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REPORT ON MRS. PIPER'S HODGSON-CONTROL.

BY PROFESSOR WILLIAM JAMES.

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## I.

## REPORT ON MRS. PIPER'S HODGSON-CONTROL.

PART I.<sup>1</sup>

BY PROFESSOR WILLIAM JAMES.

RICHARD HODGSON died suddenly upon December 20th, 1905. On December 28th a message purporting to come from him was delivered in a trance of Mrs. Piper's, and she has hardly held a sitting since then without some manifestation of what professed to be Hodgson's spirit taking place. Hodgson had often during his lifetime laughingly said that if he ever passed over and Mrs. Piper was still officiating here below, he would control her better than she had ever yet been controlled in her trances, because he was so thoroughly familiar with the difficulties and conditions on this side. Indeed he was; so that this would seem *prima facie* a particularly happy conjunction of spirit with medium by which to test the question of spirit return.

I have collated 69 of the American sittings (the latest being that of January 1st, 1908) in which the professed R. H. has appeared (his communications forming possibly a sixth of the total bulk of the records), and a few remarks as to my own relation to the phenomenon would seem a good introduction to what follows. I have no space for twice-told tales, so I will assume that my readers are acquainted, to some degree at any rate, with previously printed accounts of Mrs. Piper's

<sup>1</sup>This report was prepared to be read at the General Meeting of the Society, on January 28th, 1909. To make a single document by distributing its material through the larger report would cost much labor, so the two parts are printed separately, but readers will understand that they should be read in conjunction.

mediumship.<sup>1</sup> I had myself had no sitting with Mrs. Piper and had hardly seen her for some nine years, but for most of that time I had been kept informed of what was going on by reading the typed records, furnished me by my friend Hodgson, of all the trances of which report was taken, and for which the sitters had not asked secrecy to be observed. The "Control" most frequently in evidence in these years has been the personage calling himself "Rector." Dr. Hodgson was disposed to admit the claim to reality of Rector and of the whole Emperor-Band of which he is a member, while I have rather favoured the idea of their all being dream-creations of Mrs. Piper, probably having no existence except when she is in trance, but consolidated by repetition into personalities consistent enough to play their several rôles. Such at least is the dramatic impression which my acquaintance with the sittings has left on my mind. I can see no contradiction between Rector's being on the one hand an improvised creature of this sort, and his being on the other hand the extraordinarily impressive personality which he unquestionably is. He has marvellous discernment of the inner states of the sitters whom he addresses, and speaks straight to their troubles as if he knew them all in advance. He addresses you as if he were the most devoted of your friends. He appears like an aged and, when he speaks instead of writing, like a somewhat hollow-voiced clergyman, a little weary of his experience of the world, endlessly patient and sympathetic, and desiring to put all his tenderness and wisdom at your service while you are there. Critical and fastidious sitters have recognized his wisdom, and confess their debt to him as a moral adviser. With all due respect to Mrs. Piper, I feel very sure that her own waking capacity for being a spiritual adviser, if it were compared with Rector's, would fall greatly behind.

As I conceive the matter, it is on this mass of secondary and automatic personality of which of late years Rector has been the centre, and which forms the steady background of

<sup>1</sup>Chief among these are Hodgson's reports in Vols. VIII. and XIII. of the *S.P.R. Proceedings*, Mrs. Sidgwick's discussion in Vol. XV., Hyslop's long account in Vol. XVI., and his briefer one in his book *Science and a Future Life*.

Mrs. Piper's trances, that the supernormal knowledge which she unquestionably displays is flashed. Flashed, grafted, inserted—use what word you will—the trance-automatism is at any rate the intermediating condition, the supernormal knowledge comes as if from beyond, and the automatism uses its own forms in delivering it to the sitter. The most habitual form is to say that it comes from the spirit of a departed friend. The earliest messages from "Hodgson" have been communicated by "Rector," but he soon spoke in his own name, and the only question which I shall consider in this paper is this: *Are there any unmistakable indications in the messages in question that something that we may call the "spirit" of Hodgson was probably really there?* We need not refine yet upon what the word "spirit" means and on what spirits are and can do. We can leave the meaning of the word provisionally very indeterminate,—the vague popular notion of what a spirit is is enough to begin with.

Sources other than R. H.'s surviving spirit for the veridical communications from the Hodgson-control may be enumerated as follows:

- (1) Lucky chance-hits.
- (2) Common gossip.
- (3) Indications unwarily furnished by the sitters.
- (4) Information received from R. H., during his lifetime, by the waking Mrs. P. and stored up, either supraliminally or subliminally, in her memory.
- (5) Information received from the living R. H., or others, at sittings, and kept in Mrs. Piper's trance-memory, but out of reach of her waking consciousness.
- (6) "Telepathy," *i.e.* the tapping of the sitter's mind, or that of some distant living person, in an inexplicable way.
- (7) Access to some cosmic reservoir, where the memory of all mundane facts is stored and grouped around personal centres of association.

Let us call the first five of these explanations "natural," and the last two "supernatural" or "mystical." It is obvious that no mystical explanation ought to be invoked so long as any natural one remains at all plausible. Only after the first five explanations have been made to appear improbable, is it time

for the telepathy-theory and the cosmic-reservoir theory to be compared with the theory of R. H.'s surviving spirit.

The total amount of truthful information communicated by the R. H. control to the various sitters is copious. He reminds them, for the most part, of events—usually unimportant ones—which they and the living R. H. had experienced together. Taking any one of these events singly, it is never possible in principle to exclude explanations number 1 and 4. About number 3, a complete record of the sitting ought generally to decide. Number 2 is often excluded either by the trivial or by the intimate nature of the case. Number 5 would be easily settled if the records of the sittings of the living Hodgson with Mrs. Piper were complete and accessible. They are supposed, for the past ten or twelve years at least, to exist in complete form. But parts of them are in Hodgson's private cipher, and they are now so voluminous that it would be rash to say of any recent message from Hodgson, so long as the matter of it might conceivably have been talked of at any previous trance of Mrs. Piper's, that no record of such talk exists. It might exist without having yet been found.

Add, to these several chances that any communication of fact by the Hodgson-control may have had a natural source, the further consideration that Mrs. Piper had known H. well for many years, and one sees that her subliminal powers of personation would have had an unusually large amount of material to draw upon in case they wished to get up a make-believe spirit of Hodgson. So far, then, from his particular case being an unusually good one by which to test the claim that Mrs. Piper is possessed during her trances by the spirits of our departed friends, it would seem to be a particularly poor one for that purpose. I have come to the conclusion that it is an exceptionally poor one. Hodgson's familiarity when in the flesh with the difficulties at this end of the line has not made him show any more expertness as a spirit than other communicators have shown; and for his successes there are far more naturalistic explanations available than is the case with the other spirits who have professed to control Mrs. Piper.

So much for generalities, and so much for my own personal equation, for which my various hearers will make their sundry kinds of allowance. But before taking up the messages in

detail, a word more about the fourth of the naturalistic explanations which I have instanced (conversations, that is, between Mrs. Piper and Hodgson when alive) is in order. Abstractly, it seems very plausible to suppose that R. H. (who systematically imposed on himself the law of never mentioning the content of any trance in her waking presence) might have methodically adopted a plan of entertaining her on his visits by reciting all the little happenings of his days, and that it is this chronicle of small beer, stored in her memory, that now comes out for service in simulating his spirit-identity.

In the concrete, however, this is not a highly probable hypothesis. Every one who knew Hodgson agrees that he was little given to anecdotal small change, unless the incident were comic or otherwise of an impressive order, and that his *souvenirs* of fact were usually of a broad and synthetic type. He had had a "splendid time" at such a place, with a "glorious" landscape, swim, or hill-climb, but no further detail. Gifted with great powers of reserve by nature, he was professionally schooled to secretiveness; and a decidedly incommunicative habit in the way of personal gossip had become a second nature with him,—especially towards Mrs. Piper. For many years past he had seen her three times weekly (except during the months of her summer vacation) and had had to transcribe the record afterwards. The work was time-consuming, and he found it excessively fatiguing. He had economized energy upon it by adopting for many years past a purely business tone with the medium, entering, starting the trance, and leaving when it was over, with as few unnecessary words as possible. Great *brusquerie* was among the excellent R. H.'s potentialities, and for a while the amount of it displayed towards Mrs. P. led to a state of feeling on her part which a *New York Herald* reporter once took advantage of to exploit publicly. R. H. was remonstrated with, and was more considerate afterwards. It may well be that Mrs. Piper had heard one little incident or another, among those to be discussed in the following report, from his living lips, but that any large mass of these incidents are to be traced to this origin, I find incredible.

The spirit-Hodgson's first manifestation was, as I have said, eight days after his death. There was something dramatically

so like him in the utterances of those earliest days, gradually gathering "strength" as they did, that those who had cognizance of them were much impressed. I will begin by a short account of these earliest appearances, of which the first was at Miss Theodate Pope's sitting on Dec. 28th, 1905. At this sitting Rector had been writing, when the hand dropped the pencil and worked convulsively several seconds in a very excited manner.

MISS P. What is the matter?

[The hand, shaking with apparently great excitement, wrote the letter H, . . . bearing down so hard on the paper that the point of the pencil was broken. It then wrote "Hodgson."]

MISS P. God bless you!

[The hand writes "I am"—followed by rapid scrawls, as if regulator of machine were out of order.]

MISS P. Is this my friend?

[Hand assents by knocking five times on paper-pad.]

(RECTOR.) Peace, friends, he is here, it was he, but he could not remain, he was so choked. He is doing all in his power to return . . . . Better wait for a few moments until he breathes freer again.

MISS P. I will.

(R.) Presently he will be able to conduct all here.

MISS P. That is good news.

(R.) Listen. Everything is for the best. He holds in his hand a ring. . . . He is showing it to you. Cannot you see it, friend?

MISS P. I cannot see it. Have him tell me about it.

(R.) Do you understand what it means?

MISS P. I know he had a very attractive ring.

(R.) Margaret.

"All" was then written, with a "B" after it, and Miss P. asked "what is that?" "A," "B" and "L" followed, but no explanation. [The explanation will be given later.]

The above is the whole of the direct matter from Hodgson at this, the first of the sittings at which he has appeared.

(For the sequel to this ring-episode, see pp. 13-18.)

At Miss Pope's next sitting (five days later), after some talk about him from Rector, R. H. appeared for the second time, and in the character, familiar to him, of being a well-spring of poetical lore. Mrs. Piper's hand cramped most awkwardly, first dropped and then broke the pencil. A new one being given, the hand wrote as follows:

RICHARD HODGSON I AM WELL HAPPY GLAD I CAME GOD BLESS POPE

MISS POPE. Many thanks. [Then the hand wrote:—]

It lies not in her form or face  
 Tho these are passing fair,  
 Nor in the woman's tone of grace,  
 Nor in her falling hair;  
 It lies not in those wondrous eyes  
 that swiftly light and shine,  
 Tho all the stars of all the skies  
 Than these are less divine.

I am only practicing.

MISS P. Who wrote it?

(RECTOR.) Richard only.

MISS P. When?

Now.

MISS P. Doesn't it exist on paper in our world?

No.

MISS P. Did you really make that up?

Yes.

MISS P. Well, you are clever.

If you ever find this in your world, never believe in this world!

MISS P. I shall look for it, you may be sure.

Good! Think I'm asleep? Not much! My head. I must leave you now.

(RECTOR.) It is impossible for us to hold him—that is all.

MISS P. Rector, did he dictate that poem to you? . . . Do you think he made it up?

(RECTOR.) I do positively know he did . . . Farewell!

At the second sitting after this (Jan. 8th, 1906), Miss Pope again being the sitter, R. H. appeared again, writing as follows:

I am Hodgson . . . I heard your call—I know you—you are Miss Pope. Piper instrument. I am happy exceedingly difficult to come very. I understand why Myers came seldom. I must leave. I cannot stay. I cannot remain to-day. . . .

(A tobacco-pouch that had belonged to Hodgson was presently given to the Medium as an "influence," when the writing went on:—)

I am in the witness-box, do you remember?—Do you remember my promise to shake you up?

MISS P. I once asked Geo. P[elham] to "shake me up."

No, I do not mean that.

MISS P. What do you mean?

I said that if I got over here first I would soon learn how to communicate.—I would not make a botch of it.

MISS P. I remember—indeed you did.

I am certainly R. H. I am sure. I have joined dear old G. Pelham, who did so much for me—more than all the rest put together.

[After a few words in Rector's name, a brush that had belonged to Hodgson was put into the medium's hand.]

Remember my theory about objects?

MISS P. What was it?

They carried their own light. I was right.

MISS P. Yes, I remember very well.

I see it now, I was right.

Did you receive my lines to Miss D. [Referring apparently to the verses at the previous sitting.]

MISS P. Good, that is most interesting.

Amen! Miss D—— [This name, correctly given, is that of the cousin of R. H., mentioned as "Q" in previous reports, a name well known to the trance-consciousness. —W. J.]

MISS P. Miss D——?

Yes. Ah, ah, ah, (which written words indicate laughter).

MISS P. What does that mean?—(referring to the "ah, ah").

I am amused at you. Yet? found them?

MISS P. No, I haven't.

It will take the remainder of your earthly life, and then you'll fail.

MISS P. You are just the same as ever.

Not quite as full of energy as I wish, but give me time.

[Rector then comes in, and the sitting closes.]

On Jan. 16th and Jan. 17th, R. H. spoke again to Miss Pope, but without anything evidential in matter—or in manner either, unless the following be counted as dramatically like:—

I shall never assume control here. Imperator shall lead me. In his care I am safe. I was met by him. There will be no moaning at the bar when I pass out to sea—remember it?

[Miss Pope assents.]

On Feb. 5th, R. H. asks again:—

Got any news of my poem?

MISS P. No, I give that up.

I thought you would come to it. I made that up in a moment and composed to Miss D——.

[After some more non-evidential talk, R. H. mentions his living friend, Miss Bancroft, and says:—]

Give my love to her and tell her I hope to speak with her soon.

It seems as if the wondrous land  
 Within her vision lay:  
 I dimly sense the mystic strand  
 Behind the glorious gray.

To Margaret Bancroft. Give her this. She has light.  
 [Correct.—W. J.]

Miss P. Yes. Is this your own?

I just made it for her. . . . Tell her I shall never forget those hills, the water, our talks, and the delightful visit I had with her. [Correct.—W. J.]

Miss P. I think she is coming soon to speak with you here.

Good. I hope so. Will you tell her, give her my message, ask her if she knows anything about my watch being stopped. Do you? I must go out and get a little breath.

[Miss B. writes:—"I think the watch means *my* watch. We had a number of jokes about the frequent stopping of my watch."]

On Jan. 23rd, 1906, Mrs. Wm. James, and W. James, Jr., had a sitting at which R. H. used the medium's voice and gave a very life-like impression of his presence. The record runs as follows:<sup>1</sup>

Why, there's Billy! Is that Mrs. James and Billy? God bless you! Well, well, well, this is good! [Laughs.] I am in the witness-box. [Laughs.] I have found my way, I am here, have patience with me. All is well with me. Don't miss me. Where's William? Give him my love and tell him I shall certainly live to prove all I know. Do you hear me? see me? I am not strong, but have patience with me. I will tell you all. I think I can reach *you*.

<sup>1</sup>In this and in some of my future citations from the records, I have condensed the material by leaving out repetitions and digressions, so that what appears is often straighter and more coherent than what was originally given. I have, however, scrupulously endeavoured to omit nothing that could possibly have determined what was said or its veridicality.—W.J.

Something on my mind. I want Lodge to know everything I have seen Myers. I must rest.

[After an interval he comes in again:—]

Billy, where is Billy? What are you writing, Billy? Are you having any sports? Would you like to take a swim? [R. H.'s chief association with W. J., Jr., had been when fishing or swimming in Chocorua Lake.] Well, come on! Get a good deal of exercise, but don't overdo it! Perhaps I swam too much. [He undoubtedly had done so.]—I learned my lesson, but I'm just where I wanted to be.

Do you remember [Q]? [Q] helped me. Then I saw Mother, Rebecca, and Father. I want very much to converse with Annie. [His sister.] She perfectly understood my efforts and was everything to me. I want her to know that I am living, and I am going on to show what I know to the end of all time. Is Ellen well?—that's my sister. I want G. D. [his brother-in-law] to have my watch. [The Hodgson-family names used here are correct, but were known to the trance-consciousness.—W. J.]

Do you play ball?—tennis? Men will theorize—let them do so! I have found out the truth. I said that if I could get over there I would not make a botch of it. If ever R. H. lived in the body, he is talking now. . . . William [James] is too dogmatic. . . . I want George [Dorr] to extricate all those papers and set those marked "private" aside. This has been on my mind. George is to be trusted absolutely with all sincerity and faith. There are some private records which I should not wish to have handled. Let George [Dorr] and Piddington go through them and return them to the sitters. The cipher! I made that cipher, and no one living can read it. [Correct.] I shall explain it later. Let Harry [James] and George keep them till then. [They had been appointed administrators of his estate, a fact probably known to Mrs. Piper.] This is the best I have been able to do yet. I spoke with Miss Pope, but this is the best. Remember, every communication *must* have the human element. I understand better now why I had so little from Myers. [To W. J., Jr.] What discourages

you about your art? [W. J., Jr., was studying painting.]  
Oh what good times we had, fishing! Believe, Billy,  
wherever you go, whatever you do, there is a God.

So much for Hodgson's first appearances, which were characteristic enough in manner, however incomplete.

Within the space to which this preliminary report is limited one can hardly quote the records *verbatim*, for they are anything but concise. My best plan will be to cull a few of the best veridical communications, and discuss them simply, from the point of view of the alternatives of explanation.

I begin with what I shall call

#### THE RING INCIDENT.

On Hodgson's 50th birthday, a lady whom I will call Mrs. Lyman, an old friend of his, much interested in the Piper work, had given him a rather massive ring to wear. The source of this ring H. had kept to himself, and after his death Mrs. L. asked the administrator of his estate to return it to her. The ring could not be found.

At the sitting of Dec. 28th (R. H.'s first appearance as a spirit), it will be remembered that the control Rector had said to Miss Pope, the sitter, "He holds in his hand a ring—do you understand what it means?"

MISS P. I know he had a very attractive ring.

RECTOR (writing) Margaret. a ll B, L.

On Jan. 16th, Miss Pope being again the sitter, the R. H.-control suddenly wrote:

Give ring to Margaret back to Margaret. [Mrs. Lyman's name is not Margaret.]

MISS P. Who is Margaret?

I was with her in summer.

MISS P. All right, but the ring has not been found yet. Can you find out where it is?

The undertaker got it.

MISS P. Oh, all right.

I know. Help me.

MISS P. I shall look it up.

It was with me.

MISS P. Yes, I heard so.

It was, it was.

MISS P. I will attend to it.

Thank you.

On January 24th, Mrs. Lyman herself had her first sitting. As soon as Hodgson appeared he wrote:

The ring. You gave it me on my fiftieth birthday. When they asked I didn't want to say you gave it me, I didn't want to say that. . . . Two palm-leaves joining each other—Greek. [Here followed an illegible word. The palms truly described the ring, which Mrs. Piper probably had seen; but it bore no Greek inscription, nor was the symbol on it a Greek cross.] You gave it me—

MRS. L. Yes, Dick, where is it now?

They have got it. They took it off my finger after I was gone.

MRS. L. No, they didn't find it on your finger.

Pocket, it was in my pocket, I'll find it you shall have it.

On January 29th, Mrs. L. had another sitting. The Hodgson-control wrote:

I have been trying to make clear about that ring. It is on my mind all the time. I thought if I could get Margaret B. to get it for me, I would get it to you through her, then no one would understand. I could not tell Miss Pope about you.

MRS. L. Did you think Margaret B. gave it to you?

Oh dear no! not at all.

MRS. L. Then why did you speak of her?

I could trust her absolutely, and no one could understand. She would never betray it. You gave it to me on my 50th birthday. Palms and R. H. [Then a possible attempt to draw a symbol engraved on the ring.] No one living knows this but myself and yourself.

MRS. L. That is true, but what was the motto in the ring?

All will be clear to me in time. Do not ask me test questions now. . . . I wish the ring now to go back to yourself. I thought Margaret would understand and be glad to do it for me. I could not tell Miss Pope about you.

On March 5th R. H. again inquires of Mrs. Lyman about the ring. She then asks him: "Did you have it on that last day when you went to the boat-club?" [R. H. died while playing a game of hand-ball at the boat-club.]

I certainly had it on that day.

MRS. L. You told Miss P. the undertaker got it.

Thought he did and I am sure a man took it from my finger.

[After a few more words R. H. continues:]

I had that ring on my finger when I started for the club, I recall putting in my pocket. I did so because it hurt my finger when playing ball. I am not dreaming, I am clear. When I get here first I am a little stuffy, but I am as clear now as I ever was, I put it in my waistcoat pocket.

MRS. L. Why do you think a man stole it?

I saw it on a finger. . . . I put in my pocket, and the one who took care of my clothes is responsible for it. . . . What did they do with my waistcoat?

On May 16th, on being told that the ring is not yet found, the R. H. control writes:

I saw it taken by a man from my locker. He was in charge at the time and he has my ring. . . . I shall be able to

discover his name so you may be able to find it. I see where he goes and the house where he lives, plainly. . . . Five story brick house not far from the club and he is on the third story from the street, near the corner of the street, the room is in the rear of the building and I see his face clearly [a description of the man follows]. I see the ring on his finger clearly. The waistcoat was in his room when I entered the light a few moments ago. I am as sure of this as I am that you are Mrs. Lyman.

In point of fact the ring was found a couple of months later in the pocket of Hodgson's waistcoat, which had been too carelessly explored for it, and which had lain during all the interval in a room at the house of Mr. Dorr, with whom the Hodgson-control had all the time been having frequent communications.

The whole incident lends itself easily to a naturalistic interpretation. Mrs. Piper or her trance-consciousness may possibly have suspected the source of the ring. Mrs. Lyman's manner may have confirmed the suspicion. The manner in which the first misleading reference to "Margaret" was afterwards explained away may well have been the cunning of a "control" trying plausibly to cover his tracks and justify his professed identity. The description of the house and of the man to whom he ascribes its present possession sounds like vague groping, characteristic also of control-cunning. The description was but little like that of Mr. Dorr, whose house, moreover, is neither very near a corner nor very near a club.

On the other hand, if the hypothesis be seriously entertained that Hodgson's spirit was there in a confused state, using the permanent Piper automatic machinery to communicate through, the whole record is not only plausible but natural. It presents just that mixture of truth and groping which we ought to expect. Hodgson has the ring "on his mind" just as Mrs. Lyman has. Like her, he wishes its source not to be bruited abroad. He describes it accurately enough, truly tells of his taking it to the fatal boat-club, and of putting into his waistcoat-pocket there, of the waistcoat being taken from the locker, and vaguely, but not quite erroneously, indicates its present position.

Mrs. Lyman's own impression of the incident is as follows:

"No living person beside myself knew who had given him the ring, and I am quite sure that the living R. H. would have been as desirous as I to keep all mention of me out of the trance-record. Had he had entire control he would never have mentioned the ring until I had come to a sitting, but in his half-dreamy state something slipped out to Miss Pope, the sitter, aided telepathically perhaps by her knowledge that he had lately worn an unusual-looking ring which she knew was missing after his death. I am sure that Miss Pope thought the ring would be a good "test," so that although she was not the first to speak of it, it must certainly have been in her mind. It is characteristic of R. H. that even in his half-conscious state he is able to keep his own counsel so well. The word Margaret and the letters B and L which followed the mention of the ring at the very first sitting seem to refer to Miss Margaret Bancroft and myself. He knew that Miss Bancroft had "light," and he seems to feel that if he can only reach her she will understand what he wants. He was well aware of my own morbid dislike of having my affairs mentioned at the trance outside of my own sittings. You know that curious trait of suspicion in Hodgson's absolutely honest nature—trained in him professionally. When Miss Pope tells him the ring cannot be found, he at once thinks: "there was my body, and my clothes, etc., I believe the undertaker took it." Then I myself, Mrs. Lyman, come and again tell him the ring can't be found. His earthly memories presently become clear and he tells me exactly what he did with it before his death. But his suspicious side has been aroused—you know how anything once registered on the trance-machinery seems to make an impression and tends to recur—and again he thinks that some one took it. Nothing could be more characteristic of H. than his indignant remark about the man who had charge of his clothes being *responsible*. It all seems to me the kind of unpractical thing that a man would do in a dream. There are strong characteristics of R. H. in it, but it is R. H. dreaming and troubled. I am glad I haven't to make myself intelligible to a stranger to the persons involved; but knowing them as I do, I feel my own way straight through the maze, and the explanation is clear."

This incident of the ring seems to me a typical example of the ambiguity of possible interpretation that so constantly haunts us in the Piper-phenomenon. If you are willing

beforehand to allow that a half-awakened spirit may come and mix its imperfect memories with the habits of the trance-automatism, and you apperceive the message sympathetically, what you get is entirely congenial with your hypothesis. But if you insist that nothing but knock-down evidence for the spirits shall be counted, then, since what comes is also compatible with natural causes, your hardness of heart remains unbroken, and you continue to explain things by automatic personation and accidental coincidence, with perhaps a dash of thought-transference thrown in. People will interpret this ring-episode harmoniously with their prepossessions. Taken by itself its evidential value is weak; but experience shows, I think, that a large number of incidents, hardly stronger than this one, will almost always produce a cumulative effect on the mind of a sitter whose affairs they implicate, and dispose him to the spiritistic view. It grows first possible, then plausible, then natural, and finally probable in a high degree.

The next incident I will cite is one which at a certain moment gave me a little thrill, as if I might be really talking with my old friend. (I have to make the personal confession that this reality-coefficient, as Professor Baldwin calls it, has generally been absent from my mind when dealing with the Piper-controls or reading reports of their communications.) I will call the episode "the nigger-talk case."

#### THE NIGGER-TALK CASE.

On February 27th, 1906, at a sitting with Professor Hyslop, the following dialogue took place:

R. H. I wonder if you recall what I said I would do if I should return first?

HYSLOP. I do not remember exactly.

Remember that I told Myers that we would talk nigger-talk—Myers—talk nigger-talk?

HYSLOP. No, you must have told that to some one else.

Ah yes, James. I remember it was James, yes, Will James. He will understand.

Mr. Hyslop immediately wrote to me—I being in California—enclosing the record and soliciting corroboration. I had

to reply that the words awakened absolutely no echo in my memory. Three months later I returned to Cambridge, and began to study records of sittings held during my absence. I met this incident again, and again it failed to stir my memory. But the very next day, in a conversation with Messrs. Dorr and Piddington, while I was recalling certain discussions that I had formerly had with Hodgson about the amenability to suggestion of the Piper-controls, it suddenly flashed across me that these were probably what the words to Hyslop had meant. I had namely said to Hodgson, more than once, that a little tactful steering on his part would probably change the sacerdotal verbiage of the Imperator-group so completely that he would soon find them "talking like nigger-minstrels." For a moment I felt sure that this expression of mine, buried so deep in my own mind that it required a peculiar chain of associations to revive it, was what was dimly working in the memory of a surviving Hodgson, and trying to extricate itself. It was so incredible that R. H. would ever have repeated such a remark to either the waking Mrs. Piper or to her controls, that it seemed a good test of his survival. I regret to say, however, that the subsequent developments of the incident have deprived it in my eyes of all test-value. Not only did the Hodgson-control, when questioned by me subsequently, fail to recall anything like that discussion of the control's suggestibility which was the setting in which my memory had put the phrase, but Mr. Piddington has found in the Piper-records evidence that Hodgson had used the words "nigger-talk" in speaking to the Myers-control, so that this expression must be considered as part of the stock of Mrs. Piper's trance-vocabulary.<sup>1</sup> Such an incident shows how wary one must be in one's interpretations. A really expert critic of the Piper-trances ought to be familiar with the entire mass of material previous to any utterance under consideration. Hodgson was extraordinarily expert in this sense, and one of the weirdest feelings I have had, in dealing with the business lately, has been to find the wish so frequently surging up in

<sup>1</sup> "Feb. 4th, 1902. Dr. Hodgson (spontaneously to Myers-control) Do you remember about your laughing with me once and your saying that doubtless you would some time be coming back and talking nigger-talk?" A reference to the same incident is also made in the sitting of Feb. 13th, 1901.

me that he were alive beside me to give critical counsel as to how best to treat certain of the communications of his own professed spirit.

#### THE HULDAH-EPISODE.

During the voice-sitting of May 2nd, 1905, Mr. Piddington being present, the R. H. control said:

Pid, I want very much to give you my private letters concerning a Miss—a Miss—in Chicago [pseudonym]. I do not wish any one to read them.

J. G. P. How shall I know?

Look at my letters stamped from Chicago. I wouldn't have them get out for the world.

The name "Densmore" [pseudonym] was then written. Mr. Piddington asked whether the letters would be signed by the surname or the Christian name. The name "Huldah" was then given as that by which the letters would be signed.

On May 14th Piddington reported to the R. H. control that no such letters could be found, and asked for further information—"Can you tell me at what time this lady wrote letters to you? Was it lately?"

No, several years previously. I should be much distressed if they fell into other hands. No one living except the lady and myself knows of the correspondence.

J. G. P. If I cannot find those letters, should you feel any objection to my writing to the lady to ask if there has been such a correspondence?

Yes, I would rather you would do so.

Later (May 29th) Piddington reports unsuccessful search again, and Mr. Dorr, who also is present, asks whether "Huldah" is one of a family of Densmores known to him. "Is she a sister of Mary, Jenny, and Ella [pseudonyms]?"

Ella is the one. Huldah we used to call her.

[This was emphatically spoken. Then followed a statement (not caught in Mr. Dorr's notes) that the lady's full name was Ella Huldah Densmore.]

No one living could have known it. I hope I have destroyed them—I may have done so and forgotten it. There was a time when I greatly cared for her, and I did not wish it known in the ears of others. I think she can corroborate this. I am getting hazy. I must leave.

On June 5th, Mrs. William James and Mr. Dorr being present, D. asked: "Can you tell us anything more about Huldah Densmore? You said the other day that she was the same person as Ella? Were you clear in saying that?"

Did I say that? That was a mistake. She is a sister. Is one of the three sisters, but not Ella. [She was Ella.] I know what I am talking about. I saw Huldah in Chicago. I was very fond of her. I proposed marriage to her, but she refused me.

The statement about proposing marriage was not divulged to me by my wife, until I had already heard from the lady called Ella Densmore in this narrative, who was then in a foreign country, and to whom I had written to ascertain whether she and Hodgson had ever corresponded, or whether she or any one in her family was christened Huldah. Both Mr. Dorr and I knew her, but I was ignorant that she and Hodgson were acquainted. Great was my surprise when she wrote as follows:

Regarding the utterances of Mrs. Piper, I have no difficulty in telling you the circumstances on which she may have founded her communications. Years ago Mr. H. asked me to marry him, and some letters were exchanged between us which he may have kept. I do not remember how I signed the letters to him. I have sometimes used my middle name, Hannah, instead of Ella. [She knew of no "Huldah" in her family.]

In spite of the confusion that pervades Hodgson's veracious utterances here, it seems improbable that they should merely have been lucky flukes. Two naturalistic explanations offer themselves immediately.

(1) He might have made Mrs. Piper his confidant at the time; but no one who knows Hodgson will regard this explanation for a moment as credible.

(2) Nothing spreads as fast as rumors of this sort; so that if there had been a gossipy rumor, it might very well have spread to Mrs. Piper's ears, although it had skipped over Mr. Dorr's and mine. I accordingly inquired of a dozen of R. H.'s most intimate friends, saying: "Suppose I were to tell you that Hodgson had been in love not long ago, and had offered himself to a certain lady—would any particular person's name arise in your mind in consequence of such a suggestion?" Not a single one of these friends thought of the name of Miss Densmore, although three of them suggested other names very wide of the mark. Evidently no gossip had got into circulation, and R. H. had covered his tracks well. He was indeed the most singular mixture of expansiveness and reticence I have ever known; and the reticence had been increased professionally, as I may say, through his long training in having to guard the private affairs of sitters, and to watch himself with Mrs. Piper. I was Hodgson's earliest American friend, and until his death always imagined myself to enjoy an almost perfect intimacy with him. Since his death I have nevertheless found that whole departments of his life were unknown to me. In this "Huldah" matter in particular, not only was I unaware that he and she were acquainted, but if any one had described him to me as being in love with her, I should have scouted the story as inherently improbable, from the character of the two parties.

Nevertheless the story was true, barring the false name Huldah and a certain vacillation about the real Christian name. The sister of the so-called "Huldah" has told me, moreover, that besides herself, she thought that no living person knew from her sister's lips of R. H.'s state of mind. As Hodgson himself had apparently told no one, the incident seemed an excellent one to count in favor of spirit-return, unless, indeed, it should turn out that while it was happening, he had been led to consult the Piper-controls about it himself, and to use "Huldah's" name as a test of their telepathic or clairvoyant powers. But that even then he could have given them the real name seems unlikely, in view of his habitual methods. The records taken to England have not yet been looked over from this point of view, and no one knows just what they may contain, but fortunately one of the sittings with Mrs.

Piper after Hodgson's decease throws decisive light upon the matter. Hodgson *did* consult the Imperator group at the time of his disappointment, and the reasonable conclusion is that the revelation which so surprised Mr. Dorr and myself was thus a product of Mrs. Piper's trance-memory of previous conversations with the living Hodgson.

The sitting to which I allude was held on January 27th, 1906, by Prof. Newbold. In the course of it the Hodgson-control suddenly says:

Let me ask if you remember anything about a lady in [Chicago] to whom I referred.

W. R. N. Oh Dick, I begin to remember. About eight or nine years ago, was it, Dick?

Yes.

[*Note by W. R. N.*—Such a lady was frequently mentioned at sittings in 1895, and H. was told he would marry her. I was present when these statements were made, if my memory serves me.]

W. R. N. Tell me more, so *I* won't tell *you*!

And my position regarding her.

W. R. N. I wasn't sure it was in [Chicago].

Do you remember . . . . Densmore?

W. R. N. Was it *Jessie* Densmore?

Yes, Good.

[Mr. Dorr, who was present, here interjects:]

“Do you mean the name was *Jessie* Densmore, Hodgson?”

No, no, no, no. [Jessie was the first name of R. H.'s Australian cousin, “Q”.—W. J.]

W. R. N. Dick, you told me years ago about a lady you were interested in, but I have forgotten her name and where she lived.

She lived in [Chicago].

W. R. N. Dick, it comes back to me as a cloud.

She was a Miss Densmore; I loved her dearly.

W. R. N. You used to tell me about her years ago.

Yes, and she afterwards married. Yes, I told you, and you are the only man I ever told. [Correct, apparently, save for the possibility of his having told Myers. See below.]

W. R. N. I'm not sure you told me her name.

Yes, I did.

W. R. N. The name is the least likely thing for me to remember . . . . . What is the married name of Miss Densmore?

Heaven knows! It has gone from me and I shall soon go myself.

So much for Dr. Newbold's evidence. He has sent me a letter written to him by Hodgson in 1895, from which it would appear that the Piper controls had prophesied that both he and Newbold would ere long be made matrimonially happy, but that whereas the prophecy was being verified in N.'s case, it had been falsified in his own, he having that day received formal announcement of the marriage of Miss Densmore to another. The only other material which I shall quote is the following dialog, at a sitting of my own, October 24th, 1906. Inquiring about "Huldah," I ask:

W. J. Did you make any one your confidant?

No, though I may possibly have given a hint of it to Newbold.

W. J. Did you tell anybody on the other side of the water?

I may possibly have hinted it to Lodge.

W. J. Her sister tells me she thinks you may have told Myers when he was alive.

I think not: I may have hinted it to Myers.

W. J. She denies any knowledge of the name Huldah.

I used that name instead of the right christian name [he here gives the latter correctly] to avoid compromising—it was a very delicate matter, and caused me great disappointment. Have you communicated it to her?

W. J. Yes, and she corroborates. . . .

[R. H. displays no further curiosity,—a living person would probably have asked whether the lady had said nothing about him, etc.]

Do you remember a lady-doctor in New York? a member of our Society?

W. J. No, but what about her?

Her husband's name was Blair, . . . I think.

W. J. Do you mean Mrs. Dr. Blair Thaw?

Oh yes. Ask Mrs. Thaw if I did not at a dinner party mention something about the lady. I may have done so.

[Mrs. Thaw writes in comment upon this:—"Fifteen years ago, when R. H. was visiting us after his operation for appendicitis he told me that he had just proposed to a young lady and been refused. He gave no name."—Mrs. Thaw is the only living person beside Newbold to whom I can certainly find that he ever spoke of this episode, and the clue to Mrs. Thaw comes from the control! W. J.]

W. J. Do you remember the name of Huldah's present husband?

[To which R. H. replies by giving his country and title correctly, but fails to give his name.]

The entire incident shows the importance of completeness in the records. Without Professor Newbold's sitting we should have no present assurance that the trance-memory might have furnished the facts which seemed at the first blush to suggest so strongly the return of a "spirit" in a state of confused memory. *Compatible* with the return of such a spirit the facts indeed are. The possibility of the more naturalistic explanation doesn't make the supernatural one impossible; and if spirit-return were already made probable by other evidence, this might well be taken as a case of it too. But what I am sifting these records for is *independent* evidence of such return; and so long as the record in this instance lends itself so plausibly to a naturalistic explanation, I think we must refuse to interpret it in the spiritistic way.

A couple of smaller veridical incidents which have seemed to the sitters to make rather strongly for spirit-return are connected with R. H.'s financial history. I shall call them,—

#### THE PECUNIARY MESSAGES.

The American Branch had never fully paid its expenses; and although the Secretary's salary had always been very small, Hodgson had, after the first years, been reluctant to have any part of it charged to the mother-country. The result had occasionally been pecuniary embarrassment on his part. During his last visit to England, shortly after Myers's death, this embarrassment had been extreme; but an American friend, divining it in the nick of time, rescued him by an impulsive and wholly unexpected remittance. To this remittance he replied by a letter which contained some banter and, among other things, cited the story of a starving couple who were overheard by an atheist who was passing the house, to pray aloud to God for food. The atheist climbed the roof and dropped some bread down the chimney, and heard them thank God for the miracle. He then went to the door and revealed himself as its author. The old woman replied to him: "Well, the Lord sent it, even if the devil brought it."

At this friend's sitting of Jan. 30th, R. H. suddenly says:

Do you remember a story I told you and how you laughed, about the man and woman praying.

SITTER: Oh, and the devil was in it. Of course I do.

Yes, the devil, they told him it was the Lord who sent it if the devil brought it. . . . About the food that was given to them. . . . I want you to know who is speaking.

The sitter feels quite certain that no one but himself knew of the correspondence, and regards the incident as a good test of R. H.'s continued presence. Others will either favor this interpretation of it, or explain it by reading of the sitter's mind, or treat it as a chance coincidence, according to their several prepossessions. I myself feel morally certain that the waking Mrs. Piper was ignorant of the incident and

of the correspondence. Hodgson was as likely to have informed *me*, as any one, of the affair. He had given me at the time a vivid account of the trouble he had been in, but no hint of the quarter from which relief had come.

Of the other pecuniary message no written record exists, but the sitter has acquainted me with the incident, which ran as follows:

To assure Hodgson a salary, Mr. Dorr had acquainted a certain wealthy friend (who believed in the cause and in the value of the Secretary's work) with the situation of the Branch, and with R. H.'s reasons for not wishing to be indebted to the parent Society. This friend had agreed to pay into the Branch-treasury the amount of deficit in the yearly salary-account, provided the operation should remain anonymous, and Hodgson should ask no questions. Hodgson agreed to this. But upon the first sitting which this friend had after his death, the "spirit" of R. H. immediately referred to the matter and thanked the sitter warmly for the support given. The donor is of opinion, as I am also, that Hodgson may have suspected the source of the aid while receiving it, and that his "spirit" may therefore naturally have thanked the right person. That Mrs. Piper's waking consciousness should have been acquainted with any part of the transaction is incredible. The donor's name had been kept from me, who was Vice-President of the Society, and had yearly to know the accounts. I had known that the deficit in Hodgson's pay was made up by anonymous American believers in his work, but had supposed that there were several of them. I cannot well understand how Mrs. Piper should have got wind of any part of the financial situation, although her controls may have got wind of it in trance from those who were in the secret.

Few persons will ascribe the affair to chance-coincidence, but with both thought-transference and trance-memory as possible explanations, the incident cannot be deemed to furnish proof of Hodgson's personal survival.

In a later report I shall quote sittings at greater length and discuss briefly some of the control's peculiarities. The

conclusions I shall then draw will probably not be different from those which I now draw as follows:

(1) The case is an exceptionally bad one for testing spirit-return, owing to the unusual scope it gives to naturalistic explanations.

(2) The phenomena it presents furnish no knock-down proof of the return of Hodgson's spirit.

(3) They are well compatible, however, with such return, provided we assume that the Piper-organism not only transmits with great difficulty the influences it receives from beyond the curtain, but mixes its own automatic tendencies most disturbingly therewith. Hodgson himself used to compare the conditions of spirit-communication to those of two distant persons on this earth who should carry on their social intercourse by employing each of them a dead-drunk messenger.

(4) Although this Hodgson-case, taken by itself, yields thus only a negative, or at the best a baffling conclusion, we have no scientific right to take it by itself, as I have done. It belongs with the whole residual mass of Piper-phenomena, and they belong with the whole mass of cognate phenomena elsewhere found. False personation is a ubiquitous feature in this total mass. It certainly exists in the Piper-case; and the great question there is as to its limits. If, when lavish allowance has been made for this strange tendency in our subliminal life, there should still appear a balance of probability (which in this case can only mean a balance of simplicity) in the view that certain parts of the Piper-communications really emanate from personal centres of memory and will, connected with lives that have passed away; if, I say, this balance of probability should appear decisively anywhere in the mass, then the rest of the mass will have to be interpreted as at least possibly similarly caused. I admire greatly Hodgson's own discussion of the Piper-case in Volume XIII. of our *Proceedings*, especially in sections 5 and 6, where, taking the whole mass of communication into careful account, he decides for this spiritist interpretation. I know of no more masterly handling anywhere of so unwieldy a mass of material; and in the light of his general conclusions there, I am quite ready to admit that my own denials in this present paper may be the result of the narrowness of

my material, and that possibly R. H.'s spirit has been speaking all the time, only my ears have been deaf. It is true that I still believe the "Imperator-band" to be fictitious entities, while Hodgson ended by accepting them as real; but as to the general probability of there being real communicators somewhere in the mass I cannot be deaf to Hodgson's able discussion, or fail to feel the authority which his enormous experience gave to his opinion in this particular field.

(5) I therefore repeat that if ever our growing familiarity with these phenomena should tend more and more to corroborate the hypothesis that "spirits" play some part in their production, I shall be quite ready to undeafen my ears, and to revoke the negative conclusions of this limited report. The facts are evidently complicated in the extreme, and we have as yet hardly scratched the surface of them. But methodical exploration has at last seriously begun, and these earlier observations of ours will surely be interpreted one day in the light of future discoveries which it may well take a century to make. I consequently disbelieve in being too "rigorous" with our criticism of anything now in hand, or in our squeezing so evidently vague a material too hard in our technical forceps, at the present stage. What we need is more and more observations. Quantity will probably have to supplement quality in the material. When we have the facts in sufficient number, we may be sure that they will cast plenty of explanatory backward light. We can therefore well afford to play a waiting game.

PART II.<sup>1</sup>

"Believe me, I am not rubbish."—THE HODGSON-CONTROL.

RICHARD HODGSON had always seemed and felt so robust that the possibility of his death had been thought of by no one, and no provision against it had been made. He had worked the American Branch of our Society practically alone, for many years, and although Prof. Hyslop and I were vice-presidents, we had no minute acquaintance with details at the office, where Miss Lucy Edmunds, the assistant secretary, was now left in charge alone.

What was to be done about the Branch? what was to be done with its mass of records? what with Hodgson's private property?—these were so many problems requiring immediate solution. Last, not least, there was the problem of Mrs. Piper's future.

The question of R. H.'s property was easily answered by the legal appointment of Messrs. Dorr and H. James, Jr., to be administrators of his personal estate, he having left no will. The great mass of Members and Associates of the Branch being inert and indifferent, the handling of the other questions fell to a small group of more acutely interested persons, of whom Dr. Hyslop and I were the only ones with official authority.

Absent in California for about five months, I found on my return that certain differences of opinions had been developing at home.

Prof. Hyslop, who had expended so much labor already on the Piper material, wished, if possible, to secure the records for the new American Society which he was founding. Others, whose sittings had been of a peculiarly intimate nature, claimed that the records of those sittings were their private

<sup>1</sup>Part I. of this report was written to be read at the S.P.R. meeting in London, January 28th, 1909. I must assume in what follows that my readers are already acquainted with the contents of Part I.

property. In some quarters an objection was felt to such a mass of American material going to England. One person protested rather vehemently against the prominent part played by a certain other person in the deliberations. There being no one officially empowered to succeed Hodgson in taking charge of Mrs. Piper's sittings, differences of opinion regarding her future relations to the S.P.R. had arisen.

There was, in short, a state of strain which I have to mention here, for the trance-utterances of that period refer to it, and its peculiarities must be taken account of in estimating their significance.

In the end, however, since we all had fair minds and good-will, and were united in our common love for Hodgson, everything got settled harmoniously. Mr. Piddington was sent for to represent the English Society; it was decided to extinguish the American Branch, and to carry the Piper-reports to England, practically complete, while Hyslop's Society should take possession of the other records; workable arrangements were found for Mrs. Piper; the situation, in short, smoothed itself out, leaving nothing but a new system of friendships among persons who before Hodgson's death had for the most part been unacquainted with one another.

The records of the Piper trance show that during all this period the "controls" had cognizance of the main factors of perplexity. There were, however, so many sources of leakage at this epoch that no part of this cognizance can be counted as evidence of supernormal knowledge. Whether in or out of trance, the Medium may well have come into possession of what was essential in the facts, and the gaps could be filled by her imagination, either waking or somnambulistic. The result, however, was that those who held sittings at this time had a lively feeling that the control-personality they talked with, whether Rector or Hodgson, was an intelligence which understood the whole situation. It talked appropriately with Dorr about certain records not being made public; with Henry James, Jr., about the disposition of R. H.'s books and other property; with Piddington and Dorr about Hyslop's desires and how best to meet them; with Hyslop about his responsibilities and about mediums in whom he and Hodgson had recently been interested; with Dorr, James, Piddington, and

Mrs. Lyman about whom to induce to manage the sittings; with more than one of us about a certain person who was unduly interfering, etc., etc.; the total outcome being that each sitter felt that his or her problems were discriminatingly perceived by the mind that animated the sleeping medium's organism.

More than this—most of us felt during the sittings that we were in some way, more or less remote, conversing with a real Rector or a real Hodgson. And this leads me to make a general remark about the difference between reading the record of a Piper-sitting and playing an active part in the conversation recorded.

One who takes part in a good sitting has usually a far livelier sense, both of the reality and of the importance of the communication, than one who merely reads the record. Active relations with a thing are required to bring the reality of it home to us, and in a trance-talk the sitter actively co-operates. When you find your questions answered and your allusions understood; when allusions are made that you think you understand, and your thoughts are met by anticipation, denial, or corroboration; when you have approved, applauded, or exchanged banter, or thankfully listened to advice that you believe in; it is difficult not to take away an impression of having encountered something sincere in the way of a social phenomenon. The whole talk gets warmed with your own warmth, and takes on the reality of your own part in it; its confusions and defects you charge to the imperfect conditions, while you credit the successes to the genuineness of the communicating spirit. Most of us also, when sitters, react more, prick our ears more, to the successful parts of the communication. These consequently loom more in our memory, and give the key to our dramatic interpretation of the phenomenon. But a sitting that thus seemed important at the time may greatly shrink in value on a cold re-reading; and if read by a non-participant, it may seem thin and almost insignificant.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> A striking example of this was furnished me lately by a manuscript which a friend sent me. She had been one of Mrs. Piper's most assiduous clients. Her conversations with a certain spirit-control had been copious, fluent and veridical, and to herself so comforting and elevating, that she had epitomized

Somewhat similar fluctuations are noticed in the reality-feeling which the records may awaken at different times in one and the same reader. When I first undertook to collate this series of sittings and make the present report, I supposed that my verdict would be determined by pure logic. Certain minute incidents, I thought, ought to make for spirit-return or against it in a "crucial" way. But watching my mind work as it goes over the data, convinces me that exact logic plays only a preparatory part in shaping our conclusions here; and that the decisive vote, if there be one, has to be cast by what I may call one's general sense of dramatic probability, which sense ebbs and flows from one hypothesis to another—it does so in the present writer at least—in a rather illogical manner. If one sticks to the detail, one may draw an anti-spiritist conclusion; if one thinks more of what the whole mass may signify, one may well incline to spiritist interpretations.

This was the shape in which I myself left the matter in my recent preliminary report. I said that spirit-return was not proved by the Hodgson-control material, taken by itself, but that this adverse conclusion might possibly be reversed if the limited material were read in the light of the total mass of cognate phenomena. To say this is to say that the proof still baffles one. It still baffles me, I have to confess; but whether my subjective insufficiency or the objective insufficiency (as yet) of our evidence be most to blame for this, must be decided by others.

The common-sense rule of presumption in scientific logic is never to assume an unknown agent where there is a known one, and never to choose a rarer cause for a phenomenon when a commoner one will account for it. The usual is always more

them in this manuscript which, she thought, ought to be published. Strictly evidential matter was ruled out from it as too minute or private, and what remained was ethical and human matter only. Never having known the communicator, and reading passively and critically, I felt bound to dissuade from publication. I could not believe that readers would find in the communications a twentieth part of the importance which their receiver had found in them. The vital heat was absent, and what remained was ashes. I may well have been wrong in this opinion, but the incident brought vividly home to my own mind the contrast between the inside view of the sitter, and the outside one of the mere critic.

probable, and exceptional principles should be invoked only when the use of ordinary ones is impossible. Fraud is a form of human agency both known and common, though much less common than cynics suppose; "personation" is unquestionably common in the whole realm of our subconscious operations; "telepathy" seems fairly established as a fact, though its frequency is still questionable; accidental coincidences occur, however rarely; but "spirits" of any grade, although they are indeed matters of tradition, seem to have shown themselves (so far as concrete evidence for them goes) nowhere except in the specific phenomena under investigation. Our rule of presumption should lead us then to deny spirits and to explain the Piper-phenomena by a mixture of fraud, subconscious personation, lucky accident, and telepathy, whenever such an explanation remains possible. Taking these Hodgson-records in detail, and subjecting their incidents to a piecemeal criticism, such an explanation does seem practically possible everywhere; so, as long as we confine ourselves to the mere logic of presumption, the conclusion against the spirits holds good.

But the logic of presumption, safe in the majority of cases, is bound to leave us in the lurch whenever a real exception confronts us; and there is always a bare possibility that any case before us may be such an exception. In the case at present before us the exceptional possibility is that of "spirits" really having a finger in the pie. The records are fully compatible with this explanation, however explicable they may be without it. Spirits may co-operate with all the other factors, they may indeed find that harnessing the other factors in their service is the only way open to them for communicating their wishes. The lower factors may, in fact, be to a spirit's wishes what the physical laws of a machine are to its maker's and user's aims. A spectator, confining his attention to a machine's parts and their workings, and finding everything there explicable by mechanical push and pull, may be tempted to deny the presence of any higher actuation. Yet the particular pushes and pulls which the form of that machine embodies, would not be there at all without a higher *meaning which the machine expresses*, and which it works out as a human purpose. To understand the parts of the machine fully, we must find the human purpose which uses all this push and pull as its means

of realization. Just so the personation, fishing, guessing, using lucky hits, etc., in Mrs. Piper, may be, as it were, the mechanical means by which "spirits" succeed in making her living organism express their thought, however imperfectly.

As soon, therefore, as we drop our routine rule of presumption, and ask straight for truth and nothing but truth, we find that *the whole question is as to whether the exceptional case confronts us.* This is a question of probabilities and improbabilities. Now in every human being who in cases like this makes a decision instead of suspending judgment, the sense of probability depends on the forms of dramatic imagination of which his mind is capable. The explanation has *in any event* to be dramatic. Fraud, personation, telepathy, spirits, elementals, are all of them dramatic hypotheses. If your imagination is incapable of conceiving the spirit-hypothesis at all, you will just proclaim it "impossible" (as my colleague Münsterberg does, *Psychology and Life*, p. 130), and thus confess yourself incompetent to discuss the alternative seriously.

I myself can perfectly well imagine spirit-agency, and I find my mind vacillating about it curiously. When I take the phenomena piecemeal, the notion that Mrs. Piper's subliminal self should keep her sitters apart as expertly as it does, remembering its past dealings with each of them so well, not mixing their communications more, and all the while humbugging them so profusely, is quite compatible with what we know of the dream-life of hypnotized subjects. Their consciousness, narrowed to one suggested kind of operation, shows remarkable skill in that operation. If we suppose Mrs. Piper's dream-life once for all to have had the notion suggested to it that it must personate spirits to sitters, the fair degree of virtuosity it shows need not, I think, surprise us. Nor need the exceptional memory shown surprise us, for memory seems extraordinarily strong in the subconscious life. But I find that when I ascend from the details to the whole meaning of the phenomenon, and especially when I connect the Piper-case with all the other cases I know of automatic writing and mediumship, and with the whole record of spirit-possession in human history, the notion that such an immense current of experience, complex in so many ways, should spell out absolutely nothing but the words "intentional humbug" appears very unlikely. The notion that so many men and

women, in all other respects honest enough, should have this preposterous monkeying self annexed to their personality seems to me so weird that the spirit-theory immediately takes on a more probable appearance. The spirits, if spirits there be, must indeed work under incredible complications and falsifications, but at least if they are present, some honesty is left in a whole department of the universe which otherwise is run by pure deception. The more I realize the quantitative massiveness of the phenomenon and its complexity, the more incredible it seems to me that in a world all of whose vaster features we are in the habit of considering to be *sincere* at least, however brutal, this feature should be wholly constituted of insincerity.

If I yield to a feeling of the dramatic improbability of this, I find myself interpreting the details of the sittings differently. I am able, while still holding to all the lower principles of interpretation, to imagine the process as more complex, and to share the feeling with which Hodgson came at last to regard it after his many years of familiarity, the feeling which Prof. Hyslop shares, and which most of those who have good sittings are promptly inspired with. I can imagine the spirit of R. H. talking to me through inconceivable barriers of obstruction, and forcing recalcitrant or only partly consilient processes in the Medium to express his thoughts, however dimly.

This is as candid an account of my own personal equation as I can give. I exhibited it in my treatment of special incidents in the preliminary report, and the reader will make allowance for it in what is to follow. In the end he must draw his conclusions for himself; I can only arrange the material.

The best way perhaps to do this will be to begin with certain general characteristics, Hodgson's mannerisms, for example.

Hodgson was distinguished during life by great animal spirits. He was fond of argument, chaff, and repartee, a good deal of a gesticulator, and a great laugher. He had, moreover, an excessive appetite for poetry. I call it excessive, for it was anything but fastidious,—he seemed to need sonorous rhyme and metre for his daily food, even if the quality and sentiment were

commonplace. All these traits were manifested from the outset in his appearances as a "control"—some examples are given in my preliminary report. Chaff and slang from a spirit have an undignified sound for the reader, but to the interlocutors of the R. H.-control they seem invariably to have been elements of verisimilitude. Thus T. P. writes, *à propos* of a bantering passage in the record of Jan. 16, 1906: "T. P. and R. H. were such good chums that he was saucy to her, and teasing her most of the time. R. H.'s tone towards T. P. in all his communications is *absolutely characteristic*, and as he was in life." Similarly, Dr. Bayley appends this note to a number of ultra-vivacious remarks from R. H.: "Such expressions and phrases were quaintly characteristic of R. H. in the body, and as they appear, often rapidly and spontaneously, they give the almost irresistible impression that it is really the Hodgson personality, presiding with its own characteristics. To fully appreciate this, of course, one would have had to have known him as intimately as I did."<sup>1</sup>

For these rollicking observations the control chose his sitters well in accordance with his habits during life. This, however, did not exclude very serious talk with the same persons—quite the reverse sometimes, as when one sitter of this class notes: "Then came words of kindness which were too intimate and personal to be recorded, but which left me so deeply moved that shortly afterwards, at the sitting's close, I fainted dead away—it had seemed as though he had in all reality been there and speaking to me."

The extracts given in the earlier report or to be given soon will show what I mean by Hodgson's rollicking manner. The later communications show more of it than the earlier ones; and it quickly manifested the tendency, characteristic in the medium's utterances, to become stereotyped. Whatever they may have been at the outset, they soon fall into what may be called the trance-memory's "stock," and are then repeated automatically. Hodgson quickly acquired a uniform mode of announcing himself: "Well, well, well! I am Hodgson. Delighted to see you. How is everything? First rate? I'm in the witness-box at last," etc., with almost no variety. This habitual use of stock-remarks by Mrs. Piper may tempt one

<sup>1</sup> Sitting of April 3rd, 1906.

to be unjust to the total significance of her mediumship. If the supernormal element in it, whatever it is, be essentially discontinuous and flash-like, an utterance that to-day belongs to the regular trance-stock may have *got into* that stock at a former moment of supernormal receptivity. Supernormal receptivity of some kind is certainly involved in the total phenomenon, but I believe that information that originally came thus quickly ceases to be supernormal. The control G. P., at the outset of his appearance, gave supernormal information copiously, but within a few years he has degenerated into a shadow of his former self, dashing in and quickly out again, with an almost fixed form of greeting. Whatever he may have been at first, he seems to me at last to have "passed on," after leaving that amount of impression on the trance-organism's habits.

I will now cull from the records a number of extracts relative to particular sitters, which show the control's familiarity with their affairs, calling the first of these extracts

#### THE OLDFARM SERIES.

Oldfarm is the name of Mr. George B. Dorr's place at Bar Harbor, Maine, where R. H. had often been a summer guest. Mrs. Piper at the time of these sittings had never been at Bar Harbor; and although she had had many interviews, as well with Mr. Dorr as with Mr. Dorr's mother before the latter's death, it is unlikely that many of the small veridical details in what follows had been communicated to her at those interviews. At Mr. Dorr's sitting of June 5th, 1906, he asks the R. H.-control for his reminiscences of Oldfarm: "Do you remember your visits to us there?"

Certainly I do. One night we stayed out too long and your mother got very nervous, do you remember? Minna was there. . . . We stayed out *much* too long. I felt it was a great breach of etiquette but we couldn't help it! I fear as guests we were bad [laughs].

[R. H.'s sitting out with "Minna" and others "much too long" and "their being bad as guests" is excellent. In old days they used often to sit up hopelessly late into the night, when the nights were pleasant, out on

the piazza, talking in the dark; and my mother's half-real and half-humorous exasperation over it, expressed in her own vivid way, and R. H.'s boyish delight in doing it and at the scoldings they all used to get for it next day, would naturally be one of the first things he would recall, associated as those evenings were with people whom he cared for.—D.]

And do you remember the discussion I had with Jack, when he got impatient? You were much amused!

[His recollection of his discussion with Jack, who used, together with M., to be at our house with him a great deal in the old days, is characteristic. I do not myself remember the special occasion to which he refers, but the incident, including my own amusement at the heat they used to get into in their talk, falls in most naturally with all my own recollections of that time.—D.]

And I remember your mother's calling me out one Sunday morning to see the servants go to church on a buckboard.

[I cannot now recall my mother taking R. H. out to see the servants off on any special day, but he was with us many Sundays, and I have no doubt that the memory of this is absolutely accurate, nor is it anything of which Mrs. Piper might know,—it is not the sort of thing that any one would have spoken to her of, or mentioned at the trance. The *buckboard* is quite correct. It was a big buckboard that carried six people and was the only wagon which we had big enough to take all the people up, but its use is not sufficiently universal at Bar Harbor to injure the evidential value of his recollection of it. Again, the people used to go off from the kitchen, which is at an end of the house and cannot be seen from the living rooms or piazzas, so that his statement that my mother called him out to see them off, while a small point, seems to me of value; and the event itself, with the arrangements that had to be made to make it possible, was quite enough of a circumstance in our family life to make recollection of it natural.—D.]

I can see the open fireplace in the living room.

[The room is one in which the fireplace, broad and arching, is the central feature and would be first thought of in thinking of the room.—D.]

G. B. D. Do you remember where you used to sleep?

Out in the little house just out across the yard, where we used to go and smoke.

[His recollection also of the little house is good. The only mistake in reference to it is in speaking of it as "across the yard," it being in fact across the lawn and garden, upon a hillside opposite the house. We always kept some rooms in it for our guests, over-flowing into it when the house was full, and R. H. liked it better than the house itself in the greater freedom that it gave him. We used to close the house itself early in the evening, and R. H. was very apt then to go up to the cottage with some other man or men and sit up and smoke and talk,—often until quite late.—D.]

I remember the bathing and the boats and a walk through the woods.

[The bathing was one of the incidents at Oldfarm which R. H. would have best remembered. We used to take long walks over the mountains and go down for a plunge when we returned from them. There were often three or four men or more going in together when the house was full, and it was something in which R. H. delighted especially, so that his recollection of this would be apt to be one of his most vivid ones.—D.]

G. B. D. Do you remember whether you used to bathe off the beach, or off the rocks?

We used to bathe off the *rocks*; I'm sure of that. *I can see the whole place.*

[I asked the question as to whether we went in off the rocks or the beach so as to see if he really had a clear remembrance of it, and I asked it in such a way that my companion at the sitting thought R. H.'s answer "off the rocks" was probably wrong. My bath-house was not on the beach, but on a point running far out

into the sea, very bold and rocky, and we used to spring off the rocks into deep water, climbing out by a perpendicular ladder fastened to the ledge.—D.]

I can see the little piazza that opened out from your mother's room and the whole beautiful outlook from it, over the water.

[That that piazza and its view should be one of R. H.'s strongest recollections of the place seems to me most natural, while at the same time the piazza itself, which is not a conspicuous object in the house from without, and which was only familiar to my mother's more intimate friends, is not a thing which would occur naturally to any one not familiar with our life down there.—D.]

Mr. Dorr then asks R. H. if he remembers a walk he once took with a young friend from New York, where R. H. outwalked the other man and was very triumphant about it afterward, and whether he could recall the man's name. He also asks him if he remembers the name of the man who lived in the farm house, where R. H. used generally to sleep when staying at Oldfarm. Both of these names would have been quite familiar to R. H. in life. R. H. cannot give them and makes no attempt to do so.

R. H. Names are the hardest things to remember; it's extraordinary but it's true. The scenes of my whole life are laid open to me but names go from one's memory like a dream. I remember walking through the woods there and sitting down and lighting my pipe and coming back late to lunch.

On June 20th, 1906, at a sitting of Miss Bancroft's, at which Mr. Dorr was present, the R. H. control suddenly writes:

Do you remember anything about Celery-root? about  
C e l l e root?

MISS B. (to G. B. D.)—Do *you* remember anything about it?

G. B. D. No.

Or was it at your place, George. [Difficulty in reading this sentence. When read successfully, G. B. D. says "yes".]

Your mother used to have it, and I was surprised to see it there as I thought it the best of it. As I thought it the best part of it. The best part of it. No one would ever think of this thing I know.

Miss B. You mean you think you got this at Mr. Dorr's?

Think! I know. I think so, yes. I think George's mother used to have it and I never got it anywhere but there.

G. B. D. at first cannot recall what is meant, then remembers and says "Good". He appends the following note:

[We used to have a bunch or two of raw celery, when we grew our own, placed on the table as a *hors d'œuvre*, and served whole, with the upper portion of the root left on it in the French fashion. This part of the root is very good eating, but it is not usually served in America; and though I have no clear remembrance now of special talk about this with R. H., I remember quite well his talking at our table late one fall about these autumn vegetables and think that what is spoken of is this.—D.]

On July 2nd, 1906, Mr. Dorr had a spoken sitting alone, taking the short-hand record himself, and asked again for Oldfarm recollections:

G. B. D. Can you give me any names connected with Bar Harbor, or of the mountains there which you used to climb, or of the people to whose houses you used to go with me, or any others that you can recall?

No, I can't recall any names now . . . I will think it over and try.

G. B. D. Can you recall four sisters whom we used to walk with, and be much with, a number of years ago?

I remember Minna and Gemma. [Names known to the medium in former trances, but pertinent as a reply.]

G. B. D. I will give you the name of the sisters, and see if that recalls anything to you. It was the Minturns.

Oh! the Minturns! [repeated eagerly and emphatically]. There was Gertrude and Robert, a brother named Robert—and Mary. They lived in New York. I remember them well. [Correct, save that Mary should have been May.]

G. B. D. There was another sister, who used to walk oftenest with us—can you recall her name?

[R. H. makes one or two ineffectual attempts, giving wrong names.]

G. B. D. Now, Hodgson, can't you tell me something about the lady you were interested in, whose letters you asked Piddington to find?

This was Huldah Densmore.

G. B. D. But there is no Huldah in the family, that I know, nor can we learn of any. We have asked her sister, and she has never heard the name of Huldah.

Wait a moment. Let me think. It is most difficult to get earthly memories. They go from one, but I find that they come back to me as I think of things. She married a —— [name of nationality given correctly]. If you will write to her, you will find I am right. Write to her!

G. B. D. Did you want to marry her?

Yes, I did. And I remember what a disappointment it was to me.

G. B. D. Was she out of sympathy with your work?

She wanted me to give it up—it was a subject she did not care to have to do with. [Correct as to the lady's animus.—W.J.]

G. B. D. Was it at our house you met her?

I met her there, at Bar Harbor. Your mother ought to remember it well. She introduced us to each other. [Correct.—D.]

G. B. D. But my mother is on your side.

Oh yes, I had forgotten. It has troubled me over here, thinking I might have left her letters among my papers. So I spoke to Piddington about it.

G. B. D. I think you must have destroyed them. We didn't find any.

I think I must have destroyed them—I hope I did.

[This "Huldah" episode is treated in a separate section of Part I. of this report, see above, pp. 20-26.—W. J.]

I recall the pansies your mother used to place over the table. I remember that well—delightful to see them! I can see them now.

[My mother used to have pansies spread loosely over the table-cloth, when she had people to dine or sup with us at Bar Harbor, where we had a large bed of them planted near the house so that we could get them freely for this purpose. The custom is not common enough to let H.'s statement pass for a happy guess, nor do I think it likely he would have spoken of it to Mrs. Piper, either awake or in trance. It came out quite suddenly also, and with a positiveness which made me feel that it was a true recollection, something seen at the moment in a mental picture.—D.]

G. B. D., endeavoring to extract Bar Harbor names from R. H., again tries to get that of the man who occupied the farmhouse at which R. H. used generally to sleep when at Oldfarm. He was not able to give that, but gave the name of the gardener, Miller. "It is possible," Mr. Dorr writes, "that Mrs. Piper may have heard of Miller's name as that of the manager of my plant-nurseries at Bar Harbor. I remember I once meant to send her some plants from the nurseries for her garden, and think it probable they went. It is also possible that the name may have come up at the trance in my own past sittings."

I remember a beautiful road, a bicycle-road you made, going through the woods.

[A dozen years ago I made a bicycle-road on my own backland, which ran through the woods beneath a mountain over which we often used to walk. It was a pleasant and familiar feature in our summer life there, and it would naturally be one of the pictures that would come

back to R. H. in thinking of the place,—like the view from my mother's balcony of which he spoke at the former sitting. But it is not a thing of which either he or I would have spoken to Mrs. Piper, whether in trance or awake.—D.]

G. B. D. then tries again to get the name of the man who occupied the farmhouse, describing him to R. H. without mentioning his name.

Oh yes, I remember him well—I remember going off with him once fishing—going down the shore in a boat. . . . I remember one evening, and it impressed me so vividly because your mother did not like it, and I felt we had done wrong and hurt her—M. and I were smoking together and we talked too late, and she felt it was time to retire—

[This would be remarkably good if the incident should prove not to have come up already in R. H.'s own sittings after M. died. She used to smoke cigarettes occasionally, and was the only person of the feminine sex whom I now recall as having done so at our house. Unless in possibly referring to this incident to her 'spirit' at trances, after M. died, Hodgson would have been most unlikely to speak of it to others,—certainly not to Mrs. Piper, either in trance or awake.—D.]

G. B. D. Do you remember where you went with John Rich when you went fishing with him—Oh I forgot! I did not mean to give you his name!

John Rich, John, that is his name! But I am sorry you gave it to me too—it might have come to me. We got a boat and went over to an island. Coming back we had some difficulty in getting our fish in. We had poor luck in catching them, and then we lost them. Ask him, he will remember it, I think.

[R. H.'s recollection of going off with Rich seems to be good, as I think it over. That he should go off with Rich only and neither alone nor with me or other guests, is exactly what happened,—and yet not what might have been expected to happen. His going to an island is descriptive also.—D.]

Do you remember what you used to put over your back that had a cup in it? And there was a little brook where we used to stop and drink. And then I used to stop and light my pipe—the whole scene is as vivid to me! If I could only express it to you!

[I used to carry a little canvas bag slung over my shoulder and a cup in it, when we went on long tramps. This may be what R. H. refers to, though I think that he was rather apt to carry a folding leather cup of his own in his pocket. The whole recollection is rather vague in my memory, going back a number of years. The picture is a good one of just what used to happen when we were off on our tramps together, though of course what he describes would be always apt to happen on walks through woods and over mountains. The picture of the little brook we used to stop and drink at is good—I can see it now.—D.]

After some talk about the Tavern Club, about Australia, and about the state of things in the other world—some of which will be noticed later, R. H. goes on as follows:

Do you remember one summer there was a gentleman at your house who had a violin. I had some interesting talks with him about these things, and I liked to hear him play his violin. A little gentleman—I remember him very well.

[This describes a man named von G., who was an excellent violinist and who also talked interestingly on psychical research matters, in which he professed to have some faculty. As R. H. himself was also fond of the violin, it seems natural that some memory of von G. should stand out now. That Mrs. Piper should have any knowledge of this gentleman seems most improbable.—D.]

My earthly memories come only in fragments. I remember quite well this little gentleman and how interested I was in talking with him about psychics, and in his instrument as well. I remember a man Royce visiting you.

[Prof. Royce says that he has been at Oldfarm along with Hodgson, but adds that that might be a natural association in Mrs. Piper's mind, since he thinks that the only time he ever saw her was at the Dorrs' in Boston.—W. J.]

This is, I think, the whole of the matter relative to Oldfarm which the R. H.-Control has given. The number of items mentioned is not great, and some inability to answer questions appears. But there are almost no mistakes of fact, and it is hardly possible that all the veridical points should have been known to Mrs. Piper normally. Some of them indeed were likely *a priori*; others may have been chance-hits; but for the mass, it seems to me that either reading of Mr. Dorr's mind, or spirit-return, is the least improbable explanation.

The fewness of the items may seem strange to some critics. But if we assume a spirit to be actually there, trying to reach us, and if at the same time we imagine that his situation with regard to the transaction is similar to our own, the surprise vanishes. I have been struck over and over again, both when at sittings myself and when reading the records, at the paralyzing effect on one's ready wit and conversational flow, which the strangeness of the conditions brings with it. Constraint and numbness take the place of genial expansiveness. We "don't know what to say," and it may also be so "on the other side." Few persons, I fancy, if suddenly challenged to prove their identity through the telephone, would quickly produce a large number of facts appropriate to the purpose. They would be more perplexed, and waste more time than they imagine.

I next pass to what I will call

#### THE OWL'S HEAD SERIES.

Owl's Head was the name of the summer place of Miss Bancroft, overlooking Rockland Harbor, in Maine, where Mrs. Piper had never been. R. H. had very greatly enjoyed visits which he had made there on two successive summers. Miss Bancroft had been a sitter of Mrs. Piper's and was a convert to spiritism, with some degree of "psychic" susceptibility

herself. At her first sitting after Hodgson's death, Feb. 19th, 1906, Mr. Dorr also being present, the following dialog took place:<sup>1</sup>

I am Hodgson! Speak! Well, well, well, I am delighted to see you. How are you?

MISS B. I am all right. How are you?

First rate.

MISS B. I can scarcely speak to you.

But you *must* speak to me.

MISS B. Will you give me some definite message?

Surely I will. I have called and called to you. Do you remember what I said to you about coming here if I got a chance?

MISS B. Yes, I do.

I wish you to pay attention to me. [The sitter and Mr. Dorr were together trying to decipher the script.] Do you remember how I used to talk about this subject, evenings? You know what you said about my writing—I think I am getting on first-rate.

[Everything accurate so far! Miss B. can herself write automatically, and since R. H.'s departure, has thought that he might have been influencing her subconsciousness in that and other ways. The words "I have called," etc., she interprets in this sense. Rector, however, already knew of her automatic writing.—W. J.]

Do you remember what a good time we had at Head? I am so glad I went. . . . Do you remember a little talk we had about the lights and satellites? Do you remember how interested you were? Do you remember what I used to say about returning if I got over here first?

<sup>1</sup> Here, as in all the rest of the records reprinted, I omit repetitions and remarks not connected with the recollections. Nothing is omitted, however, which in my eyes might affect the interpretation of what is printed.—W. J.

MISS B. Yes, I remember all that.

[Accurate again. The "Head" must mean Owl's Head, where during two successive summers Hodgson had visited the sitter, and been supremely happy. The "lights" refer to the lights of Rockland, across the bay, of which he greatly admired the effect, and at night on the piazza he had often spoken about the planets and stars, and the question of their habitation.—M. B.]

Well, here I am, now fire away, now fire.

MISS B. Can you tell me the names of some who were with you there last summer?

Remember Miss Wilkinson?

MISS B. No.

You ask me about whom? Not understand. How are the children? [The house had been full of school children, of whom R. H. was fond.—M. B.]

MISS B. They are well.

Good! Do you remember the day I walked across to the Mountain?

MISS B. No, I don't remember.

Ask Putnam if he and I—My watch stopped.

[For this reference to a watch stopping, compare pp. 11 and 116 of this report. I suspect some confused memory of a real incident to be at the bottom of it.—W. J.]

MISS B. Can you not recall something you did at the Head?

That is just what I am trying to do. Don't you remember how I had to laugh at you, laugh on that boat, about that boat?

This last word, being wrongly deciphered as "hat," Miss B. asks:—

MISS B. Whose hat blew off?

My hat, do you not remember the day it blew off? Yes, you are not following me very clearly.

MISS B. I am trying to recall about that hat.

Do you remember fishing? Yes.

MISS B. Yes, I remember fishing.

Capital! Remember about my hat? went into the water.

MISS B. Yes, I think I do.

I should say you did. Oh my! but I am not so stupid as some I know. I have not forgotten anything. Get my Poem?

MISS B. Yes, and I want to thank you for it.

Don't bother about that. I want you to know I am really here and recognize you, and the first-rate time I had at Owl's — Thank you very much. How is Bayley? Certainly first-rate time I had at Owl's. Thank you very much. Owl's. Remember the jokes I told you? Jsp. Thank you. Remember what I said about dressing them [or "him?"]? Remember? Oh I do well. . . .

MISS B. How am *I* getting along?

Capital! You are doing well, all you need is experience. I would like to take a swim! I would like to take a swim. Plunge.

[Much incoherence hereabouts. The names Bayley and Jessup (Jsp) are correct. Hodgson used to bathe with them off the rocks, and Miss B. recalls jokes between them about dressing there. H. and they went deep-sea fishing almost daily. One day Dr. B. and R. H. went fishing in a gasolene launch, and on their return had much riotous laughter about some happenings in the boat. Miss B. can remember nothing definite about a hat, but is inclined to interpret the allusion as referring to this incident. The "poem" she conceives to be the verses "It seems as if the wondrous land," etc., written at Miss Pope's sitting of Feb. 5th. See Part I. of this report, p. 11.—W. J.]

On the following day Miss B. had a second sitting, and R. H. asked "How is Nellie?" [Nellie is a member of Miss B.'s

household, presumably unknown to Mrs. Piper, about whom R. H. always used during his lifetime to inquire.]

On the night of Hodgson's death, Miss B., whom I described above as having "psychic" aptitudes, had received a strong impression of his presence. She now asks:

MISS B. Yesterday you said you had "called and called" me. When did you ever call me?

Just after I passed out I returned to you and saw you resting . . . and came and called to you telling you I was leaving. . . .

MISS B. Did I not answer?

Yes, after a while.

MISS B. What did I do?

You arose and seemed nervous. I felt I was disturbing you. I then left.

MISS B. Do you not recall another time when I was sure you were there and I did something? . . . What did I do at one o'clock, Christmas morning?

I saw you, I heard you speak to me once, yes. I heard you speak to some one, and it looked like a lady. You took something in your hand, and I saw you and heard you talking.

MISS B. Yes, that is true.

I heard you say something about some one being ill, lying in the room. [Nellie was ill in my room.—M. B.]

MISS B. Yes, that is true. I also said something else.

You said it was myself.

MISS B. Yes, I said that. Anything else?

I remember seeing the light, and heard you talking to a lady. [Correct.—M. B.]

MISS B. The lady did something after I talked to her.

You refer to the message, she sat down and wrote a message for me. [I do not understand what is meant

by this, unless it be a confused reference to Miss Pope's reception of a message to me in the sitting of Feb. 5th. —M. B.] [See Part I., p. 11.—W. J.]<sup>1</sup>

There was nothing more of interest from Hodgson at this sitting. Dr. Bayley, to whom reference was made in connexion with Owl's Head, at Miss Bancroft's first sitting, had two sittings in April, in which the hearty and jocose mannerisms of R. H. were vividly reproduced; but there was a good deal of confusion, owing to Dr. Bayley's lack of familiarity with the handwriting; and the evidential material, so far as the Hodgson-control (whom we are alone concerned with) went, was comparatively small. One passage was thus:

R. H. Get that book I sent you?

DR. B. I received the book right, after your death.

[Hodgson had addressed some books and some cards to be sent to friends as Christmas presents. They were mailed after his death on December 20th. It should be added that Miss Bancroft had at her sitting of Feb. informed Rector that such a book had come to her, and Rector associated her and Doctor Bayley as friends.]

Have you seen Billy? [My friend Prof. Newbold.—B.]

DR. B. No, have you any word for him?

<sup>1</sup> *A propos* to Miss Bancroft's "psychic" susceptibility, at a sitting on October 17th, 1906, which Mrs. M. had with Mrs. Piper, the following words were exchanged:

MRS. M. Any other messages, Dick?

R. H. Not for him [the person last spoken of], but tell Margaret it was I who produced that light she saw the other night.

The sitter immediately wrote to Miss Margaret Bancroft, with whom she had recently become acquainted, to ask (not telling her of the message) whether she had had any special experiences of late. Miss B. answered: "I had a very curious experience on the morning of the 14th. At four o'clock I was awakened from a sound sleep, and could feel distinctly the presence of three people in the room. I sat up and was so attentive that I hardly breathed. About nine feet from the floor there appeared at intervals curious lights, much like search-lights, but softer, and there seemed to be a distinct outline of a figure. . . . This lasted probably from fifteen to twenty minutes . . . when I went into a sound sleep."

Ask him if he remembers the day we went to the seashore and we sat on the beach, and I told him how I hoped to come over here any time, only I wanted to finish my work. And ask him if he remembers what I told him about my getting married.

DR. B. I don't know anything about it. That's a good test.  
[Proves to have been correct.—W. J.]

Also ask him if he remembers what I said about the children of my old friend Pilly.

[W. R. N. remembers R. H. telling him of a certain "Pilly," but forgets about the children.]

No one living could know this but Billy. . . .

I ask if you recall the fishing process.

DR. B. Why, Dick, it will be very sad fishing without you.

[R. H. and I had done much deep-sea fishing together, but my supposition that this was meant may have deflected him from some explanation of the "fishing" process of the controls at the sittings.—B.]

I wonder if you remember Miss Nellie.

DR. B. Perfectly.

Give her my kindest regards. . . . Got your feet wet!

DR. B. Tell me more about that, Dick.

Do you remember how I put my pipe in the water? Do you remember my putting my coat on the seat, and my pipe got into the water? Remember ducking?

DR. B. Ducking?

I said plunge.

DR. B. Plunge?

Yes! Let's take a plunge.

DR. B. Yes indeed!

*ALL. . . .*

DR. B. Who was along with us, Dick?

Jess—. . . I got it in my head. [Dr. Jessup is correct.—B.]

Do you remember the Head? Oh I think it was the best summer I ever had. Best, best, best. . . . Do you remember laugh about Mitchell? Laugh? [This *might* refer to a very distinct incident involving a friend named MacDaniel.—B.] Idiosyncracies . . . [What immediately followed was illegible.]

On the next day, April 4th, Dr. B. says to Hodgson:

DR. B. Give me your password if you can to-day.

Password? I had no less than forty. One was shoeing.  
Yes, yes, do you remember?

DR. B. Of course I don't remember about your passwords; but you wrote Mrs. Bayley a charade of your own making, and if you can give the answer to that it will be a splendid test.

Shoo fly, shoo fly? [It runs in my head that these words were answers to charades propounded last summer, but I can get no confirmation and may be mistaken.—B.]

DR. B. I have the letter with the charade here. (Puts it into the medium's hand.)

Doctor, this is *peacemaker*, *peacemaker*. I gave this word in my letter. Shoo fly.

[Miss Bancroft writes: "I have a dim recollection about 'peacemaker'. I feel very sure about 'shoo fly'."]

DR. B. I will look it up. [There were two charades in the letter handed to the medium, but the words given answer neither of them.—B.]

Do you remember anything about that awful cigar and my joke about it? [Mrs. Bayley remembers a cigar so huge that neither R. H. nor I would smoke it. He finally broke it up and smoked it in his pipe. This may have been the joke referred to.—B.]

Doc, [This was not R. H.'s usual way of addressing me.—B.] that is peacemaker! And to Mrs. B. I felt I said shoo fly. If you knew the difficulties I am having, you would smile out loud. . . . Can you play ball?

DR. B. Well, H., neither of us were very active ball-players in the country.

Listen, do you remember our late hours?

DR. B. Indeed I do. [R. H. and I used to sit out on the porch smoking to untimely hours.—B.]

Got your sleep made up yet?

DR. B. Not quite.

Next followed some rather unintelligible as well as illegible references to skinning fish and baling a boat. Then :

Do you remember how we tried to make many words out of one? [Compare Piddington's Report, *Proceedings*, Vol. XXII., p. 65.—W. J.]

DR. B. Yes.

And the fun we had?

DR. B. Yes. [R. H. had enjoyed doing this with some of the ladies at Owl's Head.—B.]

Do you remember reading in the evening?

DR. B. Well enough.

Remember the joke I told you about Blats [Blavatsky] . . . and her tricks? [Correct, but matter of common knowledge.—W. J.]

DR. B. Now, Dick, do you remember some of the words of the song which we all sang so much, and which you brought there last summer?

Song? awful! song?

DR. B. It begins "Come, I will sing you."

Oh yes!—gone out of my head like a shot!

DR. B. Yes, Dick.

Listen, let me tell you something. Do you remember a little song I sang to the children which went like this: "Little Popsey Wopsey . . . Chickey Bidy Chum . . . all . . . I am tired.

DR. B. Dick, that was splendid, I remember it well. [Known also to Mrs. Piper.—W. J.]

Do you remember my palming tricks?

DR. B. Yes. [Known also to Mrs. Piper.—W. J.]

And how you all seemed to enjoy them? . . . I am getting clearer since I have met you here. It helps in recalling many things I had almost forgotten. Listen, do you remember my recitation of a Hindoo?

DR. B. No, I don't remember that.

Which reads like this: "I think till I'm weary of thinking—

DR. B. Yes, I know that well. [Known also to Mrs. Piper.—W. J.]

Do you remember my letter to Will, in which I told him of the delight of the place? [Possibly a misreading for "depth of the piece"].

DR. B. Who is Will?

Will James. Or perhaps I didn't read it to you after all.

DR. B. No, I didn't hear that letter. [I recall no letter either about the "place," or about the "piece," but my memory is so bad that that proves nothing. I have heard the "piece," however, and heard it from Hodgson.—W. J.]

. . . Ask Margaret Bancroft if she remembers telling me about you and Mrs. Bayley giving her a watch. I am glad I found her after I came over. I think she is perfectly sincere and a light. [Miss Bancroft writes: "I felt badly about accepting the watch, and consulted Mr. Hodgson about it. He said a number of things about my sensitiveness, and after that I felt all right about the watch. I don't think I told anybody of this interview with Dr. Hodgson. As regards my 'sincerity,' the last

talk I had with him was on that very subject. . . . He said he would certainly convince Dr. Bayley of my sincerity." The reader knows already that Miss Bancroft is a "light."]

On June 20th, 1906, Miss Bancroft had her third sitting. Some days previous to this, Mrs. M., an old friend of Hodgson, had taken to her sitting a cross which remained among his effects, and asked the R. H. control for directions concerning its disposition. The control had ordered it to be sent to Miss Bancroft; and when he appeared to Miss Bancroft at the sitting a few days later almost his first word was:

Get my cross?

MISS B. Yes, thank you very much. . . .

A Mascot I send to you.

MISS B. Yes, I know you sent it to me.

I shall be with you when you are in the cottage.

MISS B. Do you know that I have bought the place?

Of course I do. I understand pretty well what you are about. [Miss B. had been enabled to buy the land at Owl's Head since her sittings in the previous February.]

. . . There is more help coming to you to enlarge the house. . . . You remember you thought it necessary to have more room.

MISS B. Yes, I remember very well.

Did you see me in your dream with my trousers rolled up at the bottom?

MISS B. I am not sure that I did.

I spoke to you and you replied.

MISS B. I have seen you several times in dreams.

Remember my knock?

MISS B. When did you knock?

You were sleeping.

MISS B. I remember twice when I thought some one knocked my arm.

But I woke you, I certainly did. [Correct.]

MISS B. Can't you do me a favor by knocking now? . . .

Not while I keep on speaking. You wish me to knock your arm now, eh? I cannot do so and keep on speaking. Do you remember the evening I told you about my sister Ellen's boy?

MISS B. I do not recall it.

Yes, Ellen's boy and his passing over.

Do you remember—Enid? What I told you about her? And her poems? A scholarship and her poems?

MISS B. I remember all that. [He had told me a great deal about this niece Enid.—M.B. Mrs. Piper denies knowledge of her existence.—W. J.]

Listen. I am in the witness box! I am trying to help you to recognize me. . . .

Do you remember anything about celery root? . . . [See above, p. 41.]

Margaret do you remember the walk through the woods?

MISS B. Yes, I remember it.

Do you remember "Let us sing of—sing you  
Let us sing of a"

MISS B. Yes, I understand.

No you do not. No song.

MISS B. Yes I do. Try and give it to me.

I am but you do not understand. You do not understand *at all*. Let us sing the old song.

MISS B. You mean the song "Come let us sing"?

Yes.

MISS B. Tell me what it is.

I am telling you. 'Come let us sing the—what would you sing—sing—sing

[He taught us a song last summer "Come I will sing you" and the response was "What will you sing me?" "I will sing you one oh," etc. My idea is that he wanted to have me give him the next line and probably he would have been able to give me the text and perhaps the whole song or part of it, but I did not understand what he wanted to do.—M. B.]

Miss Bancroft had two more sittings, on Dec. 2nd and 3rd, 1907. On Dec. 2nd Hodgson seemed to be cognizant of certain changes in the Owl's Head place, that there was a new wall-paper of yellow colour, a new bath-house, a new pier and platform, etc., none of which facts Mrs. Piper was in a way to have known.

He also showed veridical knowledge of a very private affair between two other people, that had come under Miss Bancroft's observation. There was, however, some confusion in this sitting, and R. H. was not "strong." The results were better on Dec. 3rd, but the evidential parts do not lend themselves well to quotation, with one exception, as follows:

Miss B. Don't you remember something that happened that you helped us in?

I remember that one evening —

Miss B. What happened that evening?

We got a little fire and I helped. Yes.

Miss B. Yes, that is true.

Put it out — the fire — — I remember it well.

Miss B. What did you tell us to get before the fire occurred?

Before the fire?

Miss B. You told us to get something for the house.

I said you ought to get a — in case of fire — pail, yes.

[Here the hand drew three long horizontal lines, which might have meant shelves, and beneath them the outline of a vessel with a cover.]

MISS B. What are they for?

Water pails water pails — yes, fire buckets — fire  
Yes, I did.

[He told us in Maine, when we were experimenting with Mrs. Austin by automatic writing, to get fire buckets and put them up on the shelves, which we did long before the fire occurred. He warned us of this fire many times, but no one seemed to pay much attention to it but myself.—M. B.]

MISS B. What did you tell us to put on them?

Go on you will find that I am not asleep.

MISS B. I never thought you were asleep.

So much for the Owl's Head record, which, as the reader sees, follows a not incoherent thread of associated facts.

Few of the items were false, but on the other hand it must be remembered that a mind familiar with Hodgson's tastes and habits might have deduced some of them (swimming and fishing, for example) *a priori* by combining the two abstract ideas "Hodgson" and "seaside." Leakages impossible now to follow might also account for the medium's knowledge of such items as the names Nellie, Jessup, etc., for her connecting Dr. Bayley with "Billy," etc. For the "fire-buckets," "watch," "sincerity," and other items, it would seem necessary to invoke either lucky chance or telepathy, unless one be willing to admit spirit-return. I should say that I have condensed the record considerably, leaving out some matter irrelevant to Owl's Head memories, some repetitions and all the talk that grew out of slowness in deciphering the script.

Dr. Bayley himself wrote me after his sittings: "They are pretty good, and have about convinced me (as evidence added to previous experience) that my much loved friend is still about. I had had either four or six sittings, some of them in conjunction with Miss Bancroft, before R. H.'s death. I do not think that Mrs. Piper normally knew me by name, or knew that I was from Philadelphia or that I knew Newbold. I realize that the average reader of these records

loses much in the way of little tricks of expression and personality, subtleties impossible to give an account of in language. As I look over the sittings and realize my own blunders in them, I cannot always decide who was the more stupid, the communicator, or myself."

PROFESSOR NEWBOLD'S SITTINGS.

The message given to Dr. Bayley for "Billy" (*i.e.* Prof. Wm. R. Newbold) makes it natural to cite next the experience of this other intimate friend of R. H. Prof. Newbold had two written sittings, on June 27th and July 3rd, 1906, respectively, Mr. Dorr being present both times. On June 27th, after a few words with Rector, Hodgson appears, and the dialog continues as follows:

R. H. Well, well, of all things! Are you really here! I am Hodgson.

W. R. N. Hallo, Dick!

Hello, Billy, God bless you.

W. R. N. And you, too, though you do not need to have me say it.

I wonder if you remember the last talk we had together—

W. R. N. I do remember it, Dick.

I can recall very well all I said to you that glorious day when we were watching the waves. [Our last talk was on a splendid afternoon of July, 1905, at Nantasket Beech.—N.]

W. R. N. Yes, Dick, I remember it well.

I told you of many, many predictions which had been made for me. I told you I hoped to realize them but I would not consent to give up my work.

W. R. N. First rate, Dick, you told me just that.

I would give up almost anything else but my work—my work—and my pipe.

W. R. N. Dick, that sounds like you.

Don't you remember?

W. R. N. Do you remember something *I* told *you* on the boat going to Nantasket?

Yes of course. Long ago you wrote me of your happiness and I wrote back and asked you if you were trying to make me discontented.

W. R. N. I don't remember, but I have your letters and will look it up.

[This allusion to my "happiness" is very characteristic. He often spoke to me of it.—N.]

Look over your letters and you will find my memory better than yours.

W. R. N. Like as not! Like as not!

I have hoped to boss things on this side. [R. H. had often told me of his belief that if he could "pass over" and communicate, many of the difficulties of the spiritualistic theory would disappear. I can mentally see him now shaking his pipe at me threateningly and saying: "If I get over before you, Billy, I'll make things hot for you."—N.]

W. R. N. Yes, Dick, so you did.

Therefore if I seem bossy pardon me — Bossy — Pardon.

W. R. N. Go ahead, Dick, be as bossy as you will. I have nothing to say to you until you get through.

*Good.* That's what I wish. I remember telling you how you must not write more about your happiness.

W. R. N. Did you tell me this on the trip or in the letter?

In the letter.

W. R. N. First-rate! I have piles of letters. I will go through them.

If you do you will find it *all*. [I cannot find it in the letters.—N.] Oh, I am so delighted to see you of all persons.

W. R. N. Well, you were a dear friend of mine.

I had the greatest affection for you.

W. R. N. Do you remember what a friend you were to me, years ago?

Yes, I do, and how I helped you through some difficulties?

W. R. N. I should say you did, Dick!

But I do not care to remind you of anything I did! —  
only as a test — only as a test.

W. R. N. Yes, that's right, we *wish* a test.

I remember how delighted I was with your experiences.

W. R. N. You were!

You told me much about them which I recall most clearly—  
recall.

W. R. N. Right! [What follows refers to the trip to Nantasket and  
was probably preceded by some reference to it on my  
part which the record omits.—N.]

You and I had smoked — [Correct.] until I got a dip —

W. R. N. Right!

— and we walked along the shore —

W. R. N. Right, Dick!

and waited until the boat returned. [We had to wait  
perhaps twenty or thirty minutes.—N.]

W. R. N. Dick, what did we do while waiting?

We took a dip and went to hear some music.

W. R. N. No, *we* did not; *you* took a dip.

I say *I* took a dip and you sat and watched me.

W. R. N. After that what did we do?

We went and got some — let me think! —

W. R. N. I can't read that, Dick.

A drink — drink. I asked you to have cigar. Cigar  
— and something else.

W. R. N. That is true about the cigar. Go on.

At the moment I do not think what it was.

W. R. N. All right, it is not worth the trouble.

Do you remember anything about sausages I cooked?

W. R. N. Indeed I do! Many a one you cooked for breakfast.

Yes, and how you laughed about them.

W. R. N. I said they were the best I ever tasted, Dick.

Yes, I remember.

[A passage is omitted here in which veridical reference is made to a private subject of which we had talked.—N.]

I do not catch all you say, Billy, — too bad. Speak slowly, old chap, and I shall understand. I asked you about your [word undecipherable] and you said you thought you were not half worthy of all you had received.

W. R. N. Well, I thought it; I don't remember saying it to you.

You did say it once in my room.

W. R. N. I can believe it, Dick; I have thought it a thousand times.

[A remark was next ascribed to me which exactly expressed what I had thought, though I am forced to omit it.—N.]

I gave you a long explanation of the whole *modus operandi* and you were a very good listener. Do you remember the day?

W. R. N. I do not remember the details. I remember in a general way talking about it. [I recalled the details clearly as soon as I had thought it over. The "long explanation" was made in H.'s room in June, 1904.—N.]

All right. Good, listen. And you and I met in New York and I advised you what to do?

W. R. N. Was it in New York or Boston? In Boston, wasn't it?

You and I went to the theatre.

W. R. N. Certainly we did.

And then to my club.

W. R. N. Right, yes, that is right, Dick.

And to my rooms where I cooked sausages and made tea.

W. R. N. Yes, you gave me the first good tea I ever tasted!

[Statements are here omitted relating to a person deceased.  
True on the whole, but not evidentially significant.—N.]

Do you remember that clergyman —

W. R. N. Try the last word again.

Who was a medium in Philadelphia?

W. R. N. I do, I think I do —. A clergyman who was an  
Episcopalian.

Yes. Went into trance. Yes.

W. R. N. Yes, I know what you are thinking of, but he was not a  
clergyman.

[Word — name perhaps — written several times but  
undecipherable. Some years later I *had* met a clergy-  
man who was mediumistic, but did not go into trance.  
Hodgson knew of his case, but had never met him.  
The two cases seem to be confused.—N.]

And his wife was afraid of him.

W. R. N. No, I don't remember that, Dick.

You have them mixed up in your mind.

W. R. N. Very likely.

I saw a young man who went into trance.

W. R. N. That's right, yes.

And do you remember my opinion of him?

W. R. N. Yes, Dick, I remember your opinion of him. Tell me  
what it was!

I thought he was hysterical and induced his trances through  
hysteria. I remember telling you about [name given,  
but omitted here], and by the way, Billy, do you recall  
his ideas on this subject?

W. R. N. Yes, I do. His ideas?

Yes, all about it. The devil?

W. R. N. He thought it was the devil?

Yes. The devil has nothing to do with it. I laughed when you told me about it.

W. R. N. Now, Dick, have you any more to say?

Do you remember the story I told you about the girl who said her prayers?

W. R. N. No, I do not remember. Perhaps I might if you told me.

Yes. And when she]got through she said she was sure she thought the devil was prompting her prayer. [I remember no such anecdote.—N.]

W. R. N. No, Dick; but I want you to tell me, if you possibly can, something I told you on the boat going down to Nantasket, just before we got there.

About your home-life?

W. R. N. No, it was about my work, Dick.

Oh yes, I recall you said you would like to give it up.

W. R. N. No, Dick, I did not say that. [I had just resigned my eight years of Deanship and was very glad of the relief. If R. H.'s remark referred to that fact, it was apposite.—N.]

Not for anything! [Seemingly meant to suit my answer.—N.]

Do you remember our talk about hypnotism?

W. R. N. Yes, we talked about hypnotism.

And hypnotising students. You said your mind was on your work and how much you liked it.

W. R. N. Yes, I said that. There was a lot more I said, but never mind it. Let it go.

I will give it all eventually—eventually. Yes. I am in the witness-box.

W. R. N. Poor Dick!

Poor Dick! Not much! Poor Dick! Not much! Fire away! I recall your psychological teaching very clearly.

[R. H. next goes "out" to rest, but returns after a brief interval of Rector.]

Hello, Billy! All right? All right now? You told me you were working on some interesting work which you enjoyed better than anything you had done in years. You said you would not give it up for anything!

W. R. N. Right, Dick. Now before we got on the boat, to go out to Nantasket, what did we do?

I believe we went to the hotel and got some bite [word not clear] to eat.

W. R. N. No! No!

Drink [word not clear] No! Do let me think what I gave you. I asked if you would get weighed.

W. R. N. I believe you did. I am not sure now. Don't bother about it any more. It is not worth the trouble.

I did! You said I — and joked about your weight. Don't you recall?

W. R. N. I don't remember, but I often have joked about my weight and I dare say I did with you then.

I remember drinking — Yes, and I said I did not take beer. Yes, you asked me, I remember well. I remember the water well. You smoked cigar, and I also — pipe — [I smoked a cigarette, but not a cigar.—N.]

W. R. N. No, let us drop the trip to Nantasket, Dick. I think you have told me all you remember about the trip to Nantasket that you can.

I have it surely right as it was the last time I saw you! I remember it as it was the last time I saw you.

W. R. N. That's right, Dick, it was the very last time I saw you.

Do you remember the stand near the boat where we went in and got a "Life" — [I don't recall this.—Some illegibility followed.—N.]

W. R. N. Where we went to get a what, Dick? Write that once more! [Word undecipherable.]

You do not get it very clearly, Billy.

W. R. N. No, it's long since I have had experience in the writing. I understand. Therefore I am doing my best to make it clear.

[The communicator now professes to report a conversation which I had with a definitely named person who died some years ago—N.]

He told me he did not approve or believe in your having — anything to do with this subject. [True.—N.] He thought it was the devil and you had better keep out of it.

W. R. N. Right.

He said he would try to reach you if such were possible.

[I saw the person here referred to not long before his death. He made no reference of any kind to the future life. Such a promise as is here ascribed to him is quite incongruous with all I ever knew of him—I do not believe the thought would have occurred to him.—N.]

He did tell me so and before he left his body he felt a little different. But he wants to see you very much — very much indeed and tell you how he understands your life now.

W. R. N. Can you tell me from him what he said before he passed out of the body?

Yes. He said you said "Come to me if you are alive."

W. R. N. No, Dick, you've got that wrong!

Wait a minute. Listen, Billy. You said "I wish you to be with me."

W. R. N. No, Dick, that's wrong; you had better try to get it another time when the light is clearer.

Listen, Billy, you said when you get to the — the other side you will know — know. [Incorrect.—N.]

W. R. N. Did I say that to him, Dick?

He told me you said so. He said so, and he thought he was not going to live here. I have talked with him about it often and he thought he would not live.

[W. R. N. now repeats that so long as the "light" is not clear R. H. had better not stay.]

Yes. Yes, I will return when the light is clear and tell you clearly.

W. R. N. Now, Dick, many of my relatives have passed to your side and if you see them you can give me their names.

Good. I will find all I can and report to you. I will report to you.

W. R. N. Names are good tests.

Exactly, I remember. Look up those letters. I am going now. I am holding on to a figment! Goodbye! God bless you! R. H.

The Hodgson part of the sitting of July 3rd was as follows:

(R. H.) I am Hodgson.

W. R. N. Hallo, Dick!

I am glad to meet you, Billy, old chap! How are you?  
First-rate?

W. R. N. Yes I am, Dick!

Capital. Good. So am I. I come to assure you of my continued existence. Do you remember what I said to you the last time I left you after our experiment with that young man? I said hysteria was the cause of his trances.

W. R. N. Exactly, yes.

He could not kadoodle me.

W. R. N. That is a new word to me.

I made that up—ask Judah.

[Mr. Judah writes of his sitting of March 27th or 28th:  
“I tried to get R. H. to repeat a word which he had used in one of our long conversations. It was ‘kadoodle’—I think he must have coined it for the occasion. He could not or at least did not give it.”—As this attempt was during a trance, the reference to Mr. Judah in Newbold’s sitting has no evidential bearing.—W. J.]

Tell me about your wife—is she well?

W. R. N. Yes, better than for these many years.

Capital! Glad to hear it. Remember me to her.

W. R. N. All right, Dick, I will.

Give me something of my own. . . . I shall be clearer in a minute. Billy, do you remember how depressed you were at one time, and how I used to advise you?

W. R. N. Indeed I do.

And did it not result in good?

W. R. N. Indeed it did, Dick. You did advise me just as you say, and it did result in good.

I have memories, many memories—let me remind you of a few of them as I recall them now.

W. R. N. All right, Dick. Go ahead.

Do you remember the man with whom you and I experimented in Philadelphia?

Do you remember the name he gave me as being my sister’s?

W. R. N. No, Dick, I don’t remember, but go on and give me all you can about him.

Do you remember when I asked him about hypnotism, he said he was not a good subject, and you and I had a good laugh over it after he left.

W. R. N. I don't remember that either, Dick. Do you remember who was with us when we experimented with him?

You, myself,—yes, and Dr. Hyslop. [Hyslop was not there.—W. R. N.] Do you remember a young student in whom you and I were intensely interested. We hypnotized him several times, but with little result. [Possibly refers to a medical student whom I hypnotized in 1899 with very interesting results. I wrote to H. and arranged experiments (apparent clairvoyance). But H. never saw him.—N.]

W. R. N. Bless my soul! I think it must be \*\*\*\*. I will get your letters. I may find something about it in them.

You certainly will. Have you looked up my last reference?

W. R. N. I can't; I'm in Boston and my letters are in Philadelphia.

Oh, of course, I understand. Help me if I seem stupid.

W. R. N. No, you are not stupid, I am.

I wish to remind you of things of which you are not thinking, so far as possible.

W. R. N. Yes, that's good.

Do you remember the case of a clergyman—?

W. R. N. Yes, certainly. I remember a clergyman who lived in Philadelphia and thought he had supernormal experiences, and I told you about them.

Why didn't you say so before? Yes. I just told you about the case of hysteria—and you were interested in telepathy. [The young clergyman had professed to have telepathic powers—he cheated.—N.]

W. R. N. Is this the case you were talking about at the last sitting?

Of course he was. You asked me what experiments we tried with him.

W. R. N. That is right.

I said telepathic experiments, and some were pretty poor.

W. R. N. Right.

Do you remember, Billy . . . ? [A veridical reference here which W. R. N. prefers to omit.]

W. R. N. Yes, Dick.

I am delighted to recall your telling me you were happy and contented and how pleased you were with your classes—.

W. R. N. Right, Dick.

And how readily your work was being accepted. You were so happy about it all. It gave me great delight.

W. R. N. Thank you.

You certainly did. You also told me of your advancement in a material way.

W. R. N. Yes, I told you that, that is right.

Which pleased me greatly.

W. R. N. Yes, Dick, it did!

You were my counterpart—counterpart in expressions of delight. You and I were very pleased and I told you I would not give up my work even for a wife.

[I don't recall this remark, but it sounds characteristic.—N].

W. R. N. Yes, Dick, you are very clear and easy to understand.

I am glad to hear it. I am trying my level best to give you facts.

W. R. N. Very good.

I said my pipe and my work would not be given up even for a wife. Oh how you have helped me, Billy. Yes, in clearing my mind wonderfully.

[I omit here a few sentences from R. H. in which he credits me with a remark I have often made to him, seldom to others.—Important veridically.—N.]

W. R. N. Dick, I have told you that twenty times.

You have certainly, but Billy, I used to say it was the most important thing in the world I believed.

[Refers next to psychical research and in particular to the Piper case.]

You said you could not understand why so many mistakes were made, and I talked you blind, trying to explain my ideas of it.

W. R. N. Dick, this sounds like your own self. Just the way you used to talk to me.

Well if I am not Hodgson, he never lived.

W. R. N. But you are so clear.

Of course I am, I am drawing on all the forces possible for strength to tell you these things.

You laughed about the ungrammatical expressions and said, why in the world do they use bad grammar?

W. R. N. Yes, Dick, I said that.

I went into a long explanation and attributed it to the registering of the machine. You were rather amused but were inclined to leave it to my better understanding.

W. R. N. You mean, I think, that you understood the subject better than I and I took your explanation? You mean that therefore I was inclined to accept your explanation?

I think I do. I find now difficulties such as a blind man would experience in trying to find his hat. And I am not wholly conscious of my own utterances because they come out automatically, impressed upon the machine.

W. R. N. Perfectly clear.

Yes, I am standing beside you.

W. R. N. Can you see me, Dick?

Yes, but I feel your presence better. I impress my thoughts on the machine which registers them at

random, and which are at times doubtless difficult to understand. I understand so much better the *modus operandi* than I did when I was in your world. Do you remember you said you could faintly understand—faintly understand the desire on the part of a friend after coming to this side to communicate with his friend on the earthly side. But why he would choose such methods were the most perplexing things to you.

W. R. N. No, Dick, you are thinking of some one else. I never told you that.

Yes you did in the case of the man I am talking of, who pretended to give manifestations, and you were right in your judgment.

W. R. N. Yes! I think I did say it in that case.<sup>1</sup>

While in other cases you were open and clear to my explanations—and agreed with me, especially regarding G. P.

W. R. N. Right! First-rate! That is all very characteristic.

You were a good listener always, Billy, always. [R. H.'s talks and mine *had* been rather one-sided!—N.] Do you remember a trip we had into the mountains years ago? I am trying to recall. We took a bit of clothing and spent several days together.

W. R. N. No, Dick, I never did that with you, you are thinking of somebody else.

<sup>1</sup> When the "choice of such methods" was first mentioned, I supposed it referred to the notion that mediums ought to be persons of distinguished character or abilities. I therefore disavowed it, for I have never seen any reason for the assumption. When it was referred to the "men who pretended to give manifestations," I doubtfully acknowledged it, supposing it referred to the so-called "physical phenomena," especially those of Stainton Moses. The objections upon which I used to lay most stress in my talks with H. were (1) the astonishing ignorance often displayed with reference to subjects which the supposed communicators must have been acquainted with; (2) the whole Imperator group, its historical and philosophical teachings, its supposed identity with the similar group in the Stainton Moses case and its connection with the seed-pearls, perfumes and other physical phenomena which Moses professed to produce. To these objections H. could never give an answer; they are not here mentioned.—N.

Wait a moment. Let me ask you if you and I did not pass a few days together one summer.

W. R. N. No, Dick, only in Boston.

Sure? All right, let me narrate what is in my mind.

W. R. N. Right! Go on.

I remember we were together one summer and we went to the woods or — and lay under some trees and had a smoke and discussed several problems. Where was it, Billy?

W. R. N. Not with me, I think, Dick, unless it was somewhere in Boston.

I think it may have been in Boston.

W. R. N. Go on to something else, Dick. I don't remember that.

I remember when you were with me I got very much interested in some letters you wrote me after your return home——your saying some things puzzled you very much. [A first-rate veridical statement from R. H. has had to be omitted here. The matter referred to had, however, been mentioned at sittings in 1895.—N.]

W. R. N. By jingo! that is true, Dick. It was ten years ago.

Do you remember a woman named Wright? [Name not clearly written.]

W. R. N. No, not at this moment.

Did I not tell you about her the day we were at the shore?

W. R. N. Ah, Dick, I think you did, but I do not remember it well enough to make it a good test.

Do you remember my remark about the way in which the name was spelled?

W. R. N. No, I don't remember it, Dick.

Also about her giving me some very interesting things?

W. R. N. No, Dick, I do not remember it. Do you remember telling me that day that when you got on the other side you would make it hot for me?

I do indeed remember it well. I said I would shake you up—shake you up.

W. R. N. That is just the word you used Dick. [I am not now sure the word was "shake you up," but it was some such colloquial expression.—N.]

Yes, I did. Oh—I said, won't I shake you up when I get over there if I go before you do! And here I am, but I find my memory no worse than yours in spite of the fact that I have passed through the transition stage—state. You would be a pretty poor philosopher if you were to forget your subject as you seem to forget some of those little memories which I recall, Billy. Let me ask if you remember anything about a lady in [Chicago] to whom I referred.

W. R. N. Oh Dick, I begin to remember. About eight or nine years ago was it, Dick? [Here follows the "Huldah"-material already quoted in my Part I. of this report. See pp. 20-26.—W. J.]

Do you remember some trouble I had with Mrs. F. . . ?

W. R. N. I have some remembrance. [I recall this, but no details.—N.]

I told you about her. Yes, Mrs. — Mrs.! I told you about her, and you thought I did right at the time.

W. R. N. Dick, did you get any names of those relatives of mine on your side?

Oh yes, names on my side. Yes, I found lots of your uncles and aunts. Your wife's also. Do not make me any worse than I am.—Do you remember my explanation about Proctor?

W. R. N. No.

Don't you remember my old friend?

W. R. N. No.

The astronomer? . . . . Do you remember my little talk about the satellites?

W. R. N. Yes, I do.

And about the inhabitants of Mars?

W. R. N. I do indeed, I remember very well. [This was in 1895. —N.]

Do you remember my own talk independent of sittings, and my talks on the subject of canals? [R. H.'s own interest in these things was known to the trance-controls, by conversations he had held with them at earlier sittings.—W. J.]

W. R. N. Yes, indeed, I remember.

This is what I am reminding you of. I heard you and William—William discussing me, and I stood not one inch behind you.

W. R. N. William who?

James.

W. R. N. What did William James say? [I recall this talk with W. J. last week.—N.]

He said he was baffled but he felt it was I talking—at one moment—then at another he did not know what to think.

[Perfectly true of my conversation with N. after his sitting with Mrs. P. a week previous.—W. J.]

W. R. N. Did you hear anything else?

Yes, he said I was very secretive and careful.

W. R. N. Did you hear him say that?

He did. He said I was, — I am afraid I am.

W. R. N. I don't remember his saying so. [I remember it.—W. J.]

I tell you Billy he said so.

W. R. N. Did he say anything else ?

He paid me a great compliment, [I recall this.—N.] I fear I did not deserve it. However, I am here to prove or disprove through life. Amen.

Remember my explanations of luminous ether ? [A favorite subject of discussion with him, possibly known to Mrs. Piper.—N.]

Good bye. God bless you and your good wife. Remember me to her. Adieu.—R. H.

Some persons seem to make much better "sitters" than others, and Prof. Newbold is evidently one of the best. The two sittings of his from which I have quoted are more flowing and contain less waste matter, perhaps, than any others. If the R. H. who appeared therein be only a figment of Mrs. Piper's play-acting subconscious self (compare R. H.'s words "I am holding on to a figment" on page 69 above), we must credit that self with a real genius for accumulating the appropriate in the way of items, and not getting out of the right personal key. Not many items were certainly wrong in these sittings, and the great majority were certainly right. If two of the omitted communications could have been printed, they would have greatly increased the veridical effect. Professor Newbold gives me his own resultant impression in the following words: "The evidence for H.'s identity, as for that of other communicators, seems to me very strong indeed. It is not absolutely conclusive; but the only alternative theory, the telepathic, seems to me to explain the facts not as well as the spiritistic. I find it, however, absolutely impossible to accept the necessary corollaries of the spiritistic theory, especially those connected with the Emperor group, and am therefore compelled to suspend judgment."<sup>1</sup>

After Dr. Newbold's, it would seem natural to cite Dr. Hyslop's sittings, which were six in number during the period which this report covers. But he has himself given an account of them, with inferences,<sup>2</sup> so I refrain. It may suffice to say

<sup>1</sup>Compare Newbold's previous account of his experience of the Piper-phenomena, in the S.P.R. *Proceedings*, Vol. XIV., pp. 6-49.

<sup>2</sup>In the *Journal of the American Society for Psychical Research*, 519 West 149th Street, New York, Vol. I., Nos. II., III., and IV.

that Hyslop had already been converted, largely by previous experiences with Mrs. Piper, to the spiritist theory<sup>1</sup> of such phenomena, and that he held it in a form similar to that to which Hodgson had been led, supposing namely that at the time of communicating, the communicating spirits are themselves in a dreamy or somnambulant state, and not in full possession of their faculties.<sup>2</sup>

Dr. Hyslop's sittings in the present series, although they seem to me to contain no coercive evidence for a surviving Hodgson, as contrasted with the field of alternatives—I doubt if Hyslop would make any such claim for them—yet lend themselves easily to the notion that Hodgson, in a somewhat amnesic and confused state, was there. They pursued a train of ideas most natural for such as Hodgson to have followed, and they confirmed Dr. Hyslop in the theory which he had already reached as the line of least resistance in these matters:—Hodgson was probably communicating as best he might under the available conditions. He led the conversation back to his and Hyslop's earlier experiences, recalled the differences of opinion they had had over the proofs of Hyslop's report on Mrs. Piper in 1901; alluded to a meeting which they were to have had in New York if Hodgson had not "passed over," and to what Hyslop wished to discuss there; reminded Hyslop of some experiments on mediums which they had made together in earlier days, and of messages purporting to be from R. H. which Hyslop was receiving through another medium at present; discussed other mediumistic persons, and especially the aptitudes of a certain young "light" in whom Hyslop was interested; sent a veridical message to Dr. Newbold; recalled a certain "cheese" of which he and Hyslop had partaken on a unique occasion together; gave advice regarding Hyslop's practical perplexities in the crisis of S.P.R. affairs; expressed his sympathy in the most appropriate fashion; etc., etc.—most of this in an exceedingly scanty way, to be sure, but with such naturalness of tone, and following such

<sup>1</sup> See his Report on Mrs. Piper in Vol. XVI. of the S.P.R. *Proceedings*.

<sup>2</sup> Compare with this Mrs. Sidgwick's well-argued theory that they are not trying to communicate at all, but that the medium in trances is able telepathically to tap their minds in spots, just as she taps the minds of the sitters. (*Proceedings S.P.R.*, Vol. XV., pp. 16-38.)

characteristic lines of association with the sitter, that the latter's view was, as I said, only confirmed.

A reader of the records, not having Dr. Hyslop's *Mental Apperceptionsmasse* to interpret them by, might fail to find them convincing. My own feelings towards these sittings is what it is towards all the others. The interpretation of them will depend on that of the whole larger mass of material with which they belong.

#### W. J.'s SITTING.

The evidence is so much the same sort of thing throughout, and makes such insipid reading, that I hesitate to print more of it in full. But I know that many critics insist on having the largest possible amount of *verbatim* material on which to base their conclusions, so I select as a specimen of the R. H. control's utterances when he was less "strong," one of two voice-sittings which I had with him myself (May 21st, 1906). The reader, I fear, will find it long and tedious, but he can skip.

(R. H. enters, saying :)

Well, well, well, well! Well, well, well, that is — here I am. Good morning, good morning, Alice.

MRS. W. J. Good morning, Mr. Hodgson.

I am right here. Well, well, well! I am delighted!

W. J. Hurrah! R. H.! Give us your hand!

Hurrah, William! God bless you. How are you?

W. J. First rate.

Well, I am delighted to see you. Well, have you solved those problems yet?

W. J. Which problems do you refer to?

Did you get my messages?

W. J. I got some messages about your going to convert me.

Did you hear about that argument that I had? You asked me what I had been doing all those years, and

what it amounted to? [R. H. had already sent me, through other sitters, messages about my little faith.—  
W. J.]

W. J. Yes.

Well, it has amounted to this,—that I have learned by experience that there is more truth than error in what I have been studying.

W. J. Good!

I am so delighted to see you to-day that words fail me.

W. J. Well, Hodgson, take your time and don't be nervous.

No. Well, I think I could ask the same of you! Well, now, tell me,—I am very much interested in what is going on in the society, and Myers and I are also interested in the society over here. You understand that we have to have a medium on this side while you have a medium on your side, and through the two we communicate with you.

W. J. And your medium is who?

We have a medium on this side. It is a lady. I don't think she is known to you.

W. J. You don't mean Rector?

No, not at all. It is —— do you remember a medium whom we called Prudens?

W. J. Yes.

Prudens is a great help. Through Prudens we accomplish a great deal. Speak to me, William. Ask me anything. What I want to know first of all is about the society. I am sorry that it could not go on.

W. J. There was nobody to take your place.

If it can't go on then it must be ——

W. J. Be dissolved. That is what we have concluded. There is nobody competent to take your place. Hyslop is going to,—well, perhaps you can find out for yourself what he is going to do.

I know what he is going to do, and we are all trying to help Hyslop, and trying to make him more conservative, and keener in understanding the necessity of being secretive.

W. J. You must help all you can. He is splendid on the interpreting side, discussing the sittings, and so forth.

I know he is, but what a time I had with him in writing that big report. It was awful, perfectly awful. I shall never forget it. [Hodgson had tried to get Hyslop's report in S.P.R. *Proceedings*, Vol. XVI, made shorter, a fact possibly known to the medium.—W. J.]

There is one thing that troubles me. Harry [James] asked me about a letter which he had received [at a previous sitting, from a certain C. B., asking whether R. H. had tried to appear to her since his death]. I have not got that cleared up in my mind yet. It was regarding some one to whom I have returned since I passed over.

(A letter from a certain H——t asking a similar question, was here offered as an "influence;" and held on the medium's forehead.)

I did not return to C. B. Did you get her message?

W. J. I have not got her message. Harry may have it.

I also gave a message to Mrs. C. Did you get that?

W. J. Either George Dorr or Harry must have got that. You see I have not seen everything yet, having been in California.

Oh, yes, I forgot. William, can't you see, don't you understand, and don't you remember how I used to walk up and down before that open fireplace trying to convince you of my experiments?

W. J. Certainly, certainly.

And you would stand with your hands in your trousers pockets. You got very impatient with me sometimes, and you would wonder if I was correct. I think you are very skeptical.

W. J. Since you have been returning I am much more near to feeling as you felt than ever before.

Good! Well, that is capital.

W. J. Your "personality" is beginning to make me feel as you felt.

If you can give up to it, William, and feel the influence of it and the reality of it, it will take away the sting of death.

W. J. But, R. H., listen a moment. We are trying to get evidential material as to your identity, and anything that you can recollect in the way of facts is more important than anything else. For instance, do you recollect a Churchill case, Mr. Churchill, who came on from New York or from the West with some materials, and you and I had some discussions? I have just had that worked up in the laboratory. Can you remember anything of that?

Oh, yes. I had Osler in my mind also and I was preparing some answers for that. [Piddington on May 2nd had told the controls that some MS. notes of a reply to Osler had been found among Hodgson's papers.—W. J.] I think perhaps you have heard about that, have you?

W. J. Yes, I have heard about that.

Well, Sanger, or Zangler? the clergyman, do you remember him?

W. J. No, I don't remember. [Impossible to identify.—W. J.]

Don't you remember a young man whom I was going to see? I think I told you about it, William,—quite sure I did,—who was a clergyman, and who was afraid of his condition, going into the trances. Don't you remember that at all? Ask Alice. Perhaps she remembers.

Mrs. J. No, I don't remember that account of the clergyman. I think perhaps Hyslop may remember it. I remember something about dream-cases and what we called death-bed experiences. [Possibly the case mentioned to Newbold, see above, p. 71.]

W. J. Yes, this clergyman had had some of those, had he?

He had had some experiences in dreams. And then there was a case in Washington that I was anxious to look up. Do you remember my speaking anything about that?

W. J. No, I am not so sure of that. Do you remember a — case, a Gower case?

Oh yes, you recall that to my mind. And do you remember the description of the man whose finger,—there was something peculiar about his finger?

W. J. Yes, I do remember that. I remember that incident.

[I seemed to, at the moment, but the memory has failed to become distinct.—W. J.]

Well, have you found anything more about that?

W. J. No, I have not. If you could recall what kind of a case the Gower case was, it would be interesting. [For this case, concerning which R. H. had been in correspondence, see Miss Johnson's report in S.P.R. *Proceedings*, Vol. XXI., p. 94.]

Wasn't that a case of hysteria?

W. J. No, not hysteria. He corresponded with you and wanted you to come and see the phenomena. Do you remember?

I do remember a physical-manifestation case, and I remember an aural case,—the voices came. And I think the Gower case was physical manifestation, if I remember. [No voices.—W. J.]

W. J. That is correct. Can you remember what the physical manifestations were?

Well, I hope I will not get these mixed up in my mind, because I have several that are passing through my thoughts. There was one where they had the table manifestations, and they had also some experiments in knocking about the room after retiring. Do you remember those? [The table had moved without contact, but I fail to remember any "knocking."—W. J.]

MRS. J. Yes.

I think I had those correct in my mind, and then I think—do you remember the case where the hands appeared, as though they were in phosphorescent light?

W. J. I don't remember that case.

I have those two now just on my mind at the moment. I think they will come to you clearly presently. Now tell me a little bit more about the Society. That will help me keep my thoughts clear. I think, William—are you standing?

W. J. Yes, I am standing.

Well, can't you sit?

W. J. Yes.

Well, sit. Let's have a nice talk.

W. J. The society is going to disband. Hyslop and Piddington and George Dorr and I have agreed to that, and we have written a circular, which we have signed, to the members, and I don't think there will be any objection. The American work will have to go on apart from the English work in some way.

Well, then about Hyslop's society. I think he will succeed in that. I feel very much encouraged in regard to that.

W. J. I certainly hope he will succeed.

I want to ask you if you have met at all Miss Gaule?

W. J. Maggie Gaule? I have not met her. [A medium known to R. H. during life, probably also known by name to Mrs. P.—W. J.]

I am very much disappointed in some respects. I have tried to reach her. [In 1908, Hyslop got messages from R. H. through Miss Gaule.—W. J.] I have reached another light and I did succeed in getting a communication through.

W. J. What was your communication?

I did not believe in her when I was in the body. I thought she was insincere, but I believe her now and know that

she has genuine light, and I gave a message recently to a Mrs. M. in the body. I referred to my books and my papers and several other things. Her name is Soule. [R. H. acted as Mrs. Soule's control, and something like incipient cross-correspondences were obtained.—W. J.]

W. J. Soule?

A. M. R. [the stenographer] I know her.

And now, as I go through my rooms [which were still full of R. H.'s effects] I have talked over the matters there very well. Now let me see—tell me more about the Gower case. Are you going to look that up?

W. J. I stopped at — on my way from California, and I saw all the witnesses, and I think it is a good case.

I am inclined to think he is honest and I will investigate and if possible I will give some manifestations there that you will know that it comes from me. I will do everything I can because I am so anxious, and if I cannot prove—wait a moment—will you spell this after me? [Very dramatic change—as if some sudden influence had come upon him.]

W. J. Yes.

It is Zeivorn [spelt out].

[W. J. pronounces each letter after it is spoken by R. H.]

Now put those letters, repeat those backwards, and I have left that word written and I think you will find it among my papers. It is original and nobody saw it, nobody would understand it. [Not found there.—W. J.]

W. J. That is a password?

Yes.

W. J. Now, Hodgson, do you remember any sealed test that you left with Myers or me or anybody?

I left one with Lodge.

W. J. Did you leave one with me?

Yes, I left one with you. [I myself supposed so, but have found none.—W. J.]

W. J. Can you recall anything about that? It is very hard to remember those things.

It is sealed, if I remember rightly. Now wait a moment. That is one you will find in the office—in my rooms, rather—and I think I left it in a book.

W. J. This one that you just spelt out?

Yes.

W. J. Did you make that word up?

I spelt the word, made the word up and spelt it out because I knew no one living could guess at it or hit it.

W. J. It does not mean anything in particular?

Nothing at all.

W. J. Just a password?

Yes. And the one I gave to *you*, I shall have to think that over, William.

W. J. Think that over, Hodgson. Think it over carefully. Take your time and see if you can get it, because it is very important.

I shall do so, and I want to do it in a way to exclude if possible the theory of clairvoyance. Now I want to ask you a question, may I, while it is on my mind? Have you ever asked Harry if he asked Dr. Bayley about that charade? [Reference to a former sitting with H. J., Jr.]

W. J. Yes, there is an answer from Dr. Bayley, about a charade containing the word "peacemaker." [Dr. Bayley recalls no such charade.—W. J.]

Yes.

W. J. And that is all right.

The answer?

W. J. Yes. [I print the record as it stands—it seems incoherent on my part.—W. J.]

Well, about the cheese? Please answer me.

W. J. The cheese is all right. That is a very —— [The “cheese” recalled to me another charade.—W. J.]

No, no,—I want to know if he gave it to Bayley.

W. J. Yes, that was sent to Bayley by Harry, I think, but whether *you* gave it to Bayley originally, I am not sure. [R. H. did so give it, Dr. Bayley informs me, but Mrs. Piper says she also had heard this charade from R. H.—W. J.]

Well, I wish you would find that out. You see these things are all going through my mind, as though there was a panorama of things going through my vision.

W. J. Hodgson, what are you doing, apart from Mrs. Piper?

Why, I am working with the society, William, trying to reach other lights, trying to communicate, trying to get into touch with you all.

W. J. Why can't you tell me more about the other life?

That is a part of my work. I intend to give you a better idea of this life than has ever been given.

W. J. I hope so.

It is not a vague fantasy but a reality.

MRS. J. Hodgson, do you live as we do, as men do?

What does she say?

W. J. Do you live as men do?

MRS. J. Do you wear clothing and live in houses?

Oh yes, houses, but not clothing. No, that is absurd. [Query: the clothing? or the statement made about it? —W. J.] Just wait a moment. I am going to get out.

W. J. You will come back again?

Yes

RECTOR. He has got to go out and get his breath.

(When R. H. comes back he recommences talking about his passwords:)

Philanthropist—That is one of the words, but—wait a moment—that is Lodge's. Now I remember that very well. The other one which I have spelled—you wait a moment—there is something troubling me regarding the—do you remember another case? I want to recall it to your mind. Do you remember a case about a young girl, a young woman that I told you about?

W. J. Yes.

I have seen her since I came over. Yes, I think Hyslop brought her here to me.

W. J. Yes.

Well, that is the nearest approach to a case of hysteria of anything I know. Do you remember my telling you about it, William?

W. J. Well, I do remember a case. I don't fully identify it.

It was about a year before I passed out.

W. J. I do remember a young woman. Have you been influencing her?

No, I tried to reach her two or three times, one or two messages, but they did not come from me.

W. J. I don't know whether it is the same case. The one I meant had been in an asylum.

That is the one. I tried to get the message through but I found it was a failure. [Evidently not the person I was thinking of.—W. J.]

[The letter from H——t (see above, p. 82) was here again put into Mrs. Piper's hand.]

I tell you one person, William, who has light, and that is B.

W. J. Have you been able to get near Mrs. B.?

Yes, I gave her a communication since I passed out. You ask her if she received anything like this: "I have seen the Doctor and I put my hands palms to your face facing you." You ask her if she got anything of that kind. [Mrs. B. informs me that she has had no direct impression from Hodgson since his death, but numerous messages from him through mediums on the Pacific Coast.—W. J.]

W. J. How did you get this message to her?

Appeared to her and thought she saw me. She put her hand up. She had just retired.

W. J. What time of day was it?

Just retired.

W. J. Gone to bed? Do you remember, Hodgson, any one by the name of H——t?

A medium?

W. J. No, not a medium, a friend.

You mean lived in Providence? [The letter was from a Mr. H——t in England.—W. J.]

W. J. No, I don't think he lived in Providence.

Oh yes, I remember Mr. H——t who used to live in Providence and from whom I received a great many letters. [Unknown, as yet, to W. J.]

W. J. Have you tried to have any communication with him?

No, I don't think I have. I think I shall try, though. I have had some communications, you know, here. I have met several people. But independently I have gone to very few.

[The conversation then goes on about the lost ring (compare Part I. of this report, pp. 13-18), and about the "cheese"-charade. Then I, thinking of a certain pitfall which the children and I had dug for Hodgson, asked:]

W. J. Do you recall any incidents about your playing with the children up in the Adirondacks at the Putnam camp?

Do you remember,—what is that name, Elizabeth Putnam? She came in and I was sitting in a chair before the fire, reading, and she came in and put her hands, crept up behind me, put her hands over my eyes, and said “who is it?” And do you remember what my answer was?

W. J. Let me see if *you* remember it as I do.

I said, “Well, it feels like Elizabeth Putnam, but it sounds like——

W. J. I know who you mean. [R. H. quite startled me here because what he said reminded me of an incident which I well remembered. One day at breakfast little Martha Putnam (as I recall the fact) had climbed on Hodgson's back, sitting on his shoulders, and clasped her hands over his eyes, saying “Who am I?” To which R. H., laughing, had responded: “It sounds like Martha, but it feels like Henry Bowditch”—the said H. B. weighing nearly 200 lbs. I find that no one but myself, of those who probably were present, remembers this incident.—  
W. J.]

Do you realize how difficult that is?

W. J. It is, evidently; yet you were just on the point of saying it. Is it a man or a woman?

A man.

W. J. Have you any message for that man now?

Dr.—not Putnam—Dr. Bowditch!

W. J. That is it, Bowditch.

“Sounds like Dr. Bowditch.”

W. J. It was not Elizabeth Putnam, but it was Charlie Putnam's daughter.

Charlie Putnam, yes. Now do you remember that?

W. J. But what is the name of Charles Putnam's daughter?

Of whom? Annie? Oh, she is the youngest. She is the young lady. And there was a Mary—Mamie. [False names.—W. J.]

W. J. But you *must* remember Charles Putnam's daughter's name!

I have got it now in my mind. I could not think of it at first. Well it has gone from me at the moment. Never mind. That is less important than the thing itself.

W. J. Do you remember another thing? We played a rather peculiar game. Possibly you may recall it. Had great fun.

I remember playing leap-frog with the boys. Do you remember that?

W. J. Yes, that was frequent.

Yes, that is a very—and then do you remember how I played bear.

W. J. Yes, bear is first-rate. I was not there, but I heard them talking about your playing bear. I remember one morning you and I had a very—

Well, what you remember I might not remember at all.

W. J. Of course not. You played so often with them that you may have forgotten.

Besides all that, I am trying to avoid things that are in your mind if possible, to remind you of other incidents. Well, let me see—what were we playing—we were playing—you remember at all playing marbles with the children?

W. J. No.

That is another game I played with them. [False.] Oh, such fun, such days as those were. You say you and I were playing with them particularly?

W. J. Yes, perhaps that will come to you.

That may come to me at some other time. But all those things you ask me about the children,—well, that is

the first thing I can remember. That is all right so far as it goes. Now let me see what other thing I can tell you that no one living knows but myself. Do you remember a place where we used to go, where I used to go and smoke? I used to go with Billy [my son.—W. J.] a great deal, and it was high up.

W. J. Doubtful.

Yes, do you remember that at all? By the way, how is Billy?

W. J. Billy is first-rate.

He has gone away, hasn't he? [Correct, but not evidential.]

W. J. Yes.

I think he is now on the right track and hope he will keep so. Give my deepest love to him and tell him how much I think of him and also the rest.

W. J. Yes.

[Some non-evidential matter here is omitted.]

Excuse me, it seems to me you are peculiarly dull concerning my affairs at my rooms. I suppose Harry knows more about them than you do.

W. J. Do you think it would help you to have the "light" taken to your room there in your old surroundings? Do you think you could get more influences and feel nearer?

Perhaps I could. I left everything so suddenly, I had so little time to make my plans and my arrangements. I suppose you understand that?

W. J. Yes, indeed. Would it be advisable to take the "light" to your rooms?

Well, I should rather come here and mention my individual things from time to time and then take her there later, . . . because there are many things which I wish

to locate and point out and dispose of from time to time and things I would like to mention. I wish you would repeat to me those letters, to see if you have got them correct.

W. J. Zeivorn.

That is right. It is written in cipher, the one word, and written by itself, on a large sheet of paper, carefully folded and placed in one of my books, and it is in a book of poems I think, and I think it was Longfellow's, and the book has a scroll up and down the back, and the binding is green in color, and I don't think any one living knows that but myself. [Not found.—W. J.]

W. J. Yes, are there any particular things that you would like to have sent to Australia?

I have talked that over pretty carefully with Piddington, and I think those arrangements are already made.

W. J. Yes, that is right.

I wanted to recall,—Alice, perhaps you can help me to recall,—what was that balcony where we used to go and smoke?

Mrs. J. Why, yes, it was up-stairs, the upper story of the piazza. [If Chocorua were meant, Mrs. Piper had seen this "balcony."—W. J.]

That is all right. That is perfectly clear. She always did have a clear head. . . . Now I want,—William, I want one thing. I want you to get hold of the spiritual side of this thing and not only the physical side. I want you to feel intuitively and instinctively the spiritual truth, and when you do that you will be happy, and you will find that I was not idling and was not spending my time on nonsense; and as I thought over all, as it came to me after I entered this life, I thought "What folly! If I could only get hold of him!"

W. J. I wish that what you say could grow more continuous. That would convince me. You are very much like your old self, but you are curiously fragmentary.

Yes, but you must not expect too much from me, that I could talk over the lines and talk as coherently as in the body. You must not expect too much, but take things little by little as they come and make the best of it, and then you must put the pieces together and make a whole out of it. Before I lose my breath, is there any other question you want to ask me? What do you think of that bust, William? I don't quite approve of it. I think it is all nonsense. [On March 12th Mr. Dorr had told the R. H. control that Mr. Biela Pratt had begun to model a bust of him for the Tavern Club.]

W. J. I do not know anything about it. I have not seen it. But it is a natural thing for the Tavern Club to want of you, they were so fond of you, all of them.

I want to know, William, what is that you are writing about me?

W. J. I am not writing anything about you at present.

Aren't you going to?

W. J. Perhaps so.

Can I help you out any?

W. J. Yes, I want you to help me out very much. I am going to write about these communications of yours. I want to study them out very carefully, everything that you say to any sitter.

Well, that is splendid. You could not have said anything to please me more than that.

W. J. I am glad you approve of my taking it in hand.

Yes, I do. Of all persons you are the one.

W. J. I'll try to glorify you as much as I can!

Oh, I don't care about that. I would like to have the truth known, and I would like to have you work up these statements as proof that I am not annihilated.

W. J. Precisely so. Well, R. H., you think over that "nigger minstrel" talk. [Compare Part I., p. 18.] If you get the whole conversation in which that nigger-minstrel talk was mentioned by me, it would be very good proof that it is you talking to me. [He failed to get it.—W. J.]

Well, I shall do it. I want you to understand one thing, that in the act of communicating it is like trying to give a conversation over the telephone, that the things that you want to say the most slip from you, but when you have ceased to talk they all come back to you. You can understand that.

W. J. I understand that they come back.

But I shall give that out to some one here, you may be sure, and I hope to see you—this is only the beginning, and I shall be clearer from time to time, but the excitement of seeing you and all has been very beautiful to me.

W. J. If you can manage to get a little more hold of the conditions on the other side, it will be very good.

Yes, that I shall do. You must remember I have not been over here an endless number of days? but I wish they would all try as hard as I have tried to give proof of their identity so soon after coming over.

W. J. I wish you would more and more get Rector to let you take his place. You do all the talking and let Rector have a rest. And it would be much better, I think, for you to take control of the light, and for me particularly.

Yes, that is a very good suggestion, very good.

W. J. Because I want to write this up, and the time taken by Rector is so much lost from you.

But he repeats for me very cleverly, and he understands the management of the light. I want to speak with Alice a moment, and then I shall have to leave you, I suppose.

MRS. J. Mr. Hodgson, I am so glad to know that you can come at all.

Well, you were always a great help to me, you always did see me, but poor William was blind. But we shall wholly straighten him out and put him on the right track. . . . I am sorry to be off so soon, but I know there are difficulties in remaining too long. They often told me too frequent communication was not good for any one. I understand what that means now better than ever. I am going to look up one or two cases and put you on the track of them, William, when I can communicate here,—at the same time repeat the messages elsewhere.

W. J. That is first-rate.

I think that is one of the best things I can do. Now I am going to skedaddle. Good bye, William. God bless you. Give my love to the boys.

As I review this somewhat diluted sitting, the only evidential point in it seems to me to be the anecdote about the Putnam child (see above p. 91). The incident was very distinct in my own memory, but seems to survive in no one else's. I was hoping for another answer altogether, about a certain "pitfall," namely, and this one was a surprise. Either tapping my subconscious memory, or a surviving R. H., would be possible explanations of it, unless it were more reasonable to assume that some one had told the anecdote to Mrs. Piper at the time, and that her memory was now reproducing it. Obviously the reader's solution will depend on his sense of "dramatic probability," and that will differ with the line of his previous experiences. For myself, considering the possibilities of leakage, impossible to trace, in the whole case, I cannot be positively sure that Mrs. Piper's knowledge of this anecdote was supernatural at all. The rest of the sitting, although quite compatible with the spiritual explanation, seems to me to have but little evidential force.

The same is true of the second sitting which I had a fortnight later. Much of it went over the same matters, with no better results. I vainly tried to make Hodgson remember

a certain article he had written for *Mind* in 1885, and to give the name of Thomas Brown, whom he had praised there. Neither could he remember anything about the American Society for Psychical Research, as he found it on arriving in this country. He rightly mentioned his brown dress-suit and his broad-toed boots when questioned about his costume at that time, but these facts were known to Mrs. Piper. He named a "Grenier" whom my son should have met at Paris, but whom we could not identify. He insisted much on my having said of a certain lady "God bless the roof that covers her." I trust I may have said this of many ladies, but R. H. could lead me to no identification.

The only queer thing that happened at this sitting was the following incident. A lady had sent me a pair of gloves as an "influence" to elicit, if possible, a message from her husband, who had recently committed suicide. I put the gloves into Mrs. Piper's hand, naturally without a word of information about the case, when "Hodgson," who had been speaking, said, with a rather startling change of his voice into a serious and confidential tone, that he had just seen the father (known to us both in life) of a young man who a few years before had made away with himself. "I never knew it till I came over here. I think they kept it very quiet, but it is true, and it hastened the father's coming." The apparent suggestion of a suicide, even though it were another one, by the gloves, and the instantaneous change of tone in the communicator, forcibly suggested to me the notion that the gloves were shedding an influence of the kind called "psychometric." The facts given by R. H. about the suicide were veridical; but, with the possibilities of leakage in the case, they cannot count in any way as evidential.

After middling or poor sittings like these of my own, it seems hardly worth while to quote a *bad* one, to show the full range of the phenomenon. Were I to do so, an appropriate one for the purpose would be that of Miss Anne Putnam. There is no doubt that certain persons are good "sitters" naturally, while others seem to impede the telepathic flow. On certain days, also, communication may be less free. Hodgson had sent repeated messages to the Putnams to come

and talk with him, and he had been so extremely intimate a member of their family group, that the best results might have been expected. Miss Putnam's sitting, but for one item (see below, p. 114), was nevertheless extremely poor; and Dr. James Putnam's was hardly to be called good, although he was introduced to Mrs. Piper by name. The sitter's difficulty in reading the written record may perhaps account for R. H.'s lack of fluency in this latter case. There was one apparently supernormal item which unfortunately I must omit.

I will end my specimens by some extracts from two sittings of Miss M. Bergman [pseudonym]. Miss Bergman had been in previous years an excellent sitter, and was known by name to Mrs. Piper. She dwelt in another state, and her social connections were not in Massachusetts. At her first visit, December 31st, 1907, the communications were in writing and she had much difficulty in deciphering them. At the second sitting, January 1st, 1908, the voice was used and things ran much more smoothly.

At the first sitting R. H. quickly appeared, spoke of having seen two brothers of the sitter in the spirit-world (names known to trance-personalities, and non-evidential), made a wrong statement about Christmas at the cemetery, and then, being asked to recall his meetings with Miss Bergman on earth, said:

I will. Do you remember one evening when I came to the hotel where you were staying and I sat and told you of my experiences till it got very late and I asked you if you would not [illegible] I told you so very many jokes, you and Miss Pope were convulsed with laughter over it. [Correct, Hotel Bellevue, Boston, March 1905.—M. B.]

After a while, Hodgson reappears, saying:

Do you remember my telling you about my German friends?

Miss B. No.

Perhaps Miss Pope remembers.

[I found later that Miss Pope well remembered Dr. Hodgson's telling about his "German friends" and that it was

that which "convulsed us with laughter" the evening he had stayed so late when calling at our hotel. At this point I had become so discouraged by the great difficulty of reading the writing and the confusion in making things clear that I felt very indifferent and inert in mind.—M. B.]

Bosh.

MISS B. What do you mean by that?

You understand well.

MISS B. Bosh?

Yes, I say bosh. *BOSH BOSH*

MISS B. What do you mean by that?

Oh I say it is *all bosh*.

MISS B. What is bosh?

Why the way you understand. It is simply awful.

MISS B. That sounds like you, Dr. Hodgson.

I could shake you.

MISS B. How can I do better?

Put all your wits to it, you have plenty of them.

MISS B. I will do my best. Go on.

*Do.* Do you remember I used to chaff you.

MISS B. Indeed I do.

Well I am still chaffing you a bit just for recognition.

MISS B. It helps.

Amen. Now you are waking up a bit.

MISS B. I am.

Capital. So am I. Don't you remember I told you I would show you how to manage if I ever came over before you did.

MISS B. Indeed I do. [Sitter had often heard Dr. Hodgson say this.]<sup>1</sup>

Well now I am trying to show you. I used to scold you right and left and I shall have to keep it up, I think, unless you do better.

MISS B. I deserve it.

If you do not who does?

MISS B. You are your old self.

Oh I am the [two words not deciphered] I was. You'll find it out before I finish.

MISS B. Have you a message for Theo [Miss Theodate Pope]?

Yes indeed give her my love and tell her I am not going to forsake her. I do not think she has been keeping straight to the mark.

MISS B. What do you mean by that?

I think she has been getting a little mixed up in her thoughts and ideas of us over here. I am the same old sixpence and I wish she were the same. I want to see her very much.

[“Theo” had had no sitting for a long time, her interest being lessened by the circumstance that records of several sittings had not been kept systematically, as before Dr. Hodgson's death. At this point the hand wrote comments relating to circumstances which had arisen in Theo's life since Dr. Hodgson's death. These comments were singularly appropriate.—M. B.]

At the second sitting, when R. H. appeared, the voice began speaking very rapidly and heartily.

Well, well, well, this is Miss Bergman; hullo! I felt as though I could shake you yesterday.

<sup>1</sup>The bracketed comments in the third person are by Miss Bergman herself.

MISS B. Well, I was pretty stupid. I think we can do better to-day. Please repeat some of the messages you wrote and left sealed to be opened after your death.

One message I gave to Will. If I remember correctly it was "there is no death."

MISS B. Who is Will?

Will James.

MISS B. Are you sure you are now giving this quotation correctly as you wrote it?

Of course I am. [There followed an outburst spoken so rapidly that the sitter could not get it down, declaring that the speaker had not lost his memory any more than had the sitter, etc.]

MISS B. Did you leave other messages?

Yes, another. "Out of life"—how did I quote it—"Out of life, into life eternal." . . . I know positively what I wrote. I have promised Piddington to repeat through Mrs. Verrall all the messages that I give through this light. Every message given at this light must be repeated through Mrs. Verrall before any one opens any of my sealed messages. Mrs. Verrall is the clearest light except this which I have found. Moreover she has a beautiful character and is *perfectly honest*. That is saying a great deal. [The reader will notice that Mrs. Piper had been in England and returned, at the date of the sittings with Miss Bergman.—W. J.] Do you remember my description of luminiferous ether, and of my conception of what this life was like? I have found it was not an erroneous imagination.

[The above words were spoken with great animation and interest. The sitter, although remembering Dr. Hodgson's description of "luminiferous ether," felt that she was not qualified to enter into a conversation of this character and began to say something else. The voice interrupted her:]

It is never the way to get the best results by peppering with questions. Intelligences come with minds filled and questions often put everything out of their thought. I

am now going to give you a test. Mention it to no one, not even to Theo. Write down, seal and give to Alice or to William.

[Directions here followed regarding such a test. After these directions the voice spontaneously took up another subject.]

Your school was—[correct name given], was it not? [Already known to controls, but probably not to Mrs. Piper when awake.] You are changing, your brother tells me, and he is very pleased. He thinks you are going to broaden out and do a better work. He is very glad. Do not undertake too much. Make use of assistance in the work.

MISS B. Where were your lodgings in Boston?

Well, now, that has brought back to my mind Boston—. Certainly—there were some doctors in my building—George Street—no—not George—Charles Street—I—I believe. Now let me see, Charles Street. Up three flights, I think I was on the top. [Correct, but known to Mrs. Piper.—W. J.]

MISS B. Do you know when I was at your lodgings?

You were there? Didn't we have tea together? [False.]

MISS B. No.

Did you come and read papers?

MISS B. No.

Did you go there after I passed out?

MISS B. Yes. I went to get some articles belonging to you, and did them up in rubber cloth.

Capital, that is good. Lodge and Piddington consider it good when I can't remember what did not happen! What was the name of that girl who used to work in my office?

MISS B. I do not remember.

Edmund—Edwards—I am thinking of her going to my rooms to read papers. [Her name was Edmunds, known to the medium.—W. J.]

Now I want to ask you if you remember Australia, remember my riding horseback? Remember my telling you of riding through the park in the early morning with the dew on the grass and how beautiful it was.

MISS B. Yes, yes, I remember that very well. That is fine.

I *am* Richard Hodgson. *I am he.* I am telling you what I *remember.* I told you, too, about my preaching. I believed I was in the wrong and I stopped. It hurt some of my people to have me.

MISS B. Tell me about your riding.

I remember telling you about my dismounting and sitting and drinking in the beauty of the morning.

MISS B. Tell me any experiences that befell you while riding.

Oh, I told you about the experience with the fiery horse. You remember he dismounted me. It was the first experience I had in seeing stars. I lost consciousness. I experienced passing into this life. I remember my being unconscious and recovering consciousness. I remember telling you this at the hotel.

[Sitter's mind was filled here with recollections of how Dr. Hodgson had once told her all this when talking with her at the Parker House in Boston, in 1904. He had related just this experience and had said that when he recovered consciousness after being unconscious for some time, it seemed to him he had been in a spiritual universe. He also told her at that time of his having given testimony in Methodist meeting as a lad in his teens, and afterwards giving it up because he became skeptical in matters of faith. This, he said, had troubled some of his kinsfolk. —M. B.]

MISS B. What did you use to order for luncheon when you lunched with us at the hotel?

Oh, I have forgotten all about eating—m—m—I was very fond of protose.

[The sitter did not have "protose" in mind, but remembers Dr. Hodgson sometimes asking the waiter for one of the

prepared breakfast foods, but does not recall its name.  
—M. B.]

When I found the light it looked like a tremendous window, open window. The canopy—do you remember how they used to talk about the canopy? It is an ethereal veil. If your spiritual eyes were open you could see through this veil and see me here talking to you perfectly.

[The sitter did not care to talk about this, although she remembered perfectly Dr. Hodgson's telling her "how they talked about the canopy," so she asked a question referring to the intimate personal affairs of one of her friends. The replies showed a strange knowledge of the circumstances known only to the sitter and her friend, and were entirely *à propos*. The voice then went on speaking, and burst out with what follows, in a tone of mingled indignation and amusement:]

Will thinks I ought to walk into the room bodily and shake hands with him. I heard him say "Hodgson isn't so much of a power on the other side." What does he think a man in the ethereal body is going to do with a man in the physical body? [Seems to show some supernatural knowledge of the state of my mind.—W. J.]

MISS B. To whom did you speak first from that world?

Theodate, yes, Theodate, she was the one to whom I first spoke. [Correct.]

[The sitter now asked to talk with another spirit, and reply was made that R. H. would continue talking until he came. R. H. did this by again referring to the accident in the park. He spoke of being seated when he first told us of the incident, and of getting up and walking around the room as he talked. He said it chanced that this incident had been told to few people, and again dwelt upon having seen stars after falling, having been unconscious, having had visions while unconscious, as if the spirit had left the body and passed into another world. All of this corresponded exactly with fact. Dr. Hodgson had commenced the story seated, and had risen and walked about as he talked.—M. B.]

The accurate knowledge thus displayed of R. H.'s conversations at the hotels in Boston where the ladies stayed, seems to me one of the most evidential items in the whole series. It is improbable that such unimportant conversations should have been reported by the living R. H. to Mrs. Piper, either awake or when in trance with other sitters; and to my mind the only plausible explanation is supernormal. Either it spells 'spirit-return,' or telepathic reading of the sitter's mind by the medium in trance.

I now pass to R. H.'s

#### AUSTRALIAN RECOLLECTIONS.

R. H. has sent many messages, both of affection and for test purposes, to his sister Annie in Australia. Mrs. M., Mr. Piddington, my wife, myself, Mr. Dorr, Miss Pope, Miss Hillard, all received such messages, which were duly transmitted to the sister, on whose replies what follows is based. Some of these messages were too general to serve as good tests (*e.g.* "Do you remember my reading Fenimore Cooper?"); some had been spoken of at previous trances (*e.g.* "Cousin Fred Hyde," "Q," "fly-the-garter," etc. Compare report of Hodgson's own sittings in S.P.R. *Proceedings*, Vol. VIII., pp. 60-67); some awoke no corresponding memory in Miss Hodgson. There are too many of them to quote in full, so I will go rapidly over the more significant ones, taking them in their time-order.

*Melbourne; Latrobe Street; bush in yard with red berries.* [Correct, as to town, street, and bush, berries not recalled by Miss H. Had R. H. ever mentioned Latrobe Street and bush to Mrs. Piper?—of course she knew of Melbourne.]

*Charley Roberts (or Robertson) at the University.* [Not recalled. There was a Roberts at R. H.'s school.]

*Little shed where boys used to play.* [Correct.]

*Sister Rebecca.* [Known in previous trances.]

*Plums in back-yard.* [False?]

*R. H., ten years old, sat with knees crossed at church, and his mother made him sit straight. Sat on his hat to keep other boys from getting it. A man named Hurley made him stop.* [Probably untrue.]

*Sister Annie caught him reading in bed and put out the light.* [Not remembered.]

*Riding horseback.* [Correct.]

*Holidays spent at the Hydles.* [Correct.]

*Kendall.* [Name not remembered.]

*Great plates of peas raised in our garden.* [Not particularly recalled.]

*Played fly-the-garter with Tom* [his brother], *Jack Munroe*, and *Roberts.* [No reply from Miss Hodgson about Jack Munroe—the rest true.]

*Father's mines and losses.* [Correct.]

*Description of paternal house.* [Wrong.]

*Sister used to teach him.* [False.]

*Father nervous over children's noise. Mother used to say "Let them enjoy themselves."* [Not remembered.]

*Sister helped him to escape punishments.* [Possibly, when very young.]

*Read Fenimore Cooper.* [Possibly true.]

*Sunday-school poem about stars.* [R. H. wrote juvenile poems—one about "stars" not remembered.]

The account to Miss Bergman of R. H. being thrown from his horse we have already seen (above, p. 104). Miss Annie Hodgson writes of the whole collection of messages sent to her: "To my mind there is nothing striking in any of the statements." She propounded in turn three test-questions of her own to which no answer was forthcoming; and R. H., questioned by a sitter, couldn't remember the name of his schoolmaster in Melbourne. In interpreting responsibly these Australian messages, tapping the mind of the sitters and normal acquaintance with the facts on Mrs. Piper's part<sup>1</sup> must probably

<sup>1</sup>I wrote to Mrs. Piper for the names of H.'s Australian relatives. Here is her answer, which I take to be sincere:

"Boston, Jan. 11, 1909. Dear Mr. James,—In replying to your letter of this morning I will say I am very sorry I cannot help you in finding Dr. Hodgson's relatives in Australia, as I do not know any of them or anything about them, except that he had one sister whose Christian name was Annie, and this was unknown to me until some time after Dr. Hodgson's death. Mrs. [Lyman] might be able to tell you, as it was she who told me. She had some photographs of Dr. H. which I admired, and she said she would give me one later, but those she had she was going to send to his sister Annie in Australia. I was struck by the familiarity with which she used the name and concluded that she must have known her. Dr. Hodgson never talked with me about his relatives or anybody else's; on the contrary he most carefully avoided all such subjects when talking with me. I haven't the slightest idea who 'Q.' was, I have never heard the name so far as I am aware.

"I am sure my daughters do not know any more than I do about Dr. Hodgson's family.—I am very sincerely yours,

L. E. PIPER."

be excluded as explanations. If a naturalistic interpretation were insisted on, fictitious construction of incidents probable in any boyhood, and accidental coincidence of a certain number of these with fact, would have to be chiefly relied upon. Against fictitious construction is the fact that almost none of the names that had figured in Hodgson's own sittings in 1887 and 1888 (S.P.R. *Proceedings*, Vol. VIII., pp. 60-67) were used for reproduction. "Enid," "Ellen," "Eric," were added rightly; and the three names of "Q." (Hodgson had apparently given only the first one to Phinuit—see *loc. cit.*, p. 60) slipped out in full, as it were inadvertently, on May 29th, 1906, Hodgson insisting at the same time that her identity must never be revealed to the outside world. The possibility that Hodgson had given "Q.'s" entire name to later controls than Phinuit cannot, however, be eliminated.

On the whole this series baffles me as much as the rest. It may be spirit-return! it may be something else! Leaks of various sorts are so probable that no sharp conclusion can be drawn.

I think that by this time the reader has enough documentary material to gain an adequate impression of the case. Additional citations of sittings would introduce no new factors of solution. The entire lot of reports, read *verbatim*, would, it is true, give a greater relative impression of hesitation, repetition, and boggling generally; and the "rigorously scientific" mind would of course rejoice to find its own explanatory category, "Bosh," greatly confirmed thereby. But the more serious critic of the records will hold his judgment in suspense; or, if he inclines to the spiritistic solution, it will be because an acquaintance with the phenomenon on a much larger scale has altered the balance of presumptions in his mind, and because spirit-return has come to seem no unpermissible thing to his sense of the natural dramatic probabilities.

Before indulging in some final reflections of my own on Nature's possibilities, I will cite a few additional evidential points. I will print them in no order, numbering them as they occur.

(1) First of all, several instances of knowledge that was veridical and seemed unquestionably supernormal. These were

confidential remarks, some of which naturally won't bear quotation. One of them, plausible after the fact, could hardly have been thought of by any one before it. Another would, I think, hardly have been constructed by Mrs. Piper. A third was to the effect that R. H. thought now differently about a certain lady—she was less “selfish” than he had called her in a certain private conversation of which he reminded the sitter.

(2) Again, there was intense solicitude shown about keeping the records of a certain former sitter from publicity. It sounded very natural and Hodgsonian, but the trance-Mrs. Piper might also have deemed it necessary.

(3) The following incident belongs to my wife's and Miss Putnam's sitting of June 12th, 1906:—Mrs. J. said: “Do you remember what happened in our library one night when you were arguing with Margie [Mrs. J.'s sister]?”—“I had hardly said ‘remember’,” she notes, “in asking this question, when the medium's arm was stretched out and the fist shaken threateningly,” then these words came:

R. H. Yes, I did this in her face. I couldn't help it. She was so impossible to move. It was wrong of me, but I couldn't help it.

[I myself well remember this fist-shaking incident, and how we others laughed over it after Hodgson had taken his leave. What had made him so angry was my sister-in-law's defence of some slate-writing she had seen in California.—W. J.]<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *Prima facie*, the following incident also sounds evidential:

R. H. Ask Margie if she remembers chaffing me about sitting up late to entertain people.

This happened, as I well remember, at Chocorua, but at this distance of time it is impossible to be sure whether it was not on the occasion when Hodgson and Mrs. Piper were there as visitors together. The evidence is therefore “leaky.”

Another case of leaky evidence is the following, which *prima facie* seems striking enough:

In Hodgson's rooms a quantity of MS. was found, in a cipher probably invented by himself. In the sitting of Jan. 23rd, this cipher was spontaneously mentioned by the control:

R. H. Is this the Piper-case? the Piper phenomenon? . . . There are some private records which I should not wish to have handled. Let George and Piddington go through them and return them. The

(4) At a written sitting at which I was present (July 29th, 1907) the following came:

You seem to think I have lost my equilibrium. Nothing of the sort.

W. J. You've lost your handwriting, gone from bad to worse.

I never had any to lose.

Mrs. M. It was a perfectly beautiful handwriting [ironical].

Ahem! Ahem! William, do you remember my writing you a long letter once when you were ill? You had to get Margaret [my daughter—W. J.] to help you read it and you wrote me it was detestable writing and you hoped I would try and write plainer to a friend who was ill, next time. How I laughed over that, but I was really sorry to make you wade through it. Ask Margaret if she remembers it. [Perfectly—it was in London.—M. M. J.]

(5) Another item which seems to mean either telepathy or survival of R. H., came out at a sitting of Miss Pope's on Feb. 7th, 1906.

I am not going to make a botch of anything if I can help it. Not I. Do you remember my telling you what I would do if I got over here first.

Miss P. You said several things about it.

I said if I couldn't do better than some of them I was mistaken. I said some of them were awful. Remember? And if I based my opinion on what they tried to give I should expect to be said to be in the trick. *Remember?*

Miss P. Of course I remember.

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cipher—let Harry and George take care of them. That was my cipher and no one living can read it. I shall explain it later. [He never has explained it, though it was spoken of later several times.]

I think it probable here that a question about the cipher from the sitter, preceding the control's reference to it, has been accidentally omitted from the record. If so, there is nothing remarkable in the incident. The record was not stenographic, and neither my wife nor the son who took the notes is now confident that the question was not asked.

Do you remember a story I told you about my old friend Sidgwick? Don't you remember how I imitated him?

MISS P. Yes, what word did you say about Sidgwick? [I had not deciphered the word "imitated."—T. P.]

If I believed in it they would say I was in the trick.

[Still not understanding, T. P. said:]

MISS P. What about Sidgwick?

I imitated him.

MISS P. What did you do?

I said s-s-s-should-be i-n th-e t-r-i-c-k.

MISS P. I remember perfectly, that's fine.

No one living could know this but yourself and Mary Bergman.

[It was most interesting to see the hand write these words to imitate stuttering, and then for the first time it flashed over me what he had some time ago told Mary and me about Sidgwick, imitating at the same time Sidgwick's stammer: "H-Hodgson, if you b-b-believe in it, you'll b-be said to be in the t-trick." I cannot quote the exact words, but this is very nearly right.

Sidgwick referred to Hodgson's belief that he was actually communicating, through Mrs. Piper, with spirits. He meant that people not only would not believe what Hodgson gave as evidence, but would think he was in collusion with Mrs. Piper.—T. P.]

(6) At a sitting of Miss Pope's and mine, Oct. 24th, 1906, R. H. said of Miss P.—"She goes on and puts on bays and piazzas, changes her piazzas, her house, makes it all over again." As this was literally true, and as no one in Boston could well have known about it, it seemed like mind-reading. [R. H.'s saying is possibly explained, however, by a previous sitting (April 16th) of Miss Pope's, in which another of Mrs. Piper's controls had already of his own accord made the same veridical remark, so that the fact had got, however inexplicably, into the trance-consciousness, and could be used by the controls indiscriminately.]

(7) On Jan. 30, 1906, Mrs. M. had a sitting. Mrs. M. said:

Do you remember our last talk together, at N., and how, in coming home we talked about the work?

(R. H.) Yes, yes.

MRS. M. And I said if we had a hundred thousand dollars—

Buying Billy!!

MRS. M. Yes, Dick, that was it—"buying Billy."

Buying only Billy?

MRS. M. Oh no—I wanted Schiller too. How well you remember!

Mrs. M., before R. H.'s death, had had dreams of extending the American Branch's operations by getting an endowment, and possibly inducing Prof. Newbold (Billy) and Dr. Schiller to co-operate in work. She naturally regards this veridical recall, by the control, of a private conversation she had had with Hodgson as very evidential of his survival.

(8) To the same sitter, on a later occasion (March 5th, 1906), the control showed veridical knowledge of R. H.'s *pipes*, of which two had been presents from herself. She asks him at this sitting about the disposal of some of his effects. He mentions books and photographs in a general way, then says:

I want Tom [his brother] to have my pipes, all except any that my friends wish.

MRS. M. Do you remember any special ones?

Yes, I—the one you— [The hand points to *me*, etc.—  
Mrs. M.]

MRS. M. Which?

Meerschaum. [I gave R. H. a meerschaum pipe some years ago.—M.]

MRS. M. You do remember! Give it to any one you would best like to.

. . . . I want Billy James to have it. Will you give it to him? Do you remember, etc.?

MRS. M. Do you remember any other special pipe?

You mean with a long stem? Certainly. What about it?

MRS. M. Can you recall anything special about it?

What? You mean the one you gave me long ago, some time ago, not the recent one?

MRS. M. The last one I gave you.

Last season, last season, yes.

MRS. M. A year or two ago, I think it was.

I recall it well. You gave me what I call a briar pipe. [A number of years ago I gave R. H. a briar-root pipe, with rather a long stem, bound round the bowl with silver, but this was not the one of which I was thinking.—M.]

MRS. M. The one I mean was an odd-looking pipe.

I know it well, a big large bowl.

MRS. M. Wasn't that the meerschaum?

Yes, Billy is to have it. The face one I want Tom to have. I want my brother Tom to have—face on it. The whole thing was a face. I mean the pipe bowl.

[I had seen such a pipe, the whole thing a face, at the Charles Street rooms a short time before. I never remember seeing Mr. Hodgson use it. The pipe of which I was thinking was a carved Swiss pipe which he evidently does not remember.—M.]

(9) Among my own friends in the Harvard faculty who had "passed over" the most intimate was F. J. Child. Hodgson during life had never met Professor Child. It looks to me like a supernormal reading of my own mental states (for I had often said that the best argument I knew for an immortal life was the existence of a man who deserved one as well as Child did) that a message to me about him should have been spontaneously produced by the R. H. control. I had assuredly never mentioned C. to Mrs. Piper, had never before

had a message from his spirit, and if I had expressed my feelings about him to the living R. H., that would make the matter only more evidential.

The message through R. H. came to Miss Robbins, June 6th, 1906.

There is a man named Child passed out suddenly, wants to send his love to William and his wife in the body.

MISS R. Child's wife?

Yes, in the body. He says . . . I hope L. will understand what I mean. I [*i.e.* R. H.] don't know who L. is. [L. is the initial of the Christian name of Professor Child's widow.—W. J.]

(10) Miss Putnam had been consulted about the disposition of certain matters left undone by Hodgson at the date of his death. At her sitting, much later, these words came out. I copy the record as it stands:

R. H. Did you get my Christmas present? [A calendar addressed by him to me before his death.—A. C. P.] I heard you in the body say you didn't want them sent. [Mr. Hodgson had left some Christmas cards addressed, but unenclosed. I had expressed unwillingness to mail them unenveloped.—A. C. P.]

(11) Mrs. M., on March 30th, placed a volume in manuscript in the medium's hands. R. H. immediately wrote:

Well, well. Isn't that the book I lent you?

MRS. M. Yes. You loaned it to me at C——.

I remember, but you have it still!

MRS. M. I returned it to you.

Yes, but isn't it the one I loaned you? And the poems I used to love so well, I recall. [The book contained poems copied or composed by Hodgson, and after having been returned to him ere he died, had been taken from among his effects and brought to the sitting by Mrs. M.]

These eleven incidents sound more like deliberate truth-telling, whoever the truth-teller be, than like lucky flukes. On the whole they make on me the impression of being supernatural. I confess that I should at this moment much like to know (although I have no means of knowing) just how all the documents I am exhibiting in this report will strike readers who are either novices in the field, or who consider the subject in general to be pure "rot" or "bosh." It seems to me not impossible that a bosh-philosopher here or there may get a dramatic impression of there being something genuine behind it all. Most of those who remain faithful to the "bosh"-interpretation would, however, find plenty of comfort if they had the entire mass of records given them to read. Not that I have left things out (I certainly have tried not to!) that would, if printed, discredit the detail of what I cite, but I have left out, by not citing the whole mass of records, so much mere mannerism, so much repetition, hesitation, irrelevance, unintelligibility, so much obvious groping and fishing and plausible covering up of false tracks, so much false pretension to power, and real obedience to suggestion, that the stream of veridicality that runs throughout the whole gets lost as it were in a marsh of feebleness, and the total dramatic effect on the mind may be little more than the word "humbug." The really significant items disappear in the total bulk. "Passwords," for example, and sealed messages are given in abundance, but can't be found. (I omit these here, as some of them may prove veridical later.) Preposterous Latin sentences are written, *e.g.* "Nebus merica este fecrum"—or what reads like that (April 4th, 1906). Poetry gushes out, but how can one be sure that Mrs. Piper never knew it? The weak talk of the Emperor-band about *time* is reproduced, as where R. H. pretends that he no longer knows what "seven minutes" mean (May 14th, 1906). Names asked for can't be given, etc., etc.<sup>1</sup> All this mass of diluting material, which can't be reproduced in abridgment, has its inevitable dramatic effect;

<sup>1</sup>For instance, on July 2nd, the sitter asks R. H. to name some of his cronies at the Tavern Club. Hodgson gives six names, only five of which belonged to the Tavern Club, and those five were known to the controls already. None of them, I believe, were those asked for, namely, "names of the men he used to play pool with or go swimming with at Nantasket." Yet, as the sitter (Mr. Dorr) writes, "He failed to realize his failure."

and if one tends to *hate* the whole phenomenon anyhow (as I confess that I myself sometimes do) one's judicial verdict inclines accordingly.

Nevertheless, I have to confess also that the more familiar I have become with the records, the less *relative significance* for my mind has all this diluting material tended to assume. The active cause of the communications is on any hypothesis a will of some kind, be it the will of R. H.'s spirit, of lower supernatural intelligences, or of Mrs. Piper's subliminal; and although some of the rubbish may be deliberately willed (certain hesitations, misspellings, etc., in the hope that the sitter may give a clue, or certain repetitions, in order to gain time) yet the major part of it is suggestive of something quite different—as if a will were there, but a will to say something which the machinery fails to bring through. Dramatically, most of this “bosh” is more suggestive to me of dreaminess and mind-wandering than it is of humbug. Why should a “will to deceive” prefer to give incorrect names so often, if it can give the true ones to which the incorrect ones so frequently approximate as to suggest that they are meant? True names impress the sitter vastly more. Why should it so multiply false “passwords” (“Zeivorn,” for example, above, p. 86) and stick to them? It looks to me more like aiming at something definite, and failing of the goal. Sometimes the control gives a message to a distant person quite suddenly, as if for some reason a resistance momentarily gave way and let pass a definite desire to give such a message. Thus on October 17th, “Give my love to Carl Putnam,” a name which neither Mrs. Piper nor the sitter knew, and which popped in quite irrelevantly to what preceded or followed. A definite will is also suggested when R. H. sends a message to James Putnam about his “watch stopping.” He sends it through several sitters and sticks to it in the face of final denial, as if the phrase covered, however erroneously, some distinct “intention to recall,” which ought not to be renounced.

That a “will to personate” is a factor in the Piper-phenomenon, I fully believe, and I believe with unshakeable firmness that this will is able to draw on supernormal sources of information. It can “tap,” possibly the sitter's memories, possibly those of distant human beings, possibly some cosmic reservoir in

which the memories of earth are stored, whether in the shape of "spirits" or not. If this were the only will concerned in the performance, the phenomenon would be humbug pure and simple, and the minds tapped telepathically in it would play an entirely passive rôle—that is, the telepathic data would be fished out by the personating will, not forced upon it by desires to communicate, acting externally to itself.

But it is possible to complicate the hypothesis. Extraneous "wills to communicate" may contribute to the results as well as a "will to personate," and the two kinds of will may be distinct in entity, though capable of helping each other out. The will to communicate, in our present instance, would be, on the *prima facie* view of it, the will of Hodgson's surviving spirit; and a natural way of representing the process would be to suppose the spirit to have found that by pressing, so to speak, against "the light," it can make fragmentary gleams and flashes of what it wishes to say mix with the rubbish of the trance-talk on this side. The two wills might thus strike up a sort of partnership and reinforce each other. It might even be that the "will to personate" would be comparatively inert unless it were aroused to activity by the other will. We might imagine the relation to be analogous to that of two physical bodies, from neither of which, when alone, mechanical, thermal, or electrical activity can proceed, but if the other body be present, and show a difference of "potential," action starts up and goes on apace.

Conceptions such as these seem to connect in schematic form the various elements in the case. Its essential factors are done justice to; and, by changing the relative amounts in which the rubbish-making and the truth-telling wills contribute to the resultant, we can draw up a table in which every type of manifestation, from silly planchet-writing up to Rector's best utterances, finds its proper place. Personally, I must say that, although I have to confess that no crucial proof of the presence of the "will to communicate" seems to me yielded by the Hodgson-control taken alone, and in the sittings to which I have had access, yet the total effect in the way of dramatic probability of the whole mass of similar phenomena on my mind, is to make me believe that a "will to communicate" is in some shape there. I cannot

demonstrate it, but practically I am inclined to "go in" for it, to bet on it and take the risks.

The question then presents itself: In what shape is it most reasonable to suppose that the will thus postulated is actually there? And here again there are various pneumatological possibilities, which must be considered first in abstract form. Thus the will to communicate may come either from permanent entities, or from an entity that arises for the occasion. R. H.'s spirit would be a permanent entity; and inferior parasitic spirits ('daimons,' elementals, or whatever their traditional names might be) would be permanent entities. An improvised entity might be a limited process of consciousness arising in the cosmic reservoir of earth's memories, when certain conditions favoring systematized activity in particular tracts thereof were fulfilled. The conditions in that case might be conceived after the analogy of what happens when two poles of different potential are created in a mass of matter, and cause a current of electricity, or what not, to pass through an intervening tract of space until then the seat of rest.

To consider the case of permanent entities first, there is no *a priori* reason why human spirits and other spiritual beings might not either co-operate at the same time in the same phenomenon, or alternately produce different manifestations. *Prima facie*, and as a matter of "dramatic" probability, other intelligences than our own appear on an enormous scale in the historic mass of material which Myers first brought together under the title of Automatism. The refusal of modern "enlightenment" to treat "possession" as a hypothesis to be spoken of as even possible, in spite of the massive human tradition based on concrete experience in its favor, has always seemed to me a curious example of the power of fashion in things scientific. That the demon-theory (not necessarily a devil-theory) will have its innings again is to my mind absolutely certain. One has to be "scientific" indeed, to be blind and ignorant enough to suspect no such possibility. But if the liability to have one's somnambulistic or automatic processes participated in and interfered with by spiritual entities of a different order ever turn out to be a probable fact, then not only what I have called the will to

communicate, but also the will to *personate* may fall outside of the medium's own dream-life. The humbugging may not be chargeable to her all alone, centres of consciousness lower than hers may take part in it, just as higher ones may occasion some of the more inexplicable items of the veridical current in the stream.

The plot of possibilities thus thickens; and it thickens still more when we ask how a will which is dormant or relatively dormant during the intervals may become consciously reanimated as a spirit-personality by the occurrence of the medium's trance. A certain theory of Fechner's helps my own imagination here, so I will state it briefly for my reader's benefit.

Fechner in his *Zend-Avesta*<sup>1</sup> and elsewhere assumes that mental and physical life run parallel, all memory-processes being, according to him, co-ordinated with material processes. If an act of yours is to be consciously remembered hereafter, it must leave traces on the material universe such that when the *traced parts of the said universe systematically enter into activity together* the act is consciously recalled. During your life the traces are mainly in your brain; but after your death, since your brain is gone, they exist in the shape of all the records of your actions which the outer world stores up as the effects, immediate or remote, thereof, the cosmos being in some degree, however slight, made structurally different by every act of ours that takes place in it.<sup>2</sup> Now, just as the air of the same room can be simultaneously used by many different voices for communicating with different pairs of ears, or as the ether of space can carry many simultaneous messages

<sup>1</sup> *Zend-Avesta*, 2nd edition, 1901, §§ XXI. and following. Compare also Elwood Worcester: *The Living Word*, New York, Moffett, Yard & Co., 1908, Part II.: and Wm. James, *A Pluralistic Universe*, Longmans, Green & Co., 1909. Lecture iv.

<sup>2</sup> "It is Händel's work, not the body with which he did the work, that pulls us half over London. There is not an action of a muscle in a horse's leg upon a winter's night as it drags a carriage to the Albert Hall but what is in connection with, and part outcome of, the force generated when Händel sat in his room at Gopsall and wrote the Messiah. . . . This is the true Händel who is more a living power among us one hundred and twenty-two years after his death than during the time he was amongst us in the body." Samuel Butler, in the *New Quarterly*, I. 303, March, 1908.

to and from mutually attuned Marconi-stations, so the great continuum of material nature can have certain tracts within it thrown into emphasized activity whenever activity begins in any part or parts of a tract in which the potentiality of such systematic activity inheres. The bodies (including of course the brains) of Hodgson's friends who come as sitters, are naturally parts of the material universe which carry some of the traces of his ancient acts. They function as receiving stations, and Hodgson (at one time of his life at any rate) was inclined to suspect that the sitter himself acts "psychometrically," or by his body being what, in the trance-jargon, is called an "influence," in attracting the right spirits and eliciting the right communications from the other side. If, now, the *rest of the system of physical traces* left behind by Hodgson's acts were by some sort of mutual induction throughout its extent, thrown into gear and made to vibrate all at once, by the presence of such human bodies to the medium, we should have a Hodgson-system active in the cosmos again, and the "conscious aspect" of this vibrating system might be Hodgson's spirit redivivus, and recollecting and willing in a certain momentary way. There seems fair evidence of the reality of psychometry; so that this scheme covers the main phenomena in a vague general way. In particular, it would account for the "confusion" and "weakness" that are such prevalent features: the system of physical traces corresponding to the given spirit would then be only imperfectly aroused. It tallies vaguely with the analogy of energy finding its way from higher to lower levels. The sitter, with his desire to receive, forms, so to speak, a drainage-opening or sink; the medium, with her desire to personate, yields the nearest lying material to be drained off; while the spirit desiring to communicate is shown the way by the current set up, and swells the latter by its own contributions.

It is enough to indicate these various possibilities, which a serious student of this part of nature has to weigh together, and between which his decision must fall. His vote will always be cast (if ever it be cast) by the sense of the dramatic probabilities of nature which the sum total of his experience has begotten in him. *I myself feel as if an*

*external will to communicate were probably there*, that is, I find myself doubting, in consequence of my whole acquaintance with that sphere of phenomena, that Mrs. Piper's dream-life, even equipped with "telepathic" powers, accounts for all the results found. But if asked whether the will to communicate be Hodgson's, or be some mere spirit-counterfeit of Hodgson, I remain uncertain and await more facts, facts which may not point clearly to a conclusion for fifty or a hundred years.

My report has been too rambling in form, and has suffered in cordiality of tone from having to confine itself to the face-value of the Hodgson-material taken alone. The content of that material is no more veridical than is a lot of earlier Piper-material, especially in the days of the old Phinuit control.<sup>1</sup> And it is, as I began by saying, vastly more leaky and susceptible of naturalistic explanation than is any body of Piper-material recorded before. Had I been reviewing the entire Piper-phenomenon, instead of this small section of it, my tone would probably give much less umbrage to some of its spiritistic friends who are also valued friends of mine.

<sup>1</sup> See, in proof of this assertion, Hodgson's and Hyslop's previous reports.

## II.

## NOTE ON MRS. PIPER'S HODGSON-CONTROL IN ENGLAND IN 1906-7.

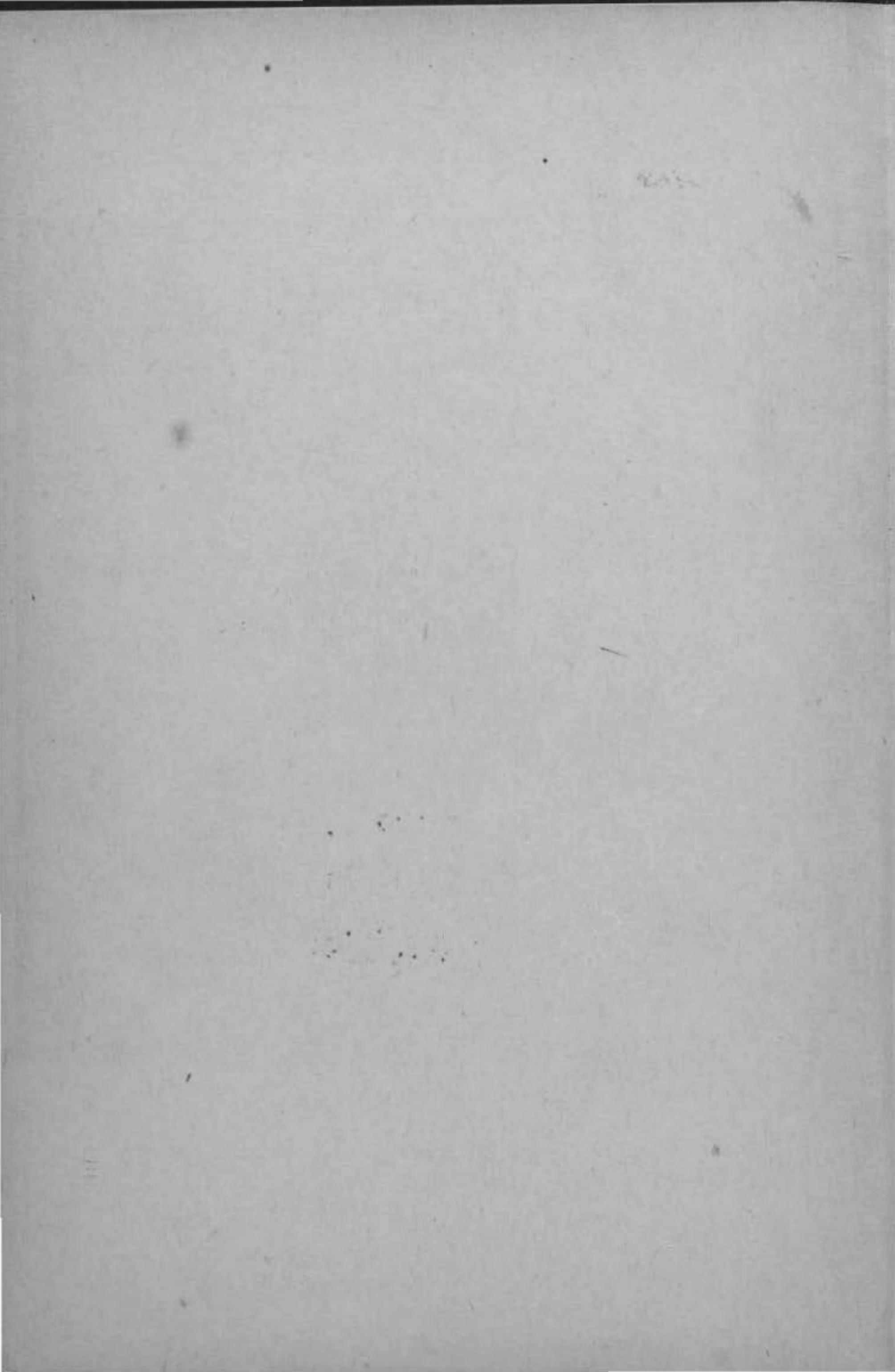
BY MRS. H. SIDGWICK AND J. G. PIDDINGTON.

WE think it may be useful to complete the account of the Hodgson-Piper control (Hodgson<sub>P</sub>) up to January, 1908, by giving here a brief *résumé* of our experience of it during Mrs. Piper's visit to England, which interrupted in 1906-7 the sittings dealt with above by Professor James.

The Hodgson control appeared frequently at Mrs. Piper's English sittings, but was seldom the most prominent control. In explanation of this he stated that he was engaged in helping Myers and others to communicate, and thought it better to keep himself in the background.<sup>1</sup> On the one hand his style and expressions in communicating resembled those described by Professor James, and were dramatically suitable to Hodgson. Moreover, he referred appropriately and characteristically, though rather generally, to private matters with which Hodgson and the sitter (Miss Alice Johnson on one occasion and Mrs. Sidgwick on another) had been concerned. (These references, however, though impressive, cannot be regarded as quite satisfactory from an evidential point of view, because the knowledge of facts unknown to Mrs. Piper which they *prima facie* seem to involve, might have been derived from facts which Hodgson, when alive, had mentioned to the trance-personalities.) On the other hand, the attempts made by Hodgson<sub>P</sub> to recall trivial incidents were not convincing, and were, in fact, often wrong. To Mrs. Sidgwick it seemed that such attempts in relation to

<sup>1</sup> Thus on February 6, 1907, Hodgson<sub>P</sub> wrote: "You must pardon me if I do not appear here often personally, as I feel I can be of better service by helping others for a time at least."







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