away. Thus, on my mother-in-law's second visit to the medium she was told that one of her daughters was suffering from a severe pain in her back on that day. This altogether unusual occurrence, unknown to the sitter, proved to be true. The announcement to my wife and brother of my aunt's death in New York before we had received the telegram (Mr. Hodgson has, I believe, sent you an account of this) may, on the other hand, have been occasioned by the sitters' conscious apprehension of the event. This particular incident is a "test" of the sort which one readily quotes; but to my mind it was far less convincing than the innumerable small domestic matters of which Mrs. Piper incessantly talked in her sittings with members of my family. With the affairs of my wife's maternal kinsfolk in particular her acquaintance in trance was most intimate. Some of them were dead, some in California, some in the State of Maine. She characterised them all, living as well as deceased, spoke of their relations to each other, of their likes and dislikes, of their as yet unpublished practical plans, and hardly ever made a mistake, though, as usual, there was very little system or continuity in anything that came out. A *normal* person, unacquainted with the family, could not possibly have said as much; one acquainted with it could hardly have avoided saying more.

The most convincing things said about my own immediate household were either very intimate or very trivial. Unfortunately the former things cannot well be published. Of the trivial things, I have forgotten the greater number, but the following, *raree nantes*, may serve as samples of their class: She said that we had lost recently a rug, and I a waistcoat. [She wrongly accused a person of stealing the rug, which was afterwards found in the house.] She told of my killing a grey-and-white cat, with ether, and described how it had "spun round and round" before dying. She told how my New York aunt had written a letter to my wife, warning her against all mediums, and then went off on a most amusing criticism, full of *traits vifs*, of the excellent woman's character. [Of course no one but my wife and I knew the existence of the letter in question.] She was strong on the events in our nursery, and gave striking advice during our first visit to her about the way to deal with certain "tantrums" of our second child, "little Billy-boy," as she called him, reproducing his nursery name. She told how the crib creaked at night, how a certain rocking-chair creaked mysteriously, how my wife had heard footsteps on the stairs, &c., &c. Insignificant as these things sound when read, the accumulation of a large number of them has an irresistible effect. And I repeat again what I said before, that, taking everything that I know of Mrs. P. into account, the result is to make me feel as absolutely certain as I am of any personal fact in the world that she knows things in her trances which she cannot possibly

have heard in her waking state, and that the definitive philosophy of her trances is yet to be found. The limitations of her trance-information, its discontinuity and fitfulness, and its apparent inability to develop beyond a certain point, although they end by rousing one's moral and human impatience with the phenomenon, yet are, from a scientific point of view, amongst its most interesting peculiarities, since where there are limits there are conditions, and the discovery of these is always the beginning of explanation.

This is all that I can tell you of Mrs. Piper. I wish it were more "scientific." But, *valeat quantum!* it is the best I can do.